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THE CUP FINAL

Wolves' Billy Wright and Leicester's Norman Plummer head the all-Midland finalists onto the Wembley turf for football's game of the year. There's a friendly handshake for the players from the Duke of Gloucester (representing the King) and Prince Philip and then they are ready to go. Princess Elizabeth is in the Royal Box as second division Leicester, in white shorts (the Davids who knocked out so many Goliaths) start off at top speed. They're not afraid of the Wolf, however big and bad he's cracked up to be. In this goal-by-goal special edition, Pathe News brings you the full story of how, when giant-killing was the fashion, Wolves, the hottest favourite in years, did come out top in the end. At first, Leicester do the attacking, but Billy Wright's men, cool and confident, have everything under control.

And here comes the first nail in Leicester's coffin. Fye sends the ball to Hancocks - the winger sends it back - and Fye heads it home.

In a match like this, it's the first goal that matters most. And Wolves - inspired by Skipper Billy Wright (No. 6) are there again, huffing and puffing at Leicester's front door. The two Jimmies, Mullen and Dunn, are at the top of their form and only a brilliant save by goalie Bradley keeps them out.

Mullen on the move again - he shoots - and it goes over for a corner.

Johnny Hancocks takes the kick, it comes over squarely - it looks perilous for Leicester - they just can't get the ball away from the danger zone!

Billy Wright sends in a shot - it's only half-cleared and Jesse Fye bangs it home!

With Leicester two down at half time few of the hundred-thousand crowd thought they could ever stage a come-back. But they reckon without Little Mal Griffiths. With the ball seemingly tied to his feet, he runs through the Wolves' defence like kids through a sweetshop. A pass to Chisholm, goalie Williams parries the inside forward's shot - but Griffiths is there to send it into the back of the net!

Wolves Manager Stan Gullis is getting anxious now, for this is more like the old Leicester that humbled mighty Pompey. The Second Division boys are giving more than they get, when Pate deals them a sudden, bitter blow. From an acute angle, Ken Chisholm nets the ball - but the referee rules him off-side and disallows the goal. Down sink Leicester hearts - and Wolves can think themselves lucky to have escaped. They show their appreciation by some pretty cross-passing, which Leicester clear only with difficulty.

And again the Wolves are on the prewl. Smooth, first-time football splits the Leicester defences wide open. The ball goes to Sammy Smythe - No. 8 - and it's curtains for Leicester as the Irishman smashes it home.

The two skippers shake hands and another Wembley's over as Princess Elizabeth presents Billy Wright and the triumphant Wolverhampton team with football's most coveted honours. Their average age 24, these young Wolves prove that England need have no fears about the future of football. With men like Billy Wright and his team - Bill Sherthouse and all - winning the Magic Cup - England's Soccer glories are in safe hands.