

FOOTBALL.

The Southern League.

ANOTHER AWAY POINT.

MOODY TO THE RESCUE.

HARD GAME AT GRIFFIN PARK.

In taking the field without Brown, Peter Platt and Bob Hawkes, Luton faced a big proposition at Brentford on Saturday. "The Bees" just now are getting desperate. Their record is a meagre one, and they are hovering near the danger zone in the Southern League. They thus had to put up a big fight on Saturday, for the Griffin Park contingent of spectators are by no means faithful to a losing team. There was not a bad gate when we consider that teams like Tottenham, Chelsea, Queen's Park Rangers and Newcastle were all operating within the Metropolitan area. Five thousand turned out to see the game.

That Luton are not without friends away from home was shown by the following extract from the "Bees" official programme:

"To-day we are to be visited by our old friends from Luton. It will be remembered that the first match ended in a win for the 'strawplaiters' by 3-1. We have a great respect for Luton, who are an excellently managed combination, but I am sure they won't mind our wishing that this score be reversed to-day. The points will do us more good than them harm, and if the points be well won friend Charles Green will be the first to congratulate us."

There were changes on both sides, Reid, a fine thrustful player, appearing as pivot of the Brentford attack, while Conolly took his place on the left wing. Moody re-appeared fit and well in the Luton forward line, with Johnson on the extreme left. Brown, it should be said, was prevented from playing by the grip of influenza. Stansfield therefore resumed his old place at outside right, while Bob Hawkes' absence let in White in the intermediate line.

The teams were as follow:

Luton.—Jarvis; McCurdy and Gregory; F. Hawkes, White and Jones; Stansfield, Haycock, Menzies, Moody and Johnson.

Brentford.—McIvor; Rhodes and Ewing; Badger, Jay and Richards; Ryalls, Sugden, Reid, Conolly and Buxton.

Referee, Mr. J. J. Wilson.

The "Bees" set off at a big pace, and were soon buzzing round the Luton goal, Sugden enlivening the spirits of the crowd by heading against the bar in the first minute. A narrow squeak this. The attack was completed by Buxton firing over the top. Reid, the home centre, took a tremendous lot of holding, but White was always at his elbow. Nevertheless on more than one occasion Jarvis had to show that he was no mean artiste.

Luton's first promising effort came from Johnson, but it was a weak sort of shot, and Reid came back again and hit the foot of the post with an open goal to go at. This sort of thing boomed danger, and one was glad to see as the game went on that Luton forwards began to take matters into their hands, good work by Johnson and Haycock being seen hereabouts. Stansfield was just now far too fast for Ewing, and showed him a clean pair of heels more than once. A really businesslike shot from Menzies resulted after one of his runs, the Heart of Midlothian man taking the ball in its flight. McIvor brought off a great save.

It was left to Luton to open the scoring, Stansfield doing the trick, Melvor being unsighted by his backs, who played much too near him. The goal was a just reward for at this point Luton forwards were playing rare combined football, which "even the ranks of Tuscany," as represented by the Brentford spectators, "could scarce forbear," to cheer.

Jones just now came under the ban of the crowd for his strong tackling of Sugden and Ryalls, which was a thought too keen. Luton were looking good for a win, when Brentford had a revival, pioneered by Jay, who gave a great display at centre-half. Jarvis was kept busy for a time, and achieved big deeds beneath the bar. "The Bees," however, meant having that equaliser, and it was not long before Reid made himself a popular hero by lashing a fast rising shot into the rigging. This was all up to the interval.

The first half had been fast and keenly fought. Commencing the second, we saw signs of flagging, and for ten minutes there was nothing worth recording. Brentford then made their bid, and with a falling off in Luton's forward play monopolised the game. Luton were kept penned in their own quarters, and Jarvis performed wonders, clearing several smart centres from Ryalls by running out and nipping up the ball almost in the teeth of the opposing forwards.

Still it was a poor half. Brentford's work was slovenly, and Luton's attack a bag contrast to the first half. We were all settling ourselves for a draw, when McCurdy gave away a corner. This was five minutes from the finish. The ball was beautifully placed by Buxton, and Sugden sent the crowd into ecstasies by heading through.

The game looked as good as lost to Luton, but they made a desperate bid to get on terms and after a big effort by Moody, who took the ball from the toe of Rhodes, the equaliser came. It was Moody's point, a fine single-handed effort that pulled the game out of the fire in the nick of time.

A draw was perhaps the fairest ending of the game. Luton forwards, as I have said, were seldom happy in the second half, but much can be forgiven after Moody's equaliser, which came at a time when nine teams out of ten would have given up the game as lost.

Result:

LUTON

2 goals

BRENTFORD

2 goals

Notes on the Game

With Brown in the attack anxious to do well against his old comrades, Luton would have won. Johnson seldom finished well, though he did some good work in midfield.

Menzies pursued his old game of "drawing all men towards him" with but poor results. The Luton halves put in some rare work during the game, White being as clever as any one of them.

Peter Platt will never be missed while we have a goalkeeper like Jarvis to understudy him. He never made the slightest mistake, and the two balls that beat him were goals all the way Little

McIvor, who is now captain of the "Bees," was just as good, though, hampered by his backs playing almost on top of him. Time after time did he shout "Let it come," as his co-defenders took wild lunges at balls which he had well covered. He was badly hurt in the last few minutes, but resumed to finish.

Reid, who has eleven goals to his credit this season, and has thus gathered more honey than any other "Bee," had the felicity of bringing his total up to a round dozen. This is no mean record for fifteen matches.

Brentford are badly behind in the matter of finances this season, and were greatly disappointed at the result of their cup tie with Notts Forest. Like Luton, they contend they were beaten by the referee. Verily these gentlemen have a lot to answer for.