

Luton v. Brentford.

This was the Southern League fixture on the Town ground on Saturday. It was the worst game Luton have played this season—in fact, they could scarcely have played worse for the last few seasons—and perhaps the least said about the game the better. It was surprising to see how the supporters of the club avoided talking about the match—there seemed to be a general desire to forget all about it. The procession from the field to the town after the match was a very mournful one—down and silent were the supporters of the local team. But most teams have their ups and downs, and if a team happens to go down for a week or two, that is the time they ought to receive the support and encouragement of those who follow the game.

One cannot help thinking that there was too much of a desire to underestimate the capabilities of the visitors; but Brentford possess a very good team, and are particularly strong in the half-line, as Luton discovered several times on Saturday. They have also on or two crack forwards; in Shanks they have a first-class man and a good shot, while Underwood is a decent winger.

But the fact is, Luton were very much off colour, and they were suffering from one of those periodical complaints of not being able to do anything right. On the other hand, most things came off for Brentford. Luton went in for short passing, but that system did not succeed. Besides, the visitors were faster on the ball; whether there was a lack of training or not in regard to the home string, it was clearly seen that our men were too slow for the opposing side.

The halves were a particularly weak spot in the home team, with the inevitable result that Corbett and his colleagues had seldom little difficulty in breaking through. In the first half, though Luton had the advantage, they failed to make any progress, while Hobson scored for the visitors. The homesters did no better in the second moiety, when Brentford increased their lead through Corbett, thus winning by two clear goals.

There is little to be said about any of the Luton men; they were all more or less passengers, and the game they played was a losing one. Why was Warner starved so much? Our best wing man scarcely ever had the ball passed to him; but in spite of the tales that are about the town of dissensions in the camp, let us hope that Warner's inactivity was not due to any of those causes.

While the first team lost at home, the Reserves met with a heavy defeat at Plumstead, where they were playing Woolwich Reserves in the South Eastern League. Luton lost by 4—0 but their task against the Arsenal was regarded as a stupendous one.

Luton are, however, leading in the United League, so that we have something to be thankful for, and our win over New Brompton on Monday by 1—0 gives us still a better hold there. In the Southern League Luton has dropped to fourth place, and we shall have a hard struggle to get nearer to the top again. But there need be no "nightmare" over Norwich.