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PAPER SPORTS REPORT

ENGLAND TROUNCE SCOTLAND

England, in white, kick off against Scotland at Twickenham for the Calcutta Cup. Prince Philip is one of 72,000 who see England's backs time and again split the Scottish defence. Finishing a great movement, Kennedy hurtles over on the wing to put England three up at half-time.

Fighting back, the Scots are held by a stonewall England defence, but five minutes after the cross-over, the dark shirts get their reward. Wilson reduces England's lead with a difficult penalty! But those three points are all they're going to be allowed. Again, England's backs swing into action and only "Caldonia, stern and wild" keeps them out.

Celebrating his 21st birthday, is England's Van Rynsveld, No. 12. The South African who (they once said) as a rugger player made a grand cricketer, scores try Number three.

Nothing can stop the best England 15 for years. Breaking away from a line-out, Hoaking steam-rollers through! Travers makes no mistake with the kick.

England's three's rediscover the lost art of fast, open back-play. Cannell forces a brilliant opening before sending Guest across to score. England win back the Calcutta Cup, beating a game Scotland 19-3.

TITLE HOLDERS WARM-UP FOR BIG FIGHT

Meet Marcel Cerdan, Parisian idol and middleweight champion of the world! Giving him the once-over are a squad of pressmen who watch Marcel tense up for the fight of the year, due on March 29th, when Cerdan meets Dick Turpin, British and Empire middleweight champion, in Express Hall, London. Cooking a sneek at his opponent's reputation, Turpin and manager Middleton, are confident of success. If he wins, Turpin is right in line for the world title - and here's hoping he'll do it.

FAIR JUDGMENT HITS THE BOOKIES

Lincoln's centenary hits the bookies' money bags. With the public as jury, "Fair Judgment" comes to the turf's kind-hearted gentry. Just because of one horse, they stand to lose half a million pounds. At least, so they tell us. Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, is there to see how racing's big and little men fare at the start of the season. 'Truth is, money is short and the bookies are feeling

the draught. Forty-six thoroughbreds are entered for the year's first big handicap and, with odds varying from a lowly 6-1 to a long-shot hundred, this is the day of judgment. Stirrup to stirrup, they line up. Steady now! Down goes the lever - and they are off! A flying start for the flying mile! Thundering away into the country, this is the scene recorded by Pathe's mobile cameraman from the Lincoln roadway. Fighting for the lead are "Goldsborough," "Minster Lovell," "Craigy Lynn" and "Speciality."

"Goldsborough" with jockey Sammy Clayton up, now forges into the lead. Moving up to the front is "Sea Shah" the grey in the centre of the field, and here, nearest the roadway, "Evipan," No. 38, is pushing ahead. Four furlongs to go!

"Goldsborough" is still in front, but only just. "Evipan" on the near side is gaining! The speed tops 40 miles-an-hour and there is a little over two furlongs to go.

Out of the field comes "Fair Judgment!" He is in fourth place now and, as excitement mounts, jockey Eph Smith urges him on. Two hundred yards to go, and he has made it! "Fair Judgment" wins by two lengths. The bookies drop a packet as (for the first time for 25 years) a favourite wins the season's first big handicap.