

FORGOTTEN MAXIM COSTS POMPEY CUP

ATTACK THAT "EASED UP" AFTER EARLY FIRST GOAL

Manchester City's Rousing Rally—How Tilson Scored the Winner—Swift's Faint

By BARRY THOMAS

Perhaps the most time-worn maxim in football is—attack is the best means of defence.

Had Portsmouth remembered that old saw they would have been hailed on Saturday night as Cup winners. Instead, they forgot that truest of all football slogans, and are left lamenting.

The only possible excuse for forgetting it is that usually the first goal in the Cup Final is the winning one, but it is dangerous to adopt history as a guiding principle—you never can tell.

After their goal, scored by Rutherford at the end of twenty-seven minutes, Pompey fell back on defence, and contented themselves thereafter with spasmodic raids on the City goal, between which paced a youth who was obviously nervous, forgiveably so.



Rutherford.

It was a big occasion for a lad of nineteen making his first appearance at Wembley, and I was not surprised when he fainted at the conclusion of the game. But to return to the Portsmouth men. That goal scored, they appeared to take things easily, thinking, no doubt, they had the game well in hand.

It would be idle to deny that they had some justification for so thinking, for up to that period they had shown much more coolness in defence and greater method and cleverness in attack.

They showed much craft in making ground, short, low, accurate passes that found the right man being interspersed with an occasional swinging pass to the wings by the ubiquitous Jack Smith.

CITY FORWARDS "CROWD"

This is not to suggest that the City were out of the picture—on the contrary, but they relied more on sheer speed and dash, and were inclined to "crowd" a little at critical moments. Toseland was their key man hereabouts, and he was fed assiduously by Busby and Cowan. Up to the time of the first goal of the match neither goalkeeper had been called upon to deal with a really dangerous shot. This was due principally to the fine covering of the Pompey defenders and the stubborn defending of the City backs, well backed up by the halves.

This is how the goal came. Jack Smith, who was continually in the picture doing something clever and useful, pushed the ball out to Rutherford. The youngster unexpectedly clung in on Swift's charge, while Barnett advanced for a tackle.

I have nothing but praise for the way the Portsmouth man kept his head at this critical moment. He calmly tricked Barnett, stumbled a little, but got in a shot—not a very hard one, but he was at such close quarters by then that Swift was left helpless.

From then on to half-time there was a lot of rather scrappy football, Pompey falling back on defence, and the City contributing to their own undoing by over anxiety to get the equaliser.

TILSON "BALLOONS" OVER

Twice Tilson ballooned the ball over from fairly good shooting positions, but there were few things to enthuse over during this period, and we were left to hope that we should see something better in the second half.

From a purely football point of view there was nothing for the disinterested spectator to "write home about."

The second half began in much the same way as the game opened, Portsmouth showing the greater method and City the more dash.

They were desperately anxious for the equaliser, and the famous attacking half-back line moved well up the field to crowd on sail for the grand attack.

Now Brooks came into the picture—the England player had had a very moderate first half—and raised a mighty cheer which turned to a tremendous groan of disappointment when it was seen that his shot had struck the upright with Gilfillan at the wrong end of his charge.

We were seeing very little of Portsmouth's attack hereabouts, except on one occasion, when Weddle nearly beat Swift with a clever left-foot flick of the ball when close in.

There was an ominous disposition on the part of the Southerners to fall more and more into a purely defensive game, and with Mackie and W. Smith having so much to do, they were often obliged to make rather faulty clearances.

The City seemed to take heart from the apparent shyness of their rivals, and advanced in—really workmanlike style and with more pronounced method and coolness.

Unfortunately for Portsmouth, Allen was

hurt in a collision and was off the field for about eight minutes, and in this anxious period Manchester got the all-important equaliser.

First Herd fired in a typical pile-driver, which just touched the cross-bar as it bounded over the goal, and then Tilson scored.

It was Brook who began the move. He slipped the ball out and forward to Tilson, who had moved out to the left. There was a slight melee in the goalmouth, but the centre-forward got in a quick left-foot shot which Gilfillan was powerless to save.

This goal came after seventy-five minutes' play, and I had visions of Mr. Leslie Knighton's prophecy of a draw becoming a reality, but it was not to be.

Thus awakened, Weddle and his men came into the picture again, but by this time Dale and Barnett, who had not been over impressive in the first half, had settled down very considerably, and were playing a much safer game.

POMPEY'S SHOCK TROOPS

Portsmouth's shock troops were beaten back in great style, and the issue looked as wide open as the proverbial barn door.

This was an anxious time for Gilfillan and Co., but they showed no pronounced sign of cracking, until Brook gave them a terrible fright.

Presented with an open goal the England winger fired in a hard shot which Gilfillan beat down to a defender. In a mix-up the ball came back to Brook and again he missed—his shot this time striking Gilfillan and rebounding into play.

But the writing was on the wall, and again Tilson was the scorer.

Herd, Toseland and Tilson closed in together between the backs, and before Mackie and Smith (W.) could move a foot Tilson had driven the ball hard into the net from close range. Gilfillan had no chance at all.

Then at last Pompey seemed to awaken to realities, and set up a desperate attack during the remaining four minutes of play; but it was too late—the match was won and lost.

CITY DESERVE TO WIN

As the final whistle went Swift, the City goalkeeper, fell to the ground in a faint, but with the aid of ambulance men and others who rushed to his aid recovered sufficiently to walk to the dais to receive his coveted medal from the King.

It was not really a great final. Interesting most of the time, but chiefly by reason of the contrasting style of attacks.

The football often became scrappy and perilously near dull, but as the Cup Final is prin-

GREAT NEW SERIAL

The long opening instalment of Roland Pertwee's new serial romance "Morosco" appears to-day on page 20. Be sure not to miss it.

cipally the interest of rival supporters no doubt it will suffice.

I think Manchester City deserved to win because of greater incisiveness in attack, and Pompey, I am afraid, contributed to their own defeat by neglecting to bear in mind the oldest maxim in war—or football.

The official attendance was 93,258 and the receipts £24,950.



Gilfillan (Portsmouth goalie) saving.



Swift, the Manchester goalie, clears from a corner kick.

LIONS DEEPER IN RELEGATION MIRE

Bolton Pile on the Goals—Four in Twenty Minutes

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

On Saturday's form against Millwall, Bolton should be prime favourites for promotion. They made light of their task against the despairing Lions by scoring four goals in the first twenty minutes, and thereafter it was a one-horse race, so to speak. They won 5-0.

That electrifying goal by G. T. Taylor as soon as the match started began the rot. He cut in from the wing and, dashing up the centre of the field, had the ball in the net before Millwall realised the danger.

His brilliant single-handed effort put Bolton in confident mood. They completely overran Millwall in the subsequent play, and goals from Milsom and Westwood (two) no more than represented the mastery which clever-footed forwards established over an indecisive defence.

Before the interval Bolton should have added at least three more goals to their total in spite of the fact that Milsom received a kick which lamed him. Westwood, Cook and Eastham missed easy chances.

Millwall had a wonderful chance of getting a goal just on half-time, when Yardley, with the goal at his mercy, shot straight at Jones.

TAYLOR THE TERROR

In the second half Milsom was practically a passenger at outside right, but Taylor, in the centre, more than made up for the deficiency, and in addition to scoring the fifth goal with an unstoppable shot he proved most awkward to handle.

Naturally, with five goals on and only ten sound men, Bolton were inclined to ease off, and Millwall had plenty of play in midfield and proved themselves quite clever.

But anywhere near goal they fell easy prey to the very determined Bolton defenders, of whom Smith and Atkinson were conspicuous. Scarcely a shot was allowed to reach Jones.

Bolton were easily the better side with a brilliant left-wing in Cook and Westwood, but Taylor was the prime factor in their victory.

RIOT OF GOALS IN MUD

Birmingham gained an amazing victory over the City at Leicester by seven goals to three, and thus almost certainly assured themselves of another season's stay in the First Division.

Heavy rain had rendered the ground treacherous, and with the players slipping about, mis-kicks were frequent and the odds all in favour of attackers.

Several times the goalkeepers were floundering in the mud with players about them striving hard to kick the ball through.

Moffatt gave Birmingham the lead in the fourth minute. Chandler equalised, but two goals in one minute from Guest saw the visitors change over with a 3-1 lead.

Six goals were scored in sixteen minutes in the second half. Leicester drew level through Chandler and Maw, but then Mangnall, Jones (own goal), Roberts and Guest completed Birmingham's tally.

SPURS TRIUMPH OVER FIGHTING OWLS

Wednesday Almost Draw Level at White Hart Lane

Tottenham Hotspur concluded a successful season in the First Division with a victory over Sheffield Wednesday at White Hart-lane by four goals to three, and on the whole they certainly deserved their victory, even if it was by no means easily obtained.

The result, in fact, remained in doubt to the end, for the Wednesday were always threatening danger in spite of being three goals in arrears twenty minutes after the interval.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE LEAGUE

Newcastle Make History—But of the Wrong Kind

DECIDER AT THE DEN

By A. FRASER-BRIAN

Sighs of relief did not go up from the Cup city, Manchester, alone on Saturday. Most of the League problems were then definitely settled, the only outstanding questions now being those of Second Division and Division III (N.).

By virtue of their draw at Stamford Bridge, Arsenal retained the League championship—thus holding the title for the third time in four years.

History of another kind was made at the same time by Newcastle, who by losing at Stoke must go down to the Second Division next season for the first time in their thirty-six years' history.

They will be joined by Sheffield United, who had been in the First Division even longer—since 1892, when they won promotion from the Second Division.

Despite Newcastle's fall, Chelsea made certain of their own future by holding the Arsenal—a personal triumph for Mills, who proved that "P.-C." Roberts is not the stumbling-block he once was for Arsenal.

LEVEL ON POINTS

The great question who will accompany Grimsby from Division II into the top sphere next season will not be answered until the last day of the season. Bolton Wanderers and Preston North End are still level on points, with Brentford just in the running a point behind. Even Bradford, yet another point in the rear, might get the honour on goal average if the other three lose.

At the other end of this table there is promise of an equally keen finish. At Manchester the United and Swansea drew, and so improved their respective positions at the expense of Millwall, who were trounced at Bolton.

It is in keeping with this "needle" atmosphere that Millwall entertain Manchester United at the Den in the all-important last match. We may see the biggest crowd of the season at New Cross.

None the less close is the tussle for promotion in the Northern Section. Chesterfield and Barnsley both won on Saturday, and goal average alone still separates them.

Barnsley may easily gain the honour at the last, for Chesterfield have to meet Stockport County, third in the table, for their final match. If Stockport should win and the other clubs lose their goal average may take them up.

The sides already doomed to apply for relegation in the South, Bournemouth and Cardiff City were both beaten on Saturday.

HAMMERS SLIDE HOME

The match between West Ham United and Port Vale at Upton Park, which the Hammers won 1-0, was much to the liking of the crowd, who obtained more entertainment from the sliding antics of the players than they did from the actual skill that the teams showed.

The deciding goal of the match was a simple affair—a cross by Wood being missed in front of goal by Penton, but converted by Ruffell—but this was not the only chance of the match. The ball skidded about in front of the respective goalkeepers in alarming fashion, but the conditions were all against the forwards taking advantage of their opportunities.

The keenness of the Wednesday players in face of adversity was one of the outstanding features of a game which reached a high standard for an end-of-the-season encounter. Few players can have made a more promising First League debut than Hedley, who paved the way for two of his side's goals and provided other chances which did not materialise. McCormick scored the first goal of the match for Hotspur, having the ball placed at his feet by Hedley. Nicholls appeared to be somewhat at fault when Starling equalised from short range for the Wednesday, but a minute before the interval Hunt gave Hotspur the lead again from Hedley's pass. McCormick obtained Tottenham's third goal and Hunt added the fourth goal. Burgess and Dewar reduced the lead.