

LUTON v. WELLINGBOROUGH.

Played at Luton on Saturday. Result:—

Luton	3 goals.
Wellingborough	1 goal.

The teams were as follow:—

Luton—Frail; Lindsay and Williams; F. Hawkes, White, and R. Hawkes; Durrant, Blessington, Davidson, Gall, and Allsopp.

Wellingborough—Ord; Stevenson and Rodway; Hamilton, Griffiths, and Howard; Webb, Scott, McCairns, Dartnell, and Hyde.

Referee, Mr. W. T. Reed (London).

Notwithstanding fine weather and the holidays, this match on Saturday did not attract more than a couple of thousand spectators. Perhaps it was thought Wellingborough were not strong enough to make a decent game, and that their draw on the previous day at Millwall was only in the nature of a fluke. But it does not always do to jump to conclusions, and those who did assemble on the Dunstable-road ground had the satisfaction of seeing a highly interesting display.

The start was somewhat of a sensational one, for Luton, who had won the toss, immediately made the running and were credited with no fewer than four corners in succession. They were all well placed, Durrant and Allsopp being the artistes, and from the last, very nicely judged by the right-winger, Davidson sent into the net, though the way in which he did it appeared to be the subject of a fruitless appeal by some of the Wellingborough players.

After this the play became of a fast and open character, both goals being visited, and both having narrow escapes. Perhaps the nearest thing was when Bob Hawkes dribbled right through, and then disappointed expectation with a left-footed kick which went wide. Frail next had to save a couple of shots, one from Webb and the other from McCairns. The latter was a particularly dangerous one at close range, and Frail dealt with it very smartly.

Several more corners fell to Luton, and were not turned to account, but just before the interval Blessington put the ball by Ord, who had run out to clear, and it was just rolling in when one of the backs hooked it out. A minute later, Durrant had a grand chance, but there was too much powder and too little judgment about the shot, which sailed harmlessly over the bar.

The teams crossed over with Luton leading by a goal to nil, which was certainly not enough to make the game safe. Gall raised hopes with a very fine run half the length of the field, but he was overtaken at the last moment, and the ball diverted just by the post. After the visitors had cleared from the corner, Allsopp showed up with a grand run, but finished with a wild shot, the ball going yards over the top. The next feature was a lovely shot by Davidson, which Ord only just managed to tip over. Nothing came from the corner, but directly afterwards Gall got away on the left, and from his centre the ball struck the post and rebounded, Davidson then putting on the finishing touch.

Luton now pressed very severely, and Ord had a lot of work to do. Eventually, White placed the ball nicely to the front, and Stevenson missing his kick, Gall easily registered a third goal. The visitors, however, played up more pluckily than ever after this, and presently McCairns scored a beautiful goal. From that point right up to the finish, the play was of the most exhilarating character, but though several very fine shots were put in, none of them took effect, and Luton were left the winners by three goals to one.

Luton no doubt would have done even better, but for the fact that Davidson really was not fit to play, his injured knee compelling him to be very cautious in his movements. Gall played his best game of the season, and Blessington was as indefatigable as ever. He's a good 'un yet, is Jimmy, and is still one of our most reliable forwards. The halves were not quite up to concert pitch, White being the most energetic and successful of the three, but the backs played a smart and effective game, and Frail was very good in goal.

Wellingborough are able to boast a very good front string, McCairns being a sturdy and capable centre, and the whole bunch keeping well together. Hamilton, though not so young as he was, makes a rattling good half-back, and our old friend Roger Ord is still able to give a capital account of himself in goal.