

# ANOTHER GLOOMY WEEK WITH LACK OF WINS

## And no valid excuses this weekend!

Why is a suntanned girl like a chicken? Because the white bits are the best. What can a jelly bean do that a man can't? Come in a variety of delicious flavours. What does an eighty year old woman have in her knickers that an eighteen year woman hasn't? Her tits. Guy walks into the doctor's and says, 'Doctor, I feel like a mouth organ.' The doctor looks at him and says, 'Very interesting, you're the second person to tell me this today. I had a young lady in this morning with the same complaint.' 'Ah, I know who that'll be,' says the guy, 'that'll be Our Monica....'

## FIXTURES FOR SATURDAY 14th March 1998

1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> XVs v Shell  
4<sup>th</sup> XV v TBA

1<sup>st</sup> XV, Away, meet 12.30  
2<sup>nd</sup> XV, Home, meet 1.15  
3<sup>rd</sup> XV, Away, meet 1.15  
4<sup>th</sup> XV, Home, meet time to be advised.

This is THE MAJOR league game of the season. Shell are top of the league and are unbeaten, but the only game we have lost was against Shell by 8-11 back in October of last year.

This is truly a vital game to win!

First XV please get to the meet on time and in Number Ones. Getting the minds set and right for this game is of paramount importance.

All players will be informed, by phone, of selection later this week. If you haven't been contacted, please phone a captain to confirm your availability. We have lots of players returning this weekend and area confident of fielding a 4<sup>th</sup> XV!

Captains: 1<sup>st</sup> XV – Dave Thomas 608 0423

2<sup>nd</sup> XV – Russell Dodd 01706822202

Mobile 0410 754567

3<sup>rd</sup> XV – Dave Ball 653 0831

4<sup>th</sup> XV – Paul Bennett 644 9775

## CLUB NEWS

Club Tour – final 1<sup>st</sup> XV fixture – Isle of Man – 24-26 April.

See Chris Holland or Dave Thomas as soon as possible to confirm your place. A £25 deposit is required, full cost is expected to be around £100. Fly out Friday evening, return Sunday evening.

Training is still happening on Wednesday evenings. There are still league games left and the season doesn't end until the end of April. **Please make every attempt to keep getting up to training.**

Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> March – Badger Davies' birthday! Badger promises a spunkily good do in his pub, The Bedford, with Wingy's excellent band, Lifebomb providing the music and the Badge himself providing 'The chicken wings for the lads.' Your editor had the temerity to ask Badger how old he was. 'I'm still in my thirties Dick,' he said with a great deal of indignity!

Who's is the Pink camera? As the first rays of dawn rose over Prenton Golf Course the other Saturday morning, the final revellers left the clubhouse after the night of the dinner and Kiwi Jones appropriated what he took to be Knappo's camera, which he found lurking in the clubhouse. This is a dainty little pink number and when Kiwi phoned Gordon the next day he was surprised to find all knowledge of such a snapper denied. So if anyone has lost a little pink camera, they can claim it back from Kiwi, if they dare!

The 2<sup>nd</sup> XV dressing room was getting ready for the fray prior to kick off when Steve Wallace politely inquired of your editor, 'Are you a lifter, Dick?' This is the sort of question certain types crave, especially in circumstances like the gentlemen's conveniences in, say Ruperts, but one can hardly make an affirmative admission in a rugby dressing room! Phil Davies was in grumbling mood. 'Went to Rhyl, paid a pound to watch the firsts, what a waste of a pound.'



Driving to Wallasey the day after the dinner. Billy Shaw was putting a brave face on his hangover, 'I usually have a good game after a night on the piss.' Tony Triggs was at his most waspish, 'If that's the case,' he quips, 'you obviously don't get out that much....'

## THE NEWSLETTER NEEDS PAPER AND ENVELOPES PLEASE!

### 1<sup>st</sup> XV v Rhyl, away, lost 5-35. A TALE OF TWO REFEREES

The usual travelling set of Prenton groupies piled into their faithful Audi and trekked to deepest North Wales, only to find on their arrival, and very much to their horror, that they were charged £1 each to get into the game. A pound each! A whole fucking pound! Why Mr Micawber could have fed a family of fourteen for a fortnight on such a princely fortune. Of course in these heady days of rampant professionalism, you can't expect to watch high class athletes performing at the peak of their ability for nothing. Which is why of course, we have all become used to watching Prenton play for free! Truly this was an awful game in which the first XV played with the wit and verve of a lobotomised toad, aimlessly wandering from set piece to open play and back again with a lethargy normally reserved for balmier days. The only exception to this level of performance came from Peter Wallace and especially Wilf Lee in the pack and from Andy Gayle in the backs. Our try was scored by Paul Cotgrave but this itself was a pretty undistinguished affair, coming at a time when the game was well and truly beyond us. The only thing of real note was the fact that we had two referees. The first official was reputedly a top North Walian whistler and he was mighty pissed off by our late arrival. He was expecting a 2.00pm kick off and we eventually got underway at 2.50pm. It's hard to see how they could complain – the small affair at Wembley was after all a pimply skirmish on the Celtic fringe, of passing interest to us Englishmen. Anyway, this ref turned out to be pretty shit hot so it was with some chagrin that we noted his departure at half time, claiming that he 'had another appointment.' Huh. We wonder what that could have been? Anyhow, one of their chaps took over for the second spell and though he strove valiantly, he wasn't of the calibre of his predecessor who was probably either off watching the match or maybe even conducting an affair with a Rhylian bint of easy virtue and using the match as cover for his clandestine peccadilloes. Hey ho.

### 2<sup>nd</sup> XV v Eagle 1<sup>st</sup> XV, home, lost 11-24. AN EXCELLENT EFFORT AGAINST THE ODDS.

This game tested Russell's powers of persuasion. Elevated to the dizzy heights of the twos through cry offs, your editor phoned to confirm that the game against Rhyl 2nds was still on. 'Game's on,' said Russell breezily, 'but we're not playing Rhyl now, we're playing Eagle firsts, it's the only game we could get.' Now it's amazing how a chap can tweak a hamstring while on the phone but your editor's brain must have been in neutral because foolishly he turned up to play. The visitors had a massive pack and when we had lost the first eight scrums consecutively (put in was an irrelevance, they just shoved us off the ball anyway) a mighty toweling seemed likely. However, out of the depths was dredged a fine Prenton spirit and a patched up 2<sup>nd</sup> XV took the game to the Eagles. Matt Houston and Steve Wallace led by example from scrum half and number 8 respectively, putting in tackles and forging forward. Peter Graves pulled off some stunning tackles in rearguard actions and the whole side strove personfully. With the wind at our backs we took a 6-0 lead through two Matt penalties and then produced an excellent move which saw Gravesey join the line and put in a neatly judged kick over the defense. Graham Davies well won the race to the touchdown. The turning point probably came just before half time when the visitors made their weight advantage tell with a driving try. In the second half we had to defend stoutly against the elements as well as the opposition but we held them to a mere three tries. All in all, it was a doughty performance against powerful opposition.

### 3<sup>rd</sup> XV v Eagle 2nds, Home, Lost 5-22 THE WING COMMANDER WITH THE WHISTLE

We had 16 players and no referee as the kick off time drew nigh. Solly, who tends to captain matters in an existential sort of way – 'I'll just do nothing and something might happen' – was sort of wondering what would happen next and, hey ho, something did. Arthur Howarth, the Wing Commander, is the very antithesis of Solly's approach being a natural born organiser of men. Besides which, he was the only one with a whistle so there was a certain inevitability that he would be the one to officiate. Now as a player, Arthur has never had much more than a tenuous grasp of the rules so heaven knows how he was supposed to acquire a full knowledge in the time it takes to walk to the top pitch. We all knew this but the visiting Eagles didn't and they were somewhat underwhelmed when the WC ignored the most blatant of knock ons to allow Kiwi to score our try. Arthur however was having nothing of it. Brushing aside their protestations he made it clear that 'I wasn't going to reverse my decision, was I?' As with the other home game, the visitors proved simply too strong, hardly a great surprise as they were a second XV, so in that context we acquitted ourselves well in an unequal struggle. Billy Shaw had a good game, 'his typical growling self,' as the old war horse Peter Reeves noted.

**THE TALE OF THE MOOSEMOBILE.....** Big Billy Roe has got himself a car. Well, when you say a car, that's just a general description, it's got a wheel at each corner and not a lot more, but it's a CAR to Billy and let no one deny him this pride and joy! So the other Thursday morning, he gets out of bed, looks out of the window and, well fuck me, the car's not there. Billy's bereft. He calls Scrones Jones for advice. Acting thereon, he calls the police and the insurance, all the while wiping away the tears. To all and sundry he grumbles vociferously about the lawless society into which we have now descended. He even takes himself down to join the Dad's Army faithfuls at their Travellers Rest regular reunion that evening, opining bleatingly to Arthur, Billy, Knappo, Coff and the crew in a miserable effort to solicit their sympathy for his plight, the hapless victim of an evil and heinous crime. Friday morning he wakes up and a little flicker infiltrates his brain. The car he suddenly remembers, he left it on Sainsbury's car park on Wednesday evening. And behold, wandering up there later on Friday morning, there it is, just where the daft fucking sod left it!!!