

MARKSMEN WANTED.

LUTON TOWN'S FAILING AT BRENTFORD.

CONTINUOUS ATTACK, YET LOSE.

(By CRUSADER).

BRENTFORD 2 Goals
LUTON TOWN 1 ..

BRENTFORD.—Young; Pearson, Alton; Kerr, Hunter, James; Capper, Clayson, Parkinson, Williams, Parker.

LUTON.—Gibbon; Till, Tirrell; Foster, Jennings, Roe; Hoar, Butcher, Reid, Hoten, Bonsall.

Referee: Mr. T. J. Duke, Harleaden.

If nobody else had anything to be thankful for, I had. When the regular pessimists read this and say that it is all eyewash, there is a chance that they will be corrected, for there must have been well over two hundred supporters of the Town at Griffin Park. They were disappointed with the result, even as I was, but I am certain that they will be absolutely unanimous in the opinion that Luton Town have never done so much attacking on a foreign soil as they did in this game, even in games they have won by big margins. From beginning to end, Luton were the better side, but while there was not a very pronounced superiority in the first half, in the second they practically overwhelmed the "Bees." To such an extent, indeed, that their score should quite easily have been nearer double figures than the solitary goal they got. With a consistency that was remarkable, they beat the home defenders and got to close quarters, only to miss the easiest chances that could be imagined. There was no comparison between the teams for a long period in the second half, and it was

NOT THE VIRTUES

of Brentford's defence that placed Luton at the bottom of the League table, but rather was it the fact that the Town forwards failed ignominiously in marksmanship. Rarely did the home forwards get away, and the ball was in the Brentford penalty area for very much the greater portion of the second half. Quicker on the ball and smarter individually, Luton's forwards often produced combination that was a surprise not less to the Town supporters than to the Brentford defence. If Reid alone had scored about four or five goals, he would still have had chances that might have increased the number, for he got through on his own on quite as many occasions and then completely failed. It was in the irony of things that he did get the only goal of the Town by a dazzling effort when it was too late to get a second. There was one disadvantage that the spectator did not readily recognise, and that was the condition of the ground, which was hard and bumpy, and so the lively ball was exceedingly difficult to control.

Luton had much the better chances of scoring than had Brentford in the first half. Hoar was always too fast and clever for the opposition, and from him came

MAGNIFICENT WORK,

and he got quite a lot of it, but his colleagues failed to take their chances. When the "Bees" got their first goal, Parker got away while loud cries of off-side were being raised, but even then the score should not have been opened. A high centre came across, and there were enough Luton defenders in the goal-mouth to have cleared. Gibbon ran out to punch away over their heads, but the throw was so great that he could not get in his punch, and CLAYSON headed the ball into the net, Jennings throwing himself head first at the ball and actually touching it with his head and narrowly escaping a fractured skull, for he only just missed the upright. He touched the ball with his head, but could not divert it. Luton had several opportunities to equalise before Brentford scored again, and in this case the backs and Foster appeared to be at fault in the first place. PARKINSON got the ball on the edge of the penalty area, and the defenders appeared to leave the tackle to each other, with the result that the ex-Oldham player let drive and scored with a beautiful shot out of Gibbon's reach.

In the second half, after a fairly even opening, Luton took

THE GAME IN HAND.

They made the Brentford halves and backs look very poor stuff, and themselves equally poor when it came to the all-important task of finishing off their work. The Brentford defenders were run off their legs, and Luton finished up much the stronger side. Tirrell came up among the forwards and once dribbled nearly half the length of the field, only to lose the

ball when near the goal area. Several times he brought the attack to close quarters, and it seemed as if the goal must fall. When the long-looked-for event came about, three minutes from the end, it was REID who succeeded with a magnificent effort, similar to several he had made except that he finished up with a beautiful shot that Young never looked like stopping. There had been some natty play on the right wing when Butcher tapped the ball through to Reid, who, with the ease and assurance of an artist, tricked Hunter, Alton and Pearson, and finally, with his left foot, he drove the ball hard and true all along the carpet into the corner of the net farthest away from the goalkeeper.

Luton made

A BIG EFFORT

to equalise, and Tirrell joined in the attack, but to no purpose, and the end came with the "Bees" taking the sweets of victory for the first time this season, and the Town still wanting their first success.

In the Press-box, in the stand and enclosure, and as the crowd were leaving the ground, the one topic was Brentford's luck. They have a big side, the pick being Alton, Kerr, Clayson and Williams, the last-named being the recent acquisition from Manchester United. At times the forwards played nice football, but the half-backs and backs were so overworked in the second half that the forwards had to look after themselves, and they got very few chances. Clayson was by far the most dangerous forward they had, for while Williams was a thoughtful player, Clayson was not only intelligent, he had a good turn of speed, and showed smartness of control.

There were

ALL SORTS OF OPINIONS

about Luton. Some were inclined to blame the flank halves, but while agreeing that there was a lack of speed at times, I do not think that the judgment can stand alongside the opinion that Brentford were outplayed. The main reason we did not win by a handsome margin was the weakness in front of goal. That, more than any other feature of the game, stands out in my view of the match.

Reid deserves first mention. I have already made reference to him, but while he missed the most chances, I think that he thoroughly justified his inclusion. He will not miss as many chances in our match again, I think. And we must bear this fact in mind: he was making his first appearance in the first team; he scored the first goal away from home, and in the second half he showed better footwork than last season. The right wing was much the better. Hoar was

THE BEST FORWARD

on the field, both for speed and control, and he was always on top of the opposition in a single-handed duel. Butcher was a long time settling down, but in the second half he played clever football and got the best out of Hoar and Reid. Hoten has not reached his best of last season, and Bonsall was not often in the picture, although it must not be overlooked that in the first half the little lad got a nasty blow in the face and had to have the wound patched with court plaster.

At half, Jennings was the giant, and the best of the six middle men on view. He worked with tremendous zeal, as usual, and helped his forwards better than usual. Much of the prolonged siege of the Brentford goal in the second half was due to his hefty, forceful work. Although, as I have already suggested, Foster and Roe were not always capable of "doing the hundred in ten dead," I cannot see that they played poorly. The wingers they opposed had anything but a bright afternoon, and that, after all, is

THE MEASURE OF EFFECTIVENESS.

Both were entitled to much credit in the second half, and the only improvement one can advance is the necessity for watching the inside men a little more attentively, especially when those are the danger spots. Curiously enough, however, I received last week a diagram purporting to show how Luton could never hope to win games while a half-back watched the inside man. With backs rather on the slow side, it is always preferable for a half-back to mark, in reason, the fast winger. Our backs were not too sure, and they were about level. Tirrell is getting into something like his old form, and Till will improve even more when he gets rid of a tendency to hesitate. Both kicked with great power, and tackled well. Tom Gibbon hardly seems to be up to last year's high standard, but when we have got that first win I think he will win his confidence again.

It was a vigorous game, but there were comparatively few fouls, and the crowd, which numbered between 2,000 and 3,000, enjoyed it.