

A WIN TO WIND UP.

LUTON TOWN AVENGED ON NORTHAMPTON.

(By CRUSADER.)

LUTON TOWN 3 Goals
NORTHAMPTON Nil

LUTON.—Bailey, Lennon, Stephenson; Roe, Foster, Millar, Bassett, Higginbotham, Walker, Butcher, Hoar.

NORTHAMPTON.—Smith, Watson, Jeffs; Tomkins, Bedford, Williams, Pease, Graham, Lockett, Chambers, Harron.

Referee: Mr. C. Austin, Kidderminster.

Northampton's train load of supporters judged on the form shown by the Town in Boscupolis, and so they were very gleeed when the teams turned out on the Town ground, and for almost the whole of the first half they made more noise than all the Town supporters and the crowd numbered nearly 8,000. They were very subdued before the end, and although the game was far from being an attractive exhibition, they were willing to admit that the Town won on their merits. It was not so poor a game as many appeared to think, for it was fairly fast, and although there were only one or two exciting episodes, the pace was pretty warm. The experiment of playing Walker at centre-forward was not an unqualified success. Not that he did ill so much as that he was not a good fit. I fancy, however, that if he had been put there a couple of months ago we should have won more games, for he showed enough promise to suggest that he would be a troublesome fellow, and that he could take advantage of opportunities was shown by his two goals. Somebody said there was not one good goal in Luton's three.

WHAT WAS WRONG

with the first? It was as businesslike a movement as one could wish for. A dainty pass from Butcher to Hoar, a perfect centre into goal-mouth, and the ball headed by WALKER right away from the goalkeeper into the farther corner of the net. Probably it was the easy manner in which the goal was earned that reduced its spectacular value. It was the net result (no pun there) of thirty minutes' play. Five minutes after half-time, Hoar tapped the ball across the goal-mouth. It was spinning like a top, and Watson failed to catch it, and HIGGINBOTHAM screwed it gently away from Smith so far that it appeared to be going outside, but it went just inside. Fifteen minutes from the end, when Higginbotham had changed places with Bassett, the latter did

A BIT OF JUGGLERY.

some of it accidental. Walker went to help him out, and together they got the better of Jeffs. One shot hit Smith as he ran out, but WALKER got to the ball again and screwed it over the line, Watson helping it to the back of the net in a desperate endeavour to scramble it away.

With the exception of one great shot in the first half by Lockett, and one or two by Graham and Pease in the second half, there were few shots at Bailey's goal, and there was little cohesion in the front line, in spite of the efforts of Lockett, who played finely, as usual, at Luton, but he lacked adequate support. A centre-forward like Lockett

WOULD BE A GOD-SEND

to Luton. What he would be worth, if he had really first-class men with him, I don't know. Graham did smart things now and then, and Pease was the better winger. The left wing pair were poor.

Of the middle men, Eric Tomkins was the pick, Williams deteriorating, and Bedford being clumsy. Jeffs was the better back, and shows real promise, and Smith kept goal well.

Bailey had little to do for his bonus. Lennon played a great game at back, kicking and tackling in his best style, and Stephenson played better than I have ever seen him play. The halves were as good as ever, and it would be difficult to pick out one as being more worthy. Roe's football is always worth watching, and Foster plays as good at centre-half as on the flank, while Millar gave his best exhibition with the first team.

The referee showed no improvement, and the crowd had many spasms of indignation and not a few of hilarity because of certain decisions. The match was about the average for roughness, and just before the end Roe had to leave the field as the result of a terrible gash over the left eye.

The beautiful weather brought out nearly 8,000 spectators.