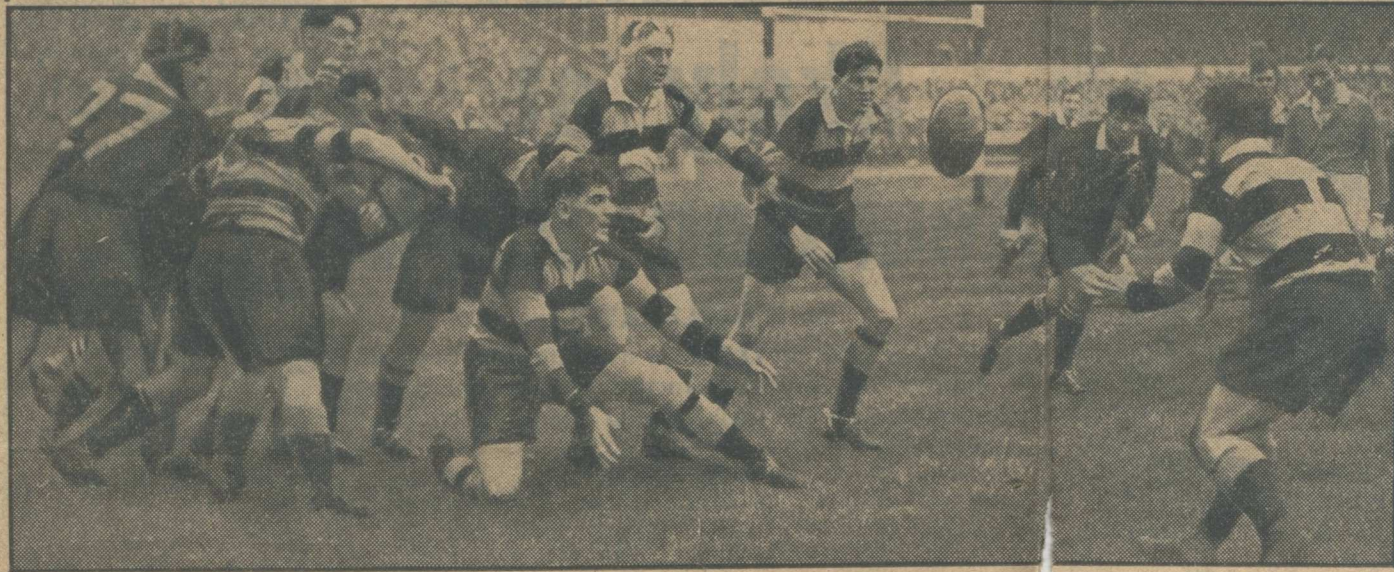


ARMS PARK CLASSIC

All-Blacks 'caught on wrong foot'

By DENNIS BUSHER

CARDIFF KEPT THE GAME OPEN—AND IT PAID



Cardiff's policy was to keep the game open—and it paid handsomely. Here is Collins, the Cardiff second-row forward, getting the ball away to Rex Willis, his scrum-half.

DRESSING-ROOM instructions from skipper Bleddyn Williams before Cardiff went out and beat the New Zealanders by a goal and a try (8 points) to a penalty goal (3 points), were "Catch them cold."

Cardiff did—in a storming first 20 minutes, during which their polished three-quarter line snatched the points for victory. After Rowland's last, unconverted, try in 19 minutes, it was a case of hanging on as the New Zealand pack tried to tear open a Cardiff defence which stood up heroically to an almost constant battering in the last half-hour.

The result was a game which ranks with the 1947 Wallabies—Barbarians clash among the Arms Park classics.

There were no complaints from the All-Blacks, beaten for the first time, after Bleddyn Williams and pack leader Sid Judd had been carried off shoulder high by their teammates. They crowded into the Cardiff dressing room to toast the winners in champagne.

Weakened

No whisper about the possible knock-on by Cliff Morgan, which led to Cardiff's first try; nor any complaint that they were a weakened side after the first ten minutes.

The 56,000 capacity crowd wondered why so many scrums collapsed. The reason—New Zealand prop forward H. L. ("Snow") White was suffering from a badly wrenched shoulder muscle for most of the game.

He left for hospital as soon as it was over and was told, "No more Rugby for three weeks to a month."

The New Zealanders credited Cardiff's back play with their defeat.

Team manager J. N. Millard told me afterwards, "Those three-quarter movements in the opening stages caught us on the wrong foot. There is no doubt that on the day Cardiff were the better team."

Pace did it

But, although it was three-quarter play, and the brilliance of the half-back pair, Rex Willis and Cliff Morgan, in particular, which completed Cardiff's record of wins over sides from Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, their pace earned most of the praise.

Before the game the forwards looked like being the weak link.

Beaten in the lines-out and in the scrums, they more than justified themselves by clinging to the heavier All-Blacks like terriers, and largely succeeding in their overall plan of keeping the

ball away from their greatest danger—the New Zealanders' pack.

As a result of their success at least three of them must come back into the picture when the Welsh final trial teams are picked next Thursday.

The Probables pack at Swansea seemed to have played themselves *en bloc* into the Welsh team.

Now into the running come hooker Geoff Beckingham who, although narrowly beaten in the hooking score by Ron Hemi, was almost as good as an All-Black in the loose; Judd, those following-up in attack turned Morgan's seventh-minute break into a try; and Derek Williams, whose harassing did more than anything else to disrupt the New Zealanders' mid-field backs.

Cut them out

Williams's contribution cut out match-winning wings in R. A. Jarden, who scored a wonder penalty goal from 55 yards and wide out, and Allan Elsom.

The only time Elsom got a pass in the second half, he had to take it standing still, and with Gareth Griffiths poised to pounce.

The one All-Black to increase his already considerable reputation was full-back Bob Scott.

Until he arrived the greatest full-back name at Cardiff had been that of his predecessor, Nepia. The old-timers who have now seen both credit him with being as great, if not greater.

CARDIFF: J. Llewellyn; G. Rowlands, B. L. Williams; Alun Thomas, G. Griffiths; C. Morgan, R. Willis; S. Bowes, G. Beckingham, J. D. Evans, M. Collins, E. Thomas, C. D. Williams, S. Judd, J. Nelson.
NEW ZEALANDERS: R. W. H. Scott; R. A. Jarden, J. T. Fitzgerald, A. E. G. Elsom; D. L. Wilson, L. S. Haig; V. D. Bevan; M. L. White, R. C. Hemi, K. L. Skinner, W. H. Clark, G. N. Dalzell, R. A. White, D. O. Oliver, W. A. McCaw.



Gareth Griffiths, Cardiff's left wing-threequarter, goes in to tackle Elsom, his opposite number.



Cliff Morgan, whose brilliant form at outside-half was one of the deciding factors in the defeat of the All-Blacks, eludes a tackle by "Tiny" White and gets in his kick to touch.

Victory depends on this pass



Here is the work on which all Cardiff's hopes depend—getting the ball to those brilliant backs. One of the heroic Cardiff pack Malcolm Collins (on one knee) helps scrum-half Rex Willis (right) to do this vital job and so launch another attack on the All Black's line

CARDIFF VICTORY GETS CHAMPAGNE

JUBILANT Cardiff were toasted in champagne immediately they got back to their dressing-room after defeating the All Blacks 8-3.

And the man who proposed the toast as the All Blacks crowded round was the New Zealand manager, Mr. Norman Millard.

It was as magnificent a match as one could ever hope to see. "No complaints," Mr. Millard told me. "Cardiff were too good for us. Their wonderful back play in the first 20 minutes won the game."

How right he was! But let there be no shadow of doubt, either, that the superb showing of the Cardiff forwards contributed every bit as much to this historic victory.

Last fling

They played themselves to a standstill to checkmate the New Zealanders' tremendous force in the loose and line-out.

And they covered, tackled and generally defended like demons to beat back the surging black tide in that last pulsating quarter of an hour. That was when the whole Cardiff team rose to unparalleled heights.

The All Blacks, with a first defeat staring them in the face, pulled out all the stops in a final desperately-determined fling.

Had there been the slightest crack in Cardiff's defensive edifice this would have found it out.

But there wasn't and though the tourists spent every breath of their turbulent energy upon this last furious onslaught, Cardiff's line held out.

Cliff Morgan, nursing badly bruised ribs today gave a world class showing at outside-half and Rex Willis was the ideal partner for him.

The experience and generalship of Bleddyn Williams ("This is truly a great day") was always

TOAST

By REG PELLING

evident; Alun Thomas was his perfect counterpart and there was pace and determination on both wings.

Full-back John Llewellyn also turned in a lion-hearted display and while it is difficult to sort out any particular heroes from their wonderfully staunch forwards, I would pay special tribute to the work of Thomas, Bowes and Judd.

A plan

The New Zealanders contributed towards their own downfall by a lack of flexibility in methods. They made little or no attempt to get their powerful wing men, Jarden and Elsom into action though it was patent that Cardiff had planned effectively to counter their known tactics.

H. L. "Snowy" White played the greater part of the match with a wrenched shoulder and will be out of action for three weeks at least.

All the scoring came in the first 16 minutes. From a Cardiff heel inside their own half Cliff Morgan put in a short punt, regathered after a moment's juggling and sent

Alun Thomas and Gwyn Rowlands away to the right.

Rowlands, hemmed in, put over a cross kick and from a ruck of fiercely contending forwards Sid Judd fought his way over. Rowlands converted.

The All Blacks' reply was a 50-yard penalty goal kicked by Jarden but three minutes later came another brilliant Cardiff move.

Bleddyn Williams short-punted with mathematical precision; Alun Thomas gathered cleanly from a perfect bounce, and again Rowlands was sent streaming down the touch-line.

This time he beat a corner-flagging Scott and the rest of the covering defence to score an unconverted corner try.

So Cardiff now link arms with Swansea as the only club teams ever to beat the New Zealanders since the tours to Britain began in 1905. Swansea's success was in 1935.

South Western team

The South Western Counties team to meet the All Blacks at Camborne on December 9 is:

T. Davies; L. Stark (Devon); M. Terry, J. Williams, H. Stevens; H. Oliver (Cornwall); R. Meadows; E. Woodgate, B. Meredith, W. Woodgate, I. Zaldman (Devon); K. Vivian, V. Roberts, J. Kendall-Carpenter, A. Bone (Cornwall).

Downfall of All Blacks due to this plan

By WILFRED WOOLLER

IT was a great game and a great victory. Cardiff played to a plan evolved this week after studying the All Blacks methods at Bristol last Saturday and Llanelli on Tuesday.

They knew they were giving away a stone a man in the forwards and they also knew they had little to fear from the New Zealand midfield players in attack.

They decided to use the long line-out throw to stop concentration of the All Blacks' forwards.

They went into the tackle early to prevent them getting under way. They made them run up and down and across the field because a good little 'un is as effective as a good big 'un running in the open.

Behind the scrum Cardiff took no chances when passing. To a man they kept to their plan and they played as they have never played before.

Brilliant Morgan

This Cardiff back line accepted as the finest club line in the world, could represent any international XV against any opposition.

Cliff Morgan was brilliant; Bleddyn Williams in his best form and the others right with them.

The All Blacks have again demon-

Cardiff triumph over the All Blacks

From D. R. GENT—Cardiff

Cardiff 8 pts. New Zealanders 3

SO Cardiff are the first side to beat the 1953 All Blacks, and they thoroughly deserved the honour, for they were the better side in every aspect of the game. The score was a goal and a try scoring was done in the first quarter of an hour of the match.

Thus Cardiff have achieved what Swansea did to the 1935 All Blacks.

There was a huge crowd and the weather was ideal. The preliminaries followed their usual course—the Welsh National Anthem, the National Anthem, and then a Maori "Haka." There was tremendous enthusiasm at the finish.



It was, indeed, a great victory for the Welsh club because they completely outplayed their opponents behind the scrum with some really glorious work, and their pack stood up to the redoubtable All Blacks forwards and actually, in the last ten minutes, were pushing their opponents about the field. Thus, orthodox Rugby football—a due combination of passing and running with the forwards doing their magnificent best to help them—triumphed over tactics that consisted in the main of keeping the ball close in the pack, and punting ahead by the backs, or kicking to touch.

Anything more typical of the best Welsh style of football could hardly be imagined than what we had in the first twenty minutes. All the backs handled perfectly, their positioning was just right, and the running was thrilling. The All Blacks were made to look second class.

The Cardiff mid-field players—Bleddyn Williams (at his splendid best), Alun Thomas, and the diminutive Cliff Morgan—were just grand. Morgan was at times uncatchable and stood up to his doughty opponents with ease and even geniality. The crowd were beside themselves with admiration.

Then, on the wings, were G. Rowlands, who had a major share in both tries, scoring one himself and Gareth Griffiths, always looking for work.

Heroic pack

He splendidly tackled Jarden in the last minute of the game and bowled him into touch when the speedy winger looked to have a chance of getting away and making a draw of the match.

J. Llewellyn, at full-back, was steady and played a good game despite occasional mistakes, while Rex Willis, at scrum-half, made excellent use of every chance he had against the formidable pack and his nimble opponent Bevan, with whom he continued the duel started in New Zealand in 1950.

The Cardiff forwards were, one and all, real heroes. They pushed, they tackled, they rushed, and they helped their backs. No praise is too great for them, and S. Judd had seven men to help him who played as they have never done before.

And the tourists? They will be disappointed for certain, for New Zealanders are not in the habit of being beaten. But they realised obviously that they lost to the better side of footballers. Clean, honest vigour wasn't enough. They needed skill behind as well, and that they did not have though they went down fighting to the last minute.

The backs must try to do better than this. They must practise passing and positioning, and they must kick less—to touch and ahead—even though those tactics generally bring victories.

R. A. Jarden had few chances. Both five-eighths, L. Haig and D. D. Wilson, kicked or cut inside far too much, and the best of the mid-field players was the scrum-half, Bevan—

nippy, quick, plucky and resourceful.

We saw the inimitable R. W. Scott in many a tangle. His opponents watched him, and the ball nearly always went to the wrong side for Scott. For all that, he was splendid to watch and his efforts in the last 10 minutes to pull the match out of the fire were a joy to see.

The pack were true to form, though they were up against their equals. But so much responsibility should not be vested in a pack, and again I say that the backs must do more for the side. R. C. Stuart, the New Zealand captain, had to withdraw at the last minute with an injured leg.

The tension began straight away. After eight minutes came the first score, and in all its long history the Arms Park has never had a finer try—a team score, with all taking a hand.

From a scrum the ball reached Morgan. He broke away, and when faced by some defenders he punted ahead low. The ball hit an opponent and bounced back into Morgan's arms. On went the half-back, brilliantly feinting to beat two opponents, and on went a perfect pass to Alun Thomas, who passed to his wing, Rowlands.

Finding himself hard pressed, the wing cross-kicked beautifully. The ball dropped in front of the posts. The Cardiff forwards swept through their opponents with the ball at their feet, and S. Judd scored between the posts for Rowlands to convert.

Another great try

In less than five minutes New Zealand had hit back, Jarden kicking a truly beautiful penalty goal. About the same time had elapsed when Cardiff scored again—another perfect try. A scrum, a clean pass from W. R. Willis, gorgeous passing and running that bewildered Haig and his men between Bleddyn Williams, Thomas and Rowlands. Rowlands had 30 yards to go, and half a dozen opponents were racing to cut him off. But the Welshman won the race and grounded the ball near the corner flag.

The rest of this half was cut and thrust, but no score came.

The second half opened with grim determination written all over the players. The All Blacks were all out to hold their record; the Cardiff men obviously out to hold their lead. Up and down the field the game went.

Spectators shuddered when K. Skinner took the game to his opponents' line. Could Judd and his men hold on? They could, and this was repeated time and time again. The pace never slackened.

Now Scott came into the game. He manoeuvred in the most uncanny way to help his men and to confuse his opponents.

But his opponents were watching him, too, and he often had the chagrin of seeing the ball go to waste behind him, with him himself helpless to stop it. Rowlands relieved this kind of play with another gallant dash for the line, only to be pulled up half a dozen yards short.

After a couple of scrums right on the home line the tourists were penalised and Cardiff breathed again. Another punt up the field, a return, and a final kick was cleanly fielded by Cliff Morgan, who kicked for touch. With that the referee released all tension and the spectators took possession.

CARDIFF.—J. Llewellyn; G. Rowlands, B. L. Williams, Alun Thomas, G. Griffiths; C. Morgan, R. Willis; S. Bowes, G. Beckingham, J. D. Evans, M. Collins, E. Thomas, C. D. Williams, S. Judd, J. Nelson.
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Referee: V. S. Llewellyn (Llanmael).



The Cardiff team that beat New Zealand at Cardiff Arms Park on November 2, 1953, by 8pts. to 3:— (Back row, left to right): G. Griffiths, J. E. Llewellyn, C. Thomas, M. Collins, J. D. Nelson, J. D. Evans, (Front row) C. D. Williams, S. Bowes, R. Willis, S. Judd, B. L. Williams, C. Morgan, A. Thomas, G. Rowlands, G. Bee kingham.

New Zealanders' Unbeaten Record Goes After Seven Games

ALL BLACKS FALL AT CARDIFF

Two Tries In 12 Minutes Inspired Welshmen

Cardiff 8pts., New Zealanders 3

By ROLAND STONE

CARDIFF'S best-Rugby-club-in-the-world claim was justified yesterday. A great and thoroughly deserved victory over the All Blacks put them with Swansea as the only British sides to have beaten the three major Dominion teams. The match had an international atmosphere with a capacity 56,000 crowd, and Cardiff looked an international team. The strongest side the New Zealanders had available seldom looked like saving their unbeaten record in this seventh match.

Cardiff dazzled them with a brilliant start in which they scored two superb tries within 12 minutes. Then the much-maligned Cardiff forwards surprised everybody by holding their heavier opponents.

The All Blacks had their chances, particularly at the start of the second half and in the last ten minutes, but the attacks from their midfield backs were uninspired and the openings the forwards made for themselves were spoiled by knocks-on.

The New Zealand pack, missing the leadership of the injured Bob Stuart, were never allowed to find their stride. Cardiff pitted skill against force and the line-out leaps of Malcolm Collins and Sid Judd made up for any advantage New Zealand hooker Ron Hemi gained in the tight.

Williams Chaired Off

Bleddyn Williams, the Cardiff captain whose international place was in doubt, was chaired from the field, but even his brilliance was dimmed by that of Cliff Morgan, undoubtedly now the world's No. 1 stand-off half.

The little Rhondda wizard was worth his place alone for his defensive covering and kicking, but he played his part in both try moves.

One incident in the first of these moves looks like leading to a controversy. Cardiff heeled inside their own "25" and Morgan short-kicked. He gathered, but not cleanly, and to me it appeared that he had knocked on. Referee V. S. Llewellyn (Liamsamlet) was unsighted and Morgan was allowed to race clear. Alun Thomas handled, Gwyn Rowlands cross-kicked to the posts, and Judd forced his way over.

Rowlands converted and six minutes later scored a great try. Morgan worked Williams clear and his accurate kick ahead was collected by Alun Thomas, who put Rowlands in possession. The young R.A.F. doctor had 25 yards to go, with the New Zealanders' star, Ron Jarden, only a yard behind, but he made it to the corner.

55-Yard Penalty

Rowlands could not again kick the goal and he missed later a wide-out penalty, but Jarden succeeded with a wonderful kick from at least 55 yards for the All Blacks.

The New Zealanders made a terrific effort soon after the interval. Failing in this, they tried to wear Cardiff down and opened out again ten minutes before the final whistle. During this time Bob Scott was more often in the centre three-quarter position than at full-back.

High kicks-ahead found a weak link in Cardiff full-back John Llewellyn and this kept Cardiff pinned on their line. But, kicking coolly, they kept it intact until the referee ended their worries.

**So they
CAN be
beaten!**

CARDIFF HUMBLE THE ALL BLACKS

**BLACKS
and
BLUES**

CARDIFF 8pts., ALL BLACKS 3

CARDIFF ARMS PARK has many times in Rugby history proved the graveyard of the All Blacks. The suspect Cardiff pack, whippets in stature in comparison to their bulky opponents, took a terrific pounding, but in the end the intelligence of the Welshmen overcame the bulldozing tactics of the New Zealand forwards. But the tourists really lost the game because their backs had only the most elementary ideas of developing passing bouts.

Forward, they were magnificent. Not only did they have the better of the set scrums, but their high jumping in the line-outs and quick breaks in the loose were mastered mainly because they kept the ball far too tight.

Cardiff had a set plan of throwing everything into the attack for the first half-hour. It did not quite work, but it succeeded well enough to allow the three's to indulge in quick running, following the widely and accurately thrown passes of their backs, to clear-cut openings through a defence which just did not know how to cope.

Great pack

Cliff Morgan's brilliant unorthodoxy often had the New Zealand defence running the wrong way, while the tourists also had nothing to match the speedy break-through of Bleddyn Williams and Alun Thomas in the centre.

plus the straight running of Gareth Griffiths and Gwyn Rowlands on the wings.

But it was by no means a one-sided game. This New Zealand pack is really magnificent. Tiny White, D. O. Oliver and K. Skinner were always up with the ball, barging and fighting their way through as though their lives depended upon the game.

But the New Zealand backs were disappointing. They had the ball much more but they kept it far too close. Indeed, unless they were packed together they appeared to lack confidence in their own handling abilities. Behind them R. W. Scott was as great a full-back as has ever appeared on the Cardiff ground. His hands were safe and it was indeed fortunate for Cardiff that he had few opportunities of dropping for goal.

The Cardiff pack, which man for man must have been giving away a stone, fought tremendously—Sid Judd, Eddie Thomas and John Evans followed the ball as tenaciously as did their opponents—but in the set scrums Cardiff just could not match their opponents. Individually they were far more enterprising, and that was the turning point of the game.

Early thrills

The crowd had a tremendous early thrill when within five minutes Cliff Morgan, Alun Thomas and Gwyn Rowlands combined in typical Cardiff open play style to send Sid Judd through under the posts. Gwyn Rowlands converted. But five minutes later Jarden reduced the score with a 45-yard penalty goal.

The New Zealand defence were slow to learn the lesson of that quick Cardiff early move, and two minutes later Rex Willis, Cliff Morgan and Bleddyn Williams combined in another of those magnificently-timed passing movements to send Gwyn Rowlands over.

It was eight points to three in Cardiff's favour after 15 minutes—and that was how the score stayed to the end. Cardiff were full value for their victory, and in the end the crowd surged on to the field to carry skipper Bleddyn Williams shoulder high.



So the invincible All Blacks are not so invincible after all. They had to go to Cardiff's Arms Park to be woken up to that. The Welshmen kept a tight hand on them—and on the ball. In line-outs like this—COLLINS going up for the ball—the New Zealanders were being beaten.



There was a crowd of All Blacks there, but they couldn't stop JUDD scoring—and that was in the first ten minutes of the game. The striped Cardiff men—you can pick out two in the picture—were jubilant. The All Blacks? Well, those on the deck, black and blue!

FINE TACTICAL KICK



A deft punt ahead by Cliff Morgan, the Welsh "Wizard," gets the All Blacks on the run.

COLLINS IS ARMS PARK HIGH-JUMPER



Collins getting the ball in a line-out for Cardiff against the All Blacks to-day.

Rugby Football

THE ALL BLACKS OVERCOME

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Cardiff 8 pts. New Zealanders 3

A CROWD of international match proportions witnessed the first defeat of the All Blacks at Cardiff yesterday, when the Cardiff club rose to unexpected heights and won by one goal and one try to one penalty goal.

The game, as it proved, was decided by some brilliant back play in the opening quarter of an hour. All the scoring, in fact, came about during that thrilling period, and the rest of the game developed into a desperate struggle in which the Cardiff forwards and backs alike held their own so well that nothing the New Zealanders attempted—not even any of the master moves of Scott—came off. Cardiff did more than that, for although their backs had less of the ball than their opponents, they always looked more dangerous in the open. As for the pack, it excelled itself by the way in which it refused to be overpowered either in the tight or loose, and struck back so often that the New Zealanders repeatedly lost ground at the very times when they seemed to be gaining the upper hand.

A more exciting start and finish to the match could hardly be imagined. The very first incident was of some significance. Scott soon took a penalty kick at goal for the All Blacks from half-way, but fell short and Morgan, instead of finding touch at once, made off up field. Again, when the New Zealanders were the attacking side, they were too often glad to find touch, and suddenly Cardiff heeled for a scrum on their own "25" line and a quick burst of passing sent Rowlands away down the right touch-line. He was forced to kick, but his punt across was so accurate that a try resulted from the ensuing follow-up and scramble on the goal-line. Little Morgan again was in it, but Judd got the touch-down, and Rowlands himself completed the effort by converting the try into a goal.

A Second Try

This occurred inside six minutes and, although Cardiff remained well on their toes, they were penalised another six minutes later and Jarden, with a long, raking kick from 50 yards, reduced the home lead to two points. Back Cardiff returned to the attack in the open, and from a heel and a clever run and beautifully-placed punt ahead by Bleddyn Williams, Alun Thomas was enabled to pick up and send Rowlands away again. This time Rowlands completed his run, but scored too wide out for the try to be made into a goal.

The way in which the Cardiff backs were able to turn defence into attack clearly surprised the New Zealanders. Most of their own heels from the scrumage resulted in nothing more impressive than an accurate kick to touch by one of the halves. Even so, their pressure at times became really formidable, and it was here that the Cardiff forwards did marvellously well to combine so much hard work in the tight with the closest of marking and cover tackling. This undoubtedly spared their own backs a lot of the strain. The best of the All Blacks'

movements, one noted, came on the blind side, but neither Jarden nor Elsom was offered any chances to excel as a runner.

Ten minutes from half-time Cardiff missed a chance to land a penalty goal which, had it come, really would have given them both a terrific moral advantage and a likely winning lead. But Rowlands failed from 25 yards at a wide angle, and the rest of the first period—as indeed the remainder of the match—could be summed up in the word crisis. Scott himself failed with one of his favourite drop shots at goal from long range which, if it did nothing else, came as a reminder of the kind of thing which was liable to happen if the Cardiff kicking lost its accuracy.

Skied Punts

However, Cardiff were able to change ends and renew the struggle still five points ahead, and nothing their opponents could do afterwards shortened the margin. The Cardiff goal line was most in danger when the defence was tested by skied punts ahead—needless to say mostly by Scott—and, during one series of critical scrummages, Haig tried a drop shot from short range. Haig, as ever, was the completely solid and sound midfield player, but not the swift, elusive first five-eighths for whom this New Zealand team still is looking—unless young Bowers turns out to be the man. The occasional Cardiff attacks, though now held or crowded out, still produced better back play than that of their opponents. Three times, with a little more speed, Bleddyn Williams and Rowlands must have reached the goal line. Nearly all of Griffiths's play as a wing had to be defensive. Time slipped by, and the roars of the great crowd became hushed at times from sheer anxiety, but all came well in the end, and Bleddyn Williams was carried off in triumph after the first victory ever gained by Cardiff over a fully representative touring team from New Zealand.

It was, above all, a great joy for the crowd to witness once again the superiority of Welsh back play. If the Cardiff club pack could hold the formidable eight in front of them there should be distinct hopes for the Welsh national side. The All Blacks' pack clearly lacked the leadership of their captain, Stuart. The Cardiff forwards included a rare veteran in Bowes, and a blind side forward in Nelson, who played an invaluable part in his side's victory. Morgan was often brilliant in the stand-off position, and his partner, Willis, stood up to a desperate opposition as cleverly and steadily as ever.

Cardiff.—J. Llewellyn; G. Rowlands, B. L. Williams, Alun Thomas, G. Griffiths; C. Morgan, R. Willis; S. Bowes, G. Beckingham, J. D. Evans, M. Collins, E. Thomas, C. D. Williams, S. Judd, I. Nelson.

New Zealanders.—R. W. H. Scott; R. A. Jarden, J. T. Fitzgerald, A. E. G. Elsom; E. D. Wilson, L. S. Haig (capt.); V. D. Bevan; H. L. White, R. C. Hemi, K. L. Skinner, W. H. Clark, G. N. Dalzell, R. A. White, D. O. Oliver, W. A. McCaw.

Referee.—V. S. Llewellyn (Llansmalet).

JUDD'S TRY STARTS AN ARGUMENT

By DAVID REES

Cardiff 8pts., All Blacks 3pts.

THIS is how a controversy which will last as long as New Zealand visit Wales started.

The scene, Cardiff Arms Park with 57,000 Welshmen and a large New Zealand contingent, including Sir Edmund Hillary, of Everest fame, packed in.

To the surprise of their supporters, Cardiff started beating New Zealand in the set scrums. In seven minutes they got possession a yard inside their own 25 and Willis gave a clean pass to Cliff Morgan.

The Welsh Will-o'-the-Wisp, profiting by the concentration of New Zealand's flank forwards on Willis, darted through until challenged by Canterbury's Doug Wilson.

With the New Zealand back row forwards recovering in defence, he elected to use one of his delicate kicks ahead.

He fumbled

He moved around Wilson—fumbled as he regathered—but started a movement which ended in the Cardiff pack leader, Sid Judd, crossing for a try.

The question is—did Morgan knock-on? For this try, converted by Rowlands, proved to be Cardiff's winning margin.

My opinion is that he did—he pushed the ball forward for a knock-on as defined by the laws. The referee was unsuspected by both packs.

But this apart, Cardiff won by a street, no matter how the score-line reads.

Rough justice

It would have been rough justice if New Zealand's R. A. White had passed to two forwards outside him for a certain score in the second half; or if Des Oliver had taken a Wilson pass instead of knocking-on just before the interval.

Both tries would have been wide out, but on the form winger Ron Jarden showed in 15 minutes—when he kicked a perfect penalty—they could have earned points for the draw.

Cardiff's other try was a simple three-quarter passing movement from a set scrum, scored by Rowlands.

If medals are to be struck for this occasion—Cardiff's first ever win over the All Blacks was New Zealand's first defeat of this tour—each forward should be given two

Men of Cardiff spent 3 years on V-plan

By PAT MARSHALL

CARDIFF'S victory over Bob Stuart's All Blacks was and will remain one of the finest Rugby games of all time... better than that enchanting Barbarians-Wallabies match at Cardiff in 1948... at least as stirring, probably more skilful than that first defeat of the 1905 All Blacks, again at Cardiff's Arms Park.

For this football epic we have to thank a quintet of Cardiff men—Dr. Jack Matthews, Bleddyn Williams, Rex Willis, Billy Cleaver, and Cliff Davies—who toured New Zealand with the British Isles side of 1950.

Wherever they went on that tour they said: "Wait till you come to Cardiff. We'll give you a game to remember." Ever since they have trained, schemed, planned for the match.

Recall Bleddyn Williams's unboastful words to me last September after Cardiff played Coventry: "We will beat the All Blacks!"

NOW WALES...

Now Bleddyn says both England and Wales should do the trick too. I think he is right.

The All Blacks I talked with on Saturday night were proud to play in such a game, even though they lost.

Said manager Norman Millard: "We were beaten by a better side, but what a game to remember."

And skipper Bob Stuart, out of the match through injury, said: "If we had to lose, I'm glad it was here on this great ground, in the most wonderful of games."

Agreed Bob, in defeat your side touched greatness. They played Rugby right through to "no-side."

SEVEN PENALTIES

Seven times only did referee Llewellyn award a penalty, and only two came in the tense second half when tempers could so easily have frayed.

The Cardiff plan was for their pack—lighter and less skilled in the finer points than their rivals—to go flat out for the first 20 minutes, putting all they had into giving their gifted back division a few quick heeis. They did just that.

From two lightning heels in the first 17 minutes came the two Cardiff tries. All that intense little bundle of energy Cliff Morgan needed was two clear-cut chances. He got them. He used them.

In the sixth minute Morgan with the aid of a short punt ahead and gather sent Alun Thomas and Gwyn Rowlands away. Rowlands's perfect cross-kick found the Cardiff pack in a bunch under the posts for Sid Judd to make the touchdown. Rowlands converted.

Ron Jarden reduced the lead with a 50-yard penalty. Then Morgan

made certain of lasting Rugby greatness by doing the trick again.

He put Bleddyn Williams clear, Bleddyn's short punt over the shallow-lying All Black defence was gathered by Thomas, who despatched Rowlands on a 30-yard gallop for the line.

Rowlands outpaced the flying Jarden, and his try in the corner clinched matters and probably earned R.A.F. Doctor Gwyn his first Welsh cap.

So the Cardiff pack had done exactly what they set out to do. Now they had to hold on against the full fury of a New Zealand pack.

The glorious Welshmen held... and more. In the closing stages they actually beat the All Blacks forward.

Twice in as many minutes they won the strike right in front of the Cardiff posts. If the tourists had got the ball then they would have been over.

Heroes? There were 30. Morgan, of course, was magnificent; Williams, Willis, superb; so were the All Blacks' two Whites, "Tiny" and "Snow," and veteran Cardiff forward Stan Bowes.

Cardiff.—J Llewellyn; G Rowlands, B L Williams, Alun Thomas, G Griffiths; C Morgan, R Willis; S Bowes, G Beckingham, J D Evans, M Collins, E Thomas, C D Williams, S Judd, J Nelson.

All Blacks.—R W H Scott; R A Jarden, J T Fitzgerald, A E G Elsom; D D Wilson, L S Hals; V D Bevan; H L White, R C Hemi, K L Skinner, W H Clark, G N Dalzell, R A White, D O Oliver, W A McCaw.

MORGAN'S THE NAME—HE BEAT ALL BLACKS

By TERRY O'CONNOR

Cardiff 8 pts., All Blacks 3

HERE was the triumph all Welshmen will talk about through the distant years. Interlinked with Cardiff's brilliant victory, which makes them history-makers by becoming the first team ever to beat all three major Dominion rugby countries, is the name of Cliff Morgan.

Every superlative will rightly be showered on this little 23-year-old dynamo of a fly-half, who cut through the heart of the New Zealanders' defence and was mainly responsible for robbing them of their unbroken record.

After seven minutes Morgan seared his way through, punted ahead and was up to take the ball himself. On went the move to Alun Thomas and when Rowlands swung the attack back into the centre, where the swarm of inspired Cardiff forwards tore through the barrier of All Black giants, Syd Judd was over for a try.

Oh, the exhilaration! Rowlands converted and there was Cardiff five points in the lead, and the crowd of 56,000 locked into the famous Arms Park Stadium trembling with emotion.

Bad tactics

The All Blacks tactics were bad and once more the mediocrity of their back division was shown up pitifully. Never once did their three-quarters look like prying open the Cardiff defence; although their passing was poor.

A beautiful 50-yards penalty by Ron Jarden clipped the lead to two points, but not for long. In the 17th minutes Morgan again swung his line into action. An adroit punt by Bledwyn Williams, and Alun Thomas had the ball in his hands, and the New Zealand defence tore wide open. Gwyn Rowlands sped over the line as five All Blacks chased in despair.

So it was 8—3 and that is how

the score remained until the end.

But what emotion was spilt in the final five minutes when the All Blacks sent in wave after wave of attack against the Cardiff line. Scott and Bevan kicked high into the open baiting their forwards to crash their way over. One kick by Scott rebounded back to three on-rushing New Zealanders, but somehow they failed to hold the ball.

Although, through these hectic final minutes there were three scrums on the Cardiff line, but still the line remained intact. Not even the might of New Zealand's giant forwards could quell the fire of that gallant Cardiff pack, whose critics had forecasted as doubtful.

Although New Zealanders might argue that Morgan knocked on before the first score, they would admit they did not deserve to draw as the result would have been if this try had not been allowed.

RUGBY TRIUMPH

FOR the first time in our comparatively young life we are eagerly looking forward to old age. Then, when the new generation enthuse over some game of football, we shall scornfully interrupt them and ask, "What do you know about Rugby? We remember when Cardiff beat the All Blacks in 1953. Now that was a game if you like!" We do not think that the passing of the years will ever dim for us the gleam and glory of the historic encounter at the Cardiff Arms Park on Saturday or tarnish the memory of CLIFF MORGAN darting and swooping across the turf and skimming past every obstacle like a swift at play. There was greatness, too, in that clash of bone and sinew wherein the impenetrable object that was the Cardiff pack successfully withstood the supposedly irresistible force of the New Zealand "terrible eight."

For Rugby's connoisseurs perhaps the climax of the 1935 Wales—New Zealand match, when WILFRED WOOLLER sliced through the defence and "made" the try that turned defeat into victory, will rate more highly than those last desperate minutes on Saturday when Cardiff flung their last reserves of energy into holding off the supreme onslaught. We will leave that for the enthusiasts to argue over in years to come. But the All Whites—those scores of seagulls which fluttered across the field just before the kick-off—certainly did the trick. For is not a white bird a classical augury of victory over the powers of darkness?

Battle Of Giants

"FANCY 56,000 people spending a Saturday afternoon watching 30 men chase after a ball—they must be 56,000 idiots," said a man waiting at a Cardiff bus stop on Saturday night while hordes of deliriously happy, favour-wearing Welshmen marched in triumph through the city.

Well, that is one man's view, but is it not like saying that a symphony is the product of a number of people scraping catgut with horsehair, or that the Mona Lisa consists of a series of pigment marks applied with animal hairs?

Cardiff's victory against the All Blacks on Saturday was like a symphony on a football field, a masterpiece of design, an anthem of courage.

These international matches are somehow above and beyond the game of rugby—they are the battles of the giants and Cardiff Arms Park is the Olympus.

It is no exaggeration to say that it is the game of rugby more than anything else—including coal—which over the years has put Cardiff on the map of the English-speaking world.

Tourists had weight —Cardiff the fire

By TERRY McLEAN

Official Press Correspondent with the New Zealand
Rugby Party

CONGRATULATIONS, Cardiff! It was a magnificent victory your club gained over the All Blacks at the Cardiff Arms Park and I am sure I speak for the whole of the New Zealand party when I say that none of us had any doubts that yours was the better team.

You had more speed, more resource, and a spirit that I feel sure can never have been excelled in all your glorious history. And besides this you had Cliff Morgan.

At the dinner after the match our little scrum-half, Vince Bevan, got hold of Morgan and had a very jocular slanging match with him. "If I never play against you again Morgan," he said, "it will be too soon."

"Thank you Vince, thank you very much," said Cliff, and off they went together, probably looking forward to the next time they will meet on December 19.

Beautiful hands

Seriously though, Morgan's beautiful hands, his fine positional sense, that flair for breaking into the open field, and especially his delicately placed kicks ahead presented our men with problems that they never quite solved. And if this were not enough there was his touch finding towards the end when I feel sure everyone will agree with my contention that Cardiff were rapidly yielding.

Those two tight-head scrums which we lost under the goal-posts were part of some of the most exciting Rugby that I have ever seen and took my mind back to the wonderful fourth test between the Lions and New Zealand in 1950 when Ken Jones, Bleddyn Williams and Jack Matthews staged their stupendous rally.

I am still wondering what made so many Cardiff people tell us before the match that the Cardiff pack this year was only of indifferent quality. What standards do you set in this city? To my mind, giving in the tremendous work of Morgan and the outside backs, not to mention those tremendous passes of Rex Willis, it was the pack that won the match. We had the weight. You had the fire.

"Kangaroo"

Bowes, Beckingham and Evans were a front row of which surely Wales would be proud. Nelson was a loose forward of great talents; Collins seemed to jump like a kangaroo in the line-out; Derek Williams kept crashing into our inside backs, and Judd was, I thought, a very capable and dangerous forward.

May I, in a final word, say how much I admired Rowlands's play on the wing. I thought he was one of the players of the match, apart altogether from his try; and may I, as a final word, say how much I enjoyed the experience of Cardiff Arms Park. That stupendous roar, that good humour, that excitement, that thrilling final moment when Mr. Llewellyn, after we had all died 10,000 deaths, at last blew "no-side," formed the greatest accompaniment to a Rugby match that I have ever experienced.

And now to the 19th. Watch out, Wales!

[J. B. G. Thomas's report of the game on Page 7.]

Greater Rugby Feat

By
VIVIAN JENKINS
CARDIFF 8 pts.,
NEW ZEALAND 3

I HAVE seen one of the classic games of Rugby history. Some may talk of Wales's memorable victory over the All Blacks at Cardiff in 1905 and others of Obolensky's tries for England at Twickenham 30 years later, or Wilfred Wooller's juggernaut runs at Cardiff in the same year, in two other All Blacks defeats.

Yet nothing surpasses the heroic performance by an inspired Cardiff team in beating the New Zealanders of 1953-54 yesterday in a match which will be remembered as long as Rugby is discussed.

They won by a goal and a try to a penalty goal, all the points coming in the first 15 minutes, and thereafter the swaying fortunes of a battle between two teams of struggling he-men had a capacity crowd of 56,000 cheering until the blood ran to their heads.

Before the match everyone had been asking the same question. Can the Cardiff pack hold the mighty New Zealanders in front and provide their brilliant backs with enough of the ball to settle the issue? It was superbly answered right from the word go.

Giving away a stone a man, the Blue and Black forwards hurled themselves into their bigger opponents, and, in spite of their physical disadvantage, did just enough to sway the issue.

After only six minutes they managed to get the ball from a scrum. Out it flashed to Cliff Morgan, the diminutive outside-half with the twinkling feet of a dancing master, and in a trice Cardiff were five points up.

Morgan went off like a hare, punted ahead—still in his own half—regained possession and transferred to Alun Thomas, Thomas sent Rowlands away on the right with a quick transfer, and the wing, when challenged, put in a high, perfectly placed cross kick right under the New Zealand post.

A wall of bodies hurtled up from nowhere, but it was a Cardiff man, Judd, who grabbed the ball and hurled himself over the line with two or three All Blacks clinging to him. Rowlands converted and I thought the crowd were almost delirious.

Some said that Morgan had knocked on, ever so minutely, in regaining possession after his kick-ahead. But it did not appear so to me, and as on the historic occasion in 1905, the scoreboard is indisputable from henceforth and for ever more.

New Zealand pulled back six minutes later when Jarden landed a colossal penalty goal from 55 yards, but even this did not deter the Cardiff backs.

They returned to the attack, weaving dazingly intricate patterns and making their opposite numbers look comparative novices.

In the 15th minute Bleddyn Williams put in a short punt ahead which bounced with almost miraculous certainty—and perhaps a shade of luck—straight into the hands of Alun Thomas, who once again sent Rowlands flying away down the right wing.

This time the New Zealand defence was hopelessly out of position and with Scott chasing vainly from behind the Cardiff winger dived over far out for another sensational score.

He failed with the kick, but as it happened that made no difference.

For the remainder of the game, fought out at an almost unendurable pace, thrill followed thrill until those of us who watched were dazed with the excitement of it all. How Cardiff survived the last minutes I shall never know. Their defence was heroic.

Cardiff were worthy of the title often conferred on them—the greatest Rugby club in the world. Cliff Morgan was a scintillating star, here, there and everywhere. And so were his fellows—Bleddyn Williams, Thomas, Griffiths and the rest.

Judd led a pack of forwards who should be proud of themselves to their dying day.

New Zealand, outclassed behind the scrum, had a great pack, with Tiny White outstanding, but the rapier had the beating of the bludgeon, and right worthily.

It Was All Black All Blacks Down At Cardiff

From VIVIAN JENKINS

Cardiff, Saturday.

AT a quarter past four this afternoon a mighty roar rose from this city's famous Rugby ground, the Arms Park, and swirled away to echo through the Welsh hills and valleys. I would not be surprised if it was heard on the top of farthest Plinlimmon or on the slopes of Snowdon itself.

Cardiff had beaten the New Zealand Rugby touring team, the fourth All Blacks, by 8 pts. to 3 and a capacity crowd of 56,000 gave itself up to undiluted hysteria. This was the New Zealanders' first defeat of their present tour.

No sooner had the final whistle blown than spectators invaded the pitch and made a bee-line for Bleddyn Williams, the Cardiff captain, hoisting him shoulder-high amid frenzied scenes.

Another who was lifted up in triumph was Cliff Morgan, diminutive, bunny-scuttling outside-half, who was one of the heroes of the home team's win.

This was something that had never happened to Cardiff before.

Only four teams had ever beaten the New Zealanders previously—Wales twice in 1905-6 and 1935-36, England in 1935-36 and Swansea (the only club side to beat them before) during the same year.

Thus, until to-day, New Zealand had been beaten only four times in 97 matches over a period of nearly half a century.

In 1906 Cardiff beat the Springboks; in 1947-48 they beat the Australians, but they had never beaten New Zealand.

Now in doing so Cardiff become the second team, club or international, in the whole of the British Isles ever to have registered victories over all three Dominions. They join Swansea, who beat the Australians in 1908-9; the Springboks in 1912-13 and the New Zealanders in 1935-36.

To-day's was a match played at a tremendous pace and so nerve-rackingly exciting that at times one could hardly bear to watch.

THUD, THUD, THUD

The mighty New Zealanders, massive in their black jerseys, were almost a stone a man heavier than their opponents and their policy was to wear Cardiff down with buffeting tactics.

Thud, thud, thud went the bodies as they hurled their smaller opponents around like chaff. It might have been the Maori wars all over again. But the traditional call of their Rugby-playing ancestors inspired the winners to heights which will make them heroes in their native Wales till their dying days.

Outweighed, they produced such dazzling three-quarter play that the ball, like the flicking lights on a pin-table machine,

could hardly be followed. It foxed the not-so-quick-footed All Black rear division, with Cliff Morgan, the tiny Rhondda-born wizard, producing a brand of pyrotechnics that had the crowd in ecstasies.

He is described as a "company representative," which I take to mean that he sells things. After this display he will be able to sell anything to anybody in Cardiff for the rest of his days.

BACK TO THE VALLEYS

Throughout the evening the streets of Cardiff were thronged with jubilant bands of singing Welshmen, who went back to the valleys later to talk of a game that will go down in Rugby history.

And at Pen-y-Graig, Cliff Morgan's home town, there was high revelry in honour of their hero.

Cardiff captain, Bleddyn Williams, said: "This is the proudest day of my life. We played to a plan—most people do. In this case I'm happy to say that it worked."

Mr. Arthur Marslin, assistant manager of the All Blacks, commented: "No one minds being beaten by a better side, and Cardiff certainly deserved to win."

MAGNIFICENT CARDIFF GIVE ALL BLACKS A LESSON

Virtues of the Open Game Extolled

By E. W. SWANTON

Cardiff Spts New Zealanders 3

TWO years ago a crowd surged out of Cardiff Arms Park sick at heart at seeing the Springboks snatch the narrowest and luckiest of victories in the last moments of the match. On Saturday, before 56,000 of their countrymen, Cardiff gave another wonderful game to a Dominion team, and this time justice was done beyond question or argument.

The All Blacks were beaten by a goal and a try to a penalty goal, and while the Cardiff players carried in their captain, Bleddyn Williams, to a final roar of admiration and delight from the crowd there must have been just a few present whose minds could turn back to two other historic successes on the same field.

In 1906 Cardiff beat the Springboks, in 1947 the Wallabies—and now this: South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. No country, let alone any other club or combination, can point to such a trinity of victories.

This in fact was the 98th match played by the All Blacks on British tours. They have won 92 of them, and their only conquerors hitherto have been Wales twice, England once and Swansea. Ulster once fought them to a draw.

Ever since Haydn Tanner commanded the first famous post-war Cardiff sides the club have led Welsh Rugby football, and their influence has spread far beyond the borders of Wales.

VALUE OF OPEN GAME

Attractive and Enjoyable

The great lesson that Cardiff have taught, in an age where so much of the emphasis has been on heavy forwards, thick defensive screens and an abundance of kicking, is that the open game can still pay best, just as it is the most attractive to watch and the most enjoyable to play.

Other things being equal, speed and skill in running with the ball and passing will still beat close forward play. That was the truth behind Saturday's match, which gave such significance to the result. Selectors, English as well as Welsh, will no doubt take due note.

The Cardiff outsiders won the game, and in so doing showed themselves appreciably the quicker both in thought and execution. Yet they could not have achieved the result had their forwards not made a magnificent sustained effort in front.

The admirable Judd and his lighter pack fought magnificently, and confounded much critical opinion by lasting the course to the end.

The All Blacks' virtues, a part from Scott at full-back, more or less ended with the forwards. These formidable fellows bore the brunt of the battle.

They worked tirelessly, if in vain, to wear the Cardiff pack into the ground; they scrummaged hard, supported the breaks of Haig and Bevan when, as generally happened, the halves passed inside rather than helped the ball on towards the wings, and contrived a number of close rushes, both handling among themselves and driving the ball on with the feet.

Of orthodox running on the All Blacks side there was virtually none, and it was only when, at the end, Scott came among the three-quarters to make the extra man that Cardiff's defence behind the scrum ever looked in the slightest trouble.

Compared with Willis and the electric Morgan, Bevan and Haig were deliberate and somewhat obvious. It is enough to say in illustration of the All Blacks' methods that the dangerous Jarden did not have a pass from his centre all afternoon. Indeed, Fitzgerald himself saw practically nothing of the ball.

NO LONGER 'BURDENED' Revision of Tactics?

Now that the burden of an unbeaten record can be forgotten the All Blacks will perhaps reconsider their tactics, and see what some of their younger backs can do. For instance, there have been very few chances yet for the three youthful Wellingtonians who had a big hand in their province's success in the Ranfurly Shield: Bowers, Fitzpatrick and Loader.

The All Blacks, let it be said, added to the pleasure of a memorable occasion by fighting out the issue in a clean and conspicuously sporting way. Since the London match it is notable how they have adapted themselves to the practice of English referees protracting the loose scrums longer than they are accustomed to.

There were no boots flying this time. In fact the referee, Mr. V. S. Llewellyn, who managed the game well, found it necessary to give only six penalties, three against each side, in the first half; and the first of only two penalties during the second half occurred 10 minutes from the end.

Everything and everybody conspired to make this a match to treasure in memory. The weather was mild and the ground dry. The paucity of penalties and the freedom from injuries gave a flow and rhythm to the play which, moreover, was rarely impeded by long abortive struggles at the line-out.

Whether or not because of some previous gentleman's agreement there was much less than the usual trouble in getting the ball clean away from the throw-in, either by a pass-back or by putting down the ball and heeling. One saw plenty of clean jumping and catching at the line-out, by White and Clark for the All Blacks, and by Judd and, most conspicuous of all, Collins for Cardiff.

CARDIFF SOON AHEAD

Judd's Fine Try

The game was only five minutes old when Cardiff took a lead that they were never to lose. Morgan burst through the centre just in his own

half, punted ahead and caught the ball as it bounced back off a defender. He passed to Williams beside him, who in turn gave to Rowlands, who cross-kicked high under the All Blacks' goal.

The Cardiff forwards were up wonderfully quickly, and after a short struggle on the line Judd dived over. It was a splendid try, against which there was virtually no defence. Rowlands kicked the easy goal.

This score set the game properly alight and for the first quarter of an hour the Cardiff halves and centres were always threatening trouble.

The next score though was to the All Blacks. Scott had already had a forlorn shot at a penalty from almost half-way. Now Jarden took one from no more than eight yards inside the Cardiff half, and kicked a magnificent goal.

Within two minutes Cardiff scored again, from a set scrum. Bleddyn Williams, at first centre, made the perfect short kick over the All Blacks three-quarter line, and it bounced just right for Alun Thomas, who took the ball in his stride and after drawing Jarden swung it out to Rowlands.

The wing's speed took him comfortably to the corner, and he touched down far out, narrowly missing the goal kick.

Cardiff now were exerting all the pressure, and the All Blacks had to negotiate two line-outs, one on either side of the field a yard from the corner flag. From the second Collins, with a clean catch and pass-back, sent the backs away, but a knock-on, one of the very few on the part of the Cardiff backs, spoiled a promising opportunity.

DANGER THREATENS

Saved by Knock-on

It was a quarter of an hour from half-time when Bevan instigated the first dangerous All Blacks movement, passing inside to Oliver who, with several men in support, pounded down the right touchline. A knock-on by, I think, R. A. White, the heaviest but not the slowest of the All Blacks forwards, came to Cardiff's rescue.

At the other end Rowlands missed none-too-difficult a penalty when Bevan was penalised for not putting in straight. At the time this seemed a portentous incident, for Cardiff were thought likely to need more than a margin of five points to withstand the All Blacks' strength at forward in the last quarter.

As it was, their confidence and skill if anything increased as the game rolled on. Once, when Scott narrowly missed with a long drop at goal, Bleddyn Williams instead of touching down ran to the "25" and then found touch at half-way. When Llewellyn slipped on the Cardiff line and seemed certain to be caught in possession Nelson sprang up from nowhere for a pass and saved the situation.

The All Blacks' tactics on crossing over 8-3 down were much as before. Sometimes they held the ball in the scrum, but they never caught Willis napping, and he saw to it that the wing forwards kept on side. Cardiff indeed owed as much to their captain as anyone. Willis not only gave a first-class service but controlled the tactics of his side in the manner of a great footballer.

PACE NEVER SLACKENED

Jarden Brought Down

There was less clearcut incident in the second half, though the pace never slackened. Nor, needless to add, did the excitement. Once perfect passing along the Cardiff line gave Bleddyn Williams a half gap which would have been enough for him, say, five years ago. As it was, he tried an overhead pass to Griffiths which Jarden intercepted, and Jarden was brought down in the nick of time with a clear field ahead.

If the edge has gone from Bleddyn Williams' speed his footballing sense and his defence were still of infinite value. As the game neared its end, Scott came up increasingly, beginning movements from full-back and joining in the play in the centre.

Once he came through like a steam engine, but Williams was there, and it was as though the steam engine had hit a brick wall. Scott went down with a teeth-rattling tackle, and later, when Jarden fastened on to the ball and was quickly swept away, Griffiths swept him into touch with a magnificent tackle.

Cardiff came near to getting what would have been an extraordinary score. Llewellyn, from full back, aimed a long drop at goal which ricocheted off the back of an All Black, thus putting Cardiff on-side. The ball landed 40 yards away in the arms of Rowlands, who went hard for the corner and was only just cut off.

In the last 10 minutes the All Blacks tried several high kicks towards the Cardiff line with every man following up for dear life and no thought now of defence.

A side less gallant or less shrewdly marshalled by Willis and Judd must have fallen, but Cardiff were not to be wrested from the prize. Every man was a hero, and when the last whistle went the crowd acclaimed them as only a Welsh crowd can.

Cardiff: J. Llewellyn; G. Rowlands, B. L. Williams, Alun Thomas, G. Griffiths, G. Morgan, R. Willis; S. Bowers, G. Beckingham, J. D. Evans, M. Collins, E. Thomas, C. D. Williams, S. Judd, J. Nelson.

New Zealanders: R. W. H. Scott; R. A. Jarden, J. T. Fitzgerald, A. E. G. Elsom; D. P. Wilson, L. S. Haig (capt.), V. D. Bevan; H. L. White, R. C. Hemi, K. L. Skinner, W. H. Clark, G. N. Dalzell, R. A. White, D. O. Oliver, W. A. McCaw.

Referee: V. S. Llewellyn (Llansamlet).



AWAY IT GOES.—M. Collins (on one knee), the Cardiff second-row forward, gets the ball away to his scrum-half, R. Willis, in the game at Cardiff. The All Blacks sustained their first defeat of the tour, being beaten 8-3.



BLEDDYN WILLIAMS—Cardiff captain.



R. WILLIS—never caught napping.

ALL BLACKS SUFFER THEIR FIRST DEFEAT

CARDIFF RISE THRILLINGLY TO A GREAT OCCASION

From Our Rugby Football Correspondent

Cardiff rose splendidly to a great occasion when they defeated the Fourth All Blacks, at Cardiff Arms Park on Saturday, by one goal and one try (8 points) to one penalty goal (3 points).

It was not merely that they became the first British side to relieve the present touring team of the uncomfortable adjective invincible. It was the way in which the whole Cardiff team set about doing so and, having secured a lead, held on to it cleverly and without flinching—aggressively, too, even in defence—that made the match so memorable. That and the historic fact that Cardiff at long last could claim to have beaten an All Black fifteen as well as one from Australia and South Africa.

The conditions were all in favour of open Rugby, and a crowd of over 50,000 were thrilled by the early spectacle of two fine tries, answered by one of Jarden's most magnificent penalty goals, and by the desperate encounter which followed. One can only imagine what the thousands who failed to gain admission, but stayed on to listen to what they could not see, thought of it all. Crisis followed crisis, for this was no easy victory, or even an assured success, until "no-side" relieved the tension. Cardiff won by a brilliant use of their superior cleverness behind the scrummage in the opening quarter of an hour, a superiority which never quite deserted them. But the forwards shared in the triumph by the truly surprising manner in which they never let up against powerful and tigerish opponents, who needed only a few moments of weakness to reveal themselves to turn defeat into victory.

IMPORTANT PART

The Cardiff forwards, and notably the men best placed for doing so—Nelson, Williams, and Judd—also played a vitally important part in helping to break up the opposing passing movements. These, as in previous matches, are bound to come in for serious criticism, but let no one imagine that all of them were easy to stop. The Cardiff defence, indeed, had to be as good as the attack and counter-attack—which it mostly was, even in the first glorious quarter of an hour. One may leave the New Zealanders, who are realists as well as good sportsmen, to work out for themselves how far the failure of their five-eighths to exploit that formation, and offer two fine wings like Jarden and Elsom the chances they obviously deserve, have so far robbed them of the full scoring power of which they are clearly capable. Certainly, mere soundness and safety first tactics at five-eighths got them nowhere on Saturday. The qualities of quickness and surprise were, too, lacking. In midfield the All Blacks had nothing quite to compare with Morgan, Bleddyn Williams, and Alun Thomas, though Bevan sometimes worked the blind side cleverly and Fitzgerald, at centre, always was ready to have a go.

Not even the periodic interventions of Scott brought definite results on this occasion. Towards the end Scott tried everything, including a lofted punt ahead which took a terrifyingly long time going up and coming down. Llewellyn, the Cardiff full-back, and his fellows did well to make so few mistakes in dealing with these and other kicks ahead. Other dangerous moments, of course, came from the All Blacks forwards, among whom, as usual, W. H. Clark was the swiftest. But the New Zealand forward play as a whole clearly lacked the leadership of Stuart, who, unfortunately, was kept out of the match by a fresh injury.

EVENTFUL FROM THE START

Cardiff, and the great crowd with them, had an anxious moment at the very start when Nelson took a penalty kick at goal from the right wing. That distance is not outside the range, but he fell short and so offered the New Zealanders their first chance to show how committed they were imbued with the offensive spirit. In other words, Morgan ran instead of kicking to touch at once. The idea was not many minutes later. The Cardiff forwards were the first to press, but largely failed to break the scrum line.

Behind a scrummage of the "5-5" type, Morgan broke away, but was tackled and regained the ball from the opponent's shoulder. He then passed to the right wing. The Cardiff forwards proved a worthy opponent on Saturday. They were not quite at the attack Rowlands proceeded to kick by.

For a few minutes whether follow-up or not, but over the

goal-line for a try which Rowlands proceeded to make into a goal.

Seven minutes later Cardiff were penalized for a second time and Jarden, with a long, low-trajectory kick from 50 yards, scored three points for the All Blacks. Even this rude but brilliant blow to their hopes could not shake the Cardiff will to win in the open. This time Cardiff heeled from a scrummage in about the middle of the field, and Willis, who was steadiness itself, started a movement in which the short punt ahead again was exploited cleverly. Bleddyn Williams got in a run and kick which confounded the defence and enabled Alun Thomas to pick up in his stride and give Rowlands a clear but longish run for the corner flag. Rowlands got there in good style, and he could hardly be heavily criticized for failing to add the goal points from so wide an angle and so soon after his run. Incidentally, it was odd to find the chief place-kicker on both sides a wing three-quarter. The All Blacks, of course, had Scott as well as Jarden, and Rowlands could not quite compare with either.

All this occurred inside the first quarter of an hour and, as may well be imagined, fairly set the game and the spectators alight. The New Zealand forward effort gained in intensity, and Cardiff were lucky that the opposing backs in midfield lacked their own sense of an opening. In one forward breakaway Oliver seemed to knock-on at the critical moment. For Cardiff, Morgan effected a cut through



M. Collins, the Cardiff second row forward (on one knee), getting the ball away to R. Willis, after a scrummage in the match against the New Zealanders.

which gave Rowlands another run but ended 10 yards short of the goal-line. Shortly before the interval Rowlands took Cardiff's second penalty kick, and went just wide from 25 yards at a difficult angle. So Cardiff had to be content with their lead of five points at the change of ends. A score of 11-3 would have looked very different.

Although the second half failed to produce any more scoring it was packed with incident and crisis from the re-start of play to "no-side." One can only enumerate a few of the incidents. Cardiff survived another of the All Black forward efforts early in the period, and themselves counter-rushed into the opposing "25" where, with a little of his old pace, Bleddyn Williams must have dodged his way over for a try. Then came another New Zealand assault, which ended only with a narrow miss by Haig with a drop-shot from close range. Cardiff, however, still were full of fight and ideas, and once even Scott was nearly caught fielding a long and well-placed rolling kick to touch. With 20 minutes to go Nelson was hurt in standing up to another terrific All Black attack, but a long and brilliantly clever touch find by Alun Thomas brought relief and fresh hope. Cardiff, indeed, pressed back hard, and it was Llewellyn's turn to try a drop at goal and Thomas was nearly over for a try on the right wing.

In the closing minutes Scott tried hard to bring about a break-through and, when that failed, there began the long-range bombardment which almost made one's hair stand on end, especially when Llewellyn fell in making one catch. Griffiths, one should not fail to add, though he had no chances in attack, did well in defence both as catcher, coverer of his fellows and tackler. Eventually the end did come, and Bleddyn Williams was carried off, not as a casualty, but shoulder-high in triumph. It had been touch and go, but Cardiff had fairly earned their victory.

CARDIFF.—J. Llewellyn; G. Rowlands, A. Thomas, B. L. Williams (captain), G. Griffiths; C. Morgan, W. R. Willis; S. Judd, C. D. Williams, M. Collins, E. Thomas, J. D. Nelson, J. D. Evans, G. Beckingham, A. D. S. Bowes.

NEW ZEALANDERS.—R. W. H. Scott; A. E. G. Elsom, J. T. Fitzgerald, R. A. Jarden; D. D. Wilson; L. S. Haig (captain), V. D. Bevan; W. A. McCaw, D. O. Oliver, R. A. White, G. N. Dalzell, W. H. Clark, K. Skinner, R. C. Hemi, H. L. White.

REFEREE.—V. S. Llewellyn (Llansamlet).