

GLOUCESTER

RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB



FOUNDED 1873



Official Club Sponsors

v SALE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1995

Kick off - 3.00 p.m.



OFFICIAL
PROGRAMME
£1

All kit used by
Gloucester Rugby Club
is supplied by



Gloucester Rugby Club use
GILBERT MATCH BALLS



GLOUCESTER (Cherry/White)

15. Tim Smith
14. Paul Holford
13. Damian Cummins
12. Martin Roberts
11. Lee Osborne
10. Martin Kimber
9. Laurie Beck
1. Adey Powles
2. John Hawker
3. Andy Martin
4. Dave Sims †
5. Richard West
6. Rob Fidler
7. Ian Smith
8. Chris Raymond

Replacements:
Bruce Fenley
Tony Windo
Simon Devereux

**GLOUCESTER
RUGBY FOOTBALL
CLUB**

sponsored by



Referee: A. J. Spreadbury -
Somerset RFU

Touch Judges:
C. Nicholson & T. J. Tithoridge, RFU

† = Captain

SALE (Blue/White)

15. Jim Mallinder †
14. Chris Yates
13. Gareth Stocks
12. Joss Baxendell
11. Mark Appleson
10. Paul Turner/Rob Liley
9. Chris Saverrimutto/Mark Warr
1. Paul Smith
2. Steve Diamond/Luke Hewson
3. Andrew Smith
4. Jon Fowler
5. Dave Baldwin
6. Dave Erskine/Mike Kendrick
7. Neil Ashurst
8. Charles Vyvyan

Replacements:

Peter Arnold ...

HERE WE GO AGAIN !



Whether one likes it or not, the Season revolves around the Courage League these days. Which makes this Saturday one of the more intriguing of the year, because it's the first time that competing sides have been able to measure themselves against their competition. You can train all you like, devise all the crafty ploys in the world, select players in the various positions, but it can all go for naught by about 3.10 this afternoon.

There's one thought for you. The second is that our first opponents are our old friends from Sale, one of the most respected old clubs in the Union, and undoubtedly the surprise packet of Courage League Division One last season. I have no doubt at all that their game plan will remain as it was then: namely, to pick up the ball and run with it from all distances and angles. 'If a thing ain't broke, don't fix it', and there doesn't seem any reason why they should depart from the system which brought them such a gratifying measure of success last time round.

Of course, the primary architect of Sale's positive approach is that confounded nuisance Paul Turner, who has been tormenting Gloucester ever since he played for Newbridge - and remember, he had quite a spell at Newport after that, and before moving to Sale. I suppose that if you mention the name 'Turner', then depending on your leisure-time preferences, you think either of Turner the landscape painter, or Turner of Sale, and the comparison is not as far-fetched as all that, because they can both claim to be consummate artists*, and there aren't enough of those around.

While we probably have a fair idea of Sale's potential, Gloucester, just at the moment are more difficult to assess. Last Saturday's side was, to an extent, experimental, and niggling little injuries disrupted things summat rotten in the second half, anyway. Sure, we put 39 points on Wakefield, who aren't chopping-block opposition, by any means, but there are still some questions to be answered. About the only basis for comparison we have with Sale is that, while we were doing the business here, they were surviving a tough encounter at Coventry, and the Coundon Road lads, whatever their present status Leaguewise, have proved a stumbling block to many a side's ambitions, over the years. So we shall see.

Whatever happens, we have always valued the visits of Sale, ever since the halcyon days of Steve Smith. It's good to see them here again, and hope they have a very good time here with us at Kingsholm.

** Of course, there is a third one. Stan Turner, that uncompromising hooker for Gloucester Old Boys. I'm sure, however, that he'd be absolutely horrified if anyone referred to him as 'an artist'. Cheers, Stan !*

WE GET LETTERS

A very welcome epistle, this week, from David Aldred of Gotherington. It arrived on my doorstep on Monday morning, and as the programme hadn't been published before the previous Saturday, he had obviously not stood upon the order of his going. Here's what he says. My comments afterwards.

Dear Peter,

Congratulations on the new, livelier and more colourful programme I particularly like the front cover, symbolising the fact that the club really does stand for the city and its people — unlike some others I can think of! However, my fifteen year-old son disagreed "Whats that got to do with rugby?" No doubt the debate will continue. However, I do have one complaint. When I turned to the team sheet, I was dismayed to find that there is nowhere to keep a record of the scorers and a tally of the score. I am not alone in keeping a track of the score and it would please us if you could arrange for some sort of grid to appear. I am sure it would only need a few keys being pressed in a DTP program.

On a smaller matter, isn't it usual for the home fixtures to be in heavy type?!

Thank you for reading this. If it makes any difference I shall notice it in the programme. If not, at least you have had one point of view on the new programme!

Best wishes, David Aldred

Thanks for the compliments, David. We do try.

We did think hard about using a non-rugby picture for the cover, but various people were able to convince me that many clubs don't use an action picture any more. Harlequins, for example, use a drawing of, would you believe, a harlequin. Others do as we have done in the past, and supply a line drawing of a miscellaneous player or two, which doesn't really do much for anyone.

One of the reasons why the traditional action picture is in decline is that strips have a way of changing year by year, if only by a change a sponsors' logos. New strips aren't usually unveiled until just before the season starts, and you can't really have a colour cover featuring last year's strip, can you?

There's another pitfall too. Last season, we were geared up to use an absolutely super shot of Damian Cummins fielding a high ball, right in front of the Stand. At the last moment, we discovered that Damian was going to be out all season with a serious injury, so we couldn't use that, and were reduced to the barely adequate ground picture which we featured in the end.

There isn't any doubt that the most popular cover we have ever used was the one of the Cathedral which featured for three successive seasons. So, after a gap of several years, we thought we'd repeat the dose. Gloucester programmes regularly find themselves travelling to all parts of the world, including, to my knowledge, Australia, the USA and South Africa. A cover of this type does tell people something about the sort of City Gloucester is, and hopefully, encourages them to visit us.

Incidentally, have you looked carefully at the picture? It's quite a remarkable piece of printing, actually, made from an antique Edwardian picture postcard. Down at the foot, you'll spot worthies in period dress to prove it.

There are also two schools of thought on the value, or lack of it, of the various score boxes we used to print. Some people, like Mr Aldred, liked to be able to keep on-the-spot records. Others, simply thought they cluttered the place up a bit, and were about as much use as a chocolate teapot. "Looks like a bloody seed catalogue". was one comment I had. So we thought we'd give it a rest for a while, and see what transpires.

On the question of home fixtures in heavy type: yeah. I'll look at that one. Anyway, Mr. Aldred, thanks for your contribution. Much appreciated.

TAILPIECE

I have received a fax which is, quite frankly, so scurrilous, libellous, and from my point of view, even obscene, that I have relegated it from the 'We Get Letters' section, down here to the sub-basement of 'Tailpiece'. It's from Roger Payne, leading thespian, magistrate (so he should know better), and one of the City's arch mickey-takers and winders-up.

I'm quite sure you won't believe what he wrote, but here it is anyway. My comments follow.

The legend of Peter Arnold, your regular scribe in this programme, and his capacity to quaff ale in large quantities was finally blown last weekend. As many Cherry and White supporters will know, Peter is also the present incumbent of the spoof office of Mayor of Barton, a part of Gloucester which suffers from a wholly underserved name as a "No go" area. A large part of Peter's job is to try to dispel this myth and last Saturday, as part of a day long street Fayre, Peter was installed, with all due irreverence, as Mayor for the next twelve months.

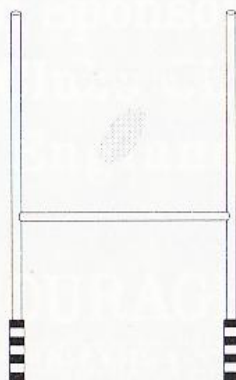
It is a day when the bars open at the earliest opportunity and Peter had already imbibed more than even he usually takes by that time of the morning when he was installed. This was followed by a street procession and a return to Barton Street where the process continued during the day and into the Promenade Concert at The New Olympus in the evening.

At the end of the Concert, Peter once again, made his unsteady way to the bar where he propped himself and ordered another. With shaking hands (and I suspect it was not nerves!) he raised his glass to his lips, took a sip and lowered it again. Gazing bleary eyed into the amber nectar, his shoulders drooping and tears welling up in his eyes, he told the barman "I can't manage any more. You'll have to drink it for me," and swaying more than slightly, he wandered dejectedly away into the street and the night.

Roger Payne

Now listen 'ere young Payne. If you'd spent the day being deposited on a commode before the assembled multitude, paraded through the City centre in a red flannel nightie and a funny hat, accompanied by various eccentrics, a marching band, two Irish pipers and six goats, and then returned to have a six-inch nail hammered through your skull, before being press-ganged into the New Olympus Theatre to have your ears blasted by a 60-piece orchestra and four Town Criers, (all of which, I may say, when the time might have been spent at Kingsholm,) then *you'd* have been tired and emotional, too.

Incidentally, the barman quoted was Roger J. Payne himself, one who has never been known to refuse a free pint, whatever the circumstances.



— SPANNERS SPIEL —

After all the sweat of Summer Training and Trials, the season finally got underway last Saturday. The "DIRT TRACKERS" (one of United's pet names) were off across the bridge to Wales. What a place to start the season "THE CARDIFF ARMS PARK."

The team selected were a well balanced bunch consisting of experience and youth players such as: TIM SMITH, DON CASKIE, BRUCE FENLEY and DAMIAN CUMMINS in the side. What better way for MIKE FOYLE and ALAN EVANS to start their careers with GLOUCESTER.

All went to plan in the first half. The opposition were young and full of running; all well and good, but without the ball very infertile. The lads kept it tight for twenty minutes with rolling mauls, driving rucks and bombs into the box, then opened up with try after try making everybody happy.

Second half was not so straight forward with silly mistakes like basic handling errors which kept the Welshmen's hopes alive. The game turned out to be full of glorious running from end to end, with the Cherry & Whites finishing in top gear. TONY WINDO and GREG KEYSE worked tirelessly. The lineouts were stacked in our favour with MARK CORNWELL and PETE MILES on top form. The backs got better as the game progressed and it was a joy to see DAMIAN CUMMINS back in control — the rest seems to have done him no harm.

So while FRANCOISE PIENAAR & CO were handing out a lesson in Professionalism to the national side, United lads rubbed salt into the wounds of the would-be youngsters of the Principality with 68 points to 10 dubbing.

Dave Spencer, United Coach

How Mike Coley Sees It



KINGSHOLM FOR EVER? DEVELOPING THE GROUND FOR THE 21ST CENTURY

This is the piece that Chief Executive, Mike Coley, was originally to have supplied for the Wakefield programme. We were, however, overtaken by events on the professionalism front, which seemed of more immediate importance. Thanks for your time, Mike.

Many things have been mentioned over the past few months about our plans for the future development of our ground here at Kingsholm. It seems that from all the press comment that all these plans are all my own work. This is of course far from the truth. As is well known an extension of the main stand has been on the drawing board for a number of years, and recently a grant of £50,000 from the Sports Aid Foundation has been announced to help us in the development stages. This money can be drawn down when we get to build. Having arrived on the scene and being a full time official I, perhaps, have a little more time to focus the attention on where we want to go.

We have, therefore, formed a small working group to investigate in detail where we would wish to see the club in 10 years from now. Doug Wadley, Andy Mitchell, Bob Clewes and myself are tasked with the job of advising the committee on how we see it. We all feel that now is the time to get on with what ever we want to do and quickly. We had to ask a number of fundamental questions. What is our ultimate aim? Can we do it on our present site? What do we require for match and non match usage? What other areas of usage can we foresee. Can we afford it? These and a number of other areas have been looked at in consultation with our architects The Gloucester Building Consultancy.

The first two questions took a little debate. Our aim is to have a Stadium that will meet our capacity requirements well into the 21st century. To that end we proposed a 20,000 all seater Stadium. Now before I get shot by the members of the shed, let me stress we have no intention of knocking down your meeting point in the foreseeable future. We have to face this point in case the Government pass a Safety of Sports Ground act making Rugby Sadia all seater, rather like they did with Soccer Clubs, we would then be forced to change things. It is well to plan for this situation in advance. Given that

we want a 20,000 capacity Stadium can we do it at Kingsholm? The answer is no. Our consultants tell us that the maximum we can achieve is 17,500. We have taken the decision that even though we may want 20,000 the thought of moving to a Greenfield site does not bear thinking about. The advantages of being in the centre of town, with good car parking, good transportation, good non-matchday usage (lunches, conferences, exhibitions, shopping etc, etc), and of course the fact that Rugby has played at Kingsholm for well over a hundred years persuades us to stay put. So don't blame us, when in ten years time Rugby is bigger than Soccer we had wished that we had built a 40,000 seater stadium. We can't do that at Kingsholm. If you don't agree please write to Peter Arnold.

I am writing all this before we have had a chance to talk in detail to the City Planners, but I am sure that they will forgive me when I explain that because of all the speculation recently, I wanted, you, our Supporters and as that, very important people to the Club, to know the facts straight from the horses' mouth, so to speak.

So having got over that major decision what have we got planned? Phase I of the plan is to knock down all that we have on the Grandstand side of the Ground and start again. A 4,500 all seater stand, running from the Goal-line to Goal-line, with new changing rooms, physio rooms, doctors' rooms, kit storage, Groundsmans office, Club shop, Museum, Ticket Office, Fitness and Weights area, programme sellers area, confectionery shop, fast food shops, and general concourse area is planned for the ground floor.

On the first floor overlooking the ground, we plan a Matchday bar with a capacity in excess of 1500, a players bar and dining room, a committee bar, a press bar and interview room, a sponsors bar together with toilets and other public areas. On non match days the main bar can be converted to a conference and exhibition



Mike Coley
(cont)

area and dinner and dances with a capacity in excess of 250 can also be held. No longer will we have to have our own AGM in an Ice-cream factory.

With partitions the social club can have a number of areas for their usage with lounge and public bar facilities available. Drinks and meals will be served all day. It will be a nice place to bring your wife or girlfriend for a meal as well as the occasional game of shove-halfpenny or darts. All in all a really useful community facility. On the back of all this there will be rooms available for community usage such as the Guides and Scouts.

Moving up and onwards we come to the 2nd floor which will house the Club offices, conference rooms and all the facilities that take to run a successful club.

Within the confines of the Stand we have planned a separate Press box for the Radio and Press corps and the TV boys will have their own Gantry under the roof of the Stand. Our own and visiting committee will be located in their own box in the centre of the stand. At the back of the Stand, at the top, we will have 10 seater hospitality boxes for all our Clients and Sponsors.

Phase one will cost in excess of £3 million pounds, an investment which we all believe we have to make in order to stay in the forefront of

the game. It can be paid for and will be achievable. But that's another story, which I will tell you about another day. In the meantime lets get behind the team today. Nothing breeds success like success. We all want Glos to be the best.



COACHES FOR BATH AND WEST.

Bath game next week. The Club will be running a coach or two, costing £4.00, leaving at midday, and returning at 5.00pm. Tickets from the office.

If you're going under your own steam, then instructions on how to get there are probably superfluous after all these years, but just in case, the entrance to the ground is at the end of William Street, off Pulteney Street, very close to the city centre. It really is difficult to miss.

If you can't get along, but still want your weekly fix, then United are, of course, meeting their opposite numbers from Bath right here at Kingsholm, and that will be worth seeing.

As for West Hartlepool, on September 23rd, the intention is to run a coach, leaving at 8.30am, and stopping for breakfast, somewhere along the way. It's a fair old trip, but my experience of West's hospitality indicates that it's one well worth making. The cost will be £14.00 a head, and we can't be sure just how many people will take up the offer. If the numbers are insufficient, then the coach won't run, and an indication of likely interest would be very valuable, as soon as possible. So trot along and see Geraldine in the office as soon as you can. She'll see you right.

GANGWAY!

AS this is the first League game of the season, I should remind you of the Police and Fire Service instruction not to stand on steps or in gangways. I know it's tempting, especially if you find you're standing behind a gent of King Kong proportions, but them's the rules, and we'd ask you to observe them.

WHERE'S ED?

Fans of the encyclopaedic and meticulous researches of Ed Martin will have noted, and regretted, his absence from the programme thus far. The fact is that he isn't even in the country, just at the moment.

It's all right for some. Wearing his journalistic hat, he's been drafted into a squad despatched to the occasionally United States to report on some momentous baseball occasion or other, having to do with a famous player who is just about to break the all-time appearance record.

Wonder what they would have made of Curly Hemmings?

Rest assured, we'll nobble him on his return, and hopefully, he'll be dispensing his wit and wisdom on these pages again before too long.

Not all bad, actually. Ed's absence has given us the opportunity to give prominence to the fixture lists of First XV, United and Under 21's for a week or two. Hang on to this programme, and you'll always have a handy fixture card available.

STRUT YOUR STUFF!

New Olympus Theatre. Early January

**Gloucester RFC's own pantomime-season stage show
Anyone who can sing, dance, play an instrument, tell
tales, or has any party piece whatever, and would like
to take part in any capacity —**

ring Peter Arnold on 01452 537880

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS!

SEASON TICKETS

This is obviously the best time of year to get your Season Tickets, if you're going to reap the full financial benefit. The price hasn't gone up since last season, so you'll still be asked to stump up a mere £90.00 for a Stand ticket, and £45.00 for the Ground. (£45.00 and £22.50 for OAP's and Juniors.) Geraldine will be glad to take your money, and surrender the Magic Pasteboard to you.

COLLECTION FOR PROTH

It was a great pity that last Sunday's projected Dave Protherough Memorial match had to be cancelled. By way of recompense, it has been decided to hold a collection today for the Dave Protherough Memorial Fund, which aims to raise money for his family.

You'll agree that this is a worthwhile project, and I hope you'll dig deep.

PARK PRETTILY

As you may know, I was fairly involved with last Saturday's enormously successful Barton Fayre. One thing came up, on that occasion, which I feel I should pass on to you.

As you can imagine, the event generated a lot of traffic around the side streets, with many more people than usual wanting to park within easy walking distance of Barton Street. By and large, there wasn't any problem, but on remarking on that fact to a policeman friend of mine, I received the reaction that, just occasionally, such problems *do* arise around Kingsholm on match days.

So, I would just ask you to remember that our neighbours live here all week, and do like to use their cars on Saturdays. It must be intensely annoying for a resident to find himself blocked in just because there's a big match going on.

It would be appreciated by everyone if drivers would watch where they're parking, and do respect the rights of others. Better still, why not try leaving your car at home occasionally?

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

Our highly-regarded coach, Paul Williams, is obviously not satisfied with bringing along good, young ruby players. He's started to breed his own. At least, that's what the arrival of today's Match Mascot would seem to imply.

James Williams is the 6 year-old middle son of Paul and Christine, sandwiched neatly between Mark, who is nine, and Matthew, who at just one, has a way to go yet. James has inherited his Dad's genes to the extent that he's already a keen all-round sportsman. He enjoys his cricket, playing at Apperley, where he lives on the family farm, (played at Apperley a fair few times myself, James) and turns out for the Apperley Eagles soccer team.

Nice to have you aboard, James.

Stop Press* — Ed Martin — *just received from the States . . .

BALTIMORE, Maryland — Funny name for a pub "Pickles". But here I am in Pickles Pub, a noted sports hang-out in central Baltimore, with a glass of Bass - honest - talking sports.

Yes, they have heard of rugby in these 'ere parts. And there was even one guy out of the dozen or so boozers here who all admitted to knowing that the South Africans won the World Cup and that had heard of Kingsholm.

The locals tried to wind me up about the English team - you know, things like . . . "Great team of Englishmen you got there - Catt, Morris, Obogu, Ojomot, Bracken . . ."

Does anyone really care that these Yanks think that Morris is Welsh or that Bracken is Irish. They actually know that these "names" play rugby for England. They also know that the English cricket team has boasted such Englishmen as Smith, Ranprakash, Hick and Lamb.

All good fun over a couple of beers, but before I switched to the brew that has made Hereford famous, I did question the American definition of "the world" — as in baseball's World Series.

Pickles Pub, as the souvenir T-shirt says, is just a home run away from Orioles Park at Camden Yards, a modern 46,000-seater stadium dedicated to the tradition of the American sporting god, baseball.

Now baseball, as every "sheddie" should know, was once played at this ground — check out your Citizens of 100 years ago when Gordon League dominated the game and often won the World Series, er, sorry, the Gloucester Baseball league, title.

Regular readers of these musings will know that I am somewhat partial to a game of baseball. So when I knew that some guy called Cal Ripken junior was set to break Lou Gehrig's "unbeatable" 2,130 consecutive game record, I got busy in persuading "powers that be" in the media that it might be a good idea to send me over to Baltimore.

Once here, I discovered that Cal Ripken is just a regular guy whose approach to being a professional sportsman is: "Heck, I'm paid to go to work, so I go". Remember, this guy is a millionaire getting some six million bucks a year.

So he turns up to work every day. For 2,131 consecutive days he has turned up. If he had a cold, he's gone to work, where you or I might have phoned-in sick.

In a sporting context, this man has never had an injury in 13 years. And remember that baseball can produce some pretty serious injuries.

American sports love the "big occasion". And Wednesday September 6 was the biggest in baseball since Hank Aaron broke Babe Ruth's career home run record in 1975. So important was this game on Wednesday evening that President Clinton and Vice president Gore were here in the capacity 46,272 crowd.

When the game became "Official" at the bottom of the fifth inning, the crowd hit the pause button, and gave the new record holder an emotional standing ovation for 18 minutes.

The game captured the American imagination.

And in a country where sporting memorabilia is big business, there were people outside the stadium wanting to buy tickets — after the game. I was offered ten dollars for my press box ticket.

No way, matey, I'm keeping that as a souvenir of perhaps the greatest sporting occasion I have ever attended.

OK, so I'm a sucker for the big occasion. But how else can I prove that I was there the night that Cal Ripken broke Lou Gehrig's record?

Now to more serious things . . . How can I check to find out by how many points Gloucester beat Sale on Saturday afternoon.

Easy, another glass of Bass at Pickles Pub around midday — you see, there is this guy who is going to log-on to the Internet, where rugby results are posted, and hot-foot it down . . .