

The Southern League.

LEYTON v. LUTON.

Played at Leyton on Saturday. Result. :—

Leyton	3 goals.
Luton	nil.

The teams were as under :—

Leyton—Whitbourne; Longworth and Busby; Buchanan, K. Hunt, and Gray; Durrant, Robertson; Renneville, Ryder, and Kirwan.

Luton—Jarvis; Chapman and Hedley; F. Hawkes, Jones, and Trueman; Brown, Quinn, Smith, Moody, and Stansfield.

Referee, Mr. G. L. Millar (East Dereham).

Saturday proved the best day for spectators since the commencement of the present season; indeed, the sun was almost too much in evidence at Leyton, and at times it was difficult to follow the play from the Press seats. F. Hawkes acted as captain, but contrary to Wednesday, he lost the toss without, however, suffering any disadvantage thereby. It will be seen that Moody was able to return to the side, which, but for the absence of R. Hawkes, was at full paper strength. Leyton were also reported to be fully represented. K. Hunt making his first appearance as captain on the home ground, while our old player Durrant, after missing a couple of matches through injury, was able to take his place again. It was estimated there were fully 8,000 spectators, a crowd that would be very welcome at Luton.

Luton commenced in promising style, and their forward work was certainly more taking to the eye than that of the home brigade, Smith and Stansfield in particular being responsible for several pretty movements, but unfortunately it ended at that. Once a grandly-judged pass from Smith gave Stansfield a fine opening, and he raced clear of all opposition before returning the ball into the centre, where it travelled just a trifle too far for Smith to gather, and Brown coming up with a run crossed it again, but Harold was offside, and a very pretty effort was spoiled.

Leyton's first real run down was commenced with a pass from Robertson to Durrant, and with "Jamie" practically clear, matters looked rather ominous for Jarvis, but Durrant gave the ball too vigorous a kick and it went behind. It was a splendid opportunity thrown away. The first real shot Jarvis had to deal with came from Longworth, and this he caught and saved in good style. It appeared even at this early stage that although Luton were quite holding their own in midfield, Leyton secured the more promising openings. Renneville got one such in an unexpected manner, and he let drive before Chapman could catch him, but the ball went yards over Jarvis's head.

Luton were the first to force a corner kick, but this was headed away by Buchanan, and the ball was promptly taken down the field by the home right-wing pair. Fortunately, Trueman was able to intercept a pass from Robertson, and he placed the ball over the line. At the opposite end of the field F. Hawkes tried a bit of individual play, and cleverly tricking a couple of the home defenders, he attempted a shot on his own, but he got his toe too far under the ball, and it went well over the bar. Just here, however, the Leytonians were mostly the attacking party, and Gray put in several long drives, one of which went in at a good pace, but just a trifle wide. Again, Renneville got clean through on his own, and a score seemed certain, but Jarvis, rushing out, caused him to take his shot hurriedly, and the ball went yards over.

Brown had been almost a spectator for the first half an hour, but getting the ball near the half-way line he raced away, beating all opposition, and planted it right into the mouth of goal. Whitbourne managed to catch it before Smith could reach it, but the Luton centre tried to rush it through, and Whitbourne in his anxiety dropped the ball. Smith and Quinn charged into him at the same moment, and the referee blew his whistle and awarded the home team a foul.

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Eight minutes before half-time the opening goal came along, and it went to Leyton as a result of a right-wing burst through. Durrant passed the ball to his inside partner, and Robertson just taking it a few yards, put in a fine cross grounder which gave Jarvis no chance whatever. A minute later Luton's citadel was again endangered, Robertson hitting the bar with a shot which apparently deceived Jarvis, for he made no movement to stop it. Luton came nearest to equalising through some pretty work on the part of Quinn in midfield, and he finished up with a pass right over to Stansfield, who was, however, pulled up for offside. No doubt the decision was a correct one, but it was a very near thing, and Quinn's effort deserved a better fate. Just before the interval Ryder managed to place the ball by Jarvis, but he was obviously offside, and Leyton were able to claim the advantage by the narrowest possible margin when the whistle went for half-time.

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Luton started the second half in good style, and Smith put in a real good shot from long range, but it travelled wide for a goal kick. Keeping up the pressure a corner was forced, and Moody all but netted with one of his well-known headers, and for a few minutes it appeared Luton would make a real bid for honours. But during one attack Smith's ankle got badly tapped, and the game was stopped for a couple of minutes. He did not come off the field, but it was obvious he was rather badly crocked, and he took little or no part in the game for some time.

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Naturally Leyton had more of the play once more, and Kirwan getting away, drove the ball well across the goal-mouth, and it came out to Durrant, who was only about five or six yards from Jarvis, and "Jamie" let drive with a first-time effort. Jarvis, however, managed to drop on the ball and just push it away. A minute later Jarvis brought off another fine save from a pot-shot by Renneville, although once more he fell in getting at the ball. Durrant meeting a long pass from the opposite wing, essayed a shot, but he was yards too high in elevation.

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Stansfield then transferred operations, and taking the ball well down the field before putting in his centre, an equaliser appeared quite possible, but Moody, with a rather wild shot, spoilt the opportunity by placing wide. On the opposite wing Brown and Quinn managed to clear the regular opposition, and Longworth was compelled to dash across to the rescue in the nick of time. Again danger threatened from Brown, who worked right into the centre of the field, and then tried hard to score, but he failed badly at finding the target. Quite the best shot of the match was put in by Trueman, and Whitbourne was rather lucky to tip it over the bar as it appeared to be sailing into the extreme corner. A

goal hereabouts would have been most welcome, but the efforts put in by the Luton attack fell away once again, and Jarvis was kept busy. First a long shot from Hunt was dropped by Dick and only saved at a second attempt, while Durrant got away in his well-known style, only to discover he had outrun his own comrades as well as the defenders, and his centre went begging.

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A single-goal defeat seemed the most probable ending to the game, when, about ten minutes before the finish, Renneville burst through the centre and wound up with a shot which beat Jarvis all the way. This goal, of course, coming at so late a stage, quite spoilt any chance Luton might have had. But it was a very near thing for a goal against Whitbourne from a dropping centre from Brown which Longworth headed back almost through his own goal, but the Leyton custodian just caught the ball and got it away.

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The only remaining incident of note was a foolish action on the part of Hedley, and it is difficult to understand how he came to risk a penalty kick under the circumstances. The ball was kicked well up the field towards the Luton goal, and Hedley was the first to reach it, Renneville being just behind him but not near enough to get at the ball. Hedley was facing Jarvis, and kicked the ball back to his goalkeeper, who had just picked it up with a view to clearing, and certainly there was not the slightest danger of a goal, when Hedley, acting upon some extraordinary impulse, sent Renneville flying, and he dropped down like a log well inside the fatal area.

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The referee not being sure in his own mind whether the actual offence took place inside the penalty area, consulted his linesmen, who both agreed it was inside. Buchanan took the kick, and Jarvis knocked his shot down in fine style. Buchanan rushing up in company with another comrade, tried to improve the opportunity with a second attempt, but again Jarvis prevented the ball going through, making a daring dive for it practically off Buchanan's toe, but he could not clear, and Renneville dashing up, drove through an open goal.

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The two goals near the close gave Leyton a bigger victory than they deserved on the play. Indeed, if they had won by the goal scored in the first half they could not have complained of their luck at all. The game as a whole was a disappointment, for right through the exchanges were comparatively tame, and the play was not nearly so interesting to watch as that against Watford the previous Wednesday. Jarvis was not to blame in the least, and both Hedley and Chapman played and tackled well individually, but somehow they fail to back one another up, and if either is beaten the opposing forwards appear to have only Jarvis to encounter.

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The Luton half-back line compared favourably with Leyton, and Trueman quite justified his selection, showing to more advantage, if anything, than in his previous game. Forward, chief honours must be given to Stansfield and Smith, whose work, especially before the latter's injury, was certainly deserving of some reward. Brown did not get a deal of work, and was only seen at intervals, greatly to his own disappointment, as he expressed after the match, being at home, so to speak, at Leyton, and naturally anxious to do well.

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On the Leyton side Hunt was undoubtedly the biggest failure, and I should not be far wrong in classing him as the weakest player of the whole twenty-two. He does not appear to be in condition at this early stage of the season, while his movements were very clumsy as a rule. Durrant was naturally closely watched, but Trueman stuck to him in good style, while his duels with Hedley were practically equal in results, and at the finish neither player could claim to be the victor. It was rather in the nature of a surprise to find our old friend Busby blossoming into a Southern League full back, but he defended in good style and was by no means disgraced.