

FIRST'S WINNING RUN COMES TO AN END SHOCK

Lots of other wins however, but some defeats and a draw!

Why do the Teletubbies go to the toilet together? Because they've only got one Tinky Winky between them. Can you catch AIDs off a nail? Only if it's a bent one. Why does President Clinton wear underpants? To keep his ankles warm. Monica Lewinski issued her CV this week. It says that at one time in her career she sat on the President's staff. Heard about the new game in the White House? It's called 'Swallow my Leader.'

TEAMS FOR SATURDAY 14th February 1998 v Helsby, Runcorn and Old Parks

<i>1st XV</i>	<i>2nd XV</i>	<i>3rd XV</i>	<i>Vets XV</i>
<i>v Helsby, League</i>	<i>v Helsby</i>	<i>v Runcorn</i>	<i>v Old Parks</i>
<i>Home, 12.30pm</i>	<i>Away 1.00</i>	<i>Home 1.30</i>	<i>Away 1.00pm</i>
C.AINSLIE	J.BIRD	C.GARNETT	
M.ASTBURY	P.GRAVES	L.GORDON/G.ASTBURY	
M.PEERS	B.DAVIES	J.BECALL	
P.COTGRAVE	D.BALDWIN	J.BROOKES	Team to be informed
C.ELKERTON	R.DUTTON	M.FEATHERSTONE	by Greg Pandit during
D.THOMAS (C)	M.HOUSTON	G.DAVIES	this week. If you want
G.FURLONG	C.SALISBURY	G.SELBY	a game, phone Greg on
W.THORNER	M.CAVANAGH	C.HAYES	625 6601.
C.McHUGH	R.DODD (C)	K.JONES (C)	
S.MURRAY	D.McCLUSKEY	F.M.	
P.WALLACE	J.BOLTON	R.REEVES	
P.COLLINS	K.GATHERCOLE	K.COLLIER	
C.HOLLAND	R.TRIGGS	M.PENNY	
S.COPPLE	W.LEE	J.SPENCE	
S.WALLACE	J.TUOHY	I.McLEAN	

ALL CRY OFFS BY FRIDAY AT THE LATEST TO: (Late cry offs on Saturday to Golf Shop 609 0669)

Dave Thomas 608 0423	Russell Dodd 01706822202 0125457966 (W)	Russell Dodd see left or below.....	Paul Bennett 644 9775
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Emergency numbers for Saturday contact, if you can't get hold of your own skipper: up to 12.00, Russell Dodd is on 01772 257696 ext 2412; after 12, Russell is on 0410 754567.

This Saturday is a League game. First XVers should all be on time in number ones. Please ensure that club standards are upheld. And good luck for a good win!!!

The League situation: we are currently top of the league but Shell, the only team to beat us in the league this season, have games in hand on us. Apart from that defeat, we have only dropped one other point in the draw with Hoylake. Naturally we need to keep winning but the big crunch game will come on 14th March when we play at Shell. "That'll be the real big one." burbled Plum. "the 14th. a real St Valentines Day Massacre. Oh, fucking hell, wrong month...."

Prenton RUFC Annual Club Dinner Friday 27th February with guest speaker Tony Spreadbury, ex international panel referee and a keynote address on the State of the Club from President Davies. Even now, his personal researcher is taking things down to prepare Phil for action. Our President, we know, is a man who can usually be expected to rise to the occasion and we think he'll make us all want to come again and again as he blows his trumpet from behind the top table. There may be the odd ticket left - see Toby Tyler as soon as possible.

APOLOGIES for the recent erratic newsletter service! After this one, the next newsletter will be dispatched during the first week in March, after the club dinner.

RECENT MATCH RESULTS

Saturday 24th January

1st XV v Halton, Away, Won 48-0. An easy stroll this one, a match hastily set up from the pool. Tries came from Mark Peers (2), Dave Thomas (2), Gary Furlong, Peter Wallace and Chris McHugh. Gary Furlong converted four.

2nds XV v Birkenhead Park, Home, Won 28-3. Tries came from Roy Triggs, Rhys Dutton, Matt Houston and Peter Graves. Matt kicked two penalties and a conversion to keep up his scoring record.

4th XV v Southport, Home, Won 5-0. The visitors were well organized to say the least. "They were there, changed and out training while we still only had about six players out in the bar," observed Billy Shaw who remained as unfazed as ever. It was a remarkable effort that the arriving Prentonites were kept away from the sight of the fit and training Southporters as such a sight might easily have sent our more fainthearted scurrying off home thus avoiding the anticipated thrashing. Twas not to be! In an end to end game, we defended at times miraculously and broke away to score the only points of the games with a Carl Salisbury try.

Saturday 31st January

2nd XV v Moore, Home, Won 30-7. A curious sort of game, not at all devoid of incident but utterly dominated by a marvelously eccentric referee, Eric the Wallasey! Prior to the game, he entered our dressing room and looked at Micky Cavanagh, Russell Dodd and Andy Vickers three men who were sitting together, none of who's shape and size exactly equips them for the dilettante life of the stand off. "Is your front row OK as a front row?" he asked. Now I don't know about you dear reader, but if I was confronted with these three barrel chested no neck merchants. I wouldn't have too much trouble identifying them as two props and a hooker. And the way Andy Vickers snarls when he's in a good mood, I certainly wouldn't fancy asking them if they thought they were up to affairs of the front row. It didn't help that the Ebullient Eric refereed in a striking shell suit top (it seems that his proper reffing jersey clashed with the players' shirts), but he was such a demonstrative individual that he blew his whistle and signaled decisions with gestures that contained such drama and hyperbole that one might have been excused for thinking that he would have been more at home on the stage at La Scala performing grand opera! His timekeeping wasn't much better as he blew up at least ten minutes early. Plum wondered if he had forgotten to stop his watch during half time! As for the game, well Allan Roberts came into the side at full back, had one run (well to be more accurate, had one slow gallop like the old war horse he is) and managed to spilt his finger right down to the tendon. Arrowe Park was to be his resting place till quite late on Saturday evening! Skipper Dodd commented somewhat ungraciously that the first XVers who came down because they had no game actually disjointed the side. Tries were scored by Steve Wallace (2), Andy Vickers and Dave Baldwin. Matt Houston kicked two conversions and two penalties. One of the tries came from a 'whiskey ball', which is set move from a line out. Russell was busy explaining the technicalities of this including his own role in delivering an accurate throw in. Toby Tyler, who had watched the game, was not in his most complimentary mood, "It's true he got that one right," he growled, "but apart from that one, he couldn't throw himself in the fucking river." One feels that the season's saga of Russell's errant throwing in will run and run!!!

3rd XV v Port Sunlight, Away, Won 12-0. A dour game that we should have won by a considerably bigger margin. Tries from Carl Salisbury and Mike Penny with a conversion from Micky Dalton gave us the points. The Suns never looked like getting anything from an eminently forgettable game.

4th XV v Birkenhead Park, Away, Won 25-5. With Peter Collins at scrum half and Mark 'Giggsy' Peers at stand off, there was not really a lot down for the rest of our backs. And with Peter Wallace at number 8 for most of the game, our forwards didn't have too much chance of getting their hands on the ball either! Mr Collins was clearly relishing his role in the number nine shirt. "Where do you want to stand," he entreated stand off Giggys during the warm up. "How far can you fucking pass?" came the fairly obvious reply, with the equally predictable result that Peter determined to go for monstrously long passes - sort of minimum 35 yarders! It was really quite amusing to watch. The Big Man for sure does have a fine pass. And a long one. It's just that the execution involved a process akin to a discus thrower twisting his body and winding up the delivery. With the ensuing result that despite the distance traveled, the ball was so fucking slow it didn't just catch a cold, it caught Hong Kong and quite likely Asian flu on the way! The Park flanker had time to manicure his nails, clean his ears and trim those irritating nasal hairs en route to our stand off, where he invariably arrived, often before the ball! Anyway, we dominated much of the game, opening the scores with a neatly worked try on the right, young prop Chris Hayes on the end of a good move. Rapidly showing a callow naiveté, the youngster was full of himself, "Yes, yes, yes," he shrieked, "my first try for the club!" Then the awesome truth of the ramifications of this admission took hold and the realisation of jug purchase hit him. By the time we lined up for the restart, he had already got his retaliation worked out. "I've only got a fucking fiver on me," he told the side even as the opposition restarted! A second try came from the bulldozing skipper Peter Collins, then John Beaky Becall rounded off a sweeping move with a try in the corner. Mark Peers slotted a penalty and a conversion and added a try himself in the second half. All in all, an enjoyable little romp out on a late January Saturday!

HOT NEWS: the bitter at Prenton has been laced with female hormones. How do we know? Well it must be so, after six pints or so, you start talking shite and your driving goes to pot. Your editor finds this offensively sexist but it fills a small space in the newsletter which clearly needs filling.

Did you hear about the hypochondriac? He suffered from a new disease - 'IcantbelieveImnotgettingbetter.'

Saturday 6th February

1st XV v Southport, Home, Lost 12-38 NO COMING BACK FROM NIGHTMARE HALF.

Though we enjoyed a good first ten minutes, the opposition turned on the heat and we crumbled, leaking 26 points without reply by half time. Southport are a strong and well organised side who are playing well in a league with the likes of Warrington and Wirral and it was a good test for our lads to come up against some powerful rugby. So it was to our credit that we got our act together and ended up drawing the second half. Mark Peers scored a try, the ball popped to him by Chris McHugh many miles out and a second try came from that "Young, dark haired, good looking young man on the wing." Thus spake a thoroughly bladdered Bongo making an embarrassingly paternal reference to young Craig. Dark haired? The young bugger's rapidly going as gray as his fucking dad! Mark Peers converted one of the tries.

2nd XV v Southport, Away, Drew 20-20 PROFIT FROM INDISCIPLINE OF THEIR PROP

This one really was a cracking game of rugby. A somewhat scratch second XV containing such a venerable presence as your editor, put in a splendidly gutsy performance based on solid team work and excellent tackling especially in the backs. A strong home side took an early lead on a lovely day and as they were winning almost all the scrums and most of the lines, there looked little to stop a large home win. Perverse as ever, Prenton rallied and lived off scraps of possession, playing intelligently keeping the ball in hand and running at the home side's weak looking backs. Soon we pulled back a penalty through Matt Houston and began to exert pressure. Then, disaster, a speculative high clearance ball from their winger caused confusion between our full back and winger and they gathered the ball for a breakaway try. At this point occurred the incident which probably turned the game. For some strange reason, their prop, who had been mouthing off all game chose to administer more verbals as we prepared to kick off. The referee warned him to shut up but clearly the red mist had shrouded his amoebae like brain and he continued his oral outburst. On the grand scale of sheer stupidity, this action ranked pretty well near the top. The referee awarded us a penalty from the kick off. Matt acted quickly, tapped the ball and set up the move from which he eventually crashed over for the try. Minutes later, we gathered a ball half way, moved it quick and set Mark Tyler on a bullocking run. The young lock was stopped on their 22, but Roy Triggs was on hand to take the ball and burst through for a try under the posts! Matt improved. Half time was thus reached with in a lead which had looked a very unlikely proposition for much of the half. With the advantage of a low sun in our eyes and a wind at their backs, Southport began to use a standard but effective tactic. Hoist high balls into the sun, a nightmare for our full back, even though Tommo did especially well under most of them, and then let their heavy and well organised pack grind forward. In this dull but highly effective manner they scored twice to lead 20-15. We were however not dismayed. With ten minutes left, young Jeff Bird got the ball on our 22, out wide. Cutting inside with a lovely shimmy, he ghosted to half way before feeding Badger Davies on the charge. The big centre was stopped, a brief maul followed and Will Thornber and Wilf Lee carried the ball on. Eventually it went loose, was hacked on and Dave Baldwin was able to pick up and drive over for a magnificent equaliser. They had a kick at the last to win but it would have been an injustice had it gone over. Russell was delighted with the result and the fighting spirit in the team. "That was a game I didn't think we'd not lose," he told the team in the dressing room thus baffling his listeners with a plethora of negatives which was in some contrast with the positive attitudes shown on the pitch!

4th XV v St Marys, Away, Won 32-21 PACK DOMINATES

A fine win on the road this one, a game dominated by our powerful back row of the Peters Reeves and Evans providing the beef and Billy Shaw the guile. Here were three men who took no prisoners! According to that great tactician and leader Kiwi Jones, apart from our pack, the sides were equal. This of course is somewhat akin to saying that apart from the fucking great batteries of cannons, the Turkish Army were pretty equal to the Light Brigade at Crimea! We ground our way to a 22-0 lead with tries from Peter Reeves, Vic Wilson and a Peter Evans brace. Graham Davies, who had a very fine game, converted one. It was all too easy and so the oldarses took a breather and relaxed. With predicable results as the Maries came back spiritedly to 21-22. The situation demanded a second wind and it duly arrived in the form of another Peter Evans try and a conversion and penalty from Graham D. Good games were noted from Vic Wilson, snapping away like a good old arse at scrum half, from Lee Gordon and especially from Hazey, who continues to learn the arcane and esoteric arts of playing in the front row. For the second week running he was up against an old sweat of a prop but at last there is tangible evidence that experience gained over weeks is penetrating the brain! For sure, he stuck at it and had a good game and this is promising indeed. It was strongly noted that the hat trick man, Evvo failed to purchase the obligatory jug, another piece of good old arsing that Hazey will do well to note. Allan Roberts was in no doubt where responsibility for jug avoidance lay. "Quite clearly, that's your fault skip," he said to Kiwi, somewhat unforgivingly!

The two mates were a really close but boy were they a competitive pair. So when they both got married at the same time, they decided to go on honeymoon as a foursome. Their private conversation on the first evening was predictable in the extreme - how many times would they each be able to make love to their new brides? Eventually they hit on a scheme of how to share compare notes and thus define a winner the following morning without embarrassing the women, for each shag the previous evening, they would order that many rounds of toast at breakfast. Come the morning, the happy foursome are at table and the waitress is taking the orders. With nonchalant ease, the first guy orders five rounds of toast and smirks at his mate. Not an eyelid is batted as the other responds, "I'll have seven rounds of toast please," and after a short pause, "and you'd better make two of them brown...."