

TOP HATS FOR LUTON MEN?

WIDEAWAKE PLAYERS CONQUER THE TURF AND THEN VANQUISH HOTSPUR

SECOND LEAGUERS OUT OF GEAR

By Frank Thorogood

Luton 2 Tottenham Hotspur 0

TAKING high flights at Luton, the Cup-tie ball was a veritable scorner of the hard ground, and what to do with an object so larkish offered a problem that at neither side could wholly solve. But the Luton men controlled the bounce with more skill than Hotspur, who, in their temporary red shirts, were gaudy without being substantial, and the "town of hats" must be congratulated on its adaptable team.

Now, Luton at their best are equal to many of our Second League teams and nobody could truthfully describe their latest victory as a giant-killing performance. There were no giants to kill.

Hotspur were never happy, and I guess the other iron in the fire—that Second League iron—had much to do with the

his goal was poetic justice. Tait got the second at close quarters, in spite of the close attention of two opponents, and I thought he led the line well.

On his left Tait had two good forwards in Alderson and Roberts; the right wing pair, Mills and Nelson, had behind them an old international who played in Bolton Wanderers' Cup final team at Wembley in 1929. This was Kean, a splendid half and a captain whose wise influence did much to bring about the result.

Glimpses of the football which has carried them so near to the top of the Second League were often given by Hotspur, but of shooting there was little, and Harford made most of his spectacular saves from corner kicks. He was beaten when O'Callaghan hit the cross-bar, and he was again lucky near time, when, after running out of his charge, he saw Kingham square his knees and stop what would otherwise have been a certain goal.

Managers say there is a dearth of backs. Well, I have seen four good 'uns in the Cup competition this season: Marsden and King, of Brighton; Kingham and Mackay, of Luton.

If Fraser was not perhaps so good as usual, McGinnigle did well at centre-half and was easily in front of Levene, who found Tait a difficult man to stop.

Contrary to his usual custom, Meads did little to justify his reputation as an attacking half, and I thought Colquhoun came best out of an ordeal which neither he nor any other of his colleagues appeared to relish.

DISAPPOINTING ATTACK

Evans and Davies, operating alongside a touch-line, so near to the crowd, were like a couple of Alices in Wonderland; Hall could never enter into the hurly-burly, although accurate in the short passes that often led himself and colleagues into the jaws of the defence. O'Callaghan was the more mobile of the five, but Hunt could seldom get going.

In short, I have never seen the Hotspur attack so feeble at any other period this season, and their supporters, powerfully represented, went home convinced that League labels in a Cup tie are not what they seem.

Luton: Harford; Kingham, Mackey; Kean (capt), McGinnigle, Fraser; Mills, Nelson, Tait, Alderson, Roberts.

Hotspur: Nicholls; Felton (capt), Whatley; Colquhoun, Levene, Meads; Davies, O'Callaghan, Hunt, Hall, Evans.

gingerly manner in which they "addressed" the ground.

It was not an ideal ground, but the influence of the steam roller and a liberal dose of sand united to make a good fight against nature, and Luton went about their job so well that the absence of Rennie, unable to play owing to suspension, was hardly felt.

The two goals were safely rammed home before the game was half-an-hour old, and prior to that double success Luton might have been awarded a penalty.

But the handling of Levene went unobserved by the referee, and when Alderson opened the score from Tait's neat pass