

Prenton RUFC

NEWSLETTER 17: 7.3.95

FIRSTS CRUSHED BY CONGS, SECONDS CRUSH THE CONGS, CURSE OF EDITOR CONTINUES TO AFFLICT THIRDS AND WING COMMANDERLESS FOURTHS ALSO SLUMP.

Did you hear about Mr Diarrhoea? Lost his job due to sloppy workmanship. What's Birkenhead girl's idea of safe sex? Keeping the handbrake on. Why does Birkenhead girl have short dinner breaks? To avoid retraining.

TEAMS FOR SATURDAY 11th March v Mossley Hill & TBA

1st XV	2nd XV	3rd XV	The Fossies	633 SQUAD	COFFS NAILC
M.Hill	TBA	M.Hill	M.Hill	TBA	TBA
(H)1.30	(A)1.15	(A)1.15	(H)1.45	(A)1.45	(A)1.45
L.ROBERTS(P)	J.POLLOCK	M.DALTON	G.MURRAY	S.REGAN	JA.DAVIES
C.E'RTON(P)	A.GAYLE	D.BENNETT	M.NEISH	R.HARRISON	N.GILLAN
P.COTGRAVE	A.T.HOLLAND	J.JENKINS	B.BURNS	F.INGRAM	S.ROBERTS
D.THOMAS	M.PENNY	J.ASPINALL	M.HOUSTON	JO.DAVIES	C.POLLOCK
M.F'STONE	B.ROWLANDS	C.AINSLIE	S.MYLETT	P.YARLETT	M.PRICE
A.WHITEHEAD	J.WARD(C)	P.SHERIDAN	N.SIMMS	A.ROBERTS	J.BURGESS
T.TRIGGS	M.EVANS	C.SALISBURY	M.ASTBURY	B.ILES	N.LEEDS
T.BRADFORD	M.CAVANAGH	R.DODD(C)	A.PARKE	A.HOWARTH(C)	M.COFFIN(C)
C.MCHUGH	G.FISHER	J.MASON	K.JONES	P.STOKES	G.WILLIAMS
W.THORNBUR	P.YARLETT	J.GAUNT	FM	FOGGO	P.KNIGHT
P.REEVES	K.G'COLE	M.TYLER	P.FOSTER(C)	T.FISHER	J.TUCNEY
P.WALLACE	B.DAVIES	C.CHEARY	S.CROMPTON	C.ROBERTS	J'PERCIVAL
S.WALLACE	K.DEVANNEY	I.MASON	N.SHEPHERD	A.JONES	G.PALMER
C.HOLLAND	A.ROBERTS	P.BENNETT	B.SHAW	B.SHAW	N.HENNEHAN
P.LEWIS(C)	M.LEET	I.MCLEAN	D.WALKER	J.BEACALL	G.SELBY

CRY OFFS BY FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE VERY LATEST TO:

Peter Lewis	John Ward	Russell Dodd	Arthur Howarth
608 1091	678 3455	0254 57966(work)	336 1028
		0706 822202(home)	4s,5s,6s,teams to be confirmed

Recent results v Mossley Hill: we had no meeting with this little lot last term, the season before, the 1sts won 29-0 and the 2nds won 10-3.

CLUB DINNER: Now confirmed for Friday 21 April at the Prenton Suite. Guest speaker - Gordon Brown, ex Scotland and British Lion. Guests of honour - Jonathon Davies and Richard Moriarty (so you lads had better behave yourselves - young Richie is not a man to tangle with!). Tickets £20 each. See Toby Tyler who will take money in instalments.

LIVE BAND AT THE CLUB this Saturday 11 March. Lee 'Wingy' Wingfield's new band, who have changed their name from 'Blow', which every fucker can say to 'KOYAANISQUATSI' which no fucker except the feller that gives the IKEA products names can pronounce. Why the band didn't go the way of Prince and call themselves @~# is a puzzle. Tickets on the door.

CLUB TOUR: Full money to be paid by Saturday 18 March, as hotel has to be paid. There are 48 tourists so far, so there's room for another 2.

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1st XV Congleton Away Lost 5-17 LOTS OF PRESSURE BUT SCORES ELUDE US

On a remarkably firm pitch but on a very cold day (our subs were done up in Everest type thermals and still complained of the cold) the firsts took a fairly early lead with a neat try from Lee Roberts, the full back going over in the corner after the pack had won good ball and spun it rapidly down the back line. The home side equalised shortly after with what was described, albeit by the unbiased Fat Ox as a 'dubious' try. "The number 8 knocked on and then there was a forward pass but the ref said play on," said the Ox, who had clearly seen the whole incident with a dispassionate eye. The Skipper Lewie slipped a marvellous pass on the opposition 22. All would have been well, we were in a very strong attacking position at the time. The snag was that he passed to their outside centre who said "Ta ver. Much as he streaked off to score under the posts. This was described in loud tones in the clubhouse afterwards, the Big Man in close attendance. In fact the lads on the pitch were quite good about the whole sorry incident, sparing the skip. Not so Bert Bushell. All the way back from Congleton, Lewie sat with our own Mr Happy and, just as he thought he had got away with it, Bert not having mentioned it at all, the car pulled into Prenton Dell Road and Bert groaned, "You daft bastard, what the fucking hell did you think you were doing giving him the bloody ball?" Big Lev almost exploded! Anyway, 5-12 down at half time, we exerted much pressure on their line but once again, couldn't score. The home side broke out and showed us how with a try, but despite all our running rugby, we couldn't trouble the scorers.

2nd XV Congleton Home Won 21-7 OLD MEN FEEL THE COLD....

It got to half time and Bongo On The Wing had had enough of the wind chill factor of minus several. "Three cheers for Congleton," he rasped tip toeing towards the warmth of the showers and the dressing room. "Get back on the pitch," growled Alan Roberts, the well thermalled Team Manager, in charge of matters off the pitch. "Fucking white finger," shivered Bongo, "it's now a recognised boilermaker's industrial disease. And it's what I'm fucking getting ad I'll sue the club...." Had this been FM there would undoubtedly have been numerous more 'fuckings' in there, as reported in the newsletter last week, the porky prop has coined a new language all of its own. It's a bit like the binary number system, you know, zero and one, well FM's speak has two words, fuck and fucking. So, back to the game. The visitors had a massive pack and our lads looked at them with some early trepidation. But for all their size, they were possessed of small strength and we won with some ease. Half time was reached with the score 7-7, Andres Roberts having notched a good try and 'Ena Sharples' Ward converting. "Why Ena Sharples?" queried your editor. "'Cos he's always bloody moaning," chorused the reply! Mind you, it must be said, the customised skipper had a good game. In the second half we scored two tries, both good but one an absolute pearl. Andy Tyler Holland got the both, the second, he took a dummy scissors on their 22, was tackled, got up and drove over from some distance out. The accurate skipper's boot improved both. Yarlo went off with a bad head, Alan Roberts was sent to get changed but failed to appear on the pitch. "I got to the bit from out of the shelter of the changing rooms," he said after, "and this barrage of snow, wind and ice hit me. I thought fuck this for a tale and went back in and got changed again." There's nothing like the old heads setting a good example is there?

3rd XV Congleton Away Lost 0-10 THE SODDING CURSE CONTINUES

Not only did the side lose for the third time this season, in a game, which, pointed out by many, made your editor's record for the 3rds played

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three lost three, this was also the first game this season that the side has failed to score. In truth, it was a good game, hard and fair, played on a massive pitch. We started well enough against a very big and well organised pack, Steve Mylett almost scoring in the corner, then Kiwi just unable to ground a loose ball behind their line. Gradually the home side pinned us back, though our cover defence was magnificent. Then, just as we'd done the real hard graft, we gave away a daft ball from our own scrum and let them in for a soft try. Against the elements in the second spell, we ran everything. Bernie Burns and Mike Penny were quite magnificent in the centre, punching large holes in the opposition defence every time they got the ball and Garry Murray ran well from full back. The problem was twofold however - firstly we were launching attacks from our own 22 and it was a bloody long way to the other end of the pitch and secondly, the pitch was so bleeding wide, it was just too far for our somewhat one paced back to get across quickly to the break down. We came close to scoring on numerous breakouts however, but then gifted them a try right at the end. It was certainly a distorted result. We probably deserved a draw against what must be one of the strongest packs we have encountered all season.

The Fosies, Congleton Home, Lost 5-12 INJURIES HIT US HARD

We were drawing 5-5 when Mark 'Fat Lip' Astbury had to depart to hospital for a lip stitching job. Then Nicky Leeds did some shoulder damage and we were reduced to 13. It was not enough and the visitors made their numerical advantage show. Our try had come for our man of the match, Steve Roberts who had a great game, some fine runs and some good soccer style dribbles, allied to some astute kicking. Bill Iles made no bones about what he thought about it after, "Fucking hard work it was if you ask me, I was proppin' and I ain't doin' it agin." Said with real Cockney candour!

Under 16s v Port Sunlight Home Won 29-19 CAMERON CLEANS UP

A fine all round performance in which we were much the better side despite the closeness of the score. In very boggy conditions, the ball handling by the backs was tremendous and Scotty won some great two handed ball in the line outs. The forwards started well and kept up the momentum. Andy Halford and John Rice got a try each but Cameron Crowall took the eye with 19 points - a brace each of tries, penalties and conversions.

QUOTES..... Kenny Quinn arrived at the ground well into the match. On being told the score was 7 all, he came out with the apocryphal, "Oh, who's winning then?" Some daft bastard says this every year!

Kyle Elkerton had been trying for weeks to grow a beard. There was some evidence of something on his chinny chin chin, but it was hardly Captain Birdseye material. In fact it was a real bumfluffy miserable gingery sort of effort. He persevered for some weeks, until the incessant piss taking of Dave Bennett eventually got him down. "Please just leave me alone," he said, Garbo like, "and if you do, I'll even buy you a pint." The next day he had a shave. The blade's still like brand new!

Peter Lewie enduring the company of our man who makes Victor Meldrew look like Frank Carson, Bert Bushell, on the way home from Congleton. Bert had lost a wheel trim on the way down and, on the return journey, had miraculously spotted it while driving at about a hundred miles an hour. As the car screeches to a halt, Lewie in the passenger seat peels himself off the windscreen, half opens the door to go retrieving. At which point, Bert reverses at high speed, towards the oncoming traffic. "Bert's a beaut," said Lewie later, "you either get depressed with him or you get fucking mental." Perhaps the Big Man could elucidate on the difference?