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v HARLEQUINS

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28TH, 1995

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- GLOUCESTER (Cherry/White) 13**
15. Martin Roberts
 14. Tim Smith
 13. Don Caskie
 12. Paul Holford
 11. Mark Nicholson

10. Martin Kimber
9. Bruce Fenley

1. Tony Windo
2. Phil Greening
3. Andy Martin
4. Dave Sims †
5. Simon Devereux
6. Rob Fidler
7. Ian Smith
8. Chris Raymond

Replacements:
Mark Cornwell
Andy Deacon
Lee Osborne

NEW SCOREBOARDS
Unfortunately installation at present on the scoreboards has not been completed. We have two more which are currently being manufactured. When installed everyone in the ground will have a clear view. We will be using the system at the moment for experimental purposes only.

Referee: J. Pearson
Durham Society/RFU

Touch Judges:
P. G. Facey & P. Rogers / RFU

† = Captain
* = Internationals

H/T 10-10

Gloucester Rugby Club use
GILBERT MATCH BALLS

HARLEQUINS (Multi-coloured) 24

15. J. Staples

14. D. O'Leary
13. W. Carling †*
12. P. Mensah/W. Greenwood
11. S. Bromley

10. D. Parris/P. Challinor
9. R. Kitchen

1. S. Brown/J. Leonard*
2. B. Moore
3. A. Mullins*
4. A. Snow
5. M. Russell
6. M. Watson
7. R. Jenkins
8. C. Shearsby

Replacements:
C. Wright
S. Mitchell
G. Allison



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Peter Arnold...

A LOT TO LIVE UP TO



Of recent years, we've learned to expect something a little special from the visit of Harlequins to Kingsholm. You'll remember that they came here last April, to provide our final home game of the season, after the league placings were almost decided.

Almost — but not quite. If Gloucester had won that game, then Northampton would not now be riding high at the head of Division Two, simply because they would still be up here in Division One. Gloucester's place was secure by then, so I suppose that 'Quins had more to play for than us, and they duly won an attractive encounter, with Will Carling, on his first League trip to Kingsholm, remarkably enough, having more than a passing influence on events.

But it's not for the undoubted quality of the match for which most of us remember that April afternoon. Mike Teague and Brian Moore (who later changed his mind) had announced their retirements from the game. Both led their respective sides on to the field, and, to everyone's delight and approval, both, together with Will Carling, spent around twenty minutes out on the field signing autographs after peace had been declared.

Anyone who has ever played the game will know that following as tough an eighty minutes as that match provided, all any player wants is to get into the showers, and then gratefully relax in a warm pint of bitter. Not Messrs. Teague, Carling and Moore, however. Three giants of the game they may be, but, on that occasion, they put the fans first, which is to their lasting credit.

In the event, and not having seen the selected teams at the time of writing, All of them could well be much in evidence today, the Harlequins duo as players, and Mike Teague as our new and much respected team manager.

Going back to the previous season, Harlequins provided us with another memorable event. In a match which Gloucester won, the quality of play was very high indeed, and the *total* penalty count was just four. Would that things were like that every week.

One can go back much further in the search for the remarkable in matches between Gloucester and Harlequins. One correspondent reminds me of an occasion, many years ago, when Harlequins selected Sevens squads for two such tournaments on the day they were committed to meet Gloucester. What's more, they attracted much press criticism, and some official disapproval, for so doing. They silenced the critics in the best way possible, however, by having a good run in the Middlesex Sevens, winning the Surrey Sevens, and actually having the temerity to beat us - all on the same afternoon. It's a far cry from some incidents we have suffered recently, where highly-rated clubs have cancelled fixtures, sometimes at the last minute, simply because they didn't think they could raise a strong enough side.

That's never been Gloucester's style, and neither has it been Harlequins. One hopes that the new professionalism won't make that attitude a thing of the past, but I have my doubts.

The visit of 'Quins has always been one of the most eagerly anticipated matches in the calendar, and so it is today. As all the world knows, they've had a storming start to the season, so much so that their defeat by Sale, two weeks ago, came as quite a stunner.

We hope everyone has a good time today, not least David Pears, who we sincerely hope has fully recovered from his little bout of playing footsie with Mike Catt last week. I only saw it on the telly, but it looked painful to me.



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As always, Harlequin Football Club are extremely welcome, even more so because it enables Mike Coley to foregather with his old mates for the first time since joining Gloucester. Now *there's* a session I wouldn't mind being a fly on the wall for.

PUTTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Brian Tebbutt of Abbeymead was just one of the people who contacted me to complain about the 'Guardian' report on the Gloucester v. Wasps game. It wasn't the analysis which worried people, but the unnecessarily snide introduction penned by one Ian Malin. Here it is: judge for yourself.

*Kingsholm, where one county side was once greeted by a hail of spittle
from the home spectators, has by tradition been a forbidding place for
visiting teams. But the dead rat in the middle of the pitch when this game
kicked off seemed to be taking things too far.*

As Brian Tebbutt writes, "I'm sure you'll agree that if the facts reported are true, they can only serve to bring the club into disrepute", and of course he is absolutely right, so I thought I should do a little investigating.

Before expatiating on what John Cleese would probably call 'rodents that have ceased to be', let's spend a few lines on spittle.

To start with, it's a good many years now since the County played at Kingsholm, so the legend is a bit historic. I may also say that, as a staunch and very regular supporter of the old County Championship, my usually reliable memory doesn't recall any such incident at Kingsholm, that I haven't spoken to anyone who can bring it to mind, and that, if any such atrocity did ever take place, it would have been stamped on very firmly by both County and Club officials. Perhaps it's one of those apocryphal stories which come back to haunt us now and then, akin to the mythical old lady who is said to have belaboured a player with her umbrella, but who no one has ever been able to identify, and who, in any case, seems to have popped up all over the country.

Anyway, you can't have a 'hail' of spittle. I suppose you might have a 'shower' or even a 'spray', but 'hail' is something hard and nobbly. So the remark is not only snide, it's badly written as well.

The dead rat deserves more serious consideration, because the inference is plainly that some Shed dweller, with malice aforethought, did use his brawny arm to propel said deceased rodent all the way from the depths of the terracing into the middle of the pitch, although his motive for so doing escapes me. Anyway, who's going to carry a dead rat to a match? A hip-flask, yes...

So I made enquiries at the club office. There I was told that, on the Thursday before the game, the groundsman did, indeed discover such a cadaver on the pitch, and duly disposed of it. Then, lo and behold, as the game started, there was another one, right in the middle of the playing area.

At this point, I felt I needed some expert advice. Anyone who follows the press at all, may well have noticed that, in common with other areas of the country, Gloucester has been suffering an increase in the rat population. You may have seen the occasional report of rats, both dead and alive, being discovered in various parts of the City, especially areas in reasonable proximity to running water.

I therefore rang my old friend, the very helpful and amiable Ken Dorman, the City's Chief Environmental Services Officer, to see if he could throw any light on the matter. His immediate reaction was that it's a bit unusual to find two dead rats in the same place a couple of days apart, but by no means impossible. "After all," he told me, "They have had a very good summer."

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"We have been, and still are, poisoning rats" he continued, "and we're by no means the only people doing so. A rat can carry poison for days, and for miles, and you're close enough to the river, and other streams, for one to wander on to the pitch before popping his clogs. They can also be carried by cats and even rooks or birds of prey."

So there you are. You don't have to potulate evilly-minded Gloucester supporters to explain the event.

I had thought that things were getting better of recent seasons, but it appears that the old 'knock Gloucester at all costs' mentality which some - only some - of the Press used to exhibit can still rear its head from time to time. But I must say, I thought better of the 'Guardian', who I have always considered one of the more balanced and responsible of our national media.

READ ALL ABOUT IT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

Had a phone call from a chap in Didcot, last Monday. Like an idiot, I forgot to ask him for his name, and he forgot to give it to me. (Well, it was Monday morning). It appears that he is one of a trio of gallant souls who come to all Gloucester home matches, and every away game, apart from Orrell and West Hartlepool, which even that intrepid band find a little far to venture from their own neck of the woods.

We had a pleasant chat about various topics, but one of the points he wanted to make was that, around Didcot way, he can't get hold of a 'Citizen', or more important, 'The Pink Un' on anything like a regular basis. He therefore misses the flow of week-by-week news and comment, which those of us who live locally have come to take for granted.

Obviously, something had to be done about that, so I contacted the Circulation Department at the Citizen, and asked what the options were. After all, our Didcot threesome are by no means the only people who support us in this way: I know one little group who regularly travel from Southampton, and another from Sutton Coldfield, for example.

As I confidently expected, the 'Citizen' had an answer. It is perfectly possible to arrange a subscription to the 'Citizen' or the 'Pink Un', whereby the paper will be posted to you regularly. If you are in the 'travelling supporter category, from somewhere far flung, then all you have to do is contact the 'Citizen' Subscriptions Department, at St. John's Lane, Gloucester, or better, ring them on 01452 424442 and ask to speak to Julie King. She'll tell you how much it will cost, and anything else you will want to know, and then arrange matters for you.

COACHES, COACHES, COACHES....

As you will have noted, the next two Saturdays involve away League fixtures at Saracens and Sale respectively. Both are attractive, not to say highly important, fixtures which the happy band of travelling supporters will want to attend. And that means club coaches.

Terms and conditions for acquiring seats on either coach are the same. The cost will be £7.50, and departure time from Kingsholm will be 10.30. Anyone wanting to go to either or both, should drop into the office and book as soon as they can.

For those who like to use their own transport, the directions I have to the Saracens ground indicate that you should make for the M25, and leave it at Junction 24. Then, follow the A111 for a couple of miles to Cockfosters. When you see Cockfosters Tube Station on the left, you're getting close. Carry on through a parade of shops to a roundabout, then drive straight on towards Southgate. The Saracens Green Road ground is on your left.

For Sale, the directions I have are more sketchy. I'm simply told that the Heywood Road ground is off the A56, between Manchester and Altrincham. By rail, the ground is just four minutes walk from Brooklands station, again between Manchester and Altrincham.

Finally, some interest has already been expressed in a coach for the 'friendly' (and I use the term somewhat quizzically), at Northampton on November 25th. The club is perfectly willing to run such a coach, depending entirely on how many punters would like to take advantage of it. Early indications would be useful, so if you are tempted, call into the office and indicate your intentions.

Of course, there is another attraction at Kingsholm that day. It's the Divisional Championship between the South West and the Midlands, where we could just see Dave Sims in opposition to Richard West. I leave it to you which event you'd rather patronise.

... AND ONE DISSATISFIED PUNTER

I'm told that there was one little misunderstanding aboard the coach which went to Bristol. Apparently, one gentleman took exception to the fact that the party stopped at a pub on the way back, although the other 40 or so were quite happy.

Anyone who has been patronising that trip for any length of time will know that that particular lubrication stop has been a tradition of the Bristol trip for some years, a fact of which our objector was probably not aware. In fact, the organiser had been asked the likely time of return before the coach left Kingsholm in the morning, and opined that they'd be back around 6.30. In the event, they missed that deadline by about eight minutes. Shock, horror!

Tempted though I may be, however, I mustn't be horrid to the inconvenienced traveller, who, no doubt, had his own sufficient reasons for the stance that he took. The point of mentioning the occurrence at all is that it does behove anyone travelling to make sure that timings meet individual requirements when booking seats. Once you're stuck on a coach, surrounded by dozens of supporters whose priorities may not be your own, you're thoroughly outvoted, and there isn't a lot you can do about the situation.

It's worth stating the general policy on such matters. Coaches are arranged with the intention of arriving at or near the opponents' ground at around 1.30. Departure time is normally 6.30. The Bristol trip is an exception to this rule, by tradition, and this time round, the whole thing was complicated by the unusual 2.15 kick-off.

So now you know.

WESTERN SAMOA

Just to complete the 'forthcoming attractions' section, I now have information about timing and prices for the South West v. Western Samoa meeting at Kingsholm on December 9th. The kick-off will be at 7.00pm, and the prices as follows.

Stand seats, £12.00 (no concessions). Ground, £8.00, Juniors and OAP's £4.00.

ONLY FOUR MORE SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

... and one of those depends on the Pilkington Cup draw for December 23rd, so your opportunities to patronise the Club Shop before the Festive Season are becoming rather limited.

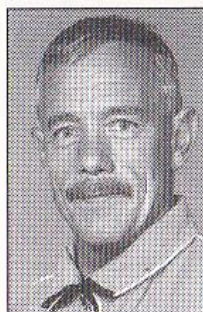
As I've said before, our shop does provide an excellent range of goods, reasonably priced, many of which would make excellent Christmas presents, ranging from stocking fillers on upwards. Indeed, towards the end of last season, our Shop featured in 'Rugby News' as one of the best around.

It isn't easy running an emporium like this, you know. I think that Alan Townsend, and John Beaman don't always get the credit they deserve for running such an excellent facility, and I hope they'll accept this little note as a mark of appreciation for all the work they put in, week in and week out, season after season. Thanks, chaps!

Anyway, there are other reasons for stocking yourself up (no pun intended), apart from the prezzie season. After all, we do have Bath here on the day before New Year's Eve, and you'll want to look your best for that, won't you?

TODAYS REFEREE

— John Pearson —



John began refereeing in 1977 with Kent Society. He was promoted to the A list in 1983. Moved to be a member of Durham Society in 1985. John was then promoted to the RFU Panel in 1987 followed by inclusion on the International Panel in 1994. Subsequently refereed France v Wales in the Five Nations in January 1995. In addition to the above John has wide international experience having refereed in Australia, Argentina, Bermuda, Fiji, France, Israel, Portugal, South

Africa, Yugoslavia and the other Home Countries. His biggest domestic game to date is the Pilkington Cup Final of 1995 between Bath and Wasps. His other significant game is the Argentinian National Final of 1992 between Tucuman and Cordoba.

John lives in Cleveland and is the county Adviser/Inspector with responsibility for Physical Education and Health with Cleveland County Council Education Department. He has played in a variety of positions ranging from wing three-quarter to hooker.

How Rob Gough Sees It



With no disrespect whatsoever to the four or five excellent hostelrys within staggering distance of Kingsholm, the Kingsholm Inn, known to all and sundry (especially sundry) as 'The Jockey', does have a special place in the mythology of Gloucester RFC. Of recent seasons, this has been expanded and enhanced by the activities, and sheer, good-humoured presence of Rob Gough, the Licencee and well-known rugby fanatic. If you haven't been in and taken a gander at the famous mural which depicts the strips of all the local Combination clubs, then you jolly well ought to.

Which all raised the question - what does such a Landlord do on a match day, when he's open all afternoon? And what does he think of it all? In the case of the first question, the answer's simple. He comes to the match, allowing his staff to take the strain in his absence.

As for the second question - now read on.

ONE MAN'S WASPS

The pre-match build up started in the pub which was packed with Gloucester & Wasps supporters. By 2 o'clock the excitement was growing, with everyone looking forward to the game. The talk was mainly about Rob Andrew and his disappointing display against Bath the previous week. The Gloucester supporters were expecting repercussions, whilst the Wasps supporters were in a very happy mood, clearly expecting a big win against Gloucester.

The largest cheer of the day went to the two Gloucester supporters who came in wearing cherry-and-white hats, one dressed as a Saxon, the other resembling someone from The Mad Hatters Tea Party. Now, the pre-match atmosphere was set.

The game started very well for Gloucester after going into a 6 point lead but we could sense they were on borrowed time. I did not understand, with the line-out forwards we had, how we played into the Wasps hands by tapping the ball back to Bruce Fenley, who was then quickly devoured by the Wasps pack, who may I add, had no recognised second-row forwards. Our individual skills in the game were evidently well below par. What we lacked there, should have been made up by arrogance and aggression.

Throughout the whole game we appeared to be just 'going through the motions', and never looked like creating a try scoring chance. Wasps, on the other hand, continually charged at us, and went beyond the game line, time and time again, with a pace and power, continually making the ball available to their backs.

It's good to see that Gloucester still have the best supporters in the land. Without 'the lift' they give the players, I shudder to think what may happen. We must stamp our authority on any opposition, especially when they are visiting Kingsholm. (We need more dog!)

After the match the Gloucester supporters were very subdued over their drinks, but a coach load of Wasps supporters started a sing-song. After a rendering of 'Singing the Blues', they called on the Landlord to sing them a song, which I duly obliged. I burst into my version of 'Ghost Riders', followed by 'The Gloucester Boys'. This seemed to 'lift' our supporters and quietly subdued the Wasps supporters. After all, we could not let them beat us in the sing-song as well, could we? We still have our pride!! We must survive!!

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Peter Arnold (cont)

CLUB SHOW

While we're on about Christmas, I am still open to suggestions and offers of help for our planned Festive Extravaganza, to be staged at the New Olympus Theatre on Friday, January 12th. We're still in the planning stage, and some acts have already been arranged, including a traditional melodrama, complete with hissable villain.

Anyone with showbiz inclinations, do please get in touch. Telephone, 01452 537880. I'm sure we can fit you in somewhere, be you a singer, dancer, contortionist or snake-charmer. For those who have already contacted be, I'll be back to them as soon as I sensibly can.

But whether you're taking part, giving a hand around the theatre, or simply coming along as a cash customer, put the date in your diary. Friday, January 12th.

DOUBLE DOSE

If, as the Match Mascots run out today, you think you may have tarried in the bar just one drink too long, be reassured. There really are two of them. Jonathan and James Trigg are twins, though not, I'm bound to say, identical.

That fact must be a considerable relief to referees of Matson Under 8's matches, for whom the twins play. They must have enough trouble with healthy eight-year olds, buzzing around all over the place, without difficulties in telling them apart.

Like any other normally rumbustious youngsters, Jonathan and James don't confine their interests to one sport only. They are both into swimming, and enjoy cycling as well. Between whiles, they reside with Mum and Dad at Abbeydale, and also have to contend with the presence of baby brother Michael, who is five months old. Apart from all that, they even find a few hours each week to attend Robinswood Junior School.

Thanks for coming, James and Jonathan, Don't forget that Gloucester RFC have a long and honourable history of brothers turning out in the cherry-and-white strip.

TAILPIECE

I came across a story which I simply can't understand at all, and I hope someone, somewhere along the line can enlighten me about it. It comes from the usually reliable source, known far and wide as Henry Amphlett, notable for his long experience as a member of the fondly-remembered 'Rings' side, a trenchant player for Old Cents. and a distinguished referee. He is now, for his sins, the Administrator of the New Olympus Theatre in Barton Street.

The story is bizarre, even surreal, and goes like this.

It appears that some years ago, one Old Cents player, as happens sometimes, broke a bootlace while changing. Obviously, he called out to see if anyone had a spare lace.

"Sorry, can't help you !" came the reply but 've got a photograph of Lloyd George !" What's more, he nonchalantly produced it, for all to see.

Now, can someone please tell me, why would anyone carry a photograph of Lloyd George around in his rugby kit ? Perhaps he really did know his father.



SPANNERS SPIEL

Last Saturday's win against **BRISTOL UNITED** emphasized the importance of a goal kicker. **Gareth Fenwick** kept us in the hunt all game with vital penalty kicks which kept the team's spirit up at crucial points in the game.

Two splendid tries by **Pete Miles** and **Rob Yorks**, the latter a well rehearsed penalty move, injected some well overdue fire to the side and generally the whole performance was pleasing. We had a solid platform from the front five and good cohesion in the line-outs.

Peter Hart resembled a young **Paul Turner** with some very unorthodox play and natural ball skills. **Tom Beim** showed some nice touches and looks a good prospect for the future.

Now that the **UNITED** are back to their winning ways, the players know they have to maintain high standards and build from this performance in order to increase the strength of the Gloucester squad and push their own case for **1st XV position**.

Next to the stoop for Richardsons hopefuls.

Dave Spencer, United Coach

Ed Martin ...

Around this time seventy years ago, Gloucester was celebrating a 15-14 win against Swansea at Kingsholm — any win against the Welsh “big four”, whether home or away, was a good enough reason for slightly bigger headlines in the Citizen.

“What a game and what a finish!” That was the way Bill Bailey opened his “remarks” column on the game — back in those days, the Saturday evening Football “Pink” not only carried the match report, but also a personalised “critique” on the 80 minutes.

Bailey continued: *“Not for several years has there been such an exciting conclusion to a match at Kingsholm, the nearest approach being when Gloucester snatched a victory over Devonport Services with a try, converted, obtained right on time. Gloucester won by a point today after some remarkable scoring, and it would have been hard luck indeed for the City to have suffered defeat, for whilst giving Swansea every credit for their splendid effort ... the trend of play was more in favour of the home side.”*

The first half saw points on the board for Gloucester with a try by fly half Dr. Taylor, Full back Millington kicked the conversion and added a penalty, while the good doctor landed a dropped goal. For Swansea, centre B. Barter

made a mark in front of goal and kicked the three points. Then just before halftime, he added a try which he also converted.

It was a first half to be savoured. And Gloucester, according to Bailey, deserved their 12-8 lead. But Swansea took control early in the second period. Welsh international forward Dai Parker made his mark and kicked the ball between the uprights to bring Swansea to within a point. But Gloucester stretched their lead with a try by Sid Brown - Millington missing the conversion.

But right on “time”, Swansea winger J.E. Watkins made an all out dash for the line, outwitting Millington and scoring the try in a good position. Swansea were back to within a point - and a brace was on offer from a successful conversion.

It was a kickable conversion - and a conversion to win the match. Dai Parker took the kick and, in Bailey’s words, *“failed badly”*. It was the penultimate kick of the game. When Gloucester restarted, the final whistle was blown by referee Fear.

On the same day, Newport were at Twickenham taking on the Harlequins. And a late try by Andrews secured a one-point win for the Welshmen - the final score: Harlequins 9, Newport 10.



“Andrews Last Stand”

Rob’s last game for Wasps — why couldn’t it have been one week earlier!!

(Photo courtesy of Tony Hickey)