

LUTON v. LEYTON.

The four thousand spectators on the Ivy-road ground on Saturday afternoon, when Luton entertained Leyton, experienced something of a sensation, when Luton were beaten by Leyton to the tune of three goals to love. For some weeks we have been priding ourselves on the fact that since Christmas the Blues have not had a single goal scored against them on their own ground. It was surely too bad, therefore, of Leyton, the wooden spoonists of the League, to come and break that record in such a decisive manner. And perhaps the most humiliating factor was that the visitors deserved their win.

Luton had to make other alterations in their side. Both McCurdy and Platt were injured in the match at Watford the previous day. A telegram was despatched to Southend for Jarvis, and the reserve goalkeeper arrived back at Luton just in time to take the field. White deputised McCurdy. Leyton brought with them Peter Turner, an old Luton player. So far the Blues have not found the Essex team an easy nut to crack; indeed, if there be any glory attached to their respective performances, it would seem to belong to Leyton. For instance, last season the honours were even—on their own ground Luton won 5-3, but lost away 1-0. This season, however, at Leyton, the Blues were badly beaten 5-0.

Fred Hawkes captained the home side on Saturday afternoon, and having set Leyton to play against a very strong wind, Luton's chances were naturally very much fancied. But the visiting front string played an energetic game. The forwards were always harassing the home defence, which, on Saturday, was, to use a colloquial phrase, "as weak as water." Luton, however, soon gained the upper hand in attack, but the forwards were terribly slow in taking advantage of their openings. On the other hand, the Leyton defence was always alert, and at the least sign of danger they packed their goal. This fact and the spasmodic efforts of the home forwards in front of goal, accounted for Leyton's success.

Leyton attacked with determination. Kingaby, their outside-right, was the man of the moment. His sprints along the wing in real Corinthian style were a feature of the match. Of course the ex-Fulham man might not have had much to beat, but for all that he never funkcd, and in that respect was a lesson to some of our Luton wing men. Eventually the visitors forced a corner. The flag kick was well placed, and White in trying to clear headed into his own goal twenty minutes from the start.

This unexpected reverse livened Luton up, and then they commenced a sustained but futile attack. But it was the forwards again who failed lamentably. Moody was the only man who appeared worth his salt. Rankin was fair, but too slow, while Pearson's play only evoked the derision of the crowd. But if the home centre-forward played such a bad game, the jeering of the crowd was not calculated to mend matters much. Still, the Leyton defence were distinctly lucky in twice escaping the downfall of their goal. Skiller in goal was very smart, and saved one or two very good shots.

At half-time Luton's position in the Southern League was very uncertain, and the question uppermost in most minds was what would happen with Norwich, Watford, and New Brompton. The thought of after all being placed in the bottom two hung over some of the home directors like a nightmare.

So far as Leyton were concerned they seemed pretty sure of victory. When, however, in the first minute after re-starting, Silor centred, and Kingaby, who happened to be unmarked, shot the ball into the net, the final result seemed to be placed beyond doubt. True, after this, Luton were "game," but it was "game" of a very poor quality. A quarter of an hour from the close Silor sent in a long shot almost from the corner flag; the ball struck the upright and bounced into the net.

Result: Leyton, 3 goals; Luton, nil.