

## FORTUNE SMILES.

The actual result belies the merit of the experiment. Everything came off right for the home team, and nothing for the Town. Both teams were great triers to a man, and how fiercely the Town players gave of their best—well, those of us who heard the frantic cries of the City supporters in the second half knew with what fear they were possessed. The City had a good deal the better of the first half on their sloping ground; rushing and tearing away downhill, they threatened to overwhelm the Town defence, but the halves and backs stood up gallantly to the attack, and with Muir cool and clever, the City were well held. It was atrocious misfortune that two goals should be scored against Muir, for in neither case could any man be held to blame, and most certainly there was no merit to the scorer. ROBINSON kicked the ball haphazard in the first place, and somehow it managed to miss a crowd and find the net. He could not have had any thought of scoring with his shot. Even more fortunate was the goal scored by MOULE, for, attempting to boot a bouncing ball, he failed to get hold properly. The ball struck his shin, and then came tortuously through a ruck of players. City players tried to deflect it, and failed, and Town players tried with hands and feet to arrest it, but it seemed to be a squirming, twisting thing, very much alive, and so it also landed in the net. The Town made strong attacks, and several times a goal seemed assured, but it was missing at half-time.

## BOMBARDMENT.

So also it was at the finish. The City goal was bombarded in the second half. The Town forwards and halves, and even Graham and Kingham, had shots, but Dennington was always in the right spot. Several times he stopped, but could not hold, the ball, and yet it was always scrambled away. The City supporters went wild with excitement, and yelled continuously in a fashion that Luton supporters know little about, but their team could not hold the attacks for any lengthy period. Yet the goal did not come, and towards the end the Town players began to flag. They had fought at a tremendous expenditure of energy, but all to no purpose. Then the City's third goal, a very bad one, came a minute from the end. I could not see that Varco handled the ball into the net, but most certainly he and Moule fouled the prostrate goalkeeper as he lay on the ball, and to a man the Town players declare that VARCO actually pulled the ball off the goalkeeper with his hands. The backs of the players were to the referee, and he allowed the goal. There are very special reasons why I dislike to criticise Mr. Gray, but I certainly do not like the way he conducts a game.

## THE PLAYERS.

Muir seems to have earned his place in the first eleven. He made no error, brought off some really wonderful saves, and if this was his form at Bo'ness, then one can understand the latter winning promotion, without comprehending how they allowed him to leave. It was a severe test for Kingham, but he came through it with great credit. He has the fundamentals for a grand back, though he requires more weight. Graham played better at left back than at right, and made a grand show—much better than against Brighton.

The middle men, taken en bloc from the second string, won high praise. They played clean and good football, as did the backs. The fact that Fulton overshadowed Varco of itself is sufficient praise, and he was not only a stout defender, but he led his forwards splendidly. Gordon played a sound and thoughtful game, unostentatious, but always useful, doing something good whenever he got the ball, and

positioning well. Fraser played magnificently. There is no other word for it. He was great in attack and defence. He and Gordon had as many shots as any player with the exception, perhaps, of Yardley, who was very persistent.

The narrowness of the ground cramped the extreme wingers, for a moderate charge is apt to send a player into the fence, or both Pointon and Davies would have let themselves go more. As it was, they showed much improvement on their previous game, and the left winger especially put across some lovely centres. Yardley and Banks were tremendous workers, and the latter was well marked with abrasions and bruises, and including a black eye, at the finish. Panther led with his usual energy, bustling the backs and trying his utmost to beat Dennington, but he was out of luck, and the opposition was too big for him.

For Norwich Dennington played finely in goal; his backs were lusty without being polished, the middle men were ragged, and the worwards worked very hard, but were not so well together as at Luton.

There were upwards of 13,000 spectators.