GLOUCESTER v. OLD BLUES.

By "TEEK."

This was the annual benefit match for the Royal Infirmary, and once again Mephistopheles tempted the money from spectators. If you recollect, last year's Mephisto had a very rough time of it. He attracted plenty of dogs, but mainly through the desire on the part of the spectators to hit him with sixpenceworth of coppers all at once.

It is some while since I had Tom Joyce on the screen — and I am glad to be able to do so to-day. He was in fine fettle and led his men through just twice as much mud as the Old Blues as Gostle's win of forty to seven shows.

At the finish there were only two bright spots on the ground. One was McHale, the referee, and the other was that shinty piece on which Tommy Millington at one time grew golden locks.

By the way — talking of golden locks — I hear that a local barber sent in over 3,000 guesses to a well-known football competition recently. When he heard that the matches had been cancelled, he foreswore his chance. Whatever!