

Winner Was The Gale

The real winner at Plymouth was a wind of nearly gale force which destroyed most attempts to play anything in the way of constructive football.

Result was a scrappy sort of match relieved only by the desperate struggle by the two teams sorely in need of points.

Plymouth came nearer to a victory than did Luton, for they had the advantage of the wind in the first half, and exerted a considerable amount of pressure.

In fact, the Town raids were cut down to rather infrequent breaksaway, and they did not manage to test Shortt at all seriously throughout the first half.

On the other hand, Hughes had a different experience, for he had some sizzling shots with which to deal, but was able to watch twice as many sail harmlessly over the bar, or wide of the target area.

Considering the amount of play enjoyed by Argyle, there were not so many shots as might have been expected, for it was not until late on in the half that they seemed to wake up to the fact that they might be up against it afterwards unless they secured a useful lead before half-time.

Then, more drives from longer range were tried, but apart from Dews, and an occasional shot by Porteous, there was nothing very devastating about their shooting.

NEVER IN TROUBLE

The Town defence went on coolly and never appeared to be in real trouble, and the poor finishing of the Argyle forwards definitely made their job easier.

Things did not quite work out according to plan after the interval when it was supposed that the Town would gain the same sort of ascendancy as Argyle had enjoyed.

Part of the trouble was that the wind was not so strong, nor was it in quite such a favourable direction, and Argyle managed to obtain quite a fair share of the play.

More than that, they engineered more scoring chances than came the Town's way, but finishing let them down once more.

Luton's forwards were seen to better advantage in midfield where they revealed some clever football, but there was never much punch about their close-range work.

Best effort came from Glover—a low cross shot that Shortt saved, then lost possession momentarily, but recovered before anything could develop from the slip.

Again, it was the Town defence who took the honours with Owen once more dominating the scene in the middle of

the field, and Hughes showing that he is a full-blown rival to Shortt as an International prospect by the clean-cut way in which he accomplished his job.

Both the full-backs mastered the opposing wingers, with Aberne again touching peak form and Looke little behind him. The wing halves had a grueling match and broke up many attacks, and there was little if anything about which to grumble in defence.

The forwards suffered from lack of opportunity, and the conditions made their type of play difficult to perform with any real accuracy.

Stobbart moved about in a successful effort to pull Chisholm from the middle, and led the line well, while both Kiernan and Taylor were seen to advantage in the second half.

It was not a winger's day though and neither Glover nor Waugh had a lot of chance to shine, though Waugh did not do amiss on his return to the team.