

**RUGBY SCRUM?
NO! THE REF.
HOLDS COURT**

Owen injured • Leicester power triumphs • Morton misses

ROWLEY BLASTS LUTON

**Goals! THE MAGIC EYE
SHOWS DRAMA**

DUNCAN'S BOYS FLOP IN MUD

By BOB PENNINGTON: Luton 0 Leicester 4

LEICESTER directors stood up and cheered as burly Arthur Rowley, with only seconds to go, completed the hat-trick which knocked Luton out of the Cup at Kenilworth-road, Luton, yesterday.

Cheers for the triumph of one of the most deadly partnerships in football... the partnership of 26-goal Rowley, the supreme physical specimen with the powerhouse finish, and 25-goal Willie Gardiner, the thin man with the rapier touch.

There you have the real explanation for a "shock" result which proved Leicester are as Cup-keen as they are hungry for promotion.

Rowley and Gardiner, who scored the first and helped make the third and fourth for Rowley, were backed by a mighty skipper in Jack Froggatt and a side that mixes punch with skill and Soccer shrewdness.

Not that you needed to be a football genius to work out tactics on this mud-heap. Direct, open football and first-time shooting were the only possible policy.

ONE EXCUSE

Luton were left with only one valid excuse... they lost centre half and skipper Sid Owen five minutes before half-time with a torn groin muscle which will keep him out for at least a fortnight.

But by then Leicester were two goals ahead. And Luton were com-

mitting Soccer suicide by sticking to their tip-tap short passing which caused their fans almost as much anguish as did referee Leslie Wood, of Bury.

Midway through the second half, Mr. Wood called both teams together and warned them after repeated fouls and a number of petty infringements.

This immediately followed a skirmish in the Luton goalmouth when Gardiner lay hurt after a collision with Ron Baynham.

Referee Wood cannot escape share of the blame for allowing this match to boil over.

Slight offences which might have been excused by the mud were punished strictly... several glaring fouls went unnoticed.

Yet even frayed tempers and a "nightmare" playing surface with snow and slush banked around the touchlines, could not detract from a magnificent victory by the Second Division boys.

STRONGER

Luton boss Dally Duncan went into the Leicester dressing room to tell them: "Pity the game was spoiled. The pitch was a shocker. But you were physically stronger and will go a long way."

Duncan should give a verbal spanking to his Scottish right winger, Mike Cullen, No. 1 culprit in holding the ball.

Cullen's one bright spot came after eight minutes when he curled a centre against the bar. For the rest of the match he misfired.

This game was decided in one surging, thrilling spell between the 18th and 30th minutes.

After 18 minutes Rowley burst through on a rare stretch of grass to start a Froggatt-Griffiths move which ended with Gardiner slamming the ball past Baynham from three yards (0-1).

Two minutes later Rowley passed to Derek Hogg, whose low shot was parried by Baynham and grabbed before Gardiner could race in for the kill.

Thirty seconds later Rowley decided to "go it alone" for goal No. 2. And what a beauty!

From the edge of the area he pivoted, slammed the ball with his lethal left foot, and Baynham could only touch it against the bar and into the net (0-2).

MADE AMENDS

Thirty minutes had gone when Bob Morton stood three yards out from the Leicester goal looking a certain scorer. But he pushed the ball straight at Johnny Anderson.

Morton made amends by a great show at centre half when he took over from Owen. But even after the interval pep talk, not one Luton forward changed his style to make a match of it.

The end came with Leicester's third goal after 78 minutes. Cullen was guilty of a body-tugging foul.

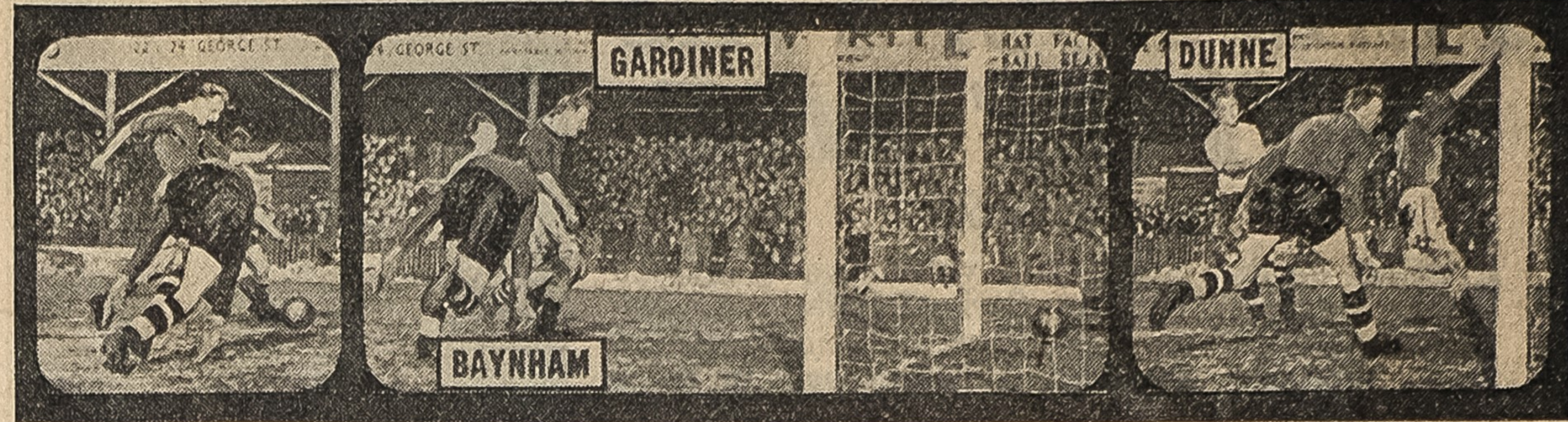
Billy Webb's free-kick was headed on by Johnny Morris and Gardiner to Rowley, who made scoring look easy (0-3).

By the time Rowley hit No. 4 after a dash from midfield (0-4), Froggatt and Seamus Dunne were having to hold up their mud-covered shorts with strips of bandage.

But there was no propping up Luton spirits. The crowd changed from booing the referee to singing "Poor old Luton."

They'd asked for it. Teams:—Luton.—Baynham; Dunne, Aherne; Pemberton, Owen, Shanks, Cullen, Turner, Morton, Cummins, Pearce.

Leicester.—Anderson; Cunningham, Webb; Froggatt, Fincham, Russell; Griffiths, Morris, Gardiner, Rowley, Hogg.



Time: Eighteen minutes. The ball flashes over from the right... Gardiner pounces... Leicester one up



Time: Twenty minutes. Arthur Rowley smacks the ball goalwards from 25 yards



... Goalkeeper Baynham waits confidently... that shot won't beat him... but



alas... the ball soars over his head, strikes crossbar, into the net... goal No. 2.



Find the ref! He's hidden in the centre of that cluster of players (inset) after he had brought the Luton and Leicester teams together for a mid-field pow-wow. He can be seen calling them together to warn them after a series of fouls and a goalmouth skirmish.

quotes

THIS is what the jubilant Leicester men said:—

JOHNNY MORRIS: Watch us for the Cup. This team is the best I have ever played with—including Manchester United.

JACK FROGGATT: We deserved our win. We adapted ourselves to the conditions much better than Luton. We had the game won before Luton lost Sid Owen.

WILLIE GARDINER: I think the best team won but it was murder!... the worst conditions I have met this season.

ARTHUR ROWLEY: We were the better team. I got my chances and I took them. That 25-yard goal—I did not have a crack from long.

★ And from Luton:—

JIM PEMBERTON: 'Ship and team won. I wish them the best in their next round with Stoke.

RON BAYNHAM: I wish we were much stronger. The Div the better side.

SID OWEN (off for minutes): I knew what had happened immediately. It soured like paper tearing (referring his torn groin muscle).

GORDON TURNER: They deserved their win; they used the right tactics. We could not get going in the mud and that beat us as much as Leicester.

DALLY DUNCAN: We could not adapt ourselves to the strange conditions.