

LUTON DEFEAT THE 'SPURS.

THE VALUE OF OPPORTUNISM.

BOB HAWKES SCORES A PENALTY GOAL.

MCDONALD'S FINE SHOT.

Luton met Tottenham Hotspur on the Luton ground on Saturday. Result:—

LUTON 2 goals.
'SPURS nil.

Teams.

LUTON.

Platt

Blackett

McCurdy

F. Hawkes

Gallacher

R. Hawkes

Warner

McDonald

Brown

Pickering

Barnes

O

Whyman

Brearley

Glen

Chapman

Berry

Hughes

Bull

Morris

Tait

Watson

Eggett

TOTTENHAM.

Referee, Mr. F. Kirkham.

Of all the teams that appear now in the Southern League at Luton none is so popular as the 'Spurs of Tottenham and no team feels the same joy at lowering their colours as the locals. Their visit is always looked forward to with anticipation, and nothing delights the hearts of the Luton directors so much as a fine day when they come. Saturday was this annual event and the weather in the early part was dreadful. There was an abundance of "samples," but too many of them were of the wintry type. Even friend Craig blushed, of course on behalf of the poets, at this sample of what his ilk call "Gentle Spring."

Fortunately there was, soon after 2 o'clock, a belated appearance of the sun but gloom again settled o'er the earth. A gate of 10,000 was expected but some 6,000 or 7,000 spectators put in an appearance and they were amply repaid for their pluck—that is, of course, if they did not come with the 'Spurs. There were some radical changes in the side of the visitors.

Notwithstanding all these drastic changes it should not be forgotten that the defence remained unimpaired. On the Luton side White was not able to play and Gallacher was in his element in opposing his old comrades and showing what he can do. Rather before the advertised time Glen kirked off against the strong wind, Luton having won the toss and having chosen the lower end to play from, therefore attacking the Luton end goal. The 'Spurs went off in gallant style and Blackett and McCurdy were called upon to defend Platt.

It was very early evident that the ground would soon be in a fearful state, and five minutes of play served to render it something like a ploughed field. It is due to the groundsman to say that before the men entered the arena everything looked very nice.

All round the pitch there was a feeling of suppressed excitement and everyone appeared to be prepared to cheer good play. The first real promising bit of play took place when R. Hawkes got possession but there were three men in front to guard his shot and render it nugatory. This was pretty much the case with all the attempts that Luton made.

A very pretty bout of passing brought the ball up on the left wing and when well under way the 'Spurs defenders crowded on that side. The ball was placed across to Warner and the crowd held their breath as the outside right took aim. It seemed an age before he kicked the ball and then failed to put it wide enough of Eggett who stretched out his arm and brought off a magnificent save when all appeared lost. No wonder Johnny Cameron, who was in the press-box, remarked "Alfy would have smiled if he had scored," the 'Spurs Secretary knowing the feeling of pleasure a player has when he scores against the club which is regarded as too good for him.

McDonald was responsible for one fine shot but a half-back caught the ball on his chest and then kicked away. Warner was more successful in getting on the bull's-eye, and a long shot went straight to Eggett but it proved a real hot 'un and presented possibilities.

presented. One of the linesmen showed a considerable amount of zeal in giving a foul throw-in before F. Hawkes had let the ball go and Blackett, next time the linesman came down near him, remarked, "I say, cocky, you've got jolly good eyesight."

The game had not been rough and it was certainly hard lines on Tottenham that the next minute should see a penalty given against them. Pickering was in the penalty area, turning ready to shoot, when one of the visitors, Morris, I think, put his leg round him and prevented him kicking the ball. Mr. Kirkham at once pointed to the penalty spot, which had been whitened especially for this game, and R. Hawkes, after a confidential chat with Sandy Brown, took the kick. Eggett had no chance. Who has when Bob is on the spot?

The suppressed excitement broke out in a loud cheer at this success, which however did not dishearten the 'Spurs. By means of their famous short-passing they made rings round the Luton men, but it was the kind of rings that no defending team minds. The 'Spurs had the ball all the time, but they got no nearer Platt!

Chapman gave Platt trouble but the goalkeeper cleared easily, though one time he made rather a serious mistake. Shouting to Blackett that he was "right" for the ball the Luton back got out of the way and let him have it, but Platt only just kicked the ball, and had the Tottenham left wing any virility in them they might have rushed the ball through, Platt of course permitting.

Half-time was called with Luton a goal to the good and the centre of the field was occupied by the Red Cross Band. They must have had a cold job but they pleased the crowd, if that is any satisfaction to them.

Barnes on one side of the field and Warner on the other made the pace hot for the 'Spurs, but in dealing with the centre from the last-named, Pickering had hard luck. He and Brown had gone forward to meet the ball as it came sailing across. Eggett was also on the "qui vive" and as the whistle went for offside he lunged out and mistook Pickering's head for the ball with disastrous results to the other fellow's jaw. Blood flowed rather freely and the game was suspended while Billy Lawson doctored up the ailing forward. There was one funny thing about the smack that Eggett gave the ball. Wherever he intended to hit it the fact remains that the sphere went straight from his fist to the goal, and had not the whistle gone the probability is that Brown could have rushed the ball through.

The goal was bound to come sooner or later and strangely enough it arrived whilst Luton were play-

ing with ten men. Bob Hawkes and Barnes were manoeuvring about with the ball which eventually found its way direct to Sandy Brown. Sandy headed it down at McDonald's feet, and taking careful aim, the leather went straight for the corner of the net, and the spectators saw Eggett beaten. There was naturally a great deal of applause at this success, and the cheers made Pickering forget his wounds and his reappearance was the signal for another outburst.

The Luton men found the 'Spurs forwards quite a nice little party to hold in hand, but were not quite prepared to undertake to beat the storm of hail, sleet, and rain, which just now graced the heavens. Those elevated individuals upstairs in the garrett could see the storm beating up from the Warden Hills when all was sunny on the crowd below and at last the full fury broke forth and anyone was welcome to a seat there at that period.

A couple of chances which presented themselves to the 'Spurs were the best of the day. Berry, who could do nothing right, kicked clean over the bar, when the least touch would have scored, whilst he weakly placed another chance wide. Chapman, his partner, was as bad and missed a couple of openings. Nothing further was scored and Luton gained the two points at stake by two clear goals.

The gate realised just over £130.