GLOUCESTER V. LYDNEY.

PERFECTION IN TOUCH JUDGES.

By "TEEK."

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT — AS THE CAT SAID WHEN HE GOT HIS TAIL IN THE CHAFF-CUTTER — AND SINCE I SHALL GET THE SACK IF I AM NOT FUNNY, MY ONLY COURSE IS TO BE BRIEF OVER SUCH A GAME.

MINUTES OF FOOTBALL, DURING WHICH CAPTAIN SAXBY KICKED A PENALTY GOAL FOR COSTER.

This game produced the nearest thing to perfection in touch judges that I have yet seen. I.e., the Lydney man. Most touch judges are only human — and, of course, have their little failings, some of which look at first glance though they were directing a stranger to the railway station. But nothing of the sort about this man from Lydney. And his only large from the strictly judicial attitude was when he permitted his tie to creep up the back of his neck a bit during critical moments of the game.

A NEW DANGER HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE RISKY BUSINESS OF SPECTATING, AND GETS BLOWN OFF AGAIN EVERY TIME AN EXCITING BIT OF PLAY COMES ALONG.

LIP-STICK HAS FOUND ITS WAY INTO THE STANDS. IT IS APPLIED MORE OFTEN AND VERY THICKLY.

As a result of this match, Captain Saxby has successfully hatched out a little ground record. But it will require very careful watching if it is to survive the next month or so.