

## NEWSLETTER 19: 21.3.95

FIRSTS PROGRESS IN FLOODLIT CUP AND WIN IN LEAGUE. HONOURS VERY EVEN AGST WALLIES - A WIN, A DRAW AND A DEFEAT IN THREE GAMES. EDITOR DOESN'T LOSE!

Heard about the new NatWest Grobbelar Account? The less you save the more your money builds up.

And the Irish lesbian? Wanted to be known as Gaelic. (Gaylick, peasants!) Dave Bennett went to the doctor's with his partner. After examining him, the doctor said, "I'll need samples of your blood, stool, urine and semen." "What does he want?" gasped Benno. "He wants you to leave your underpants at reception," says his partner.

## TEAMS FOR SATURDAY 25th March v TBA, M'side Police &amp; Caldý

1st XV	2nd XV	3rd XV	Dick's Dicks	633 Squad	RESERVES
TBA	TBA	M'side Pol.	TBA	Caldý	
(H) 1.30	(A) 1.30	(H) 1.45	(A) 1.30	(A) 2.00	
L.ROBERTS	J.POLLOCK	G.MURRAY	S.REGAN	F.INGRAM	A.JONES
C.E'RTON	A.GAYLE	D.BENNETT	M.NEISH	S.MYLETT	G.WILLIAMS
P.C'GRAVE(P)	M.PENNY	B.BURNS	A.ROBERTS	M.HENSHAW	T.FISHER
D.THOMAS(P)	A.T.HOLLAND	J.JENKINS	JO.DAVIES	A.WHITELEY	TF's Mate
B.ROWLANDS	M.F'STONE	P.GRAVES	S.WILLIAMS	N.LEEDS	N.GILLON
					S.ROBERTS
					J.BECALL
A.WHITEHEAD	J.WARD(C)	P.SHERIDAN	N.SIMMS	R.HARRISON	JA.DAVIES
M.EVANS	C.SALISBURY	M.HOUSTON	M.ASTBURY	B.ILES	J.ASPINALL
					J.BURGESS
T.BRADFORD	F.M.	R.DODD(C)	A.PARKE	A.HOWARTH(C)	M.DAVIES
C.McHUGH	G.FISHER	J.MASON	K.JONES	P.STOKES	P.YARLETT
W.THORNBUR	J.GAUNT	M.COFFIN	D.McCLUSKEY	FOGGO	V.WILSON
P.REEVES	J.TYLER	K.G'COLE	M.TYLER	C.CHEARY	E.JONES
P.WALLACE	P.COLLINS	B.DAVIES	C.ROBERTS	P.FOSTER	A.JONES
S.WALLACE	K.DEVANNEY	I.MASON	G.SELBY	G.KNAPMAN	P.M.HALL
C.HOLLAND	A.ROBERTS	G.LEWIS	P.BENNETT	B.SHAW	
P.LEWIS(C)	M.LEET	I.McLEAN	D.WALKER(C)	S.HILL	

## 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 1026
		0706 822202(home)	

Recent results v M'side Police: v 3rds this season, won 36-3; last season, lost 18-22, a snorting away game. These are the only recorded occasions of Prenton v Plod. The Squadron last encountered the toffee nosed upper class tossers (Caldý) last September, winning 7-0. Last season, we lost 15-17.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES:

1. CLUB SUBS.: Please pay your membership dues.
2. CLUB DINNER: Friday 21 April at Prenton Park. Please pay tickets.
3. CLUB TOUR: Leave club at 12.30 on Friday 31 March. Number Ones to be taken with you (though not to travel in). Games on Saturday v Exeter Saracens and Sunday v Criterion (?). All the usual cast there, Judge, Sneak, Bailiffs, Arthur etc etc..... Please pay in full to Alan Roberts.

**THE NEWSLETTER IS IN DESPERATE NEED OF ENVELOPES. THERE IS EVEN A DANGER OF HAVING TO BUY SOME! A PROSPECT TOO HORRIFYING TO PONDER!!!**

**BAR NEWS** .... Our new bar supremo is none other than Dave Bennett, the man with more skid marks than the average undies. Dave wants a freezer. Don't we fucking all? Seriously, if anyone has a spare freezer (go on lads, check your ring pieces, there may be an odd freezer hidden away up there) please inform our man behind the bar.

# **RECENT MATCH REPORTS.....**

**1st XV v Wirral, Floodlit Cup, Won 17-12 YOUNG ELK STAGS THROUGH**  
Skipper Buller Magoo was at his most ebullient. "We started like a fucking two bob rocket," he enthused, perhaps somewhat anachronistically. Pre decimal currency and all that. From the Wirral kick off, we caught the ball and drove upfield for Craig Elk to slither over in the corner. "A right bobby dazzler," burred Buller, continuing in his ridiculous sixties genre. With such a star, we rarely looked back and before the half, the Mighty Elk (in the words of the Wirral Globe) had crossed the line for his and the side's second try. After the break the wanky Wirralians had lots of pressure and kicked 12 points, but we rallied and trundled up the pitch for Steve Wallace to roll over for the winning try. Phil Sheridan converted. Craig rounded off a magnificent match with a great last ditch tackle and it is quite possible he took a great defensive catch under our posts. In any event, he did honour to the name Elkerton! Seriously, it was a great win albeit unexpected. Even skipper Magoo had driven to the game fully anticipating a defeat and thus an early night. Hey Ho. He had to get pissed with the lads and collect his motor the next morning. Our opponents in the semi final are yet to be decided.

**1st v Whitehosue Park (League) Home Won 20-0 LARDIDAR, WHAT A TRY!**  
Four changes in the side, and probably the only other game happening in England and Scotland at the same time as that other rumble at Twickers, this was a workmanlike win. With the wind in the opening spell, we only managed the one try, and that was a no more than a pushover, credited to Peter Lewis. Turning round, we expected a rearguard action, fearing an onslaught from the visitors. Cliches notwithstanding, these two latter did not occur. In fact we got well and truly into gear and dismantled the opposition. Mike Penny rounded off a splendid individual game with a neat try, Barry Rowlands opened his first XV account (on or near his 21st as well, he later got supremely and embarrassing pissed as is the way of things) and Peter Wallace scored a truly brilliant individual try. Taking a loose scrum ball on our own ten yard line, our man of the curtains, Swish to his mates, sashayed his way across half way, sold dummy after sidestep and generally powered his way to the opposition line. By now the lesser event at Twickers HQ had finished so a whole cohort of true Prentonites had abandoned TV to watch their mates and Lardidar was well roared home. What a score! Terry Bradford, his usual six yards or so behind play, was on hand (puffing and panting) to greet the hero of the moment as he trotted back to our half of the pitch to observe the conversion attempt. With pithy prop type logic, El Tel summed matters up with the sort of brainpower normally treasured in a herd of amoebae. "Listen Wally, you fucking poser," he gasped, "in this team you fucking pass the ball...." And thus was a rare moment of supreme individual talent observed!!!



Prenton RUFC

March 1995

**2nd XV v Wallasey, Away, Lost 14-17 LOSING FROM A WINNING POSITION**

After a very scrappy start, the side got its act together and hit a real purple patch in the latter half of the first spell. Fourteen points rolled in, courtesy of two penalty tries, the first when Bernie Burns was palpably high tackled as he was going in, the second when they dived into the base of our inexorably advancing scrum with Macca McLean in control of the ball. Phil Sheridan improved both and we had a nice 14-0 cushion was established. We turned around expecting to consolidate but didn't. In fact the only times we played rugby in their half of the pitch was when we kicked off after their scores. In a match we should have won, a good game was noted from Andres Roberts - on one occasion he took the ball from our 22 right up to their line, only to be tackled 5 yards short.

**3rd XV v Wallasey, Away, Drew 3-3 NOT QUITE THE ALBATROSS STUFF!**

The lads all arrived on the pitch for a 12.30 prompt kick off so it was a tad pissing off when the home side rolled out at one o'clock. By this time 14 of the Prenton side had made their feelings of the selection of your Editor (record for the 3rds this season, Played 3 Lost 3) plain. Trotting out last, he approached the lads who were huddled around the middle of the pitch, only to find the team collectively running away from him! Was this an obvious message? Like take your fucking bad luck elsewhere! Anyway we kicked off, eventually, agreeing to play two 30 minute halves. About five minutes had gone when we won a good ball on half way, the backs took it on and Peter Graves hoisted a magnificent kick which bounced in front of their posts. Steaming through, centre Steve Roberts caught the ball at full pace and dived linewards, only to smack the post full on! The whole structure fully sang with vibration. 'Tuning Fork' Roberts, as he is now known, let out a howl of agony and dropped the ball instead of grounding the fucker. The end result? No try, TFR carried off to take no further part in the game and Wallasey having to engage a structural engineer to examine the posts. Reduced to 14 men we were now up against it, facing a very strong set of Wallies who had outmauled us to win the game three weeks ago. Perversely, and against the run of play we took a 3-0 lead with a Matt Houston penalty, only to concede it just the other side of half time. A little later we were to witness a splendid act of sporting honesty when Wallasey kicked for goal again. The ball clearly sailed outside the posts but the referee awarded a goal and trotted towards the half way line, only to be called back by the home captain who told him it was a miss. Creditably the decision was reversed, we dropped out and there was no more scoring. It would be nice to think that Prenton would do the same in similar circumstances. Sportsmanship like this is more than welcome in rugby, especially when it happens in a very tight game which is always going to hang on one score. Our backs shaped well with some fine running by Bongo, Matt and Gravesey and the pack stuck well to a hard task. With a full side throughout, we surely would have won.

**633 Squadron v Wallasey, Home, Won 22-5 GAME OVER BY HALF TIME.**

Like the 2nds, we scored all our points in the first half, with the help of the elements. Unlike the 2nds, we held onto the lead without too much trouble. The afternoon started with some hilarity. Arthur stood in the changing room at his most Wing Commanderish, demanding a performance of grit and determination, exhorting the lads to feats of bravery and courage. At which point, Mark Astbury returned to the room with the loud comment "Have you got any balls Arthur?" Naturally he was talking of the rugby balls he had been in search of but the comment was highly apposite and the WC was rendered lost for words! Anyhow we got off to the required start,

## Prenton RUFC

March 1995

Mark Astbury scoring, ably assisted by that Eminence Grise, Billy Shaw. Soon after, Nicky Leeds scored and a further try was added by the diminutive (shortarse) full back, whose name escaped Arthur's recollection. It was a pretty piss poor try anyway, a stuffy sort of affair, the sort that Simon would not really want to remember. It would seem the when Mr Regan has small amounts of success his head has been known to get stuck between the posts. Anyhow, Nigel Simms added two conversions and a penalty. The half time team talk was a fine affair, Robbie Harrison commenting that it would have graced Captain Carling's lips, but the second spell brought us nothing save an act of typical generosity when we gifted the visitors a try to take home with them. Foggo brought off one punishing tackle and the whole pack played very well indeed against a strong opposition.

**Under 16s v Ashton on Mersey, Away, Lost 7-17 ALWAYS CHASING THE GAME**  
We leaked try from the very kick off so 0-7 down within the first minute gave a start from which we never really recovered. However we did manage a good try by Scotty, improved by Cameron Crowall. The side's next game is in the Caldý Youth Tournament on Sunday 26 March. (See below).

### **NORTH OF ENGLAND YOUTH RUGBY TOURNAMENT**

At Caldý, Sunday 26 March. Prenton Under 16 section has been invited to play. For a good day out and a chance to see good rugby, come along to this all day event. There will be a BBQ and bar all day. Your support for the club will be well appreciated.

Extract from Yarlo's letter to parents of the Under 16s, inviting them to the annual prize giving for the lads on Sunday 9 April at the Club:  
"There will be an inter club youth social match kicking off at around 14.30 followed by prize giving and awards ceremony. After which there will be entertainment and refreshments including a buffy (sic) and the bar will be open." Maybe someone will present Yarlo with a dictionary! Seriously, all are welcome. I think.

The salesman is doing some business with the bartender when he notices a cage with a strange looking rodent in it on the bar. "What's that?" he queries and is told that it's a soft mouthed gerbil, specially bred and imported from the USA. On asking what it does, he's told it has been specially bred to give the most wonderful blow job. Scoffing at this, he's invited to take it into the gents for a 'sample'. He emerges ten minutes later, steam coming out of his ears and a look of the most sublime ecstasy on his face. "I've got to fucking have it," he says, dreamily, "that was the most fantastic sexual experience I've ever had." After a little haggling with the bartender, a price is agreed and he takes it home. His missis is at the kitchen sink. "What's this?" she asks, peering at the cage. "It's a soft mouthed gerbil," he replies. "What does it do?" she says. "That doesn't matter," comes the reply, "but when you have taught it to do the dishes and the ironing, you can fuck off back to your mother's."