The Spirit of Christmas was still very much in evidence everywhere. First of all, there were many bits of mistletoe to be seen. Then there was a fine piece of holly (with and without berries) and a number of sculptured and heavily-silvered pipes—without doubt, "To Dad, from Mother." Nervous, too, were the ties. These, again, were plainly presents given under the season's influence.

But what impinged most forcibly on the senses was the aroma of the countless cigars—"the fuming diabolicos and the flor de Buena Pinta's peculiar to our British Christmas."

Much to my regret, however, nobody turned up in full Christmas regalia.

In spite of this, everything was so jolly and Christmas that half expected to see somebody like Mr. Pickwick refereeing the game.

The teams, as well, were filled with the same seasonable sentiments. "Peace and good will" was written large all over their faces as they came on the field. The two scrum halves chased each other round the scrums just as they had no doubt chased somebody or other at their Christmas parties.

The scoring of a penalty goal and two tries by Gloucester was greeted with joy by the whole assembly.

And the afternoon's jocous merriment was brought to a close when Genies secured three points for the visitors.