

English Cup.

SECOND ROUND.—COMPETITION PROPER.

LUTON v. SUNDERLAND.

Played at Luton on Saturday. Result:—

Luton	nil.
Sunderland	nil.

Teams:—

Luton—Platt; Hogg and McCurdy; F. Hawkes, White, and R. Hawkes; Murphy, Gittins, Brown, Fitzpatrick, and Barnes.

Sunderland—Ward; Rhodes and Watson; Tait, McGhee, and McConnell; J. E. Raine, Gemmell, McIntosh, Holley, and Bridgett.

Referee, Mr. J. Mason (Burslem).

The much-talked-of Cup-tie between Luton and Sunderland was duly played on Saturday, and a keen game ended in a draw, no goals being scored. As had been expected, the crowd was the biggest ever seen in Luton, the attendance being about 10,500, but there was room for a few hundreds more.

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There was plenty of room in front of the second portion of the stand, the stand on the opposite side of the ground was not quite full, and more people could have been accommodated on the banks. Still the attendance may be put down as satisfactory, and it was so great that the entrance nearest the town had to be closed some time before the kick-off.

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The frost and fog of the morning had given way to brilliant sunshine, and although the ground was hard, the surface was inclined to be slippery. In front of the Press-box was a huge hat of blue-and-white plait with the words "Play up Luton" on it. That was what the great majority of the spectators had come to see them do; a win or a draw was hoped for, and only a very few of the supporters even thought of the possibility of defeat.

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When the Sunderland team stepped on to the field everyone was impressed with their appearance. Regarded physically, they are one of the best teams in the country, and in their red-and-white striped shirts seemed to be the very picture of what a team of footballers should look like. They were accorded a good reception, but that was nothing to the mighty shout which went up when the boys in blue, led by the new International, made their appearance.

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Bob Hawkes won the toss, but this carried little or no advantage with it. He chose the town end of the ground, and McIntosh kicked off for Sunderland about three minutes before the advertised time. The visitors had the better of the play for the first few minutes, and after Platt had brought off a fine save from Holley, F. Hawkes gave a corner.

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This was cleared, and good play by the Luton left wing, R. Hawkes especially being prominent, took the ball to the other end, where the home team were awarded a free kick. This resulted in what was about the best chance of the match, for a centre by Barnes went across the mouth of goal, only two or three feet from the posts.

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It seemed almost certain that Gittins or Murphy would meet the ball and just give it the necessary tap—the goalkeeper was some yards away—but they failed to get on it, and a golden opportunity thus slipped away. Truly it was a glorious chance, for a goal in the first five minutes would have had a great effect on the game, and it might have proved to be the winning point.

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A pot-shot from White was saved by Ward, and at the other end Holley shot just over. Then the Luton left wing brought a flash of real brilliance into the game, Fitzpatrick and Barnes, well backed up by the captain, taking the ball down the field by means of some very fine passing. The movement finished in Brown getting possession, but just as he was about to shoot he was bundled off the ball, and some of the spectators thought it was done unfairly.

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McIntosh—conspicuous by reason of his very short knickers—next got dangerous, but was cleverly robbed by Bob Hawkes, who was getting through a great amount of work. Luton returning to the attack, Murphy was given offside, but half-a-minute later the outside-right sent in a lofty shot which gave Ward a very warm handful.

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Twenty minutes after the start Luton obtained their first corner, and this caused some excitement, but was eventually cleared. Sunderland then got going again, and Platt rushed out and cleared as Holley was about to fasten on the ball. This was followed by a much nearer thing. Bridgett got across a good centre, and McIntosh, who happened to be too far forward, tried to back-heel the ball. It went towards Raine, but McCurdy got there first, and kicked out of play.

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Yet another dangerous movement took place near the Luton goal, and R. Hawkes kicked the ball towards Platt, who saved. It looked rather risky for the Luton captain to kick into his own goal, but he was in a tight corner, and it was about the best thing he could do. Fortunately, Platt was on the spot, and this was not the only occasion upon which Bob Hawkes prevented an almost inevitable reverse.

Fitzpatrick, who had been giving an excellent account of himself, next sustained an injury, and the services of Trainer Lawson were requisitioned. The inside-left continued playing after that, but although he got through a great amount of work, he never seemed to be quite the same. In an attack by Luton, Murphy narrowly missed scoring, and F. Hawkes tested Ward.

In the two or three minutes which remained before the interval, Murphy was fouled as he was getting away on the right, but nothing came of the kick beyond a certain amount of excitement. McIntosh and Raine both made tracks for the home goal, but were robbed, and half-time arrived with no score. The spectators were fairly satisfied with this, but there was a feeling that with a little luck Luton might have been a goal to the good.

Sunderland were again the first to press when the game re-started, but Luton were awarded a free kick for a foul on Brown. The main feature of the play for the next quarter of an hour was the fast runs by the visiting wingers, especially Raine, and their centres gave a lot of trouble to the Luton defence, which distinguished itself by offering a splendid resistance.

Of course, Sunderland did not have matters all their own way, but their attacks were by far the more dangerous about this time. Once Gemmell sent just by the post, and after Luton had forced a corner, Raine went away again. Holley had a good opportunity, but did not catch the ball properly with his boot, and it went behind. From another fine centre, Bridgett put the ball over a matter of an inch or two.

A corner for Sunderland was not improved upon, and a minute or two afterwards there were cries for a free kick for a foul on Fitzpatrick, but Mr. Mason threw the ball down. Barnes was unsuccessful in trying to convert a centre by Murphy, and a free kick for Luton near the right-hand corner flag caused Ward—the man who is alleged to have struck Durrant a few weeks ago—to have an anxious time.

Hogg set himself for Bridgett near the middle of the field, and following the free kick Platt brought off a grand save from McIntosh. The Sunderland centre-forward was close in when he received the ball from Gemmell, and that Platt should keep out the ball under such circumstances was little short of marvellous. As it was, he suffered from the collision or a kick.

At the other end Brown worked out on the right and put across to the other side, where Rhodes cleared, thus preventing Barnes, who was well up, to get at the ball. More good play by Raine and Bridgett followed, and once Platt ran out and cleared from the former player, who is an amateur.

Gittins attracted attention with a sprint down the field and a pass to Brown, who received just inside the penalty area. Tait, the right half, seemed to handle the ball, and there were loud appeals for a penalty, but the referee took no notice. It now wanted only a few minutes to time, and the spectators watched with an interest that was more than ever intense. About a minute before time Bob Hawkes was seen to be working for an opening, and he let fly, but the drive was not so well directed as usual.

Taking the game all through, the result did justice to both sides. The visitors were extended all through the piece, but at the close seemed to be as fresh as when they came on the field. Their forwards seemed to be the smartest part of a good all-round team, and if they had been in front of the Luton halves there would not have been much doubt about the result.

Still it must not be thought that the Luton front rank as a whole was weak, or anything like it. It was a treat to see the triangular work of Barnes, R. Hawkes and Fitzpatrick, particularly during the first twenty minutes, and Brown worked hard, but the right wing never inspired confidence. The general opinion was that the directors did the best they could under the circumstances in choosing Murphy to take the place of Warner, but there could be no doubt that this was the weakest point in the Luton team.

Murphy deserves credit for having put in the best shot of the match, but, generally speaking, he did not display enough dash, and Watson mostly came out on top when it came to tackling. The local halves were in fine form, R. Hawkes being positively brilliant at times, while White and F. Hawkes stuck to their work with a grim determination which nullified the efforts of some very clever players. Fred Hawkes was as good as any half on the field.

If there was one department in which Luton could claim to be superior to Sunderland, it was

at back. Hogg played as well as he ever has while at Luton, and McCurdy was in grand form. Peter Platt deserves a word of praise, for he kept goal finely.

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The precise amount of the gate was £571 9s. 6d., and this may be regarded as being a very satisfactory sum. Everything connected with the game passed off very well indeed. During the week there had been little or no grumbling about the price for admission, and although during the game there was not so much enthusiasm as there was at the Gainsborough match, this was due more to the absence of goals than to anything else.

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There was plenty of excitement, for the teams were as well matched as any that have been seen on the Ivy-road ground for some considerable time, and at the finish the prevailing opinion was that Luton had done themselves credit in drawing with the "big guns" from the North. A large number of visitors came into the town, and notices bearing the words, "Beware of pickpockets," had been posted about, but, as has been said, everything passed off very well indeed, there being no regrettable incidents of any sort.