



EAGLEEYE

Connecting the Perthshire Rugby Family

Issue 6 - June 2022

“Leapt like a salmon in the lineout and gracefully bulldozed his way through opposition defences.”



SPORTSMANSHIP | PRIDE | RESPECT | INCLUSION



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Welcome to **EAGLEEYE**

Connecting the Perthshire Rugby Family

By John McLaughlin, President



ADAM PATTINSON
PERTHSHIRE RUGBY CLUB

1ST XV: 2001-2018

CAPTAIN: 2013-2016, 2017-2018

1ST XV CAPS: 350

Most Improved Player: pre-2009

Player of the Year and Top Try Scorer: 2014

*Welcome to this very special edition of **EAGLEEYE** where we will be remembering Adam Pattinson. It is our hope that this memorial edition reflects who Adam was as a person, a friend, a teammate, a volunteer, a Captain, a Club Captain, a coach, a leader, a teacher, a mentor, and entertainer.*



A huge thanks to everyone who has contributed to this edition and especially thanks to Adam's family for allowing us to create this. Also, we look forward to welcoming everyone to the North Inch on Saturday 25th June for the Adam Pattinson Touch Rugby Festival.

I cannot recall the first time I ever met Adam, because in my memory he was always an integral part of the Club.

However I do have fond memories of Adam improving as a player, leader and Captain. He enjoyed success and hated defeat, but did not wallow in it and used it as a spur to improve. How many times did we see him on the field, leading by example, raise the standards of the whole team and lead us to victory?

A loyal Perthshire man who turned down many offers and opportunities to go to the "bigger" clubs. His efforts made us a big Club.

Adam was a real worker, someone you could trust with a job and he would finish it successfully, with a big smile. I always think of that huge grin and it brings back many warm memories.

At the Beer Festival he was immense, nothing was too much bother for him.

At Committee meetings his views were always insightful and practical. A really good sounding board.

I particularly remember Adam and Andy leading off the singing at various events, particularly our Murrayfield successes and on the Tour de Fourths - Adam accompanying our pretty ropey singing with his pretty ropey guitar playing on a tiny minibus.

I saw Adam as a natural President of the Club and I approached him to ask if he would stand, I knew that he would be elected. However he said that he still had quite a lot to do with his family and professional life, that he would continue working with the Committee but would need a few years before he was ready to stand as President.

That was enough for me: when Adam gave you his word, that was his bond and I knew that the future of the Club was secure.

We all miss him, but this is the time to celebrate such an amazing husband, father, son, brother, leader, player, but most of all a wonderful friend.

Just remember that wonderful impersonation of George Clunie, his wicked sense of humour and that most infectious laugh.

Here's to you Big Ads.

John McLaughlin
President



“Adam was a man who transcended the generations and was equally at ease talking to youngsters, his peers or the old bufties on the team bus.”



Many years ago we had a selection committee who would provide sage advice to the Coach and Captain and after every match Adam would stride towards us to ask how the team played and what we thought about the game but he always ended with *“Do you think I was the man of the match?”*

I remember trying to organise volunteers from Perthshire to take part in a gruelling charity walk for Help for Heroes from St Mary’s Loch in the borders over the hills to the Greenyards which is the home of Melrose RFC. It was almost 30 miles and Adam, as he always did, volunteered to take part and got a group together, but instead of walking, they ran all the way! My team took nearly 11 hours walking and crawling over the hills but Adam sped up and down the hills in around 5 hours. The cream on the cake was seeing him cheering us on at the finishing line even though they had to hang around for 6 hours before we finished.

On another occasion I went with Georgie Watson (Granny G) to a Scotland v Australia match where we were to be introduced to Princess Anne. Georgie was embarrassed because we had to enter the stadium at the exact spot where the pipe band and the team bus dropped the players off and there were literally hundreds of people behind the police cordon and packed onto the stairways trying to get a glimpse of the teams. The police escorted us through

and Georgie’s head was bowed as we self-consciously crossed the vast empty space surrounded by all the supporters when all of a sudden a voice roared *“Granny G”*. She looked up and there he was, a kilted Big Ads, standing out from the crowd at the top of the stairs waving and shouting to her. She was overjoyed and then everyone started chanting *“Granny G, Granny G”*. She was like the Queen waving back and turned to me and said *“I’ve met Princess Anne a few times but seeing Adam up there waving to me has just made my day”*. Tragically, we will never see the likes of Adam or Georgie again.

One final memory which will never leave me is when Adam asked me if I would go with him to see the late Sandy Monroe in the Louise Brae Care Home. Sandy, a past President of the Club and Adam’s teacher for many years, was suffering from dementia and had been a big influence in Adam’s life and rugby career and he desperately wanted to see him before he became too ill. Adam was overjoyed when Sandy recognised him and it was very humbling to see how much they cared for and respected each other. Adam genuinely cared for every single person he met and wore his heart on his sleeve in his rugby and personal life.

He meant so much to so many people of all ages and he will always be there amongst us all.

Bob Lindsay

To pick one specific memorable moment with Ads is a very difficult thing to do.

There are a lot of shared experiences with Ads, mostly focused around rugby whether it be on the pitch, at training, in the gym, or the bar after a game; there were a few stags doos thrown in there as well. The 29-mile cross-country run we did for Hearts for Heroes that we did together with Andy Elder and Dunc Barrie is something that I will always be proud to have done. The time we spent training for it, running it and the aftermath are times I do think back to. I would say that I did not run much of the race with Ads, he was so far ahead of the rest of us. He used to love the downhill, going into a free fall motion that was bizarre to watch, but ate up the ground like nothing else. Not even the calves of Gav Brown could match him coming down Kinnoull Hill.

All these experiences were greatly enhanced by Ad's presence, and just wouldn't have been the same without him there. He always brought something to the party, a different dynamic and he brought passion to everything. We used to spend a lot of time training just the two of us, and the thing that I do find myself remembering most is that time. His fascination with arm 'veinage' always amused, the inappropriate positioning whilst spotting the bench press and the cackle that went with it less so. Now, it is if I'm in the gym, or out running, that my mind wonders back to the times I did these things with Ads, and the fun that it was.

Ali Anderson



Adam christened me “The Rhino” when we were on the Tour de Fourths trip to Stockton. He was the Judge at the tour Court and put gel on what is left of the front of my hair and spiked it up making it look like a rhino horn.

I was called George the Rhino all during the tour and had to keep my horn intact at all times. He had an amazing sense of humour and was a born leader who I had a huge amount of respect for.

George Clunie



Like many I had a lot of time for Adam.

In his early days as a player when I was President and on the selection committee, after every game in the Club room he would come and speak to me: “Well Jock, man of the match?” and we would just laugh and I would say “one day soon my man”.

I still really miss him.

Jock Hally



Adam's sense of humour and mischief was always a tour highlight.

On his first tour with the Club he was very supportive of me after I wet the owner's grandson's head! Despite Adam's diplomacy and insisting that it was all the fault of Club President Geoff Howgate we were unceremoniously evicted and thrown out onto the street.

He was very concerned when one of our players accidentally got trapped under an overturned wardrobe in his room which forced the said player to kick his way out of the said wardrobe. Unfortunately, once again, his diplomacy failed to convince the ex-page 3 lady owner of the hotel that it wasn't our fault despite him offering her the position of Club President and future tour manager. She did relent a bit though and we were allowed to remain in the hotel for the rest of the tour.

Rod McRae
(former Captain and Vice-President)

A couple of stories I remember about Ads.

Firstly, an away trip to I think Falkirk, where we were sitting on the bus and I went up to speak to Ads about lineouts and he was busy moisturising his legs. He'd been on the sunbeds the previous day and his skin was all leathery. Modern man I suppose. Anyhoo once we were at Falkirk we went to do our warm up and when going through our lineouts, we realised Adam had applied so much moisturiser we couldn't lift him. Our hands just kept sliding on his legs.

Second story is when he went in the huff with me. I can't remember the opposition but they knew Adam was our "go-to" man in the lineouts. I was calling them that day and decided to move our jumpers about the lineouts to mix things up. For those in the know, Adam didn't like moving from 4. As the game went on, I was moving Adam about the lineouts but not throwing to him and he was gurning away at me but we were winning good ball, as their jumper was following Adam. He was not a happy chappy but once the game was done and I explained he gave me a big hug and forgave me.

Si Moffat



When I first joined Perth back in the day, Big Ads was the first player to welcome me.

I recall driving through town and spotting him looking slightly vexed the day after my first training session.

I rolled down the window to see what was wrong and he told me he was heading to work and had missed his bus.

He asked if I was doing anything and if I could give him a lift.

"No probs", I said, "hop in, where do you work?"

"The House of Bruar" came the reply!!!!

I dropped him off an hour later - after we'd sung our way through every song in AC/DC, Guns N' Roses and Whitesnake's back catalogue - and refused his offer of petrol money.

The following night at training he came up to me, thanked me for the lift and handed over a compilation CD he'd pulled together for me of all his favourite rock tracks.

Written in his handwriting - it's called "Bad Boy Bonkers Moncurs Conquers".

The mark of the bloke. What a man. What a leader. What a mate.

He was the very best of all of us.

James Moncur



Adam - The 'BFT'



When our dearest friend and colleague Adam Pattinson was tragically taken from us in February 2020, it left a huge hole, not only in the lives of his family, but also in the Craigclowan School community.



Adam was a larger-than-life character in every way, with a kind heart who was highly regarded by staff and parents alike. His presence in the staff room would be sure to lift morale and his support for all his colleagues was without question. Perhaps his greatest gift was to the children in his care. He inspired and supported each and every one, with the children giving him the greatest accolade: his nickname, the "BFT" - Big Friendly Teacher.

As many of you will know, one of Adam's many passions was music. AC/DC, Kiss, Def Leppard and Van Halen were firm favourites and many a staff night out saw Adam, with his tie around his forehead by this point, belting out a "tune" on air guitar or on whatever came to hand to stand in for his guitar! His guitar playing also came into its own during Christmas play rehearsals and music and rock songs were an equally important part of Adam's classroom where, much to the children's amusement, he would get out his tiny, bright yellow SpongeBob guitar he had as a child, and play for them.

In his thirties, Adam developed a passion for gardening. He started out growing a few potatoes and tomatoes at home from seed which, over the years, progressed into a very well-organised, rotational crop plan. He read books on planting, gleaned advice from neighbours and, naturally, bought countless gadgets to assist his efforts. That love of gardening benefitted us here at school too. Adam loved Friday afternoons in the Summer Term, as this is when he would take the avid gardeners up to the walled garden to tend to the plants and sometimes he got the class to sing to their plants. This was reinforcing the pupils' knowledge of not only plants, but the "Photosynthesis Song", which became an anthem not only in the Science Lab, but also in Mr P's room. Adam firmly believed that the plants would thrive when the conditions were right, just like his pupils did.

Adam loved his trips to BT Murrayfield with the children and you could never tell who was more excited to be there; was it

him or was it the pupils? He would always encourage pupils to wear a piece of tartan, and to be proud of the beautiful game of Rugby Football. On one occasion when he attended with a school group he was so grumpy with the first half performance, not even a can of Irn Bru and a poke of chips was enough to cheer him up. The only thing that did, that put a smile on his face, was the full-time whistle, and a very long, wet and miserable walk back to the minibus followed with the pupils! However, his commitment to his team never stood in the way of his sportsmanship and respect for each and every opponent, something he instilled in the children during their Games lessons.

As sponsors of the Perthshire Rugby Mini Festival for the last seven years, we're delighted to be closely associated with Perthshire, a link which Adam was very much at the forefront of. This year's event was another hugely successful one, but our first without Adam there and he was very much missed.

We were able to finally gather together as an extended school community very recently to celebrate Adam's life and now we're fundraising to build a lasting memorial for him. To reflect Adam's passion for sport and the outstanding contribution he made, not only as a pupil of Craigclowan but also as our Head of Rugby, we would like to erect

a sports pavilion in his memory. This will be sited on our U13 pitch - a field where he both played as a boy and later coached rugby - which has been formally renamed 'The Pattinson Field'.

Adam inspired our young people, not only in their academic studies and on the sports pitch, to be the very best versions of themselves. We hope this pavilion will become a place for laughter, teamwork, determination, and community - all the things he held so dear. If you would like to make a donation you will find the GoFundMe page at **<https://gofund.me/ac2213b0>**



Claire and Fraser remain a part of our very special Craigclowan family and we look forward to watching the next generation learn and grow.

Craigclowan Preparatory School

#BeMoreAdam



When it comes to stories about Ads, it's pretty difficult not to go down a route that would be highly inappropriate for this publication. Large objects, pockets, pint glasses and windmills.



I went to Stirling University when Big Ads was in his fourth year and the Club organised a car for me and Euan Lamont (Monty) to get back to training with. First mention of “*The Boar*”, a fifteen-year-old Ford Mondeo with a broken boot and a couple of small rust issues.... the racing stripes we added completed the look. Ads recognised the opportunity for a free ride so joined our twosome to make a threesome back from Stirling. Me driving (at 5ft whatever) and the other two giants as my passengers, it was quite the look. Now I went to University a little later after completing my SVQ at Perthshire and Ads was there, singlet, tight shorts and his gym bag, ready to show Monty and I the ropes....

It's fair to say that quite soon into my first term that coming back for training every Tuesday and Thursday was becoming a bit of a drag. However, without fail, Ads would show up and drag us out of our beds and back onto the A9 to Perth. Normally a wee stop at Maccy D's for his favourite Bacon Double cheeseburger. His big Mug walking into my flat (raiding the cupboards first for a “*wee something something*”) then guilt-tripping me into training is such a vivid memory for me. He genuinely believed in my rugby ability and although at the time it felt like a parent telling me to stick in at school, he seriously got me through a stage where I could have easily turned my back on rugby. 21 years old and never selected from any regional sides I can tell you the lure of Freshers Week was far more attractive than the North Inch (believe it or not).



Big Ads/Rackers was a giant with an even bigger heart. He was a 1st XV role model but also one of the most annoying and moany people I have ever taken the pitch with. A bark far scarier than his bite on the pitch (ouch that would hurt him) but a priceless teammate. I challenge anyone to find someone more loyal to stand beside on a rugby pitch. A loyalty which extended beyond the pitch to the Club rooms and far beyond the rugby sphere. He was absolutely always there for me and without doubt one of the biggest influences in my career. He obviously taught me bummer all about 7's or being a winger (I couldn't kick either) but he taught me true life values. Be more Ads.

James Fleming

Over the years, Adam and I have had many conversations about different events that could take place at Perthshire Rugby, which would be impactful, fun and stand the test of time.

From sitting on social committees or trying to think of fundraising ideas as Club Captains, we discussed all sorts of options. Not for one second did I ever think that I would be organising something in memory of him.

An annual Touch Tournament seemed the obvious choice, as it has a number of elements Adam would have loved and what he deemed important. The inaugural event has been specifically tailored around teams close to Adam's heart but there has been interest from further afield, so the Festival will hopefully grow.

The pandemic has meant that the Touch Festival is taking place much later than we would have liked but we wanted to do something that Adam would have loved, so it needed to be on a big scale.

This Festival is not a fundraiser but an opportunity to have fun in Adam's memory. If anyone would like to make a donation on the day, this will be possible and anything received will go to the running of the Festival (this year's and next) and anything left over will be added to Perthshire Rugby's plans for a memorial for Adam.

Adam gave a huge number of people associated with Perthshire Rugby so many happy memories, so in memory of him, we hope this event will let us come together to remember him, have a lot of fun and create new memories for years to come.

Andy Elder



PERTSHIRE RUGBY

**THE ADAM PATTINSON
TOUCH RUGBY FESTIVAL
SATURDAY 25 JUNE 2022
1PM TO 4PM
NORTH INCH, PERTH**

PLEASE COME ALONG AND SHOW YOUR SUPPORT FOR THE TEAMS

SPORTSMANSHIP | PRIDE | RESPECT | INCLUSION





**Adam
I met
through
rugby so
it is in this
context I write
about him.**

Well what can you say about this guy? A whole host of words come straight into your mind - big, fun-loving, caring, cheeky, smiling and always interested in how others were and what was going on in their lives. He was a great Club man and had great abilities on and off the field. Leapt like a salmon in the lineout and gracefully bulldozed his way through opposition defences.

The last season I coached at Perth, Adam had been in his best form and was an easy pick each week for the team. I also had the opportunity to work with him on occasion at Craigclowan where he looked after the young rugby players of the future. He was a natural with youngsters and it was always great to watch him work with his huge frame standing with all the young ones surrounding him hanging on every word of encouragement and instruction he gave them.

It is always tragic when fabulous people like Adam are taken from us far too soon but the mark of any person is how he is remembered by the people he came into contact with. Adam - the people who had the pleasure to meet, work, play or party with you are certainly the better for having known you. People believe different things but my hope is you are running around chasing a ball with a huge smile a cheeky look in your eye ready to give someone a piece of advice about how great the game of rugby is.

RIP my friend, God bless.

Hendo (Andrew Henderson)

**Despite an age gap of 30 years,
Adam was a good friend and I have
so many private memories of Adam
which are not for sharing.... some are
indeed unprintable, what happens
on tour stays on tour!**

What I can share is why I and so many other people loved the gentle giant. I miss him and things keep reminding me about him all the time. He was such a generous man. Whenever I was seeking help, Adam was always the first to offer support.

When I was coaching U16 and Colts he would make appearances at training and when he could he would be on the touchline supporting the younger teams at the big league and cup games. His presence inspired the players and us as coaches too. Whenever he participated in a training session or a team-talk he captured attention and respect. He had that special charisma about him that inspired others and a compelling personality that was infectious. From those early days it was no surprise to see him progress to Shire Captain and into teaching as a career. He was a true people's person.

As I progressed to Head of Senior Section, our friendship continued to grow and as a Club guy he was just so dependable. If it was finding sponsors for strips, putting up spectator barriers and signs, raising money for kit, cleaning out changing rooms and stores, providing transport for players at university, organising socials - it was always Adam there first, what a guy.

We had so many great times together, especially on trips to away games that included some dreadful drinking games especially the time Ads goaded me into eating a pizza base spread with tinned cat food [*"the worst trip I've ever been on"*]. Return journeys always became raucous when Adam and Andy Elder broke into song... [*"I wanna go home... to Perthshire, to Perthshire"*]. These trips were the inception of the Club anthem "*Sloop John B*".

My lasting memory of Adam is he was a giant in every respect - enormous charisma, colossal heart, huge generosity, immensely humorous, tremendous loyalty, powerful player.... such a massive loss.

So hoist up the Adam P's sail.

Jerry Saunders



It's sad to say but you never really appreciate the impact of an individual on your own life until they are taken away; even worse, in the most tragic of circumstances.

What is truly amazing is the enormous, positive impact Adam made on so many lives in such a short space of time, and I, like so many, miss him terribly.

There are so many unforgettable memories of Ads over the years but two always seem to come to the fore.

I was unfortunate enough to have been selected as his hotel roommate on the night before the National Bowl Final. Still in his formative years as a senior player the prospect of playing in the National Stadium had sent him into excited delirium: he couldn't keep quiet or still for a minute.

After only what seemed a few hours sleep I was wakened by a hissing, gurgling sound mixed with the mumbled lyrics of a Queen song, and as I turned over there he was, dressed only in his Y-fronts, gumshield in mouth and iron in hand, pressing my kit, trousers and shirt and grinning from ear to ear.

"Morning AC, sorry for being a pain, but got to make sure the old man of the team looks the part on our big day and there's a cup of tea on the side to get you started.... ooooo she's a killer Queen....!"

It was a beautiful sunny day down on the North Inch, and the 1st XV were doing well in front of a decent home crowd. I had been chatting with some of the older members beside the old converted "cricket" scoreboard when out of the corner of my eye I noticed small sections of the home crowd turning away from the game

and making a fuss of a small group of people in behind.

Slowly this "Mexican" wave worked itself along the sidelines and as I moved across the dead ball area, I caught sight of everyone's focus and attention.

There they were, Claire glowing and Adam beaming, proud new parents, with pram in front, and newborn Fraser safely tucked up and asleep in his blankets.

As he turned, Ads caught sight of me and over he strode, arms outstretched, chest pumped, wearing the biggest and daftest grin I'd ever seen. He bear-hugged the life out of me.

"Let me introduce you to my family Ace! Come and say hello to Claire and my son Fraser."

It was their moment, and it was the happiest I had ever seen him, but he wanted everyone to share in their joy. He was at his majestic best.

It's impossible to describe how huge an impact Big Ads had on all of us who were lucky enough to have known him, but I love how the children of Craigclowan School nicknamed him the "The Big Friendly Teacher" (BFT).

I remember someone telling me once that amazing teachers are extremely hard to find, difficult to part with and impossible to forget. How could anyone forget Adam?

Rest easy Ads.

Andy Cummins

Unfortunately, my memory is terrible, so when trying to come up with a poignant “rugby” memory of Adam, I struggled. He often acted as my rugby memory bank.

He could recall a phase of play or a dodgy refereeing decision from years ago, whereas on a Sunday morning, I found it difficult to remember which team we played the day before. And that had nothing to do with the post-game socialising! I do remember his well-documented 20th try of the season and it wasn't because I was the one to force him over the line, it was because he always managed to shoehorn it into a conversation. And rightly so. It was an incredible achievement (and he probably would have made it over the line without my Herculean assistance).

What I do remember well, is the soundtrack to our rugby careers. We were often front and centre when the customary drunken sing-song took place. Music was something that Adam and I loved, and we had a fairly similar taste in what we deemed a decent tune. He could sing well and even learned to play the guitar, so we had music to accompany us on our away bus trips. Me on the other hand, all I brought to the table was an encyclopaedic knowledge of random songs and a loud but tone-deaf singing voice. Somehow we made it work, or more to the point, no-one stopped us and the Shire singalongs were an integral part of the rugby social scene.

The obvious choices are “Sloop John B” and “Fat Bottomed Girls”, which were the headline acts at every singalong, and I'm pleased to say, they will continue to be. I'm not sure many other rugby teams would belt out “A Little Respect” or “Back for Good” with as much gusto as we did but I'm so happy to be one of a select few who have shared those memories. One standout moment has to be the “Perthshire Choir” on “the hill” at Murrayfield after we had just won the Bowl. What a singsong, what a day, what a memory!

Musical memories wouldn't be complete without mentioning Adam's love of getting on stage and belting out one of his favourite songs. He loved an opportunity to perform, especially on stage with the legendary “Solid Gold Band” and those who witnessed his “Stairway to Heaven”, will probably remember that for a very long time.

The musical memories of the times I shared with Adam on rugby buses, at karaoke, singalongs at the end of social events, post-match celebrations, slightly intoxicated walks home - they all make me smile. Some make me cringe when I compare his musical talent to mine, but nevertheless, they all make me smile. And they always will.

Andy Elder





Sloop John B *(Perthshire Edition)*

We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
Well, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home (to Perthshire, to Perthshire)

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore!
Let me go home
I wanna go home
I wanna go home
Well, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home (to Perthshire, to Perthshire)

The first mate, he got drunk
And broke in the Captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him
away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave him alone?
Well, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home (to Perthshire, to Perthshire)

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home
I wanna go home
I wanna go home
Well, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home (to Perthshire, to Perthshire)

The poor cook, he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go home?
For this is the worst trip
I've ever been on (to Perthshire, to Perthshire)

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home
I wanna go home
I wanna go home
Well, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home (to Perthshire, to Perthshire)

(Shh! Quiet whispered chorus)

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home
I wanna go home
I wanna go home
Well, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home (to Perthshire, to Perthshire)

(Finale sung loudly at the top of one's voice)

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home
I wanna go home
I wanna go home
For this is the worst trip
I've ever been on! (from Perthshire, from
Perthshire, from Perthshire)

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