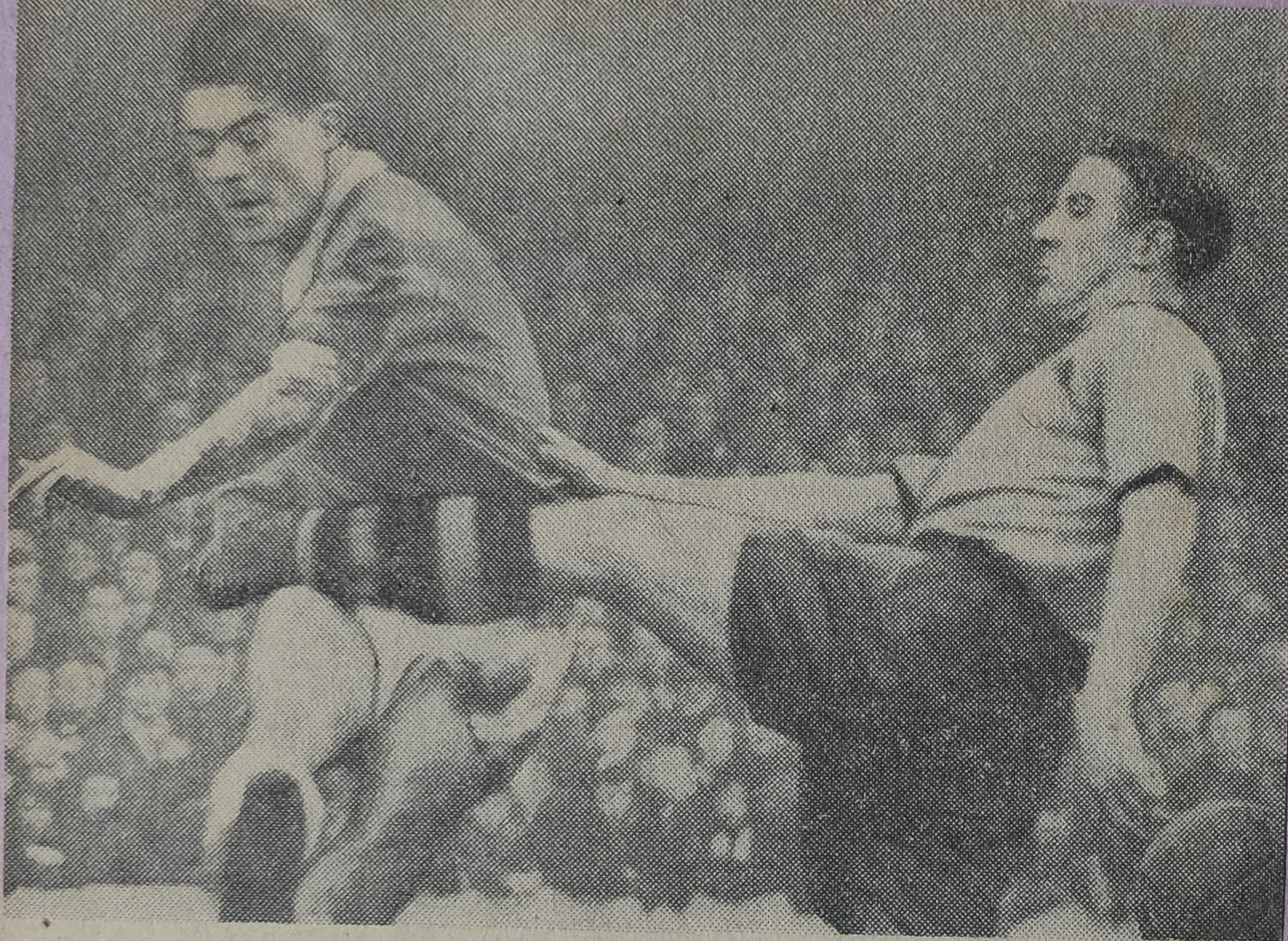




● Stockport right half Murray lets go a mighty kick—and clings for support to the shirt of Luton Town inside right Turner, also letting go a mighty kick

Wolves couldn't have done it better, County

By GERALD LEWIS: Stockport County 3, Luton Town 0

WONDERFUL, wonderful Stockport. They will never, they CAN never play another game like this. Dressed up to look like Wolves they did everything Wolves could have done.

And there's not a player in the mighty Wolves side who could hold a candle to Bill Holden, the Stockport centre forward.

Yes, the Bill Holden that Sunderland allowed to go. Bill, of the twinkling toes and astonishing ball control, had the great Sid Owen dizzy throughout.

In fact all Luton can get themselves a small size in hats after this crushing defeat by a humble Third Division team who refused to bow to reputations, who refused to be overawed, who refused to play kick and rush and insisted in playing good football at greater speed and with greater determination than the First Division outfit.

Not a single Luton player compared well with his Stockport counterpart. Their best by far was Allan Brown, and even he was eclipsed by Holden.

Stockport were ahead to a mighty roar after only three and

a-half minutes. And a glorious goal it was.

Glorious Goal No. 1.

It came when Neil Franklin's long, strong pass went plonk on to the flying Arnold Jackson's head, and Ron Baynham can scarcely have seen it.

Luton took until 35 minutes to get a corner and meanwhile, any ideas they had about equalising were scotched by the falling-back County forwards augmenting a fearless defence.

Stockport were two up in the 58th minute and that was **Glorious Goal No. 2.**

Sid Owen miskicked a clearance and Holden, as ever, was on the ball like a flash. He took it all of 40 yards, and crashed it home with Baynham helpless again.

Again Luton's attacks spluttered out. Not Stockport's.

A fine Holden shot was saved, a Jackson header went just over before Holden scored **Glorious Goal Number 3 (83 minutes).**

Clempson pushed the ball to Jackson who put it to Ken Finney who slipped it beautifully to Holden, who sent his superb shot past Baynham, helpless once again.