

GLOUCESTER V. CARDIFF.

BY "TEEK."

ANOTHER WELSH HUNTING PARTY (LED BY THEIR HEAD MAN, OR OSSIE-FER) CROSSED THE BORDER INTO ENGLAND ON SATURDAY LAST, AND RETURNED TO CAERDYDD LATER IN THE DAY WITH A NICE FAT BUCK FROM GLOUCESTER.



BUT IT MUST NOT BE THOUGHT THAT THE NICE FAT BUCK FELL AN EASY PREY TO HIS PURSUERS. NOT A BIT OF IT. HE WAS A JOPLY OLD SPORT OF A BUCK RIGHT THROUGH.



NOT ONLY DID HE GIVE THEM

A HARD RUN FOR HIS CARCASS!

BUT WHEN FINALLY BROUGHT TO BAY HE CAUSED THEM MUCH DISCOMFORT BEFORE GIVING UP THE GHOST.

NO ACCOUNT OF THIS GAME WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A PORTRAYAL OF CARDIFF'S GENIAL AND VERY POPULAR TOUCH-JUDGE.



BY THE WAY - I SAW THE WHITECROFT LADS (OFF TO PLAY CHELTENHAM A.) PLACING THEIR BAG ON THE TRAIN AT WHITECROFT STATION.



BY THE TIME THEY GOT THAT BAG OUT TO THE CHELTENHAM GROUND I THINK THEY MUST HAVE DONE A GOOD DAY'S WORK.



YES, I'M VERY GLAD I SAW THAT BAG. NOW I KNOW WHERE ALL THE ELEPHANT SKINS HAVE GONE TO.

TEEK 1929