

The Battle of Shropshire

On a crisp, fresh, Autumn afternoon with a touch of frost on the ground, the Legion returned to action to take on the local rivals Bridgnorth. It was a game well anticipated by manager Mark Lowbridge whom was frothing at the mouth all week to get the players on the pitch and punters into the bar. A social media campaign of £1.50 Guinness drew in a near 300 to the old show ground. However when asking for a £1.50 Guinness they were told it was actually £3.35 and Manager Lowbridge was telling a few porky pies. Still brought the crowds in.

With a few changes to the squad that played Burton a more direct running approach was selected. I'm the back line, Belshaw, Pennells, Sting and Plumb came in with Pugh, Howells and Keyzor to form a scintillating back row. Nick the Greek, Woodhouse and Potts made the bench showing the the Legion was at full strength and prepared for battle. An army of fans, including the Woodhouse fan club.

The game kicked off and it was clear the ferocity and intensity of hits going in proved this was no Saturday evening television watching. Straight away Hacksaw Jack Keyzor was at his barnstorming best aggressive around the breakdown, knocking men down to ground and putting in hits bigger than Bob Geldof and the boom town rats. An early penalty to Newport converted by new arrival James Plumb who had a marvellous game at 10 put Newport in the hot seat and 3-0 ahead. Finally a goal kicker.

Straight from the restart Howells who has had a terrific season so far, had a did I leave the iron on moment and dropped the ball meaning Bridgnorth attacked and a resulting penalty saw the scores draw level. Repeated infringement from the Newport side giving penalties away at all angles meant Bridgnorth had the chance to go ahead for the first and only time in the game. 6-3

Newport seemed to play any other system than the one they were meant to and struggled to keep hold of the ball in the first half. Bridgnorth attacked and spent a large majority of time in their own 22. However good tackles from Wells, Pardesi, Noberto and Pennells kept the away side at bay. Then after good pressure from openside Pugh Bridgnorth spilled an attack allowing Keyzor to pounce like a lion in the Sahara, and stride his way upfield before an offload to onrushing Crowe meant the nifty scrum half dodged and weaved his way to the try line. Lowbridge's pacemaker was going into overdrive. Plumb conversion 10-6 HT

With Howells sin binned for a repeated team offence meant the legion would start the 2nd half with 14 men. However as if the lights had been switched on and Newport realised that 10 man rugby would win this game. New Prop Evans showed he was an instant hit by gaining the better of his man at the scrum and using the other 7 lads behind him driving the Bridgnorth front row back further than Mexicans in Trumps America. Howells making up for his errors touched down to further the Newport lead

17-6.

Another penalty converted by Plumb ripened the score for a juicy fruity finish. Dave Pugh who had an excellent game kicked through on some loose ball and out paced the Bridgnorth backline to score a vital and final try for the Legion. Plumb doesn't miss and the conversion was made. 27-6.

Kendall playing in his natural role at hooker was having a terrible time with the wind on the afternoon. Not nature's wind but the horrendous flatulents produced from his rear end. His best throw and straightest of the day went straight into the arms of the on rushing centre, not ours but Bridgnorth and he trundled up the field before passing to the winger to score a consolation for the visitors. Kendall did have a good game but arrows as straight as a boy George concert need to be worked on in training. 27-13.

The final play of the game saw a penalty awarded to Newport in front of the posts and Plumb converted with ease to end the fixture and give Newport bragging rights over their local rivals until they meet away in the new year. Ft 30-13

A good physical game dominated by the forwards and played in a good sporting manner was just what the Legion needed to get them back in the swing of things. Mentions this week to Evans, Styles, Pugh, Howells, Crowe, Plumb, Pennells and Wells. In fairness the whole squad could have been mentioned but this week's MOM goes to the beast Jack Keyzor every time he plays he gives you 100 per cent and an extra pound at the dry cleaners to get the blood of his shirt.

On rolls the machine.

Viva le Legion

Pardesi, Kendall, Upsher, Styles, Davies, Keyzor, Pugh, Howells
Crowe, Plumb, Buttery, Phill me crackin, Pennells, Wells, Belshaw
Evans, Gregory, Woodhouse, Potts