

GLOUCESTER V. LYDNEY

FRIDAY
26th DECEMBER, 1986
Kick-off 3 p.m.



FOUNDED 1873

GLOUCESTER RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

Kingsholm

PRESIDENT:
CANON H. M. HUGHES B.A.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME 20p

The Winner of today's
Official Programme
Draw will receive
£5 from
Tyre Sales
Tyre Sales (B'ham) Ltd.
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GLOUCESTER

(Cherry & White)

Full Back

15. T. Smith

Three Quarters

14. D. Morgan

13. C. Dyke

12. M. Smith

11. J. Breeze

Half Backs

10. M. Hamlin (Capt.)

9. L. Gardner

Forwards

† 1. G. Sargent

2. G. Mann

3. R. Phillips

4. N. Scrivens

5. P. Wallace

6. B. Fowke

7. P. Ashmead

8. L. Cummins

REPLACEMENTS

B. Fenley

K. Dunn

LYDNEY

(Black & White)

Full Back

15. S. James

Three Quarters

14. M. Howells (Capt.)

13. C. Jenkins

12. S. Morris

11. M. Fennell

Half Backs

10. R. Green

9. J. Davis

Forwards

1. A. Brookes

2. L. Weaver

3. P. Macey

4. A. Curtis

5. J. Weech

6. K. Davis

7. A. Kay

8. A. Knox

REPLACEMENTS

Referee: A. SAVAGE (N. Mids Society)

† International

Good luck to one special team from another!



Richard Cound

BMW in Gloucestershire

Boxing Clever

Many of us remember the days when Old Merchant Taylors were the traditional fare on Boxing Day, but when the Londoners decided that a visit to Gloucester on top of all that Christmas pud was just too much of a good thing, our choice of Lydney to replace them could hardly have been bettered. Not much travelling involved, Nothing much to play for except pride and enjoyment. The *frisson* of a local derby.

But not just a happy seasonal romp, for all that. You only have to go back three years since the visitors won, quite comfortably, 15-7 on this day of the year, and the pressures of the Christmas calendar, together with players' family commitments often conspire to produce some fairly eccentric sides on this occasion.

Who cares? The whole idea is to watch an enjoyable game of rugby, using the opportunity to open the pipes again after the closeted atmosphere of over-indulgence in which we all exist during the previous 36 hours or so.

While on the subject of Lydney, it was interesting to see that Gloucester Old Boys ran them perilously close in the County Cup, a couple of weeks ago, though weakened by injury. That's no disrespect to Lydney; rather an accolade to one of the better sides in local rugby, and when doughty Cup fighters like the Severnsiders get a scare like that, it bodes well for the local game in general.

Mind you, if Gloucester lose today — as they could well do, for reasons aforementioned— Old Boys Secretary Norman Partridge will become positively unbearable, and be beating on Peter Ford's door for a fixture against Gloucester. If he's sober yet, that is (Norman not Peter).

It's always good to see Lydney at Kingsholm, as much a part of the holiday season as the goal posts, we all hope they continue to have a good Christmas, helped in no small measure by the hospitality in the Clubhouse.

That Leicester Match . . .

The controversy about Leicester's 'de-meritising' (dreadful word), of their game here on Divisional Championship day rumbles on. Perhaps a brief explanatory word is in order.

The first thing to realise is that the Tigers were perfectly within their rights. They did no more than the rules allow them to do, so it wasn't, as I had thought, a matter of someone 'moving the goalposts' in the middle of the season.

However, I am told that there was an understanding between the clubs involved in the Merit Table 'A' that no one would take the action which Bath, and of course, Leicester did. Terry Tandy refers to it as a 'Gentleman's Agreement'.

Bearing in mind that Harlequins, Bristol and London Scottish have also suffered from the same syndrome, I'll leave you to make up your own mind about that. It seems to me that it's another proof of the old saying that a verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on.

And Talking of Leiceser . . .

Obviously, there's always going to be an argument about that Leicester game. 'Tigers' supporters will maintain that we wouldn't have run all over them if they had had a full side out. Kingsholm devotees are going to say — like I do — that the way the lads played that day, they would have beaten anybody, including a full strength Leicester side.

For once, however, you may have a chance to resolve the disagreement. Andy Mitchell tells me that he has arranged to run one of his famous coaches to the away game at Leicester on January 10th.

As usual with Andy's forays, it sounds like a good deal. The fare will be a mere £3.00, and the coach leaves Kingsholm at 10.15 am. The news is 'hot off the presses', so no further arrangements have been made so far. It may be a 'play by ear' job, and probably none the worse for that.

However, Andy never has trouble filling his coaches, so if you're interested, it would be as well to collar him in the Clubhouse this afternoon.

Greetings from Bill

Everyone knows Bill Boucher. Everyone in local rugby, that is. Goal kicker, scrum half, Captain and long-serving Chairman of Gloucester Old Boys, well-known referee, and a man with a turn of phrase which could either charm birds out of trees, or blister the paintwork, as the occasion demanded.

As many people know, Bill's had a problem with his throat for some time, and this has recently culminated in a very serious operation at Gloucestershire Royal Hospital. If I were to say 'Jack Hawkins' to you, you would probably get the idea.

You don't keep Bill Boucher down easily, however, and I'm told he is doing well after the operation. Nevertheless, the sheer volume of good wishes he has received in hospital has overwhelmed even that effervescent character. He's had flowers, gifts, messages galore, from all over the local rugby scene.

Obviously, it will be some time before Bill can begin to reply to all his correspondence, so in a typical Boucher ploy, he has asked me to send his thanks to the medium of the Kingsholm programme. The Boxing Day match against Lydney tends to be a local affair, in terms of support as well as players, so it seemed appropriate to accede to Bill's request today. It's also nice to do it so shortly after Gloucester Old Boys and Lydney had met in a hard-fought match in the County Cup.

So, please regard this short piece as 'Thanks' and 'Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year' from Bill Boucher.

And the same to you, mate. From all of us.

West Hartlepool

Although I still don't have full details about the timing of the special train to West Hartlepool for the John Player on January 24th, I do now have a bit more information about the ground itself.

Apparently, it now has just about the best facilities in the North. There is stacks of covered accommodation, and I'm told the Clubhouse is positively 'uge.

It's good to hear that. Quite often, some of us are put off from travelling to some of the less highly-rated clubs for fear of watching the game from a tin shack, and drinking beer in a tent with rain dripping into you ear'ole. Well — they tell me it's not at all like that at West Hartlepool.

So if that sort of consideration had been deterring you from investing £12 in the trip—don't let it. The train won't run unless it is filled by a given deadline, and the lads can do with all the support they can get.

Wonder how the West Hartlepool boys have regarded the Bath and Leicester results?

And while I'm on the subject, best wishes to Lydney for their visit from Nottingham on the same day. It would be great if both sides went through to the next round.

Even if it did result in a local derby (Ouch!).

See You Tomorrow!

You won't forget, of course, that we are entertaining Newport here, tomorrow. After that, if you would like a run out on New Year's Day to disperse the New Year's Eve hangover, then there's a very attractive prospect in store at Moseley on that day. And that's a John Smith's Merit Table match, when the boys could certainly use your support.

Failing that, London Scottish falls into the same category on January 3rd, and you'll recall that we do have a point or two to prove, following last season's John Player debacle.

Tailpiece

The worst bad-luck story I've heard this Christmas came as a result of my little sermon about drink-driving, last Saturday. One supporter of my acquaintance got done on that account recently, only to receive a slightly thought-provoking comment from the policemen concerned.

"Hard luck, mate. If you hadn't got out of your van we wouldn't have nicked you. We only wanted you to move it!"

There *must* be a moral there, somewhere. If it's only that you can lose your licence even when parked.

Carry on, carrying on for Christmas.

PETER ARNOLD.

Front Cover Cathedral Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Gloucester City Council.