

foundered, and lost Sid Owen

By ROY PESKETT

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Luton Town0 Leicester City

STRENGTH and determination which, I think, will earn Leicester City promotion next spring, took them through a grim Cup-tie on the season's wettest pitch. It was like Southend at low tide. The First Division team floundered in their own mud.

Luton gave never a sign of emerging from the ooze, which was surrounded by banks of dirty, brown snow and relieved only a little by corners of green. They attempted the short passing they make so deadly on a good pitch, passing completely ineffective in these farcical conditions.

Leicester, with their long, swinging game, confident from the moment the orange ball was kicked off into the morass, never found any trouble.

They had the game well won by the 37th minute, when Luton's captain and centre half, Sid Owen, was helped off for good with a badly pulled groin muscle which is likely to keep him out of Soccer for a month.

Stand-in stands out

Leicester led 2-0 then, and they doubled the margin in a hectic second half to qualify for a Fourth Round home tie with Stoke.

Bob Morton, Luton's best centre forward and the man who is locally considered the outstanding right half in England, took over at centre half, and often only he stood between Luton and complete collapse.

The Luton crowd, about whose one-sidedness I have written before, had much to do with the deterioration of the second half. Instead of giving their team encouragement they took every opportunity to harry the referee and Leicester.

They even threw dirty snow-balls at inoffensive photographers blamed by a petulant Cullen after he had miskicked a through-pass.

After a number of slashing tackles matters came to a head

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Rowley
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referee called all but the goal-keepers to the centre of the swamp.

He told the players: "You all know the conditions are difficult. Please try to keep your heads and your tempers, and go easy in the tackles."

Rowley ended on a triumphant note. With only seconds left, the big fellow took a pass from Gardiner, slammed the ball upfield, ploughed after it like a bulldozer, and rammed the ball past Baynham.

Completing his hat-trick made him top scorer in England, with 26 goals. His colleague Willie Gardiner has scored 25, and there are clearly many more goals in these four lethal feet and two brainy heads.

The pair were the forward stars on a day which favoured defences.

Gardiner scored in the 17th minute, following a Rowley-Froggatt-Griffiths move. Three minutes later Rowley slammed in No. 2—a tremendous bang from 28 yards.

Pants give way

Twelve minutes from time Rowley made best use of a flicked pass by Gardiner.

Nobody had a better defensive game than burly Jack Froggatt, the Leicester captain. He collected so much mud on his pants in the second half (like every player on the field, he had a complete change at the interval) that the elastic snapped.

Jack did running repairs: whereas an opponent in similar jeopardy had to send an S.O.S. for tape.

