

Mark A Bailey



Debut 24/06/1978
Born Hampstead
Occupation London Taxi Driver
Height 6' 0"
Weight 14st 9lb
Nickname Plunger Bailey (after a character of the same name in a Spike Milligan book)

R/H All Rounder

Matches	505	Overs	3166.3
Runs	11268 (2 nd on the all time list)	Maidens	647
Not Out's	82	Wickets	554 (10 th on the all time list)
Highest Score	109*	Best Bowling	7-20
Average	28.38 (6 th on the all time list)	5-Wkt Innings	15
50's	62	Average	18.19
100's	7	Catches	196

Batting Trophy Winner: 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1992, 1993.

Bowling Trophy Winner: 1985, 1986, 1989, 1998

Favourite Band Madness and Chaz N' Dave
Likes "How now you secret, black and midnight hags, what is't you do?" My favourite Shakespeare quote and a great chat up line with the in law. Chelsea FC and more recently Ware FC. Coaching my under 10's football team. Real ale. Running round London Parks after a long day shift. LBC Radio. Laughing uncontrollably that it hurts. Tony Hancock. The Lad himself. Boxing in the 70s & 80s. Geoff Miller, Graham Dilley and Alan Knott (my boyhood cricket heroes).
Dislikes Bendy buses, vans, minicabs, Royal Mail couriers, cyclists and other London traffic. Call centres and cold calling. Poor running between the wickets. People who talk about cars (yawn). Batsmen that don't walk. Egg sandwiches. Weak tea/coffee. Long queues for anything.

Best Mayfield moment #1 Winning on the last ball at the Old County Ground on Tour in 1989. Going in at no.7 and scoring 78* in a 106 run partnership in 15 overs, with my old playmate Martin 'Bugler' Bentley.

Best Mayfield moment #1 cont'.

- Scampering a single to the bowler on the same square graced by Bradman and Compton.
- Best Mayfield moment #2** Reaching my first hundred in 1986 by hitting the ball for 6 over mid-wicket at Hazelwood v Welldon CC. As the 1st XI Skipper of the day Dick Waker, who was umpiring, kept repeating to me, "I've got to declare in a minute!"
- Worst Mayfield moment** Fielding after tea in a nonentity of a bore draw at Hazelwood, hoping beyond hope that the old man's green VW would drive through the gate. It never did of course.