

EXETER JUST GET HOME.

EXETER CITY 1 goal.
LUTON TOWN nil.

EXETER CITY. — Pym; Pollard, Feebury; Crawshaw, Carrick, Green; Appleton, Makin, Shields, Vowles, Dockray.

LUTON TOWN. — Bailey; Lennon, Semple; Molyneux, Roe, Walsh; McKechnie, Butcher, Simms, Mathieson, Bookman.

Referee.—E. Tolfree, Southampton.

In my first wire from Exeter on Saturday I referred to the number of smiles we saw among the good people of the ancient city. Well, there were more when we came away. We hadn't time to take note of all, but Exeter people were quite pleased with Luton because the City won. It would be almost niggardly to deny the Exonians the right to victory. Certainly they were not as good footballers as Luton, but they were in, oh, such deadly earnest! They started at a good pace and they kept it up right to the end of a pleasantly contested game, and they danced with delight when they were able to go away with the spoils. The average spectator suffered the whole gamut of emotion in the first half, but a joy wave swept over the ground just after the interval when the news came through that Northampton were beating Brentford by two clear goals—for, mind you, while Brentford and Gillingham continue in the dumps, Exeter are not safe from relegation. And I hope to visit Exeter again. It is a very nice place, and the only annoyance to those of us in the Press circle was the raucous voice of an enthusiast who declaimed periodically that this or that man of the "Grecians" was

SELLING THE MATCH.

That was when things were going badly, but when things were going well he was better than a jazz band. Exeter's team was only slightly improved from the previous week, and they were fortunate in catching the Town so weakly represented in the first place, and in the second that Simms was practically incapacitated shortly after the start and could afterwards not kick the ball without incurrance of severe pain. Walsh's knee went a bit awry, and Arthur Roe got a very bad kick on the calf in the second half. Simms' injury was due to a kick on the leg above the knee when Pym ran out to take part in a scramble. I am afraid it would have been a bad day for the Exonians if Simms had been able to retain his place. They were energetic, but certainly are not skilful enough as a side to keep pace with a fast and balanced side. They did a lot more pressing than Luton because they relied on fast rushing tactics and Luton were disposed to go for combination, and, fortunately for Exeter, the Town forwards were not able to settle down after Simms' mishap, and so they failed to drive home their chances. Of actual chances of winning the game, I think Luton had rather the more, for although Bailey had a trifle more work than Pym, there was not the same method and coolness individually among the "Grecians" as among Luton at the supreme moment for the consummation of attack.

THE ONLY GOAL.

of the match was scored from the first corner won by Exeter, twenty-five minutes after the interval. Dockray placed the flag-kick well, but it seemed to be quite safe among Luton defenders when Vowles suddenly managed to get a lunge at it, and it struck the bar and fell behind Bailey into the net. The Town custodian had no chance to save. There had been thrills at the other end before this, but the worst for the Exonians was to come, and it was an effort that deserved a goal. Bookman got the ball and made a brilliant run in which he beat both Crawshaw and Pollard with ease. As Feebury ran across Bookman shot. The ball went right past Pym, struck the bar at the opposite end of the goal, and came out. It was a great effort, and was loudly applauded. Another escape was due to the magnanimity of McKechnie. Pollard clean missed his kick in front of goal and McKechnie dashed in. Had he shot at once Pym might have been beaten comfortably, but he tried to turn round with the ball and was at once mobbed by defenders and the ball got away.

There were two or three occasions when the Town might have drawn level could they have rammed home their attacks, but they could not, and so the game ended with the "Grecians" masters by the only goal.

Never reaching a particularly high standard, the football was yet

BRIGHT AND LIVELY.

and considering the conditions a very fast pace was maintained. Man for man the "Hatters" had a cleverer side, but they never played with the almost tearful desperation which marked the efforts of the "Grecians," and it was quite easy to judge the feelings of the players from the agony of the crowd. Indeed, for some it must have been positively intense. In the opening half the "Grecians" made the pace, but it was largely a case of "much cry, little wool." The Town halves were not easily beaten, and the backs were reliable. Bailey's most difficult work in the first half was from a centre rather than a shot by Green, the ball coming awkwardly and fast along the rough ground, and two or three forwards hotly closing in, Bailey just tapped the ball out of the way of Shields and then picked it up and sent clear. In the second half his best was evoked by a great onslaught soon after the goal was scored, and thrice in quick succession he got the ball away grandly from among a crowd of players.

Pym's best in the first half was probably when he never touched the ball. He ran out at the right moment and forced McKechnie to shoot hurriedly, and the ball went wide. In the second half, however, he made quite

A LOT OF FINE SAVES.

and from a corner he dashed out and took the ball from a scrimmage when a goal seemed certain, while once he fell at full length and turned the ball round the post when the crowd were gasping "Goal!" Much of the play was in midfield, however, and in dribbling and manoeuvring the

Town were superior, especially in the second half. Throughout the game, however, the ball was in the air too much, and the Exeter backs and halves gave it a lot of boot.

Of the players individually, Pym again proved his excellence as a custodian. Pollard is not so good a back as Colebourne, and I am afraid he would have found the Town left wing much too strong had there been much importance attaching to the game from their point of view. He is fairly fast, although not able to keep pace with Bookman, and he kicks well, but his judgment was occasionally at fault. Feebury again played well, kicking a good length and playing "with his head." Carrick was the pick of the halves, from a "spoiling" standpoint, and got through a tremendous lot of work, but for footwork and clever feeding of the forwards, Green was the better, and he made several sparkling dribbles. Crawshaw found Bookman too fast, and Mathieson too clever, and big Dockray was the most dangerous forward, but apt to get petulant, and it is evident that the crowd have spoiled him. When he changed places with Shields late in the second half he started to show how the Town defence could be rushed, and was pulled up for fouling several times. Shields was only a rusher at centre-forward, but Vowles was a hard worker, and did he know how to shoot low he would be fifty per cent.

MORE DANGEROUS.

Makin and Appleton were a nice wing, too, but had a tendency to overdo the close passing.

Bailey kept goal with skill and confidence, and was blameless. Lennon and Semple were a steady, resolute pair of backs, and although occasionally puzzled by the swift rushes of the home forwards, they kicked well. Both played with nice judgment, and Lennon invariably had Shields mastered by cute side-stepping as he took the ball from the ex-Huddersfield man's toe. Semple was also cool and smart in both kicking and tackling, and he never gave ground until the closing stages. Roe was the best half. He played brainy football, and his headwork was equalled by the deftness with which he piled his forwards with smart ground passes. Walsh started well, but his knee injury affected his work for a long period. Molyneux worked with Lennon in excellent understanding, and Dockray found him an awkward customer, even when the Luton man was playing well within himself. It was a lucky thing for Exeter that Simms was put out of action so early on. His move to the extreme right disorganised the front line, for McKechnie was not a success in the centre. He had started fairly well on the wing, and it was perhaps unlucky for him that he also had to play out of position. We missed the opportunism in front of goal that characterises Simms' work. Butcher did not play so well at inside-right as at inside-left, but he was very tricky, and harassed the defenders ever so much. Mathieson's footcraft frequently brought applause, and some of his dribbling within a space of a yard or two fairly non-plussed the City defence. He gave Bookman some fine passes, too, and in the second half we had glimpses of the little winger's best. One effort was well worth a goal, but the ball glanced off the face of the bar with Pym well beaten at the other end of the goal. If the pair are in form in the International match next Saturday it will be a woeful day for Wales.

Mr. Tolfree refereed the game fairly well, although rather too fond of the whistle, and he was inclined to penalise the fiercest charges. His khaki shorts rather tickled the crowd, but they were incensed at several of his decisions.

ATHENIAN LEAGUE.

Luton Clarence v. Metrogas.

(By TRAVELLER).

About 1,300 spectators saw a fast game at Dunstable under conditions more suited to cricket than football. Lane, the Clarence captain, was still suffering from injuries received during the holidays, so Hands came in at outside right. Litchfield re-appeared at right back. The rest of the team was the same as played at Earlsfield on Easter Monday. Metrogas brought down a strong team.

CLARENCE.—Fryer; Litchfield, Evans; Stimson, Chamberlain, Riddell; Hands, Seabrook, Ford, Hoar, Plester.

METROGAS.—Steward; Morgan, Lawford; Grant, Whitmarsh, Howard; Devlin, Long, Calvert, King, Harding.

Referee: Mr. J. F. Ricketts, London. Riddell signalled his first appearance in charge of the team by winning the toss, and set the "Gasmen" to kick up the slope.

From the kick off, the Clarence right combined in a clever run, but Hands put behind. Five minutes later Riddell sent Plester away, the outside left cleverly eluded Grant and then put a splendid centre to FORD, who flashed the ball into the net, giving Steward no chance.

Devlin topped a fine run with a hard drive, but Fryer cleared well. Hands secured after some tricky work, and passed to Seabrook, who forced Steward to concede a corner in clearing a hot shot.

After some even play, a neat pass from Harding saw Calvert hit the cross-bar with a fine effort. A rush to the other end looked dangerous, but Morgan cleared well.

Metrogas forced a corner, but the shot went behind. Ford was well away, and had only Steward to beat when he handled the ball. From the free kick, King secured and slipped the ball to Calvert, who tested Fryer with a "stinger," but the "Magpie" goalie was sound and cleared cleverly.

Clarence then took the upper hand, and Plester hit the bar with a brilliant shot which had Harding well beaten. Hoar just missed with a fine low drive.

A breakaway by the "Gasmen's" left forced Litchfield to concede a corner. An exciting melee in front of goal resulted, from which Fryer emerged with flying colours.

Another fine run and equally fine pass