



**Pontypridd
Rugby
Football
Club**

SARDIS ROAD

PREMIER
DIVISION

**PROGRAMME
40p**

Pontypridd
VERSUS
Gloucester

Sat. 15th September
1990
Match Sponsor,
The New Inn
Restaurant, Pontypridd.
Kick-Off 3,00pm

Pontypridd

15	JONATHAN MASON	FULL BACK
14	DARRELL HUGHES	RIGHT WING
13	STEELE LEWIS (Capt.)	RIGHT CENTRE
12	CERI JONES	LEFT CENTRE
11	MATTHEW McCLUNEY	LEFT WING
10	ANDY PHILLIPS	OUTSIDE HALF
9	ROBERT DAVIES	SCRUM HALF
1	NIGEL BEZANI	PROP
2	PHIL JOHN	HOOKER
3	A.N. OTHER	PROP
4	JIM SCARLETT	LOCK
5	DAVID PHELPS	LOCK
6	MARTIN ROWLANDS	FLANKER
7	DAVID HOPKINS	FLANKER
8	CHRIS JARMAN	No. 8

Replacements

K. Lee, J. Jackson,
N. Sanders,

Gloucester

TIM SMITH	15
DEREK MORGAN	14
DAMIAN CUMMINS	13
DON CASKIE	12
NICK MARMENT	11
MIKE HAMLIN (Capt.)	10
MARCUS HANNAFORD	9
PETE JONES	1
KEVIN DUNN	2
RICHARD PASCALL	3
DAVE SIMMS	4
JOHN BRAIN	5
MIKE TEAGUE	6
IAN SMITH	7
BARRY CLARK	8

Replacements

REFEREE:

Mr. G. GADJOVICH (Canada)

Match Sponsor: The New Inn Restaurant, Pontypridd.

The Match Ball is sponsored by Don Downes.

RIZLA  *the natural choice*

THEY TRAVEL FROM NEAR AND FAR

It is customary in these programme notes to begin with a welcoming message directed at our guests. Well, today we have one visitor who has crossed an ocean to be with us, and another group of visitors who have crossed a bridge.

Our referee for today's game is Mr. George Gadjovich, an industrial real estate agent from Canada. A respected young talent in the Canadian ranks, George began refereeing in 1980 after 5 years as a player, and has been a member of the C.R.U. panel for seven years. Ceri Jones will already have had an opportunity to see him in action, as he refereed Wales "B" against the Nova Scotia President's XV during the 1989 tour. We hope that everyone will give George a special Sardis Road greeting today, and we wish him well for the rest of his visit.

The other visitors, of course, are our friends from Gloucester R.F.C. Formed in 1873, just three years before another equally illustrious club, Gloucester are one of the truly great clubs of English rugby. They play hard and clean, with give and take, and no moans afterwards. Would that all clubs approached the game with the same attitude.

Last season they reached the final of the R.F.U. Pilkington Cup at Twickenham, losing to another club from "over the Bridge" whose name I always have difficulty in recalling. They also led the league for some time, and eventually finished in 2nd place. Although it must have been bitterly disappointing to come so close in

the two competitions, it still added up to an extremely successful season.

When we played at Kingsholm last season, a member of the Gloucester committee spoke with justifiable pride about the way in which they cultivate their own players. Almost all of their team are "home grown", developed through their youth and other XVs. Many live within a short distance of the club itself. They believe that this is the only policy that will bring success, rather than the route taken by other clubs of seeking ready-made talent. The other travellers, who wander around rugby looking for the "best deal", are not the answer to long term, consistent achievement.

Next week we go west, to sospanland, for the first league match of the season. Despite all the strong feelings aroused after the cup match, let us treat the occasion with cool dignity. Let us show them what the game of rugby is all about. And most of all, let us beat them! That will be the best answer that we can give our critics.

We offer our thanks to our match sponsors, the New Inn Restaurant, and hope that Mr. David John and his guests have an enjoyable evening.

Thanks also to today's match ball sponsor: Mr. Don Downes.

Today's lucky programme prize is sponsored by Bown South Wales, and can be collected from Mr. Bill Davies after the match at the Supporters' Shop.

ALAN GRANFIELD

'BIG-HEADS' AND BIG HEADLINES!

Basking as I was in the warm glow that follows a good win by our team at Nottingham, if only by a single point, my complacency was rudely shattered by the 'Western Mail's' Monday morning headline 'Don't get Big Heads, Ponty!' Now ever since what I have considered to be a couple of seasons muckraking by Television and Press. I have been just a mite touchy and defensive when it comes to real or implied slurs against us, and I had visions of our winning side parading through the evening Nottingham streets, shaking fists and shouting slogans in the euphoria of victory. As it turned out, the warning was nothing more than an observation that this one-point-win could well have been lost if Nottingham had kicked a couple of goals and if we hadn't scored one or two of our tries and anyway it was early in the season etc, etc, etc., the usual and well-worn procedure of 'damning with faint praise'. I examined both my cranium and my conscience for signs of big-headedness. I questioned those who I knew had travelled looking for the fanatical gleam in the eye that betokens big-headedness and delusions of grandeur, only to hear quiet and reasoned accounts of a good, close game narrowly won by ourselves. In the end, I just put the headline down as a particularly uninspired one with the added spice that it rubbed off a bit on Ponty. Wearily, I knew it was no good looking for other headlines warning Newport not to be complacent or instructing Neath not to count their chickens before they were hatched after their narrow win against no less than today's opponents Gloucester. No, its just another case of bandwaggoning, and it behoves all us Pontypridd supporters to shrug it off just as we have done to every other innuendo.

THE FRIENDLY ENEMY

As for our well loved and respected opponents today, Gloucester, what a fright they gave Neath last week! And who should be surprised? Our visitors are a by-word for competitiveness, toughness, ruggedness, fairness, good fellowship, appreciation of opponents, and just about every other quality that makes rugby worth the playing. That is not to say that I have not had the occasional disagreement with supporters of the cherry-and-white. There have been the odd occasions when, in the heat of the battle, our opinions have sharply diverged. At Kingsholm, standing on the popular bank (which I always prefer) I have been accused of such enormities as leek-eating, sheep-stealing, and off key hymn-singing twenty-four hours a day, while I have retorted with grotesque parodies of what we Welsh fondly imagine to be West Country accents singing ribald songs in praise of the aphrodisiac qualities of scrumpy and its effect upon the Gloucester

hordes. And yet, all the time, everyone seems to recognise that this is merely a game, a charade, a set of rules that we play-up to for tradition's sake, and that immediately after the final whistle the game will recede into the record books, among the statistics, and we will seek the friendliness and comradeship of the club house and its all-embracing beery comfort. There, old battles will be recalled without rancour - even the oldest battles, before the union of the two countries, when instead of sending our rugby players to pit their strength and wits against each other, the order of the day would be for bows and arrows and other murderous weapons of destruction. Thank God that these old enmities can be sublimated in the lovely, tough-yet delicate game of rugby, in the annual Gloucester v. Ponty encounter, we can still taste the essence of the old thrill of the battle without the mayheme and the bitter division of real warfare. Of all the trips to play our English friends, the trip to Gloucester is the one most heavily subscribed by our supporters, and it is significant that when the details of the supporters' bus times are read out over the public address system at Sardis Road the week before the trip, a laugh is always raised when the timings are announced. For this is the only trip where the Supporters' Club do not feel confident in announcing the time when the return journey will commence. In fact, the announcement always reads - "Bus to Kingsholm. Leave the Club house 1 p.m. Depart Gloucester - LATE!"

HEINEKEN HIATUS!

We hope you like our new Programme front cover, the product of the ability of Mr. Derek Lewis to point a camera at anything and come up with a masterpiece. We have quite a fund of reading material to throw at you, too, though we could always do with more, so if any of you have an urge to push a pen on anything related to the game or the Club don't hesitate to hand it over the bar addressed to the Programme Committee. One adverse piece of news I have to give you. In League match programmes, (and in League matches only) page 17 will, for this season, be taken up by the mandatory Heineken advertisement that is a necessary part of the Sponsorship Package. This means a page less of news and views for each of the nine home League games. We could have worked it all out differently if we had been aware of the requirements a little earlier, but as it is we shall have to try to make it up in some way. I don't know - smaller print? Hardly! But bear with us, if you would, until at the very latest next season.

R.T.

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