GLOUCESTER RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB v FYLDE

MONDAY
APRIL 12th 1993
Kick off 3.00 p.m.

FOUNDED 1873

President
Canon H. M. Hughes BA

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UNEXPECTED PLEASURE

The best pleasures are the unexpected ones, and we certainly have an example of that today. Here we were, ever since last September, believing that our only Easter attraction was to be a pleasant little run-out against Birkenhead Park, and look what happened. The Italian Job against Benetton Treviso on Saturday, and an originally unscheduled visit from our old friends from Fylde today. Can't be bad.

Time was when we played the respected club from Lytham Saint Anne's twice each season, and there were periods when they provided very stern opposition indeed, even against the best we could turn out against them. However, the League-inspired upheaval in fixture lists terminated that pleasure, and we now have to content ourselves with the fairly regular Easter visit.

That being so, a few words of description are in order. Indeed, just because Fylde grace a Division rather lower than ours, you shouldn't run away with any idea that they may be anything other than a thoroughly well-organised club, with fine facilities. The Blackpool Road ground—not far from the M55—can hold almost 8,000 people, with almost 1,000 of them seated. Some First Division clubs can't claim that.

When you're thinking of Fylde players, obviously the first name which springs to mind is the great Bill Beaumont. He had 34 caps, including British Lions appearances, and that's a record few can match. But we musn't forget people like Malcolm Phillips who played 25 games for England. And didn't Wade Dooley turn out for Fylde during a brief foray away from his beloved Preston Grasshoppers?

We play more prestigious sides, higher in the national rankings than Fylde, but none with a prouder history and tradition.

But my favourite memory of the men in claret, gold and white concerns Bill Beaumont himself. Some 12 years ago, England were to tour Argentina, acknowledged as a difficult assignment at the best of times. The side was picked at just about this time of year, and there was the usual press speculation about who would be making the trip, and who would have the summer off.

When the party was announced, who should be included, against all prognostications, than our own John Fidler, along with three other locks, including, of course, Bill Beaumont as Captain.

Bill immediately announced that he wouldn't be playing for Fylde again that season, partly because a rest was in order, and partly because he wanted to avoid any chance of injury. However, when Fylde visited Kingsholm that Easter, Bill Beaumont came along, just for the ride.

Talking to him in the bar, I commented how pleased we were that Big John had been included. Bill grinned, "Ah! Well!" he said, "They've got some pretty big boys out there, and they're and they're not always too particular. It's 'Fid's' arm I want wrapped round me in the Tests!"

The commentators had been unanimous in regarding John simply as cover in case someone got hurt, but when the two Tests came along, there was 'Fid' lending his considerable presence to the occasion. I could have told them that before the party flew out.

So at least one old Gloucester player has reason to be grateful to at least one man of Fylde. And we're all grateful to all of them for paying us a visit today. We hope they have a memorable time with us.

THANKS TO S. J. CATERING
Most people who are fortunate enough to be entertained by our generous match sponsors remark on the excellent of the buffet provided: certainly rather better than the average nibbles served at such events. That's down to S. J.-
Catering of Newport, and we’re grateful for their week-in, week-out efforts, certainly one of the factors which encourage so many of our sponsors to come back season after season.

Now, for the second year, our gratitude is compounded, because the 13-year company is sponsoring a game off its own bat.

There have been changes since last season, not that the revelers in the hospitality boxes will have noticed any diminution in service. Briefly, our old friend Janet Walters, although still very much involved, has decided to take more of a back seat in the affairs of the company, which is now directed by her daughter Sarah.

Understandable maternal pride, Janet writes, “She has made a first-class job of it, specializing in such events as hospitality catering (of course), wedding receptions, cocktail parties, board room lunches and dinners etc.”

Janet also points out that the hospitality facilities at Kingsholm don’t go away just because there isn’t a match on. Indeed, they’re available for hire all the year round, and S.J. Caterers are happy to contribute a respectable discount for Gloucester RFC members. That’s certainly worth knowing if you have a daughter threatening to plunge into matrimony, or any other cause for celebration, really.

Janet also writes “We are very pleased to be associated with such a famous club, and very much hope we can continue for many years to come.” That’s what she wrote, but on the phone she was a bit more forthright. “We absolutely love it!” she enthused. “Life wouldn’t be the same without the rugby club. Everyone is so nice, and it’s a pleasure to be working for them!”

Well, whether you take the authorised version or the oral one, you’ll agree that such enthusiasm is worth a great deal, and I’m sure Mike Burton will have taken note of it when next season’s arrangements arrive on the agenda.

We certainly wish the Mses. Walters well, and thank them for their efforts and their generosity today. I’m sure all their guests will have a whale of a time.

Just one more thing, Janet Walters added a PS to her letter: “Excuse this note being handwritten. The tape has just run out on my typewriter.”

WHAT'S A BANK HOLIDAY OR TWO BETWEEN FRIENDS?

You may have noticed that we have printed some action photographs in today’s issue. Frankly, they should have appeared over three months ago, on Boxing Day, in fact. You’ll recall that our traditional game against Lydney was frozen off at short notice, and that our daily “Citizen” newspaper had a whole scad of interesting plans for the game, which they were generously sponsoring. One of those plays was to provide us with the pictures for use in the programme, with due acknowledgement to the “Citizen” of course.

They also asked for their pictures back, but with malice aforethought, I got our friendly printers to hang on to them, knowing full well that there would be an opportunity to use them on some other occasion. This is it.

I thank Katie Coker and Terry Phillips for this, and for all the excellent support they have given to the Club all season. I’m sure no RFC in England get such good coverage from their local daily as we do.

BATH NEXT WEEK

The First team are away to Bath next weekend—a simple ‘friendly’ of course—which means that United are entertaining the Bath second string here at Kingsholm. The Firsts will pardon me if, just for once, I concentrate on the latter of those two events.

I have been told that if United can win that one, they will have secured their Second Teams Championship for the third successive season, and that would be an achievement which borders on the incredible.

Furthermore, it will be the last opportunity we’ll have to see United at Kingsholm this season. They’re down to entertain Bedford on the following Saturday, but that’s the day of the home League game against Harlequins, so United will be playing elsewhere, possibly at Gordon League, although at the time of writing, that still has to be confirmed.

My point is that it would be nice, and greatly (cont. on page 8)
WHO'S DOING WHAT (and to whom)

Club Officials and Committee Members for 1992/3 are as follows:

President: Canon Mervyn Hughes
Vice Presidents: Tom Day, Gordon Hudson, Roy 'Digger' Morris
Chairman: Peter Ford
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Doug Wadley, 'Byeways', Belmont Avenue, Hucclecote, Tel: 617202 — but please note, Doug is 'in residence' in the Office at the Ground from 9.00 a.m. to 1.00 p.m. every Monday to Friday throughout the Season. Tel: 381087.
Hon. Fixtures Secretary: Mike Nicholls, 90, Kingsholm Road, Tel: 301679.
Hon. Secretary: Eric Stephens, 1, Court Gardens, Hempsted. Tel: 529000.
Chairman of Selectors: Mickey Booth, 5, Insley Gardens, Hucclecote.
Hon. Colts Secretary: Reg Collins, 11, Gipitin Avenue, Hucclecote. Tel: 614335.
Players Representative: Jeremy Bennett.
Coach: Keith Richardson.

...And I nearly forgot: Programme editor, Peter Arnold, 74, Victoria Street. Tel: 360481, who welcomes news, stories, anecdotes from any supporter, from Gloucester or Opponents. Although the laws of libel or obscenity may deter him from printing them.

Peter Arnold (cont.)

appreciated by the players, if United v Bath United could be the occasion when the lads get vocal support comparable with that received by their seniors at Northampton and Bristol. They have had a tremendous season and deserve all our thanks, congratulations and encouragement. Just for once, why not treat the game as a First Team game, and come along prepared accordingly. I certainly intend to do so.

AWAY FIXTURE IN JULY

Here's a break with tradition. Not only do I have details of the Club AGM already, but I'm able to announce that we'll be playing away. Just for a change.

The AGM will be held on Thursday, July 15th, commencing at 7.30 pm, and will be held at the very pleasant Bird's Eye Wallis Club at Barnwood. If you're a Member, put the date in your diary, make sure you don't throw away your membership Card, and turn up on the night. It's your chance to vote, and perhaps make any point you want to.

DON'T FORGET THE TENS

Another date, Bank Holiday Monday, May 3rd, Worthington Best Bitter National Tens (cont. on page 9

NOBBY'S NEWSDESK

Welcome back again to Kingsholm for the second time in three days. With just a few weeks to go until the end of the season now seems like an ideal opportunity to try to recruit some more members and agents for my Gold Bond Lottery Scheme. The scheme has now given away over £60,000.00 in prize money, and there is still plenty more to be won. Just 50p a week earns you 35 chances to win and with agents in most areas of Gloucester paying your subscriptions couldn't be easier. Most of my 38 private agents live and work in and around the city and my network of Newsagents is also spread throughout the city as well as stretching out to Hucclecote, Brockworth, Churchdown and Longlevens. Alternatively becoming an agent and recruiting family and friends means not only do you have a chance of winning, there is also the bonus of earning commission on all monies that you collect. Please join up now your support of this scheme is greatly needed and much appreciated.

Cheers, NOBBY

Always room for more Gold Bond Agents and Members. Find out how you can help the Club, and make a little money too, by contacting Andrew Benzie on Gloucester 64999.
Tournament. Start, 11.00 am, finals at 5.00 pm. Tickets, £8.00. Stand, £5.00. Ground, £3.00, usual concessions. Available from the office, 9.30 am to 1.30 pm, every weekday. Going well too, I'm told, so stand not upon the order of your buying.

DON CASKIE
When Don Caskie touched down for the first try against Bristol last weekend, he didn't just put the writing on the wall for the rest of the match, he achieved the sort of critical try he's been threatening to score all season.

Watching him dart the field, you can understand why some people have dubbed him "The Ferret". No disrespect is intended; it's just an appreciation of the speed and incisiveness with which he makes his breaks. And, just like the ferret, he bites pretty hard too, as many people who have been tackled by him will testify.

Some supporters have been heard to comment, "if only he had a few more inches", but I dunno. He wouldn't be the character who has spread so much delight around the crowd, and so much alarm and despondency among opponents if he were a little taller.

GLOUCESTER RFC in conjunction with
THE CHIEF FIRE OFFICER RESPECTFULLY REQUEST PATRONS TO EXERCISE EVERY CARE IN THE DISPOSAL OF CIGARETTE ENDS AND OTHER INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL

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or write to Mike Burton, Bastion House
Brunswick Road, Gloucester GL1 1JJ
Ed Martin

Fylde are relative strangers in these ‘ere parts - this is the 15th meeting between the two clubs since the first fixture in the 1968/9 season. Of these 15 encounters, ten have been at Kingsholm, with Fylde’s sole success being their first visit when the Cherry and Whites were pipped 20-21.

But when visiting Lytham St. Annes, Gloucester has fared less well, posting three losses from the five visits.

The last ten seasons has seen five meetings, Gloucester scoring at least 30 points on each occasion and Fylde struggling to a maximum of 15.

Of late, the Fylde fixture is an Easter Monday affair, alternating with Birkenhead . . . it falls into the “and a good time was had by all - and whatcha drinking” fixture category, which is alas a diminishing feature of today’s game.

So now the nail biting - and soul searching - is over.

Despite what the media have been predicting, we survive - and the Harlequins game is academic in the Division One survival stakes. But a win against Quins and a few other results in our favour (like Wasps beating Bristol) will see us into fifth place.

And who can blame Keith Richardson and the players for having a snigger or two or a “Harvey Smith” in the direction of the Press Box?

Following the Orrell match, there was a observation made that the crowd appeared to be making a bit more noise - it has been a very quiet season, to be sure.

On reflection, this is probably true. Kingsholm seems to have joined the Noise Abatement Society!

Back in the Forties and Fifties when I was agile enough to scale the wall from the alley way at the Deans Walk end to see Gloucester play, Kingsholm was a noisy place and the roar was greater when Gloucester were behind.

One’s memory sometimes does play tricks. But there are many who subscribe to this “fings ain’t what they used to be” theory.

It is no secret that four childhood years were spent in a strange land where a person was a “poison”, a girl was a “goil” and the Dodgers were the greatest thing in sports.

In those days, Kingsholm and Ebbets Field were the two centres of the universe. Bill Hook was the King of Gloucester, and “Dook” Snyder ruled Brooklyn. Rugby and baseball have little in common, except they are both “inventions” from England. But Kingsholm and Ebbets Field had a lot in common in the Fifties.

There was passion in both arenas. Sport was serious thing - but not so serious as to be humourless. Fans in neither “cathedral” thought much of referee/umpires - especially when any decision went against the home team.

In those days, the Brooklyn Dodgers was the most famous baseball team in the world. Then overnight the team went Hollywood and became the Los Angeles Dodgers in one of the biggest sporting scandals of all time.

Ebbets Field is long gone. But the memories remain.

Memories of the PA announcer (“A little boy has been found lost!”) who I swear is the inspiration for today’s Graham Spring at Kingsholm (“Will the winner go to the exit by the entrance”).

Memories of an excruciatingly bad “band” called the Sin-phony who played Three Blind Mice everytime an umpire made a decision against the Dodgers and after a good play would whoop it up with a rendition of There'll Be A Hot Time In The Town Tonight.

Memories of the comments from the fans in the bleachers that were just as poignant - and funny - as those from The Shed today as well as yesteryear.

On the other hand, Kingsholm still stands in all its glory with the tradition continuing. What seems to be missing is the atmosphere. The place appears to have lost some of its soul.

As I said, memory can play tricks. But something tells me that the pressures Ian Smith and his band of players have been under since the doom and gloom merchants started pontificating (after the West Hartlepool match) might not have been so great if the support had been a little more passionate - and louder.

You disagree? Well, let’s run this one past you. How was it that two of Gloucester’s better Courage matches were at Northampton and Bristol where the decibels from Gloucester supporters were greater than from the home crowd?

As they say in any sport, it’s a funny old game . . .

WHY NOT JOIN THE SCRUM AT THE Y.M.C.A. SEBERT STREET?

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On the other hand, that old mythology about height had probably denied him more representative honours, but however things turn out for him, he has already earned himself a place in Kingsholm folklore.

THANKS FROM THE BOYS
I'm asked, by the players once again, to thank all those supporters who travelled to Bristol and made such a tremendous noise while they were there. Even hardened players, who have turned out in numerous big occasions and thought they knew all about the Kingsholm Roar hadn't heard anything quite like it.

There's no doubt that such support does inspire players to greater efforts. Now let's do it again, at Kingsholm this time, when Harlequins arrive for the last League match of the season. Another two points would make quite a difference to our eventual standing.

COME ON CHRIS!
Our Match Mascot today is Christopher Anderson. He's all of nine years old, and attends Calton Road Junior School. Which is nice for me, because I did too. Obviously a good vintage.

Chris plays his rugby for Old Richians Under 10's, not all that surprising, because his Dad, Brian, coaches them. I'll bet young Chris gets a rougher ride than most of the lads on that account, but he can probably handle it. However, he's also keen on his cricket and his swimming, so he doesn't have to suffer parental discipline all the time.

Chris's Mum, Tania, works at the Longford Inn, which can't be bad, and he has a sister named Gemma who is seven years old, so he doesn't have to suffer parental discipline all the time.

Anyway, thanks, Chris, for your appearance today. Hope it won't be the last time you run out at Kingsholm.

TAILPIECE
"I felt the hairs prickle on the back of my neck", said one of the players, describing his reaction to the "Gloaster" roar as he ran onto the pitch at Bristol. If it did that to him, imagine what it must have done to the opposition!

Puts one in mind of the Duke of Wellington: "I don't know what they'll do to the enemy, but By God! They frighten me!"

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Source: R.K. & P.