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BOXING....AMERICANS versus BRITISH.

British Amateur Leather pushers of the R.E.M.E. meet a team of part-time pugs of the American Eagles. You'll identify the tommies by their white singlets, and the Yanks by the darker toned ones. Here we go with a Bantam weight contest - Atrey (Britain) versus Crawford (America). ("Don't get mixed up this mister, these men are killers"). Atrey is piling up points and looks like winning the bout. But here comes ~~Shawford~~ Crawford hitting back strongly as the two boys swap punches.

Don't look now but I think Atrey is carrying the fight on points.

Well, here's that man again, so let's take a look at the next fight.

Simpson and Wichinsky, a real slogging match. And here's the pay-off.

Simpson the Britisher goes down; and Wichinsky (with the accent on the CHIN) notches up the first knock-out of the evening. That sock sends the Yankees wild with delight - things are looking up.

So you won't talk! The British team are now counting on Cummings levelling things up with a victory over Schafer. Two light-weights with a load of responsibility.

The Stars and Swipes look worried. Come on boys, don't kiss each other, take the thing seriously.

Laughing their blooming heads off are they! Look out America... he's coming at you.

What have they got to laugh at. The Yanks have lost...six bouts to eight.