

Treading the high road of success, the All Blacks are on the war-path at Murrayfield. And by all reports, the Scots were being led like white lambs to the slaughter; but they were to prove the new white hopes of Scottish Rugby.

The home side kicked off, and the All Blacks, (fresh from their ~~their~~ "bull-dozing" victory over England), were soon trying to batter their way through the Scottish defence. And loyal eyes watched, as the line wavered at times, but held firm.

Encouraged by these early signs, the Scots (in past years the great masters of forward play) took up the challenge, and several times, only New Zealand's brilliant full-back, Bob Scott, prevented certain scores.

The second half, still no score, but the Scots still attacking - giving occasional glimpses of those deadly foot rushes - so feared by defences in ~~earlier~~ ^{FORMER} years.

A dangerous moment for the ~~the~~ ^{visitors -} a Scottish forward kicks ahead, but a New Zealander wins the race for the touch-down.

Then came disaster, when Scotland were penalised thirty yards out - and Scott kicked a brilliant goal.

The All Blacks were three points ^{UP} - and now full of fight, as they redoubled ~~their efforts~~ their efforts; but the Scottish pack, out-weighted and now tiring, hung on grimly.

In the dying minutes, New Zealand launched an all-out attack, and Laurie Haig was pulled down, inches from the line. New Zealand had won by a single penalty goal.

The All Blacks ~~had~~ ^{may have} crossed the Border; but they couldn't cross that valiantly-defended Scottish line.