

LUTON TOWN'S SUCCESS.

The few of the Town's followers that have experienced a visit to Merthyr will better realise the full value of the victory won by the Town on Saturday than those who try to gauge the success by what they have seen on other grounds. When people talk of "nice outings" they have visions of happy hours at the seaside, such as visits to Brighton or Southend, though for the life of me I cannot find in either of those places anything to enthuse about. But if one tells them that these places are not a new sort of Canaan, they switch off to the glories of the Welsh mountains, purling streams, and all the other side issues that have been raised in political speeches. There are big hills in Wales, and on the way to Merthyr in my beloved Taff Vale Railway—ah, look you, the very mention of it gives one a sinking feeling—you may espy in the distance hills that rise dark blue against the azure sky — provided it isn't raining cats and dogs — and your feeling of rapture grows miserably less as you run up against them and find that they are mountains made by men—heaps of ugly slag, from the coal-pits.

And when you wake from your trance at Merthyr Tydvil, and climb the one street, then a little hill, then some big steps, then another hill, and then gaze upon the scene before you, why, you can understand why Sunday closing is necessary in Wales, for they daren't sell too much of the stuff that could inspire anyone to call the place a "park." And when you hear the crowd's playful way of encouraging their pets in the football field in the same language they use when Jimmy Wilde has a scrimmage on, you say to yourself that the visit is worth two points whether the visitors get them or not. Tommy Gibbon will tell you that he took the best out of Merthyr, or from close to it—his wife.

It was my pleasure to miss the experience this year, and so we had to rely on a Welsh critic for our report. Judging from what I have heard since, it was a very fair report, and as he says the Town deserved their win, the Luton followers will not quibble about it. There was only one goal, and that was credited to CLARKSON a minute before the interval. His opportunity came as the result of watchfulness by Hoar. Langford had failed to get the ball away properly, but even then Ferrans might have got it had he been as alert as Hoar, but he was not, and the latter sent across for the outside left to bang it into the net.

Reid, who was evidently very anxious to score against Merthyr, because there were many of his old colleagues present, also got a fine goal in the second half, but for some reason that was not apparent to the on-lookers, the referee disallowed it. This chance also came from Hoar, who worked to the goal-line and then lifted across for Butcher to pass to Reid, and the latter gave Lindon no chance. The referee, however, would not budge from his decision.

Lindon had more and harder work than Gibbon, for he had many warm shots to field. Ferrans, Scott, Foxall and the Turners worked hard, but the "Martyrs" as a team could not make much impression on a sound defence.

Our correspondent speaks highly of the Town backs and halves, all of whom did well, and were much better than Merthyr's. Stephenson fully justified his inclusion at right back, and he and Tirrell worked with confidence and skill from start to finish. The middle men were the main strength of the team, and Walker, deputising for Jennings, put up a good game, while the flank men were on their best behaviour. The feature of the Town's forward play was the clever feeding of the wings by the inside men, and the splendid response of Hoar and Clarkson. Hoar was unanimously voted as the best forward on view, and Butcher fed him well. Hoten maintained his good form, and Reid showed plenty of dash, and was always thrustful.

MERTHYR TOWN.—Lindon; Lang-

ford, Ferrans; Pillingier, Foxall, Scott;
Thomas, Smith, Turner (E.), Turner
(H.), Edwards.

LUTON TOWN.—Gibson; Stephenson,
Tirrell; Molyneux, Walker, Kos; How,
Butcher, Reid, Hosen, Clarkson.
Referee: Mr. W. Mather.