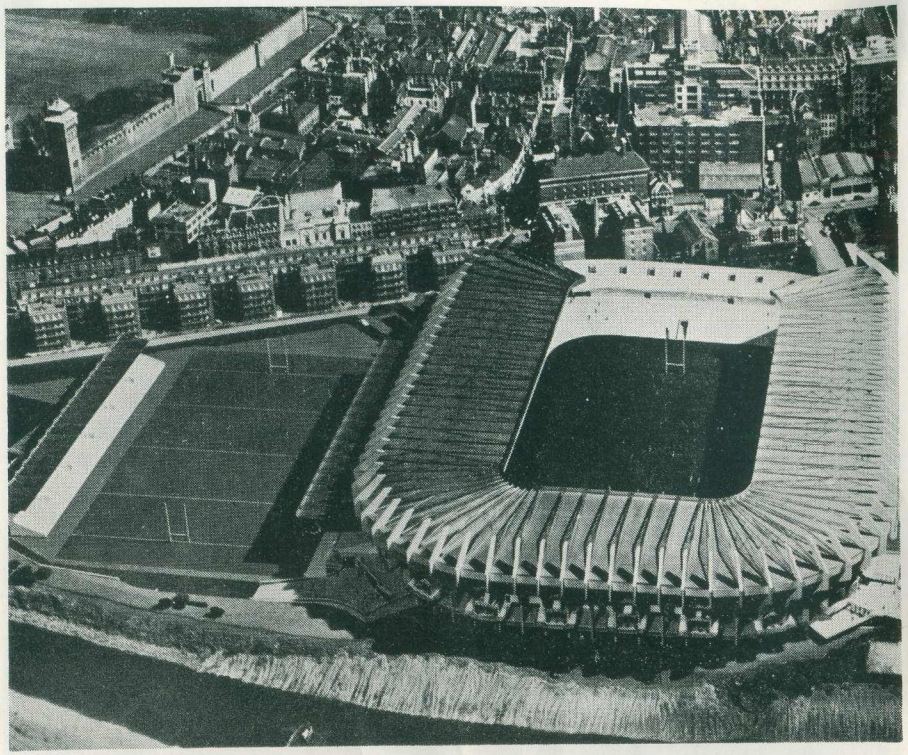
CARDIFF R.F.C.

v

OVERSEAS INTERNATIONAL XV

At the National Stadium,
Cardiff Arms Park.
Saturday 25th September 1976
Kick Off 3 p.m.

Centenary Souvenir Programme 20p



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF HOW CARDIFF ARMS PARK NATIONAL STADIUM WILL APPEAR WHEN THE ENTIRE DEVELOPMENT PLAN IS COMPLETED.

A TRADITIONAL WELSH HYMN

Pwy fydd yma mewn canmlynedd,
Pwy fydd yma'n dyblu'r gân,
Pwy fydd yma yn cyfeilio
Hen alawon Gwalia lân.

LLWYD WILLIAMS

Free Translation:

Who will be here in a hundred years,
Who will be repeating the songs,
Who will be here in custody
Of the old songs of Wales.

ADDITION (with apologies)

Pwy fydd yma mewn Canmlynedd,
Pwy fydd yma'n edrych ar y chwareion.

Who will be here in a hundred years,
Who will be here watching the play.

Cardiff v. Overseas International XV

SATURDAY, 25th SEPTEMBER, 1976 KICK OFF 3 p.m.

Who, indeed, will be here in a hundred years? Who, indeed, of the 200 spectators who saw Cardiff play Newport on the Marshes in a downpour on 2nd December ,1876, would ever have dreamed of the concrete edifices that now house the Cardiff Rugby Club, the Welsh Rugby Union and their supporters in comparative luxury? Who knows, and perhaps we should not care, for the only one who was here at the beginnning, and will be here at the end, doesn't speak to me very often ,but if he's listening I hope he's on Cardiff's side today.

With customs, tastes and values changing faster than Gypsy Rose Lee's knickers, any reasonably fertile mind boggles at what might be happening on the Park on a Saturday afternoon in 2076. My mind boggles at the boggles. How about the Taff Side Tearers versus the Hudson Bay Huggers, in Division 1 (Northern Hemisphere) Inter-Galactic Championship (for gate-taking clubs only, of course). With a minaret or two, and the present one-sided cash-flow, how about the Saudi Arabian Hawking Finals, first prize a gallon of ye olde petrole (vintage 1976). If the Chinese haven't discovered the Pill by then, we could be seeing a real cliff-hanger of a battle between Canton (China) and Canton (Cardiff) in the Sweet and Sour Pork, Take-Away-Food, Rush Handicap Finals. No replacements, only spare ribs.

However, despite the turmoil of the world in 1976, I have a touching conviction that we, or they, will be seeing a recognisable form of Rugby Football on the Arms Park in a hundred years. The game itself, and the people of South Wales, have been remarkably untouched by the lunacies that afflict other sports in other parts. The assembly of players from all corners of the Rugby-playing world, the spectators today and the famous old ground itself will provide a reassuring touch of the familiar and the enduring in these transient times.

To the players from overseas, may I extend a great welcome from the people of Wales and a big thank you from the Cardiff Club for joining us in celebrating our Centenary of Rugby Football. We are delighted to have you amongst us, and hope you have a memorable stay in Cardiff.

The theme throughout the programme is the games that Cardiff have played against touring sides, and I think it is the first time that we have together in one publication the photographs, teams and results of the games that Cardiff have won. I hope that the overseas people present will excuse what may appear to be unbridled self-glorification, but as you see, we have lost more than we have won and it is a very sincere form of flattery that we feel so proud at having beaten the occasional team from the succession of great teams that have come to Wales over the last century. It may be difficult for some of you to realise the furore of excitement that is created throughout the land by the presence of the Springboks, the All Blacks, the Wallabies, the Tongans, the Fijians, the Canadians, the Japanese or the French. May you long continue to tour in Wales, and bring added colour and excitment to our domestic scene in the greatest of all team games — Rugby Football.

D.J.H.

Croeso i Gymru i bawb sydd wedi dôd dros y mor. A Dewch fydd gyda chi ar eich taith gatref.

Welcome to Wales, to everyone from overseas, and God be with you on your return to home.

Cardiff 8 Maoris 3

29th DECEMBER, 1888

The Maoris were the first native New Zealand team to tour the U.K., and since they included only four white players, they were appropriately called after the indigenous inhabitants. In four months they played 74 matches, and Cardiff was their last match in Wales, having previously played Llanelli, Wales, Swansea and Newport in the preceding ten days (what a tour!). Incidentally Cardiff had also played on the 15th, 22nd, 26th and of course the 29th. The match was played in glorious weather, but conditions underfoot were very muddy, and consequently the game was played mainly in the forwards, although Norman Biggs scored after a grand run in the first minute. Cardiff scored a joint try between S. H. Nicholls and W. T. Morgan, both falling on the ball simultaneously. It was converted by 'Sawdust' Hughes. The Maoris scored a try through W. Wynyard.

Maori XV:

D. Gage; J. Warbrick (Captain), F. Warbrick, W .Wynyard, E'M'Causland; P. Keogh, W. Elliott; T. Ellison, G. Wynyard, H. Lee, A. Webster, G. Williams, A. Warbrick, W. Karauria, D. Stewart.

Cardiff:

H. Hughes; A. M. Mill, C. S. Arthur, F. N. Jones, Norman Biggs; Rosser Evans, W. E. Jarman; A. F. Hill (Captain), A. F. Bland, Q. D. Kedzlie, D. W. Evans, R. T. Duncan, W. T. Morgan, J. Mahoney, S. Nicholls.

D. W. Evans is missing from the photograph, and is replaced by N. E. O. Williams,

100 Years' Results against Overseas opposition

WARATAHS (New South Wales)		
3rd December, 1927	Lost	9 - 15
AUSTRALIA		
28th December, 1908	Won	24 - 8
27th September, 1947	Won	11 - 3
14th December, 1957	Won	14 - 11
5th November, 1966	Won	14 - 8
1st November, 1975	Won	14 - 9
CANADA		
7th January, 1903	Won	29 - 3
GERMANY		
1st September, 1956	Won	25 - 0
ITALY		
3rd October, 1956	Won	8 - 3
ROUMANIA		
7th September, 1955	Won	6 - 3
NEW ZEALAND		
26th December, 1905	Lost	8 - 10
28th November, 1924	Lost	8 - 16
26th October, 1935	Lost	5 - 20
26th November, 1953	Won	8 - 3
23rd November, 1963	Lost	5 - 6
4th November, 1973	Lost	4 - 20
THE MAORIS		
29th December, 1888	Won	8 - 3
6th November, 1926	Lost	8 - 18
28th December, 1926	Lost	3 - 5
RHODESIA		
27th May, 1972	Won	24 - 6
SOUTH AFRICA		
1st January, 1907	Won	17 - 0
21st December, 1912	Lost	6 - 7
21st November, 1931	Lost	5 - 13
20th October, 1951	Lost	9 - 11
29th October, 1960	Lost	0 - 13
13th December, 1969	Lost	3 - 17

We are trying to get your names right!

By JOHN BILLOT, Western Mail

Those who imagine the life of a Rugby writer is money for old rope and all peaches and cream — or free meal-tickets and booze — are quite welcome to change places with me one icy February night and find out what "field operations" really entail. While the fans stream off home grumbling at what a load of old rubbish they have been watching and the players steam out their bruises in the bath, the reporter is sat gulping his 600 words or more into the telephone, trying to make it sound exciting.

The discomforts of frost-bitten feet, chattering teeth and numbed fingers are the least of the hazards. The real crunch is whether you get a crackling telephone connection — and what kind of a copytaker is awaiting your pleasure on the other end of the infernal contraption. The young lady sounds bright enough as she sets off with two-finger action on an ancient machine that has been beaten to death night after night for almost as long as Cardiff have been playing Rugby. But from experience I always have a gnawing dread that occasionally my little pearls are disastrously misheard.

I can remember with a shudder how Tondu came out as Tom Dee, Phil May as Bill May and reseeded as receded as recent examples of what we can get wrong between us. At least in the good old days of the bag of corn and basket of pigeons, we were spared such embarrassing moments. Mind you, the corn is still about . . . . and those damn pigeons did make a mess. That is why JBG took to wearing a cap.

Telephone reports really are in the lap of the gods, though a reporter has to take full responsibility for what emerges. In the middle of sitting in the freezing night air, a lone figure in the stand, trying desperately to conjure up enough inspiration to bring forth words that will prove meaningful, illustrative and perhaps informative, we must not forget to spell uncommon words or names.

While phoning a report this season the sub-editor who had received the first page of copy as it was rushed across to him to start work came rushing back with equal haste to enquire whether I really had dictated "made a characteristic, swearing run", or should it be swerving run? I told him that in this case the copytaker's error was nearer the truth than I had been with my original choice of adjective, and he could take his pick!

We also have to avoid the use of indelicate phrases which can slip through quite inadvertently, as in one of the old time cricket classics when the author commented that "Mr. Ward's balls are magnificent". I am generally alerted to this situation when the copytaker begins a deep-seated giggle. Margaret was most helpful with her chuckles and it was she who made me realise that I should no longer refer to "brief repairs".

We rely also on the eagle eye of the sub-editor to save us from many awkward moments; though I have a suspicion that now and again a "sub" lets things slip past just for the fun of it. I extracted a small measure of revenge recently by quoting a line from Eskimo Nell in the Western Mail, and the sub-editor, perhaps not being acquainted with the immortal prose, allowed it to "hit the streets".

So, as may be appreciated, the pitfalls are many, excuses unacceptable and creature comforts often non-existent while "on location" at the bread-and-butter matches in the valleys of Wales. There is no time for warmth and sustenance in the clubhouse at a midweek match: the office is crying blue murder for copy; so babble it over, fingers crossed that everything will appear as it should next morning. Even if the copytaker gets it right there are always those mischievous devils who set the type — and when the fancy takes them, strange words and names leap from the columns of newspapers.

Next time you players see one of us shellshocked Rugby writers shuffling towards you, take a closer look. Those glazed eyes, twitching mouths and bowed shoulders tell their own sorry tale. These guys are like that just trying to get your names right!

Cardiff 17 South Africa 0

1st JANUARY, 1907

This game against Paul Roos' Springboks was played on New Year's Day, in torrential rain, on a muddy ground. This was the last match of the tour, and the Springboks had lost only one of their previous 27 fixtures — to Scotland 6-0.

In conditions that were anything but conducive to running Rugby, the Cardiff backs played brilliantly, scoring four tries. R. T. Gabe wrote "the Cardiff passing was truly wonderful and the truth of this can only be believed by those who saw it". An interesting point is that Cardiff, in these conditions, saw fit to play seven forwards against a Springbok pack, and used Percy Bush, the captain, as an extra half-back. The extremely popular South African side were sent off home to a tumultuous farewell of 'Auld Lang Syne' from Cardiff Station, rendered by a large section of the 30,000 crowd.

South Africa:

A. F. Marsburg; J. A. Lonbser, H. de Villiers, J. G. Hirsch, A. Stegman; D. C. Jackson, F. J. Dobbin, Paul Roos (Captain), H. J. Daneel, J. W. E. Rauf, D. J. Brink, W. A. Millar,, D. Mortel, P. A. le Roux, W. A. G .Bunter.

Cardiff:

H. B. Winfield, C. F. Biggs, R. T. Gabe, E. Gwyn-Nicholls, J. L. Williams; R. David, R. A. Gibbs, P. F. Bush; George Northmore, J. Brown, W. Neill, Jim Casey, Fred Smith, Bobby Brice, Jack Powell.

Scorers: Gwyn Nicholls, R. A. Gibbs, J. L. Williams and R. T. Gabe (tries); Bert Winfield (1 conversion, 1 penalty goal).

The Magic of Cardiff!

By TERRY O'CONNOR, Daily Mail Rugby Correspondent

I challenge anyone, even if they have only the faintest interest in sport, to arrive in Cardiff on the day of a major Rugby match and fail to feel a tingle down the spine.

No other Rugby city can provide the same magic and I speak as one lucky enough to have visited the premier grounds throughout the world.

Every venue has its distinctive features. Twickenham with towering stands and champagne bottles popping around the car park; Lansdowne Road with the two bars awash in Guinness and patch quilt variety of stands; Newlands, Capetown, overshadowed by the magnificent Table Mountain; Christchurch with a screaming horde of supporters huddled on the famous hill.

Yet somehow Cardiff has a combination of qualities which makes it unique. There is the breathtaking singing which can destroy the opposition; the national emotionalism which spills over the ground engulfing even the few neutrals about. More than this every time you walk into the Cardiff ground you are reminded of Rugby history — great players and unforgettable moments. Even those, seen by only a handful still alive like the Welsh 3-0 victory over the first All Blacks, soon becomes part of those who frequently visit Cardiff Arms Park.

It is therefore not suprising that the Welsh capital should house THE premier Rugby club and produce some of the game's outstanding players. My memories are restricted to the post-war period but there is no need to apologise when I recall the giants of Cardiff who have inspired thousands of words across the globe.

My favourite Cardiff character was the late Cliff Davies whom I remember vividly finishing the Lewis Jones inspired try at Twickenham in 1950, and his collar cast aside while he sang like a lark in that lovely old skittle bar.

You will always start an argument by challenging someone to list the best centre combinations. I am not prepared to waste space on this old chestnut but cannot believe that any club ever boasted a better pair than Bleddyn Williams and Jackie Matthews.

Williams with his blinding side-step off both feet could split any defence as 1951 Springboks still remember, while Matthews, built like a miniature prop, was the most destructive tackler I have ever seen. South African Clive van Ryneveld, who played for England, must surely support me.

Since leaving the Rugby field Cliff Morgan has won a million more friends through the media, but to many he remains the mercurial uninhibited fly-half who scampered through defences as if guided by his own personal radar.

It is another indication of the way the Cardiff club has dominated the British Rugby scene that three Lions scrum-halves have appeared in their colours since the war — Haydn Tanner, Rex Willis and Gareth Edwards. All outstanding players but I think Edwards has written a few more chapters than the others in the unending story of Cardiff Rugby.

Yet during my scores of visits to the Arms Park the two men I look forward to meeting most are Hubert Johnson, the jovial President and outstanding administrator. and Stan Bowes, who is the supreme example of a true club man. Neither were internationals, just damn fine Rugby men.

Thanks for the memories Cardiff and they will no doubt be richer for those who enjoy the next 100 years.

Cardiff 24 Australia 8

28th DECEMBER, 1908

Cardiff, again under the captaincy of Percy Bush, had another tremendous season losing only three games out of 31, and they beat the touring Australians by the largest margin of their tour.

Again it was the Cardiff backs who made up for their outweighed forwards by scoring all the Club's points. Percy Bush dropped a goal, kicked a penalty and a conversion, whilst Louis Dyke, J. L. Williams (2), W. L. Morgan and Rhys Gabe scored tries. Unfortunately an Australian forward, A. B. Burge, was ordered from the field.

Australia:

P. Carmichael; C. Russell, J. Hickey, E .J. Mandible; F. Bede-Smith; F. Woods, C. M'Kivatt; C. A. Hammond, J. J. Barnett, M. MacArthur, P. M'Cue, S. Middleton, A. V. Burge, N. E. Row, Dr. H. M. Moran (Captain).

Cardiff:

R. Williams; Johnny Williams, Louis Dyke, Billy Spiller, R. A. Gibbs; W. L. Morgan, P. F. Bush (Captain); John Alf Brown, J. Powell, D. Westacott, J. P. Casey, Frank Gaccon, J. Daley, G. Yewlett, Jack Pugsley.

THANK YOU, CARDIFF!

By HARRY BOWCOTT

(former President of the W.R.U., London Welsh and Cardiff)

Fifty years ago this month I was selected to play my first game for Cardiff, and it is only as I write that I realise I have played with and watched players on the Arms Park through one half of the Club's wonderful history. I can, with the added wisdom of age, cherish a Rugby life of varying success tinctured by animosity and, at times, admiration which I have accepted with equal equanimity, but it can obviously never compare with the exceptional performance and background of the Club itself through one hundred years of illustrious history which has placed it on a pedestal envied by many but never climbed or equalled by other clubs except within the narrow confines or corridors of their respective clubhouses. Admiration and respect on a world-wide basis emanate from performances over a long period of time and must come from without and not within the Club itself, and Cardiff players of the past and the present, without realising it at any particular moment of time, do now appreciate they have built a pyramid on top of which stands a record unattained by others and one which Club members and the City of Cardiff can justifiably be proud of.

As a London Welshman for most of my life (my only other first class Club was Cardiff), I have undoubtedly had the best of two worlds, but I can modestly say that I was considered a very useful player knowing full well that few people can now dispute the assertion. Either way, the more aged of us realise how performances are magnified with the passing of years and how a simple five yard score enveloped in time becomes a magnificent fifty yard break of outstanding majesty two decades later. In other words, with an ever changing game, I do not believe in the good old days — evolution has made comparison impossible — but, of course, reminiscence and legitimate exaggeration are among the joys of Rugby Union football. How else can we explain a reluctance to climb or stagger upstairs until the early hours of the morning, particularly on international weekends?

I congratulate Cardiff on its Centenary with the added wish that its performances and record this season will at least equal or compare with its outstanding 100 years. Rugby football is necessarily a competitive game and losing must be part of it, but let us remember that Llanelli can lose, Swansea can lose or even Newport can lose, but the one side all clubs like to defeat is the Cardiff Rugby Club, and that in itself reflects in the world atmosphere the true status and glories of the Club.

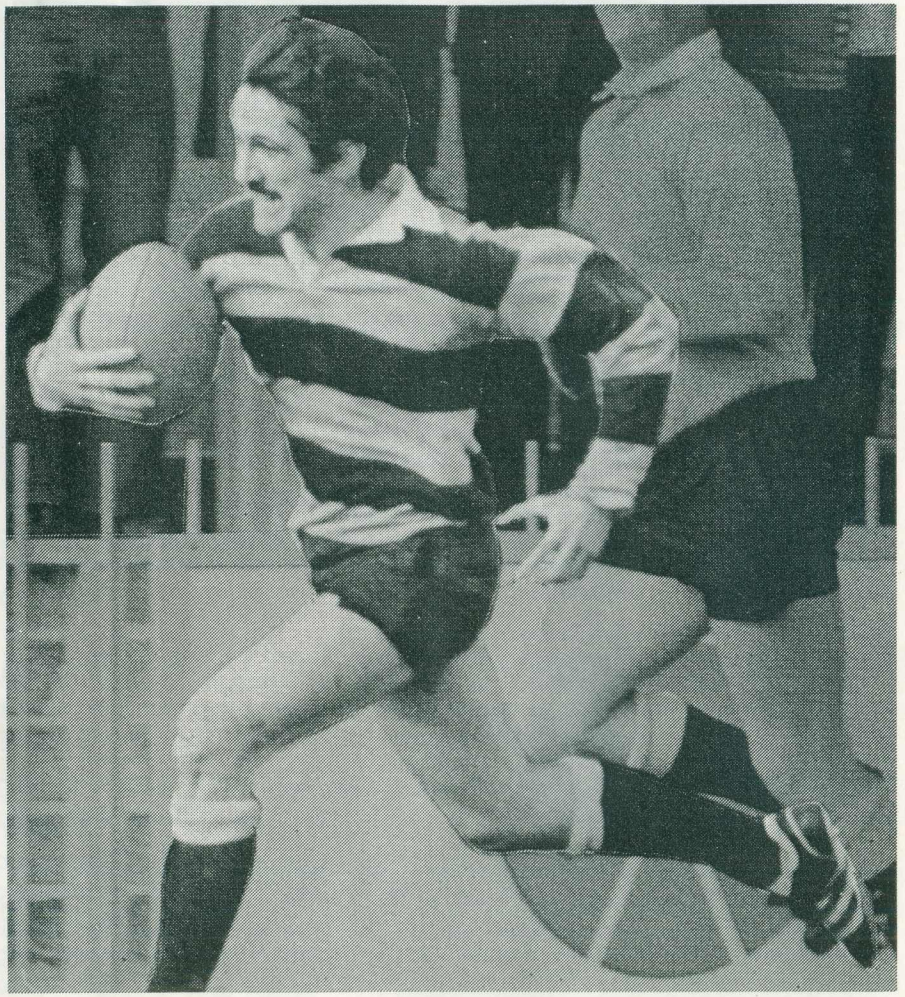
As an exile, I lift my glass and wish Cardiff, as will thousands of others, continued success and enthusiastic support during this and future seasons, as it moves inevitably towards its bi-centenary, recognising, acknowledging and accepting, as we must, its exceptional and immense contribution to the game of Rugby Union football.

Thank you, Cardiff.

PROFILE

GERALD DAVIES

Captain, Cardiff R.F.C.



Cardiff captain for the second successive season is T. Gerald Davies (Barbarians, Lions, Wales and Cardiff). Gerald, born in Llansaint, Carmarthenshire in 1945, is a fluent Cymro who, after he joined Cardiff in 1964, developed into the world's finest wing three-quarter. Educated at Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Carmarthen, Loughborough Colleges and Cambridge University, Gerald left Cardiff for a six year sojourn with Cambridge and London Welsh before returning to Cardiff in 1974. Up to date he has won 37 caps for Wales and has been on two Lions Tours to New Zealand and South Africa. After teaching for three years at Christs Hospital, Gerald returned to Cardiff to work for the Sports Council for Wales. He lives with his wife Cilla and daughter Emily in the Wenallt, Cardiff.

MODERN TECHNIQUES - GOOD OR BAD?

By HAYDN TANNER,
Former Cardiff, Barbarians and Wales player

Because it is Centenary Year one need make no excuses in reminiscing or indulging in nostalgia. The Welsh treat their Rugby football very seriously indeed and spend hours analysing, discussing and comparing. How many times have you heard the question asked? Is this team better than another team, etc? Has the introduction of coaches and squad training improved the game or ruined it as a spectacle?

Since this is Cardiff's year let us concentrate on this world famous Club. For the benefit of the younger generation Cardiff were very successful indeed in 1947/48 season — playing 41 matches and winning 39. In the process 803 points were scored (old method of scoring) and Bleddyn Williams, playing in the centre, scored 41 tries. Billy Cleaver was at outside half and was classified by the critics as being a defensive player. The mind boggles: what if he had concentrated on attack? In those days there was none of the sophisticated organisation of today — we rarely trained as a team.

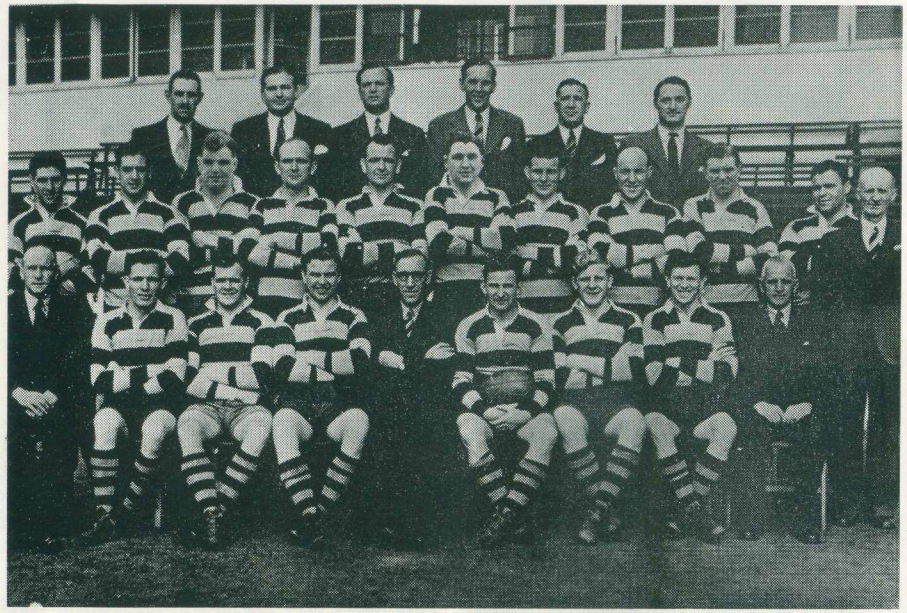
Now come the questions. If we had been coached, indulged ourselves in squad training, resulting in second phase attack etc., would that team be a better team, would it have played better, and, what is important, more attractive football?

Take, for example, the two centres Jack Matthews and Bleddyn Williams, each a perfect foil for the other. One a beautifully balanced runner capable of beating a man on the "outside" and also possessing a devastating side-step. The other, extremely fast over twenty-five yards, with a strong burst and a horrific tackle. What effect would coaching and squad training have on this combination? There is no doubt that squad training and coaching are great assets and must improve a team's performance. On the other hand bad coaching and stereo-typed planning could restrict and affect the brilliance of certain players.

But to return to the question of comparisons, and I woud like to leave a thought with you, a truly great team or player would adapt to changes — including changes in the rules. Let the arguments commence!

Cardiff 11 Australia 3

27th SEPTEMBER, 1947



A very good Australian side had the misfortune to meet what was arguably the greatest team in the history of the Club, winning 39 out of 41 games. and containing no fewer than 11 internationals. A 44,000 crowd saw Tamplin open the scoring with a penalty goal. Bleddyn Williams cross kicked for D. H. Jones to score in the corner. Before the end Cliff Davies scored a try converted by Bill Tamplin. Allan kicked a penalty goal for Australia.

It is worth noting that Dawson, the Australian hooker, was taken off with torn rib muscles, and Nick Shehadie was a passenger with an injured shoulder. However it was still a notable achievment for Maldwyn James to win 24 of the 38 scrums.

Australia:

C. J. Windsor; C. C. Eastes, T. Allan, M. L. Howell, J. W. T. Macbride; N. A. Emery, R. M. Cawsey; E. Tweedale, W. L. Dawson, R. E. MacMaster, G. M. Cook, N. Shehadie, C. J. Windon, A. J. Buchan, W. M. MacLean (Captain).

Cardiff:

Frank Trott; D. H. Jones, Dr. Jack Matthews, Bleddyn Williams, Les Williams; Billy Cleaver, Haydn Tanner; Cliff Davies, D. Maldwyn James, W. G. Jones, W. E. Tamplin, Roy Roberts, Gwyn Evans, Les Manfield, Elvet Jones.

A DAY TO REMEMBER!

By REG PELLING

("News Chronicle")

Being a Newportonian resident in Cardiff, it is only natural that I should take the keenest interest in clashes between two clubs with which I have long been associated.

But even if that were not so, I should always look back upon February 17th, 1951, as a day of days in Welsh Rugby — one which stands out in 25 years of writing upon the game here.

For that was the day when a world-record crowd of 48,500 attended at the Arms Park for a club game.

In a titanic game between two of the most polished and efficient club sides in the world, Newport beat Cardiff by eight points to three. Thirty mud-covered gladiators had played themselves almost to a standstill; it was all they could do to drag themselves wearily off the field at 'no-side'.

Public interest in the match was immense. By three o'clock on the **Monday before** the game was due to be played, every single ticket for the North stand (5,000 in all) had been sold. People had been queuing outside the Cardiff Athletic Club offices since very early in the morning. Then harassed Club officials appealed, through the Press, "Please, no more 'phone calls; no more postal orders".

Yet next morning there was another deluge of letters asking for tickets. Coach parties wanted to come from all over South Wales, and even from as far off as Mitcham (Surrey) and Hampstead.

One organiser asked for 150 tickets to be sent (and he enclosed the money); many applied for batches of 30 or more. What a crowd-pulling set-up there was for this match.

Newport, invincible, had won 33 victories in a row. The last time they had been beaten was nearly twelve months previously (and that was by Cardiff!).

And what of Cardiff? Handicapped earlier on by the absence of five star players who had been to Australasia with the British touring team, they were now coming back to the peak of the form which had made them undisputed champions of Welsh Rugby since World War II.

Even the coming international match between Wales and Ireland was over-shadowed by what could well have been the greatest club match of the decade. Indeed, the Welsh selectors turned up at the game in full force for it could well have solved some of the problems for them.

The official estimate of the crowd (and it had rained heavily for two hours beforehand) was 48,500. Gate receipts of £2,587 later confirmed this figure, easily a record for any club match ever played in any part of the world. Extra police were on duty to cope with the crush and, ten minutes before the start, they were almost ready to close the gates. This, as it transpired, was not necessary.

After ten minutes of hectic, over-excited football, Ewart Tamplin played a captain's part in giving Cardiff the lead with a penalty goal, and this they clung to until the change-over. All the time the forwards were going at it hammer and tongs, but the high wind, and the high state of tension too, seemed to prevent either set of backs from operating with their customary smoothness and skill. Marking and tackling, of course, was terrific and the huge crowd was kept in a constant hubbub of excitment. The interval arrived, with Cardiff leading by a penalty goal to nil.

Ten minutes later, Newport were level, front-row forward Tom Sterry racing over after a short bout of close passing by the Newport forwards. This was just the incentive Newport needed, for they cut loose with a vengeance and Cardiff had to defend bravely to hold them at bay. What a fight it was!

In the background, always were the deafening roars of the crowd — and then the scene darkened dramatically as threatening clouds gathered. Just as a terrific hailstorm broke over the ground, Newport went ahead. A hasty clearance kick which did not quite reach the touchline was the opportunity they had been seeking so eagerly. Profiting by it, John Lane, youthful left-winger, was sent swaying and swerving over the Cardiff line.

Big Ben Edwards converted and . . . . "Then there was a pandemonium; not only because of the score but because wind-driven hailstones which, for a few minutes were so tempestuous as to hold up the game's resumption." Some of the players threw themselves flat on the ground in the approved "blitz" manner; others tried vainly to shelter behind the goalposts!

The last thrill was when Cardiff's flier Haydn Morris was worked clear by the centres, and went flat-out in a tremendous burst for the corner. He looked a certain scorer — but Newport's Olympic sprinter, Ken Jones, hurled himself at Morris and threw him into touch at the corner flag. What a finale!

I shall never forget it . . . .

CAVALCADE OF SPORT

SOPHIA GARDENS, CARDIFF

THURSDAY, 2nd DECEMBER, 1976

TABLES OF TEN £80

Contact **STAN THOMAS, THE PADDOCKS, DRUIDSTONE ROAD, ST. MELLONS,** by the **30th September, 1976**

DINNER DANCE — MILITARY BANDS — GYMNASTICS

PROCESSIONS OF SPORT AND PERSONALITIES — TABLEAUX

EXTRAVAGANZAS — AND SALUTE TO CARDIFF RFC

Teams for the Centenary Match

Overseas International XV

15	**I. ROBINSON** (Rhodesia)	Full Back
14	**B. WILLIAMS** (New Zealand)	Right Wing
13	**B. OSBORNE** (New Zealand)	Right Centre
12	**C. FOURIE** (South Africa)	Left Centre
11	**G. COWLEY** (South Africa)	Left Wing
10	**J. P. ROMEAU** (France)	Outside Half
9	**J. FOUROUX** (France)	Inside Half
1	**B. BUSH** (New Zealand)	Forwards
2	**J. McKENNA** (Rhodesia)	
3	**D. C. DU PLESSIS** (South Africa)	
4	**H. DE GOEDE** (Canada)	
5	**G. FAY (Captain)** (Australia)	
6	**S. HARA** (Japan)	
8	**I. TUISESE** (Fiji)	
7	**F. VALU** (Tonga)	
	F. SLATTERY (Ireland)	Replacements
	S. McTAVISH (Canada)	

Cardiff

J. DAVIES	15
Gerald DAVIES (Captain)	14
M. MURPHY	13
A. FINLAYSON	12
D. THOMAS	11
Gareth DAVIES	10
G. EDWARDS	9
B. NELMES	1
M. WATKINS	2
M. KNILL	3
P. RAWLINS	4
I. ROBINSON	5
T. WORGAN	6
R. DUDLEY-JONES	8
S. LANE	7
B. WILLIAMS	
R. LANE	

Referee:

CORRIS THOMAS

(Welsh Rugby Union)

Today's match ball donated by **MITRE SPORTS HUDDERSFIELD**

Linesmen:

LLOYD WILLIAMS

(Cardiff Rugby Football Club)

JOHN DAVIES

(Cardiff Rugby Football Club)

Cardiff: a sound Rugby foundation

By RAY WILLIAMS, W.R.U. Coaching Organiser

I grew up in an era when in Rugby circles the word 'Cardiff' was equated with reverence, success and quality. Other people, not of my age, tell me that they grew up in my kind of era too!

You can imagine then the euphoria I felt, on the first occasion I played against Cardiff for Northampton in the autumn of 1953, when we won by 22 points to 9. The names of players taking part in that game sound like a Rugby roll of honour: Bleddyn Williams, Cliff Morgan, Rex Willis, Syd Judd, Geoff Beckingham for Cardiff and Don White, Jeff Butterfield, Dicky Jeeps, Ron Jacobs, Mike Berridge and Lewis Cannell for Northampton.

It was not the margin of victory, because it was the kind of game where the result could have gone the other way, which impressed me. It was the manner of the game, marvellous in its quality and its sportsmanship. The Sports writers the next day were full of praise: "The best game of Rugby for twenty years" was the judgement of the Times man. I can only say that it had profound influence on my Rugby thinking. I wanted to be associated with that kind of game. Over the years in my work, that game has been the foundation on which I have built my whole Rugby philosophy and I have no reason to doubt the wisdom of my judgement.

After the game, Cliff Morgan, whom I had been marking, came up to me and said: "Ray, I enjoyed playing against you very much." But then that was typical of the man and of Cardiff Rugby Football Club.

KNOW THE LAWS

By FRED CROSTER

'Overseas International XV.' Many have called it the 'Rest of the World'. A mammoth task for selector Keith Rowlands; a fitting tribute to the club in this wonderful year.

To make such a match playable, the laws of the game must be universally international and that is the responsibility of the august International Board.

As the laws themselves, as laid down, should be universally accepted, then so should be the interpretations thereof.

Are they? Sadly, no. Ask the players returning from overseas tours. Ask some of the overseas players this weekend.

Throughout the years it has been a policy of mine to keep in touch with such things and an interesting exercise it has certainly been.

Way back, in 1951, when Bleddyn, Dr. Jack and the boys came back from New Zealand (by boat), on the very next training session I was tackled with two specific questions concerning 'Offside within 10 yards of a player waiting to catch the ball', and 'rucking when a player is tackled and on the ground'. Two features which they had been remorselessly penalised for, and we, here, then had neglected by comparison.

Since then, it has been the normal practice for visiting sides to thrash out differences at the beginning of their tours. Normal and essential, although in theory it should be unneccesary.

At home, Irish referees have long played 'advantage' to the full, before the laws changed to encourage this aspect. Welsh refs, in my time, seldom let rucks develop. Cliff Morgan always bemoaned this fact. They do now, however. Scottish referees tended to overwhistle and be reluctant to let the game flow. French refs have always been the opposite. English refs again can be unimaginative.

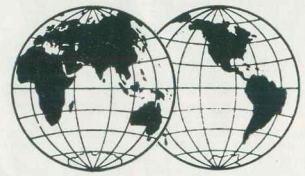
These factors might, somehow, be symptomatic of the national, natural tendencies of the players and the pattern of play developed.

In South Africa this past summer, 'advantage' was played to the extreme, possibly due to the hardness of the grounds and the playing conditions, but never did I see a deliberate 'knock-on' penalised, whilst in the line-outs, although the distance between the lines was regularly enforced, the distances between the players in the lines was ignored. New Zealand refs have always allowed rucks to develop fully, ignoring anyone on the ground. Their fault if hurt, they say.

It will be fascinating this afternoon to observe how quickly they settle down with a Welsh referee in charge and how they will have absorbed the lessons in this important aspect which John Dawes will assuredly have driven home in the coaching sessions.

If there is still reluctance to have neutral referees throughout the world, then bringing together players from all over the world can achieve much in this respect.

STARS FROM AROUND THE WORLD



Garrick Fay, the towering Aussie line-out expert, is no stranger to the atmosphere of Cardiff Arms Park National Stadium. The 28 year old, 6ft. 5in. lock was in action here last season when the Wallabies played Wales and the Barbarians after being sent for as a replacement. He also played against Wales on the Australians' short tour of 1973; but he missed the Cardiff match last winter and this is a great moment in his rugby career. Not just a place in a big match against the famous Welsh club, but captain as well.

He has a glittering array of stars with him. **Bryan Williams**, the All Black wing, is an old favourite, and was in the New Zealand side that beat Cardiff in 1972. He arrives hot foot from South Africa, with team-mates **Bill Osbourne**, a strong running centre, and powerful prop Billy Bush, who set the Springboks talking with his energy.

From South Africa come wing **Carl Fourie**, a 26 year old school-teacher, who figured in the 1974 Tests against France; **Gavin Cowley**, an Eastern Province centre who was reserve in the Test series against the All Blacks recently; and prop **D. C. du Plessis**, a Northern Transvaaler who also figured as reserve in the Test series just completed against New Zealand. Rhodesia supply **Ian Robertson**, who played at full back for South Africa against New Zealand recently, and hooker **John McKenna**, another man with a fine reputation.

Canada send lock **Hans de Goede** while the back row is made up of Japan's **Susumu Hara**, who propped against Wales at the Arms Park in 1973 and in the first Test in Japan last season; Fijian **Ilaitia Tuesese**, who played against Wales Under-25 at Cardiff in 1970; and **Fakahau Valu**, who toured Wales with the 1947 Tongan team. And, of course, France's half back pair, **Jacques Fouroux**, their national captain, and **Jean-Pierre Romeu**, give the team extra appeal as representatives of the country which provided Wales with a fright last season on this very ground.

● **Garrick Fay, today's captain of the Overseas International XV, in action at Cardiff last season. Fay (wearing headband) stretches for the ball in a line-out tussle during the Wales v. Australia match.**

Cardiff 8 New Zealand 3

26th NOVEMBER, 1953

This great All Blacks side, under the captaincy of Bob Stuart, lost only one other game — to Wales by 13 pts. to 8 pts. Cardiff, under the captaincy of Bleddyn Williams, had shrewdly assessed the relative weaknesses and strengths of both sides, and had told his lighter forwards to provide at least two-fifths of the possession, and with that they would run the ball and tire the All Blacks pack. They succeeded in these tactics admirably, and the great Sid Judd scored a try, converted by Gwyn Rowlands, who also scored a 30 yard try after gathering a punt from Alun Thomas. R. A. Jorden kicked a 45 yard penalty goal for the All Blacks' 3 points. A great game before an ecstatic 50,000 crowd.

New Zealand:

R. W. H. Scott; E. G. Elsom, J. T. Fitzgerald, Ron Jorden, D .D .Wilson; L. S. Haig (Captain), V. D. Bevan; H. L. White, R. O. Hunt, K. L. Skinner, W. H. Clark, G. N. Dalzell, R. A. White, D. O. Oliver, W. A. MaCaw.

Cardiff:

J. E. G. Llewellyn; G. Rowlands, Alun Thomas, Bleddyn Williams, Gareth Griffiths; Rex Willis, Cliff Morgan; Stan Bowes, Geoff Beckingham, J. D. Evans, Malcolm Collins, Eddie Thomas, C. D. Williams, Sid Judd, J. D. Nelson.

The Club of unshakeable loyalty

By MICHAEL BOON

Sunday Express Sports Columnist in Wales

A journalist such as myself reckons on a fair slice of his living being provided by players switching clubs. It is always good, often outstanding copy. There is very often a sharp difference of opinion at the root of the player's dissatisfaction — at the very least, it is ambition not catered for by his existing club.

In this context, Cardiff have provided me with a rich living on one hand and starvation diet on the other.

I refer, of course, to the number of players who join Cardiff and the number who leave. I cannot strike any kind of balance between the two levels such as I could at every other club in South Wales. Players always seem to join Cardiff; they never seem to leave.

I am convinced that somewhere in the vaults beneath the Arms Park pitch, there are huge numbers of players wearing the blue and black striped jerseys. They are probably in some deep frozen state of metamorphosis, stacked like wine bottles in a French chateau . . . . awaiting the call to rise and do battle. All of them have one quality in common: they prefer such an existence to being transferred to a lesser club — and I have come to appreciate that this category embraces every other club in the game.

Since I sat down to write this article, I have been checking record books and making phone calls asking experts in such matters to recall the name of an outstanding player currently in the game who has left Cardiff. Bridgend's Ian Lewis is the only one remembered. Even he left with great regrets. There was a lad called Barry John wearing the number 10 shirt at the time and you cannot find opposition more daunting than that.

The journalist who makes an inquiry of a Cardiff player whom he believes could be unsettled takes a fair amount of risk. Last season, I approached Gerry Wallace who could reasonably have been said to be down on his luck at the time. He had been left out of the front row for the Australia match . . . . and that must have been hard to take by a specialist who is one of the best at his trade in the world.

"Leave?" He looked at me incredulously. "To go where? Is there another club in Rugby Football that compares to Cardiff? I'll be here until they carry me out." Gerry's astonishment was now being replaced by the kind of more purposeful square-shouldered look that opposing props would instantly have recognised. I changed the subject promptly.

Occasionally, of course, circumstances forced players to leave. This year's skipper, Gerald Davies, was once in that position. Cambridge University days were ending, a teaching post at Christ's Hospital was ahead, and London Welsh had to be the club that, for geographical reasons, would take up his time in terms of club Rugby.

I heard about the impending move on the 'grapevine' and traced Gerald to his distant home at Llansaint. He confirmed my information but said: "Look, the Cardiff committee know nothing officially of this yet. Please don't print this until I've let them know. You don't let the greatest club in the world hear such things through newspaper columns."

As I recall it now, Gerald hurried to Cardiff in a battered mini and delivered letters all around town to ensure that committee members knew first hand about his future before it appeared in my newspaper. Only Cardiff could inspire such depths of loyalty.

I have actually witnessed a player experiencing financial hardship because all he wanted in this world was to play for Cardiff. That very fine wing Keri Jones lost his schoolteaching job and sat at home for weeks hoping that something would turn up.

It was a situation made to measure for the furtive gentlemen from the North, and knowing the background, they almost battered down his door. Keri held them all at bay until finally, all expectations exhausted, he signed a saddened man. Even with a cheque in his hand that ensured a lifetime of financial security, all he could say was: "'This is a terrible moment. To leave Cardiff is a dreadful experience."

History shows that it is an experience not known by many!

Cardiff 14 Australia 11

14th DECEMBER, 1957

In perfect weather Cardiff, playing in front of 50,000 of their supporters, played their best game of the season scoring tries through Glyn John and Gordon Wells (2), and a conversion and penalty goal by Alun Priday. Australia scored tries through Nick Shehadie and R. Harvey, with J. Lenehan kicking a penalty goal and a conversion.

Eddie Thomas, the Cardiff captain, played the game of his life, and Dave Cowper, the Wallabies' coach, toasting the Cardiff players in their dressing room with champagne said "Thomas was a great leader and Cliff Morgan the greatest outside half I have ever seen".

Australia:

T. G. Curley; R. Phelps, J. M. Potts, J. Lenehan, O. G. Fox; R. Harvey, D. Connor; N. Shehadie, J. V. Brown, R. A. Davidson (captain), K. Yanz, N. M. Hughes, P. Fenwicke.

Cardiff:

Alun Priday; Glyn John, Gordon Wells, Alan Barter, Howard Nicholls; Cliff Morgan, Rex Willis; Colin Howe, Geoff Beckingham, J. D. Evans, Roddy Evans, Eddie Thomas (captain), C. D. Williams, Kingsley Jones, D. J. Hayward.

DOUBLE IDENTITY

By TOM LYONS (Daily Mirror)

When Joe Erskine was British heavyweight champion twenty years ago, he loved the public honour and acclaim that went with the crown. But in his heart lay a secret ambition — to play rugby for Cardiff.

Erskine, cleverest British heavyweight since Len Harvey, has always been a keen rugby follower. He played a little with the well-known Cardiff Internationals, whose headquarters were in Bute Street, in Cardiff's dockland. Then boxing took over, and Joe realized that his skill in the ring would carry him further than his prowess on the rugby field. He concentrated on boxing but his mind was never far from the rugby game.

He watched Cardiff and Wales regularly, and often told me that if he retired from the ring early enough and in good physical shape, he would resume playing rugby. A prop or flank forward, Joe's dreams centred around the Arms Park but alas, when he finally hung up his gloves, he could not make the effort to start playing again.

Well-known Cardiff boxing manager Mac Williams is another hooked on rugby. A season ticket holder with Cardiff, Mac is also realistic. He said on the way back from a night's boxing in London a couple of years ago: "I don't know how those rugby guys take all that punishment and still remain friends. I love rugby but I am not tough enough, and I do not think I could take the hammerings and still smile at the final whistle."

Former European heavyweight champion Dick Richardson was a Newport supporter. Big Dick, whose rivalry with Erskine was one of the highlights of boxing in the 1950's, had a hankering to play for his hometown club, Newport. But, like Mac Williams, the rough, tough Richardson shrank from eighty minutes of sustained action. He explained: "In our game we at least get a rest every three minutes. And quite often if you are a puncher, like me, you know you will not be in action very long. A fight can be over in a couple of rounds, but in rugby you just have to keep going to the end with only a five minute break to suck an orange. No, rugby is just too hard and gruelling for me."

An interesting opinion indeed from someone who never ducked an opponent, and mixed it with the best — like Nino Valdes, Mike De John, Bob Baker, and other American power punchers.

In 35 years in journalism, I have found that many top performers in sport, and inother spheres of entertainment, have nursed a secret wish to do something else or be someone else.

British sprint champion Berwyn Jones, from Rhymney, Gwent, fancied himself as a rugby player. So he quit athletics and turned professional with Wakefield Trinity Rugby League club. He did not stay in the game long, a matter of about four years, but he made a tour of Australia and New Zealand during that time.

Another great sprinter who switched to professional rugby was Jamaican McDonald Bailey — with disastrous results. I was a reporter on the Manchester Evening Chronicle at the time, and I was sent to cover his League debut with Leigh. What a farce! Bailey played about three times then quit. He should have stuck to athletics!

Barry John and Gareth Edwards, Wales's greatest half back pair, are both soccer-minded. They would almost certainly have been successful if they had gone into the game at an early age. Swansea Town — as they were then known — were interested in signing them, but both were committed to rugby instead.

Everyone to his own trade, my father used to tell me when I was a lad. There's a lot of truth in this, as I learned later as a crime reporter. I was friendly with George Haigh, the Acid Bath murderer, who started out in life in truly angelic surroundings as a chorister at Wakefield Cathedral.

Just before Haigh was arrested and charged with the murder of wealthy widow Durand Deacon — for which he was hanged — he said to me: "What's a good 'con' man like me doing in a situation like this? If I had stuck to my trade instead of branching out, I should have been all right."

Haigh went to the gallows still protesting his innocence. His wasn't a case of double identity, more of split personality. If he had been examined by a psychologist these days he would have been charged double.

Cardiff 14 Australia 8

5th NOVEMBER, 1966

This became our fourth successive win over the Australians, and the team, coached by Roy Bish and captained by Keith Rowlands, succeeded in scoring tries through Billy Hullin, who played superbly, and Ken Jones. Billy Hullin also dropped a goal, whilst Ray Cheney kicked a penalty goal and a conversion. P. Hawthorne dropped a goal for Australia, whilst P. Lenehan converted a try that he himself scored.

Outstanding Cardiff forwards in a game that produced a devastating performance from the Cardiff pack were captain Keith Rowlands and flanker John Hickey.

Australia:

J. Lenehan; S. Boyce, J. Brass, P. Smith, A. Cardy; P. Hawthorne, K. Catchpole; J. Miller, P. Johnson, A. Miller; R. Henning, P. Crittle; D. O'Callaghan, D. Taylor, G. Davis.

Cardiff:

R. Cheney; T. G. R. Davies, K. G. Jones, Maurice Richards, Keri Jones; Phil Morgan, Billy Hullin; J. P. O'Shea, W. J. Thomas, C. H. Norris, Keith Rowlands, Lyn Baxter, J. Hickey, Tony Pender, Clive Evans.

Memories of fifty years ago

by G. V. WYNNE-JONES, O.B.E., J.P.

It makes one feel old to realise that it is forty-six years ago that I played my first game with Cardiff and gained my first fifteen cap. To achieve a place in the Cardiff side was at that time, as at any time, one of the great ambitions of any Rugby player, and I only wish that my debut had been four years earlier and, therefore, halfway through the hundred years of the Cardiff Rugby Club.

In fact I did play on Cardiff Arms Park fifty years ago when Cardiff High School played Christ College, Brecon, in a blood match on a very, very muddy day, and when one looks at the present National Stadium one cannot but remember that so much of one's football for Cardiff was played on a muddy ground. It has been said that at one time the drainage arrangements turned around and the Taff was running into the ground instead of the ground water running into the Taff.

I am glad to be around in this season when the best known Rugby Club in the world has its hundredth birthday.

THE Rugby Club of the World

By W. E. N. DAVIES

I am sure that you will have read, and will read, many articles bolstering my opinion that Cardiff is THE Rugby Club of the world.

I thought that a little incident away from the 'big time' might be interesting.

During the early years of the War, I was stationed in South Wales and was approached by one of the local junior clubs to play for them in a Cup competition. I was flattered, and foolishly agreed!

I was given the red carpet treatment when I arrived at the ground and was asked if I wished to (a) captain the side and (b) kick off — luckily I had the sense to refuse both honours! The first half was, from my viewpoint, disastrous as I was easily the worst player on the field. I caught the ball in the line-out and gave it to the scrum half who had obviously never before, in his life, received a pass from a forward under such circumstances. He was too amazed to catch the ball, and the rest of the pack looked upon me as a poor fool, who, having obtained possession of the ball, gave it to someone else! In loose mauls I was vainly striving to heel the ball whilst seven other forwards made sure I did not do so, and were only intent on hacking the ball on.

The interval arrived and the rest of the team, by their looks, made it quite clear that if this was the performance of an international they would have been better off with Joe Bloggs, the butcher's boy.

In the second half I felt that the answer was 'when in Rome do as the Romans'. I hacked through in the manner borne, and, whenever I managed to grasp the ball in my hands, I made sure it did not go to anyone else — I managed to score a try, but was usually felled after a few yards. Oh, for the peace of a Newport game!

We won, and as the rest of the team now were on friendly terms with me, I gathered that my second half display had made amends.

I only wish that some of the 'technical' forwards from the first class game could have had this experience — I am sure that it would have changed their view that one does not necessarily have to become physically involved to be a good forward!

The Cardiff Athletic Club regretfully announce the passing of Mr. Alex Gibbson, 78 years old. A Life member of the Club and a former member of the Royal Flying Corps. He was truly a gentleman of rare wit and quality, and he will be sorely missed by his many friends in the Club. His like we may never see again.

D.J.H.

Cardiff 14 Australia 9

1st NOVEMBER, 1975

It seemed unlikely that Cardiff would continue their remarkable run of success against touring sides when, on the morning of the match, the great Gareth Edwards cried off with influenza. Having lost six of the previous sixteen games, including a 30 points defeat by the Quins in a game watched by the Wallabies the previous Saturday, all seemed lost for Cardiff against a remarkably good Wallabies team. However, a superb display by scrum half Brynmor Williams, and some devastating scrummaging by Barry Nelmes and Mike Knill in the Cardiff front row started Cardiff off in control of a match they never afterwards looked like losing. Despite conceding two penalty goals by Paul Maclean, before registering themselves, Cardiff scored a bulldozing try by P. L. Jones after a break by Brynmor Williams, followed by a good overlap try by fly half Gareth Davies, who also kicked two penalty goals for Cardiff. Paul Maclean kicked another penalty goal for the Australians before 'no-side' was blown to the great delight of Captain Gerald Davies and coaches Chris Padfield and John Evans.

Australia:

Paul Maclean; L. Monaghan, G. Shaw, L. J. Weatherstone, P. Batch; John Hipwell, K. Wright; S. Finane, P. A. Horton, A. G. MacDougal, G. S. Eisenhauer, R. A. Smith, A. A. Shaw, J. K. Lambie, R. A Price.

Cardiff:

John Davies; P. L. Jones, Alex Finlayson, Paul Evans, T. G. R. Davies (Captain); Gareth Davies, Brynmor Williams; Mike Knill, Alun Phillips, Barry Nelmes, Ian Robinson, Mark McJennett, Roger Lane, Stuart Lane, Trevor Worgan.
Replacement: Bob Dudley-Jones.

The early 1930's in the Cardiff Club

By TED PARFITT,
Chairman Lydney, English Schools R.F.U.

Historians of social and economic history may record the 1930's as a time of unemployment, poverty, disillusionment and indecision. But for me, a naïve young man of 18, straight out of Llandovery College, whose life consisted, even then, mainly of Rugby Football, it was a red-letter era. For I had been invited with my school partner at half-back, Cliff Jones, to become a member of the fabulous Cardiff Club.

What was Cardiff's magnetic appeal to all ambitious young players? Of course, there was the joy of playing on the famous Arms Park; its glorious Rugby heritage was world famous; and there was the added joy of playing good Rugby against the best sides.

But what has remained personally outstanding and memorable over the past forty years were the friendships and players' personalities. For the Cardiff Club has always had a great team-spirit. Names spring readily to mind. There was "old Tom" Lewis, skipper in 1932, who upbraided his team in no uncertain terms at Neath, when Cliff Jones, on leave from school, scored a cheeky try under the posts in the opening minute. "You stupid buggers," he exclaimed. "You don't score at Neath so early in the game. We'll pay for this," and Tom, our protector, did. In 1933 with Graham Jones at centre, as skipper, the backs were allowed even more than their customary freedom of movement. But possessing such outstanding players as Arthur Jones, Ronnie Boon, A. T. Roberts, B. R. Turnbull, Horace Edwards, Colin Jones, R. Gabe-Jones, Maurice Turnbull, Lyn Williams, Tommy Stone and Duncan Brown, the tactics paid off. Though I still vividly remember Graham Jones, upbraiding me with menacing forefinger, when a reverse pass of mine was applauded. "Don't you do that against Newport next week."

In the pack we had the valuable benefit of those stalwarts, mostly policemen, to stabilise the backs and, on tour, to act as a sobering influence (?): Bob Barrell, Archie Skym, Harry Rees, G. Babbage, Tom Lewis (already mentioned) and Iorrie Isaac, as well as your present Chairman, Les Spence, President Hubert Johnson, Don "Killer" Caane and Viv Osmond.

Behind the players of this era were the customary outstanding Committee men. We all owe a debt to them — they were great. There was genial Danny Davies, who inspired, and still does, song and good cheer. How lovely that Danny, the Patriarch of the Club, should write the history of the Cardiff R.F.C. Then there was Arthur Cornish, I then thought of as a hard man as he demanded, so rightly, only what was best from his Cardiff players. Again we were most fortunate to have Jack Waters and his attractive assistant secretary, Babs, to guide and mother us. No player was ever allowed to feel unwanted or lonely.

In the 1930's Cardiff fielded sides which contained at least seven internationals. Sometimes the number went up to ten and twelve internationals. So with justification, I put forward this time as a golden area, especially as we now provide that great character and outstanding team-man, Les Spence, as Chairman in this Centenary Year, as well as Hubert Johnson as President. The latter was proclaimed to me in Australia, by the Australian Schools' President, as the most generous host he had ever met. No doubt, both will have a most busy but ennobling year.

So on behalf of the early 1930's, I proclaim that we are definitely proud of our contribution to the Cardiff Club's history. Of course many will mention Gwyn Nicholl's proud period in the Club. More modern supporters will eulogise Dr. Jack Matthews', Bleddyn Williams' and Dai Hayward's eras of captaincy. Again, others will have different years and captains to champion. It all proves the greatness of the Cardiff Club.

But there is one thing upon which there will be unanimous agreement. A proud and happy Centenary Year. Our desire is to see Gerald Davies' and Gareth Edwards' team adding to the glories of the proud Cardiff Rugby Club.

WHAT PRICE THE SCHOOLBOYS?

By D. PARRY-JONES

What did former Cardiff stars Sid Judd, Meirion Roberts, Alan Barter and Tony Pender have in common?

Answer: they were all products of Cardiff High School, who went on to serve Wales's premier club with great distinction, winning caps and blues as well. And they serve to illustrate the fertile connection that has existed down the years between Cardiff RFC and the rugby-playing schools of its catchment area.

St. Illtyd's, Howardian (or Howard Gardens as it was once called), Canton and Cathays all provided promising entrants to the superb finishing school that is Cardiff Arms Park. Its magnetism extended to schools a little way up the valleys, like Taffs Well which sent all the Williams family down-town to add lustre to the name of the club.

Our Centenary Season captain, Gerald Davies, is known to consider Cardiff's connection with nearby schools of cardinal importance — that is to say, achievement on the field, and financial solvency, in the next 100 years, is in the hands of the boys (and girls!) of the city. How, then, to nurture and cement their allegiance?

When I was 12 or 13 one of the great incentives to be picked for the school junior XV on Saturday mornings was that you qualified for a complimentary ticket to watch Cardiff play in the afternoon. And seeing Bleddyn Williams, Jack Matthews, Bill Tamplin and others do their stuff certainly aroused in me an enduring enthusiasm both for rugby football and for "our" club.

I am told that the practice of supplying free tickets for school junior XVs was discontinued a dozen years ago because it was being abused. I should like to suggest that the present committee considers reviving it, for I cannot think of a better way of implanting into youngsters at an impressionable age a lasting loyalty and the idea that the Cardiff club is part of their heritage. The price? About 100 tickets a week.

Secondly, could we not seize teenagers' imagination by mounting weekly visits by some 30 pupils, from selected schools in turn, to our magnificent trophy room? As one of the most fascinating and memorable rooms in Wales it would again help to fix vividly in the minds of 14 year olds the glory and the distinction that is Cardiff's.

The Romans had a god called Janus who had two faces: one looked back at the Old Year, the other forward to the New. Although we are principally celebrating the past in this 100th season, Cardiff likewise should not be ashamed for once to be called two-faced!

A Cardiff First XV Group taken in the early part of Season 1945-46

Cliff Davies, S/Ldr. Les Manfield, G. V. W. Jones. B.S.M. Les Spence, J. Blackmore, D. E. Davies, Lt. C. Morgan, S. Davies, Lt. L. J. Callaghan, RNVR., M.P., H. E. Jones, B. V. Williams, H. Johnson, St. J. Rees, E. Morgan, G. Hale, Glyn Jones, B. H. Jenkins, R. A. Cornish, G. E. Heslop.
Powell, G. Tomkins, M. James, R. Bale, J. Matthews (Captain), F/O Bleddyn Williams, Lt. W. E. Tamplin, W. G. Jones.
W. Darch, W. B. Cleaver.

Neither Bleddyn Williams, Jack Matthews, Billy Cleaver nor Les Spence is the most famous (?) name in this photograph. Can you spot the most famous left winger?

FIVE UNFORGETTABLE YEARS

By HORACE EDWARDS

I was to become aware of the importance of Rugby through a picture of the 1904-05 Cardiff team that hung on the wall at home. My father was a friend of Billy Spiller who played for Cardiff and Wales and it was he who had given it to him. In the team were the "Greats" of those days — Gwyn Nicholls, Percy Bush, R. T. Gabe, Winfield, all Internationals — household names years after their playing days. They were supreme and thrilling to watch and up to 1911 won the championship five times, also defeating the 1905 All Blacks, the first fully representative side to tour the British Isles (the only defeat of the tour) by 3 pts. to nil.

When I was a boy, Rugby was the main topic, except perhaps when Cardiff City won the Association Cup against Arsenal and Jack Peterson won the Heavyweight Championship. My father was a great enthusiast of the game and took me to see Cardiff play at the Arms Park many times. There one could see Fender and Iiri Isaacs, forwards who ran like three-quarters, selling dummies en route to the opposition line: Graham Jones and B. R. Turnbull, centres who ran like stags, and Ronnie Boon on the wing outpacing his opposite number with knees moving like piston rods.

The highlight of those early days was seeing my first International Match at Swansea. I vividly remember Ian Smith, the tall fast wing, the pride of Scotland, being bulldozed into touch by the stiff-necked Jack Bassett, the Welsh full back, pitching him into the straw piled high against the railings when a try seemed imminent. There were some fine players playing for Wales that day — W. C. Powell, Frank Williams, J. C. Morley, Windsor Lewis, Harry Bowcott, John Roberts and the outstanding forward on view, Ivor Jones, mobile and as fast as any three-quarter, Wales won that day 14-7.

I was a spectator when the 1935 All Blacks played Swansea. It was their fifth match of the tour and their first defeat (11-3), brought about by the superb play of schoolboys 'Willie' Davies and Haydn Tanner and the crash tackling by Claude Davey on Caughey, the brilliant speedy three-quarter — and who could forget the Joe White v. Pepper punch-up — I had the good fortune a few weeks later to play against the same side but the All Blacks were victors by 20 pts. to 5. The experience was enormous and rewarding.

Playing under the captaincy of Tommy Stone, then Arthur Jones, later Les Spence and finally Wilf Wooller was a privilege and a pleasure — each were outstanding personalities on and off the field.

Tommy Stone was a great character with a wonderful sense of humour — small in stature, bow-legged, but strong and resilient. An attacking full back who could catch a high ball under pressure, turn, run in the same direction as the on-coming forwards, side-step either left or right and start an attacking movement — the crowd would roar with approval and delight.

We both had the misfortune in 1937 to be selected to play for Wales against Ireland only to be thwarted by a snowstorm which covered the Belfast ground with a couple of feet of snow. Probably we were justly rewarded to be selected for the Barbarians in the same match and I had the privilege of playing centre to Prince Obolensky.

Arthurs Jones was a stirring runner on the wing who could side-step either way and make his opponent look foolish. He could play anywhere in the back division — he never failed to give advice to the less experienced players, all in kindly fashion.

Les Spence, under whose guidance Cardiff won the unofficial Welsh Championship two years in succession, was a kindly fellow who led from the front — hard as nails, exhorting the forwards and yelling to the backs to move the ball along the line.

Whenever Cardiff played on tour the hospitality was overwhelming. One memorable occasion at Northampton the committee and players were reserved front row seats at the Theatre where there was a Variety Show with the Hal Swain dance band as the main attraction. The Band was the last act whereupon the final curtain came down. Then the unforgettable happened — before the audience had time to leave the theatre — from the side of the stage emerged Harry Rees arm in arm with Adrian Turnbull performing a typical chorus girl high kick dance across the stage. The audience that evening had the answer to "Do the Scots wear anything under their kilts?".

They were five glorious and unforgettable years at Cardiff, a club renowned throughout the Rugby playing countries. It is a great honour to have been a player and it is a treasure that no one can take away.

CLWB CAERDYDD

By THOMAS DAVIES, BBC

I accepted the invitation to contribute to this publication readily enough, but it is nevertheless an onerous task — the onus stemming from the feeling of humility. One does not, after all, have to put pen to paper very often to contribute in any measure to the literature published during a Club's Centenary Year. And when that Club happens to be THE club in the Rugby world the privilege and responsibility are by no means insignificant.

I was not born in Cardiff, or indeed anywhere near the Club, and I certainly have not got one blue and one black eye, but even with due impartiality I must concede that this is the leading Club in the world. Its record over its hundred years is nonpareil, and of course its approach to the game has been thoroughly commendable, by and large. You might claim, if you were born on the banks of the Llwchwr, Tawe, Ogwr or Wysg (Usk), that such an assertion is completely unfounded, but half an hour with the official history book writen by D. E. Davies would prove the point beyond reasonable contradiction.

The Club has been fortunate to have shared its ground up to 1970 with the National team and some of the fervour of the North Enclosure on International days has been on tap for the Club games on numerous occasions. It was there that I stood on September 22nd, 1951, to watch the 75th Anniversary Match against the Lions, and in the following month the thrilling encounter when the Club was beaten narrowly by the Springboks — dare I say through an incorrect interpretation by the referee? And before that on an April evening in 1948 when Bleddyn got his four tries against Gloucester to establish the club record. What a player to watch in those days—Haydn Morris claims that one of Bleddyn's dummies was so perfect that Haydn's wing tackled him as Bleddyn was grounding the ball for a try.

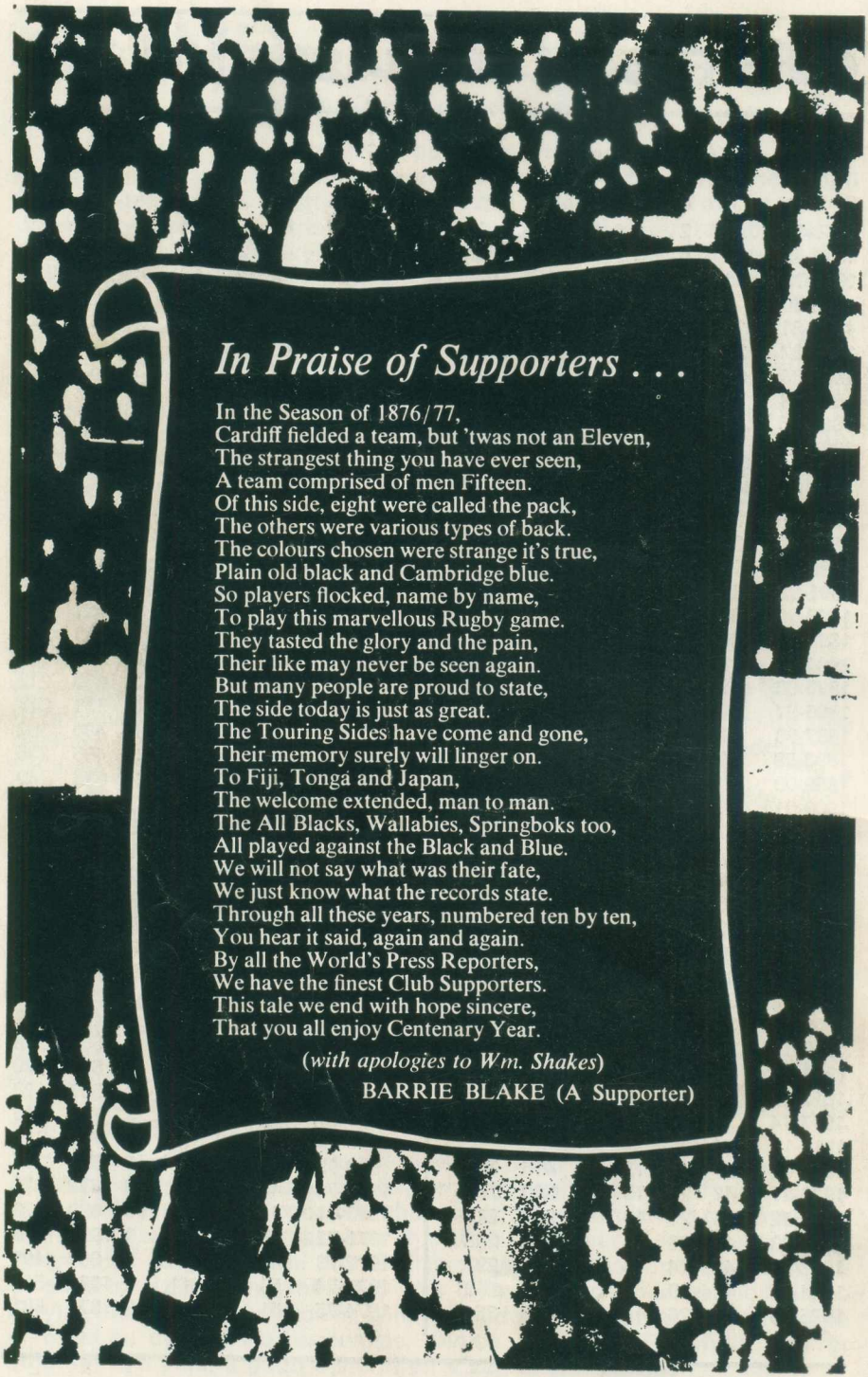
I cannot go back further than that season, in the flesh as it were, but who is to say that I have not seen over and over again Cardiff beating the first Springboks 17 points to 0? That is the biggest defeat ever in this country of a touring team from South Africa or New Zealand. The club has parted company with its old ground — the National Stadium — for normal Club matches but the quality in its play is still to be seen next door. Not in every game, I hasten to add, although surely one could point to that day, the 1st of April, 1972, and the victory over the Barbarians by 43 points to 10 as a pinnacle as high as was ever reached by any Club. Seven tries against a team albeit a scratch combination which included 14 International players.

So to the Centenary Season and the match against the World XV. After the disappointment of September 11th against the Wolfhounds, this is it — this **must** be an occasion charged with memories and emotion. We cannot possibly be disappointed this time. Felly ar Fedi 25ain, 1976, 'rydym ni'n disgwyl rygbi gan Gaerdydd yn nhraddodiad gorau'r genedl a'r clwb fel y gallom ni ymffrostio yn y blynyddoedd a ddêl ein bod ni yno i wylio Gêm y Canmlwyddiant pan gyrhaeddodd prif glwb y Cymru gopa mynydd eu dyhead a'u huchelgais. Diolch yn fawr, Gaerdydd, am yr atgofion hyd yma, a phob bendith yn y can mlynedd nesa'.

Club Record 1876-1975 (1st XV)

Season	P	W	D	L	Points For	Points Agst.
1876-77	3	2	1	0	11	6
1877-78	13	6	5	2	97	58
1878-79	20	16	4	0	237	57
1879-80	8	6	1	1	126	21
1880-81	10	7	2	1	119	25
1881-82	22	8	10	4	130	136
1882-83	22	9	7	6	224	101
1883-84	18	7	7	4	88	77
1884-85	24	15	7	2	291	85
1885-86	27	26	1	0	533	18
1886-87	30	22	5	3	499	65
1887-88	25	19	2	4	360	47
1888-89	31	22	5	4	442	101
1889-90	35	25	7	3	372	104
1890-91	33	22	9	2	323	137
1891-92	31	13	14	4	171	224
1892-93	33	28	5	0	447	129
1893-94	35	28	6	1	502	103
1894-95	30	21	7	2	298	78
1895-96	32	25	5	2	324	85
1896-97	30	24	5	1	409	114
1897-98	31	25	3	3	507	85
1898-99	28	22	3	3	422	67
1899-00	30	23	6	1	436	144
1900-01	29	17	10	2	288	145
1901-02	32	25	6	1	313	102
1902-03	32	19	12	1	291	176
1903-04	31	23	6	2	394	81
1904-05	30	21	6	3	339	126
1905-06	32	29	1	2	513	86
1906-07	30	25	3	2	404	83
1907-08	31	26	4	1	343	130
1908-09	31	26	3	2	372	138
1909-10	36	22	7	7	470	144
1910-11	36	29	6	1	485	135
1911-12	39	28	6	5	407	116
1912-13	37	22	10	5	439	124
1913-14	38	23	14	1	272	194
1914-19	War Years					
1919-20	39	21	13	5	415	283
1920-21	42	24	15	3	390	252
1921-22	47	29	13	5	501	272
1922-23	40	26	8	6	541	242
1923-24	43	24	14	5	473	297
1924-25	42	30	9	3	507	253
1925-26	44	26	14	4	486	354

Season	P	W	D	L	Points For	Points Agst.
1926-27	47	29	13	5	666	412
1927-28	43	21	20	2	459	343
1928-29	42	25	13	4	593	326
1929-30	44	30	9	5	560	244
1930-31	43	27	13	3	544	283
1931-32	43	25	16	2	451	281
1932-33	43	23	17	3	532	321
1933-34	44	25	17	2	387	302
1934-35	46	27	14	5	427	250
1935-36	44	23	18	3	375	275
1936-37	44	36	7	1	553	173
1937-38	46	38	6	2	580	260
1938-39	42	31	5	6	512	188
1939-40	2	2	0	0	54	19
(Only 2 Official matches owing to War)						
1940-45	War Years					
1945-46	40	32	6	2	661	233
1946-47	41	31	6	4	549	200
1947-48	41	39	2	0	803	161
1948-49	44	38	3	3	630	213
1949-50	47	29	10	8	523	243
1950-51	45	34	6	5	480	192
1951-52	46	34	9	3	465	235
1952-53	48	37	8	3	636	240
1953-54	49	37	9	3	616	284
1954-55	48	38	5	5	676	243
1955-56	52	35	16	1	612	360
1956-57	50	36	12	2	627	346
1957-58	47	32	7	8	483	214
1958-59	44	22	15	7	382	319
1959-60	44	26	10	8	428	285
1960-61	43	30	8	5	498	240
1961-62	42	27	10	5	390	197
1962-63	43	26	12	5	467	227
1963-64	45	33	9	3	568	254
1964-65	48	30	12	6	644	329
1965-66	47	35	9	3	583	193
1966-67	52	37	11	4	775	393
1967-68	46	32	12	2	703	314
1968-69	45	33	9	3	648	317
1969-70	43	32	8	3	672	379
1970-71	44	29	10	5	699	429
1971-72	53	39	14	0	1058	516
1972-73	49	35	12	2	963	499
1973-74	53	40	11	2	1086	511
1974-75	51	33	16	2	870	561



In Praise of Supporters . . .

In the Season of 1876/77,
Cardiff fielded a team, but 'twas not an Eleven,
The strangest thing you have ever seen,
A team comprised of men Fifteen.
Of this side, eight were called the pack,
The others were various types of back.
The colours chosen were strange it's true,
Plain old black and Cambridge blue.
So players flocked, name by name,
To play this marvellous Rugby game.
They tasted the glory and the pain,
Their like may never be seen again.
But many people are proud to state,
The side today is just as great.
The Touring Sides have come and gone,
Their memory surely will linger on.
To Fiji, Tonga and Japan,
The welcome extended, man to man.
The All Blacks, Wallabies, Springboks too,
All played against the Black and Blue.
We will not say what was their fate,
We just know what the records state.
Through all these years, numbered ten by ten,
You hear it said, again and again.
By all the World's Press Reporters,
We have the finest Club Supporters.
This tale we end with hope sincere,
That you all enjoy Centenary Year.

(*with apologies to Wm. Shakes*)

BARRIE BLAKE (A Supporter)

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