

**LOOKING** like an overweight penguin which had somehow escaped the cull, Watson squeezed into his 1940s dinner suit and attended the annual South Sydney Red-and-Green Ball last Saturday night.

The old boy was one of an extraordinary crowd, nudging 1000, at the Uni of NSW's Roundhouse. He reports an amazing evening, and one, he says which would have "chilled News Ltd and the NRL to the bone".

"The spirit and the passion of the whole thing was unbelievable," he croaked. "Let me tell you, they ain't dead bunnies just yet."

In the course of a long night, the Rabbitohs:

- Raised vast amounts of money to put in an already bulging war chest for the upcoming court case.

- Re-released the book that tells their story *Pride of the League* (featuring passionate articles written by A.Jones, R.Martin, A.Denton) celebrating the club's matchless history.

- Cheered the joint down at the shredding words of the likes of Alan Jones and poet-in-residence Morry Anthony at what had been done to their club. I'm told that ears would have been burning all the way from Sydney to the boardrooms of the USA.

"Let me tell you there is one HEL-LUVA fight coming up," said Watson, looking ahead to the June court case.

Watson, incidentally, was last seen at 3am, doing the hoochy-coochy with Madge Hobson of Eastlakes.

It was not a pretty sight, I am told.

