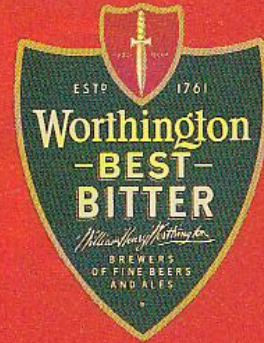




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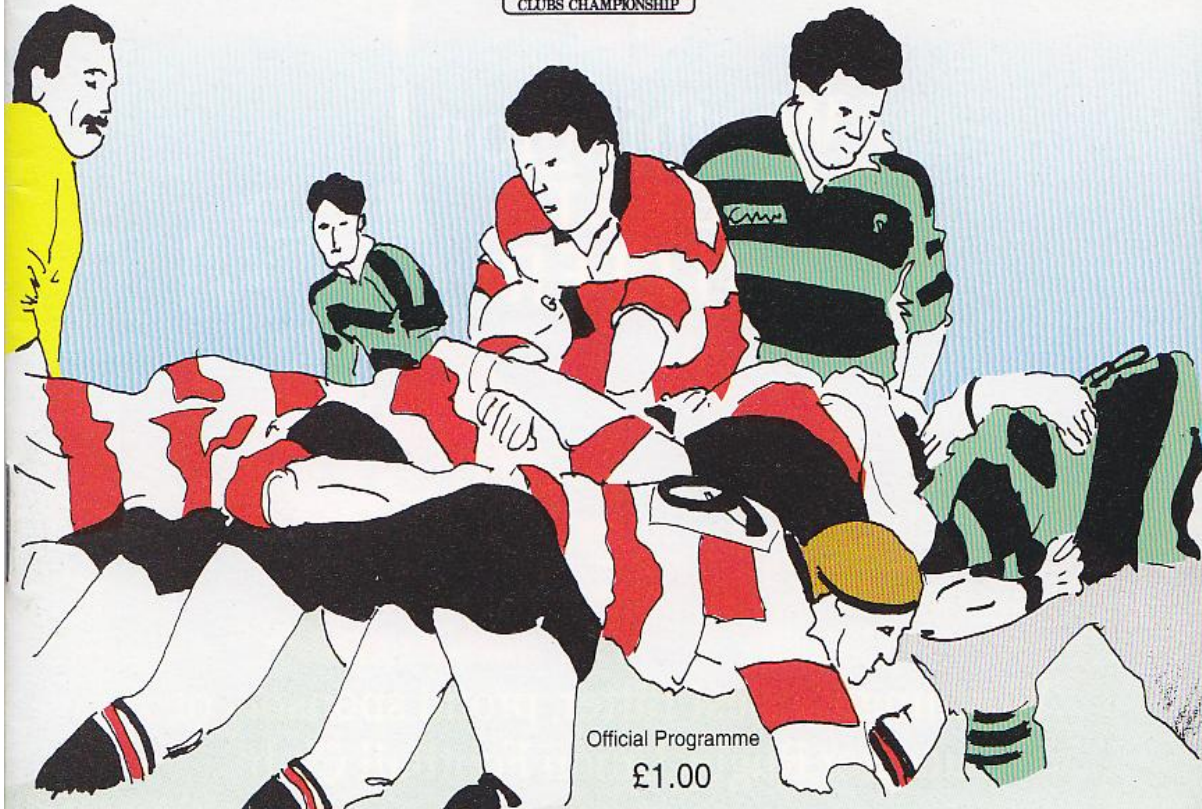
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NEWCASTLE GOSFORTH

SATURDAY JANUARY 15th, 1994



KICK OFF 2.15 pm



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2 5

1	5

1	PEN	5
	TRY	
0	H/T	9

15. Tim Smith
14. Paul Holford
13. Simon Morris
12. Don Caskie
11. Mark Nicholson

10. Ashley Johnson
9. Bruce Fenley

1. Tony Windo
2. John Hawker
3. Andy Deacon
4. Simon Devereux
5. Richard West
6. Bobby Fowke
7. Ian Smith †
8. Dave Sims

- Replacements
Damian Cummins
Dave Kearsey
Mark Nicholis

Referee: Roger Quittenon, RFU
TJudges: D. L. Thomas, RFU, K. T. Gemish, RFU

GLOUCESTER RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

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Cumulative Match Score

†Captain

NEWCASTLE GOSFORTH 9
(Black, Green & White Hoops) (3r)

T G Pts

1. P. Vanzandveleit
2. A. Hetherington
3. M. Fraser
4. J. Folwer
5. F. Mitchell
6. R. Arnold
7. M. Conry
8. G. Clarke

- Replacements:
R. Parker
M. Beattie
B. Chick

15 FT 9



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Peter Arnold

ISN'T THIS ALL A BIT FAMILIAR?

I don't know how much real validity there is in the concept of the bogey team. Certainly, it seems as though, sometimes, one side will get a sort of psychological stranglehold over another, and the victim simply can't win, regardless of form, league status, injury, home advantage or anything else. You may recall a period when London Scottish had that sort of 'hex' on Gloucester, and so did their ground sharers, Richmond for a while.

Then there were Gosforth. For a time, we could *not* seem to beat them, whatever the circumstances. Touch judges disagreed on penalty kicks, games we were confident of winning were frosted off; the Northern Gods were firmly against us.

That all came to an end in an epic Kingsholm encounter when we won in the old John Player Cup, and went on to win the competition. That was the game when Nigel Starmer-Smith (Old Boy of Barnwood C. of E. School), earned the undying anathema of Gloucester supporters with his never-to-be-forgotten "here's a real shock", remark. I suppose he'll live it down one day . . .

Nowadays, the heirs and assigns of that famous Gosforth side, stiff with names such as Uttley, Dixon and Madsen, appear to be doing their level best to achieve the same sort of psychological domination over Gloucester as their illustrious predecessors had. They knocked us out of the Cup last season, and this time round, the only point they have won in the League has been the one from the tied match against Gloucester up at Newcastle at the beginning of the season.

I won't go on to give you my own assessment of our very welcome visitors today. Keith Richardson is much better qualified to do that than I am, and has done us the honour of sharing his own reminiscences a little later on. I will point out, however, that Newcastle Gosforth

are staring down the gun barrel of relegation, and that nothing is more dangerous than a wounded quarry. There is also the thought that the wood is something we are not out of yet.

One way and another, there won't be any quarter asked or given today. We should be in for an enthralling game, and Gloucester may need to rediscover the momentum they had going before Christmas brought proceedings to a grinding halt. It is good, however, to see the Northerners here again. Rugby Union isn't so strong in their neck of the woods that we would not wish them all the luck in the world for the rest of the season (after today, I hasten to add), and we hope they find they can take the long trip home with fond memories of Gloucester hospitality.

BACK TO BASICS — 'K.R.' STYLE

I hope Peter Gould is here today. As the only man I ever saw getting a bunch of Kingsholm regulars to sing 'Blaydon Races' immediately after Northumberland had beaten Gloucestershire in the County Championship, he's the chap who would probably appreciate the ensuing piece most readily. It's by our 'other' resident Geordie, our distinguished coach, Keith Richardson, and he certainly seemed to have been in good form when he wrote it.

It seemed like a good idea at the time. As a player who learned his early lessons in the prop forward's art around Gosforth way, it was only obvious that he should be requested to contribute to today's programme. Apart from anything else, as regular readers of the Pink 'Un will know, he's a prop who is perfectly capable of writing in words of more than two syllables, so I was confident of receiving some highly entertaining words of wisdom.

Which was what I got. Keith writes in a scribbled note which accompanies his copy, "I can't say it has a lot of rugby in it", but there he's wrong. You won't find you know much more

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THE
SOCIETY
THAT
TRIES
HARDER



WISHES GLOUCESTER R.F.C ALL THE
BEST FOR THE 1992/1993 SEASON
AND WELCOMES ITS GUESTS
TO KINGSHOLM

Peter Arnold cont.

about either propping or coaching when you've read it, but the whole thing is simply redolent of rugby as she is played up North. Which isn't something we know a lot about down here.

Incidentally, if you need a translation for the alleged Rosborough joke, with which Keith concludes, ask Peter Gould. I do hope he's here today.

Forget 'Viz' with its Fat Slags, Biffa Bacon and Sid The Sexist. Newcastle Gosforth are a cut above that, at least the old Gosforth were in my formative years.

This is my favourite first division fixture, as it gives me the opportunity to get a free trip back to the land of Brown Ale at least once a year. I just hope that Newcastle Gosforth can stay up without doing a Keegan's Toon Army on us today, which pre-supposes that I believe that we will be in the first division next season. I've heard all about pride having a fall and, yes, I am aware that our record against today's visitors has not been too good recently.

I was a wet-behind-the-ears schoolboy in the North East at the same time as Newcastle Gosforth's director of rugby today, Mick Mahoney. So, without going into specific detail on exact years, I can honestly say that our rivalry goes back a long way.

In those schooldays I well remember a winger by the name of John Coker. He could not only leg it, but had one of the earliest Maori sidesteps and if neither pace nor power worked, he had a useful back-up, as he was no mean heavyweight boxer either; just ask John Bayliss!

The amazing fact about John (Coker, not Buffer) was the he missed his bout in the Olympics and was disqualified because there were no gloves big enough to fit him. It sounds just as well that John (Bayliss this time) did not carry out his threat to meet his then Harlequin opponent behind the stand after a match to compare stamp albums.

My real hero, though, was Ken Richardson. We were not, to my knowledge, related and he was a shining light in Northern rugby, being an out-and-out character. Ken was a prop who was occasionally a copper. I have no doubt that he regularly performed the yo-yo action in his professional promotions and demotions and in all probability ended up where he started: as a PC. And it is not really surprising as he frightened the life out of anybody he knew, goodies as well as

baddies.

Ken would think nothing of suggesting to a driver (always a Gosforth player, usually a winger) in Newcastle City Centre that he should get out of his car and kneel before the constable in full view of thousands of bemused shoppers. Rumour had it that anybody walking or driving through the town with his coat pulled well up and cap well down was a Gosforth player if Big Ken was on duty that day.

I do have more than a passing link with the visitors today. The best man at my wedding, Derek Patrick, played for them as did his two brothers, Harry and Brian. Their father, Benny, is an old friend and has not improved one bit with each passing year. He is not a creature of habit, but if you want to meet him go into The Ship at Benton, turn right into the lounge and he will be at the second domino table on the right-hand side.

Geordies have a worldwide reputation for hospitality. I have done my level best to redress the balance by never buying a drink, but I hope that Newcastle Gosforth manage to meet some of our supporters. They may not understand each other, but that's another matter. Which leads me neatly into a Peter Rosborough joke about Geordie at a very posh do. The lady of the household was carrying two trays, one of ham sandwiches and one of meringues. She went up to Geordie and asked "will you have a ham sandwich or a meringue", the reply was, "why no, you're not raung hinny, I'll hev a ham sandwich."

THREE FOR THE 'A's'

It's an ill wind . . . When an All Black boot rearranged de Glanville's features during the Divisional match against the Tourists, it was obviously very bad news for the Bath centre, but it turned out well for Paul Holford. The performance he turned on as a replacement was impressive enough to propel him into the Emerging England side which played here a few weeks later. Subsequently, he scored the crucial try in the Divisional Championship decider, and finds himself in the England 'A' training squad.

Similarly, that ill wind brought 'flu germs with it, resulting in Richard West also being hauled into the Emerging England team actually on the day of the match. He, too, scored a highly significant try, and also finds himself in the prestigious training squad.

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No such luck for Dave Sims, who has had to earn his well-deserved 'A' squad spot the hard way. He must be ruefully reflecting that the chance comes just as he has started making a real name for himself as a Number 8, rather than as a lock.

Of such ironies are International careers frequently born. Of course, the competition for the trio to progress further is very fierce indeed, but the experience can't do any of them anything but good. We sincerely congratulate them, and wish them all the luck in the world. They deserve it, and we shall be rooting for them all.

THANKS TO PETER

The news that Peter Ford has decided to call his reign as Club Chairman to a halt after eleven years wasn't entirely unexpected, but highly unwelcome nevertheless. One can't ignore doctor's advice in such a case, although I've no doubt at all that 'Fordy' was severely tempted to do so.

For all that decade and more, I've been in a position to observe, from the touchline as it were, the way Peter has handled one of the most demanding jobs in rugby, and the amount of sheer effort he has put into it. He's steered us through a period when the game has changed more than it did over the whole of the previous century and more, and when the development of the Club, and especially the Ground, has proceeded at a pace that would have frightened many a commercial concern to death.

Think about it. When Peter took over from

the late Gordon Hudson - a hard act to follow if ever there was one - the try was worth four points, touch judges weren't allowed to advise the referee, and a whole clutch of Laws which we now accept as standard weren't in place. Coaching in this country was in its comparative infancy and the World Cup was just a twinkle in someone's eye.

Gloucester had no real commercial management, no Sponsors and no hospitality boxes. Even the Complex wasn't complete. Peter Ford directed operations through all that, and more, and never seemed to be at a loss. He has the priceless, and not all that common, ability to make a decision and stick to it, however unpopular it may prove. He was always Gloucester's solid rock; a sure haven of stability, even when the world of rugby in general, and the affairs of the Club in particular, seemed sometimes to be mired in quicksand.

If ever a man personified Kipling's line about 'If you can meet with triumph and disaster, and treat those two imposters both the same, 'it's Peter Ford.

Musn't talk about him as if he were dead, however. It's good to know that his experience, expertise and business acumen will continue to be at Gloucester's service, a circumstance for which, I've no doubt, his 'caretaker' successor, Alan Brinn, is devoutly grateful.

More about that particular aspect as things develop. Meanwhile we'll all get behind Alan, and help in whatever way we can to make his new burden that much easier.

Cont on page 20

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Peter Arnold cont.

Best of luck, Alan! Couldn't happen to a nicer bloke!

CUP NEXT WEEK

We do see life, don't we? After that epic 14-man struggle against Northampton a few weeks ago, we get them in the Pilkington Cup. One way and another, it should be a great game.

It's a couple of seasons since we've had a Cup match at Kingsholm, so it's worth spelling out the situation. Just in case you've forgotten.

First and foremost, Pilkington Cup ties are 'all pay' affairs. The Club has no say in the matter; it's the rules of the Competition. The point is that the travelling opposition receive half of the gross takings, with the home side bearing the expenses of the match. Note that word 'gross'. It includes all takings on the day, including things like income from car parking.

Furthermore, before you start complaining about prices, they are recommended by the Pilkington Cup organisation, too, so wherever you go to see a game, you'll be paying the same. Said prices are: Ground, £5.00, with the usual concessions at £2.50. Temporary Stand, £7.50. Main Stand, £9.00 - if there are any left by the time you read this. All available tickets are on sale at the office right now, and any remaining will be sold from the office during the coming week.

Probably not worth taking a chance, however. If you haven't got yours yet, I should nip along now.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS BETTER

Remember the Sale game on November 27th? Probably not, so I'll remind you.

That was the day of the eargerly-awaited England v. New Zealand game at Twickenham. A relatively late decision had been made to start the Kingsholm match at 12 noon, which threw quite a lot of people out of their routine. Even the seduction of a large-screen showing of the International in the Clubhouse wasn't enough to attract all that many supporters along to see Sale. Just to add the gilt to the gingerbread, the weather was filthy.

Not that any of those considerations would have stopped you Richard Scrivens from fulfilling his engagement as Match Mascot for the day, and he, and his family had made the trek in from Caudle Close, Ruardean, specifically for that purpose.

Nevertheless, all things considered, the decision was made not to avail ourselves of his services. Why get the lad soaking wet for the edification of a very sparse crowd at what was, with all the respect in the world, a fairly minor occasion?

Obviously, however, we wouldn't want to disappoint young Richard, so he was promised that he could do the job on a more auspicious occasion. That day has now dawned, and Richard will be running out today at a League match, rather than a simple friendly.

In fact, I'm told, Richard Scrivens, who is ten

years old, didn't find the wait too much of a hardship, because he attends just about every Kingsholm match anyway. What's more, he is magnanimous enough to allow his Mum and Dad to accompany him. So we have a family affair.

Thanks for coming, Richard, and apologies for the long wait. We hope you thoroughly enjoy the experience.

LEICESTER NEXT TIME

As you will probably have picked up, our next League fixture is the away game at Leicester. Always a popular trip, that one, because apart from the quality of 'Tigers' rugby and the hospitality which is always a feature of the Leicester club, they also have one of the best-equipped grounds in the country, which - dare I say it - will make a nice change. Trevor Pritchard tells me that there will certainly be coaches going from Kingsholm, and perhaps you should drop into the office to get the full info, which will probably be available by now.

Over the years, Leicester have come to expect a good contingent from Gloucester, and we wouldn't want to disappoint them, would we? The lads would appreciate your support, too.

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

I had hoped to be able to tell you that our new lighting system will be installed in time for next week's Cup engagement. However, I can't quite do that, which doesn't mean that the job won't be finished by then, but just that, at the time of writing, the contractors can't guarantee anything, which is understandable, given the state of the British climate lately.

The point, of course, is that with lights we shall be able to revert to the traditional 3.00 pm kick-off. Without them - we won't. All I can suggest is that you watch the press for up to the minute information.

The thought occurs that, not so long ago, no Cup matches were played under lights so that teams without such facilities at home, weren't placed under any disadvantage by the unfamiliar conditions. Just another indication of how rapidly things have progressed.

However, Doug Wadley tells me that, when complete, we should have the latest, up-to-date, hi-tech, state-of-the-art system in the country. Which is as it should be.

TAILPIECE

I gather that our friend Katie Coker of the 'Citizen' can no longer claim to be the only female rugby reporter in the country. Apparently, a lady called Jackie Maitland is now doing the job for the Bath 'Evening Chronicle'.

Good luck to her, and we shall look forward to seeing her here. But I can't help reflecting that at Least Our Katie came to us from Stow-on-the-Wold. Bath imported their lady from New Zealand.

Ed Martin – IN PERSPECTIVE

ON THE occasion of the 301st appearance of Tim Smith for the Cherry and Whites, let us turn our attention back to the days when our full-back was eleven years younger and had just arrived at Kingsholm from Gordon League.

It was Thursday March 16, 1983, when the Citizen ran the headline "Smith on target in a perfect debut" above the match report for Gloucester's match against Abertillery at Kingsholm the previous night.

Apart from a 12-10 win against Northampton at Kingsholm on March 4 (is there any significance to this in January 1994?), Gloucester were in the doldrums, having won only one other match (Wasps at Sudbury) since getting the New Year off to a good start with a win against London Scottish.

In short, Abertillery was the 13th match of 1993, and up to that time, the new year had brought the three wins already mentioned, two draws (Moseley and Bath) and seven losses (including an exit from the John Player Cup at the hands of visiting London Welsh).

Andrew Wise, the Citizen's specialist rugby writer, had every reason to start his report: "Gloucester's young and much changed side did what was asked of them at Kingsholm last night and set the club back on the winning road."

Was he psychic? Gloucester's 15-3 win against Abertillery heralded five wins, two draws and three losses for the remaining ten matches of the season.

Continuing, Andrew Wise's thoughts of the match: "Once Gloucester had turned to play with the advantage of the strong wind, there was little doubt that they would come out on top. But it took one of the newcomers in the side to guide them to victory.

"Full-back Tim Smith, formally of the Gordon league, kicked all 15 points on his full first team debut, and generally was sound and impressive in all round play."

According to the report, the referee dominated the first half with his whistle - mainly for offsidcs. Tim Smith saw his first two penalty attempts go wide, but he was on target with his third attempt. All told, Smith kicked five penalties

in the match.

Eleven years and 299 matches later, Tim Smith has booted a total of 415 penalties - not to mention 427 conversion and two drop goals to go with his 78 tries. This equates to a 2,495 points (at today's values).

So, all being well, Smith could pass the 2,500 mark this afternoon (he is averaging 5.71 points an appearance this season - and 8.23 over his Gloucester career). This is some way behind the legendary Pete Butler (who scored a shade under 3,000 points in today's values). But nevertheless a remarkable total.

Apart from Butler and Smith, the only other kicker into four figures is Eric Stephens. Had Walter Jackson, who played just 53 matches for Gloucester where there were points awarded for scores, stayed at Kingsholm rather than moving north to Halifax in 1893, he might well have gone into four figures. He scored, in today's points values, at a rate of 4.83 points an appearance.

Now, I mentioned "299 matches later" in the context of the Abertillery match. And then at the beginning, we established that this afternoon was Smith's 301st appearance. Correct. The Abertillery match was not his debut - rather his "full" debut, when he was in the XV.

On Wednesday December 8, 1982, Smith came on as a replacement during Gloucester's 35-3 win against Loughborough Colleges. This match also saw plenty of whistle - on this occasion it was knocks on (or is it knock ons?).

Midway through the second half, winger Richard Mogg suffered a pulled hamstring - and Smith made his Gloucester debut. Also in the team on that day was Ian Smith who, according to Andrew Wise, "using his undoubted pace to good effect, had his best game in Gloucester first team colours".

One trivial observation on Smith's first couple of appearances concerns the referees - and Tim Smith could well need reminding of this. They were both foreigners. Having to cope with the knocks on was David Head of USA and the master of the offsidcs was Tom Doocey of New Zealand.

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