

FOOTBALL.

REDOUBTABLE ROBINSON.

Grand Goalkeeping at Luton,

HOW ONE MAN BEAT ELEVEN.

Platt in Good Form.

Exeter were the visitors to Luton on Saturday. The following were the teams:

Luton.—Platt; McCurdy and Gregory; F. Hawkes, Jones and R. Hawkes; Brown, Haycock, Menzies, Moody and Stansfield.

Exeter City.—Robinson; Craig and Crelley; Ambler, Tierney and Wake; Parnell, Watson, McGuigan, Bell and Copestake.

Luton won the toss, and Exeter at once made a pretty movement which brought the ball up the field, but F. Hawkes relieved, and the ball hovering in the corner Haycock received from Brown, and the former let drive, but Robinson made a sensational save. He received another hot-shot, but again got at the ball in great style and cleared once more. A corner followed, and the goal had another escape from downfall, Stansfield getting the ball over the bar. Once again the popular inside-right shot from closer in, and Robinson happened to be in the line of the ball.

A free kick was awarded Luton from a foul on Brown, but nothing came from this, and, forcing the pace again, Luton put the Exeter goal in jeopardy, but the ball went behind.

The visitors got away by a dash by Parnell, but Bob Hawkes watched him over the line. A pass from McGuigan to the left wing went too far. Hands against Crelley pulled up the visitors in a further attack on the goal.

Fred Hawkes was prominent in the ensuing play. Parnell broke away again, but Platt saved well. At the other end Robinson had a grand shot from Haycock to save, at the expense of a corner.

From this, Parnell broke away, and Gregory this time stopped him. Exeter came again, and Jones headed behind from a useless corner. To the other end the ball travelled, and Robinson dived at a ball, which went just wide of the post.

Parnell then shot behind. This was a bit exciting, and Stansfield centred across the mouth of goal, only for the ball to go behind. Parnell gave Platt a hard shot to save, and he tapped the ball over the bar. Watson put over just as Platt was fouled.

Luton got down, and Brown shot and hit the bar, the ball going over the top. Luton came again, and Stansfield was fouled, and at the same place again hands occurred, and Robinson had quite a lively time. Haycock nearly cried the ball into the net again, Robinson making a jump.

Then a penalty was awarded against Fred Hawkes for carrying the ball, which came between his hand and knee. The referee consulted both linesmen, and gave the kick, which was taken by McGuigan, but, amid cheers, Platt saved.

Robinson nearly made a mistake with a header from Moody, and gave a corner, from which the ball crossed the goal without anyone touching it, and, sending it through, Exeter broke away again and Platt had to save and cleared nicely.

Brown and Wake were each going for the ball close to the fence, and Brown was thrown heavily against the barrier, the trainer having to be fetched to attend to him.

Brown was carried off by Robinson, who received a special cheer from the spectators for his kindness of heart.

In the play which ensued Bob Hawkes gave a corner, but this came to nothing, Platt fisting away. A couple of the visitors were hurt together, and play was suspended whilst they recovered. At half-time there was no score.

LUTON

Nil.

Exeter

Nil.

Resuming, Brown turned out with a bandaged hand, but he looked very white and bad. Exeter got down, and, though offside, they were allowed to go on, and Copestake scored the opening goal a minute from the restart. Robinson had to save in the ensuing play.

A second goal was not long in materialising, for Bob Hawkes pulled the ball down from a corner only for Watson to step in and kick the ball into the net. Robinson saved another long shot from the left wing, and indeed he was not to be beaten. A corner followed for Luton, but Robinson fisted away. Moody headed the ball close inside the post, but Robinson saved miraculously again, and seemed quite to fill the goal. Moody shot the ball just over the bar, but Robinson was directly beneath, and in all probability would have saved.

Thus the match resolved itself into a contest for supremacy between the Luton forwards and the Exeter goalkeeper, who never lets Luton get soft goals whether he appears for Exeter or Bolton Wanderers.

The visitors once seemed to have the Luton defence tied in a knot, McCurdy being right on Gregory's wing, but Platt came to the rescue and kicked away.

Luton were quickly at the other end, but all their efforts were of no avail. Haycock, who had had enough hard luck to dishearten any forward, pegged away, but Robinson took no compassion on him and frustrated the very best of his efforts. As time drew near Luton had no alternative but to acknowledge themselves beaten, after having at least two-thirds of the play. The final whistle went with the score standing:

EXETER

2 goals.

LUTON

Nil.

Luton's last six matches have all resulted in defeats, and the team has had no fewer than twenty goals scored against it. During the same time the local forwards have netted the ball once—an orphan goal. This as the result of nine hours' football cannot be called good value for the money, and, I suppose, a further beating is in store for next Saturday at Northampton. A month ago Luton were splendidly placed in the League; now their position is one of imminent peril. Only five teams have lost more points. The sands of the season are now running out very quickly, and it is hoped every effort will be made to keep the club clear of the foot of the table.

The gate amounted to £86, containing £2 10s. extra gate money.

Notes on the Game

EXETER EXCELS.

More Bad Luck.

PLATT SAVES A PENALTY.

* Robinson, the ex-English International player, has saved many a side from defeat in the course of his meteoric career, and on Saturday he could claim a big share of the credit for the fact that Exeter returned home with two points to their credit. Like all great goalkeepers, Robinson has his mannerisms. When not otherwise engaged, he keeps up a brisk conversation with the crowd, with whom he is a big favourite. His clearances are "showy," but safe, and he touched the gallery in a soft spot on Saturday when he picked up Brown like a baby and carried him unassisted in his arms across the field when Luton's little winger was injured.

In the first three minutes Robinson saved a couple of shots from Haycock, which were both good enough for goals, and right through the game he showed catlike agility. His display combined the useful attributes of pluck and good management. The ball, I noticed, was decorated with a green badge or label when the game started, and this was taken by believers in mascots, portents, and suchlike latter-day witchcraft, as a sign of Exeter's excellency. It came off right enough.

Luton's failure to win must not be taken to heart. They deserved to score more than once, and up to Brown's injury—the little winger came a fearful "purler" when tackled by Cnelley near the rails—looked good enough to win. Ever afterwards the attack was lopsided, and when Brown pluckily re-appeared in the second half the mischief was not remedied.

Peter Platt, although he had two goals put past him, had no reason to be ashamed of his afternoon's work in comparison with his vis-a-vis. He distinguished himself by saving a penalty, and when the first goal was scored he had punched the ball out three times running before Copestake put it past him.

Exeter are a sprightly team, and the absence of Chadwick, though regretted, did not create a gaping void in the side. In McGuigan, a player who has seen service in Mersey and Tyneside, the Exonians possess a good general. Some years ago up North we supposed this player to be irreparably crooked, but he is still full of football, and kept his wings together admirably on Saturday.

Parnell impressed me more than any of the visitors' forwards. He was far too lively for Gregory, who had rather a weary afternoon. Our Bob Hawkes was by no means in a sparkling mood. When they got going the visitors' forwards were most businesslike. The same remark did not always apply to Luton. Of course, Brown's injury tended to unhinge the attack, but there were other shortcomings. Menzies played as if he were stale and tired out, and Moody was not the danger signal we know him to be near goal. Haycock easily took the honours of the inside men, but Stansfield on the left was always a trier and got some telling centres across.

Luton's defence threatened to be mixed up in the second half, and the backs did not come out of the ordeal well, the visitors' forwards being quick to seize opportunities. It was a hard, well played game for the most part, the visitors being just a shade better forward for the reasons stated, and Robinson in superlative form in goal. They were lucky to capture both points.