

September 1995

Prenton RUFC

Newsletter 2 11 September 1995

FIRSTS PROGRESS TO NEXT ROUND OF CUP BY DEFAULT, WINS DRAWS AND DEFEATS ELSEWHERE.

DON'T FORGET THE EGM, FRIDAY 16 SEPTEMBER AT THE CLUB AT 7.30.

Bongo's favourite quip: What goes in out in out and smells of piss? Your granny doing the hokey cokey.

Billy Iles' contribution: What is green and brown, has six legs and if it fell off the ceiling would kill you? A snooker table.

What's the difference between O.J.Simpson and Superman? In all probability, O.J.Simpson will walk.

Christopher Reeves' next film? My Left Foot II.

TEAMS FOR SATURDAY 17 SEPTEMBER v Whitehouse, Collegiate, Caldý

1st XV Whitehouse (A) Meet 12-15	2nd XV Collegiate (H) Meet 1.30	3rd XV Caldý (A) Meet 1.30	4th XV Whitehouse(H) Meet 1.30	5th XV Caldý (A) Meet 1.30
P.STEEN	G.MURRAY	M.DALTON	P.GRAVES	M.NEISH
C.ELKERTON	M.F'STONE	B.ILES	J.KNAPMANN	M.GAUNT
P.COTGRAVE	B.BURNS	J.DAVIES	S.ROBERTS	F.INGRAM
D.THOMAS	J.POLLOCK	G.PANDIT	M.HENSHAW	B.ELKERTON
A.GAYLE	A.PEARSON	R.HARRISON	S.REGAN	G.DAVIES
A.WHITEHEAD	P.THOMPSON	P.SHERIDAN	N.SIMMS(C)	J.WARD
C.SALISBURY	M.EVANS	M.ASTBURY	N.LEEDS	M.PENNY
M.CAVANAGH	T.BRADFORD	F.M.	J.GAUNT	P.STOKES
C.McHUGH(C)	J.MASON	K.JONES	G.WILLIAMS	G.PALMER
D.McCLUSKEY	P.YARLETT	M.COFFIN (C)	A.HOWARTH	S.MURRAY
S.CROMPTON	P.REEVES	M.TYLER	C.CHEARY	J.PERCIVAL
J.TYLER	P.FOSTER	D.WALKER	C.ROBERTS	F.WILLIAMS
S.WALLACE	P.WALLACE	K.DEVANNEY	I.MASON	J.BECALL
C.HOLLAND	A.ROBERTS	P.PARRY	G.SELBY	S.MYLETT
G.LEWIS	M.LEET (C)	J.TUOHEY	S.HILL	G.KNAPMANN
Res. W.THORNBUR, A.T.HOLLAND, P.LEWIS				

RESERVES: B.SHAW; JAMIE DAVIES; L.POVALL; L.ROBERTS; A.ROBERTS; J.BURGESS
CRY OFFS BY FRIDAY AT THE LATEST TO:

Chris McHugh	Ian McLean	Mick Coffin	Nigel Simms
678 5148	652 6180	652 3740	01270661277(H)01270251871(W)

FIRST XV LEAGUE GAME - NUMBER ONES AND A GOOD START PLEASE!!!

EXTRA-ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING Friday 16 September at 7.30pm.
This is your chance to get information on the current state of the club, its ambitions for the coming season and for you to air your views. Please make every effort to attend.

KITCHEN/FOOD: Brenda Hardman has agreed to take on the food franchise for another year - thanks to her for that. Now the kitchen needs sorting.

MISSING BALL: Last Saturday, Arthur's daughter loaned a Centre Parks football to some youngsters at the club. She would very much like it returned to her! Please check if you have it!

3rd XV CAPTAIN: Micky Coffin took this job for three games at the start of the season when Russell Dodd reluctantly stood down due to the distance he was travelling each weekend. Will someone please volunteer to run this team for the rest of the season?

NEW ARRIVALS: to Chris and Sarah Holland, Benjamin (now 9 weeks old) and to Carl and Tracey Salisbury, Jack (now 4 weeks old). Clearly Chris and Carl have been firing off a bit more than the odd pass on the rugby pitch! Congratulations to all.

CLUB TOUR 1996: to Hamburg, Germany. A four day tour is proposed with hospitality and games organised by the army out there. Dates, logistics and itinerary to be discussed at EGM on Friday.

PRENTON WOMEN'S COMMITTEE: Anyone interested in forming such a group, please contact Helen Tyler on 606 8808 or Gill Tuohey on 678 0742.

MATCH REPORTS FROM LAST SATURDAY

The 1st XV did not play - Douglas IOM withdrew from the cup some weeks ago but no one saw fit to inform us.

2nd XV v Ormskirk, Home, Won 24-0 SKIPPER PLAYS ON WITH BROKEN BONE!
Another fine win - the seconds are rapidly becoming the Prenton Dream Team with two wins in two outings! The first twenty minutes of this game were a tense affair, both sides feeling each other out. Then our pack gelled and we began to produce a steady stream of ball. Not used to such riches, the backs proceeded to knock much of this unusual possession on, but eventually the whole side clicked and that was curtains for the visitors. Tries rolled in from Andy Whitehead, Mick Featherstone and Peter Wallace, soon followed by a marvellous effort from Mark Tuning Fork Leet, who drove straight into the posts as the pack went into push over mode. The whole H shook as the Mighty (ex) Lardo rattled the structure and the referee awarded a try despite the fact that the big man didn't ground the ball. "He was going down as he hit the posts so that's a score," said the official, probably quite rightly. Andy Whitehead made two conversions. A good game was noted from the returning Peter Thompson, the man who took a year off rugby to decorate his hall and stairs (job still not done - where does he fucking live, Tatton Hall?) and the sadness of the game was the skipper breaking his collar bone (see quote later on). Macca being Macca, well fired up and all, he continued playing as the broken bone began to hurt more and more. Well it would do wouldn't it. At one point, Reevesy slapped him on the back with words to the effect, "Move your arse round the pitch, never mind slowing up...." Soon after the skipper was being bound up in Arrowe Park casualty. Despite this, another good win. Keep on the roll boys.

3rd XV v Ormskirk, Away, Lost 7-42 PLAYING THE PRENTON WAY
The omens were not good - your editor arrived at twenty past two (3 o'clock kick off), fully expecting to be first there at Ormskirk, with plenty of time to walk the dog and make idle chit chat to the opposition and referee to the effect that the rest of the lads really are on their way. To his astonishment, the whole side was there, changed and ready! The full team

took the field fully ten minutes before kick off and proceeded to practise various moves while debating a style of play. Coffin settled on a fairly oblique kind of team talk, "We'll play this game the Prenton way," he said, enigmatically. Now this statement is clearly open to interpretation - did he mean fling the ball out with gay abandon, or keep it tight in the pack? Did he mean go out and rip heads off or play fair chaps? In the event, it didn't really matter that much. The team was obliged to chase the entire game as the home side produced a dazzling display of open running rugby. Right from the off, they won ball, they spun it wide and the bastards backed up. The racked up points with alarming regularity and in truth, we tackled and defended stoutly, never giving up the unequal battle. On a gluey muddy pitch, we might have had a chance. On this firm grassy pitch with a warm sun and a gentle breeze we simply didn't have a prayer. Mind you, we caused them some consternation - at 0-42 we produced a scintillating move and Bernie Burns charged through dozens of tacklers from fully half way to score. Phil Sheridan converted. It had them really worried because they singularly failed to score after!

4th XV v Ormskirk, Home, Won 6-5 OR DID WE???

Imagine the scene, we were losing 3-5 and it comes to the dying action of the game. Thirty yards out, wide of the posts, we are awarded a penalty! Nigel lines up the kick, knowing that this is shit or bust, it's the last action of an eminently forgettable match. The Simms boot swings, the ball soars higher and higher curving towards the posts higher than the posts and over the top of the post. Now the thousand dollar question, inside or out? Alan Roberts, the ill fated referee, was reliving the moment. "I could only watch one post," he said, helpfully. "You only needed to watch one post," riposted Pandit the Bandit. So what happened? Well, Alan displayed a rare heroism, initially he put his hand up to signal the score, then as 15 Ormskirkers began to wail, he put his hand down to signal a miss. And then blew his whistle for full time. As a piece of diplomacy this was positively masterful - both sides thought they had won! This guy should work for the UN in Bosnia! In truth, it was an awful match which neither side deserved to win though it was not without incident. John Tuohey produced a bone crunching tackle on their pig tailed prop, "Cut him in half at the throat it did, took him all of ten minutes to recover," said Greg Pandit, adding, "I like to see that kind of thing, it encourages the youngsters." HMMMMMMMM. Alan Scrones Jones departed the fray with a knackered back, there was hasty reorganisation, Mike Penny going to back row and John Burgess coming in at scrum half. Nigel kicked a penalty. And Stuart Hill got really mad when their chap trod on his toe. Most Prentonites would have simply lamped the offender with a full blooded haymaker (cf Howarth A at Crediton, March 1995). Stuart is Not That Sort Of Chap however. Burning with anger, he raised himself to his full height, strode up to the offender and with a "Take that you cad," politely slapped him! By gum, that taught him a lesson - he never came near Stuart's toe again all match!

5th XV v Shell 3rds, Away, Drew 13-13 A RIGHT MOTLEY BUNCH HERE

Skippered by Fat Ox Micky Cav, released from senior duties by Douglas no show, this was a real bits and remnants side. Our second row comprised those two accomplished line out technicians, the giants Thornber and Holland (Chris). The first half we played into the wind and turned round 0-8 against a very handy home side. Then, in the immortal words of the skipper, words no doubt used by the top tacticians throughout the eras, "We

decided to throw the fucker about." One presumes this alluded to the ball. The net result of this revolutionary new policy was the opposition scoring another try. However, Jamie Pollock pegged points back with a penalty, the after some pressure Chris Holland grabbed a try. From the very kick off we trundled back up the pitch, there was a mighty pile up on their line and Steve Mylett, from what Cav charitably described as "an offside position," stole over for an opportunistic try. It turned out to be the equaliser. A good effort was noted from Gaunty's brother Mark who had his first ever rugby game, and Graham Davies, a newcomer on the other wing acquitted himself well showing good composure under numerous high balls.

Under 17s v Northwich, Home, Lost 5-36 AN IMPROVEMENT NOTED

This on the face of it was not a good result, until one examines it in the context of how we fared last season against this very strong opposition - we lost 0-50! A try by Scotty was our score and an outstanding game was noted from Mark Astbury at scrum half. This team can only get better!

Next game: 24 September v Port Sunlight away.

QUOTES.....

From the end of last season: Dave Bennett, for once in his rugby career got slightly inspired and produced a very astute kick. Realising that, for a change, he had done something thoughtful, he turned to Gary Murray at full back, "Kicking you see Gary," he said sagely, "it's all done with the head...."

Jamie Pollock played back row on Saturday and gave a considered opinion after the game. "Fucking hell, I like this back row stuff, I could do this every week. Mind you, I don't like them mauls." Mauls you see Jamie are for the boys in the pack, not for the girls in the backs!!!

Macca, having broken his collarbone but still playing on for a good fifteen minutes, "As I was running round, I could hear this clicking in me shoulder and I had this pain getting worse. Suddenly I just stopped and thought, 'Fuck me, this is not right.'" At which point he left the pitch and went to hospital. Is this man a wimp or what????!!!

"What the fucking hell do you think you're doing ref.?" bawled the Shell centre on Saturday as he strode through for what he felt was a certain score only to be tackled in half by a man in a green shirt. It was a smart move of Simon Regan to take the field thus attired, there not being enough decent 5th XV shirts for him to wear the same colours as the rest of the side!

ONLY THE BRAVE

It takes bollocks to make the hard decisions - ask referee Alan Roberts (see match report of 4th XV) - so let's hear the story from his perspective..... "The ball was so fucking high I couldn't see if it went in or out. I'll give it in I thought. So when I put my hand up for a goal, fifteen Ormskirk fellers ran at me. I thought fuck this, put my hand down and shouted No Score, then I chickened out and blew up for full time." I tell you readers, this newsletter gets the candid confessions!