GLOUCESTER V. CARDIFF.

BY “TEEK.”

Another Welsh hunting party (led by their headman, 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 jolly old sport of a buck right through.

Not only did he give them a hard run for his carcass.

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) placing their bag on the train at Whitecroft Station.

By the time they got that bag out of 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.