

FOOTBALL NOTES and NEW

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

LUTON v. CROYDON COMMON.

A WRETCHED DISPLAY.

Luton Town really eclipsed themselves on Saturday, when they received a visit from Croydon Common. A more wretched display has not been seen on the Ivy-road ground for a long time. One did not expect to see the visitors play a great game, but as things turned out, it was only Croydon who played at all. There were several changes, the teams being:—

Luton: Fry; Chapman, Hedley; F. Hawkes, Jones, Trueman; "Brown," Quinn, Smith, Moody, Stansfield.

Croydon Common: Hewitson; Christie and Taylor; Yenson, Boden, and Hadley; Frost, Colpus, Gorman, Gittins, Hodgkinson. Jarvis is laid up "queer."

The weather was ideal, and the crowd numbered between five and six thousand. The visitors won the spin, and opened the attack, but Luton were soon at the other end, where Smith tried a shot, but sent wide. Croydon got away on the right, and Frost centred. Chapman effected a clearance, but Boden shot in again without result. Croydon continued to press, and Hadley, obtaining, sent over the bar. Luton now broke away, but offside brought them back. "Brown" ran down the Luton right, but Taylor cleared, and Croydon obtained a corner. This was followed by another, both being safely cleared by the defence.

The game somewhat improved. Luton maintained the pressure, and after Stansfield had centred smartly, Christie cleared. The ineffectiveness of the Luton forwards was very disappointing, and Hawkes showed the way with a fine individual effort, but Hewitson saved his shot in splendid fashion. Towards the interval, Croydon had more of the game, but the defence on each side was too good for the attack, and half time arrived with no score.

Resuming, Croydon attacked at once, and forced a fruitless corner. Luton speedily retaliated, however, and from an excellent position Moody skied the ball high over the bar. Following another fruitless corner, well cleared by Yenson, Luton again pressed in most threatening style, and it took a supreme effort on the part of Hewitson to keep out one beautiful shot by Moody. A good run by the visitors' left was responsible for the venue changing again, and in repulsing a dash by their left wing the home defence were forced to concede a corner. From this Frost headed a splendid goal.

Luton were soon attacking briskly to get on terms, but their forward work was somewhat ragged and spasmodic, and they found the Croydon defence too sound to be beaten easily. Taylor particularly was in the most brilliant form, and his kicking frequently extricated his side from an awkward position. But Luton managed to circumvent the strong defence opposed to them before the end, and Quinn prevented Croydon from snatching a victory by equalising a minute or so before the final whistle blew with the score:

Luton Town 1 goal, Croydon Common 1.

So disgusted were the majority of the Luton spectators with the performance of the Blues that they frequently cheered to encourage the visitors. After the chances they had missed, it would have served Luton right well if they had lost. As a matter of fact, the locals never looked like even drawing level, and the shot from which Quinn scored would not have ordinarily found the net once in a score times.

Luton's defence was as weak as water. Chapman was all the time at sea, and Hedley was frequently shaky. But what about the halves? One has never seen the middle line give such an exhibition. Jones could do nothing right, and Fred Hawkes was little better; Trueman was the only trier of the trio. The least said about the halves' doings on Saturday the better. The forwards, too, lacked every sort of combination, and they should commence to learn to shoot. On the whole the game was little better than a fiasco. But it has a serious side. Such a performance is not likely to improve the gates. Let us hope that it was only a case of Saturday being Luton's day off.