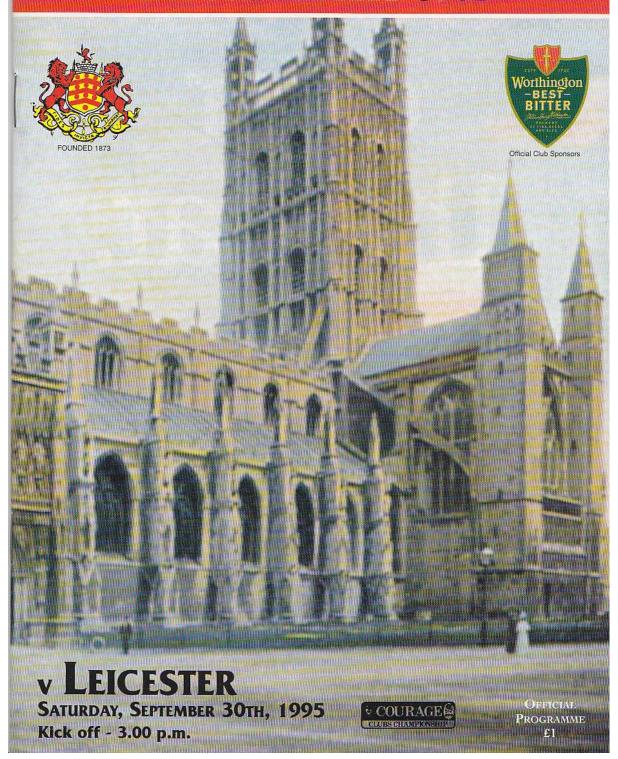
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16

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> Player's Representative: T. Smith

> > Captain 1st XV: D. Sims

Captain United XV: A. Stanley

> Club Coach: V. Wooley

Programme Editor: (who welcomes contributions) Peter Arnold 74 Victoria Street, Gloucester Tel: 01452 537880



GLOUCESTER RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB KINGSHOLM, GLOUCESTER GL1 3AX TEL: 01452 381087 Fax: 01452 383321

## WELCOME TO THE CHAMPS!



Back in February, when we last met today's distinguished opposition, I ventured the opinion that if Gloucester couldn't win the Courage League, then we'd sooner Leicester did than anyone. I believed that to be true then, and I still do. Ironically, we then proceeded to put a dent in those ambitions by winning the match, albeit in conditions more reminiscent of an Amazonian rain forest than of a respectable West Country rugby ground.

Of course, three weeks later we did make partial amends by depriving Bath of a victory at what the Pink Un's Charlie Haddock impertinently refers to as 'The Wreck'. (He may feel that. I couldn't possibly be expected to comment.)

The boot is firmly on the other foot today, of course. Not to put too fine a point on it, Bath murdered us at Bath two weeks ago, while according to the evidence of the 'Sky' coverage last Saturday, they were more than a shade lucky to return home from Wellford Road with two League points to show for their efforts.

Not that we should be too depressed by that. Our own display last week showed highly encouraging signs: whatever their League position, West Hartlepool are not an easy side to beat on their own ground, as several teams, including Gloucester, discovered last season, and to outscore them by four tries to one on their own turf is very creditable. And, as my old friend Glyn Hollifield, who played for Gloucester in the late thirties, is always saying, "It all depends on what happens on the day."

But quite apart from all that, I still contend that the 'Tigers' are the League side we enjoy welcoming to Kingsholm more than anyone else. Mrs June Keane of Leicester wrote to me last season venturing to disagree, and I hope someone pointed out to her that I did print her letter two weeks later, and invited her to come again. Unfortunately, family commitments keep me away today, or I would have contacted her again and offered to prove my point in person.

I think Mrs Keane represents the exception which proves the rule. Ninety-nine point however many nines you like per cent of Gloucester supporters enjoy the visit of Leicester, and always have done. Some of the best contests any of us have seen have been between our two great clubs, at both grounds, and I have no reason to suppose that, League or no League, things are going to change in that respect.

So, as always, Leicester are extremely welcome, and in spite of last week's undoubted setback, we hope they hold on to their hard-won title this season. But don't expect any favours from Gloucester today.

Finally, a note to Gloucester supporters. Don't mention videos to Leicester fans today. I gather they're a sore point Wellford Road way, at the moment.

Have a great day, everyone



THE SOCIETY THAT TRIES HARDER

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## WE GET LETTERS

The first letter I have to reproduce today comes in the form of a stern admonition from, would you believe, the RFU itself. Doug Wadley suggests I print it in its entirety, and that is obviously the right thing to do, so here goes.

## INTERNATIONAL MATCH TICKETS

Club secretaries are reminded that allocations of international match tickets are intended for use by thier members and personal guests only.

Hospitality packages at very high prices are already being advertised, particularly for the England v South Africa match. The corporate hospitality companies providing these packages are offering, and will continue to offer, substantial sums of money in order to acquire the tickets they need to meet their commitments.

Club members should be reminded that they should resist approaches from all hospitality companies. In recent seasons, several clubs whose tickets have been used as part of hospitality packages or otherwise resold at above face value have had their right to apply for international tickets withdrawn for up to three years. Honorary Secretaries are asked to point out to their committees and members that similar, or more severe, penalties will again be imposed this season whenever it is found that tickets have been resold for profit at any stage. RFU TICKET OFFICE.

Only one thing to add really. The RFU keep records of the reference numbers of tickets supplied to all their member clubs. Therefore, if one turns up in, what they would consider to be, the wrong hands, then they can very easily establish to which club it was issued, and descend upon it like the proverbial ton of bricks. So if any ticket holder is tempted to make a quick killing by flogging his passport to Twickers, then fire is definitely being played with. You wouldn't want to be the one to deprive Gloucester RFC of its ticket allocation, would you?

My second letter is rather less contentious. It emanates from another grand old club which, in spite of its present relegation to Division Two is still one which we value in much the same way as we do Leicester. See for yourself.

## NORTHAMPTON FOOTBALL SUPPORTERS CLUB

Dear Sir/Madam,

I am writing on behalf of a newly reformed Saints Supporters Club.

We are considering starting a sub-section of this club for younger members aged under 16 years old.

We believe that the younger members are vital to the future of Rugby and we would like to offer them information on other Clubs as well as Northampton Saints.

We would like to send your players a few question for them to complete in order for us to produce a Player Profile.

If you are interested in this scheme please reply in the pre-paid envelope enclosed. Yours faithfully, Jean Collingwood, Saints Supporters Club 30 Bruce Street, St. James, Northampton NN5 5BQ. Tel: 01604-583283

It did just occur to me that there may well be people here today, from both sets of supporters, with Northampton connections, and that they may like to know more about the most worthy effort described here. If so, they now have the contact to enable them to do just that.

Best of luck, Mrs Collingwood. I hope your enterprise thrives.

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## **OMINOUS**

In about 1940, not long before his death, H.G.Wells wrote 'something frightfully queer has come into the world.' He might have been writing about Rugby Union Football in 1995. Newcastle Gosforth being bought by a multi-millionaire. The Chief Predator himself attending the Leicester v. Bath game, and reportedly having a meeting with 'Tigers' President, Peter Wheeler.

I suppose it's a sign of the times, but it gives one goose pimples, just the same.

## **COACH TO ORRELL**

The trip to Orrell is always a good one. There's always a warm and friendly reception, it's a nice ground and clubhouse, and the beer's good too. And I don't have to remind you that next Saturday's game is one we badly want to win, so the lads would be glad of your support.

A coach has been arranged, leaving Kingsholm at 10.30am. It's a bargain at £7.50. Geraldine tells me that it's filling up fast, so stand not upon the order of they going, and book your seat as soon as you can. Just drop into the office, and they'll fix you up.

## THERE'S NO BUSINESS ....

....like show business. The proposed 'Gloucester Boys' stage show at the New Olympus Theatre in Barton Street has now been definitely fixed for Friday, January 12th. Early indications are that it will be a very memorable occasion indeed.

So, do put that date in your diary. Furthermore, we are going to need all the help we can get, so if you'd like to get involved, on stage, backstage or front of house, I'd be glad to hear from you. Especially if you have a party piece of your own. Give me a ring on 01452 537880.

### FOR BEN READ RON

In my experience, typesetters are a bit like pharmacists, in that they learn to read anyone's handwriting, however much it resembles the tracks left by an inebriated chicken. Unfortunately, this hardly-acquired skill appears to have deserted the lads from Stoate and Bishop, who print this programme, on one small but significant occasion this season. And of course, Murphy's Law has decreed that it happened on one of the few pages we can't change week by week.

The error has occurred in the advertisement provided by Knights, undoubtedly one of the City's leading accountancy and tax advice firms, who are based at St. Michael's Court, St. Michael's Square, Gloucester. The company is one of our most loyal advertisers, and we wouldn't offend them for the worlds.

If you turn to their ad. you'll find looking at you three stalwart and handsome gentlemen, partners in the firm, variously captioned, David Bennett, Andrew Church and Ben Brotherton. And that's where the problem lies. It ain't Ben - it's Ron.

We do apologise for that, and hope that Mr. Brotherton hasn't acquired an unwanted nickname as a result of the clanger.

In defence of our Friendly Neighbourhood Printer, I must say that I have seen the original copy provided by the company, and the word 'Ron' could just, if you're feeling charitable, have been read as 'Ben'. Nevertheless, the error should not have occurred, and once again, we apologise.

They say that there's no such thing as bad advertising\*, and at least our misdemeanour has provided Knights with a little extra exposure, which we hope, brings them some commercial advantage. We'll put things right as soon as technical considerations allow.

\* Not true. Ask Will Carling and Princess Di.

## FASCINATING FIND

Talking about Stoate and Bishop, my official contact with that estimable organisation is my good friend, Brian Ward-Ellison, who has a range of interests of Leonardo da Vinci-like proportions. Apart from rugby, they include cricket, folk music, steam railways, beer and rummaging around book sales.

In pursuit of that latter preoccupation, Brian attended a book fair in Cirencester, recently. One treasure he picked up was a marvellous old volume entitled, The Theory of Modern Rugby Union Football. It was published by Macmillan in 1930, and written by I.M.B Stuart, who played for Ireland, but at the time was Assistant Master at Harrow School, where, nowadays, of course, Roger Uttley performs a similar function. Mr. Stuart must have been highly regarded as a coach, because he managed to get the England Captain of the day, Sam Tucker to write the foreword.

As you can imagine, the book is full of fascinating nuggets. For example, the author points out that it was all very well for him coaching schoolboys, because he had the daylight hours to do it in, but that team coaching for clubs was virtually non-existent, because they didn't have floodlights in those days. He gives lots of sage advice to players running around on their own after dark.

But the section which caught our eye was the one on flank forward play. Mr. Stuart goes into positive eulogies about our own Tom Voyce:

'Since the War, no man has fired the admiration of the crowd more than Tom Voyce, and in my experience, I have never seen his equal'
'No man ever followed the ball throughout the two hard "forties" so closely as he did, no man ever backed up his centre so closely, no man ever attended his wing so assiduously, as "The King of Gloucester"

The book may be 65 years old now, but young, aspiring flankers could do worse than take note of those comments. The author continues:

'I shall always remember his wonderful attempt at a dropped goal, which would have saved the Twickenham record when Scotland beat England in 1926. He received a pass well short of the half-way line, and ran a few yards forward as if he intended to open up a movement, but he suddenly paused, steadied himself, and took the most terrific hoof at the ball I have ever seen, and only by inches did it fall short of the cross-bar'

And that was with the old leather ball! Just one post script caught my eye. Mr.Stuart points out that, at the time of writing, Tommy Voyce had retired, and he spends a little time speculating on possible successors. After saying a few kind things about Howard and Periton, he writes, 'Eric Coley is very fine, too.'

Obviously, the old antennae went 'ping !', and I asked our Chief Executive about any possible relationship. " No relation," said Mike "But I knew Eric well."

Pity. But it's a nice coincidence, isn't it?

## THE GLOUCESTER RUGBY CLUB

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## How WE See It



The piece I originally had planned for this page didn't materialise, for reasons with which I won't bore you. On reflection, however, perhaps it isn't a bad thing. The whole game is in a state of turmoil at the moment, and conversations with various groups of supporters, over the past few weeks have revealed a sense of unease - 'worry' wouldn't be too strong a word - which really ought to be addressed by the Powers That Be, both locally and nationally. I shall therefore take this opportunity of airing some of the concerns, in the hope that *someone* will provide a few answers, or at least ensure that people of influence are aware of the questions.

Professionalism sounds great for players, for business interests, even for some major clubs, perhaps. But is enough attention being paid to the chap who pays his money and stands on the Tump?

After all, if no one wants to watch, you don't have a game.

### WHOSE GAME IS IT ANYWAY?

If an ancient Chinese gentleman wanted to curse you, he would do so by saying, "May you live in interesting times", on the grounds that times which are interesting to read about, are usually hell to live through. Well - 'interesting times' are certainly what we are living in right now, and most informed supporters I've spoken to are worried about them. The concerns are many and varied, but the one which I have heard about most often is the one which says, "Are we going the Soccer route? Is the game going to be dominated by millionaire chairmen who often seem to be more interested in their bank balances than the game itself?

Fuel has been added to those concerns by the news that Sir John Hall has, in effect, bought Newcastle Gosforth, lured Rob Andrew with a cash offer which he could hardly refuse, and which no 'ordinary' club could possibly match. Such fears weren't exactly allayed by the arrival of Sir John at Leicester last Saturday for the Bath match, and press reports that he had had meetings with officials of both clubs.

As an addendum to that, what precisely is the mechanism by which a club - such as Gloucester - might be taken over? Presumably, any such proposal would have to go before a General Meeting of Members, and the first reaction is that all hell would break loose at that point.

But lengthier reflection casts doubts. Suppose some 'angel' (in the theatrical sense), came along and said "Look chaps, I'm offering x-million pounds if you give me the Presidency, or something. For that you can undertake your ground redevelopment, and attract some of the best players in the world to join you. If Gloucester wants to remain in its rightful place as one of the country's top clubs, then that's the way things are going to have to go."

What would be the general reaction then? And the Predators might well score another significant drop goal.

The other major worry is, "Just how much are we going to have to spend to watch our rugby?" You will have seen Mike Burton's statement on the subject, where he opined that we might well have to pay £25 to sit in the Stand for one game. All right, so one always has to subtract 50% for Mike Burton's personality, and the figures he was quoting were actually higher than you have to pay to attend a Premiership Soccer match, but no one has, so far, refuted them, and it would be nice if someone could.

There are other worries too. What would happen to the Social Club, for example? It's difficult to imagine a club run on a



completely profit-making (cont) basis allowing someone

else to cream off the bar takings.

The whole ethos of the game is about to change. As an example, are professional clubs going to risk injury to expensive, star players by releasing them for a Barbarians tour? At first sight, the Barbarian ethic seems about to go by the board, and that's a pity.

But it's not all doom and gloom. The people I have been talking to thoroughly approve of the First Division Clubs action in forming their own organisation. The feeling is that it's about time the traditional RFU set-up had a shake-up, and this could

just be the way to achieve that.

Well, I've aired some of the concerns I've been hearing about. Is anyone out there



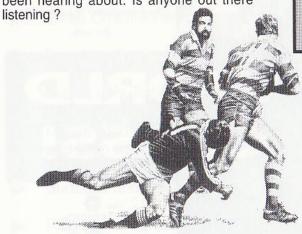
## STRUINGURSTUIRE

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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



#### Peter Arnold (cont)

### IT'S THE JACK BOSKETT SHOW!

Happy Birthday, Jack Boskett! Next Thursday, as ever was, he attains the ripe old age of five years old, and as one of the events held to celebrate that momentous event, he's doing us the honour of acting as Match Mascot today.

He lives in Tewkesbury, with Mum and Dad, and his younger sister, Ellie, and attends Chance Street School in that character-full town.

Young Jack comes to us with a fine pedigree, actually. His father, Ian, used to play for Tewkesbury, and therefore probably knows my old mate Chris Attwell, who I have no doubt at all, is here somewhere today. His Grandad, Dave Colclough, has been known to turn out for Gloucestershire Police, where he played with Simon Morris's father.

The notes I have received from Tewkesbury conclude:

' Jack enjoys watching his games at Kingsholm. He is a rugby fanatic in the best traditions of Gloucester supporters. He is always impressed with the fair-minded comments from the Shed, and with the size of the hot-dogs at both the Shed End and the Main Gate End.'

'He is looking forward to a big win against Leicester'

I see. One of those, is he. If Dean Richards gets his ankles tapped on the way out, he'll know who to blame, won't he?

Only kidding, Jack. Thanks for supporting us, have a good birthday, and a splendid day, today.

## BAD LUCK, DAMIAN

Thought I must put in a word of commiseration with Damian Cummins. After a whole season fighting a nasty injury, he gets back to full fitness just in time for the start of the season, and then falls victim again.

I'm told that the injury doesn't look to be all that serious, this time, and that we can look forward to seeing his considerable skills on the field again in a couple of weeks. We all hope that proves to be the case and that he can then steer clear of further injury.

Get well soon, Damian. We miss you.

#### WELCOME RICHARD

If a few eyebrows were raised when Mike Coley joined us, they will be disappearing up under the hairline at the news that Richard Hill is now Gloucester's coaching supremo. To some people, it's about like Tony Benn joining the National Front.

Not quite like that here, though. While Richard would have featured on most Gloucester supporters' 'The Man You Love To Hate' list, we always had an enormous respect for his ability, his tenacity, and his sheer bloody-minded approach to the game, which was dear to many a Shed dweller's heart. His annual battles with Marcus Hannaford were often a joy to behold.

I can't imagine that his arrival at Kingsholm will be greeted with anything other than wholehearted approval from the Kingsholm Faithful. Partisan we may be, but we always knew - and respected - a good player when we saw one.

Gareth Chilcott is on record as saying, "Bath's loss is Gloucester's gain", and so it is. Welcome, Richard! We're looking forward to getting to know you better. And how about writing a piece for the Programme before very long?

#### **TAILPIECE**

Many of us have known for quite a few years now that coach Viv Woolley has - shall we say - an individual sense of humour. I'm told he exhibited it quite typically, a couple of weeks ago.

It appears that the day of the trip to Bath coincided with John Fidler's Birthday, and delicacy and sheer cowardice prevents me from revealing which one it was. As good friends do, Vivian decided that it would be nice to ring him and proffer the traditional greetings.

Nothing wrong with that, you may say. But at 12.02 am? It appears that Mr. Wooley was determined to get his greetings, like his retaliation, in first.

John Fid's reaction is not recorded. All I do know is that he had his head down, sleeping the sleep of the innocent, when the call came through.

## SPANNERS SPIEL

One of the most noticeable things at United Home games this season, has been the large crowds that have flowed through the gates.

With every game videoed for coaching purposes, **Dave Pointon** and myself have to shirt through and sort out the good bits from the bad. It has been very apparent to both of us, the amount of noise coming from the shed and the brilliant "one liners". Most of these are all jotted down and **Dave** is now putting together a wonderful collection of them for his after dinner speaking at the end of the season.

All the boys in United really do appreciate the support you give them and will endeavour to supply the goods all season.

Last Saturday we disposed of Rugby Lions quite comfortably, but only played really well for 20 minutes in each half. Something we will have to improve upon this at **Welford Road**. Last season they caught us napping early on and we were always trying to catch up. We have a few tricks up our sleeves this time and its one victory we really need, to have a chance of winning the mid-west table.

It was great to see **Viv** and the boys get their first League points last week, something the whole club needed. A fantastic cheer came from the "Dirt Trackers" changing room when we heard the result. It certainly laid the foundations for a good evening of celebrations — with a few stiff shandies in the players lounge to watch a match in front of our new Sky TV — pity it was **Bath!!** 

Dave Spencer, United Coach



## Ed Martin ...



It is seventy years since Gloucester "lost" one of its promising young forwards to another club. The player in question was Fred Ford and the club was Coventry.

With the game today in the throes of going "open" as we near the turn of the century, it is worth remembering just what the "Union" code was all about in 1925, the year that brought the first Labour government.

In most areas of England, Rugby Union was a "gentleman's" game. But in Gloucester it was the sport of the working man. Many of the Gloucester players came from the Clapham or West End areas of town — and there were not too many "middle class" folks living in those areas in those days!

And in 1925, unemployment in Gloucester was high.

Fred Ford was a "West Ender". He was a very promising forward, and would not disgrace himself in any position in the pack. He was, according to contemporary reports, a product of that rugby player "factory" known as Archdeacon School.

The 1924-25 season saw Ford playing for Gloucestershire - he played in both the county championship semi-finals and the final.

There were, to put it mildly, a few questions being asked around Kingsholm as to why Ford was going to Coventry. It did not help matters that Coventry visited Kingsholm on Saturday September 19, 1925 and were soundly beaten by Gloucester. And that was the weekend that it emerged that Ford was moving to Coventry — in fact he made his Coventry debut on the afternoon of Monday September 21 against Plymouth Albion.

Bill Bailey wrote in his "Rugby Reflections" in the football edition of the Citizen of September 26 that "the Gloucestrian was out of work, and had been for some time, and no doubt is glad to get into a job. There are many others in Gloucester who would like to get fixed up similarly, but they are not footballers! Anything doing at Coventry? I think that I can anticipate the reply."

Quite powerful stuff, that — especially for the Citizen! Yes the innuendo was around, even 70 years ago.

Bailey's "Rugby Reflections" seven days later carried the text of a letter. "I have received the following letter," Bailey wrote, "from Fred Ford at Coventry, with a request for publicity, which I gladly accede to as affording the ex-Gloucester forward an opportunity of stating his reasons for leaving the city . . .:

Then came the letter . . .

"I came to Coventry only with the intention of finding work, as I had been walking about for six months. I am pleased to say I have found work, and I think that the many others you mention could do the same if they were to try. Perhaps they would rather stay in Gloucester, where there is no work to be found. Perhaps if I had plenty of money and a good job at the back of me, as some of the others have got, I may have stayed in Gloucester, but I had nothing, so I thought that I would try Coventry, as other Gloucester boys have got on so well there, and they are not all footballers. When I cam up here my father gave me enough money to keep me until I found work, and I could have had more if I had wanted it. I could also have come home again if there had been no work here, but I was in luck's way for once. When I started work up here I offered my services to the Coventry Club, and I am sure they appreciate me very much. The Coventry Club had nothing whatever to do with my coming to Coventry, as I came up on my own accord."

Fred Ford died a few years back. He returned to Gloucester and was a partner in a local off-licence.

### IN CASE YOU MISSED IT . . .

"Many conflicting reports have been published about Ian Smith, the Scottish International, but it is now settled that he will play for Edinburgh University . . .

The Citizen, October 3, 1925.