

THREE GOALS MARGIN.

How Luton Remained in Cup Competition.

(By "CRUSADER.")

LUTON TOWN	3
FOLKESTONE	0
Scorers: REID, SHANKLY, LITTLEWOOD.	

How often does it happen that a player is barracked more or less severely by members of the crowd, and then he does something that causes a complete change of the public mind towards him? It was so on Saturday in Luton Town's Cup-tie with Folkestone. When it was found that Jim Thompson's shoulder was not sufficiently recovered from the injury sustained at Southend, Reid was brought into the team at inside-left, and Dennis sent to the extreme wing. When the change was known there was some little grumbling, and before play had been long in progress a number of spectators were saying rude things about the Welshman. He got little encouragement, but at the end of an hour's play he scored with a characteristic drive, a quick shot taken impulsively, and a scorer all the way.

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I like such incidents. It seems to be just a sort of natural justice. For Reid's general ability I have no excessive regard, but as a marksman he is as good as anything at the Town's command. I well remember a comment that was made by a referee after Reid's first trial game with the Town. I believe the speaker was Mr. Walter Willmore, who was then a referee, and he told me that Reid had shooting weapons—a strong pair of legs, and he could hit a ball tremendously hard with either foot. Though he is not devoid of skill, Reid's great asset is shooting power, and I do share the respect of goalkeepers for a man that can shoot with either foot.

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Reid's goal was the turning point of the game. The Town had a shade the better of the play, but the Southern League team showed so much confidence and earnestness that long before the end of a blank first half it was clear that there would be no easy victory, but a hard, keen struggle for supremacy. Had the visitors scored during one of their swift raids it is difficult to imagine what would have happened, for there was a tenacity and grit about the Folkestone team that was hard to circumvent. They would have succeeded soon after the interval but for the vigilance of Purdy, who made a great save when the visiting forwards had got the home defenders into a rare mess.

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It was soon after this that REID scored, and SHANKLY converted a centre from Dennis a little later, while LITTLEWOOD turned into the net a shot from Shankly just before the final whistle. Had conditions been normal I feel sure that the Town would have won by a much more impressive margin. Folkestone were probably pleased with the conditions, for they made light of the frost-bitten and snow-clad ground, whereas most of the Town players operated as if they were shod in pattens—during the first period, anyway. The moment they began to go for the spoils in like manner to Folkestone there was not much doubt as to which side could pull out the better.

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In the closing twenty minutes the Town were very much superior, and if the finishing had been as effective as the construction of attack the crop of goals would have been doubled. All the forwards sinned in this respect, but Goodman saved several shots that would have beaten a less alert goalkeeper. It was remarkable how Jim Miller failed to score once, for the ball appeared to have beaten Goodman all the way, and the Town winger had only to walk it through, but somehow Goodman retrieved the situation and go the ball away. There were other bad misses by the Town forwards, all of whom had chances had they been minded to shoot promptly instead of trying to walk the ball through.

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When the last goal came there was an incident that reminded one very vividly of a Christmastide match with Southampton when Allan Mathieson was ordered off. Allan, in an appeal for a penalty-kick, nearly pulled the coat off the back of Referee Grinstead, and he was suspended

for the offence. On Saturday, when Littlewood scored, Folkestone players appealed for offside. Although Mr. Todman stood and pointed out to the appellants two or three of their colleagues standing under the bar, Nunn rushed to him and nearly spun the official off his feet. Mr. Todman is not easily ruffled, or Nunn would have gone to the dressing-room at once. Under any circumstances he is likely to find that the F.A. have got his name down as having been cautioned.

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Apart from this incident Nunn could well look back upon the game with satisfaction, for there was not a better forward on view, and hundreds of the Town supporters would be glad to know that the Town club had signed him. Indeed I have been asked this week why they have not. The reason is simple. Nunn is a professional, and the manager of Folkestone is no chicken in football, and even if the player were open to transfer, it is not improbable that the price asked would be impossible to a club with the limited resources of the Town. Fast, tricky, and intelligent, Nunn gave the Town defenders more trouble than did any other three of his colleagues in the Folkestone attack. Had they all been as capable Luton would not have been interested in the draw for the second round of the Cup Competition.

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Billy Keen, the ex-Town player, did many good things, several of his solo efforts threatening the Town goal, but the other three were not very good. Middleton played a fine game at centre-half, and his flanks were quite useful. Both the backs were steady and strong, kicking with great power, and showing quite good powers of recovery. Goodman I have referred to. He kept goal admirably, and he had no chance whatever with the shots that registered.

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The Town attack was not powerful. In the first half Shankly seemed to be just as much at home on the snowy surface as any other player, but others were equally good in the second period. Miller did many clever things, and Littlewood was most assertive, without being the most conspicuous however. Reid has been referred to. He could have played better, but was fairly satisfactory. Dennis was the most prominent of the quintette, and he was at his very best.

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The halves never settled down until the game was wearing late. They were uncertain on the snow, and the nippy visiting forwards often got the upper hand because they swung the ball about. They seemed to have little certainty of foothold in the first half, but in the second they did very much better, and it was this improvement that enabled the Town to do so much more attacking. One amusing feature was the hefty charges of Richards, and it was plain to see who did the most in this line, for his white jersey was going blue as the result of receiving the dye from the brightly coloured jerseys of his opponents.

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Till played a grand game, and over and over again his craft was beyond the cunning of the opposition. His duels with Nunn were always entertaining, and, well as the latter played, in a hand-to-hand encounter Till was the master. Graham played a sturdy game, though he made some mistakes in the early part, and Purdy had not a lot of heavy work, though he made one remarkable save in the second half.

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The game generally was free from bad temper, and Mr. Todman has never refereed better in any Luton engagement. There were 7,019 spectators paid for admission, and the receipts totalled £408. Before the game began one minute's silence was held as a token of respect to the memory of Queen Alexandra, and the players wore black armlets for a like reason.

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LUTON TOWN. — Purdy; Till, Graham, Richards, Jennings, Miller, Shankly, Littlewood, Reid, Dennis.
FOLKESTONE. — Goodman; Johnson, Hadley; Pearson, Middleton, Saunders, Fraser, Keen, Ames, Weale, Nunn.