

Vol.9 No.6 £2



# CARDIFF



## V GLOUCESTER

Today's match sponsors



Sunday  
15th November 1998  
Kick-off 3.00

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KATIE COKER, deputy sports editor and rugby writer of the Gloucester Citizen, pictured here with veteran New Zealand-born but Australian-capped cherry-and-white centre Richard Tombs, reports on



# CHANGED TIMES AT GLOUCESTER



Cardiff v Gloucester - or Gloucester v Cardiff. The mere mention of the fixture brings a smile to the faces of players and supporters from previous decades.

Before the days of league tables, some of the matches which were most treasured by Kingsholm folk were the clashes with the Welsh clubs.



**Philippe Saintt -André: elegant flier**

I only came to Gloucester in 1992, so it is all a bit before my time but I have heard tales of epic battles on winter evenings, of certain players contracting a sudden case of "bridge-itis" or missing the bus "accidentally" so they did not have to play.

Sadly, league rugby has gradually eroded the opportunity these clubs have had to meet. Mindful of the heritage, Gloucester made an effort to continue "friendly" fixtures against the Cardiffs of this world, but a spate of late cancellations of matches in the first few years of this decade put paid even to that.

The attempt to set up an Anglo-Welsh league two seasons ago looked as if it might resurrect the old traditions but that failed before the end of its first year.

**STEPHEN JONES on DAVID SIMS, page 23  
SHEDHEAD GOES INTERNATIONAL, page 28  
WHEN 'LAND OF MY FATHERS' WAS SUNG  
AT KINGSHOLM, pages 46 and 47**

However, this season Cardiff are back on the Gloucester fixture list and they are welcome.

The circumstances in which they meet this afternoon - in a match unsanctioned by either Rugby Union (and on a Sunday afternoon) - would have been



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**Richard Hill: coaching the club he used to love to hate**

unthinkable a few years ago but much has changed for both clubs.

Gloucester have not reached the same state of divorce from their Union, but they have fought the corner of the English clubs in their battles with the RFU and, while many of Gloucester's traditions have been maintained in the professional era, many things have also changed.

The first big step was taken in 1993 when Gloucester appointed their first Director of Coaching, Barrie Corless. He did not last more than two years but the mould had been set for the future.

In 1995 a former Gloucester foe in the shape of the recently-retired Bath and England scrum-half Richard Hill took over the post. The Cherry and Whites had battled against relegation in 1993, 1994 and 1995, and Hill set about shifting the team he used to love to hate gradually away from the danger zone.

In the 1996-97 season, the club went semi-professional and players were paid for the first time. Most still held down jobs outside rugby but that changed at the start of the following season when everybody went full-time. During that period of transition John Fidler became Gloucester's first rugby manager, working alongside Hill and taking the administrative burden from his shoulders so that he could concentrate on coaching.

Fidler is a man who experienced a few

Gloucester v Cardiff matches in his playing days and now he is the proud father of Gloucester and England lock Rob, who has earned his own high-ranking reputation in the past few years. Fidler junior is evidence of one Gloucester phenomenon which is still alive: many of the playing squad still come from the city or its immediate surrounds.

Hill has been forced to import players from far beyond the country boundaries, however, to add strength to his squad, particularly among the backs, but the pack is dominated by home-grown products.

Those Gloucester lads have welcomed players from Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, France, Yorkshire, Surrey and - most shockingly - Bath and they have blended into a young, talented squad with genuine depth.

To add to the local pedigree, another former Gloucester forward in John Brain coaches the pack and the board of directors is made up of the best brains the local business community had to offer.

Gloucester's move into professionalism was made possible when Tom Walkinshaw bought a majority share of the club in the summer of 1997. Walkinshaw is best known for his success in the motor industry and motor sport but this shrewd Scotsman also loves his rugby and he was happy to invest in Gloucester to help the club he had been supporting for several years to stay afloat in the new era.

He comes to every game his busy schedule allows and he is helping modernise the way the club is run.

In some ways, then, Gloucester has changed beyond all recognition in recent years and yet in other respects it is the same old place. The supporters are just as fanatical as they ever were and will be doing their best to out-shout the home crowd today.

And, after a few barren years, the club are on the way up again. They have had a patchy start to the season but are only a step or two away from the leaders in the Allied Dunbar Premiership. They are producing high-class international players and the youngsters in the squad are making the most of their chances to learn from experienced stars like the elegant French flier Philippe Saint-Andre and Australia cap Richard Tombs.

Gloucester are trying to keep up with the pace in a rugby world that is seeing many changes, the next of which may result in their playing Cardiff in a British League next season. We shall see.

# OUR VISITORS



**CARDIFF**



Introducing the Gloucester squad which includes...

# WHO'S WHO AT K

Gloucester have failed to win a national league title in ten years of trying and they have not won the national knock-out cup competition since they shared the honour with Moseley in 1982.

This is a matter of supreme concern for one of England's rugby powers - and their vociferous and loyal supporters. For the Cherry-and-Whites, whose teams for so long have been built on players from the immediate area, the downturn in fortunes after their pre-eminence in the Seventies and Eighties had to be halted and, as Katie Coker explains on the previous two pages, the financial and playing strength of the club has been overhauled.

Last season, there were some changes in the squad and there were further moves during the summer to the extent that skipper Dave Sims (and Steve Jones writes in appreciation of Dave on page 23) was able to say before this campaign began, "We have now got a squad at Kingsholm with the back-up in nearly every position that people around the country will be jealous of."

Sims, who was one of the few successes of England's ill-fated tour to the Southern Hemisphere during the summer, believes there is much to come. "A lot of experience was gained last season. There was a lot more confidence in the side and we have to build on that. Now the supporters have seen the quality of the players we have they are expecting results and you can't blame them."

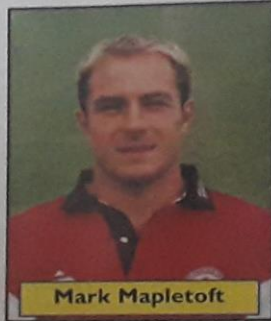
"We have to win one of the major competitions, if not both..."

In fact, if Gloucester could only travel as well as they play at home, they would be in close touch with the Allied Dunbar Premiership leaders. As it is, they are only just off the pace and, given the volatility of results this season, they may well be running close come next spring and in with the chance of the cup as well.

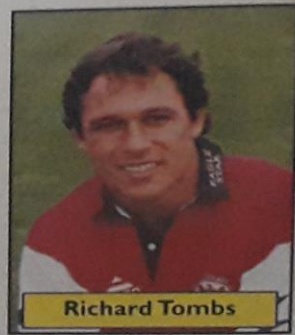
Philippé Saint-Andre, the 69 times capped French international, is probably their most exotic import - the genial Frenchman says, "Maybe my best rugby will be now" - but the New Zealand out-half Simon Mannix, signed from Sale during the summer, is also a major influence.



Chris Catling



Mark Maplettoft



Richard Tombs

So who are the men on whom Gloucester pins its hopes? In alphabetical order, the squad is:

**Laurie Beck**, scrum-half, b Cheltenham, 2-1-71, 5ft 10, 83.8kg, former England U 21 cap, known as Stonky.

**Scott Benton**, scrum-half, b Bradford, 8-8-74, 6ft, 89kg, one England cap, previously with Morley and known as Alf.

**Nathan Carter**, openside flanker, b Gloucester 22-6-72, 6ft, 100.3kg, formerly with Widden Old Boys and Gordon League and

known as Dog.

**Chris Catling**, full back, b Carshalton 17-6-76, 6ft 1, 89.9kg, previously with Exeter and known as Cats.

**Mark Cornwell**, lock, b Gloucester 22-2-73, England A cap known as Pasty.

**Andy Dawling**, openside flanker, b Swindon 5-11-73, 6ft 1, 100kg, formerly at Newbury and known as Prince Albert.

**Andy Deacon**, tight head prop, b Gloucester 31-7-65, 6ft 2, 107.8kg, made his Gloucester debut back in 1989, joining from Longlevens RFC,

known as Deaks.

**Simon Devereux**, No 8, b Gloucester 20-1-70, 6ft 3, 108kg, previously with Spartans and known as Chisel or Devs.

**Rob Fidler**, lock, b Cheltenham 21-9-74, 6ft 5, 112kg, two England caps (he was one of few successes in the Southern Hemisphere this summer and aims to be in the World Cup) known as Bobbie Didler.

**Chris Fortey**, hooker, b Gloucester 25-8-75, 5ft 11, 107kg, another formerly with Widden Old Boys and Gordon League and known as 4 0.



is now leavened with overseas and, wait for it, former Bath players

# KINGSHOLM



**Peter Glanville**, blind/openside flanker, b Gloucester 10-6-71, 6ft 2, 102.4kg, joined from Longlevens and made debut in 1992, known as Glanners.

**Rory Greenslade-Jones**, centre, b Bridgend 5-1-73, 6ft 2, 13st, previously at Newbury and known as Jonah.

**Rob Jewell**, wing, b Bromsgrove 11-10-78, 6ft 2, 94.3kg, previously at Gordon League and known as Del Boy.

**Brian Johnson**, wing, b RAF Wegberg 27-7-72, 5ft 11, 85.2kg, five England A caps having joined from Newbury, known as BJ.

**Audley Lumsden**, full-back, b London 6-6-67, 1.8m, 93.9kg, previously with Bath, likes doing crosswords and known as Rums.

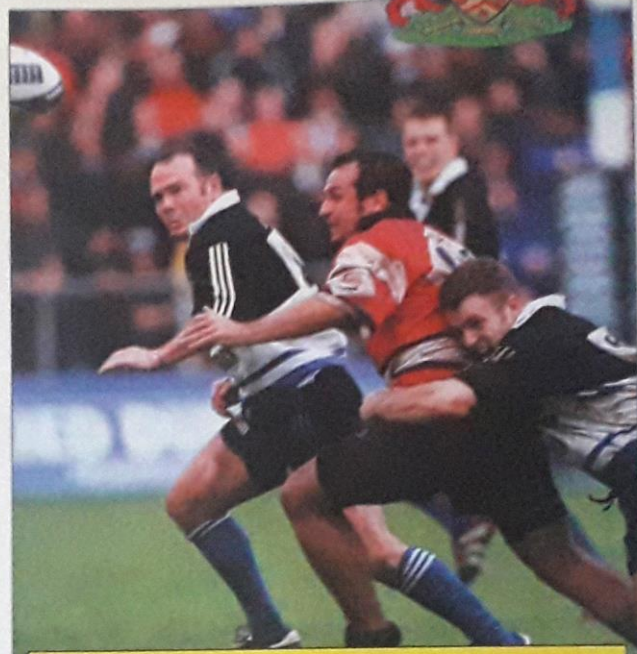
**Neil McCarthy**, hooker, b Slough, 29-11-74, 6ft, 102kg, previously at Bath and made Gloucester debut in 1997 against Begles Bordeaux. Known as Chief.

**Simon Mannix**, fly-half, b Wellington, New Zealand, 19-8-72, 1.7m, 83.5kg, once capped and previously with Sale before joining in the close season, known as Max.

**Mark Mapletoft**, fly-half, b Mansfield 25-12-71, 5ft 7, 83kg, one England cap, previously with Rugby and known as Tofty.

**Steve Ojomoh**, No 8 or flanker, b Benin City, 6ft 2, 17st, 12 times capped by England while with Bath and aims to be in the squad for the World Cup. Known as Ojo.

**Ed Pearce**, flanker/No 8, b Bristol 2-9-75, 6ft 6, 118kg, previously at Bath.



*Philippe-Saint-André is tackled by Kevin Maggs of Bath*

**Philippe Saint-André**, wing, b Romans, France, 19-4-67, 6ft, 91.5kg, 69 times capped by France and a favourite at Kingsholm since his debut in 1997-98.

**Ian Sanders**, scrum-half, b Penzance 22-1-71, 5ft 9, 85.8kg, formerly with Bath and known as Sandy.

**Dave Sims**, lock, b Gloucester 22-11-69, 6ft 6, 115kg, three times capped by England, been with Gloucester since 1988 having previously played for Longlevens. Skipper of the club and known as Dad.

**Richard Tombs**, inside centre, b Te Kuiti (New Zealand) but capped five times by Australia from Northern Suburbs, Sydney 4-1-71, 6ft, 93kg, known as Tombsy or Dingo.

**Phil Vickery**, tight head, b Barnstaple 14-3-76, 6ft 3, 124kg, five times capped by England, having previously played for Bude and Redruth. Known as Vickster.

**Richard Ward**, lock, b Munster, Germany, 26-11-70, 1.98m, 118kg, previously with Harlequins and known as Wardy.

**Tony Windo**, loosehead prop, b Gloucester 30-4-70, previously with Longlevens and known as Reg.

**Trevor Woodman**, loosehead prop, b Plymouth 4-8-76, 5ft 11, 115kg, formerly at Bath, known as Dougie.

# OUR VISITORS



CARDIFF

Sunday November 15th 1998

# CARDIFF

Blue and Black

# GLOUCESTER

Red and White

- 15 CRAIG MORGAN
- 14 LIAM BOTHAM
- 13 SIMON HILL
- 12 MATTHEW WINTLE
- 11 ANTHONY SULLIVAN

- 10 PAUL BURKE
- 9 ROBERT JONES (CAPT)

- 1 SPENCER JOHN
- 2 PAUL YOUNG
- 3 LYNDON MUSTOE
- 4 STEVE WILLIAMS
- 5 JOHN TAIT
- 6 OWAIN WILLIAMS
- 8 GREG KACALA
- 7 PAUL WILLIAMS

- 16 JUSTIN THOMAS
- 17 LEE JARVIS
- 18 STEVE WAKE
- 19 KEITH STEWART
- 20 DARREN SWEET
- 21 GARETH WILLIAMS
- 22 A. N. OTHER
- 23

T	C	P	D	G		T	C	P	D	G
					Full Back					
					Right Wing					
					Centre					
					Centre					
					Left Wing					
					Outside Half					
					Scrum Half					
					Prop					
					Hooker					
					Prop					
					Lock					
					Lock					
					Flanker					
					No. 8					
					Flanker					
					Prop					

- A LUMSDEN 15
- S MORGAN 14
- S WARD 13
- R GREENSLADE-JONES 12
- M KIMBER 11

- M MAPLETOFT 10
- I SANDERS 9

- T WOODMAN 1
- N MCCARTHY 2
- A POWLES 3
- R WARD 4
- D SIMS (CAPT) 5
- P GLANVILLE 6
- E PEARCE 8
- A DAWLING 7

- A BOYCE 16
- O DREW 17
- L BECK 18
- A ROBINSON 19
- C HALL 20
- A HARRIS 21
- S PEARMAN 22
- 23

FINAL SCORE

Referee

PETER BOLLAND

Touch Judges

TJ1 - DAVID PRICE  
TJ2 - ALAN WARE



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JEWSO





MISCELLANY... reporting on news and views from Cardiff Arms Park

Mindful of a laugh or two on visits to the redoubtable fortress Kingsholm, and not wanting about any future hostile reception, MISCELLANY invited the man behind Glawster's misadventure to explain himself - and, possibly, other denizens of the notorious Shed

## DIDN'T WE HAVE A LOVE THE DAY WE WENT TO C

### Shedhead looks back in anger

Well, here's a thing. Shedhead going international! For the uninitiated, I had better explain what exactly Shedhead is. We're the Glawster fanzine, not the first in rugby union - our dear friends (not) down the A46 at Barf (sic) beat us to it.

But then, over the years, they've beaten us everywhere else as well. Not the first, then, but definitely the funniest.

We've been going for more than four seasons now, and come out every home game, so when you trek over the bridge in May to pay homage to Kingsholm make sure you buy a copy - only a quid fifty for twenty pages of what one kind journalist so eloquently described as 'smear, smut and innuendo.' Couldn't have put it better myself!

So what have we got to look forward to, on this our second visit to the land of Taff for a friendly? Hopefully, a

better scoreline than we 'enjoyed' when we visited your mates down at Swansea - they turned us over somewhat. So nothing new there, Glos losing an away game...

That's one of the odd things about supporting a club like Gloucester. You travel in hope to some God-forsaken place like Newcastle - where they won't even let you into the bar if you don't speak Geordie - and you freeze your parts off in the rain or a windy beer tent in the sure knowledge that you are going to make the trek home without through, heading for certain pneumonia, several dozen quid worse off, and no points to show for it.

Then again, it would be boring if we won every game, wouldn't it?

Shedhead has particular memories of a trip to Cardiff a few years back when we attempted to launch a national

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of any qualms (honestly)  
ous alternative magazine to

# Y TIME, RDIFF...

**'Shed Head,' the unofficial  
Gloucester matchday  
programme**

version of our illustrious  
magazine. Imaginatively titled  
"Sweet Chariot," it was bound  
to be a hit with the good  
burgers of Cardiff.

We chose the last match at  
the old National Stadium; you  
remember, the one where  
England stuffed Wales  
comprehensively. Oh, hang on,  
there's been so many of those  
you may not remember which  
one. I'll be a bit more specific. March 15,  
1997.

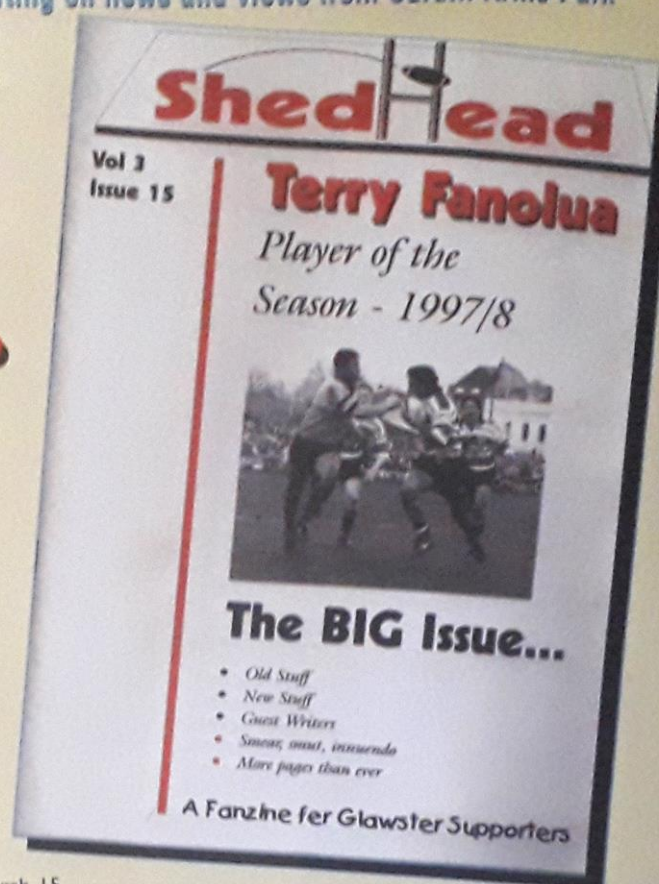
We drove down in the limo, parked on the  
outskirts of the City and lugged several hundred  
magazines through the backstreets until we found  
a good pitch near the Arms Park.

We'd hardly got the damn things out of the  
box before a local PC closed in for the kill.  
Ignoring the pickpockets and touts, he homed in  
on our English accents and marched up to us and  
said, "Well, then, boyos, where's your traders'  
licence then?"

Our protestations that we didn't need one fell  
on deaf ears as we were marched out of town.  
"Don't try to run off," he said. Run! We could  
hardly bloody walk under the weight of the damn  
magazines. He summoned reinforcements to  
confiscate our mags and packed us on our way,  
with a warning not to come back.

After chucking all the magazines in the back of  
his car, we informed our new friend that we bore  
no malice to him, or to his race (despite the fact  
that we lost about two grand as a result of his  
actions) but hoped that England ran up a record  
score that day.

And they bloody would have too, if that ugly  
sod Martin Johnson had not swung a punch  
during a maul in the second-half. With the



impeccable  
timing for which he is renowned, he took  
his swing just as Twinkle Toes Tim Stimpson was  
sprinting in for a try which was promptly  
disallowed. No justice, there, then, either.

So much for the past; let's try a little fortune  
telling. Perhaps we will see a British League in the  
coming years and maybe you lot, plus Swansea  
and some other teams from places I can't  
pronounce let alone spell, will end up playing on a  
more regular basis.

Good, says I. Those with long enough  
memories will remember the wet nights when  
the rugby occasionally interrupted the fighting on  
the pitch.

It'll make a change to go to to other rugby  
stadiums with atmosphere and real rugby  
supporters, rather than the plastic, cavernous  
holes that are the new homes of Wasps and  
Watford - sorry, Saracens.

It'll be nice to rub shoulders with people who  
care about the game, and understand it, rather  
than the Fez-wearing johnny-come-latelys that  
have attached themselves to the latter club.

We'll enjoy our trip down here today, just as  
we hope you will enjoy your trip up to  
Kingsholm at the end of the season.

More Miscellany on pages 31,35,37

MISCELLANY



CARDIFF



# Rugby historian Alan Evans recalls some curiosities from Gloucester

## WHEN LAND OF MY FATHERS

*"The huge crowd stood and sang 'Land Of My Fathers' which the band played while the teams lined up..."*

Thus ran a contemporary report on an occasion when the visiting team included Tanner and Cleaver at half-back, Williams and Matthews in the centre and Cliff Davies, Tamplin and Gwyn Evans in the pack. So this must have been England v Wales just after World War 2.

Well, not quite. It was February 1949 but it wasn't an international and it wasn't at RFU headquarters. It was, though, a record-breaking crowd for Gloucester v Cardiff at Kingsholm and a reminder that whenever and wherever the two clubs meet it is always a memorable occasion.

Certainly, fifty years ago, hardly a season went by without a match of great Anglo-Welsh significance at Kingsholm.

Crowds would flock in to see England and Wales play at schoolboy level, for early war matches in aid of the Red Cross and then, in 1945, the Services internationals. With the games and the crowds came some of the greatest players of their generation.

In many respects, Gloucester was the centre of English representative rugby throughout World War 2. As many as 40,000 spectators had seen England beat Wales in the first of the Red Cross matches in Cardiff in March 1940. Not surprisingly, the return game at Kingsholm a month later was equally popular. The likes of Cranmer, Guest, Tommy Kemp, and Gloucester's own Francis Edwards adorned the

England team while Wilfred Wooller captained a Welsh XV that included Cardiff clubmates Les Manfield and WEN Davies and a certain Jack Matthews of Bridgend. Cardiff even provided the Welsh touch judge in Arthur Cornish, who served both club and country as player and administrator in a celebrated career.

Apart from the crisis year of 1941, the two countries continued to lock horns at Kingsholm throughout the war. By 1945 Wales were more successful and in the final game that April the Cardiff contingent was larger than ever.

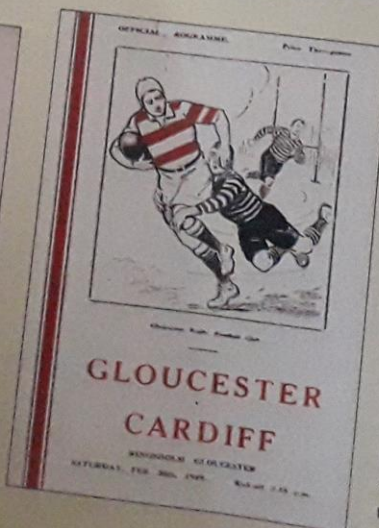
Haydn Tanner was still attached to the Swansea club at that time but Frank Trott, Stan Bowes, Bill Tamplin and Eddie Watkins carried the Blue and Black flag. Strictly speaking, Eddie Watkins was no longer 'Cardiff' for he had joined Wigan in 1939.

Not the least of the many merits of wartime rugby was its dispensation to allow league players back into the union fold. So the good folk of Gloucester could not only see a mighty forward like Eddie, who had withdrawn after selection for the 1938 Lions tour to South Africa, but also league greats such as Gus Risman and Alan Edwards.

Also at Kingsholm in the closing months of the war was Flying Officer B L Williams. This seemed entirely appropriate for it was on the same pitch exactly eight years before that young Bleddyn had first played in the red jersey - at full-back for Welsh Schools.

He had obviously made a big impression in the centre in the final trial of 1937 as he put over his wing for a few tries but, selectors being selectors, the future Prince of Centres found himself at full-back for just about the only time in his life. Luckily, he will tell you, his full-back duties that day were limited as Wales won 29-0.

The end of the war saw England v Wales become Gloucester v Cardiff again, as it had been, home and away, ever since 1882. The names and the jerseys changed but the Welsh faces, at least, remained much the same throughout the 1940s. When the record crowd filled Kingsholm on February 26, 1949, Frank Trott, Williams, Matthews, Cleaver, Bowes and Tamplin were still there, joined now by promising youngsters such as Sid Judd and John Nelson, and the rock-hard flanker Gwyn Evans. And, behind them, Haydn Tanner had now joined Cardiff.



Bleddyn Williams started his illustrious international career - as a schoolboy full-back - at Gloucester in 1937 while a capacity Kingsholm crowd of 15,000 in 1949 heard 'The Land of My Fathers' played and sung



# WAS SUNG AT KINGSHOLM

For their part, Gloucester were not to be outdone. A late inclusion in their XV that day at fly-half was Willie Jones who, it was reported, "stepped into the breach and took the place of W Burrows, whose wife was in hospital."

Willie was another wartime international who had gone from his native Carmarthen, via Llanelli and Neath, to a grateful Gloucester for whom he once dropped 17 goals in a season and where he was to run a popular pub for many years. The archetypal Welsh playmaker - and not a bad county cricketer for Glamorgan either - troubled Cardiff with huge touchfinders and darting breaks.

But Cardiff were to win that day and continue what was to become a 14-match winning streak against Gloucester. And every win was a feather in the club's cap. The war years have thankfully gone and any year now peace might break out in British club rugby. Then, today's resumption of fixtures will be seen as a landmark in the restoration of a long and valued tradition.

For when the Blue and Blacks take on the Cherry and Whites it really is a case of Wales v England.



Gloucester's proud cathedral provided a fitting backdrop for the programme cover for a wartime international in aid of the Red Cross



Spot the Welsh stars - union and league - as they prepare for battle at Kingsholm in 1940

DOWN MEMORY LANE



CARDIFF





STEVE JONES, the influential Chief Rugby  
Writer of The Sunday Times

## JUST REWARD FOR SIMS

To follow the doomed English rugby tour of the Southern Hemisphere last summer was to catch a glimpse of some kind of sporting hell.

As the tour approached, England's leading players were shattered, many had been carrying serious injuries during the season.

Top players withdrew from the tour in droves, there were heavy defeats all round, especially in some dire midweek performances against New Zealand Academy and the New Zealand Maoris, although in the four Test matches, one against Australia, two against New Zealand and a final one against South Africa - and what a ludicrous monument in fixture planning that was - England did battle well.

In fact, what stood between the tour and complete annihilation was not the promise of the young players, nor the experience of established test men, but the hardness, rugby knowledge and bloody-mindedness of a close-knit group of Gloucester forwards - Dave Sims, Rob Fidler, Tony Windo, Phil Vickery, Phil Greening and Steve Ojomoh. It was the Gloucester pride of these men that kept the tour moving.

It was a tremendous achievement.

Sims, of course, has kept up that standard for years. Other, more illustrious, players have come and gone on the national scene. Sims has, week in and week out, been the lock forward of the whole era in England, and probably British rugby.

He has been a line-out champion but also a splendid footballing forward, making charging runs, making tackles and handling with the dexterity of a back. If you had watched him inspiring Gloucester through all the years, suffered with him as he won his 20th England A cap without achieving the pinnacle of a full cap, then you would have seen him, as I always did, as the unluckiest player in England.

However, if the good news from the summer tour was little and infrequent, then there was something to make it all worthwhile.

Sims, typically, had shown up well in the early matches on tour, won a place on the bench for the first of the Tests against New Zealand at Carisbrook, Dunedin.

I must confess that his supporters, both in the press box and outside, prayed that Clive Woodward would find occasion to send him on.

And, in the final quarter, as beleaguered England were tiring, Sims went on and became an England international rugby player.

Typically, there were no histrionics. He ran on and scrummed down and got on with it. Inside, he must have been completely overjoyed - and all the locks who had played against him, not to mention his family and supporters at home in Gloucester, would have felt the same.

Myself? As Sims ran on I knew that after all there had been a sporting god. It was my own highlight of the trip.

There was more to come. For the next two matches, our hero made the starting line-up; and if anyone thought that to be out there on successive Saturdays in Auckland and Cape Town would find him out, they were wrong. He played superbly alongside Rob Fidler against the All Blacks and then the Springboks, sewing up his line-out ball, making a complete nuisance of himself and walking off with his head held high.

This season has not all been plain sailing because Gloucester have become maddeningly inconsistent, able to beat the best in the Premiership one week and then fumbling to defeat the next.

Frustrating for Dave Sims, but at least when distance lends enchantment in later years, he will conclude that not only did he stand alongside the great players for so long but, at last, he won the caps to prove it.

