

Bravo Luton Town!

A SPLENDID VICTORY.

Football Season Opened.

THE SECOND HALF'S STORY.

Norwich Simply No-where.

VALUE OF COMBINATION.

Why The Hatters Won.

FULL AND SPECIAL REPORT.

Not for a good number of years have the Luton Town football team walked over their opponents with a margin of four goals to the good in the first match of the season, but this was the case on Wednesday afternoon, when they encountered Norwich City in a Southern League engagement. The directors of the club are to be heartily congratulated on the result of the first match.

After the preliminary practice matches, football enthusiasts in the town were somewhat harsh in their criticisms, but these, as a result of the first match, are sent to the wall. The men composing the team showed up exceedingly smart throughout the game, although the half back line might call for a little strengthening. Through the sudden illness of the regular and recognised goalie, Platt, Jarvis was placed between the sticks, and it may be quite safe to say that he acquitted himself in an excellent manner.

During the day rain fell but fortunately this did not appear to affect the turf to any great extent, as was expected. A strong high wind blew across the field during the game, interfering at times with the play. However, notwithstanding the adverse climatic elements, a large crowd turned up the number being estimated at about 4,000, a satisfactory attendance.

Mr. W. C. Glover, of Bristol held the whistle, and the teams lined out as follows:—

Luton: Jarvis; Gregory and McCurdy; F. Heston, Jones, and B. Hawkes; Brown, Haycock, Bradley, Moody and Johnson.

Norwich City—Boney; McEwen and Newlands; Whiteman, Wagstaffe and Tomlinson; Ailsopp, Eldor, Smith, Flanagan, and Coxhead.

Bob Hawkes won the toss, and decided to kick with the advantage of the wind, and with the sun at the back of the Luton players, who were defending the Dunstable goal.

Smith set the sphere rolling, and the visitors at once got into their step, and rushed to the Luton end, but carried the ball over the line. Luton, with a good deal of spirit, retaliated, and Boney was called upon to defend his charge.

The redoubtable "Bob" now became conspicuous with some fine play, continually beating the visitors' right wing. Passing to McCurdy, this player sent well up the field with a strong low shot. On the other side, Fred Hawkes became prominent by robbing the left wing, who were getting away nicely at this early stage, and with some pretty combination, continually threatened danger, keeping the home defence on the qui vive.

After a tussle lasting but for a few minutes, McCurdy again relieved, but the visitors' front rank again returned to the attack, and a magnificent centre from Coxhead, who, wriggling his way through, found the home goalie ready, and the resultant clearance was taken up by the home attack, who got going, Moody subsequently heading a few yards wide.

The kick-out put the Canaries in an advantageous position, but Gregory rushing across robbed Flanagan and sent over the touch line.

Flanagan received from a pass by Coxhead, but his shot was pushed away by Jarvis. Luton now visited Boney, but Brown sent wide of the mark.

The visitors went away with a swing, and with some patchwork passing, reached the home defence. A tussle between the sturdy defence of Luton, and the smart attack of the visitors now ensued near the goal area, but eventually the home defence took the uppermost hand, and relieved the pressure.

Bob Hawkes was now the shining light, and working onwards sent in a well directed centre, which being badly missed by the home forwards, was cleared by McEwen. Smith receiving sent his wings on the move, but when they were well set, Gregory upset the combination with a neat piece of footwork, which drew forth the applause of the mob.

Brown missed a well placed pass from the centre, and Haycock receiving from the throw-in,

sent behind. At this point, the play was fairly even, both ends being visited, the two custodians bringing off some excellent saves, the visiting goalie being perhaps the smartest in clearing, although Jarvis kept his charge intact. Bradley got his head well to the ball, but missed his mark.

The 'yellow' dressed men took up the running, but when in a favourable position, the whistle went for off-side. The resultant kick was not turned to much account by the straw workers, and Jarvis was again the object of attack. He came successfully through the ordeal, and with a strong kick sent to Brown.

The next item was a marvellous piece of combination by the home right wing, which nearly resulted in a goal, Brown only just missing the rigging with a lightning shot. The same player followed this 'sighter' with another daisy cutter, which gave Roney some difficulty in clearing.

Play now seemed to veer round in favour of the local eleven, who bombarded the visitors' citadel. Bob Hawkes opened up the attack with a beautiful cross shot, which went a few yards wide and two of the other forwards also tried to penetrate the rigging, but failed, owing to the really smart work of Roney.

Once the visitors got the ball they retaliated with a vengeance, and but for the timely interference of Gregory, would probably have done the trick.

This was followed by Johnson spoiling a splendid pass from Hawkes, and Newlands, getting possession, sent to Smith, and initiated a pretty piece of combination, Flanagan ultimately missing a final pass before the goal.

At the other end, Brown nearly converted a centre by Johnson, with his head, Roney just managing to handle the leather in time. The visitors' right wing then made tracks for the home goal, but McCurdy, was a difficult obstacle to get over, as was proved by his neat robbing Coxhead, who was then about to attempt to overthrow Jarvis' charge.

Hawkes was next conspicuous by stopping a dangerous rush, and passing to Johnson, the latter, after dribbling nearly the length of the field, was robbed by Newlands.

The visitors' centre then spoilt a literally open goal, and this was followed by a scramble in front of the visitors' goal.

The leather went within a few yards of the goal line, but each time it was kept out. Tomlinson eventually relieved the pressure, which was just getting a trifle hot, and Bob Hawkes, with a centre kick, made the attack still warmer.

Moody and Bradley both tried their skill at goal getting.

The game now seemed to lag somewhat, the Luton men being uppermost, swarming round Roney like bees. However, their efforts were without reward, and McEwen finished their chance by clearing.

The Norwich forwards now became a trifle dangerous, with a combined attack, which, but for the sturdy defence of the local team, would undoubtedly have culminated in a goal. Things fortunately turned out otherwise. A free kick did not even give the visitors much ground. Mid-field play ensued for a time, and Silor then, after a pretty dash for goal, just missed placing the leather between the sticks, by the narrowest of margins.

The Luton men now had a look in, and, with a determined rush, paid a visit to the opposite end, Brown, with a good shot, making their presence known to Roney, who, however, was not found wanting. Bob Hawkes followed with a shot as from the mouth of a cannon, but even this failed to find a billet, and Jones finished the bombardment with an erratic shot, which went begging.

McCurdy nipped in the bud a rush by the visitors, and the hatters once again settled down in the visitors' half, Bob Hawkes drawing a round of applause with a stinging low shot, which Roney put away in fine style.

Gregory nearly let the visitors through, but he immediately retrieved himself, and neatly upsetting Silor, sent the ball back. The visitors were not to be daunted, and with praiseworthy combination again found the goal area, but could not do further to any effect.

Johnson got away, and passing to Fred Hawkes this player missed an open goal by mis-kicking. The next move of any importance was effected by Coxhead, who tested Jarvis, but found him safe. The teams were now warming up to their work, and the men played like demons.

Both goals were visited, but at neither end were the custodians beaten, they dexterously dealing with any stray shots. The defence of each team was also kept exceedingly busy, while the forwards also kept together well.

During these operations, Johnson forced the first corner of the match, but the resultant kick proved futile, Roney easily effecting a clearance. The game was exceedingly fast, some determined rushes being made.

A free to Norwich was fruitless, although Coxhead took the ball right to the corner flag, but here he let Gregory have charge of the leather. A few minutes rest was accorded the players through a slight injury occurring to Wagstaffe, who soon recovered and played with even more vigour.

Jones and Bradley sent wide, and at the other end Flanagan missed a good opening. Jarvis soon after brought off a grand clearance at the hands of Smith, while Bradley placed the ball into Roney's hands, who soon got rid of it.

Jarvis again saved his charge, by stopping a

nasty high shot. Appeals for hands now seemed the dominant feature, but these outbursts, mainly by the hatters, were entirely ignored by the man with the whistle.

A corner for Luton was abortive, and shortly after Johnson sent the leather over the line.

The half-time solo went with Roney dealing with a shot from the International, the score sheet being empty.

Half-time, no goals.

After a well-earned breather, operations were again commenced, Luton taking up the attack, Bradley being the first to try a shot. Shortly after, Smith got going, and after breaking through the home defence, found practically an open goal before him. McCurdy, following up the visitors' centre, caused Smith to shoot before he got into a too dangerous position. The shot was a stinging one, and Jarvis, however, was in the right position. However, the visitors forwards followed up their shot, making Jarvis leave his goal. He lost the ball near the touch line, and Whiteman getting possession sent in a shot.

Meantime, however, Gregory had rushed between the sticks, and with his hands stopped the ball. Consequently a penalty was awarded, and the large crowd were standing on tip-toe, with stretched necks, waiting for the result.

Jarvis got to the ball in good style and cleared. Following this, the home right wing got into step, but they finished badly. Jones nearly let the visitors through with a mis-kick, which fortunately was taken up by McCurdy, who relieved the pressure.

From now to the end, the home eleven took the upper hand, and were continually round the visitors' citadel.

The visitors were practically hemmed in, and their combination of the first half was broken up, their spasmodic rushes being easily accounted for by the home defence.

After about ten minutes' play, Bradley drew blood for Luton, heading into the rigging a lovely shot from Bob Hawkes. This seemed to liven matters up a trifle, and thirsting for more blood, the local men set to work with a determination that eventually resulted in a victory.

Newlands was injured by Moody, who had attempted to find the rigging. Kick and rush tactics were now resorted to by the visitors, but this, as the following part of the game shows, did not avail them much.

A rush by the left wing was converted by Haycock, who, on receiving the leather, sent it into the rigging without giving Roney the slightest chance of saving.

Bradley attempted a shot from the re-start, but this one failed. Smith and Allsopp also tried shots at the other end, but did not succeed in accomplishing their object, although the former just shaved the post.

The game now seemed to tame down a bit, only one team being in it. Matters were made more lively when Bradley, from a centre by Brown, headed past Roney, thus recording the third goal.

Soon after, the same player again became conspicuous with another rush, and passing to the left wing, again received, and for the third time found the rigging.

This proved to be the final goal. From now till the final whistle, the game was of a desultory nature, no interest being taken in the game. Roney was tested once or twice, but from previous experience obtained earlier in the half, he had evidently decided to stop any more shots, and this he effectually accomplished, until the final whistle went, with the straw workers victors of a good game.