

PETER WILSON says English Soccer must be built again NOW WE MUST BE THE NEW MASTERS

Moment
of
despair

THE twilight of the gods—that was the scene at Wembley yesterday when Hungary beat—no, thrashed, toyed with the might of English Soccer, scoring a 6—3 victory which at times looked as though it might be 16—3.

It is always sad to see the passing of an old champion, but there was never the slightest doubt that the better side was going to win.

I believe the crowd knew it even before the players, for when Hungary took the lead for the second time—they scored inside the first minute through "hat-trick" Hidegkuti, and Sewell equalised some five minutes later—the grey ranks huddled round the rims of the great stone-bowl fell silent as mourners at a national funeral rather than spectators at a national sporting festival.

There was no mystery about WHY the Hungarians won. From the first challenging whistle to the last plaintive pibroch, which echoed through the fog which came down in a grey veil as though to cloak England's humiliation, these magical Magyars were yards faster on the ball. They were perfectionists, too, in finding one another and intercepting any English pass which went even a foot astray.

Weep for Matthews. Even the incomparable Stanley could not put the clock back, although there were periods, notably the five minutes just before half-time, when there were flashes of the old weaving wizardry.

Sigh for Stan Mortensen—game as ever, but like the rest of the England side, beaten for speed, although never for heart.

Ask and ask again why Ernie Taylor would never take those first-time shots which were clearly so utterly essential against this lithe team of plum-coloured quick-silver.

George Robb—well, it's a game he will probably want to forget. He had only two real chances. One was a header just before the interval, expertly taken by Gollin Grosics.

His other chance was stopped, but this time the goalkeeper played the man and not the ball and as a result England scored for the last time with a penalty, clean and true as a rapier slash, from Alf Ramsey.

England's best goal was the equaliser by Sewell, who was perhaps the most effective of the English forwards, and Mortensen's individual effort, when we were sagging 4—4, gave him and us at least one happy memory.

The half back line of Wright, Johnston and Dickinson started well enough but the speed, the speed, the speed had them coming apart at the seams early in the second half.

With twenty minutes to go it was a scene of sporting tragedy. The Hungarians seemed to amble where they would, never hurried, never hurried, rather like a bunch of well-mannered kids who do not want to rub home intolerably an overwhelming defeat against their aged parents on Old Boys' day.

It was sad, very sad to see, and there were moments when even the best-behaved players committed ugly fouls under the strain of being made to look idiotic and inept in front of 100,000 of their best friends, who nevertheless could not forbear to tell them—that they had had it.

The Hungarians were not blameless. There was the occasional jersey-fugging, the more-than-occasional obstruction, but the roughness came from England—and even that was not effective, even though the Hungarians did call upon a substitute goalkeeper with only eight minutes to go.

It would be invidious to pick out individuals in this superb Hungarian team. Hidegkuti's feat speaks for itself—almost as eloquently as his feet seem to speak for the man.

Puskas, who scored the most superb pirouetting goal to put the Hungarians 3—1 up, leaves no doubt as to why he is the captain of the team.

Right half Bozsik deserved the goal he scored—although rather fortuitously diverted by Puskas—from a free-kick. There was the speed of Czibor, outstanding even in this team of sprinters. There was... but why go on? They were great, and that's all there is to it.

And so our unbeaten home record by a Continental side is not only broken but shattered. Our idols had not only feet of clay, but were men of clay—human clay.

The lesson is clear. Our best is not good enough for the best of the rest nowadays. We must build and encourage the young men who kick a football on the commons and the open spaces all over the broad shires of England; we must create more opportunities for the back-street boys who now are perforce compelled to dribble a tin-can down an alley in the cities.

It is no good bemoaning the past—although I trow that there will be many heavy hearts tonight among those who remember when English Soccer was a hallmark of greatness throughout the myriad lands where this most international game is played—when the only query at the end of a home match against the Continentals was: "How much did we win by?"

NO! DO NOT LET US MOURN THE PAST, BUT LET US BUILD FOR THE FUTURE AND START THE BUILDING NOW.

'You have forgotten the way to play'

By GEORGE HARLEY

AFTER the match, here's what they had to say:

Mr. SANDAR BARCF, president of the Hungarian F.A.:

"Your Jimmy Hogan taught us to play the old Scottish style of football back in 1924. You seem to have forgotten it here. Your players began by trying the Continental style, but we know more about the tactics to counter it. At half-time our players drank lemonade with salt in it, because of perspiration. But tonight it is wine for everybody. I am an anti-alcoholist (tee-totaler), but I must drink, too. We are very proud to be the first foreign team to beat England in ninety years."

"Great Joy"

"There will be great joy in Hungary, where nobody worked today. They all sat listening to their wireless." BILLY WRIGHT: "I am sorry this defeat had to happen in the F.A.'s ninetieth birthday year, but there are no excuses. We were well beaten. Yet I am satisfied that the team played as well as they could."

FERENCE PUSKAS: "Our team were certainly three goals better. We were all confident of winning from the moment we gained a 2—1 lead."

Centre forward Hide-



Merrick goes down too late to stop Hungary's third goal, scored by Puskas.

The three goals that broke England's heart

By BOB FERRIER

ENGLAND'S record, unbeaten at home in ninety years of football, was shattered yesterday.

It went to a glorious team from Hungary, a team of fire and fury and imagination and technical brilliance. The equal of anything in the world, a team the like of which has not been seen in this country.

Search out no England man to blame. We had no answer to the extravagance of Hungary's attacking ideas, to the surpassing skill of each individual and to a team which in every phase of the game overwhelmed us.

Never have England lived through such a first-half, in all their international history! The Hungarians stunned them in the very first minute with an immaculate goal.

Centre forward Hide-

ENGLAND 3 HUNGARY 6

Hidegkuti took a pass from Bozsik, right half, toppled the England defence with a beautiful swerve and shot a smash from twelve yards high over Merrick's head for a baffling goal.

After eleven minutes the Hungarians hit another. Hidegkuti again scoring from Puskas's pass. Dutch referee Horn said "off side," and Puskas, the "Galloping Major," hid his face in his hands in disgust.

The Equaliser

It seemed to be a bad decision. But after fifteen minutes Harry Johnston put England into the game. He intercepted a ball from the scoring boots of Kocsis, swept sixty yards upfield, parted to Mortensen.

The centre forward beat the claret red defence with the pass, and there was Sewell running on to make it 1—1.

But the Hungarians rose to the challenge and, after twenty minutes had gone, they turned on seven minutes of Soccer such as this stadium has seldom seen and which brought them three more goals. This spell broke England's heart.

First a glorious left-wing Puskas-Czibor movement gave Hidegkuti the second

the shot going in off Eckersley.

Next Puskas beat Ramsey all ends up by simply trailing the ball back with his foot and shooting a goal from a ridiculous angle.

Then right half Bozsik took a free kick, Puskas rather aimlessly diverted it, and in it went at the far post. Where Merrick was I'll never know.

Dogged Run

Hungary were leading 4—1, with England beaten into the ground.

But when the crowd cheered they found a reserve of strength. Mortensen got through on a rather lucky dogged run to make it 4—2.

The crowd rose to England in the second half to urge them on to a fighting victory. It was not to come. Mortensen was immediately injured.

Atomic Magyars

Wright was also injured and on swept England's substitutes Hassall, Williams and Kennedy to render aid.

They eventually restarted and it brought another atomic burst from the Magyars. Kocsis headed a Puskas cross against a post, out went the rebound to Bozsik and from 20 yards both Ramsey and Merrick on the line were completely beaten.

Three minutes later yet another delightful Puskas lob found Hidegkuti and it

RESULTS

INTERNATIONAL

(At Wembley)

England 3 Hungary 6

Sewell 1, Mortensen 2

Ramsey (pen) Bozsik 100,000

WORLD CUP

(in Paris)

France 4 Eire 0

Panama 1

F.A. CUP—First Round Replays

Bradford 0 0 Draw 1

0 000 Cheltenham

(Crews visit Walsley in second round)

Worcestershire 3

Wiltshire 1

Richardson, Linacre

(Hartlepool visit Northampton)

Bournemouth 3 Southampton 1

Furze 13,000

Stadium

Cheney (Bournemouth visit Scarborough)

SOUTHERN LEAGUE

Hartins 3, Llanelli 1

RUGBY UNION

Year Match—Glasgow and Edinburgh 3 pts., New Zealand 23

County Championship—Kent 3 pts., Hampshire 3, Surrey 2, Eastern Counties 5

TODAY'S FOOTBALL

F.A. Cup, 1st Rd. Replays, 2.0

Newport v Cambridge Utd., Hereford v Exeter Rhyd v Halifax

Southern League—Bath v Lovell's

Friendlies—F.A. XI v Cambridge Utd., Army v Oxford Utd.



Sewell races in to make it 1—1 for England with a great drive which leaves goalkeeper Grosics helpless.