

FURIOUS FOOTBALL.

LUTON TOWN'S GRAND RECOVERY AT BOSCOMBE.

Seasiders Swamped in Second Half.

(By "CRUSADER").

At Dean Court, Boscombe.

BOURNEMOUTH 2 goals
LUTON TOWN 3 goals
BOURNEMOUTH & BOSCOMBE.—
Heron; Saxton, Lamb; Butt, Smith,
Leitch, Miller, Vaisey, Davey, Armstrong,
Robinson.

LUTON TOWN.—Gibbon; Anderson,
Till; Walker, Jennings, Millar; Hoar
Green, Kerr, Butcher, Hotten.

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

If Luton Town directors do not take a lesson from the game at Boscombe, well, they are asking for the team's brilliant progress to be checked. Long train journeys on Saturday morning nowadays are not so comfortable as they were in the days when the saloon carriages were available for football teams, and for the second time this season the Town players suffered considerably from the ill effects of a long train journey before turning out to meet a side intent on vengeance. The first instance was at Exeter, for the Town should have won that game easily, but they had to proceed straight from the station to the ground, and before they had worn off their stiffness Exeter had got a lead.

At Boscombe on Saturday the Town got the lead first, but there could be no doubt as to which was the better side for the first half-hour. The home team were quicker on the ball, and appeared to be yards faster than the Town players, who were unable to get off the mark, and for the most part they were chasing the opposition. At the end of that period the game became even, and then more and more in favour of the Town as the second half progressed, and before the hour was up Boscombe were battling against

A RELENTLESS PRESSURE.

battling so fiercely and gallantly that the crowd cheered every kick that sent the ball away from Heron just as enthusiastically as they cheered the strong attacks made by the home team in the first half. Those of you who saw the Town's game in the second half the week before, should have little difficulty in seeing in the mind's eye the second half of the game at Boscombe. The "Cherries" were worn down, and could scarcely raise a trot, whereas the Town players finished as fresh as paint, and were able to turn round and started another period.

And their splendid stamina was allied to pace and skill, and the forwards were only held up by tactics that were not always creditable to one or two of the home defenders. Indeed, on two or three occasions fouls of a distinctly dangerous character were committed, otherwise the score might have been more like that of the week before.

Before the game commenced, everybody wanted to see Andrew Kerr, "the man who scored four goals." They were all very certain that he would not do anything unusual in the coming line at Exeter for they told us so, but the game had not been in progress more than a minute before they had lost something of their sureness. Snapping up a push-forward by Butcher, the Town centre-forward tore between the backs and dashed into the goal, and it seemed all Luton marked on a Saturday night to be sure that they would score, but Heron just scraped the ball off his toe almost on the goal-line, and Boscombe breathed violently again. Boscombe then attacked, and Robinson sent across a high ball which dropped into Gibbon's arms. Vaisey rushed in and sent the ball into the net, but the referee was on the spot and penalized the forward for

USING HIS HANDS

to knock the ball out of Gibbon's possession into the net. The home crowd yelled and booed vehemently, but when the game was over the referee's version was admitted by Vaisey to be correct. Then the Town had a turn, and after once being repelled, KERR took a pass in midfield, went off at amazing speed in exactly the same fashion as he scored at Exeter, and the crowd began to bet on both backs and crashing the ball into the net as Heron came out. It was a glorious goal, and the home supporters could scarce forbear to cheer. In fact, they did a lot of ridiculous howling of the referee whenever the Town forwards got on the move, and if the referee was not affected, the linesmen appeared to be anything but impartial, and not a few impossible things went the way of the home side. Even so, the squalling goal, which came after a lot of severe pressure, must have been prevented. Miller was leaving Miller hopelessly in the rear almost every time he got the ball, and it was from one of his dashes that the first goal came. He was some distance in front of the Town goal, but the ball was eventually put out to the left. Robinson centred hard, and Anderson would have received the ball in the box, but he shot up his arms and the ball struck him. The referee gave a free kick, and the home left winger placed the ball into the goal. It was just on this point that the referee was on the spot, and he sent over the ball in error. From the southeast

corner kick the ball was sent well out. Smith attempted a shot, and as the ball came along DAVEY got his foot to it and helped it. Straight into the goal it went, and Gibbon went down and appeared to have it quite safely, but it

SPUN OUT OF HIS HANDS

and over the line, and the scores were level. There was some little excuse for the Town goalkeeper, perhaps, as the ball came through a crowd of players, but he got to it all right as it came in, and could not often be beaten by such a shot. Thereafter the Town defenders were kept hard at work, Miller being the most dangerous of the home forwards, and he could not be held. From one of his dashes he slipped the ball into the middle. Anderson, who was keeping a watchful eye on Davey, stepped in front of the latter and gently lifted the ball back to Gibbon. The goalkeeper caught it with ease, but as he stepped out to kick away he clean missed the ball as it came from his hands, and VAISEY nipped in and sent the ball into the net. The enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds, but the Town went about their work with great determination, the right wing being especially dangerous, and Hoar dropped across many centres. Then Green dribbled and banged hard at goal. Lamb deliberately brought the ball down with his hands, and there was a confident appeal for a penalty kick. The referee was unsighted, but he went over to the linesman for advice, and the latter, who had a clear view, evidently was against the Town, for a throw in was given. It was a most flagrant case of knocking the ball, and the linesman's decision is difficult to comprehend. Just afterwards, Green was brought down on the penalty line when clear of opposition, but again the claim for a penalty kick was refused. I do not think Green was inside the line, but he fell well inside the area, and a free kick should have been awarded. The Town now pressed hard, and Heron saved splendidly on many occasions, but nothing better than

A TERRIFIC SHOT

from Miller that went knee high and made the crowd cry out in agony, "Goal!" The home forwards had to come back to the assistance of the backs and halve, and the interval came with the Town in storming form, but still a goal down. Shortly before the cross-over Armstrong and Walker were engaged in a strenuous bout when they both fell, and the home player had to be assisted from the field.

He came out again when the game was re-started, but it was only to watch the Town earnestly begin to make up the lost ground. Hotten came into prominence, Butcher feeding him cleverly, but he seldom got the ball into the goal area. The home forwards now found the Town defence in something like their best form. Occasionally there was a hint for the most part the game was in the home half, and frequently the officials whistle brought relief to the anxious minds of the home players and supporters. The attacks became more and more sustained, and Heron and his backs were sorely troubled. The Luton forward work was quick and resolute, and some of the best of the game. The home forwards came back to the goal, and the area, and helped in the kicking-off process. Green, Hotten, Butcher and Hoar were all tripped badly, but the home goal was a charmed life. Butcher once sent the ball in from a pass by Kerr, but Heron made a wonderful save down on the line. Armstrong, who had not seen the ball for a long time, stepped in, and the ball was sent into the net, and over. Jennings once dribbled right through, and shot at point blank range, but Butt dived across from nowhere and the ball struck him. But the pressure could only have one result, provided the game proceeded long enough, and fifteen minutes from the end

THE EQUALISER CAME.

GREEN had a lot of hard luck, but after a corner from Hoar had been beaten out, he got the ball, and from a down yards range he fired in with the left foot a hot ball that crashed into the top corner of the net, with Heron helpless, one of the home players trying to intercept it in flight. Boscombe now concentrated on keeping a point, but there was no stopping the Town. They hammered away, and seven minutes from the end Butt left the ball to try and stop the man. The latter happened to be Butcher, and he evaded the opponents' rush, took the ball in his stride, and as the ball dashed across the goal he scored to Kerr. Taking the ball first time, KERR hit it hard past Heron as the latter rushed out, and the game was won. The Town pressed to the end, and deservedly won with much, except score, in hand. It was a splendid win, and all the more praiseworthy because the home team undoubtedly entered the field with a determination to prove that their defeat at Luton was not so one-sided as the crowd supposed. They were well, but at the same time they did not expect that the Town were the stronger team in all phases of the game. The manner

in which Luton finished up was a tribute to Fred Westgarth, the Town trainer. Hard knocks they took with equanimity, and there were quite enough of them, especially when the Boscombe team got rattled in the second half. Moreover, when they had got over the stiffness of the long train journey, they played with fine

UNDERSTANDING AND SPEED

on a ground that was quite as difficult as Luton's ground, not because it was greasy, but because it was uneven and lumpy. It had recovered well after heavy rain, and so the game was fast all the while, but accurate passing was almost out of the question. In the first half the Town defence was slow rather than shaky, and the speed of Miller and Robinson was the main factor in keeping the home team on the offensive. Afterwards the boot was on the other leg. Gibbon might be excused for the first goal, although he would not excuse himself, but for the second he was decidedly at fault, and he was unexcusable all through the game. Before leaving the dressing room he said that the ground was his "bogy" ground, and this game justified his uneasiness. Anderson and Till played finely after a somewhat untidy beginning. Till had the worse handful, but in the second half he rose to his best, and proved that his rest has not done him any harm. Anderson was a mighty little player, and his anticipation and sureness were again wonderful. Together they were playing on the middle line for most of the second half, and the middle men were as slow as the others in getting into their stride. Millar was outpaced, and did not seem able to touch the Bournemouth winger for half-an-hour, and was invariably left behind, and Jennings and Walker had more to do in consequence. They arrived at their best sooner, but it was all due, in my opinion, to the long train journey, for when that had worn off all three

PLAYED MAGNIFICENTLY.

Millar's feeding was again a feature of the game, and Walker showed 50 per cent. improvement in that respect, as well as doing some brilliant tackling. More than once he intercepted and then carried the attack into the home quarters, and at periods the Town seemed to have eight forwards. Jennings slowly but surely impressed his personality upon the opposition. Davey almost snuffed out in the second half. The forwards again cramped into the middle in the opening half, but when they opened out the game they were most dangerous. Green played his best game since coming into the team, and he and Hoar formed the best wing on the field. Now that he has scored a goal (his other goal was a penalty kick) he should do well. Butcher's best came in the second half, and he was as virile and clever as ever. Butt looked after their dangerous play. KERR was a goal, and it was rank bad luck that he did not get as many goals as the week previous. Hoar was the better winger, for he got the ball across better than Hotten, and while both played fast and entertaining football, Hotten could not get the screw on, and most of his centres went harmlessly behind. If he could turn the ball into the middle he would be as good as his opponent on the other extreme. If Boscombe could have kept their first half game they would not have lost. Much of

THE CAUSE FOR THE DEFEAT

was attributed to the absence of Armstrong, but I do not think his presence would have meant much difference to the result, simply because the middle men's vitality sagged in the second half, and one saw the burden fall upon two or three of the backs, and they were very much of ground and refused to be beaten while there was anything like a chance. Heron had no chance with the goal, and saved many fine attempts. His backs were great all through. The middle men began well, Smith shining in the first half especially, but they tired badly and lost their heads under pressure. The forwards were the better part of the team, and Miller was again the outstanding performer. He had no superior in the defence, and was nearly as good. Davey was good while he got the full support of Vaisey and Armstrong, but was little seen in the second half. Vaisey was the best of the inside forwards, but inclined to talk too much. The crowd are typical of the small town, very one-sided and unappreciative of the play of the visitors. They will get over this in time. They are very enthusiastic, and are rightly proud of the fact that they are running a club in the national competition. Boscombe has no much to do with it, and the credit belongs to the little town of Boscombe. May they prosper.

STRAY NOTES.

(Continued from Column Five).

together and put a different complexion on things." Time has proved that my belief was justified, and I hope to see them do still better things in the future. But I have not heard that the number of spectators is sufficient to reward the team for their exertions and the directors for their outlay. In fact, I am told by one who sees every game that the number seems to decrease. If this is so, it is a great pity, for no team of any consequence can be sustained financially unless they draw a good crowd. So now, roll up on Saturday and give the "buns" boys a cheer for their good work.