

Flowers is star of Wolves win

59/60

Luton T....1 Wolves... 5

by CAPEL KIRBY

WITHOUT having to produce anything like their customary power, Wolves scored five goals and did very much as they pleased against lowly Luton, who started the match apprehensively and finished completely demoralised.

There was a casualness about Wolves play, which could have been due either to the hang-over of Berlin in mid-week or to being brought down to their opponents' level. Only occasionally did Wolves show the moves which defenders have come to fear.

They got on top thanks to some of the finest wing half back play I have seen for many a long day from Ron Flowers, who must walk into the England team on this form, and Bill Slater, a reserve brought into the side as skipper.

What a happy position to be in when a player of Slaters' calibre acts as such a capable understudy. It was because of these two players that Wolves appeared to have seven men in attack and eight in defence.

Peter Broadbent was all the time prabing for Luton's weak spots—and how many there. There wasn't the semblance of method or understanding in any department, and the only players to come out with honours were John Groves and George Cummins.

They could have done with a player like Wolves' cheeky Norman Deeley, who never left the No. 7 on his back disturb his wanderings. Deeley, always looking for the half chance, scored in each half and further Wolves goals were got by Murray, Broadbent, and Booth.

These were due to defensive tangles rather than any inspired approach work, except for Deeley's first, the result of a neat back flick from Murray from a movement opened up by Broadbent.

Luton's consolation goal late in the game came from Mike Dixon, who got his head to a ball which rebounded off the bar from Cummins. He knocked himself out heading it home.

Wolves were not at full strength which was just as well for Luton. Of the stand-ins I liked Des Horne, the young South African legt winger. But he is too good a player to earn a reputation from tantrums.

Sid Owen has an outsize problem on his hands. In their present mood of defeatism his side is not good enough.