



Snowbound at Anfield: Molby glides by as Foster slithers and Luton goes down

Luton lost in Kop snow

Liverpool..... 2 Luton..... 0

by Sue Mott

Liverpool took the lead in the 17th minute after the sort of goalmouth scramble that Match of the Day replays are made of. From what the crowd could see through the swirling snow, Sealey, between Luton's igloo goalposts, beat out a shot from Rush, and Spackman, following in, caused the ball to be handled by an unauthorised person.

Jan Molby converted the penalty to give Liverpool a deserved lead.

A host of fluffed passes later (not to mention sliding tackles that went on for miles), Rush popped up again in the Luton penalty area and, while Luton defenders were appealing for off-side, the presence of Walsh in the middle so disturbed Donaghy that he flipped the ball into his own net.

All this time the snow had been swirling round the stadium, numbing feet and hands and wrecking what would have otherwise been a

riveting clash between two of the top clubs in the First Division.

Right up until the start of the match men in duffle-coats and dour expressions had been shovelling snow off the pitch, and half way through the first half, when the blizzard was at its height, it was doubtful that the game could continue.

Someone had unearthed an orange ball at least, so the players could see what they were kicking, but they could really have done with snowshoes and sou'westers to avoid serious problems with chilblains.

Visibility in the second half was absolutely no better than the first, and pile-ups down the motorway of the middle continued unabated. Molby and Harford featured in one clash and exchanged heated words — if anything could aspire to warmth on this miserable chilling afternoon.

Five players were booked, all of them from Luton, as

the match became increasingly difficult to take seriously.

Liverpool undoubtedly looked the most galvanised of the sides going forward and Walsh was particularly effective in his first match back after suspension. Aldridge warmed up on the touchline half way through the second half but was not called upon to appear. Dalglish was presumably relishing the benefits of privilege by not even naming himself as substitute.

For Luton, Harford was a lone and dismal figure in the snowbound far reaches of the Liverpool penalty area. So inadequate was his service he spent most of his time chasing lost causes and landing on his backside.

Luton at least have one relevant excuse. As the swirling snow blanched the field the white-shirted Londoners were so well camouflaged they probably could not see each other at all.

Liverpool: Grobbelaar, Spackman, Venison, Lawrenson, Whelan, Hansen, Walsh, Johnston, Rush, Molby, McMahon.

Luton: Sealey, Breacker, Johnson, Nicholas, Foster, Donaghy, Hill, Stein, Newell, Harford, Grimes.