Town Received Salutary Lesson At Blackpool

By Chiltern

BLACKPOOL 3, LUTON TOWN 0

IF ever a team received a lesson in the truism that all the clever football in the world is of no earthly use if the ball is not put into the back of the net, the Town did at Bloomfield-road on Saturday.

For much of the first half, they produced clever, attractive movements that looked as if they might end in goals but, somehow or another, never did, simply because the torwards just could not find punch at close quarters. quarters.

because the forwards just coquarters.

In addition to that, the attack
found the offside tactics used
consistently by Blackpool a
problem to which they could not
find the only by Blackpool a
problem to which they could not
find the answer—and this is not
the first time that they have been
so troubled.

There might have been a more
cheerful story to tell had Adam
made better use of a chance that
came his way in the early minutes
after Terry Kelly, Bingham and
Brown had pulled the defence out
of position with a sweeping movement.

Left unmarked, Adam had time
in which to control the ball and
take it closer in, but he swung
away at the ball first time and it
flew much too high.

A goal at that stage would have
been a great confidence booster,
but the Town continued to weave
the patterns without often looking likely to break down this very
strong defence.

Really, it was against the run
of the play, even though both
Charnley and Barnes had missed
great chances, when Blackpool
took the lead two minutes from
half-time.

Like so many goals, it had a
small beginning in a throw-in on
the Town right, following which
Perry secured possession to make
a swinging centre to which
MUDIE jumped high and headed
out of Baynham's reach.

GLITTER VANISHED

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After that all the Luton glitter vanished, and Blackpool, once they got their heads in front, took command of the situation.

Maybe the Town would have settled down again but for a second goal to Blackpool 10 minutes after the re-start.

This time Terry Kelly failed to clear, and Durie pushed the ball through to CHARNLEY, who drove the ball through from close range.

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When, nine minutes later, PERRY scored a magnificent goal, the Town had already gone down, to all intents and purposes, to their fifth consecutive defeat.

A badly headed clearance by Dunne went to Perry, who streaked away and produced a tremendous drive that found the far top corner of the net.

The big disappointment, of course, was that the Town had exactly nothing to show for their good football of the first half, but they fell away badly afterwards and little was seen of the forwards in the second half.

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Somehow or another more thrust in finishing must be found, and this is particularly needed at centre-forward, where Brown continues to be unable to find his best form.

Hard though he tried to succeed against his former colleagues, he could make little impression on Gratrix, who is being tipped in the North as the successor in the England team to Wright.

Cummins schemed brilliantly in the first half, continually pushing the ball through the middle in an attempt to split the defence, but he had little response.

Often Turner looked as if he might end the barren spell, but, never quite got there, and both he and Brown were frequently caught offside.

Midway through the second half Turner switched into the middle, but by then the front line, with the exception of Bingham, who was always a source of danger, bad become ineffective.

Bingham was a long way in front of Adam, who could make little of Armfield and mostly used the ball badly.

These days, the effect on the Town of being a goal down is enormous, and this increases the responsibility of the defence, which is being strained to the utmost.

Much of this is being taken by Owen, who battled away constantly, but, with both the regular wing-halves missing, the middle

line was not quite the usual dominant force.

In the first half Terry Kelly did well, but when the pressure was on later, the covering of Morton began to be missed, and, well though Groves deputiese, he is not quite so forthright as Pacey.

Signs of the strain that the defence has been labouring under is showing in the play of Dunne, who, although he kept Perry reasonably quiet, was most uncertain and erratic in some of his clearances.

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reasonably quiet, was most uncertain and erratic in some of his clearances.

Barnes was a trier, but Hawkes had a much more comfortable afternoon than might have been the case if he had been faced by Matthews, who withdrew a few bours before the match because of a sore knee.

There was nothing Baynham could do about any of the goals. He could not really complain of being over-worked, and what he had to do was accomplished in polished style.

BLACKPOOL: Farm; Armfield, Wright; Kelly (I), Gratrix, Kelly (II); Barnes, Mudie, Charnley, Durie, Perry.

LUTON TOWN: Baynham; Dunne, Hawkes; Kelly (I), Owen, Groves; Bingham, Turner, Brown, Cummins, Adam.

Referee: E. T. Jennings, Stourbridge. Attendance: 14,140.

WHAT THE OTHER CRITICS SAID

Even the health-giving Black-pool breezes don't seem to have done Luton any good. Daily and Sunday newspaper critics who watched the Town's Bloomfield-road watched the Town's Bloomined-road performance repeat the sentiments that have been echoing around this column for the past five weeks. LUTON MUST LEARN TO PRODUCE GOALS AS WELL AS PRETTY FOOTBALL.

"It took Blackpool half the game to conquer the cold and loosen up their frozen limbs. During this period Luton were swooping down with a series of brilliantly-executed moves which should have quickly put them in an unassailable position."—" Sunday Express."

"On the wing, Bingham was fast and elusive. Cummins was constantly gliding through passes, and everything seemed to be building up for a great Luton win. But once the lead had been snatched there was only one team in it."

"News of the World."

"Throughout the first half, Luton gave Blackpool an object lesson in technical skill and a perfect example of futility. Their approach work was a delight to watch, with Irish winger Billy Bingham giving it most impetus; but for no reason at all everything spluttered out just short of goal."

""Sunday Dispatch."