

# KNOCK-OUT AT NORWICH.

## FIERCE GAME.

### ANDERSON'S BRILLIANT BACK PLAY.

(By CRUSADER.)

At Norwich on Saturday.

NORWICH CITY ..... 2 goals  
LUTON TOWN ..... Nil

NORWICH.—Williamson; Hope, Sturges; Hannah, Martin, Field; Austin, Dennison, Jackson, Earle, Stokes.

LUTON.—Gibbon; Anderson, Graham; Walker, Jennings, Millar; Hoar, Butcher, Kerr, Reid, Hoten.

Referee.—Mr. A. I. Grinstead, East Ham.

From London to Norwich I made the journey in company with Mr. Grinstead and one of his linesmen, Mr. A. W. Chapman, and on the return we were joined by the other linesman, Mr. H. R. Wing. In Mr. Chapman I discovered an old friend whom I had not seen for 14 or 15 years. Naturally, the conversation turned upon the game the previous Saturday. Mr. Grinstead said that he was sorry he had to send George Butcher off the field, as he did not see the incident, but had to act on the report of the linesman. While awaiting on Norwich platform on the return journey, he asked what I thought of the game. At once I admitted that the "Canaries" deserved to win on the run of the play, and went on, "But I quite expected you to send Sturges off the field for hitting Hoar."

Mr. Grinstead looked from one linesman to the other and ejaculated, "There now."

He assured me that

#### HE DID NOT SEE

Sturges strike Hoar, and added, "But Hoar made no complaint to me. Had I seen Sturges strike anybody he would have gone to the dressing room. I did not see a blow, but saw him foul Hoar, cautioned him and told him that he would be sent indoors if he repeated the offence."

Both linesmen were concerned, but Mr. Wing, who was nearest to the scene, declared that he did not see it. I could quite understand it, for it was a cunning blow, and the worst incident of a match that was started nicely but became very unpleasant, and sterner measures should have been taken. Some of the "Canaries" used their superior weight with absolute disregard to accident or fairness. Their advantage in physique was considerable, without its vicious employment.

Norwich were certainly the better side, but there was not a pronounced superiority until after the interval, and it was only by dint of desperate rushing and barging by their halves that gave them the honour, if that word may be used. Several of the Town players were annoyed with the treatment they received, and when Mr. Grinstead cautioned Jennings in the second half, why

#### THE REAL CULPRIT

was Jackson, the Town players seemed content to kick the ball away and not to care for tackling anyone. Actually, I should estimate that for every offence committed by a Luton player, three or four were committed by the "Canaries," and some bitter comments were made by the Town players after the match.

The ground was like adamant, and with the ball very lively and the defenders going in for big kicking, there

was never sustained science for five minutes of the game. The Town were the more dangerous in the early stages, and Hoten was particularly active and a menace to the home goal in spite of the vigorous methods of Hope and Hannah, while Reid did not shirk anything. Then Hoar and Butcher, helped by Kerr, made two or three attacks, and Williamson had to field a hard shot from Hoar. Suddenly Martin, with fine judgment, lunged the ball out to AUSTIN. The winger was unmarked, and sprinting across, he got clean through and finished with a hard ground shot, which Gibbon made a gallant effort to save by singing himself full length, but the ball just beat him for

#### A GREAT GOAL.

The Town's best chance of the game came immediately afterwards, and the sportsmanlike crowd watched with breathless fear as Hoten, after a sharp tussle with Dennison, dribbled round Hannah and Hope and came across to within two or three yards of goal. He was at an acute angle, and had he centred gently the equaliser would probably have come, but he shot hard, and although the ball beat Williamson, it shaved the face of the bar and rose high into the wire-netting at the rear of the goal. The Town left wing infused much veracity into their attacks, and Hope badly brought down Hoten and Reid within a minute, but the free kicks were fruitless.

The second half found the Town hard pressed for the greater part, but the defence was fine, and Gibbon had not an immense amount of work. He was fortunate on two or three occasions, perhaps, for the ball

#### TWICE HIT THE BAR.

and once Austin hit the foot of the post, but there was no further score until we were waiting for the final whistle. Austin then caught a ball that appeared to be going out, and, dropping the ball perfectly in front, JACKSON, standing under the bar, headed a nice goal, and there was not time to centre the ball again.

Norwich won because of their superior weight and better knowledge of their curious ground. They hit the ball about to some tune, and when the Town adopted like tactics they were equally dangerous, but any attempt at dribbling met with prompt and improper treatment, and when my opinion was invited, Mr. Grinstead was told that there had been too much rough play. He did not quarrel with that statement, and I believe that he would have sent Sturges off had he seen the offence mentioned early on.

Some people who should know better are still insistent with the imputation that I am prejudiced against Scots in the Town team. Well, Bobbie Anderson had better try to imagine that he was born outside Scotland, for I gladly say that I do not remember seeing a finer exhibition of

#### DEFENSIVE PLAY.

Cool and fearlessly he faced the opposition, and never seemed to put a foot wrong, however oddly the ball came,

however fierce the assault. He got the ball when there seemed no earthly chance, often came through a scrum in which he was the smallest figure engaged, kicked a grand length, and won the admiration of everybody willing to see it. In all the magnificent games played by George Lennon and Pat Tirrell of three seasons past there has been nothing to eclipse Anderson's display on his first visit to Norwich. He was superb, and if ever the term "a pocket Hercules" were deserved, it was in this case. The greatest little back I ever saw, I think, was Burgess, the old Manchester City player, but he was not so scrupulously fair as Anderson, and the senior Pressman of those I know in East Anglia marvelled at the little back's resource, ingenuity and resolution. Bob Graham played a sound game too, and I would not withhold from him an iota of the praise he earned, for he was at his best, but

#### THE GRANDEST OF THE TWENTY-TWO

was Anderson. Graham was a nice foil to his partner, and they had a very heavy battle to bear, but they came out with flying colours, and for sheer ability they were far better than the Norwich pair.

Behind them Gibbon maintained his best form, and could not be blamed in the slightest degree for the two goals registered against him.

The middle line struggled manfully against the thrustful, vigorous City attack. In the first half they were successful, but in the second they were not so good, although not overplayed. They had little time for helping the forwards, and the long kicking of the home backs often found them toiling in the rear of the home forwards. Jennings gave Jackson little rope, and the pair had some spirited duels until the referee intervened. Walker and Millar played useful games against the speed merchants of the extreme wings, but the effects of the previous day's hard game and of the journey to Norwich were reflected in the line as a whole before the second half was well advanced.

That was why the forwards did not get very much assistance after the interval. In the first half Hoten was

#### THE LIVELIEST FEATURE

of the attack, and his raids were always fraught with danger, while he had hard luck in not equalising the scores. On the other extreme Hoar was also smart, and he and Butcher put in some clever runs, but they were given short shrift by Field and Sturges, although the former was cleaner than the old Sheffield man. Reid was as good as any other inside forward, and deserves to be persevered with, but should make up his mind to silence as quickly as he did last year. Kerr was again well watched by Martin, and several times was badly fouled when there appeared a possibility of his getting through. He fed his wingers better than did Jackson on the other side, but he was seldom allowed the opportunity to get in a shot.

About 2,000 spectators were happy with the result.