

LEAGUE AND CUP SUCCESSES FOR FIRSTS – PROMOTION SECURED AND A CUP SEMI-FINAL TO BOOT! THE SEASON CLIMAXES!

Seconds rediscover winning ways while Thirds struggle & Vets triumph, shock horror

Why are computers like blond bints? Because you don't realise how much you need them till they go down on you. What's the ultimate rejection? When your hand goes to sleep when you're having a wank. I went to a nudist wedding the other week and I came within half an inch of being the best man. These two old girls were on holiday in America and one of them, Gladys, befriended a tame skunk out in the woods where they were staying. Soon it was time to travel home and Gladys says to her friend, "I can't leave my little skunk, I'm going to bring him home." "How?" asks Doris. "I'll smuggle him into England in my knickers," she says. "But what about the smell?" says Doris. "Well," says Gladys, "if he dies, he dies....."

TEAMS FOR SATURDAY 11th APRIL v PORT SUNLIGHT

1 st XV League, Away Meet 1.00pm	2 nd XV Home Meet 2.00pm	3 rd XV Away Meet 1.30pm	4 th XV v Sefton, Home Meet 2.15pm
L.ROBERTS	S.ROBERTS	C.AINSLIE	G.DAVIES
C.ELKERTON	A.GAYLE	R.HOCKING	G.ROBERTS
P.COTGRAVE	B.DAVIES	P.GRAVES	J.BECALL
D.BALDWIN	R.DUTTON	C.SALISBURY	J.LYONS
M.ASTBURY	J.BIRD	G.ASTBURY	P.YARLETT
D.THOMAS©	M.HOUSTON	J.POLLOCK	J.WARD
J.BURGESS	G.KNAPMANN	M.COTGRAVE	S.ASTBURY
S.MURRAY	M.CAVANAGH	C.HAYES	FM
C.McHUGH	R.DODD©	M.GAUNT	K.JONES
A.VICKERS	T.BAKER	A.HOWARTH©	M.COFFIN
P.WALLACE	M.TYLER	K.GATHERCOLE	J.HOLLAND
S.CROMPTON	G.CLARKE	J.BOLTON	K.COLLIER
C.HOLLAND	O.ROBERTS	B.SHAW	P.BENNETT©
S.WALLACE	W.LEE	J.SPENCE	L.GORDON
P.COLLINS	I.MCLEAN	J.BROOKES	P.REEVES
Reserves: G.FURLONG; W.THORNBUR; M.PENNY			

ALL CRY OFFS BY FRIDAY EVENING AT THE LATEST TO:

Dave Thomas 608 0423	Russell Dodd 01706822202 Mobile 0410754567	Paul Bennett (Russ D.) 644 9775	Paul Bennett 644 9775
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CHESHIRE PLATE SEMI FINAL – Prenton v Old Parkonians, away, Sunday 19th April. The other semi final is between Wirral and Altincham Kersal. The final, at a venue to be decided, is on Sunday 3rd May.

REMAINING FIXTURES

Saturday 18th April: 1st Wirral (H); 2nd Wirral (A); 3rd Wirral (H); 4th Wirral (H)

Saturday 25th April: 1st Douglas IoM (A); 2nd Anselmians (A); 3rd Burtonwood (A); 4th Ormskirk (H)

Saturday 2nd May: 1st Widnes (A); 2nd Widnes (H); 3rd Widnes (A); 4th Wirral (H)

Clearly, these matches will be subject to 1st XV progress in the Cheshire Plate and the Club Tour with the First to the Isle of Man.

Isle of Man weekend – depart Liverpool airport Friday 24th April, 2 nights bed and breakfast at Dudley House, the same hotel as last year (Davie Thomas attempted to get accommodation at the Casino but it was all booked up), return flight to Liverpool, Sunday afternoon 26th April. **Cost: £100.** In addition to the official squad of 20 players and Club Officials, some 20 or so 'extras' (ie Club alikadoos and other assorted pissheads) have indicated a desire to roar on the firsts at the same time as indulging themselves in the tax free haven of the IoM. **It is important that these good persons get their monies to Dave Thomas by this coming weekend. Please!**

TRAINING: Clearly, with a Cheshire Plate semi-final coming up and the consequent distinct possibility of a final in early May, it is important to keep up the attendance at training sessions which continue to be held each Wednesday at the Club starting at 7.00pm. In natural light at this time of year! Please keep up the attendance at these important sessions.

CLUB HOTPOT DINNER AND AWARDS EVENING – FRIDAY 8th MAY at the CLUBHOUSE :
Tickets £12 each, available from Toby Tyler. Limited to 80 only. Hotpot supper, Captains' speeches, Mighty Piss Takes, Season's Awards (Will there be a cup on show??), Interesting Entertainment later, mayhap?!

PLEASE NOTE THAT THIS WILL BE THE LAST NEWSLETTER TO BE MAILED OUT THIS SEASON. A full results roundup with reports from all the games from now to the seasons's end with all season's statistics will be available at the HotPot Dinner evening. Those not in attendance will be mailed this update by your extremely fucking considerate editor who has got a zillion better things to do but thinks about you club members (and various hangers on) because he's That Type of Guy!!!

MATCH REPORTS/RESULTS

Update: 3rd XV v Wallasey (some while back) away, won 8-0: try from Dave Ball, penalty from Steve Roberts.

1st XV v Hoylake, League, home, won 22-13. Tries from Carl Salisbury, Steve Copple and Mark Peers. Giggsy also converted two and kicked a penalty. Second place in the league (at least) and thus promotion secured! Well done to the lads!

2nd XV v Hoylake, away, won 27-19. Ian Macca McLean, Ollie Roberts and Ritchie Hocking scored tries and Matt Houston kicked three conversions and two penalties.

3rd XV v Hoylake, home, lost 19-28. Almost festival rugby, this 12 a side game produced open running rugby mainly as the pitch was not cluttered up with all those things called players! We scored through Lee Gordon, John Ward and Mush Cotgrave and Steve Roberts with two conversions. Sadly the visiting dozen scored more!

Vets XV v Sudbury Vets, away, won 43-7. A sparkling performance on a gloriously sunny day in deepest Suffolk with some truly vintage rugby. The game was only moments old and the home side were attacking with confidence, only for Greg 'the badit' Pandit to snatch an interception and send little Harry Merry scuttling half the pitch for a touchdown. Gasping for breath, Harry complained bitterly all the way back to the restart that he could do without that sort of exertion in the first two minutes of a game! Sudbury hit back and soon scored a converted try, but that was to be the last time they threatened our line. With a solid front row, Billy Robbo taking excellent line out ball and your editor getting around a bit in the back row, we won oodles of possession which was used to spectacular effect by the mercurial Mike Merry at scrum half and the incisive Dave Griffiths at stand off. Harry got another try, Robbie Harrison on the other wing got one, Mike Merry shimmied through for a brace and Peter Reeves and Badger Davies bludgeoned over for forwards efforts. Micky Dalton converted four. The irascible Graham Walker came on the last quarter and hadn't been on the pitch for five minutes before he was involved in about of fisticuffs! Joey Davies took a heavy tackle midway through the second half and collapsed in a winded heap, emitting groans and shrieks which were quite alarming. A quick recovery ensued however and Peter Reeves was given to observe that Joey had sounded remarkably akin to some the characters on the educational video we had watched, for our edification, on the trip down. This film, a sensitive study of everyday rural life on a countryside farm in postmodern Holland, portrayed such mundane routine tasks as mending tractors and chopping wood in an altogether more natural setting where farm workers of both sexes (Holland is after all, very liberated!) combined in numerous thought provoking (not to say mind boggling) and imaginative cameos illustrating the need of simple country folk to ensure the continuation of their bucolic existence. With camera work of searching quality, the story line was a little difficult to follow mainly due to the fact that the dialogue was spoken in Dutch and subtitled helpfully into Danish. Or was it the other way round? This however did not detract too much from the film's essential message which was clearly visual in nature and very much a metaphor for the human condition with life's constant need to perpetuate its existence no matter what the physical environment being the key underlying theme of the work. In this sense, the spoken word at the oft repeated moments of high tension and climax was rendered redundant, being realistically substituted by a universal language of primeval grunts and gasps. Thus as Reevesy, the informed critic who had clearly studied the film in some depth, so perceptively noted, Joey's groans and moans poignantly reflected the delicious narrowness of the dividing line between agony and ecstasy. Both such emotions are expressed through similar verbal outpourings and here we witnessed in the space of a mere couple of hours physical manifestations of the same, thus giving the weekend that valued and essential metaphysical tinge!

In fact it was a splendid weekend all in all and a big thanks to Greg Pandit and Robbie Harrison for their effective organisation.

Cheshire Plate Quarter Final v Helsby, home, won 47-0. What a stroll to the semi final! Tries rolled in from Mike Penny (2), Dave Thomas (2), Mark Peers, Lee Roberts and John Burgess; Mark Peers kicked five conversions, Dave Thomas one.

A big thanks from you editor to Dave Ball who helpfully and accurately noted down all the results and scorers from the weekend your editor was away. There was almost a despairing moment when Dave thought he had lost the bit of paper on which he had so assiduously detailed the weekend events but eventually it was found!

Will someone please do the same for this coming weekend, as your editor will not be around. Many thanks!!!

MATCH REPORTS FROM LAST SATURDAY v Caldý

1st XV, away, lost 7-33. CLEARLY PEAKING TOO EARLY!

What a start there was to this game! With scarcely three minutes on the clock, the Prenton team combined to produce what must be a contender for, if not the, try of the season. Caldý were attacking dangerously, the ball moving inexorably towards their left wing, well inside our 22. Some last ditch tackling freed the ball however and the most dynamic of counter attacks commenced. Craig collected the loose ball near our try line and set off up the right wing. Anticipating the tackle, he cut inside, then slipped a perfect pass to Dave Thomas who was steaming up the wing in support. At this stage it seemed that the fly half skipper would go all the way but the Caldý cover swept back as he approached the home side's 22. Sensing that he could not make the line, Dave flung an outrageous inside pass over his shoulder at the very instant the Caldý full back was making the tackle. The pass went high and looping straight into the hands of the bullocking Mike Penny who showed admirable presence of mind and slipped a scoring pass to the better placed Mark Peers, the centre gliding in unopposed under the posts. Had he still been broadcasting his unctuously sycophantic Sport on Four Saturday morning show, Cliff Morgan might well have creamed his jeans. "Whadascore," could well have been apposite in this context! The conversion made by Giggys, that really was that for the rest of the game. One supposes that when you have produced the vintage champagne right at the start, the rest becomes mere sparkling white. It's a bit like Joseph Heller – once you've written Catch 22, what the fuck's the point of trying to write another book?! For the rest of the game, although we produced some slick interpassing, we were simply outgunned by the power of the home side's pack and they ran out easy winners. Memories of that super score will pervade however!

2nd XV, home, won 22-7 MATT UPHOLDS THE HONOUR OF THE CLUB!

In muddy, rainy and windy conditions, here was a game built for the not inconsiderable skills, not to say physical attributes, of the club's top scorer by some distance, Matt Houston. Playing at scrum half, Matt simply dominated the match, helped ably by a pack that annihilated the visitors. Every scrum was a torment for the unfortunate Caldý front row, their young prop in particular having a torrid time at the hands of Micky Cavanagh. At one point, the referee offered Caldý a scrum or line again after a not straight throw in. "We'll have a scrum," said the Caldý skipper a back row man who as in the great traditions of forward play will never take the wimpish alternative of a repeated throw in. oblivious to the pathetic suffering of those closest to the punishing action of the immediate encounter – the front row. "Another scrum," gasped the young prop, looking in disbelief, then with a plaintive wail, "why???" Mick Cav meanwhile was grinning the grin of a sadistic dentist with a drill in his hand! With such set piece domination, Matt had a field day close to the scrum and bagged a splendid hat trick of tries, easily earning himself the universal acclaim as man of the match. He was not successful with the boot however, managing only one conversion but with the ground so slippery, this was not a day for kickers. Our other try came from the ever industrious Wilf Lee and Ollie Roberts and Rhys Dutton put in some solid tackling. One should spare a thought for the long suffering Dave Baldwin, playing stand off in these conditions. Throughout the entire game he got three passes from his scrum half. "And he was fucking lucky to get them," grinned the jug buying Matt!!!

3rd XV, away, lost 3-34 WHATEVER COULD GO WRONG DID GO WRONG

This was not a good performance by the thirds but whether it deserved such a comprehensive whopping is cause for debate. Playing 14 men a side, we started well enough, pressing the home side line and eventually forcing a penalty which Colin Ainslie kicked to put us in the lead. This situation was not to last however and the home side attacked from deep positions with good running and support to score two tries before half time. It was all a curious affair, we won quite a lot of ball, we had a solid scrummage and took our share of the lines. But we couldn't really get across the gain line with any consistency and when we lost the ball, Caldý hit back hard. They scored quite freely in the second half, usually mopping up ball we had lost well inside their half running up the pitch with admirable support. The high spot of our game was a dynamic performance both in the tight and in the loose by loose head prop Gary Williams, an occasional and welcome visitor to the club. He was especially welcome this weekend as he brought with him three litres of decent vodka which he donated to the club. This should be used either as a vodka evening for the lads, or as raffle prizes. Either way it ends up the same! Many thanks to Gary!

Apparently, a regular user of the golf driving range is Liverpool's Karl Heinz Reidle and some weeks ago, he ordered some golf gear from the shop, wherein Kyle Elkerton was serving. Asking if his gear had arrived, Herr Reidle was told by Ian Higby, in clipped tones to "See Kyle." Of course this innocent message came over suspiciously like "Zeig Heil."! We're not sure if our old mate Karl Heinz saw the joke, but there was a soupcon of suspicion that he involuntarily stood to attention!