GLOUCESTER V. OLD BLUES.

A Study in Quantities.

BY "TEEK."

The Blue-coat School in Sussex contains over 800 boys. I have no figures available as to the number of masters. But it would seem likely that they have to camp out on the lawn to avoid the crush. But to realise what this vast number means, try and picture a rack for 800 toothbrushes.

I have no figures available as to the number of birches required each week to give adequate treatment to so extensive a birchable area. Or try to estimate what twelve hundred and fifty miles of wire are like when they do their multiplication tables.

Having done so you will then be prepared to hear that their Old Boys can supply nine rugby football teams every Saturday to tour all over the country seeking whom they may play football with.

Possibly the football tuition they received at School had been spread out a bit thin to cover each man of nine teams—at any rate, they lost their game, stupidly and cheerfully, by 28 points to 6. Their style of play may be fairly illustrated by Hodgson's attempt to convert:

Hodgson, having scored, selected a spot from which to convert. He dug a little hole with his heel and placed the ball in it very minutely. He skilfully modelled the edges into a shapely "tee" and walked away quite happy.

The leg was all right, the energy of an army mule trained by Samson towards the touchline. Let drive with: The ball about five feet away quite happy.

While one team hundered into Gloucester on Saturday last in search of a game...