



Message from our Patron

I offer my heartiest congratulations to the Cardiff Rugby Football Club on their immediate forthcoming entry into their Centenary Year of 1976/77.

The Cardiff Arms Park and the Cardiff Rugby Football Club and the Cardiff Rugby Football Team are well known everywhere in the Rugby world.

Lots of people pleausurably remember the scoring ability and great feats of such players for Cardiff as Gwyn Nicholls, Rhys Gabe, Percy Bush, Wilf Wooler, Cliff Jones, Billy Cleaver and others in

days gone by, and Bleddyn Williams, Jack Matthews, Cliff Morgan, Rex Willis, Barry John, Gareth Edwards, Gerald Davies, and others in recent times.

The forthcoming celebration of its Centenary Year by the Cardiff Rugby Football Club assuredly will be a very successful affair, and give great pleasure to all followers of Rugby Football.

It is my fervent hope, and I do not doubt, that the Club will live for many more years, and will celebrate its second Centenary Year.

EWAN DAVIES



Message from the Lord Mayor

On behalf of the Council and the Citizens of our City, it gives me great pleasure to send to the Cardiff Rugby Club my warmest greetings and congratulations as the Club engages in celebration of their Centenary season.

The records, which speak for themselves, reveal a history of performance which is second to none, and the Rugby Club can be justly proud of a world wide fame which has been earned meritoriously.

The mould which they have set will ensure, I am quite certain, a future as glorious as the past.

Councillor. IORWERTH JONES,
Lord Mayor of Cardiff

Foreword by Mr. Stan Thomas

**CHAIRMAN OF THE CARDIFF RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB
AID COMMITTEE**

It gives me great pleasure to write this short Foreword to the Souvenir Programme for The Cavalcade of Sport to be held in Sophia Gardens Cardiff on Thursday December 2nd, 1976. The most important year ever in the history of our great and glorious club who are celebrating One Hundred Years of History.

The Cardiff Club without doubt is among the greatest rugby clubs in the universe and this high position which they hold has been brought about through a century of years of great endeavour and a standard of high play and administration which is admired by Rugby

Followers everywhere. This occasion promises to be one of the outstanding events during a memorable year and I feel proud and honoured to have been Chairman of a Committee who have strived so hard in every way to make this evening a great success. May I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere appreciation to the Director, Producers and Organising Committee for our Cavalcade of Sport without whose energetic and enthusiastic support this event would not have been possible. My thanks also to the Hon. General Secretary and his able team for all the hard work they have put into the success of this 'One Hundred Glorious Years' spectacular. Finally may I wish all those who have supported this event a most enjoyable and memorable evening at Sophia Gardens.



G. S. THOMAS

Chairman of Cardiff R.F.C. Aid Committee

A message from the Club's President ...

This exciting Centenary Year of the Cardiff Rugby Football Club calls for perfection on and off the field and this great evening will play its part in so doing.

The Club represents the capital of Wales on the rugby field and these standards remain as high as they have always done.

Although, all that, without the hard core of a great number of knowledgeable, enthusiastic, loyal, discerning supporters would be like losing the affinity of a great and glorious past.

Therefore, tonight we are presented with the evidence of those worthy supporters with their organisation of a great spectacular, planned and presented by an Executive Committee, chaired by Mr. Stan Thomas, Junior. The original main Committee consisted of Messrs. Brian Thomas, Secretary, David Cole, Treasurer, Peter Thomas, Barry John, John Hunt, Philip Dovey, John Owen, Michael Jackson and Michael Griffiths.



The Liaison Officer with Cardiff R.F.C. was Mr. Colin Howe.

The Aid Fund has already held functions and presented the Club with £700.

The help received from Messrs. Bryn Thomas, Stephen Page, David Bonham and Vince Thomas from Aberavon, has been invaluable in presenting this Cavalcade of Sport, the quality of this entertainment far surpassing what the Cardiff Club envisaged.

There can be no greater proof of our relationship with that other great Club, Aberavon, who also celebrate their Centenary Year, than the presence of Mr. Bryn Thomas, who is presenting his famous expertise to our Executive Committee with all the great enthusiasm he can muster. His help has been invaluable. Thank you Bryn.

Thanks are due to the Cardiff (South Glamorgan) Education Committee for organising the parade of 250 children from representative schools.

I am sure this will be a memorable evening in keeping with the high standards set by the Cardiff R.F.C. in its Centenary Year.

Our grateful thanks to all who have contributed to its success.

HUBERT JOHNSON

Mind-bender Bryn could make Mike Knill dance Swan Lake

By John Billot (Western Mail)

Bryn Thomas, of Aberavon, tonight's Director of Operations, is brisk, businesslike and straight to the point. 'I'd like about 500 words and Bleddyn will pick it up tomorrow'. Bryn sounded just the way John Gwilliam used to lead the Welsh pack in the Glorious 'Fifties. What theme would Bryn like me to take? 'Anything about Cardiff. It's their show and they are, after all, the second best club in Wales'. Now we know why Cardiff officials had no hesitation in approaching Aberavon for a 'permit' to use bustling Bryn as their organiser in-chief for this super Salute to Cardiff Rugby Club. Bryn is a wizard in his own right when it comes to waving the wand and producing glittering entertainment. It is only slightly more exacting than his old job of coaching the Aberavon team; but with his experience and expertise he makes a gigantic task appear as easy as winning the Grand Slam.

The great thing about little Bryn as he darts around in his scarlet jacket, as bright as a new pin and smilingly waving a microphone in front of all and sundry, is that one never knows what he will conjure up next. Colour, ear-splitting beat from the mod to the military, and limitless pageantry. It all crowds in to engulf you like the Pontypool pack at a ruck. There is no escape. So just sit back and let yourselves be taken over.

Nothing surprises me after witnessing some of Bryn's Afan Lido extravaganzas. Don't be startled if they bring on a cage of snarling lions and send Bleddyn Williams in to tame them. Or even worse, a cage full of Aberavon forwards, which would need half a dozen WRU referees to bring them to heel. Then we might see Barry John sidestepping along a tightrope across the ceiling; or Dai Hayward conducting the Band of the Royal Marines in an orchestration of Danny Davies's *A Jolly Football Team*. How about the Big Five singing *There'll Always be an England* and Hubert Johnson reciting *The Owl and the Pussycat*? Mike Knill dancing Swan Lake, Gareth Edwards riding a yak or a yak riding Stan Bowes?

Cardiff R.F.C. have staged some pretty swank events in their time, on and off the field. Even Bryn admits, 'Aberavon are the top club, but I suppose Cardiff are a little better known around the world because the Arms Park is where the international matches are played (dammit). It is the capital city (so we are led to believe) and they have asked me (who else?) to put on this programme for them'. But tonight's 'do' probably will linger in the memory longer than most. It will be a Happening. To those who do not know what to expect it is likely to resemble a mixture of Billy Smart's Circus, the Aldershot Military Tattoo, Come Dancing, the W.R.U. Cup Final, Saturday Night at the Palladium and Dr. Who. Come to think of it, some of Cardiff's matches are a bit like a mixture of this.

Anything is possible with Bryn in the director's seat. The mind simply boggles at what this human dynamo can accomplish. If he were given a free hand I can imagine Thomson and Lillie playing for Glamorgan, J. B. G. Thomas ghosting Terry McLean's next book, Lord Heycock (and Lady Heycock) on the W.R.U. management committee, the Green Stars beating Llanelli in the Welsh Brewers Cup Final, and, of course, Aberavon winning the W.R.U. Challenge Cup, Welsh Club Championship, the Oakes and the Derby. Still, one thing is not fantasy—Bryn Thomas is a winner every time when it comes to putting on the Big Show.

Stanley Bowes

Sentenery Extravaganza

Avin reterned tew the Atherletik Klub from the mist an unkonshusness of the Munik Beer Festivul (an wot a p.u.). I was aproched, an Im not a queer-Mun, bi a bloke who as a Rols. No—not bred—a Roice. So e ses tew me, lik innit, kud u rite 500 werds fer sum big do, so I gits suspishus cos ferst I kan kownt up to 10 on mi fingers—an if I gits mi boots an soks orf I kan git up tew 20. U kan c I got a bludy big ans an feet job—innit—an no oliday. I thort of go-ying to niteskool as like I mite lern, or do a litle bit ther—in the dark. Wel, has this is a speschul do—no doin a 'wen they saw that soup they began to swim—an Ladys an Gentlmen all dived in' this is fer the Klub—Blew an Black not B—A—B. Avin bean tew Selebrashuns B4 I always kum in kontakt with a bit of stuff kawld Kity. Kwite a girl reely—not a moo—but sumthin of a bludy medow lady if u no wot I meen. Owt of the blew sum bugger shouts ay cumbyer 'Five Pound fer Kity' an yew never c er. Must b nice mind, innit. U name it an she as bean ther, an at it all the tyme, Twitchenam, Muriefiel, Eyeland, an even Paris an Ole Transvaal wiv the forty. An yew dont wan er ther. B4 the war—u no, the won we thort we won. If yew don't beleve me go tew Munick, no bludy ope, only Band of Ope, an ovr only glorie is Englands in boxes, fiftie a box. Well B4 the war we lost Kity was harf an Hoxford Skolar—no not C.D.—old monie. Ow times ave changed. Now she as tew blokes, angers on lik innit, Risin Pryce an Robin Oods bruther Robin Barstud. Tew rite erbs woo doan take no fer an anser. U look at yor porket in the mornin an yor skint til payday—if u ave wun. An the narkin part abwt it is u stil avent ceen the Medow Lady Kity.

Now Risin Pryce is getin arder to kepe up with, ees a bludy flier an wans dropin. Robin Barstud wance the arrer up his—(wate fer it) nose—not wot u thort.

Wel avin warnd u—I told u so. I wud lik tew c sum of u in the mornin. Ternite I spose the maternee iduls wil b doin ther best to giv the golden oldies the wunce over—lik innit u no—with ther old Saint Vitus. The bludy idul, ar idul, they jus stand, riggle ther arse an ead, shake ther plates of meat, an kawld that dancin. Not like the oldies from the Karlton, Rothe Park, The Kontinental, The Regal North Rode, The Warick, and the Palmeover. This ole use tew b kawld So Fire Gardns but cinse the bludy monster (an Cum Dansin) has cum into ovr lives it is So Fear Gardns.

In the ole days no wury abwt the bleedin brethulyser awl u ad tew do was ead down arse up yor nose in the tramlines—an ome to Canton. No not China—the West End of Kardiff. Kudn't ang washin owt kause—it wod b pinshed an er chikins in the barthroom fer the same reesun if u ad er barthroom. Now if u ave red as far as this, an yor avin a moan, sain it is rubish—that's yor fawlt innit. I bean ritin for nites an I think it's an Epistle—an thas not wot u do agin the wall. U jus stop an think if u kan, this is the werk or laber of a blew not Hoxford or Kambridge but a double blew—skerse tewday, Rekitts an Kolmans, the pure blew witest wash. Tew the alickadoos woo ave organizd this Extravaganza fer the gratest klub in the Werld, may I on Bharf of the werkin klas. Thank u fer the werk an tyme u ave put in tew it, tew mak it er suksess. Shud u yer moans—ignore bludy miseries—but Doan giv em ther muny bak.

Tew all the Ladies an Gentlemen hoo dived in ther pokets tew kum, very many thanks. It as bene a bludy plesure tew av u, an katchu.

Do plees, kum agane tew the nex funkshun, an u kan b kawt agane. Shud any daft bugger ave any mor stupid idears of five undred werds e kan—as the Bishop said tew the aktres—

GET STUFFED

Copyrite Reserfed

T.W.L. I.O.D. MTUDB.

David Parry-Jones

In 1959 after Oxford and the Army I returned to Cardiff carrying a bad knee and a bit of a pot, and joined Cardiff High School Old Boys after just one hopeful outing with Cardiff Athletic. Committee-man Stanley Bowes (we recently made the joyful discovery that we were fellow old boys of Radnor Road junior school) told me—and a nod is as good as a wink—that like the celebrated Dinah (who used axle-grease) I had found the going hard.

Thus although I can say that I have worn the famous blue and black hoops the theme of my recollections is the agony and ecstasy of watching Cardiff from the touch-line. The agony first.

Take 1946: the first really big game I saw, with Cardiff going down narrowly to the Kiwis, New Zealand's forces' XV. When you are 13 and about 4 ft. 11 in., watching representative rugby from the terraces is awful. You only see glimpses, past large adult shoulders or even buttocks, and in those days most men wore hats, which made it worse. I stood next to three miners (who seemed to a teenage Cardiffian to be North Walians, since they claimed to hail from a place called Treorchy) who helped me to balance on a crash barrier to get a better view. The trouble was, when the Kiwis scored they dropped me painfully to the ground in their chagrin.

Take 1953: Cardiff take revenge and beat New Zealand, but the hoi polloi under the North Stand are more concerned about the half-time shower bath. In those days the plumbing was not so good, and the gallons of metamorphosised HB and Brains that cascaded onto the heads of field-ticket holders was—wet and malodorous. These isolated showers were a feature of the 'fifties, but you learned to wear an old mac.

The 'sixties? This was a decade when the aquatic entertainment took place on the pitch itself. Even watching mud-wrestling in Berlin was scarcely more aesthetically titillating than seeing Cardiff play Newport on a soaking day in mid-December. Ugh.

But the ecstasy! Expressed simply, it means that a high proportion of the players Most Worth Watching in the whole world have played for Cardiff during the years that I have been associated with the club. My era began with Bleddyn Williams and Jack Matthews, Tanner, Cleaver, Gwyn Evans, Manfield and Cliff Davies. It continued with Morgan and Willis and their generation. And it extends right through Maurice Richards, Cyril Davies, Keith Rowlands and Barry John to Gareth Edwards and Gerald Davies who can be seen this season and after 100 years have no peers.

I was lucky. Most of my upbringing took place in suburban Cardiff, within reach of the greatest rugby seed-bed in the world—and when I am not speaking as an impartial employee of the BBC I will defend that view to the end. Llanelli may come and go, Newport, Swansea or London Welsh may have their day: Cardiff's glory does not depend on the instant success of a season or two—rather the rugby world at large is, and always has been, gently suffused in it. For a century Arms Park folk have been able to hold their heads high in any company and say, 'I am a member of no mean club'.

I hope, too, that I have transmitted my affection and esteem to the rising generation. However, DP-J junior—John, aged 11—has no time for the Edwardses, the Geraldts, the JJs, the JPRs, the Gravelles of this world. For him rugby's finest sight, ball under shoulder and thighs powering like pistons is—how did you guess?—P. L. Jones.

"Autographs"
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 2. Clearance
 3. Jack Arnold
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“Autographs”

Another name to remember —



Brooke Bond Oxo Ltd

D. Hayward

Think about it. It's obvious that I won't see the next Centenary. (As a matter of fact I doubt if I will see out this Centenary year). Neither will my children, nor my children's children, and it's touch and go whether my great-grandchildren will. So to state the obvious, it's a hell of a long time. Taking the opposite approach, my father didn't see the first Cardiff Newport match in 1876, nor my grandfather because he wasn't born, and I doubt if my great grandfather did, because assuming he was old enough, there were only two hundred spectators and it would have been a remarkable coincidence if he had been there. Anyway it would have taken him two days to get there and back, and one assumes from the stories I've heard, that he would have been more likely to be installed in a pub on the mountain between Panteg and Crumlin consuming his usual Saturday afternoon bottle of Scotch. Paid for in gold sovereigns, as he walked back the five miles from work over the mountain, as he did the other five days of every week. I don't suppose that the average man had much time to spare in those days for the strange new importation from the Public Schools of England.

How times change. It would be an unusual man these days who would allow mere work to come between him and what has become the National Sport of Wales. Mid-week matches consume more paper for Doctor's Certificates than it takes to print the Wednesday edition of the *Western Mail*. We now live in a land where the average guy watches so much Rugby Football that they even understand the offside laws. If my great grandfather saw tonight's gathering, and the extravaganza as it unfolded, all in the cause of Rugby Football, he would think that the landlady of the Mountain Air had tampered with his Scotch. Mind you he would also be surprised that he didn't have to work on Saturdays, and that instead of a ten-mile walk, he would travel on the works bus. These things would probably make up for the fact that he could no longer afford his Saturday afternoon bottle of Scotch. Such is progress. Following the established trend to its illogical conclusion, my great grandchildren, will be playing Rugby, five days a week, watching work on Saturday afternoons and buying their wives an ounce of Scotch as a perfume on special anniversaries. They would also think, if they have the sense they should have, that this article is a load of drivel, and completely unworthy of a centenary production. Ah well—in a hundred years' they won't feel responsible for me and as they sit in the weather-proof, air conditioned 250,000 seater Arms Park, they won't have written programmes, they will have throw-away mini-television sets, with a computerised editorial. Anyway, let's not worry about what they will have. let's concentrate on what we have got. If tonight's cavalcade lives up to its expectations, it should be the biggest and most extravagant spectacle that has been seen in Cardiff since Colin Howes side-step against the 1965 Wasps. As a member of the Cardiff Committee, it makes me feel we must be a great Club, when we have such great supporters. People of the type who have the imagination, flair, and ability to stage tonight's show and I for one would like to stake my claim to be the first to congratulate them on being 'the Greatest'.

D.J.H.

Bryn Thomas

Cardiff Rugby Football Club — A Tribute

Sport in all its guises is a great alternative to war. War is a bloody contest between nations—and the Scoreboard is chalked up—not in points and goals or even victories and wins—but in dead and maimed and widows and orphans. Sport sires in all its aspects the friendly competition between people who will pit their skills and minds and hearts and muscles against those who must be as good—if not better than themselves. And of such are the instincts that sport stimulates—the losers will always pay homage to the winners. We in Wales have a very special game. Devised accidentally when a boy at a College in England playing soccer horrified the Games Master by picking up the globular ball in streaking for the line. In 1823 the boy was William Webb Ellis and in 1894—a long pregnancy you must admit—the game of rugby was born. We Welshmen are very good at rugby—if anyone wants to dispute this let them think of 1976 a glorious year with the Triple Crown coming deservedly to Wales where it rightfully belongs for the 13th time and with the defeat of France proudly in possession of the Grand Slam. This year 1976 Cardiff Rugby Football Club celebrates their Centenary—100 years of Rugby Football. Space does not permit me to recall the names of the rugged recipients who have won international honours or who have played for Cardiff with great distinction but they were many and magnificent. Their epitaphs are cut—not in stone—but in the stud marks in the turf when they snaked through the opposing backs, lunged like Leviathians in the line outs, kicked with the might of Collosus, or shoved their 16 stone plus savagely into the scrummages. A hundred years of Cardiff Rugby Football. A milestone in the miscellany of mightily magnificent achievements. A hundred years of striving to out-do what has already been done. A hundred years of lionhearted young men—some who could not even afford to buy football boots all dedicated to the rugby game and helping in no small measure to make Club rugby what it is today. That is the past which has fathered the present and Cardiff is still holding its head up high. We are most certainly not ashamed of the stalwarts who seek the challenge of the game in the mid 1970's. And the present with the enthusiasm, the energy of the young, and the effective experience of those who have trodden the same path before, and still gather to guide them must result in a rosy future. I end this tribute by giving you a toast with apologies to the late Sir Noel Coward.

First of all we drink to Rugby intriguing and as interesting as always.

Now let us couple the future of Cardiff with the past of Cardiff.

The glories and triumphs and victories that are over and the defeats that are over too.

Let's drink to the spirit of courage and sportsmanship that made what could have been a mediocre Club into one of the greatest in the World.

Let's drink to the men who made part of the pattern and to our sons who will follow where they led.

And let's drink to the hope that the Cardiff Rugby Football Club which we love so well will find in the future the good fortunes of fellowship sportsmanship and success.

The toast is 'Cardiff Rugby Football Club'.

A message from the Chairman of Cardiff R. F. C. . . .

The Cardiff Rugby Club is celebrating its hundredth birthday, an event that is being commemorated in a manner that is befitting its illustrious and glorious history.

We are now in October 1976 and many events are already in the past, namely the Dedication Service at Llandaff Cathedral, the three Rugby events: The Champions Sevens Tournament won by Newport R.F.C., the game versus World International XV which Cardiff won, and the game against Argentine which we lost.

We still have many events to come, but there is one in particular which was initiated by the Chairman of the Aid Fund—Mr. Stanley Thomas. He formed a very enthusiastic committee and one that had drive and enterprise. It was agreed to stage a Festival of Rugby, 100 years of Cardiff R.F.C., and Mr. Bryn Thomas was appointed Supremo for the Spectacular. We thank Aberavon for loaning Bryn Thomas to us. What a man!

It is indeed very gratifying to me as Chairman of the Cardiff R.F.C. to know that this major fund raising event will be a further contribution to our Centenary Funds.

Finally my thanks to all those who are helping to make 2nd December at Sophia Gardens a night to remember.

LES SPENCE