

BATTLE WITH THE "BEES."

If Luton Town get as many chances in their return game with Brentford as they had at Griffin Park last Saturday, they should put their goal average on the right side and leave the bottom rung of the League ladder. Having had the better of the game in the first half, they proceeded to outplay at all points the "Bees" in the second half, and only bad finishing deprived them of success. REID got the only goal for Luton just before the end of the game after a most unhappy sequence of misases. He hit the post twice, Hoten hit the bar, both shot against defenders, and had the experience of seeing attempts hit defenders, but they should have won with ease.

According to all, save one or two reports, the Town are given credit for overplaying the "Bees," and those of us from Luton know how thoroughly they did it. In the first half they were not getting superior, but still had many

MORE OPPORTUNITIES

than their opponents, Hoar supplying the inside forwards with many chances of which they failed to avail themselves. Once Hoten was under the bar, and the ball only wanted nodding in, but he nodded outside. Again Bonsall shot in hard from a corner kick by Hoar, but the ball struck the head of a defender and went over the top. Several corners were won, but the ball was always got away somehow. When Brentford got in a few raids they made better use of their chances. Ten minutes before the interval Parker got away from an offside position and dropped the ball into the goal-mouth, where a tuck of players waited. Gibbon ran out to punch away, but the press was too thick and he could not reach the ball, which dropped on to CLAYSON'S head and thence went into the vacant goal, Jennings making a valiant but fruitless dive to stop it with his head. Following another burst of pressure by Luton, PARKINSON got the ball just outside the penalty area, and while the defenders were hesitating he shot in with great power and put the "Bees" two up.

In the second half it was

ALL LUTON

after an even and quiet opening. The Town forwards played with something approaching their last season's form, and were continuously hovering round the Brentford goal. As time wore on, the pressure became even more pronounced, and shots hit the post and the upright, the goalkeeper and the backs, corners were forced and well-placed, and the forwards individually dribbled into the goal area without being able to apply the finishing touch. Reid was specially brilliant and faulty in these efforts, for he dribbled right past the backs on two or three occasions, and had only to shoot straight from close quarters in order to score, but he could not put the finishing touch on any of these movements until three minutes from the end, when he took a dainty pass from Butcher, and maintaining command over the ball, he almost walked through the defence to beat Young and register one of the cleverest goals of his short career.

It was largely due to the

POOR MARKSMANSHIP

of the forwards that a big victory was not recorded, for while one or other defender was in some measure to blame for the goals scored against, the forwards should have won the match with plenty to spare.

Gibbon does not seem as confident as usual, and the backs are not beyond reproach, but they are gradually shaking down together, and will continue to improve. Both kicked and tackled well, and positioned with judgment, but were wanting in speed. The same might be said of the wing halves, although the extreme wingers of Brentford were not often in the picture. Indeed, with these men the home crowd expressed frankly very adverse criticism. Jennings again put up a tremendous game, and as a majority of the directors were present, there should no longer be any quibble about his position. The forward work was full of promise, but not of such achievements as count at the end. There were times when they left the home halves and backs standing, utterly unable to touch the ball, but with

ALMOST SICKENING

frequency they failed in front of goal. Hoar was the cleverest and fastest forward on view, and he was seldom beaten. Time after time he showed that he could give opponents a yard or two start in sprints of thirty yards, and then win with ease, and he dropped the ball dead in front of goal. Butcher fed him well, and also created openings for Reid, and the right wing was much the stronger. Reid was a bit slow in getting off the mark, but subsequently led the line well, and except in the matter of shooting, to which the lumpy ground was a drawback, he played well. Hoten did not reach his best again, and was too often among the halves. Bonsall was no better than the week before. The little winger sustained a nasty blow on the ear in the first half and had to retire for a time; and this affected his play, but he does not strike one as being quite ripe for the bigger games yet.

It was quite a pleasant game, there being comparatively few fouls, and the 8,000 enjoyed it as far as they could be expected to watch their team struggle to avoid defeat. They liked the result better than the play.

Brentford 2, Luton Town 1.