

# GLOUCESTER

*The Cherry and Whites*

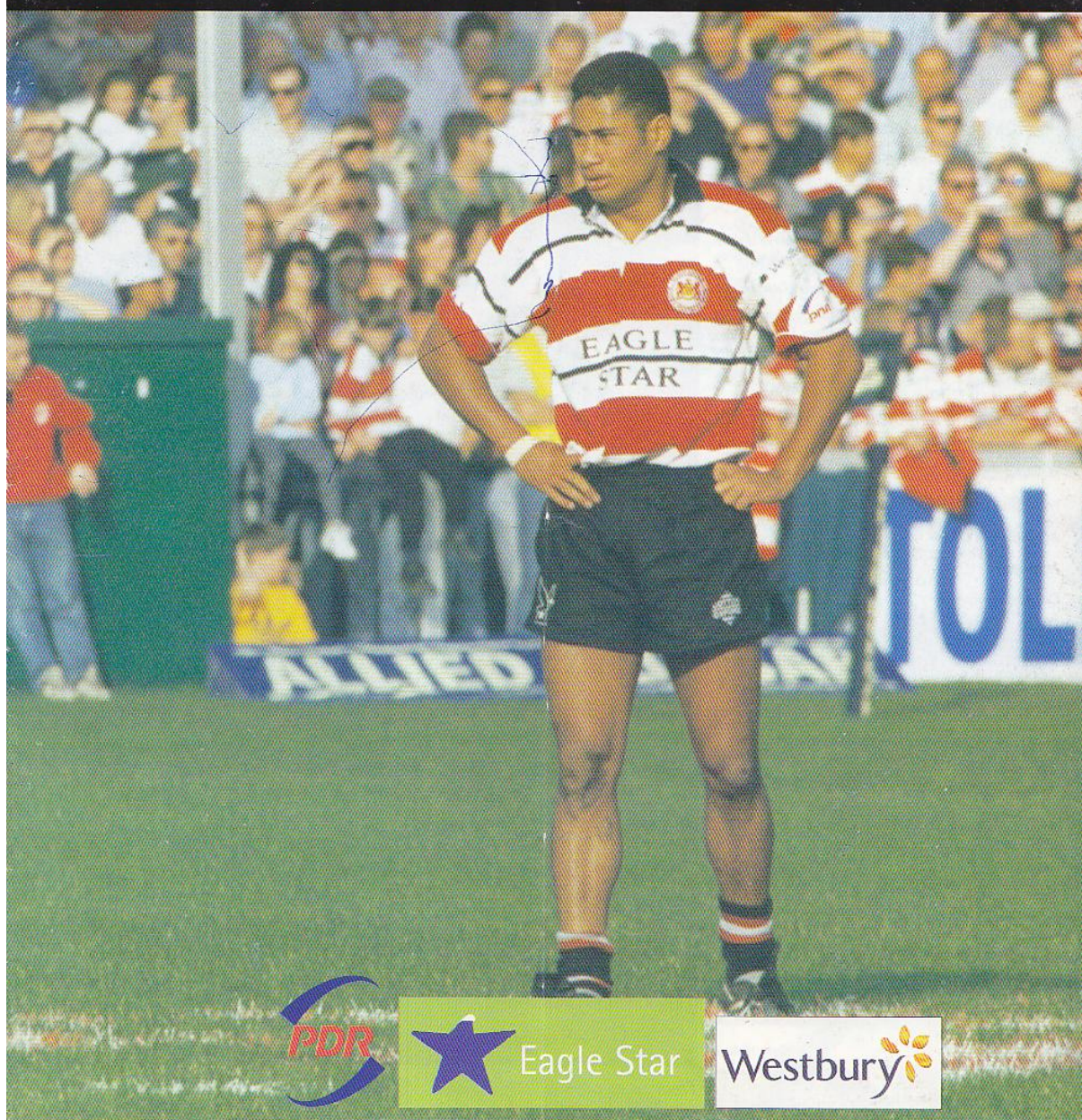


GLOUCESTER v BEDFORD

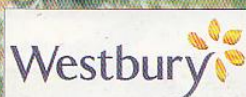
£1.00

28th February 1998 KO 3pm

Vol 2/13



Eagle Star



0 5  
2 8  
8 13  
0 15  
3 15  
3 20  
3 20  
6 20  
6 25  
6 27  
11 27  
13 27  
13 32  
18 32  
20 32



Saturday 28th February 1998

Kick-off 3.00pm

## GLOUCESTER

Cherry & White

## BEDFORD

Oxford and Cambridge  
Blue Hoops

15	CHRIS CATLING <i>22</i>	Full Back	MIKE RAYER *	15
14	BRIAN JOHNSON <i>R</i>	Right Wing	BEN WHETSTONE	14
13	NICK OSMAN	Centre	JOE EWENS	13
12	RICHARD TOMBS *	Centre	DANIEL WHISTON	12
11	CRAIG EMMERSON	Left Wing	RORY UNDERWOOD *	11
10	MARK MAPLETOFT * <i>C</i>	Outside Half	TONY YAPP	10
9	SCOTT BENTON <i>87</i>	Scrum Half	SIMON CRABB	9
1	TONY WINDO capt	Prop	NEAL HATLEY	1
2	NEIL McCARTHY	Hooker	JIMMY RICHARDS	2
3	ANDY DEACON <i>19</i>	Prop	DAVE HINKINS	3
4	ROB FIDLER	Lock	ANDY DUKE	4
5	MARK CORNWELL <i>5</i>	Lock	SCOTT MURRAY *	5
6	SIMON DEVEREUX	Flanker	ROY WINTERS	6
7	NATHAN CARTER	Flanker	JUNIOR PARAMORE *	7
8	STEVE OJOMOH *	No. 8	RUDI STRAEULI *	8
16	ALEX MORRIS	Replacements	MICK PECHEY	16
17	IAN SANDERS		RICHARD STONE	17
18	CHRIS COLLINS		CLEM BOYD	18
19	ADEY POWLES		PAUL SIMMONDS	19
20	ED MALLET		JASON FORSTER	20
21	SAM PEARMAN		MATT DEANS	21
22	MARTIN ROBERTS <i>SMS</i>			22

Referee

DAVID SAINSBURY  
(RFU/London Society)

\* International

Touch Judges

Alan Biggs (Glos. Society)  
David Howard (Glos. Society)

# Welcome to Bedford



## Old Pals Reunion

*by Peter Arnold*

It's good to see a fine old club like Bedford back in the top flight of the game after many years in the comparative wilderness. It might seem a little premature to say that, but the Goldington Road outfit are such conspicuous front runners in Division Two of the Premiership that it would take a miracle of Biblical proportions to stop them taking their place in Division One next season.

To date, they have won all fifteen of their Premiership games, and there are nine points between them and the rest of the pack. If there is such a thing as a racing certainty, then this is it.

But that 'old pals' crack at the head of the page is intended to refer to personnel rather than the club itself. I don't know Bedford's team sheet at the time of writing, but they have, I'm told, signified their intention to bring a good side, and that opens up a very welcome range of possibilities. The great Rory Underwood could well be here, for example, and we have seen him at Kingsholm a fair few times, for Leicester of course, and also I believe, for Yorkshire just before they castrated the County Championship. He could also be bringing another former Tiger with him. Aadel Kardooni gave us plenty of trouble at scrum-half before the Austin Healey era at Leicester.

Another old friend who could be here is Dave Hinkins, who you'll remember striving mightily at prop for Bristol a few years ago. And, of course, there's Geoff Cooke who made many a visit to

Kingsholm when he was in charge of the England set-up before Jack Rowell took over.

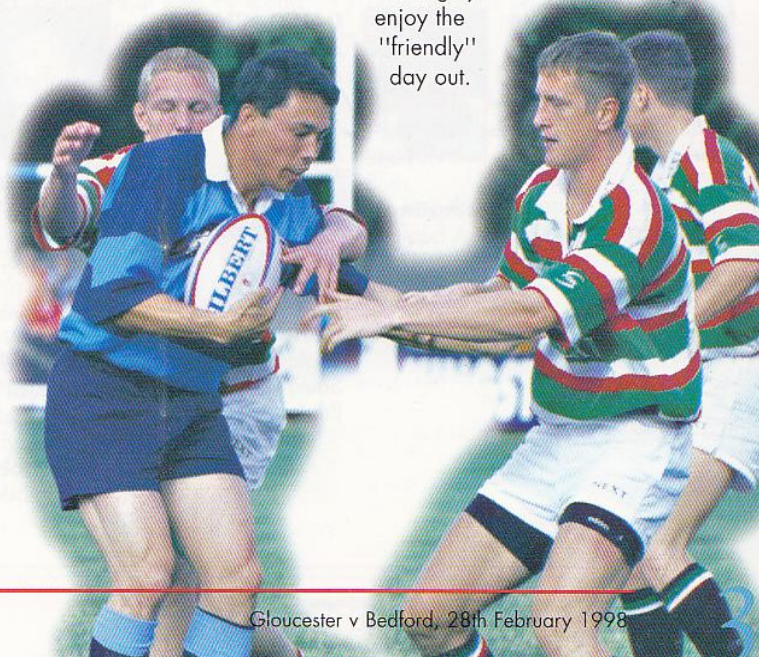
Above all, there could well be Paul Turner. If you rolled together all the shirts he's played in at Kingsholm, he'd probably make one good Harlequin. Newbridge, Newport, Sale - it didn't seem to matter whose colours he was flying, he always seemed to turn on something special against Gloucester. Kingsholm seems to suit him, and if he's playing, he'll be keen to establish that that fact still holds good.

We haven't seen so much of Mike Rayer at Kingsholm, although he did play against us at the Arms Park in his Cardiff days. At that time he was well in the reckoning for Wales, and in my own view, should have won more Caps than he did.

His presence would lead to a pleasant little

confrontation. If you take a look at the Unisys Top Points Scoring Table, you'll note that, sitting comfortably at number eight, is one Mike Rayer with a highly satisfactory 262 points.

Immediately above him, at number three, with just 28 points more, is our own Mark Mapletoft, so there's something to play for there. As I started out to say, Bedford is a magnificent old club with a very long history of playing against Gloucester. The last time we met, at Goldington Road last March, they put 58 points on us. There's no use pointing out that we sent a United-strength side along that day. As far as the record books show, it's a win over Gloucester. They won't find it as easy today (fingers crossed), but however the game goes, we hope everyone finds their long, cross country journey worthwhile, and thoroughly enjoy the "friendly" day out.



Gloucester v Bedford, 28th February 1998



# Player Profile

# M



If ever a chap was in a 'now follow that' situation, it's Mark Cornwell. To be asked to fill the capacious footwear of Dave Sims is a daunting proposition in its own right, but it wouldn't be fair simply to label Mark as some sort of supersub. He's a highly accomplished lock forward in his own right: one which many a very

good side would be very grateful to have as their first choice.

If you doubt any of that, then you haven't been watching lately. More than that, you haven't been reading the newspapers either, because, as Julia Acklam points out, one rarely sees an action photograph of any Gloucester

game without some portion of Mr. Cornwell's anatomy in the frame somewhere. Where the ball goes, there goes he.

Mind you, there's a lot of Mark Cornwell to cover. At 6'7", and big in proportion, he's an intimidating sight at full gallop, he has an impressive turn of speed for such a big man, and his dominating presence in the line-out rivals that of Dave Sims himself.

His performances over the past few weeks have been particularly noteworthy. Anyone who saw the Northampton game would have to agree that the match was won largely up front, where Rob Fidler and Mark Cornwell positively demolished their opposite numbers, both in the lines out and around the park.

Mark celebrated his 25th birthday last Sunday, as ever was. He hasn't achieved any representative honours as yet, but the frequent presence of various selectors at Gloucester's matches over the past few weeks must surely have brought his merits to the attention of the right people recently. He certainly deserves that to be the case.

# 8

Gloucester v Bedford, 28th February 1998



# Mark Cornwell

*by Peter Arnold*

He tells me he is known as 'Pasty' by his confreres ('Cornwell', 'Cornwall', geddit ?) and is one of the strong band of players who are Gloucester-born, Gloucester-bred. We'll skip the next line of the old doggerel, because there's nothing 'thick i' the yud' about Mark, or any of the rest of them, come to that. His route to Kingsholm came via the Old Richians route, as is the case with several other rising stars.

Mark isn't married, but neither is he

available, as a certain young lady named Claire will testify. His most admired player is the All Black, Ian Jones, and he likes to go fishing when he can.

His favourite moment in rugby is last season's defeat of Leicester at Kingsholm, which is interesting, because he was only on the bench for that game. Much was made, on TV recently, of what is called 'the family spirit' at Kingsholm,

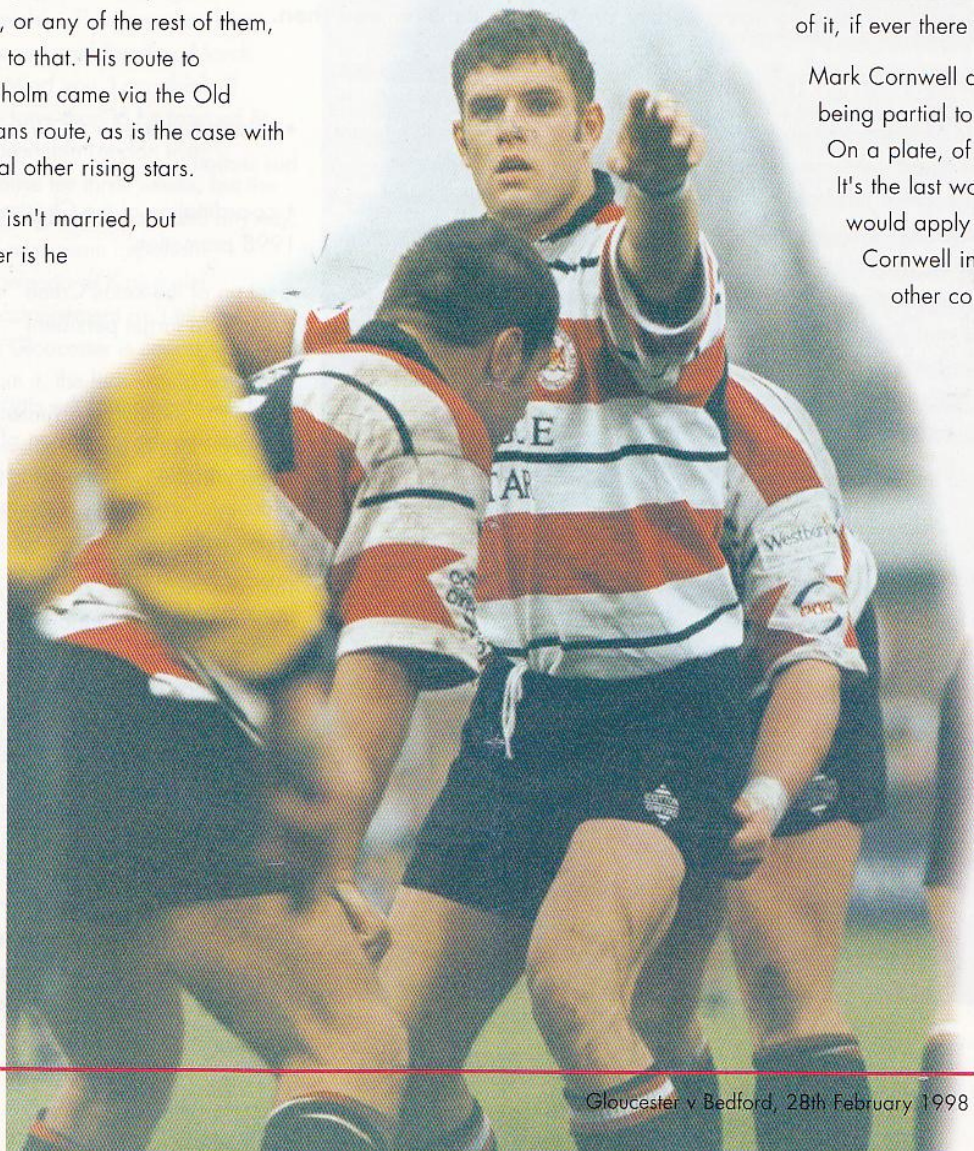
and there's another example of it, if ever there was one.

Mark Cornwell admits to being partial to chicken.

On a plate, of course.

It's the last word one would apply to Mark

Cornwell in any other context.



Gloucester v Bedford, 28th February 1998

# Club News



*by Peter Arnold*

## Gloucester v Wasps Wednesday 11th March 1998 New Kick-Off 7.30pm

### Change of Plans

Don't bother to turn up at Sunbury next Saturday, expecting to see Gloucester visit London Irish in the Premiership. The game has been postponed until Tuesday, March 24th. Mind you, I can think of worse fates than to be trapped in the hospitable London Irish clubhouse for three weeks, but the family might miss you, and anyway, you'd miss some important engagements at Kingsholm. The postponement isn't all bad, as far as Gloucester is concerned. Without it, the lads would have been facing three crucial Premiership games in eight days, which is tough on anyone. As it is, our next Kingsholm occasion is scheduled for Wednesday, March 11th, when we are down to face a challenge from Wasps. That's one to savour, as a glance at the Table will show you. Furthermore, if Wasps think it's difficult to win at Kingsholm at the best of times, wait until they try it under the lights with the Shed in full cry. Bath and Leicester could tell them about that. Then, on the following Sunday, March 15th, we await the arrival of Saracens. A win over them would set the tongues wagging, and would probably ensure free beer for all of us up Newcastle way.

### Sad News

#### CANON MERVYN HUGHES


I have had to write more obituaries in these columns than it is good to remember, indeed, this is the third such sad duty I have had in four programmes. To have to record the passing of Canon Mervyn Hughes is, however, the saddest such burden of them all.

One small incident sums Mervyn Hughes up for me. It occurred at a Club AGM, in the days when such events were held in the Clubhouse. We had just re-elected him as President of Gloucester RFC for about the fourth or fifth time. As he got to his feet to reply he said to everyone, "Thanks for letting me go on doing the best job in rugby !" With most other people that would have been lip service. When Mervyn Hughes said it, you knew he meant it. Every syllable of it. Canon Hughes was known and respected throughout the world of rugby. When star players and officials arrived at Kingsholm, from New Zealand, Australia, wherever, they always greeted him as an old friend. He was a man who, once met, was valued and remembered with affection.

He was fundamentally a quiet man

- although not on the field in his playing days, I'm told. He had a quiet, often self-deprecating, sense of humour, and a fund of gentle stories which could keep everyone laughing. Yet no one ever heard Mervyn Hughes say a bad word, or a hurtful one, about anyone. Mervyn wasn't just a man of the cloth. He was a genuine Man of God, a Christian in the best sense. He served as Vicar of St. Philip and St. James at Hucclecote from around 1947 to 1978, and was universally loved by the entire parish. Of course, everyone knew that it wasn't possible to get married in his church after about one o'clock on a Saturday if Gloucester were playing at home. Gloucester RFC, and indeed, Gloucester in general, has lost a genuinely great man in Canon Mervyn Hughes. Not that he would have seen it that way. He simply saw himself as a man who put his hand to the plough when asked, and did what was given him to do, the best way he knew how. We shall all miss Mervyn. A gentleman and a gentle man too. But we're all richer for having known him.

The following page, although dated 20 Feb, was included in the 28 Feb programme:



# Club

### Where are they now?

by Peter Arnold

#### WHATEVER HAPPENED TO 'TOO-TALL'?

It sometimes seems as if coincidences happen too often to be coincidental. I had one the other Sunday. Nipped up to the shop to get the Pink 'Un. On the way back, was thinking about what I was going to write for last Friday's Richmond programme. That made me wonder how Richard West's long term injury was getting along, and that, in turn, made me think about other very lofty lock forwards, which led me to thoughts about John Etheridge, and whatever happened to him? When I got home, I opened my paper, and, would you believe it, there was a half-page article by Katie Coker, devoted to - you've guessed it - John Etheridge. John, known as 'Too-Tall' down Old Richian's way, I'm told, comes, of course from one of Gloucester's leading sporting families. His father, Dick, was the driving force behind Gloucester City Football Club for years, and his brother, Bob, kept wicket for Gloucestershire. Now 32, John Etheridge decided to buck the family tradition and take up rugby. He was a very good performer at lock for Gloucester, and was eventually tempted away to Northampton. After that, he crossed the Irish Sea and played for Blackrock College. Then he sort of faded from view. Now, according to Katie, he is in the second year of a contract as player-coach of the south-eastern French club, FC Saint-Claude, who play in the national second division. He was, apparently, recommended for the job by the previous incumbent, former Moseley and Toulouse player, Nigel Horton. John seems to have made a big impression, too. He took Saint-Claude to second in the table in his first season, and they are currently lying fifth this time round. John admits to hoping the club will renew his contract this summer, and on that record, they probably will. Nice to hear of a Glawster lad made good.

The post brought us the following poem penned by Roger N. Byrne-Burns. Our expert on muses insists that it is the best poem seen in any rugby programme.

#### Fortress Kingsholm

This is Kingsholm where we are proud,  
To sing out Gloucester clear and loud,  
  
Voices unite into a roar from the shed,  
For this is our fortress where our passion is red,  
  
Our team inspired will win the game,  
For this is our fortress always the same,  
  
We have strength of mind and skill to match,  
For this is our fortress our very own patch,  
  
Our will to win will see us through,  
For this is our fortress I swear it is true,  
  
The Cherry 'n' White shirt is worn with pride,  
For this is our fortress where no one can hide,  
  
Every man is expected to give of his best,  
For this is our fortress where my spirit will rest,  
  
Our passion unrivalled will always prevail,  
For this is our fortress as it says in the tale,  
  
A Gloucester side is a powerful sight,  
For this is our fortress and we're ready to fight,  
  
Our team is unique, Kingsholm spirit you see,  
Is made up of the people like you and like me.

#### TAILPIECE

Bob Dwyer and Willie Anderson must be cocking a quizzical eye at the Chelsea-Rudd Gullitt affair. Apparently they couldn't agree terms, he wanting £2 million a year, net, and Chelsea making a counter offer of £1 million a year gross. Poor devil. Fancy being asked to scrape by on a measly million per annum.

# 14

Gloucester v Richmond, 20th February 1998