

## BLACKPOOL WIN CUP

The biggest invasion since 1066 brought half Lancashire to London, and eventually to Wembley to see 2 which part of the County Palatine would go the most desired Trophy ~~all~~ <sup>all in</sup> sport. Setting the seal on the football year Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh came to the Stadium. Then to the road of 100,000 the 22 men who were the Pride of Blackpool and Bolton took their places to be presented to Prince Philip. Greeting Blackpool His Royal Highness had a special word for that incomparable forward, Stanley Matthews. Turning to Bolton the Duke shook hands with the right-back, John Ball, then with the man who, on this season's form is the best centre-forward in the country, Lofthouse.

It fell to a Scot, Willy Moir, to spin the coin.. Harry Johnston said tails when it ~~should~~ <sup>should</sup> have been heads. In other words Bolton won the toss; light wind behind them, sun in front as Mortensen kicked off for Blackpool. And neither he nor anyone else in the Stadium guessed how soon the drama of this unforgettable ~~game~~ <sup>final</sup> was to thrill the crowd.

108 The game was less than two-minutes old when the ball went to Lofthouse. From 25-yards he fired <sup>in</sup> a cannonball shot. To Blackpool's dismay Farm, of all people, fumbled, Bolton were one up.

(aft type) Blackpool fought back but their supporters must have remembered that twice before they had lost at Wembley, and the visions of Matthews at last ~~winning~~ <sup>gaining</sup> a cup medal faded a little. <sup>Wembley</sup>

160 The seashiders came right back into the picture when Mortensen shot and Hassall had the bad luck to deflect the ball ~~past~~ <sup>past</sup> Hanson. 1-1.

(aft Queen) The unfortunate Hassall now played at left-half in place of Eric Bell, who was off the field for a time with a pulled muscle.

210 Despite the handicap of having only ten fit men Bolton were the more effective side at this stage, and after 39-minutes outside-left Langton's centre went to Willy Moir. He gave Bolton the lead.

Half time; Bolton 2, Blackpool 1. The Wanderers won the first Final ever played at Wembley and have won the cup twice since then. There was no lack of confidence on their side. Even with Bell a limping passenger on the left wing a lot of experts still thought the Cup would go to Bolton.

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Eleven-minutes after the interval Bell gave the lie to that word passenger, lame though he might be. He was in position to meet a pass from outside <sup>August</sup> Holden and headed like a bullet into the Blackpool goal. Bolton now led three-one.

(aft type) It was a good clean game but hard knocks came to both sides. Lofthouse and a Blackpool defender almost knocked each other out on one occasion.

Poor Lofthouse had a tough second half, but from now on Blackpool held the attention; and the star of Blackpool was Matthews. Bolton had no answer to that genius with the magic feet.... One of his centres started a goalmouth scramble in which Mortensen put the ball in the net.

(crowd)

Blackpool were now on their toes. A foul against <sup>Mortensen</sup> ~~Matthews~~ gave them a free kick. Mortensen shot through a line of players with the unsuspected Hanson left standing.

Three-all and still two or three ~~xxx~~ minutes to play. An amazing recovery by Blackpool.

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In the extra time allowed for injuries Matthews beat the defence, centred, for the South African, Bill Perry, to score the winning goal.

For Blackpool it was like a boys' school story come true. Harry Johnston was the winning Captain at his third attempt. As for the one and only Matthews, well, he's played hundreds of brilliant games but none better than this.

(aft Queen) In the dressing room they drank champagne from the most famous cup in the world. Congratulations to Blackpool and from the whole world of sport to Stanley Matthews.