

BEATEN AT BOURNEMOUTH.

LUTON TOWN'S FIRST DEFEAT.

A FLUKY GOAL.

BOURNEMOUTH 2
LUTON TOWN 1

BOURNEMOUTH.—Wilson; Charles-
ton, Lamb; Butt, Smith, Leitch;
Buchanan, Rattray, Davey, Miles,
McCulloch.

LUTON.—Brookes; Anderson, Till;
Walker, Jennings, Mills; Hoar, Cockle,
Keen, Hoten, Dennis.

Referee.—Mr. E. Butler, London.

Of course, you are all expecting to hear that the Town suffered bad luck. So they did, but that was not the sole reason for defeat. When Cockle scored for the Town at the end of 57 minutes' actual play, the Luton supporters on the stand would have pool-pooled the suggestion of defeat. The Town were playing just that bit better than the home side that means success, accidents barred. But the goal had the effect of stirring and spurring the home team to greater efforts, and in ten or twelve minutes they had the lead; and kept it.

The difference between the teams was not greatly marked. The Town had quite as much of the play, and but for the rousing start made by the "Cherries," the balance would have been in favour of the Town. For nearly twenty minutes the Town players were slow, and the effect of

THE TRAIN JOURNEY

was apparent. Under ordinary circumstances they would have had at least an hour to get over the stiffness of the ride, but the train arrived at St. Pancras at the time we should have left Waterloo, consequently the players had to take lunch at the Southern Railway station, and travel on the 12.30, arrived at Bournemouth at 2.40, having changed in the train, and then by taxi to the ground, where they arrived about 3 p.m. It was obvious what was wrong with them, and it speaks well for the Town defence that they kept the opposition at bay during a strenuous twenty minutes. They then had equality of play, and, in spite of the rough nature of the ground, and a pouring rain that lasted for over twenty minutes and made control very difficult, they nearly scored on several occasions. They deserved to be on equal terms at the interval.

The second half began in their favour, and it was no more than was deserved when they scored.

THE FIRST GOAL.

—one of the finest goals I have seen for a long time. Mills, who was playing very well indeed, got the ball from a throw-down following an injury to Hoten, and kicked it along to the flag in spite of attempts to trip him, and then shot across the goal-mouth. All the inside forwards failed to kick it, and Hoar dashed up and rammed it hard across, for COCKLE literally to throw himself at it and head into the net.

But this goal roused the home team, and they went pell-mell for the Town goal, brushing aside opposition and flinging themselves into the thick of the struggle with an ardour akin to recklessness. Even so, their equaliser, although not altogether undeserved, was a fluky affair. There had been some scrambling play on the home right wing, and the ball was pushed forward into the goal-mouth. Miles, Brookes, and Anderson went for it

IN A HEAP.

and I believe Brookes would have smothered the shot all right, but Anderson cut in front of him, and Brookes went down as the ball left MILES' foot and cracked against the bar. As Brookes rose the ball dropped on to his head and rebounded into the net.

Before the Town had got over the shock the "Cherries" were back again, and there was a mix-up in the Town goal. Somebody, it was difficult to see whom, held the ball close instead of clearing, with the result that Miles and Davey bundled in, and after one or two shots had been blocked, DAVEY shot into the net, Brookes being unsighted and having no chance to save.

Strenuous efforts were made by both teams after this, and the home left winger, McCulloch, who had found progress difficult, and Miles were very prominent. Their work was rendered easier by the fact that Anderson had received a nasty kick and was limping, and there were one or two

EXCITING SCENES.

the home attack plunging into the struggle with fiery zeal. The Town made a good recovery, however, and pressed

the home team back into their own quarters, and Till and Anderson each had a turn at shooting at the home goal, but the ball was sent into touch at the slightest provocation, and there was no equaliser, the end coming with the score as stated.

Individually there was more style and polish about the Town's play, but the team spirit was not so effectually infused into the play as by the home team. There was better understanding, especially in the home attack, and once they got on the move they took a lot of knocking off the ball, while their readiness and steadiness in front of goal was more marked than that of the Town. From the point of view of fitness, the Town were able

TO STAND THE PACE

to the end without any sign of distress, and there was no evidence of desperation about the work, but the enthusiasm of the home side was the decisive factor.

Brookes could not be blamed for the goals against him, but it struck me that there was need for a better understanding in defence, as in attack. The backs were prone to leave him little room in which to operate. Otherwise, both played well, and, in spite of the conditions, made few miskicks. They were knocked about a bit, but stood up to it well. Anderson was splendid until injured, and Till was on his best form of last year, which is saying a good deal. Jennings again played with tremendous grit and pluck, and had a punishing time against three hefty inside forwards, who were not slow to use their brawn, Miles especially. Mills played his best game, and Buchanan seldom got the better of him; while in attack he helped to bring out the best from Dennis. Walker had McCulloch

"IN HIS POCKET"

for an hour, but found a very tough handful in Miles, the biggest forward on the field, who was not particularly clever, but a rare worker and a fine shot. In the concluding stages, with Anderson hurt, the job became a bit irksome for the Town half-back.

Of the Town forwards Dennis was the most prominent, but apt to hang on to the ball too long after making a lot of ground. Hoar, though not yet in International form, put across some splendid centres, in spite of close attention by Leitch and Lamb, the former of whom was leech-like in his tenacity, and the latter more ram than lamb. Keen again played splendidly at centre-forward, harassing the backs persistently, and feeding his forwards well, but he was seldom allowed a chance to shoot. Cockle again impressed by his intelligent work, and his goal was a beauty, and in the first half Hoten showed glimpses of his best form, but did not maintain it.

For Bournemouth, Wilson was a safe, cool goalkeeper, and Lamb was a resolute back. All the halves did well, being very persistent, and not lacking in cleverness. In the forward line Miles was the danger-point in front of goal, but Rattray was a clever schemer and Davey a useful leader.

There were about 7,000 spectators.

Police Keep 'The Cup.

TUG-OF-WAR WIN AT KING'S LANGLEY.

Before a large crowd at the King's Langley and District Hospital Association sports meeting on Saturday the Luton Borough Police Force tug-of-war team succeeded in retaining the cup won for the first time last year. Entries were by no means so numerous as a year ago, only two teams competing against the Luton policemen.

The team, which was captained by Chief Constable Scott, pulled first against a team from the Delectand Works, Watford. Only two pulls were necessary to decide the issue, but the Luton men were up against a much stiffer opposition when they met the Edgware Metropolitan Force in the final. The first pull went to Luton, and then the London men pulled their opponents over the line after a long struggle. Luton, however, won the third pull.

The pulling members of the team were: Sgt. Carter, and P.e.'s Stanbridge, Finch, Wells, Moses, Roberts, Madigan and Ellingham.