

THE BLOWHARD

NEWSLETTER

Special Edition

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- 'Our Boys In Decline?'

Letters to the Editor.

The views expressed in this E-mail are not necessarily those of the Editor or this organisation!

DISCONTENT IN THE RANKS - HOW FAR CAN THEY SLIDE?

A recent Email received by the Editor suggests the dogs are barking but is anyone listening?

Rugby and Our Boys on a slide

It was with some trepidation, but after being convinced by a colleague of mine to come along and watch an annual event of rugby colloquium to be held at the local paddock, I thought why not, not doing much else this arvo, what have I got to lose. Famous last words indeed.

Having being involved in rugby at various levels throughout my entire life, both on and off the field, what confronted me that fine Saturday afternoon I feel no human being could have prepared themselves for what lay ahead.

As I watched from the sideline, two teams of the most grotesque shapes, forms and ugliness descended onto a pitch of dust and scattered greenness, ones mind was thrust back to ancient Neanderthal times of Barbarism and Debortuary that had suddenly re emerged into modern times in a very bad way. My god what am I doing here. Too late, the writing was already on the wall and things escalated downhill at a steady rate from here on in. I knew now that I should have stayed at home and rearranged my socks and undies in the cupboard.

Rugby has been described by better men than me as a game of calculated chess, strategies and field position that flows seamlessly and fluently from hand to hand

Annual Dirty M's Awards

When: 24th October 2009

Where: Jamberoo pub

Time: All afternoon until whenever!

Cost: \$40/person -
due before 16/10/09

Hosts: Dirty Al & Cookie

Bus: Yes - pickup venues TBA

Dress: No.1's of course

Important:-
If you have any Trophies/Blazers,
please return them this Thursday.
Dirty Al will get the Maroi Toe
cutters after you if you don't!

in a movement that closely resembles poetry in motion. What lay before my eyes that sad afternoon was the complete opposite? How dare could thirty fully grown and a lot of them over weight men, in Gods name, do such a thing to the good name of my beloved sanctuary in life, Rugby.

Do we not have Rugby police in this country?

And then the whistle blew to begin the slaughter of not only each other but all known skills that each team once possessed. It became quite clear early on in the game that there would be no winners as each lacked any form of cohesion or leadership from there respective captains. Confusion and mayhem seemed to be the common theme and game strategy of the Gerringong team as Kiama started to get the upper hand in the 2nd third. It became quite obvious at each break between thirds that disentionion and bickering prevailed between the captain and his charges from the Our Boys camp as the pressure of the game was mounting against them. The coach stepped in to try and calm things down but was soon told to butt out by a chap by the name of JV, who at this stage seemed to be losing it a bit in his first year as captain. Friction within the camp was building and things did not look good for them to holding onto the slimmest of margins at this stage of the game.

With the third and final session, underway the result was going to go down to wire with the crowd, with the crowd, what happened to the three people watching!, Kiama were controlling the line of play with phase after phase pushing the short side when, in all my years of watching this hallowed game I still have not seen the likes of what I just witnessed. The most squat ugliest leprechaun has taken of down the blind side with ball underhand and barking orders in Gaelic heading for the try line

with three pursuers in chase trying to wrap their arms around his girth to no avail and scoring in the corner. One for the IRA. Things were not looking good for the Our Boys as this was the first time since this annual challenge began that they were staring down the barrel of a draw or god forbid, a loss. With the game deteriorating into a shambles of arggie barggie, cheating, sub standard refereeing, bum biting , and the obvious loss of a couple of their better players out with injury, the game had to be called to a stop before any more damage was done to the good name of Australian Rugby. Gee's no wonder the Wallabies are in trouble.

The game was declared a draw, beers and bullshit then proliferated and my colleague and I looked at each other in stunned silence at what we had just witnessed, wondering if it was real or am I still dreaming this nightmare, about to wake up at any minute now.

Yours in shock and bewilderment,

A very concerned Rugby enthusiast!!!
May god help us all?