

LUTON'S ATTACKS FAIL AGAINST HALF-BACK POWER

Barnsley 1 Luton Town 0: by SIDNEY SPICER

SAM BARTRAM, Luton's manager, hid his disappointment and frankly admitted that Barnsley deserved to win this hard and thrilling match to enter the last eight in the F.A. Cup competition. Shaking hands with Mr. Joe Richards, president of the Football League and Barnsley's chairman, Sam warmly congratulated him.

"Your lads played good football and, what is more, they fought for the whole 90 minutes," said Bartram.

Luton's chief was bitterly disappointed that his team did not concentrate their attacks more persistently on Barnsley's boy left back, Eric Brookes, who, Bartram felt, must have given way if Luton had forced play on this flank.

I am inclined to agree. Young Brookes, cool and unruffled, 17 this month, plays his first youth international for England against Scotland next Saturday.

He looks a fine player in the making but, under persistent pressure in such a vital, tense game the boy might well have faltered. The lessons he has yet to learn were certainly not taught him by Luton.

The Second Division club's attack never got moving sweetly. Gordon Turner, up against a grand centre half in Duncan Sharp, one of six locals in this very good Third Division Barnsley side, had the poorest support. Turner, always striving, put in two of only three shots which caused goalkeeper Terry Williams any trouble at all.

The five, resourceful half-back line of Bob Wood, Sharp, the skipper, and Bill Houghton gave Barnsley the initiative and enabled them to retain it for nine-tenths of the game.

These three, with Sharp a shrewd and inspiring general in defence, won the midfield battle and, with

a little more steadiness by their forwards in front of goal, Barnsley might well have got through by a more comfortable margin.

Luton missed two great chances in the 10th and 13th minutes when first Jim Fleming and then Alec Ashworth shot wide of the far post with only Williams to beat.

But Barnsley let more than one chance slip and their luck was out when Ken Oliver and Bert Tindill each headed against the woodwork, and when Tindill fastened on to Colin Swift's free kick and shot hard from close-range only to see it rebound from Seamus Dunne's legs on the goal-line.

When David Noake got the ball into Luton's net thousands of Barnsley hearts almost ceased beating until referee R. E. Smith (Newport), having first pointed to the centre, consulted a linesman and reversed his decision. Turner had been offside in the move which gave Noake his chance.

In the 68th minute the Barnsley fans roared a frenzied greeting to THE goal—the goal which mattered, and a good one it was.

Houghton put a long ball over and inside full-back Dunne, and Jackie Lunn moved in to lob the ball with cool, precise judgment over Standen's head into the net.

Three minutes later Frank Bartlett missed a glorious chance, and then came Luton's rally, founded more on desperation than skill.

Only a blunder by Barnsley's ground defence could give Luton a second chance—and that never looked like coming.