

THE LEAGUE.—SECOND DIVISION.

LUTON TOWN v. LEICESTER FOSSE.

Played at Luton on Good Friday. Result:—

Leicester Fosse 1 goal.
Luton Town nil.

The teams were as follow:—

Luton: Williams, goal; McCartney and McEwen, backs; Davies, Stewart and Docherty, half-backs; Gallacher, Coupar, Donaldson, McInnes and Birch, forwards.

Leicester: Saer, goal; Swift and Rowell, backs; Ball, Brown and Jones, half-backs; Dorrell, McLeod, Keech, McMillan and King, forwards.

Referee, Mr. T. W. Saywell.

Last week, when I was forecasting the position which Luton would be likely to occupy on the League ladder at the end of the season, I never for a moment contemplated a defeat on the Burv Park ground by Leicester Fosse. How could I? Who would dream of the possibility of the conquerors of Burnley, Newcastle United, and Manchester City succumbing to the attack of a comparatively weak lot like Leicester Fosse?

The weather on Friday was gloriously fine, and fully four thousand persons turned out to see the performance, little dreaming of the disappointment that was in store for them. The Lutonians had everything in their favour, for in addition to the advantage of playing at home, they won the toss, and had a strong breeze behind them during the first half.

The kick-off had been announced for three o'clock, but it was delayed for half-an-hour owing to the late arrival of Mr. Saywell. I will not trouble readers with details of the game, for by the time they see these notes they will have done their best to have forgotten the fiasco.

Luton should certainly have made the game safe in the first half, for they had plenty of chances, but the forward play was simply excruciating, and the inability to take advantage of the opportunities that presented themselves was as exasperating as it was chronic. The Fosse also failed badly in the shooting department on several occasions, and when the interval arrived there was a clean sheet.

The same state of affairs prevailed until about half-way through the second half, and then McMillan doing a fine dribble, passed out to Dorrell, who, with a grand shot scored the only goal of the match. Just before the finish, Luton made a great effort to equalise, but Saer managed to keep his charge intact, and thus enabled the Fosse to secure the coveted points.

Some good people are trying to excuse Luton on the plea that a dry ground does not suit them. Perhaps it does not, but no one will ever induce me to believe the dry ground is making all the havoc which we have seen and deplored. Just fancy, until recently Luton had only once been beaten on their own ground this season in a League match, and then it was under circumstances which are too well known to need recapitulating. Certainly it was not the dry ground which did the mischief.

And now, in the last three matches at home, five points out of six have been given away. If this series of disasters is due to the dry ground, then all I can say is that the directors will be well advised to look out for men for another season whose own condition will enable them to rise above the changes in the condition of the soil.

LUTON TOWN