

A Late Goal Gives Them The Push

BARNSELEY 1, LUTON TOWN 0

PUT away those Wembley banners, the straw hats and the black and white favours, says "Chiltern," Luton's Cup run for this season ended rather ignominiously at Barnsley this afternoon.

Deservedly, Barnsley qualified for the last eight against a Town team that never settled down to anything approaching the form they have been showing at home.

So that bogey of poor results away from home that has persisted all this season continued and what many people feared came about.

It might have been a different story had two relatively easy chances inside the first 10 minutes been accepted.

That would have brought poise to a team that badly needed it, and which allowed itself to be rattled by the forthright, somewhat homespun, but all the same effective tactics, of the Barnsley team.

Not a great side this, but what fighters they are, and they had only themselves to blame after those two early escapes that they were not ahead at the interval.

For a time, at the start of the second half, I thought that the Town would find some much-needed life and thrust in their front line, but they flattered only to deceive and it was Barnsley, though not on top to such an extent as they had been in the first half, who had the more chances.

Even so, the game looked to be petering out into a draw until the fateful 68th minute when Lunn obtained a goal almost out of the blue.

In coming out of his goal, as he did, Standen, I feel, was ill-advised, because he never seemed to have a real chance of reaching it and the result was that the ball landed in an untenanted net.

Not until after this, when forward changes had been made and Groves introduced into the attack, was there apparent a real sense of urgency in the front line.

But Barnsley, having got their heads in front, were not disposed to yield easily and really it always seemed that that one goal would be sufficient.

Frankly this was a vastly disappointing show by the Town because the forward weaknesses of last week were there again.

Little came from the wings, particularly from Noake, and Brown, apart from one or two pin-pointed passes, achieved little.

Which left Turner a somewhat blunted spearhead in view of the lack of material that came his way, and the sternness of the tackling.

Ashworth did much hard work, but it was underlined