



GLOUCESTER RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

FOUNDED 1873

PRESIDENT

CANON H. M. HUGHES, B.A.

GLOUCESTER v BROUGHTON PARK

Saturday, 20th November, 1982

Kingsholm, Gloucester

Kick-off 3.00 p.m.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME 15p

040

- RUGBY BOOTS • JERSEYS AND SHORTS • BALLS • CLUB DISCOUNTS
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• Personal attention always available at:

ALAN BRINN SPORTS

54 Barton Street, Gloucester

Telephone 33722

GLOUCESTER

Cherry & White

	Full Back
15.	G. Thomas
	Three Quarters
*	14. P. Pritchard
*	13. P. Taylor
	12. C. Dyke
*	11. N. Price
	Half Backs
*	10. D. Pointon
	9. W. Hall
	Forwards
*§	1. M. Preedy
*†	2. Mills (Capt.)
*	3. R. Pascall
*§	4. S. Boyle
*	5. J. Orwin
§	6. J. Gadd
*	7. P. Wood
§	8. M. Teague

REPLACEMENTS

G. Manns
S. Parsloe *

BROUGHTON PARK

	Full Back
*†	15. K. O'Brien
	Three Quarters
	14. S. Reid
	13. A. Richardson
	12. A. Mousdale
*	11. B. Heath
	Half Backs
	10. A. Rimmer
*	9. S. Hartley
	Forwards
*	1. S. Harris
	2. G. Jones
*	3. J. O'Hara
*	4. S. Bull
*	5. K. Wilson
*	6. J. Wilde
	7. J. Ingram
*	8. P. Lavin

REPLACEMENTS

D. Taylor
D. Levine

Referee: R. B. KAY (Yorkshire Society)

† International

§ Under 23 International

* County



NORMAN P. PARTRIDGE

(INSURANCE BROKERS LTD.)

2 CLARENCE STREET, GLOUCESTER

Telephone 32088 and 34920

Down from Manchester

It's always good to see staunch old friends, especially when we only get to entertain them every two years, and Broughton Park certainly come into that category.

It certainly seems to be our week for Lancashire teams, with a hardy core of Kingsholm regulars having made the trek to Vale of Lune for the County match last Saturday. Broughton Park, of course, come from Manchester — Chorlton to be precise — and, just in case you thought that Rugby Union was a fairly recent innovation in this particular city, today's visiting club was founded precisely one hundred years ago this year.

Not that we're going to let any thoughts of centenaries make any difference to today's game. It's some while since the Park won at Kingsholm, although I do remember them beating us early in the season, a few years ago, on their own pitch.

The last time Broughton Park ventured down yer, for the first match of the season, they went home on the wrong end of a 26-19 score sheet. The game was quite fast and furious, as I remember it, and no one could fault them for their enterprise and effort.

I don't suppose things have changed very much in that respect. Any side which could supply players to Bill Beaumont's all-conquering Lancashire side (we're still smarting about Kevin O'Brien's tries at Vale of Lune a year or two ago) has to be reckoned with.

So, it's nice to see you, Park. Hope you have a very enjoyable day.

Getting into the Club

We all know that, except on very big match days, it's customary for Members to wander into the Clubhouse for a drink, before and after the game, without showing Membership cards, but we should really remind you that you have to have a valid membership of the Social Club — which means this year's ticket — if you are to comply with the Law when you do so.

The fact that, as a Member, the membership card doesn't cost you anything, is beside the point. If you ain't got a card, then, strictly speaking, you don't get a drink.

All you have to do is ask in the Club — and it could save you some hassle later in the season.

Incidentally, it's worth specifying the opening hours. On match Saturdays the bar is open from 1.15 to 2.30, or half an hour before scheduled kick off, which is usually the same thing — but not always.

As you know, on those days, the bar reopens immediately after the game, but on 'ordinary' Saturdays, you can get a drink from 7.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m., the same opening hours as Friday, incidentally.

During the week (Monday to Thursday) the bar is open from 7.00 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., and on Sundays from 12.00 noon to 2.00 p.m. Of course, when there is a mid-week match, the bar opens earlier.

Why not use the club as a local, occasionally? It's cheaper than your average pub, these days, and you can always find somebody to talk rugby with.

Which can't be bad.

Good as my word

You may remember that in the Exeter University programme, I confessed that I hadn't paid for my Patron's card yet, and that I intended to rectify the omission that evening. Well — so I did.

So, if a poor impecunious scribe like me can pay up, so can you. Most Patrons have paid by now, actually, but the club would be greatly obliged if those gentlemen who haven't got around to it yet, could see their way clear, as they say, to doing so.

Thanks, chaps!

Well played the County!

At last, at the third time of asking, Gloucestershire beat Lancashire at Vale of Lune last Saturday. This is worth noting because no other County has ever achieved that feat, before.

The result reflects great credit on the lads, because the team has not been completely settled all season, what with injuries, Phil Blakeway's retirement, and sundry other mishaps.

So where does that leave us now? First of all, it leaves us playing Surrey at Bristol, next Saturday in the first semi-final. I know that Bristol has already staged a County game this season, but they do point out that Kingsholm had the last 'Semi' and the Final to be played in Gloucestershire.

If we surmount that hurdle, an interesting situation could arise. The other Semi Final will be between Middlesex and Yorkshire, and the way the Tykes have been getting better and better this year, our money would have to be on Yorkshire for the Final.

This could well mean that Gloucestershire would have to play them for the second time, and as the first encounter was on their patch, it seems logical that we get a home draw this time.

At Kingsholm, one would hope. If only because we can accommodate more supporters than any other ground in the County, and one does have to think of the financial aspect, as well as the interests of the generous Sponsors, who have every right to expect as big a crowd as possible.

Time will tell. After all it just could be a Surrey v. Middlesex Final. I keep telling myself.

Congratulations John Gadd

Nice to see John Gadd selected for the Stanley's XV against Oxford University. It's a great pity it had to clash with the away trip to Llanelli, but the annual Stanley's game is such a prestigious affair, attended by all sorts of selectors and other Highly Important Personages from the Rugby world, that John would have been slightly insane to have turned down the invitation. It must, after all, have marked another step in his seemingly inevitable progress towards an International cap.

It was also good to see Gordon Sargent called up for the same game, when Newport's Colin Smart dropped out. Quite like old times, for him.

. . . and the new boys

In the excitement over the Vale of Lune result, it's all too easy to forget that Gloucester were supplying players to three Counties last Saturday. Quite apart from our Gloucestershire contingent, we had Messrs. Pascall and Coyne in action as well, for Kent and Oxfordshire, respectively.

I have heard no news on how our ex-Bedford prop fared for Kent, but a very qualified observer tells me that our speedy RAF winger played what is colloquially known as a blinder, for Oxfordshire. He scored two tries, one of which was virtually a solo effort.

It all looks very good for the future.

Welcome

The aforementioned 'very qualified source' was in fact an Air Commodore, fairly newly arrived at Innsworth. I was introduced to him on Remembrance Sunday, of all times, and he turns out to be something of a big wheel, having just become a member of Twickenham's referee panel. He tells me that it's his intention to be a frequent visitor to Kingsholm, and we'll be very glad to see him.

His name is Jim Mason, and when last seen was conducting a simultaneous three-way conversation with Norman Partridge (ex-Bristol) and Alistair McHaffie (ex-Plymouth Albion and Devonshire). No prizes for guessing the subject of the conversation.

Tailpiece

I have been known to say Harsh Things about the Press, on occasion, but never, never the 'Sunday Times'.

I'm told that in some editions last Sunday, they got their scorelines mixed so that it looked as if Middlesex had beaten Gloucestershire, and Lancashire had beaten Surrey.

Gad, Sir! And I can't even blame Nigel Starmer Smith, this time!

PETER ARNOLD.