

FOOTBALL.

[BY "SPECTATOR".]

THE MILLWALL LION AT LUTON.

AN UNSATISFACTORY FINISH.

The return match with Millwall took place on Saturday. It will be remembered—I for one remember it well—that early in the season Luton played Millwall on their little mud heap in East London, and vanquished the Dark Blues by three goals to two.

On that occasion the score at half-time stood 2—1 in Luton's favour. Then directly after the re-start, Allsopp got possession and placed in a shot which went sailing into the goal.

Millwall for a quarter of an hour fell to pieces, and Luton had all the game during that period, but failed to score again. Millwall took a free kick, and Hulse, I think, made the score 3—2. Neither side got any more goals that day.

The teams on Saturday were:—

LUTON.

Thompson

Bennett McEwen

F. Hawkes White R. Hawkes

Durrant Turner McKee Storey Allsopp



Astley R. Jones Hulse Maxwell Moran

Millar McLean Riley

Storrier Stevenson

Joyce

MILLWALL.

Referee: Mr. H. E. Walker (Reading).

McEwen, whose head was bandaged, won the toss, and Luton kicked with the wind in their favour. McEwen twice saved and returned the ball, but the sphere went out several times.

Millar fouled Durrant when the latter was on the run. Bennett kicked too hard and the ball went behind.

Riley cleared a subsequent attack, and then Luton pressed hard. A corner was forced by Durrant. The goalkeeper only rushed out in the nick of time, and it was from him that the ball went behind.

Another foul was recorded against Millwall, Bennett being the victim.

R. Hawkes cleared nicely, and Allsopp hit the corner flag, whether from a shot or centre I know not.

Joyce rushed out of goal and saved a corner.

A promising attack by Luton and a smart shot at goal by Bob Hawkes were cleared by Joyce.

Millwall forced the play, but Bennett cleared with a grand overhead kick.

Another foul was awarded against the visitors.

Then the right wing broke away with a great run, and Durrant ran in and put in a grand shot at the goal. The ball cannoned off one of the backs, and Turner headed through.

Durrant again got in a fine centre, and the goal-keeper fisted over the bar and gave a corner, which proved resultless.

The game was very exciting at this point and Luton were certainly having the better of the game. The forwards put in a great piece of passing, and Durrant was only just kept off the ball as he was on the goal-line.

Storey nearly got the ball in the net, the goalkeeper being slow in clearing the sphere. At the other end R. Jones had hard luck with a shot which went flying over the bar.

Bob Hawkes was well to the fore and cleared grandly when Moran threatened with one of his runs.

Storey charged Stevenson and a foul was given, though this was hard luck, as he appeared to charge him fairly.

Millar handled the ball very deliberately, and a free-kick was given.

Millwall pressed and Moran shot very wide. The visitors then pressed, and when Hulse looked like going through Mac tackled him and Bennett cleared.

The ball was forced to the other end and Allsopp had a chance of scoring, and put in a good shot from which the right back gave a corner. This was useless.

The visitors were giving a good deal of trouble, and the outlook was not brightened by Bennett getting hurt.

He soon returned and was in time to see Luton press and the ball go to Joyce.

Turner was fouled and then a foul was given against Luton.

Durrant got hurt in a tackle by Storrier and the game had to be stopped in consequence. He soon returned, and the game was resumed.

Thompson cleared a very dangerous shot, and then Mac fouled Moran, but this was equalised by one on Durrant. The latter forced a corner, but McKee impeded the goalkeeper and this circumstance relieved matters.

Offside was given against Storey, and then the ball was taken to the other end, and Moran placed wide.

Joyce held the ball, and three men charged him apparently over the line, but the referee did not agree that it was a goal.

Durrant fouled one of the Millwall players but the ball from a hot attack by Luton was cleared.

Then the game had to be stopped for Bennett, who had the cramp.

The game was started by a throw up against the half-way line. The ball was taken up by Millwall and Astley had a grand chance, but shot over the bar.

Hulse was given off-side when in a dangerous position. Then play returned to the other end and the game was waged there for a time.

The Luton men appeared to slacken their efforts at this point. A corner was forced, however, and this was well placed by Allsopp.

Then Millwall had a rare bit of luck for Durrant shot hard and hit the goalkeeper, and then he struck the underneath part of the bar, the ball coming out.

HALF-TIME:

LUTON	...	...	...	...	1
MILLWALL	...	...	...	...	0

Luton re-started the ball, but the visitors first caused danger to Luton, but after a strenuous attack on the goal the ball went behind.

Try how they would, Luton could not break through a stubborn defence.

Bob Hawkes was well marked and a free-kick followed.

Millwall forced a corner, and this was placed by Astley. Maxwell struck the top of the bar and the ball went through.

This was a decidedly lucky goal, as the ball appeared to strike the bar, as Durrant's shot had done earlier in the game.

Storey was given off-side, and thus another promising attack was ended.

A free-kick was taken by Storrier, but the ball was got away. Again Luton were pulled up by Storrier, and then Allsopp charged Moran from behind.

A free kick was given against Luton and three of the home forwards stood in a line and prevented Stevenson getting in a pot shot at Thompson.

Luton broke away and then Millwall did the same at the other end.

Bennett retired at this period. He had striven against pain, but was at last compelled to go off. Luton played the one-back game. Stevenson came to the rescue when Storey was making his best effort of the afternoon. The ball eventually went behind.

Offside brought the game to a standstill again. Several times the same decision robbed the forwards of good chances.

The visitors were having the better of the game, but Luton braced themselves up.

These efforts were of no avail, for the grand form of the forwards at the start seemed to vanish, and they could not get away.

Storrier fetched Durrant over in a very dirty manner, and fully deserved to be turned off the field, as once before in the first half he had tried to lame the outside right.

Thompson rushed out and cleared from Hulas. A corner for Millwall followed. This was taken by Moran, but hands relieved the pressure again.

The left wing were playing a very fine game for Luton. Storey had a great chance of scoring and Allsopp placed high over the bar.

Moran then twice put by the Luton goal.

The visitors played a very foul and dastardly dirty game, the meanest and foulest tricks being used to bring the Luton men down, and the play to the end was very ragged.

Luton made a good run, and Durrant centred. Allsopp met the ball and put through. There was a great deal of jubilation at this, but the referee unfairly I think, decided that McKee was off-side. Nothing further of incident happened.

RESULT:

LUTON	...	...	...	...	1
MILLWALL	...	...	...	...	1

NOTES ON THE GAME.

[BY STRAWOPOLIS.]

A delightful day on Friday was only the forerunner of Saturday's fine weather, for no one could wish for a more ideal afternoon overhead. The ground was in fairly good condition, although somewhat slippery, but there was just a trifle too much wind blowing about from a player's point of view.

The very name of Millwall in Luton attracts the spectator's attention, for who, with a grain of the sportsman's blood in his veins, does not recall the days of the inauguration of the Southern League, when the fights between Luton and Millwall used to attract the whole of the Southern football world. This was as long ago as ten and eleven years ago.

Although the teams have changed, and a lot of the players of those days have passed away for ever, there is yet one man still playing in Southern League football to-day, and that is Joe Gettins, the amateur. A fine fellow is Joe, and as true a sportsman as ever breathed. He was included in the "probables," but he did not turn out, much to our regret, for wherever he goes Joe is popular.

We recall with pleasure the days when "Gally" and Joe were in their prime, both centre-forwards of the first class, and in the duels between the Strawplaiters and the Dockers, both men worked as though their very lives depended on their individual efforts. Lutonians went to see Joe play, and Millwallians came to see "Gally."

The fact of excursion trains being run from London again reminded one of the "good old days," and although perhaps there were not so many followers of the Dockers as there used to be, there was a good sprinkling of their supporters on the ground, and from the stand they did not fail to forget to let us know they were about. "Play up, Millwall" and "Good old Millwall" were remarks repeatedly heard, whilst their little blue and white rosettes were prominent.

On the way to the ground I heard a few friendly chipping remarks made from one to the other sets of supporters of the clubs, and a remark from a Millwallian, "We shall be all over you to-day," simply inferred that they were confident of winning. I thought little Mac and his men would have something to say about that, for at present we have not seen a team this season that has been "all over us."

Having won the first League match at Millwall, it is very natural that Luton were confident about the result of Saturday's match, but nevertheless it was generally thought it would be a downright hard fought game, full of incident throughout. The Dockers came prepared to wipe out that defeat which has taken so long to digest, and the fact of being beaten at home last Saturday by the 'Spurs have made them fairly desperate to regain their laurels.

Needless to say, Millwall are not a team to be despised. They stand fifth on the Southern League programme, and many think they have a good outside chance of winning the championship. Out of 18 matches they have won 10, lost 6, and drawn 2, and scored 39 goals against 22, and have 22 points to their credit. They have four points less than Luton, and have played one more game.

Millwall looked very smart and clean as they turned out in their clean white knickers and dark blue jerseys.

A rousing cheer greeted the appearance of both sides, and another, too, when McEwen won the toss. Play opened in mid-field for a minute or two, and then when the players got warm, Luton gave a magnificent exhibition of really high-class clever football.

The locals combined grandly, and went down with a dash that there was danger in every movement. Durrant was dropping across some lovely centres, and twice Joyce was nearly caught napping, whilst Stevenson nipped in and saved what appeared to be two certain goals.

Luton's great efforts were bound to succeed, and eventually, from a nice drop across, Peter Turner headed a lovely goal, Joyce making vain attempts to reach it without success. This goal evoked great cheering, and it was well deserved, for it was a grand goal, and the play of the locals fully deserved it.

A couple of fruitless corners fell to Luton, and another couple of fine centres by Durrant looked dangerous, but all were cleared, and then for a few minutes Millwall had a turn at the Luton end, and if it hadn't been for some smart defensive work, they might have drawn level. Thompson was not called upon to handle, but once he had to run out and kick away.

Luton now had another turn at the other end, and Allsopp forced a corner, which came to nought, Durrant eventually shooting over, whilst a few minutes later Stevenson got his foot in the way of a regular hot shot which looked a goal all over.

Millwall were playing somewhat vigorously, and several fouls were given against them. Bennett retired for a minute or two, and Durrant got a smack on the face. Once Durrant netted a grand goal from an off-side position, and then Millwall pressed for a few minutes, although they rarely looked like scoring.

hand, Joyce turned first one way, then another, and once appeared well over the line, but the referee simply shook his head on the appeal for a goal.

Another stoppage occurred owing to Bennett apparently collapsing for a moment, but he soon came round. A run by Millwall threatened danger, but Astley spoilt the chance of shooting wide, and then another chance for Luton was thrown away by Allsopp shooting past the post.

Each side in turn had a run down, and yet another corner fell to Luton, which Joyce saved grandly right from the kick by Allsopp. Another marvellous save by Joyce was followed by Durrant getting in a fine shot that hit the post a regular crash and then rebounded into play again. It was a great shot, and deserved to score. This was all that happened before half-time, and Luton crossed over leading by one goal to none, less than they deserved on the run of the play.

It had been a great game up to the interval, and the spectators had thoroughly enjoyed it. Had it not been for some grand work by Stevenson, at back, and some grand work by Joyce, in goal, Luton would have been well up, for they played one of their best games, and it was sheer bad luck rather than indifferent shooting that they only stood one goal up at the interval.

In the first few minutes of the re-start Millwall got a corner kick, and being well placed by Astley, there was a little bobbing about around goal, and eventually Maxwell put in a shot that hit the side of the post and crashed into the net. It was a simple, lucky sort of a goal, but nevertheless equalised the score, much to the chagrin of the crowd.

Something was wrong with Bennett, and although he stayed on the field, he could not run about. After a few minutes he decided to leave the field, the Lutonians playing ten men. This was decidedly hard lines.

Play was very even, and up and down the field the ball went, the Lutonians playing a very plucky game and having quite as much of the play as their opponents. Play though was not nearly so classy or interesting as in the first half.

Later on Bennett reappeared amidst great cheering, and immediately stopped a rush by Hulse.

A dirty foul by Storrier on Durrant caused a cessation for a few minutes, and it was feared that Durrant's ankle was gone, but he was able to resume, fortunately.

Towards the close, Luton got nicely through, but a wild shot by Allsopp spoilt a lovely chance, whilst a minute later Moran nearly got the winning goal with a fine cross shot.

It was the most vigorous game played at Luton this season, and I am afraid some of the Lutonians will need a deal of embrocation to cure their bruises.

To criticise the game, the match must be taken in two parts—the first half was one of the best exhibitions seen on the ground this season, whereas the second half was of the scrambling order, and Luton, with only ten men and playing against the wind, had all their work cut out to keep down the rushes of the Millwallians.

Thompson had but very little to do. McEwen despite the disadvantage of a bandaged head, played a brilliant game, whilst Bennett was well "on song" until he was forced to retire. All three of the halves did splendidly, and the forwards in the first half played the best game I remember seeing them play this season. One and all were good. In the second half they were not so good, as they had to keep the defence very often.

Millwall are a good all-round team, but with a full complement of men I don't think they would expect to beat Luton.

They owe much to Joyce, for he saved time after time when a goal seemed certain. Both backs were good, especially Stevenson. The halves were useful, and of the forwards they all threatened danger at times, but the Luton defence was too good for them. The team, though, were given to too many illegitimate tricks, which do not add to the reputation of the side.