GLoucester v. Cheltenham.

By "TEEK."

Last Saturday was without doubt a Spectators' Day, and the rich purple voice was heard at its very best. Immediately on entering spectators prepared themselves for the contest. They undid their collars and performed a few strokes of lung and wind-pipe drill. And eat a voice-jube made of red pepper, brass fillings and cobblers' wax.

At the first sound of the whistle the whole assembly started off full bore. And by 3.7 pm Gloucester supporters succeeded in supporting Stephens across the town's line for a try. At 3.26 in spite of strong counter boosts Gloucester boosted Loveridge over for another.

Cheltenham, now six points behind and thoroughly roused, crammed a fresh supply of voice-jubes into their heads. Fletcher was blown over the Gloucester line for a try which was converted.

Gloucester was now only one point ahead and both parties supported their teams to the limit of human endurance — until Gloucester (who had, I think, been eating match-heads as well as voice-jubes) just on time organised the most terrific boost of the afternoon right behind Loveridge and so stimulated him that he dropped a goal from the touch-line.

Cheltenham supporter beat to a frazzle, wondering how the news will affect the retired colonels' gout.