



GLOUCESTER RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

FOUNDED 1873

PRESIDENT

CANON H. M. HUGHES, B.A.

GLOUCESTER v. PLYMOUTH

Saturday, 24th December, 1983

Kingsholm, Gloucester

Kick-off 2.00 p.m.

The Winner of today's
Official
Programme 627
Draw will
receive £5 from

Tyre Sales
Tyre Sales (B'ham) Ltd
KINGSHOLM RD

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME 20p

- 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.	T. Smith
	Three Quarters
14.	D. Morgan
13.	C. O'Donoghue
* 12.	P. Taylor
* 11.	N. Price

	Half Backs
10.	M. Hamlin
9.	R. Wilmott

	Forwards
*§ 1.	M. Preedy
*† 2.	S. Mills
	3. R. Phillips
*† 4.	S. Boyle
*† 5.	J. Fidler
* 6.	P. Wood
	7. M. Longstaff
*§ 8.	M. Teague

REPLACEMENTS

C. Dyke
K. White

PLYMOUTH

	Full Back
* 15.	K. Turton
	Three Quarters
* 14.	M. Newton
13.	S. Parford
* 12.	B. Hain (Capt.)
11.	P. Marsh

	Half Backs
* 10.	C. Gabbittas
* 9.	K. Cornwall

	Forwards
* 1.	C. Hocking
* 2.	D. Fuge
* 3.	B. Steer
	4. T. Lee
	5. I. Russell
* 6.	A. Robson
* 7.	K. Norris
	8. M. Pinnergar

REPLACEMENTS

N. Leonard
K. Wakeham

Referee: B. PROCTOR (Oxfordshire Society)

† International

§ Under 23 International

* County



NORMAN P. PARTRIDGE
(INSURANCE BROKERS LTD.)

2 CLARENCE STREET, GLOUCESTER

Telephone 32088 and 34920

'Twas the day before Christmas . . .

. . . and all through the Ground
From Worcester Street end, to the old Dean's Walk Mound,
Supporters were massing, for PLYMOUTH were here,
With very good reason — remember last year?

They beat us in Devon by six points to three,
Which quite chewed the baubles from our Christmas tree.
It had quite an effect on the old Merit Table,
And partly explains why Glos. isn't able

To take up a place in this year's JPC,
Which has probably taught us a lesson or three.
Still — they're all very welcome, old friends always are,
And we specially hope they enjoy our new bar

And that kicking the game off as early as two,
gives them time, before leaving, to sample a few.
(Perhaps we'll forget, at this Time of Goodwill,
that, the previous year, we won 58-nil).

God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen,

Let nothing you dismay,
Remember we have LYDNEY here, at home, on Boxing Day,
As Berry Hill will tell you, they are always fun to play,
Oh! Tidings of Howell and of Price, Colyn Price,
Oh! Tidings of Howell and Colyn Price.

And then on Jan, the Second we have MOSELEY here as well,
And that's a New Year cracker, as anyone will tell,
Supporters will be needed, so just come along and yell,
Oh! Tidings of Twickers in the Cup, JPC Cup,
Oh! Tidings of Twickers in the Cup.

"Bah! Humbug!"

. . . snarled Scrooge, as he hurled Terry O'Connor under a lorry-load of holly, coming down Worcester Street, "Trying to get into the Bar without a Social Club Membership Card! Don't care if it is Christmas — you gotta have a card! Now, what do you want?"

The newcomer was a large, white-bearded man, wearing a red cloak and hat. Scrooge noted that he hadn't deleted the manufacturer's name from his boots. "With the visitors are you?"

"Not exactly," said the stranger, "although I did turn out as replacement for the North Pole team, against Blackheath. They dropped the fixture that year. Said Leicester was easier."

"That won't get you into the new complex!" observed Scrooge.

"That's OK," said the visitor, "I only dropped in to see if you have any late Christmas presents. Life-sized inflatable John Fidler. Clockwork Action Man Richard Mogg — that sort of thing."

"Christmas!" grunted Scrooge, "Humbug!"

The stranger thoughtfully wedged Scrooge's head under the door of the Gents, and jumped up and down on his stomach for a while, "That's no way," he commented, "To greet the Season of Goodwill to all men, even if they are Welsh."

"Seeing as you put it like that," said Scrooge, "Well, we haven't got many ties left, but we are hoping the new Patrons Ties will be in today, so it's worth enquiring, if anyone would like one."

"That's more like it" beamed the visitor, "Now, what about a nice trip somewhere?"

Scrooge smiled happily. "Now you're talking!" he grinned, "We have a coach going to Bridgend next Saturday. Leave here about 11.30, time for a jar, watch the game, another noggin or two, and leave Bridgend at 6.30 prompt so as to get back for the usual New Year's Eve goings on. £3.50 a head."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed the stranger, "Put me down for seven!"

"Seven?" gasped Scrooge.

"Yes!" beamed the visitor, "Me and six reindeer!"

("God Bless us!" said Tiny Tandy. "God Bless us every one!")

We wish you a Merry Christmas!

Specifically, the Lads wish you all the best for Christmas and the New Year, through the cheerful medium of Gordon Sargent, who, it appears has no intention of dying his beard white, as a gesture of goodwill to opposing prop forwards.

"I'll leave it to you, Peter," he said "Say what you like, but we would like to thank all the supporters for the backing they've given us this season. It's worth a good few yards, when you're going forward and the old Kingsholm roar starts."

"We've got some hard games coming up, and the crowd can do a lot to help. We shall be looking to them especially on January 14th when we have Leicester. I reckon we can beat them at Kingsholm!"

And that's a New Year gift, if you like.

Not Guilty!

Honest — it wasn't me. More's the pity.

The winner of the luxury trip for two to Twickenham for the England and Wales game was a Mr. P. Arnold from Culver Street, Newent. As far as I know, he's no relation to your poor, simple scribe, although there was a time when my father owned a bicycle.

However, if Mr. Arnold likes to introduce himself to me, in the Bar, sometime, I'll be glad to cement the coincidence with the odd pint. In exchange for the other ticket, of course.

There's another nice coincidence in the winner of the second prize, which was an excellent dinner for two. He was one Mr. John Greedy. Which I'm sure he isn't, but we hope he, and his wife/girl friend/tax inspector, enjoy their nosh immoderately.

No complications about the third prize, won by Mrs. McRay. It was a transistor radio, and we hope it gives her years of service.

Our best wishes, not to mention envy, also go to the other 28 winners, and our thanks to John Bick for organising it all.

Christmas Tailpiece

As is my custom, here's my own list of special Christmas Greetings for which I take full responsibility:

To JOHN FIDLER, for proving to all of us who may have thought that we are too old for rugby, beer, sex or anything else, that All may not be Lost.

To the BRISTOL side, for narrowly succeeding, last Saturday, where Gloucester were unlucky to fail a couple of weeks ago.

To the ANONYMOUS SUPPORTER, who shouted, during the Bath game, "Well done, Horton. We'll name a railway crossing after you!"

To the ARCHITECT of the new complex, or whoever it was who had the bright idea to mount old honours boards on the ceiling of the Players' Bar. It's nice to have something to read when you fall over at about 10.00 p.m.

To PETER WEST, who, after a lifetime of supporting Home Counties rugby, has moved to Duntisbourne Abbots, and joined Gloucester. It must be rather like the shandy drinker, who, rather late in the day, discovers Real Ale.

And finally, to EVERYONE who has been kind enough to make comments about these notes, over the past few months, be they complimentary or critical.

It's nice to be noticed, and there's really only one appropriate wish to convey—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS!

PETER ARNOLD.