

Football Notes and News.

By "Grasshopper."

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

LUTON v. PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.

Plymouth Argyle visited the Bury Park enclosure on Saturday last, and bagged a couple of points. Last season we held our own with the Devon club, making a draw at home of one goal each, and finishing up at Plymouth with a draw of no score. The result of our visit to the seaport town this season was a defeat by 3-0, and on Saturday Luton lost the day by 2-0.

This adverse result was distinctly disappointing, especially in view of our recent successes at home, and I think the odds were very much on the locals; but in form we have gone back. It seemed too much to hope for a continuance of the victorious dash shown against Fulham. "A mere flash in the pan," said the cynics, and though I am not one of those who begin to despise Luton when they lose, there is certainly some truth in the metaphor.

The old saying, "Beaten but not disgraced," accurately sums up the result of Saturday's encounter. If Luton's play, compared with the displays of the last few weeks, had deteriorated, we had the greater part of the game, and ought to have won by 4-2 at least.

From this it will be gathered that there was something very much wrong with the Luton men. And so there was. I cannot recall an occasion on which our defence has been so weak this season. McEwen was very much "off colour," but I am told the Luton skipper was unwell, a fact which would account to some extent for the way in which Dalrymple, the Plymouth outside-right forward, beat him so often. "Mac's" kicking was occasionally very weak, and Buck and Picken were also a source of trouble to the Luton captain.

I fancy, however, that this was largely accounted for by Bob Hawkes's weak display. Bob played a rather poor game on Saturday, and found the opposing right wing much too strong for him. Jack also held Turner well in hand; the Plymouth forward was too fast for the home back, who would have had a very uncomfortable time but for Freddy Hawkes, who was the only half, in my opinion, who played up to form.

On the whole, I have nothing to say against the home forwards, except that their judgment in shooting was a little at fault. For instance, the mistake of Ross's early in the first half was almost unpardonable. "Could it really be Ross who missed?" the spectators asked in amazement.

There was a "bumper" gate to witness the match, there being at least 5,000 present. The first half was practically all in favour of the home side; in fact, Luton had at least three-quarters of the play. Horne, the visitors custodian, had a hot time; he had to save, fist out, and touch over the bar many times. A foul or two and a number of corners enabled Luton to keep up the attack. Lamberton and Eaton both let Ross in, but it was a very bad attempt to find the net, and on any other day Ross must have scored.

I am afraid it was this faulty piece of work that cost Luton the match; had they scored then, the home side must have won the game. So persistent were the attacks of the Blues, it was marvellous how the Plymouth goal withstood it all, and though Saul and A. Clarke set up an admirable defence, Horne was distinctly lucky to avert disaster.

Eventually, after some 20 minutes' attacking, the visitors got away on the left wing, but nothing resulted. Play became more even, and then Dalrymple sent in a pretty centre, and Picken, who was in front of the goal mouth, put on the finishing touch.

Luton went at it again, but once more met with a stubborn resistance, and nothing more was scored up to half-time when Plymouth were a goal to the good.

Resuming, Luton's wings were conspicuous in turn, and after Lamberton had missed by inches, Plymouth secured the mastery, and there were anxious calls of "Play up, Blues!" Jack's play was dashing enough, but somehow or other his efforts lacked finish. Lindsay effected two smart saves from Buck and Picken, but eventually Wright screwed into the net, and Luton were two to the bad.

Still, the home side tried their utmost and forced the game at all points, but they were always distinctly unlucky, and the game ended:—

Plymouth	2 goals
Luton	nil.

There was evidently some doubt in the referee's mind as to the validity of Plymouth's first goal, because Mr. Tillotson waited some seconds as if in expectation of an appeal for "offside," but none was made, and the point stood.

Plymouth owed their success to two things—a slice of luck and their smartness in packing

the goal. This was a feature of the game, for whenever Plymouth were being seriously attacked they packed their goal mouth. That is one lesson which Luton might very well learn. Saul played a splendid game at back, and covered Horne wonderfully well, and the visitors' defence was far superior to that of the home side.

The following is the position of the Southern League table :—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Ag.	P.
Southampton	20..	13..	2..	5..	36..	19..	31
Bristol Rovers	19..	12..	3..	4..	38..	18..	28
Reading	18..	12..	4..	2..	36..	19..	26
New Brompton	21..	8..	6..	7..	33..	24..	23
Tottenham Hotspur..	20..	8..	6..	6..	30..	20..	22
Northampton	18..	10..	7..	1..	29..	29..	21
Portsmouth	18..	9..	8..	1..	36..	35..	19
Plymouth Argyle	19..	8..	8..	3..	30..	26..	19
Queen's Park Rangers	19..	8..	8..	3..	30..	29..	19
LUTON	21..	7..	11..	3..	27..	32..	17
Brighton and Hove A.	17..	6..	7..	4..	23..	17..	14
Millwall	20..	6..	10..	4..	18..	30..	16
Fulham	18..	5..	8..	5..	12..	24..	15
West Ham United....	20..	5..	10..	5..	18..	22..	15
Swindon	20..	7..	12..	1..	23..	36..	15
Brentford	18..	5..	9..	4..	20..	22..	14
Watford	16..	6..	7..	3..	15..	16..	13
Wellingborough	18..	4..	13..	1..	15..	51..	9
