

FLASHES FROM THE FIELD.

Sunderland Town was indeed in a state of excitement on Wednesday. Fog obscured the landscape in the morning, having succeeded a heavy hoar frost overnight. The arena of the great battle ground had been sanded and covered with straw. When the fog lifted the straw was removed. A general half holiday was observed for the match, not only in Sunderland—which town was confident of victory—but in the neighbouring towns around.

Luton's supporters, now augmented by Mr. Allen, one of the Directors of Luton Town, constituted a mere bagatelle among the thousands of gruff voiced burly Northerners assembled in the hope of seeing Sunderland vanquish their opponents.

A tremendous cheer rent the air when the teams lined out as follows:—

Right.	LUTON.	Left.
	Platt.	
Hogg,	McCurdy,	
F. Hawkes,	White,	R. Hawkes,
Murphy,	Gittins,	Brown,
		Fitzpatrick,
		Barnes.
O		
Bridgett,	Gemmell,	Macintosh,
	McConnell,	Hogg,
	McGhie,	J. E. Raine
	Tait,	
	Watson,	Rhodes,
Left.	Ward.	Right.
SUNDERLAND.		

When the teams took the field the fog had entirely lifted. Luton started the ball in the presence of 18,000 spectators and amid a scene of intense excitement.

3.10.—McIntosh rushed the ball into the net, but handled it in so doing. The referee disallowed the goal to the intense delight of Luton's supporters. It was an anxious moment, and at one time it looked for all the world as if Sunderland had opened their score within the first few minutes of play.

3.15.—Bob Hawkes was applauded for a splendid display of cleverness. Luton was now attacking in vigorous style. Fitzpatrick sent in a splendid hard telling shot, but he had to reckon with Ward who defended the Sunderland citadel in fine fashion. The Wearsiders retorted vigorously and forced a corner. Would they score? Certainly they sent in a splendid shot but Platt was quite equal to the occasion and he punched it out in a splendid manner.

3.20.—Play was now taken to both ends of the ground which were visited in turn. Each team was now having an equal share of the battle.

3.25.—Sunderland soon got into their stride, and began to make their weight felt all round. Just now they began pressing the Luton team at every point. McIntosh was always prominent in the forward line, and gave a splendid display of cup-tie form. Getting right up into the Luton territory, McIntosh shot into Platt's hands. Gemmell headed in but the goalkeeper saved splendidly. Bridgett shaved the top of the crossbar with another shot.

3.30.—Watson at this moment was accidentally injured, but was able to resume play. Brown was getting away in nice form when he was fouled by Rhodes. From the free kick Fitzpatrick who was shining splendidly in the Luton forward line landed the ball on the top of the cross bar.

3.35.—Play commenced to become somewhat rough, and it was at this point exceedingly fast. No quarter was given or asked for. Half an hour had elapsed without any goals being scored and both teams were determined to draw blood if possible before the interval. The Sunderland forwards endeavoured to do this by initiating a clever forward movement. This took them right up the field to within a few paces of the Luton goal. McIntosh, again to the front, seizing a favourable opportunity sent in a clinking shot.

But luck was against the homesters, for the ball was hurled about an inch too high and did not get through. Had the shot been lower there was still Platt to reckon with and he would in all probability have saved the situation. Some very pretty football was witnessed, and it would be impossible to wish to see a smarter forward line than that of Sunderland.

3.40.—Not only were Sunderland showing very fine form, but Luton as well were treating the 36,000 eyes which had concentrated their gaze upon the field of play to some good football. Platt in goal was always steady, always on the alert and always where he was wanted. Once he accomplished a marvellous left foot save, which showed how dexterous and nimble he can be. Sunderland again forced their way up the field but could not penetrate the splendid defence, which the Luton backs maintained throughout the first half.

Nearing the Interval.—It was now close on half-time, and the excitement and enthusiasm was, if anything, increasing. Despite their heroic and herculean efforts to register a point neither side had as yet been able to do so. Who would be the first to break through? Was history going to repeat itself? Was the match to end in a pointless draw as it did at Luton? This was the question which 18,000 spectators open-mouthed and

