



Slight Case of Deja Vu

You remember that feeling when your opposite number in the line-out gets his foot on top of yours as you're jostling for position. It doesn't really hurt, but there is that niggle that it's something you should do something about in a minute, if only you could think what that might be.

I well remember having just such a prickle at the back of my mind on arrival for the first time at Orrell's very pleasant Edge Hall Road ground. Something was trying to tell me something, but I couldn't articulate what it was. I was halfway down my third pint of something suitably North Country and nourishing before the murkier recesses of my subconscious finally gave up the ghost and revealed the source of my preoccupation.

I felt at home. The place was reminding me of Kingsholm.

Not physically. The pitch is smaller, for a start, and slopes away subtly into - it seems - all directions, and some dimensions probably best described in terms of Einstein's General Theory of Relativity. At least, it must feel like that to the players when they get trapped into that dip in one corner, and those bloody great Orrell forwards simply won't let you get out. I think it's called 'home advantage', and we're the last side in the world to be able to complain about that.

No. The resemblance to Kingsholm isn't physical. It's more subtle than that. I suppose the in-word would be 'ambiance': a whole collection of impressions which amalgamate to tell you that, everything is fine, you're enjoying this, you're thoroughly at home here. Why, you could transplant a job lot of Orrell supporters into the 'Jockey' or the 'Dean's' at around 2.00pm of a home Saturday, and if it weren't for the accents and the sported colours, I doubt if the respective bar staffs would notice the difference.

In the period of which I'm thinking they even still had a custom which we, at Kingsholm, recall from the days B.C. (Before Complex), when overburdened supporters could go and relieve overworked plumbing in the space

behind the stand. No one minded at Orrell, apart from one good lady, fortunate enough to live in a house adjoining the ground, who used to ring up and complain. Not until about two-thirds of the way through the game, I noticed. Apparently it used to happen just about every week.

Never have the similarities between our two great clubs been more marked than they are this season. Both of us have struggled to come to terms with the indecently rushed new era, both on the field and off. Both sets of supporters are deeply suspicious of the 'cheque book' clubs, and of their opponents on the RFU side of the equation. Both of us are 'member' clubs, rooted in the traditions, customs and usages of the 'old' game, seeking to blend the best of the old with the brighter elements of the new.

And both of us are going to have to be dragged kicking and screaming into Division Two of the Courage League, if that's the way the jockstrap moulders. To date, as all the world knows, Gloucester look more likely to avoid the Outer Darkness than our respected and welcome visitors, but there's still time -barely - for the Wigan lads to turn things around. They have suffered more than anyone from the defections brought about by the economic realities of the professional game, but they are bringing a decent side on, as time goes by.

No doubt they'll see today as one of the chances to start the renaissance of their very fine club, and if they were playing anyone but Gloucester, I would be cheering them on. We can't afford any such luxuries however, and I'm sure that Orrell won't be expecting any favours to come their way out on the field. They'll be doing their damnedest, and it would be more easy to come unstuck against them than most pundits would have you believe.

But, whatever happens on the Sacred Turf, today, it's great to see the Orrell lads here again. We hope everyone feels just as much at home here as I do at Edge Hall Road.

Peter Arnold



Where Do We Go From Here?

I can't recall a season when I've had so many occasions to inform you about changes to the fixture list for one reason or another, or to keep you abreast of why we're playing whom and where. Add a touch of the Frost Giants around New Year time, and things do get complicated.

Here's a run-down on the Story So Far. Unless it's changed by the time you read this, that is.

Friday, February 14th, Gloucester v. Newport (Away) Anglo-Welsh Conference

Remember the Anglo-Welsh? If memory serves we haven't lost in that competition yet, and put 76 points on Newbridge on our last encounter at Kingsholm. Newport, especially on their own pitch, will probably be an altogether sterner challenge, and could be well worth seeing.

At the time of writing, I haven't heard about any coaches, but that information may well be known to you by now.

Tuesday, February 18th, Gloucester v. Bristol (Away) Courage League, Division One

This is the game which switched from Saturday to Sunday on the weekend between Christmas and New Year, and then fell victim to the frost. Obviously, it's an absolutely vital game for us, and no less so for Bristol.

All right, so we beat them, here, in the Cup a couple of weeks ago, but there didn't appear to be much between the sides on that day, and this time we're taking them on on their own midden, as the saying goes. It's an encounter you surely won't want to miss.

Coaches will be leaving Kingsholm at 5.30, and cost a very reasonable £5.00 There's only ten days to go, so get your name down quick, if you haven't already done so.

Bob Barge asks me to point out that new lists are in operation for this game. In other words, if you had your name down for the aborted trip, then you haven't got it down any more. You'll have to rebook, so don't get caught out. He also asks me to ask you to let the office know if some catastrophe prevents you from making the trip after you've booked your seat, so that it can be re-allocated. Nothing worse than an empty seat on these occasions, is there ?

Saturday, February 22nd, Gloucester v. Wakefield, (Away) Pilkington Cup, Quarter Final

Ouch! Tricky old trip, this one. Looks all right on paper, of course: a First Division side visiting an outfit which was sitting at fifth spot in Division Two, last time I looked. But you and I know that it isn't quite like that.

We're still smarting over the defeat they inflicted on us in the Cup a couple of seasons ago. What's more, as recently as November 23rd, they beat us comprehensively at Wakefield to the tune of 24 points to 3.

"OK", you may say, "We're a better side than we were two seasons ago, and last November, we took a United-strength side to Wakefield." Both statements are perfectly true, but consider. Wakefield are only lying fifth in their division because the four teams above them are 'cheque book' clubs who have been able to buy themselves their teams. Had that not been so, our Cup opponents could well be sitting high, wide and handsome at the top of Division Two, with every prospect of joining next season's First Division. Indeed, if the threatened play-offs come in, then it only wants one of the top clubs to slip up, and they could make it, anyway.

So it's not going to be an easy game, whatever the pundits and the paperwork indicate. We can, and should, win it of course, and you could contribute to that desirable outcome by taking your lungs and your voice box up to Wakefield in two weeks time.

Now for the sordid details. As I write this (on Monday) we don't know when tickets for the game will become available, but I've no doubt that that information will be available by the time you read this. I do know the damage, however. Stand seats will cost £10.00, and their stand isn't all that big, so you'd do well to book as early as possible. Ground tickets will be available at £8.00 a throw.

At least two coaches will be making the trip, and you can climb aboard for just £9.00. Again, please book as soon as you can.

So there you are. I assume that the Wakefield engagement means that we won't be taking on Coventry on that same date, as originally envisaged. The next trip is to Wasps on Sunday, March 9th, but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, so I'll let you have more details about arrangements for that In Our Next, as they say.

Phew! Glad I got that lot off my chest.

Peter Arnold

Gloucester News

Not Letting the Grass Grow

Elsewhere in this magnificent example of late 20th Century English Literature, you'll find an ad. headed with a rather arty logo spelling out 'SFS' If you're a farmer, you won't need that explaing to you, but for all of us lesser mortals, the acronym stands for 'Select Feeds and Seeds'.

If you want to know what that has to do with Gloucester RFC, I'll simply state that we have the word of many informed judges that Kingsholm provides the best playing surface in England outside Twickenham. That means that someone has to supply high-quality grass seed, selected precisely for the purpose. In our case, that means SFS, and as many devotees of Gloucester know perfectly well, that means Bob Osborne.

Bob has been supporting Gloucester for as long as he, himself, can remember. He was sponsoring matches at Kingsholm long before he took the plunge and founded Select Feeds and Seeds. For the past few years, his company has been supplying the vital seed for maintaining the Sacred Turf.

I'm glad to be able to tell you that he has just been awarded the contract to continue to do so for the three seasons, which is great news for all concerned.

As I've always said, the Club should support the people who support Gloucester if at all possible, and that includes arch-afficionado, devout beer drinker, wit, raconteur, and all - around Good Egg, Bob Osborne.

Good on you, mate!

CATCHING 'EM YOUNG

Today's Match Mascot is a young man from Malvern, named Michael England. Don't recall that we've ever had a Mascot from that attractive town before, so he's especially welcome. He attends the Chase School, and apart from rugby, is into the other sort of football.

He also attends the local pony club with his brother Jon, where the pair of them indulge in triathlon, which seems fairly daunting. Thanks for coming, Michael.

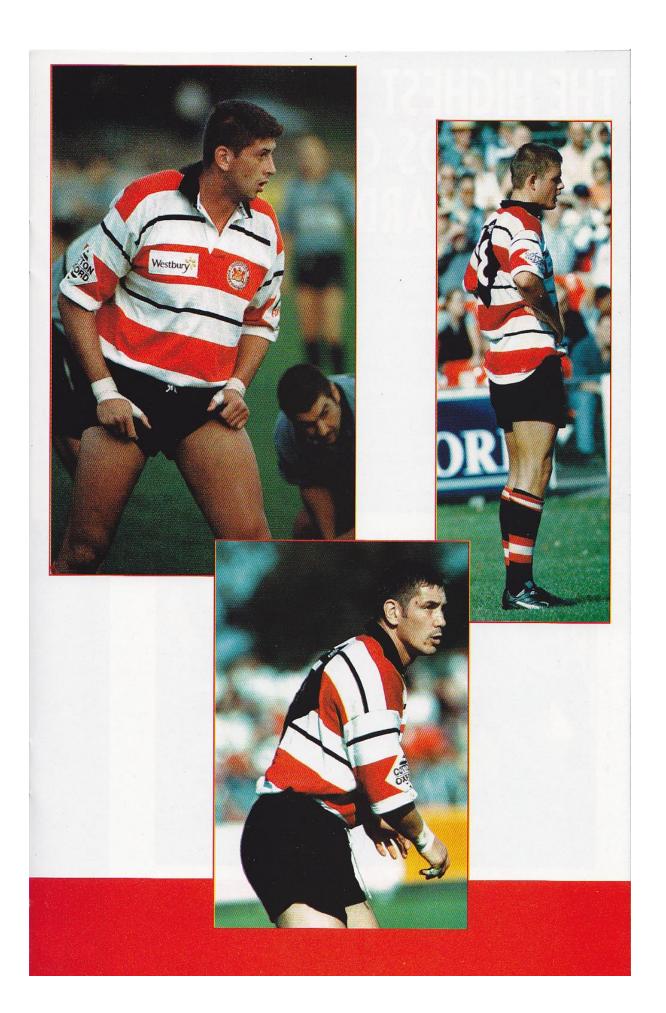
WELL DONE TOFTY!

All our people seem to have acquitted themselves well in the latest spate of England 'A' and England Under 21 games. However, I think we must give pride of place to Mark Mapletoft for scoring a try against the tough Otago outfit. Hope it's not the last try he scores at Bristol, this season!

TAILPIECE

Sorry. Can't resist it. You'd think a firm based in Brislington would know that Bristol play in letters and not numbers, wouldn't you? For your information, Visual Marketing chaps, Leicester do too. And they're here on March 22nd.





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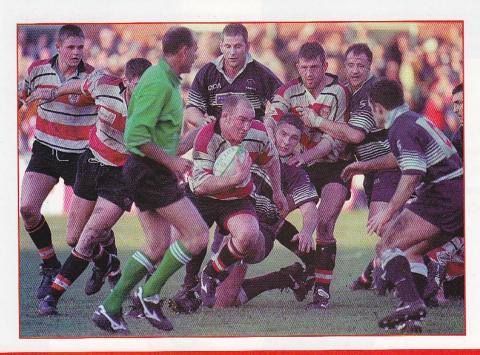
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Saturday 8th February 1997 Kick-off 3.00pm

GLOUCESTER 30 Cherry & White

ORRELL O Orange & Black

15	Chris Catling	Full Back	S Taberner	15
14	Mike Peters —	Right Wing	J Naylor	14
13	Don Caskie	Centre	D Lyon	13
12	Martin Roberts	Centre	L Tuigamala	12
11	Mike Lloyd T	Left Wing	R Hitchmough	
10	Mark Mapletoft 272c2s	Outside Half	M McCarthy	10
9	Scott Benton	Scrum Half	S W Cook	9
				Land A
1	Tony Windo	Prop	M Worsley	
2	Phil Greening (I)	Hooker	MScott	2
3	Andy Deacon	Prop	S Turner	3
4	Rob Fidler	Lock	C Brierly	4
5	Dave Sims *	Lock	C Cussani	
6	Ed Pearce	Flanker	P Anglesea	6
7	Nathan Carter	Flanker	R Higgs	7
8	Simon Devereux	No.8	J Huxley	8
	10.06220			
16	Laurie Beck	Replacements	J Cunoick	16
17	Martyn Kimber		P Hamer	17
18	Chris Fortey		P Rees	18
19	Mark Cornwell		P Newton	19
20				
21				

Referee

Ed Morrison (RFU/Bristol)

(I) International * Captain

Touch Judges S Savage (RFU) M Firby (RFU)