

TOWN TROUNCE CITY

LUTON'S SPLENDID WIN AGAINST COVENTRY

Grand Half - Backs

(By "CRUSADER.")

LUTON TOWN	4
COVENTRY CITY	1

LUTON.—Harford; Kingham, Mackey; Kean, McGinnigle, Fraser; Mills, Hutchison, Tait, Rennie, Rowe.

COVENTRY. — McSevich; Bennett, Bisby; Underwood, Davison, Heinemann; Holmes, Thomson, Bourton, Lake, White.

Referee.—Mr. W. Thomas, Walsall.

WE may as well congratulate the Town team and the management on a happy issue from their afflictions on Saturday. It was a capital win, and thoroughly deserved in every way. As with many followers, I was afraid that defeat was in store, for the City's forward line had indicated very clearly that they were a lively force, and would require a lot of holding, and with such a splendid mainstay as Tom Hodgson removed from our rear guard, doubt in some degree was logical. The inclusion of Mackey was something more than an experiment; it was almost a dire necessity, and although it would be absurd to suggest that he fulfilled all the requirements of a safety man, he did not let the side down. As in so many of our victories, however, the kudos went to the middle line for a masterful exhibition. Herein lay both the salvation and success of the team.

CITY'S FIRST MOVES

Quick off the mark at the outset, the City threatened to stake their claim to success within a few minutes of the start. They certainly had the better of play for twenty minutes, and the sharpness with which they made attacks, and their confidence and hard kicking when the Town reached the danger zone, confirmed the opinion that they would be very difficult to overcome. For a long time there seemed to be neither settled defence nor assurance in attack among the Town players, and when Harford failed to hold a very fast ground shot after a brilliant save at full length, the crowd shivered. McGinnigle did magnificent work in this difficult time, but half a dozen corners testified to the unsteadiness of the Town defence. It was very comforting when the Town suddenly found equal speed, and began to make the ball do its work, and thence until the interval they were the better side, and the City underwent the harassment.

MCSEVICH'S FEAT

McSevich, who accomplished wonderful things at Luton while in Bourne-mouth's colours, evoked a salvo of applause by the finest feat of goalkeeping we have seen on the Town ground for a season. It began after he had punched away a centre; Rennie fired in a terrific shot which beat the goalkeeper, but struck the bar, and he managed to tip it away a little distance, but immediately afterwards it was driven back by Mills, and again he turned it aside, and he was hardly upright before he also knocked out a header from Tait when the centre-forward seemed certain to score. Having thus found their mettle, the Town over-ran the City halves, and attack after attack was launched; McSevich and his backs were kept on tenterhooks, and the goalkeeper made very fine saves, the Town halves joining with the forwards in efforts to penetrate.

RENNIE'S BEST

Twenty-five minutes had elapsed when the great cheer that had recognised the ability of McSevich was eclipsed by the roar that signalled the scoring of one of the finest goals seen on the ground since the days Rennie led the country as a marksman. There had been a lively tussle near the City goal, but the backs had managed to thwart Tait, and from a flaxen head the ball bobbed high and apparently well out of danger. Not so, for as it came down on the edge of the penalty area, RENNIE met it without the slightest hesitation, and so great was the speed that it rattled the back of the net, with the goalkeeper rivetted to his line at the other end of the goal. For a few moments the City seemed dazed, but buckled to, and there was a brief space in which they menaced the Town goal, the left wing especially being troublesome, while Holmes got over one or two good centres.

Play was fairly vigorous, but there were only minor fouls, and the Town had the advantage of these, but failed to get the ball past McSevich, who also received valuable help from backs that kicked strongly and never hesitated to clear. Right to the change of ends the Town were the more aggressive side, and, strive as they would, Bourton and Co. could not make any impression on the Town rearguard; only a few hasty and wild shots were sent in the direction of the Town goal.

LUTON	1
COVENTRY	0

The Town restarted strongly, and Mills nearly scored within a couple of minutes, but the City rallied, and began to give much anxiety, their left wing being assertive. Slowness in delivering the ball after holding up attacks was the undoing of the Town, player after player kicking only a yard or two when a full boot was advisable to avoid danger. From a heap of players just outside the

penalty line LAKE snapped up the ball, and by adroit footwork steered the ball past Kean, McGinnigle and Kingham before switching it right away from Harford into the farther corner of the goal. It was a splendid effort, and the crowd warmly cheered the executant.

TOWN'S TURN

This was the sting the Town needed, and they attacked furiously, and might well have shot with success had they ventured to do so instead of running close in. McSevich and his backs withstood the onslaughts, and then the game, which had been vigorous without unpleasantness, took another turn. The City halves were feeling a bit worn, perhaps, and several free kicks were given against them, these helping the Town to maintain an almost incessant assault. Eventually, Mills accepted a nice pass from Tait, and went down to put the ball right over the heads of the players in the goal-mouth; ROWE met it, and with a well-placed shot beat McSevich to give the Town the lead. Within a minute this advantage had been increased, for FRASER, playing grand football all the time, took it into his head to bring the ball inside instead of joining up with his wing. Tricking Thomson, Underwood and Davison, he made his way well inside the penalty area, and then let fly a shot which went straight into goal at the furthest point from McSevich.

CAUTIONS

It was after this that the real rough stuff began. It had been simmering only, but now developed badly on the Town's right flank of attack and the City's left defensive elements. Heinemann was finding Mills too hot a handful, and committed several fouls, but there was nothing very harmful about Bisby when he and Mills got mixed up. Perhaps the referee mistook Bisby for Heinemann, for both had light hair, and the full-back, although he tumbled into Mills, did not try to hurt him. However, the referee spoke to both. Heinemann and Kean then got at it, and, later, Lake and Kean, and the referee spoke seriously to the Town half for retaliation on the City inside forward. The admonitions did good, for thereafter play was much quieter, although there were evidences of ill-feeling. The City made a few raids, but the Town defenders were now fully confident, and such shots as were tried did not cause much heartburn.

TAIT'S SUCCESS

Generally, however, the Town were the aggressors, and had no more than their deserts, and particularly the scorer, when TAIT took the ball as Mills sent it up the middle, and went between the backs to beat McSevich with ease. Another sally by Tait and his right wing brought a fierce assault, and the City goal escaped in extraordinary fashion as the ball three times crossed and re-crossed the goal-mouth, not more than a couple of yards out, with attempts to turn it through all failing until McSevich tipped it out; it was returned, and again crossed from right to left, and Rennie, almost under the bar, put it through, but the referee gave him offside. The Town players afterwards held that the ball was played by a defender, but the official would have none of it. To the end the Town were masters of the game.

MCGINNIGLE GREAT

Harford had only one or two difficult shots to deal with. There was more threat than action in the City's work near goal. He did his little well, and Kingham also played a very fine game against a strong wing. He was handicapped a little by the strangeness of Mackey, and Hodgson's deputy did not do badly. He often got the ball away from the opposition, but was apt to tardiness in clearing, being inclined to tap the ball forward to his halves instead of hitting hard when the situation was rather tense. He improved very much as the game wore on, and may have real possibilities, though he must acquire speed and promptness. The halves were brilliant all along the line. McGinnigle gave a glorious display in defence, and is now developing as a feeder. His stamina and resource seemed inexhaustible, and his powers of recovery were amazing. Kean and Fraser were at their very best, and the prolonged attacks of the Town were largely due to their acumen in organising attacks, while they supported admirably when the onslaughts were in full swing.

FORWARD IMPROVEMENTS

Mills is quickly justifying the confidence shown in him, and is better every match; the only fault that could be found with him was an occasional disposition to centre rather too hard when the goalmouth was not overcrowded. Hutchison played his best game to date, some of his scheming being of the higher class, and he was not playing so far in the rear as usual. Rennie and Rowe were not quite so prominent as the other pair, but got on well together, though the extreme man is still rather too long in getting to the ball when it is on the run. Tait was a strong leader, always challenging, and though well watched

(Continued in Column Two.)

TOWN TROUNCE CITY

(Continued from Column 4.)

by Davison and the backs, gave a great deal of trouble, and earned his goal.

CITY'S BEST

McSevich had no chance with any shot that beat him, and might well have been excused had two or three more shots found the net. Bennett and Bisby, the latter particularly, were good protection, kicking strongly and showing neat headwork, while Davison was easily the pick of the middle men. The line generally, however, found the open style of the Town forwards rather too much, and the City forwards did not get a lot of assistance. Lake was the best of the attack, and is a very good player, although his enthusiasm sometimes runs away with his discretion. Little was seen of Bourton, who found McGinnigle in wait for him at every turn.

Attendance 7,669; receipts £475 12s. 11d.