

Classy Cummins shows 'em up

By BOB PENNINGTON: Portsmouth 2 Luton 2



THE only triumph in this patchy, puzzle piece at Fratton Park went quite unnoticed—the conquest by George Cummins, Luton's Eire international inside left, of his temperament.

The boardrooms of Britain had one verdict on Cummins—"A brilliant ball-player, a charming chap, but liable to explode with a little needling."

The same George Cummins got more than a little needling from this rugged Pompey defence. He was bowled over accidentally and not-so-accidentally until even the most mild-mannered of men might

have looked quizzically at referee Mervyn Griffiths.

Cummins looked at nobody, just went on playing his brand of cultured football and made it increasingly difficult for Portsmouth's players to get near him.

Cummins was one of the few Luton players who appeared to have much interest in making a match of it.

Luton's football ability was obvious. And yet they were two down at half-time to a Portsmouth team that showed only honest endeavour and the ability to snap up half-chances, through Saunders and Harry Harris.

Only when their left-back, Ken Hawkes scored a freak goal midway through the second half did Luton shed their indifference.

Norman Uprichard, Portsmouth's Irish international 'keeper, appeared to be unsighted when Hawkes scored. He was certainly at fault when Allan Brown headed an equaliser.

Portsmouth manager Freddie Cox is making the most of his strictly limited talent. But as the calm Cummins demonstrated, there is no substitute for basic ability.