

A POOR DISPLAY.

LUTON TOWN'S FAILURE AGAINST READING.

(By "CRUSADER.")

At Luton last night.

READING	1 goal
LUTON TOWN	Nil

LUTON.—Mingay; Anderson, Graham; Walker, Jennings, Neal; Moffat, Shankly, Thompson, Reid, Dennis.

READING. — Duckworth; Eggo, McConnell; Inglis, Messer, Evans; Smith, Braithwaite, Davey, Tinsley, Robson.

Referee: Mr. G. Musther, London.

I should not like to be responsible even for thinking some of the things that were said during and after the game last night, whether they were merited or not. Others I would like to repeat here, but for the unwisdom of the criticism at this time. They will not mitigate the brutal fact that the Town lost—lost because of their own ineptitude, lack of enterprise and sagacity. Everyone will admit that there were enough chances to have won the game and left something in hand, and, allowing for the several wonderful saves by Duckworth, the forwards should have made the issue safe before the interval.

The reason Reading won was not because they were cleverer footballers in the best sense of the term, but that they were quicker to seize

THE MAIN CHANCE.

were always thinking that no trouble was too much, looked where they were going, and, while it was not always well directed, their kicking was generally in the right direction, and there was no complaint about the weight of leather used. Luton played like a side that had never heard of any new offside rule, and if it is correct that the trainer and the manager contemplate lessons on the faults and other features after every match, they might begin with a few diagrams as to the difference the new offside rule has made in forward possibilities, with special reference to the desirability of first-time kicking.

In previous games Anderson has been the butt of considerable criticism for his tendency to hang on too long. He was certainly

THE CHIEF SINNER

in two or three games, but in this match there was no player who more appreciated the order of the long boot, and certainly no player on the field that outshone the little Scot. It was not his fault that Luton lost. If he and Graham could have won the match they would. They gave the forwards many chances, but the anæmic efforts made all the supporters feel melancholy—or mad. It was not only in the forward line: the halves were often at fault. Even Sid Neal, who began exceptionally well as substitute for Bob Millar, and won much praise for his first half display because he was never late in getting the ball away, fell into the rut; and on one or two occasions, Jennings, who has often been condemned for getting rid too soon,

HELD ON TOO LONG.

The inside forwards and Moffat were the worst in this matter, however, and Reid was the victim of most of the condemnation, though he is by no means unaccustomed to that role. Often he has been too harshly treated, but in this game he should never have figured, for he was an uncertain starter until late in the day, and would have been better advised to have stood aside and let Bedford play, as was intended, for he was not able to stand the pace. That is unusual for him, but true in this instance.

The Town had more of the game in the first half, and for a time after the interval, and it was

LITTLE HARD WORK

Mingay had to do. He usually had plenty of room in which to operate—another pleasing improvement in defensive work.

DAVEY got the goal that decided the issue fifteen minutes from the end. He seized a pass from the left, and got between the backs to beat Mingay with a smart shot right away from the goalkeeper.

Mingay did his bit well, and Anderson was the best back on the field. He worked like

A LITTLE HERCULES.

and his tackling and kicking have never been better. For the first time, taking the game all through, he outvalled Graham for public favour, though the latter again played a splendid game. Jennings was the strong half again, Walker not doing so well after a very good beginning, and Neal coming in the same category. The three of them, however, gave their forwards sufficient assistance to have won the match.

Moffat was not often in the picture after the change of ends, until he took part in a rousing finish and had the worst of ill-luck in not equalising. Shankly did not do so well as in his previous games, but was still the best of the bunch. Thompson's slowness was again evident, and Reid was well off colour. Dennis' best had little chance to score, but he did good work in the second half.

Duckworth made three or four

BRILLIANT SAVERS.

and was well protected by his stalwart backs, Fern and McConnell. The halves played hard, robust football throughout, and never knew when they were beaten. Messer was the most artistic, though not more useful than his confreres. Of the forwards Davey and Robson took the eye for consistent cleverness, and Braithwaite did fine initiatory work.

There were 8,000 spectators.