

LUTON V. WELLINGBOROUGH.

A VERY SMART VICTORY.

A respite of two months from League fixtures imparted more than the usual interest to Saturday's game with Wellingborough, and a crowd of about 2,500 mustered for the occasion. The Northants men were by no means lightly esteemed as opponents, and bearing in mind their recent victory over Millwall, everyone anticipated a hard fight. And so it turned out.

There was only one absentee in each team, Perrins and Steele. McCartney stepped in to fill the vacancy caused by Davies' promotion to the halves, and Sims replaced the visitors' usual back. The ground was frosty and the atmosphere keen, both admirable conditions for interesting football. Mr. U. D. Crisp, of Ryde, was the referee, and called the men up as under:—

Luton: Williams; McCartney and McEwen; Davies, Stewart, and Docherty; Gallacher, McInnes, Galbraith, Coupar and Ekins.

Wellingborough: Robinson; Holmes and Sims; Howe, Murrell, and Heapy; Walker, Drage, Murray, Little, and Mellor.

The visitors being "Reds," Luton played in white. The home side won the toss, and no sooner was the ball started than Galbraith got possession and passed out beautifully to Ekins, whose centre he nearly converted. From the very commencement, both sides put in all they knew, and the pace became terrific.

Williams was called upon by Mellor, and then Gallacher failed to catch a grand centre by Ekins. Galbraith put in three lovely shots in as many minutes, and Gallacher did ditto twice, the Wellingborough goal-keeper being severely tested. Once more Ekins centred, and from Coupar's pass, Galbraith shot with deadly accuracy, but Robinson tipped the ball overhead. From the corner, "Gally" and Stewart had extremely hard lines in not scoring, but only 15 minutes had passed when Hughie completely baffled the Wellingborough custodian with No. 1. A rousing cheer showed the keen appreciation of the crowd.

Luton were playing a marvellous game, and their style was simply invincible. McInnes put across, and Ekins despatched a "powder" shot at close range which everyone thought had scored, but the triumphant shout of "Goal!" was premature. Wellingborough were for the most part penned in their own half, but were always on the alert for chances. After a bit, Williams saved from Little, but the play was immediately transferred, and in effecting a wonderful clearance from Gallacher, Robinson seemed to take the ball over his line. However, it came again, and Perrins netted the ball from a bully just as the whistle blew for offside.

Only 8 minutes after the last score, Docherty put on No. 2 with a magnificent long shot from 40 yards' range, and was accorded an ovation for his brilliant feat. Hardly had the applause died away than from Davies' pass, Stewart dodged clean through and finished up with a grand goal No. 3. Another enthusiastic demonstration followed. Next Gallacher got close up, but hesitated too long. Docherty placed a corner in faultless fashion, though nothing resulted.

The visitors broke away, and also forced a corner, and at this point the referee found it necessary to caution a loquacious member of the crowd. Try how they would, the Reds could not penetrate the local defence, and their own was seriously troubled by a foul, Robinson putting behind a beauty from McEwen. After a brief excursion by Drage, who called on Williams, the "Whites" forced another flag-kick without any tangible advantage. Half-time arrived with the satisfactory figures:

LUTON	3 goals
WELLINGBORO	0

It had been 45 minutes of brilliant, exciting, football, despite an intervening hailstorm, but the pace was too hot to last. However, Luton resumed the attack with the old sweet vigour on crossing over, and Robinson saved twice. Stewart was continually on the ball, and after aiming just under the bar, sent home No. 4 with a clever drive. This was after 4 minutes' play.

The home captain further distinguished himself from a corner kick, almost grazing the post, and, directly afterwards, Galbraith netted the ball, but was, rather doubtfully, given offside. Play now began to slow down, Luton preferring to go easy after their big exertions. Wellingborough were thus given more scope, and Williams had a couple of shots to deal with. It was not long, however, before the home team were on the job again.

Ekins threw the ball in from touch at the Wellingborough end of the field, and Docherty centring nicely, the leather went through off Molnes's shoulder. Luton were now 5 goals ahead, after 18 minutes of the second half. Just 3 minutes afterwards, Molnes put in a dashing run, but apparently lost the ball; happily, Galacher was on the spot, and No. 6 was the outcome.

This, of course, settled matters. But Wellingborough continued to play gamely, though they never got more than a stray corner. Once Conpar made a very tricky run down his wing, but Robinson saved repeatedly. In the last 5 minutes, Ekins broke away and bore down on the visitors' goal; Sims badly fouled him within the limits, and from the penalty, Stewart scored the seventh and last goal of the day. The Wellingborough men took the referee's decision very badly, and as a result of bad language, Mr. Crisp had to note several names. There was some delay before the ball was re-started, but the end came almost immediately, with the figures:

LUTON	7 goals
WELLINGBORO'	0