

SOUTHEND SHUNTED.

LUTON TOWN 4 goals
SOUTHEND UNITED nil

LUTON TOWN.—Bailey: Semple, Tirrell; Molyneux, Parker, Walsh; Hoar, Butcher, Simms, Mathieson, Bookman.

SOUTHEND UNITED.—W. Mather; Lawson, Evans; Wileman, Shaw, Martin; Baldwin, Myers, E. Mather, Walters, Dorratt.

Referee.—T. J. Duke, London.

Had the score been fourteen instead of four it could hardly have exaggerated the superiority of the Town team over the Seaside. Neither Reading nor Gillingham, who were defeated by 6-0 and 5-0 respectively, gave such a poor show as did Southend. There were misfortunes in the shape of injuries for the two first-named clubs when they came to Luton, but last night Southend had no complaint on such grounds. They were a beaten and baffled side from the first minute, and only the unsteadiness of the Town forwards in front of goal prevented a record score. If the Town players had only borne in mind the fact that the biggest League score of the season was recorded against them they might have transferred the indignity to the "Shrimpers." Over and over again, with almost monotonous frequency, the Town forwards appeared to have the Southend goal at their mercy, and the ball either skidded outside, hit a defender or the framework, or the man in possession dawdled until the frantic defenders managed to rob him. There was the old fault of easing up, too, and I know of no team other than Luton who neglect their opportunities to improve goal average to the extent that Luton do. It is not only bad policy, but it is unfair to the defence and unfair to the spectators. The people who pay to see the game like to see goals, and there should be no limitation of effort in this direction. Nevertheless, we were all delighted with the exhibition the Town gave, and if they can

repeat the form at Gillingham next Saturday they should finish up the season in something like their best style.

Tirrell was fortunate in winning the toss, for the brilliant sunshine had given place to threatening skies, and there was a gentle patter of rain, and a glimmer of lightning a long way off, when E. Mather started in the presence of about six thousand spectators. The wind was strong at the backs of the Town, and soon the home forwards were peppering away at goal. Two corners were forced and from one Simms headed well in, but W. Mather fisted the ball on to the bar, whence it recoiled out of reach of the Town forwards. Southend's backs struggled gamely to beat back dashing attacks, but their goal underwent a siege for several minutes. Hoar was constantly in evidence, and his pace and ball control harassed the Southend backs to a great extent. Neither Martin nor Evans could hold him, and it was largely due to the astuteness of Butcher that the winger got so many chances. This nippiness was the foundation of the trouble that seems inevitable when these teams meet, for Evans flung himself at Butcher and fouled him, and then at Hoar with such fierceness that the referee took a hand, but the bad blood continued right to the end of the game. A couple of free kicks on the edge of the penalty area, due to Evans' indiscretions, nearly wrought the downfall of the Southend goal, for the ball could not be got away, and many corners were forced. Thrice was Simms only a few inches out of his reckoning with headers, and W. Mather got the ball away cleverly on a dozen occasions, while Simms missed the simplest of chances. Only once did the visitors get away in the first twenty minutes, and then Dorsett made the running, but shot outside. However, the pressure was bound to tell, and at the end of 25 minutes Butcher and Hoar swept through the defence, and the latter gently tapped the ball over for Simms to score with a shot that went right

AWAY FROM THE GOALKEEPER

into the farther end of the net.

A moment later the scheme was repeated,

but Simms failed to tap the ball through. It went to Bookman, who returned it, and Simms netted, but the referee gave Simms offside. The pressure on the Southend goal was never relaxed, and Simms was provided with a lot of work by his colleagues, but he was dogged by Shaw almost every stride he took. Southend's right suddenly got going when most of the home defence were on the middle line. Baldwin showed fine speed, and he flashed the ball across goal at a great pace. Then came another dash by Hoar, and Simms careered between the backs and ran right in, but Mather ran out and blocked the ball, both players falling over, and the ball waiting until a defender could boot it away. Again Hoar came through, and this time SIMMS met the ball on the run and beat Mather with a first-time shot that he never saw.

And at the interval the score read:

LUTON TOWN	2 goals
SOUTHEND UNITED	nil

Rain made the ground rather treacherous and the ball heavy and greasy, but the wind had softened considerably, and the Town at once resumed the offensive. The visitors were penned in, and Mather saved half a dozen shots, while Molynaux had hard luck with a couple of terrific shots that struck defenders. Simms and Butcher just missed, and Hoar kept plunking the ball in the middle with such accuracy that the visitors were at their wits' ends. A further goal could not be avoided from the amount of pressure exerted, and Simms was crowded every time he got the ball. The goal came from an unexpected quarter, however. Hoar had possession, and dribbling through as if to square, several men rushed to Simms, but HOAR banged the ball in at a truly terrific pace, close to the ground, and Mather was well beaten, in spite of a gallant effort to save.

Immediately afterwards a loud shout was raised for a goal as Hoar again crashed the ball in, and the goalkeeper appeared to grasp it as it was over the line. Then Simms just missed with a great shot from a free kick close to the penalty area. Bookman was also taking a livelier interest in the proceedings, thanks to nursing by Mathieson, and with fouls very frequent against the Seaside, Luton kept up something like a bombardment. Corner after corner fell to the Town, but the visitors gamely kicked out, and from a well-placed centre by Hoar Simms headed into the net, but was given offside. Then from Hoar's well-placed corner kick the ball came over to BOOKMAN and he lifted it into the farther corner of the net.

The Town now went in for a lot of

GALLERY PLAY.

Butcher and Simms made sad errors after smart footwork. Southend could scarcely do anything worthy of mention except in defence, Dorsett being practically the only man to show quality, and it was largely due to his work that Bailey had a couple of hot shots to stop, but the Town were soon at it again; forwards and halves were shooting often, but they failed to get through again, and the game ended as stated.

Southend caught the Town in something like their Cup-tie form, and they were made to look a very poor side. Yet they worked hard and well, but I believe they would have been beaten very severely indeed but for too frequent disregard of rules. Far too many fouls were given away by their backs, and the number of corners was excessive. The fault of the defeat could hardly be laid upon the backs, however, for the middle

men were run off their legs, and were neither fast enough nor skilful enough to cope with the Town forwards. W. Mather had an unfortunate experience, but he showed promise as a goalkeeper, and he made some rattling good saves. Lawson was the smarter and the cleaner back, while Martin played a clean game against a very warm wing. Shaw also put up a good game, and Wileman was vigorous as usual. Dorsett was the only forward to show anything approaching class form, and he was well watched.

Bailey had something like a holiday. Semple was safe, and his inclusion as deputy for Lennon did not weaken the side. Tirrell played his customary strong game and was seldom at fault. The half-back line deserved high praise, however, for they had a thorough grip of the game throughout. The Southend forwards could not shake off this grip at any part of the game, and the ball was placed to the home forwards very nicely, in spite of the difficulty of control as the rain made conditions worse. Back in his right place Parker rose to something like his very best, and the young Southend centre could do nothing against him. Molyneux had lively opponents in Dorsett and Walters, and in spite of being rather badly crippled by his footgear, he played splendidly, and his feeding was much better than usual. Walsh was very strong and enthusiastic, and played his best game as a member of the first eleven. The shining light in a brilliant forward line was Hoar. He had no equal on the field, and he was absolutely at his best. Seldom, indeed, did he lose the ball, and neither Martin nor Evans could deal with him effectively single-handed. From his centres alone a dozen goals might well have accrued, and he certainly deserved his goal. He owed a tremendous lot to the intelligence of Butcher, who was as tricky as in his most palmy days, and he sent his partner away time after time by means of lovely passes. Simms has again broken his spell of ill-luck. He was in rather patchy mood, for he missed many chances, and yet he occasionally forged through in inimitable fashion and had hard luck with many shots.

while his passing was very true. Mathieson showed his best footcraft, and he was always concerned with the making of openings for Simms. As a ball controller he had no superior, and his only fault was that he wanted Simms to get all the goals. Bookman did better than in many recent games, though he never got the amount of work that Hoar did, and he scored a clever goal.

Mr. Duke was hardly the referee for such a game where tradition plays such an important part, but, on the whole, he did pretty well.