445

Scotland must have been practically deserted on the day of the Soccer International at Wembley. From the London stations, ranks upon serried ranks appeared with one idea --- to see the Scottish eleven put oncover the Sassenach.

Bus loads hurtled through the streets.

at every familiar spot in the Metropolis, the feathered bonnets of Caledonia were being shown the sights. Never before has London known such a large-scale invasion of Scotsmen --- no wonder they called out the troops

So from London, the one-day army marched on to the vast,
Stadium of sport --- forty thousand visiting tartans and had
to find a place in those broad acres dedicated to football.

And a total concourse of 93,000 shook the heavens with a community song.

Out came the two teams, led by Captains Hapgood and Brown.

England in white shirts and blue shorts --- Scotland in blue

jerseys and white shorts. Scotland won the toss --- and then

began the full-throated burns of cheering that scarcely halted

from the kick off the the finish. From the start, the home

side began to press. They had the finish the Scottish half and the good and prepared the scal at intervals, but Cumming the

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from Bastin on the left wing --- watch the centre --- but it went behind and again the crowd roared.

ENGLAND V SCOTLAND.

Still the palay was fast and furious --- a grand, bustling game with --- oh, linesman --- did you see that? X And you

But Scotland came down to the Empire Stadium to get results
--- and this is where they got them. After six minutes play,
Walker beat Woodley and Scotland stodd one up. There's another
one up.

Now England have the ball again, racing to the Scottish goal, but those white shirts can't get the equaliser.

Cumming is superb

What a battle this game is --- nearing the time of the final whistle there's still only that one goal of Scotland's --- what a blow