

# FOOTBALL NOTES.

(By CRUSADER.)

## THE THRILLING TRIUMPH OF THE TOWNS.

LUTON TOWNS.

SWINDON.

3 goals

1

Have you ever noticed the working of a mangle when one of two teeth in a cog wheel are broken? I am sure you have. It is impossible to avoid it. That was just the sort of effect the accident to Seymour had on the Luton Town side on Saturday. They went with a rattle-rattle-bump which must have been decidedly annoying to Swindon. I don't say that some of the visiting team felt very much like many of the spectators when the Irishman got hurt—that the game was as good as won. I hardly think they had lost that confidence when the teams faced each other for the second half, but when Simms opened the score they surely realised that the danger signal was up, and, candidly, they never looked like winning.

If I say that Luton played in almost the same fashion in the first half, and had just as much of the play at Shepherd's Bush against Queen's Park Rangers, some of you may be inclined to doubt it; nevertheless, it is quite true. Teddy Seymour's absence was a disadvantage but of such, but I am quite sure that it had the effect of bringing the Town players bang up to the top of their form. Every man was, on his mettle, resolved to do that extra bit which the defection of the Dublin boy entailed. It will not be misconstrued into a reflection on any individual when I say I was sorry for Harold Fleming. He is one of the most gentlemanly players who ever kicked a ball, scrupulously fair in every way, but I imagine that the desperate tackling of the Luton defenders rather scared him, and he did not feel like taking excessive risks. The Town players did not spare themselves in any way, and whatever the effect of Billy Lawson's grog (non-intoxicant) which Rutherford said was necessary for himself before the game, I am sure that Seymour's accident did more to invigorate the Town players than anything Billy has brewed in his most inspired moments.

There were many who thought that Arman was guilty of dangerous play when Seymour got hurt, and it was certainly a strenuous tackle, but I think the youngster had no wilful design other than robbing the winger of the ball. Like his colleagues, he played the typical Swindon game, which, as I said in my introduction to the "Saturday Telegraph" report, is "solidity and determination." They lived up to this reputation on Saturday, and Luton went all out in the same methods, so the play was characterized by vigour rather than science, and it was only occasionally that the game was opened out in first-class style. It was very largely a tug-o'-war, a pitting of muscle and brain against thow and sinew, and that Luton won speaks well for their courage and stamina, and incidentally reflects credit on Billy Lawson's training.

### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

It was the vitality of the Luton middle line, and I never want to see men more enthusiastic, fearless, and irrepressible than these three. Urwin was absolutely wonderful, and I am convinced that if he were placed in the forward line he would be just as effective. He says he is twenty-six years old; others say he is more, but he plays with the brains of forty and the vim of twenty. Time and time again he robbed his opponents with an audacity almost outrageous, and yet he had not a single free kick given against him—a tribute to his fairness. Rutherford had not shaken off that influenza feeling just before the game started, so he told me, but the spectators never thought so. He was always in the thick of the fray, and completely subdued Travers. The Swindon game suited him, for the ball was often in the air, and his head was very useful. Parker gave his best display of the season, and as he was up against what I regard as the best right wing in the League, he had to have his wits about him. Delightfully cool, clever with head and feet, at times he bottled up Jefferson and Fleming with astounding ease. All three are young to first-class football, and when they have acquired that art of feeding forwards to the same degree of perfection as Bob Hawkes, Luton's intermediate line will have no superior. Because of their excellence neither Elvey nor Dunn had as rough a time as in other games this season, and as Jack Dunn exhibited signs that his leg is not quite better, this was perhaps fortunate. They were very safe, however, and seldom erred, while Summers played with greater confidence because of the trustworthiness of the men in front. It is difficult to say much of the forwards under the circumstances. One could hardly expect combination from a line thrown out of gear, but Simms and Roe gave their best displays, and I hope that the latter will not be moved again under any circumstances. When he had the benefit of a partner in the second half, crippled though Sid Hoar was, he did many delightful things. The prettiest bit of individual play in the game was when, in the second half, he outwitted Arman and got through on his own. Simms found his shooting boots once more—not merely because he scored twice, for each of his goals looked more simple than they were, but because he rapped in many hot shots, and only Hinton could estimate the powder behind some of them. Ernest's play was gingered up considerably. Until he got crippled, Sid Hoar was going great guns, and he brought a lot of trouble upon the Swindon defence both before and after his lameness, which was so bad in the second half that he could not raise a gallop. We have a big grudge against the Government for the delay in his demobilisation. On the match card I mentioned Lieut. Riddle's purely amateur style. I think that he will do better at outside left than inside. He wants room, and he played much better when he had the left wing to himself in the second half. He bore out all that was said of him then, and it was from his work that the first goal came. Put a class man alongside him, and I am convinced he will make good, for he plays with the dash and fearlessness of the amateur in love for the game and out for goals. That he has much to learn is true, but that he is willing to learn and is "all out" all the time is obvious.

GAMING GOLD SWINDON

## ABOUT SOLID SWINDON.

Of the Swindon men, Hinton was blameless in goal, and if he was fortunate at times, he certainly deserved his luck. Once in the second half he was well out of goal when the ball was returned, and Kay made a frantic dive at the sphere as it stole by the post. He would have been too late in any case if it had been a foot nearer the right direction. A 'phone message was received to the effect that Weston, the soldier full back, could not come, and when told this, Harold Fleming said: "That's all right; we have brought another." That other was Arman, and he was the equal of any back on the field. He kicked beautifully and tackled resolutely, and was seldom at fault. Kay was a good partner, and likewise made few errors. Of the halves I liked the veteran Tout best, and although all are rather on the slow side, they are a substantial proposition for forwards with less vitality to help them than Luton's quintette. Forward we had all too few of Fleming's masterly dribbles. Now and then he corkscrewed through, but in the second half he was frequently in the half-back line, striving to send his colleagues away by long passes. Jefferson occasionally shone, but Travers and Bolland were out of the picture for nine-tenths of the game, and much good work by Davies came to nothing.

The Town, as I have already said, had by far the lion's share of the play, and except in the matter of goals the first half was as productive of exciting moments in the Swindon goal as the second half. Simms was unfortunate in not opening the scoring before the change of ends, and, for that matter, Sid Hoar deserved success for his sterling efforts in this half. When the first goal came twelve minutes after the interval it was quite a Simmesque affair. Riddle mastered Tout after a tussle and sent across. Simms had to turn round to get the ball, and then he beat Kay very coolly, and as Arman closed on him he pushed the ball past Hinton without any fuss or extravagant strength. The second goal, ten minutes later, was the result of an indiscretion by Bolland. Exasperated by Urwin's attentions, Bolland foolishly waited for the little man, and then charged him viciously when the ball was not there. He did not upset Urwin, but he earned the displeasure of the referee. Elvey landed the free kick in front of goal. Simms headed across to Roo, the latter headed in, and Hinton saved on the line, but he could not get the ball away, and Rutherford, who had come to help in the melee, sent it into the net. Five minutes later came the third. In my opinion Roo was well offside when he got the ball from Sid Hoar and went through. Simms got it as it came across, and running close in, scored in pretty much the same fashion as before. Swindon had not been idle. After each goal they had worked hard, and once Summers saved a terrific drive from Jefferson, but most of the shots he had were "sitters," and he got them without much difficulty, although he had to dodge quickly on several occasions. He had no chance when Davies scored just before the final whistle. After forcing play by Fleming, Jefferson sent the ball over to Davies, who took aim and found the net with a capital shot, Summers having no chance.

It was a game full of incident, and although it began with misfortune, it ended well, and we hope it means that the "Blues'" run of ill-luck is at an end.

Swindon came by motor, and were on the way six hours. They were a happy party, however, and were as glad to find Luton at four o'clock as we were to see them. A handful of supporters arrived long before they did, however, but where they came from and how they got there was a mystery. The forty minutes we had to wait did not prove at all

tedious, however, for the Red Cross Band gave  
 an delightful music—for nearly an hour to all.  
 Mr. J. H. Herby, of New Southgate, the  
 appointed referee, and Lieutenant Potts got  
 crowded at King's Cross, and Mr. E. N.  
 Sharpe, of St. Albans, the other linesman, took  
 charge. He was not an unqualified success,  
 and he allowed rather too much latitude.  
 Moreover, if Davies really did deliberately kick  
 the linesman, as the latter alleged—he flapped  
 for a long time—then the Swindon man should  
 have received marching orders without ques-  
 tion. There was a danger of the game devel-  
 oping into a nasty jungle herculeana, but  
 Fleming, with a manly intervention, did more  
 to placate the disputants than the referee.

The teams were:—

## LUTON TOWN.

Goalkeepers.

Elver and Dunn.

Uwens, Butlerford and Parker.

Forward. Roe, Syme. Riddle and Hoar.

O

Belland, Davies, Travers, Fleming, Jefferson.

Taylor, Rogers and Toot.

Arms and Leg.

Hinton.

## SWINDON

Referee: Mr. E. N. Sharpe, St. Albans.