



# SPORT

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## CHRISTIE DELIVERS

*Ian Chadband sees the British captain come up with the goods at the European Cup*



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*Guide to the form, the players and the draw for the All England championships*

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# One team, one nation, one kick

## Lomu falls as Stransky stars

Stephen Jones at Ellis Park, Johannesburg

**SOUTH AFRICA 15 NEW ZEALAND 12**  
A Joubert; J Small (B Venter 98min); J Muller, H le Roux, C Williams; J Stransky, J van der Westhuizen; P du Randt, C Rossouw, B Sward (G Pagan 69min); K Wiese, H Strydom, F Pienaar (capt), M Andrew (R Straeuli 90min), R Kruger.

Scorers: Mehrtens (P 6min) 0-3; Stransky (P 10min) 3-3; Mehrtens (P 13min) 3-6; Stransky (22min) 6-6; Stransky (D 31min) 9-6; Mehrtens (D 45min) 9-9; Mehrtens (P 83min) 9-12; Stransky (P 90min) 12-12; Stransky (D 92min) 15-12.

Weather: sunny. Ground: good. Referee: E Morrison (England).

COULD YOU have ever dreamt that one single drop goal could have such significance, such historical weight, such redemptive qualities and such power to send a nation — including a dancing President Mandela — into joyous hysterics?

The drop goal came from Joel Stransky, the Springbok fly-half. It came eight minutes from the end of the second period of extra time and not even the power and passion of New Zealand could strike back.

An ecstatic François Pienaar, the South Africa captain, was presented with the World Cup by President Mandela. Interviewed just before the presentation, Pienaar was asked how it felt to have 65,000 supporters behind him. "No," Pienaar said, "we had 43 million people behind us." It was a reference to the entire population of South Africa, black and white, and to the uniting power of this tournament for South African society.

As the Springboks paraded

for them, especially as the last 20 minutes of normal time ticked away, because they were the better side and, while South Africa were content to tough it out on a narrow front, relying on the power of their tackling, the All Blacks stayed true to their philosophy of a wide game. Indeed, as the long passes from Mehrtens went flashing across the midfield, they became too speculative and made handling errors.

But they came back with a real rush towards the end of full time. There were some terrific attacks based on the power of Lomu to draw in defences, and on the superb sharpness of Bunce and Little in the centre.

But it stayed at 9-9 from the 55th minute until the end of normal time, with both teams having put over three kicks each.

The All Blacks tried everything to break the stalemate. Ian Jones played an astonishing lone hand in the game in the lineout. At times, Lomu looked overawed, as you would expect any young man to be in a World Cup final, but still managed to be a deadly threat.

Yet the brilliance of the tackling in the Springbok midfield and back row and the beavering of Andrews at No 8 always kept South Africa on terms even when their heavy forwards began to blow, almost in winded agony, in the second half.

The rules when extra time began, with the score at 9-9, were that if the scores were still level at the end of normal time, and neither side were ahead on tries, then New Zealand would have won the World Cup because they had had no players sent off in the tournament, whereas South Africa had had one. James Dalton, the Springbok hooker dismissed in Port Elizabeth against Canada, would have earned an welcome place in history.

Fortunately the affair did not go down to that sort of wire. The ice-cool Mehrtens kicked a penalty from 48 metres in the opening minutes of extra time after South Africa had followed up a Stransky kick in an offside position. Stransky then kicked South Africa level at 12-12 after the All Blacks went offside at a ruck.

Surprisingly, there were signs of unease and even panic in the New Zealand ranks in the second half of extra time, nota-



Pass master: South Africa's scrum-half, van der Westhuizen, clears from a ruck under All Black pressure as the dramatic World Cup final moves towards extra time

Chris Smith

bly when Osborne, the full-back, tried to keep a bouncing ball in play by tapping almost into the path of Williams.

South Africa managed to work themselves into the drop-goal position when Brooke was detected knocking on. South Africa put down a perfectly solid scrum. The splendid van der Westhuizen, such a threat around the fringes of the scrum, fired the ball to Stransky, and Stransky did the rest.

To the massive credit of South Africa, they still had the strength left in their legs to face down the expected New Zealand onslaught. Only occasionally in the second period of extra time did New Zealand look dangerous, although millions of South Africans must have had their hearts in their mouths when Osborne came sprinting down the right wing outside his threequarters to

open a chink of daylight. But New Zealand could neither break through nor work Mehrtens into range for the drop goal that would have drawn the match and given New Zealand the Cup.

Earlier, the pressure of the occasion on the defence had slowed down the action and, as usual in any match played on the high veld, there was always the temptation to launch the ball in the air. Joubert, Stransky, Mehrtens and Osborne could rifle the ball 60, 70 and 80 yards without any trouble on the day, and when you are afraid that one mistake in open play could give the World Cup away on a plate, then you always feel safer doing a spot of rifling.

Perhaps the most likely moments for those demanding a try came down the left wing of each team. Van der Westhuizen

attacked down a narrow blind-side in the third quarter and Small found Stransky steaming up outside him down the left.

Yet Stransky began to over-run Small as he waited for the pass and when the pass came, Mr Morrison, who gave England the proud corner of a proud day, was level and correctly awarded a forward pass just as Stransky was contemplating a glorious sprint. Earlier, Lomu was sent away with only the remnants of the cover defence to negotiate, but again there had been a forward pass earlier in the move and Lomu was recalled.

As the final whistle blew, Pienaar closed his eyes, flung his hands into the air above his head and celebrated in his own silence amid a fury of noise. After the presentation, South African TV cut to a series of celebrations taking place all

around the country, everywhere from Soweto to Cape Town.

The truth is that this South African team is not of the same all-round class as the Australian team that won four years ago. Although, given the vast upsurge in the interest in the game and the vast commercial injections into southern hemisphere rugby last week, the Springboks will be nicely set up for life. But what happened in Johannesburg yesterday, what South Africa's win signified, would have meant more than money could buy to an awful lot of people.

The day did rugby proud, it proved that the old game, previously malevolent here, does have vast powers for good. Perhaps it was a shame that no British teams were competing at the end, but to see the President dance with joy was worth the ache of disappointment.

*The Pride and Passion*



THE  
FAMOUS GROUSE  
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

Quality in an age of change

## NEWS INSIDE

### England oiled by slick Hick

POSITIVE batting from Graeme Hick enhanced England's prospects of achieving their first Lord's Test win against the West Indies for 38 years before bad light ended the third day with the second Test intriguingly poised.

The West Indies tail frustrated England in the morning, taking the score from 209 for six to 324 all out, 41 ahead. Fraser finishing with five for 66. Atherton went before the arrears were cleared. Stewart fell at 51, and when Thorpe was struck on the head by Walsh's inadvertent beamer, he was taken to hospital and detained overnight as a precaution.

Undeterred, Hick added 99 with Smith before Bishop bowled him for 67. England closed on 155 for three, 114 in front.

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## South Africa heal the scars

Nelson Mandela symbolised the spirit of the Springboks' historic triumph says Hugh McIlvanney

bok cap and he deserved to be wearing it. His support has been constant and far more personalised than could be expected from a head of state. The players in the squad have been talking about how much it meant to them when he dropped by helicopter into the midst of their training camp as they prepared for the opening pool match with Australia.

Only one of their number was black, the left wing Chester Williams, but Mandela had insisted that the entire rainbow nation jettison the old, hostile associations accumulated around rugby by its white supremacist past. "They are your boys — your pride," he had pronounced with regularity. That was never going to be ignored among a population understandably held in thrall by the power of his personality.

After Joel Stransky had kicked the drop goal that brought victory eight minutes from the end of the second period of extra time, and once

spirit with which it was achieved will surely do much to alter that condition.

The All Blacks are liable to feel unjustly treated, considering the contribution they made to the second half of normal time, which was infinitely the most fluent and entertaining passage of the afternoon. If the try that the game so desperately needed had come, it would probably have been from them at that time. But the overall impression was that the fates of the Springboks were on this sunlit day in Johannesburg.

The closing ceremony of the World Cup that preceded the kick-off had worked such havoc on the emotions of a number of us that the start of the action almost represented a slowing of the pulse. Some of the elements in the ceremony were there for pure excitement, notably the paragliders who skimmed into the stadium, the helicopters that flew in close formation a few hundred feet

above its rim and, most memorably, the jumbo jet which made two roaring passes from different directions.

It came over so low that the question was not whether we could read the "Good Luck Boks" message on the bottom of the aircraft but whether we were interested in checking the dental work of the pilot. Maybe it was appropriate that a country that has been obliged to show so much nerve in the face of real threat should choose to have a little fun by scaring its visitors.

We were scared, all right, but our main reaction to what we saw and heard in those preliminaries at Ellis Park, was to be moved. Personally, I have never been more affected at such an event as I was by the music and dance and human warmth here. Perhaps what was most devastating was the awareness of the relationship between all that exuberance and sheer joy and the pain and blood that have attended the birth of this nation.

