

# Football Notes and News.

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## LUTON'S PERFORMANCE IN THE ENGLISH CUP.

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### TERRIBLE BEATING BY FULHAM.

It is no use mincing matters—Luton were ignominiously beaten and disgraced in their cup-tie with Fulham on Saturday. Indeed, it was the worst beating that any team received in the first round, because the match between Chelsea and a minor team like Worksop does not come within the same category. The defeat which Fulham administered to Luton on Saturday will be long remembered, because of its decisiveness, the Blues being utterly routed.

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One sincerely hopes that Saturday's disaster may not have a serious effect on the future prospects of the club. It would be idle to deny that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction in the town, not so much at the performance of the team, as at the action of the directors in raising the gate to a shilling. Supporters were pointing out that having "stuck" to the club so well at a time when the team was doing so badly, that should have been taken into consideration; while it was further remarked that this was only the first round of the competition proper, and that Fulham was not a First League team. But while there is this out-cry, the fact should also be borne in mind that there is a financial side to the question. It is money that makes the mare to go, and it is also money that keeps football alive in Luton. The directors are at a big expense this season, and as the gates have not quite come up to expectations one can quite believe the rumour that the club is in debt to the extent of a few hundred pounds on the season's working.

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With regard to Saturday's match, Fulham, who had had a week's training in the Peak district, romped on to the field looking fit and well. Perhaps if Luton had been sent away to train they might have also been in better form. But it is useless to train unless you have got the material to train. The turf was covered with a thick coating of snow, but underneath that snow there was ice. Yet Fulham had come prepared for ice, and each man donned a pair of rubber boots. Then out came Luton who were well received by the seven thousand spectators. But Luton had no rubber boots—only their usual old "clogs," and even in this direction perhaps the directors did not do the best they could under the circumstances.

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Fulham were at full strength, and so were Luton, we suppose, excepting that Watkins deputised Hogg at right back. Why the unreliable local was included in the team is a mystery. Luton kicked off, and at the start the players cut fantastic figures on the ice: they skated after the ball, found they couldn't stop, and then fell down, to the great amusement of the spectators. But there was just this difference—being shod for the occasion the visitors soon recovered themselves, while their opponents could scarcely keep their feet. However, when Luton came on the field after the interval it was evident that something had been done to their boots; but it was too late then—the match had already been lost.

When Rigate opened the score for Luton with a clinking shot in the first few minutes, one really felt that the Blues were in for victory. Skene, the Fulham custodian, is not a Fryer, and he seemed rather nervous at first. But play had only just been re-started, when Threlfall, Fulham's smart outside right equalised. Once more Luton took up the running, and from a cross-shot by Bob Hawkes, Rankin, who was once more at centre forward for Luton, put his side ahead. Three goals in a quarter of an hour, in a cup-tie! When Harrison had once more brought the scores level, after about twenty minutes' play, the Cottagers held practically the upper hand. The Fulham forwards, who are after all a fine lot, were keeping their feet, and severely punishing the Luton defence. Had it not been for the brilliant play of Platt, Fulham must have at least been a couple of goals ahead. The home backs, and halves, with the exception of "Bob," were playing anyhow. Towards the interval three goals came in quick succession. Morrison beat Platt with a real stinger, and a moment later added another but in regard to the latter goal, the local custodian was "covered" by his own men, and never had the chance to meet the shot. Just before the interval Millington added Fulham's fifth goal. At half-time the score stood 5-2 in favour of the visitors.

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As to the second half, hope rose, it is true, when just after restarting, Moody headed into the net from a doubtful position. Skene appealed for offside, but the referee declined to disallow the point. Harrison soon afterwards broke clean through, and was—so the referee ruled—fetched down by Watkins in the penalty area. There was some doubt about this decision, but the penalty was awarded, and Ross had no difficulty in finding the net. From that moment Luton were completely demoralised; they were on the field, and that seemed to be all. The Fulham forwards seemed as if they could penetrate the home defence when they liked and at whatever point they liked, and by playing the long passing game were always dangerous. Their shooting was good, and it stands to Platt's credit alone that the score was even kept at 8-3. It must be added however, that Harrison missed a couple of open goals. After a spell of quiet play, Dalrymple scored the seventh goal for his side, while Millington put on the eighth just a few minutes to time. And so Luton left the field beaten at all points by 8 goals to 3.

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### ODDS AND ENDS.

The official figures of the attendance at Saturday's match came as a surprise; one imagined that there were quite 7,000 present instead of 5,600, the actual number that passed the turnstiles. The receipts amounted to £283, so that after paying all expenses, the club should make about £130 out of the Cup, a big drop indeed compared to that of last season.