

# SPORT

Inside: Brough Scott on the born-again hero of Cheltenham, 29

## Dacey inspired, Wales restored



Hare: all England's points

THIS once-Classic encounter was relatively undistinguished, but it did produce a record. Strange to say, Wales' considerable but by no means massive score was the biggest they have ever recorded at Twickenham. Certainly there have been poorer, more accident-prone, English teams within the last decade who have better deserved this dismal record.

Still, there is no doubt this was a bleak result for England who, as their coach, Dick Greenwood said afterwards, have some important rebuilding to do in certain areas. Before the first match of the season, the self-same coach was talking confidently about "wit and pace." But the England backs have not now scored a try at Twickenham since the same match two years ago when Carlton - like young William Webb Ellis at Rugby - picked up the ball and simply ran straight through the Welsh defence. Perhaps they need now to search for just such simplicity.

For Wales, it was a splendid end to a season in which they had improved at every step on

the dismal start in Bucharest. Yesterday they were pinning so much on the return of Holmes, who by the end of the game they were looking anew at Dacey. His performance must have given much satisfaction to the selector, John Bevan, who kept faith with him while all the rest of Wales were clamouring for the "class" player, Gareth Davies.

Throughout the match his deceptive speed tormented the English back row and he had hand in almost every movement that led to Welsh points. His day was crowned with two dropped goals, for each of which he coolly moved back to make for himself an acre of space after receiving the ball in set play. It is hard to disagree with the judgement afterwards of Bevan, who said that Dacey "has played well in every match but at last he's starting to get some credit."

The first half was not greatly entertaining or instructive. More than anything it seemed to emphasise the extent to which the teams were well matched. The height of their

momentum had come from the Englishmen who tackled him.

After further penalties by Hare and Davies had taken the teams to 9-9, Wales finally scored the try the game so badly needed. Bowen made the break in the centre, selling a dummy and then clapping on the pace to take a well-judged pass, linked with Butler and then took a return pass to cross beneath the bar.

And Hare, for England, and Dacey for Wales, were as reliable in their touch-kicking as were Hare and Howell Davies in their goal-kicking.

The two Welsh offences from which Hare kicked his goals in the half, were perhaps as avoidable as the English infringements were borderline. Ironically, an apparent try by Wales near half-time, after England had failed to stem a Welsh surge down the flank and a hoisted ball, was ruled out by Mr. Anderson. He felt that Pickering had not got over the line by his own momentum. Along with Carlton he was one of the few successes for England, but even so there were at least two worrying moments

in the game where a Welsh kick was allowed to bounce short of the fullback.

By the end, Wales were rampant. They even crossed for further try which, although disallowed for a forward pass, was exquisitely created. Dacey made space on the short side and Titley on the right wing found full-back Davies with a lovely inside pass.

So England were saved again by the referee. But it was little consolation for a side whose forwards had failed to dominate and whose backs had fashioned not a single break.

ENGLAND: W. Hare (Leicester); J. Carlton (Orrell), B. Barley (Wakefield), R. Bowen (Cardiff), R. Howell (Cardiff), Cusworth N. Young (Leicester), No. 8: J. Scott (Cardiff). Second row: P. Winterbottom (Headingley), S. Bain (Gateshead), S. Perkins (Pontypool). Third row: D. Pickering (Llanelli), R. Norster (Cardiff), S. Perkins (Pontypool). Fourth row: D. Dacey (Cardiff), J. L. R. Rendall (Wales). Front row: P. Blakeway (Gloucester), P. Wheeler (Leicester Capt.), P. Rendall (Wales).

WALES: H. Davies, M. Titley (Cardiff), R. Ackerman (London Welsh), B. Bowen (Wales Police), A. Hadley (Cardiff), S. Bain (Gateshead), S. Perkins (Cardiff), No. 8: E. Butler (Pontypool). Second row: D. Pickering (Llanelli), R. Norster (Cardiff), S. Perkins (Pontypool). Third row: D. Dacey (Cardiff), J. L. R. Rendall (Wales). Front row: P. Blakeway (Gloucester), P. Wheeler (Leicester Capt.), P. Rendall (Wales).

TRY: Hadley. CONVERSION: Davies. PENALTIES: Davies (4), Dacey (2). REFEREE: J. Anderson (Sheffield).



Hadley: scored only try

## Hélas! Quel slam!

Michael Green meets sad Gallic person in Edinburgh

M'SIEUR  
You ask me how I feel and I am telling you we have desecrated myself. My cistern of sorrow is overflowing. It is the worst day since the EEC butter subsidy failed to arrive. I have not felt so desecrated since that English lorry broke through my road block.

Yet this match, he says, is exciting. I am hardly able to speak myself. To start we are in despair when Dods kick a penalty, but then came the try by Gallion. What artistry! M'sieur, he swerve round the side of the scrum like an axeman trying to run down an elderly pedestrian in the Avenue de l'Opéra! heurde de pointe!

Then there is that terrible time with the balls sailing over the bars and we are level 12-12. There is a fateful line-out, my heart is in my nostrils, and behold! - Calder is over. Quel catastrophe! We cannot come back now.

It is only 24 hours since I arrived in Edinburgh for the Grand Slam with my friend Jean-Baptiste and I tell you: the city she is nice but the food they are not so good, eh? Last night at our hotel we have the grand vin d'honneur and Jean-Baptiste is bet 500 francs he cannot finish a bottle of whisky, but quel courage, he drinks it in one, and later his visage turns un peu black and he is carried away.

We drink many toasts to our heroes, to Rives and Gallion, and to the martyred Garret, dismissed against Ireland by the perfidious Norling; when an Irishman thrust his eye against the noble Garret's thumb, and we remember that this time the arbitre is also from the land of the Gauls.

But this morning we march proudly up Princes Street with our cardboard cockerels, our national emblem, and I say to an agent de police: "Have you ever seen so many people waving their cocks in the street?" and he says ma foi, non, not since the Festival when anything can happen.

So we march to Murrayfield. At la Gare Haymarket we have great hunger. At home in Cherbourg I eat at our social, Le Café du Théâtre, before le match, so we enter a bar and call: "Alle Mister, some moules, marinieres, a few huîtres, peut-être des crudités and a bottle of Muscadet bien froid, hein?" and the man replies: "You've got a hope, Jimmy, and gives us the national dish, which is pieces of gendarmerie's leg with haricots carbonnés, but sacred blue it tastes like the exhaust of an old Citroën pick-up truck.

Beside us is an écoissais in a skirt with a paint brush over his organes privés and I think he is a little tipsy as he knocks over my beer and I shout: "Zut alors! What a dommage!" and he replies: "And up you too, Jacques", and I embrace him because he calls me by my name instead of Jimmy.

I ask him about this man Rutherford, and he tells me: Rutherford is a right shocker and so is Laidlaw, and he is shocked if they don't shock the shocking French, and he is interested in his use of the idiomatic speech as the écoissais have reputation for purity of the language, but helas, our friend suddenly cries "Shock me" and goes outside where he is très malade, une grande explosion sur le trottoir.

At Murrayfield we unfurl our banner which say: ALLÉZ FRANCE in majuscules. Helas, we do not have our old banner DEMISSION AUX SELECTIONNEURS which we wave in le Parc des Princes last year and spin on the committee as they arrive, but they spit back even harder (sans doute coached by the good Jean-Pierre Rives) and then the gardes mobiles tear up our banner and say they will do the same to us if we do not stop spitting on the selectors. So I spit on the gardes mobiles instead but I am better now except for a slight limp.

And sole match committee, M'sieur, you know the rest.

## Their grandest slam, their finest hour

Scotland ..... 21pts  
France ..... 12pts

by Stephen Jones

the Scots disappeared down the tunnel waving to the stands in joy. The final score line did make a nonsense of the run of play, but it was a tribute to a team of skill and character and an indictment of a team of skill only.

It was all a tremendous relief because Scotland were undoubtedly more affected by the tension at the start. The match itself always struggled for cohesion and flow. It was too important for people to weave pretty patterns and anyone attempting to do so was liable to be dumped in the third row when Scotland desperately needed the sustenance of the six points. Scotland had nothing to ruck on, no means of building up pressure.

France never pulled away but at first, their talents surfaced, Blanco's chip ahead and subsequent re-gathering of a loose ball and a sharp loop move between Cordorniou and Lescarboua stuck in the memory. France produced a variety of bad movements and the best of these faltered only because Sella passed behind Begu's left ear when he should have been putting his wing over for a try. But Orso and Gallion combined nicely for the French try, with Gallion straightening the angle of his run cleverly to score. France led 6-3 at half time, and again 12-9 after the impressive Lescarboura had put over a superb drop goal as part of a machine gun burst of successful kicks from both sides at around the hour mark.

But, by this time, Gallion had departed with concussion, Scot-

land's base was widening, and French tempers were shortening. Milne began to assert himself. Tomes and Leslie began to win lineout ball, and Dods began to drill his penalty attempts between the posts. A few driving rucks from Scotland and a few high kicks, and it was a different game.

It seems to me that those numerous people who predicted a French victory were ignoring the fact that it is infinitely easier to parade skills against an unresisting England team in Paris than it is to do the same under pressure in Scotland. They were also forgetting about French indiscipline. Sure enough, France moaned at the referee during and after the match. But they chose a lock, Condrom, who instead of jumping for the ball at lineout jumps straight across into the opposition. Mr Jones was not infallible yesterday, but he had no intention of letting Condrom and company get away with it as recent referees have done.

France found a referee yesterday with a nasty habit of blowing the whistle on them when they were breaking the rules. Sure enough, too, the temperament of Jean-Pierre Rives miserably failed the test. He played superbly. He acted like a schoolboy.

It also seems to me that France were hamstrung by their own selectors. When Erbani, their outstanding flanker dropped out in the week, they should have cut their losses by making a straight swap and bringing in a slightly inferior flanker. Instead, they decided to shuffle the pack to fill the space, and therefore produced a pack slightly inferior in three positions. For example, Orso is a workhorse, but certainly not an international class number eight. Haget, who took Orso's place in the second row, has

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