

"SHRIMPERS" SURPRISED.

LUTON TOWN'S HANDSOME WIN AT SOUTHEND.

Great Goalkeeping by Gibbon.

(By "CRUSADER.")

At Southend.

SOUTHEND UNITED 1 goal

LUTON TOWN 3 goals

SOUTHEND UNITED.—Hall; Bissett, Evans (J. H.); Halley, Dorey, Booth; Firth, Dobson, Goodwin, Slater, Davis.

LUTON TOWN.—Gibbon; Lennon, Tirrell; Molyneux, Jennings, Roe; Hoar, Butcher, Reid, Hoten, Clarkson.

Referee.—Mr. H. J. Weber, London.

Years ago I lived in the East of London, and I remember a gentleman, on being asked why he did not follow the examples of many others by going down to Southend to live, remarking, "Well, the more of you go down there the healthier it is for those that stay behind." It was an ungentle dig, but those of us who journeyed to the Thames estuary on Saturday felt that it contained no little truth. For the first time I heard a visiting team and a referee hooted as they stepped on to the pitch. Fortunately there were some had the decency to counter the unsportsmanlike action by applauding. It made no impression on the Town players so far as one could see, but the game had not long been in progress before I was wondering just how it had affected the referee, for it seemed inevitable that every appeal by the "Shrimpers" and their followers awoke a responsive chord in the whistle, while, on the other hand, the Town players could get no similar advantage. So pronounced was the feeling among the Town players that they were not getting



Sid Hoar.

EQUAL TREATMENT.

That, towards the end of the game, they were tackling in a manner that hardly deserved the name, and Jennings was in such a frame of mind that he hardly dare go near Goodwin in the penalty area in the later stages of the game. And in recording that the goal Goodwin scored was about the first time he had a reasonable chance to shoot without embarrassment, I am giving as eloquent an indication of the feeling of the Town players as any rational mind will need. The victory was well and deservedly won; the goals were unquestionably good; and the Town defence were playing so well that at the interval I felt certain of success. It was claimed, and with some reason, that Southend were the better side. They were on the balance of play, for in the first 20 minutes and for the greater part of the second half they did an immense amount of pressing, and in these periods the Town goal had some remarkable escapes. The superiority of the "Shrimpers" in the first 20 minutes none can gainsay, but it was obvious that their

HEAVY PRESSURE

In the second half was largely a question of tactics. When a side is three goals up at the interval the main consideration is not the increase of the advantage, but the protection of it, and it was clear very early in the second half that the Town were going to concentrate on defence, and they did it with conspicuous success.

The game was cleaner than that at Luton. It was played under better conditions so far as weather and ground were concerned, but most of the players also seemed anxious to eschew a repetition of the incidents of the previous week. Not a little of this may have been due to the fact that Woodland was absent from the home side—the match-card said it was "owing to an injury received last Saturday." Booth, his deputy, is as boisterous a player as Woodland, but he was much cleaner, and he and Roe (for Walker) were the only two changes from the teams of the previous week. Nevertheless, Mr. Weber was quite unsatisfactory as a referee, and Jennings seemed to be pulled up every time he got near a man.

ONE INSTANCE

will serve to illustrate how he got "lost." He whistled a home winger "offside," and Jennings took ball and man as the centre came across, so the whistle went again and a free kick was given against Jennings.

To the Town defence must go the chief meed of praise, for Gibbon and his backs withstood tremendous pressure, and with the halves they never gave the home attack any time to consummate smart midfield work. If Goodwin could only have had time to shoot I do not doubt that a different result would have been recorded, but it was from his colleagues that the hard work came. The centre-forward led his men well enough, and was always a dangerous handful, but he got precious little room or time to take aim, and even his success was the result of a first-time shot—a beautiful effort from about 22

yards' range, but it was too late in the game for any serious menace to the result if the Town defenders could maintain their high standard.

In the first 20 minutes Hall had nothing to do, whereas Gibbon moved the spectators to admiration by his

BRILLIANT WORK.

He saved magnificently time after time, and it was just as much due to his great work as to Hoten that we got the lead after twenty minutes. At the end of that time Tirrell lammed the ball towards the Southend goal. It was going pretty fast and about knee high when Evans kicked at it but failed to get hold of it properly, and the ball slipped off his boot. Quick as thought HOTEN rushed him, snapped up the ball, and as Hall framed for a left foot drive to his left, Hoten crashed it hard and true with his right foot to the keeper's right. This goal was a tonic, and the Town had the better of the game to the interval. Butcher and Hoten did some mazy work, and then with the defence drawn into the centre, Hoten shoved the ball out to Clarkson. Bisset and Halley had mislaid their vigilance and could only look askance as Clarkson ran in. Evans came across, but the winger lobbed the ball on to REID'S head, and he skilfully directed it into the net away from Hall. Then Butcher, Hoar, and Molyneux beat the defence, and the Town winger sent in a high shot. Hall tried to punch away, but the ball was too high for him, and it came back from the face of the bar for REID to head into the net again. Twice the centre-forward had chances to complete his hat-trick, but

HE DALLIED

too long, and once as he ran in Hall laid him out with a short-arm jab as the ball sailed over the bar. So we held a substantial lead at the interval.

The second half was Southend's as far as attack went, but they were thwarted at every turn until 25 minutes had passed. Then Firth and Dobson, from whom chief trouble came, got a move on, and the latter slipped the ball into the middle for GOODWIN to shoot without hesitation, and Gibbon was beaten by a beautiful shot. Subsequently Goodwin had other shots, but never such another chance, and the game was won.

Gibbon gave a masterly display. Some of his saves, in the first half especially, seemed to border on the miraculous, and yet he made them simple by his judgment in positioning himself. He cannot have done better in all his experience, and he evoked the applause even of the "Shrimpers'" followers. To Lennon and Tirrell one might accord almost similar praise. They both gave of their best—sure kicking and clean earnest tackling. The halves once more proved a tough proposition, and all did exceedingly well. Jennings sometimes seemed to leave Goodwin too open, but the crack leader had so few shots at goal that it was obvious he was

TERRIBLY WORRIED

by the Town centre-half. Molyneux and Roe were in sterling fettle, and they covered the defence cleverly, besides taking a strong hand in attack. I have never seen Hoar have so little to do as in the second half, and we might have had a much bigger win had he got more, for he was too quick for Evans and Booth in the first portion. Clarkson again played nicely, and his centres were especially good, for they were nicely judged both for pace and direction. Reid was not seen much before he scored, but he improved with this encouragement. Butcher did a great deal of useful work without quite reaching his best form, and Hoten was the pick of the inside forwards, his work being quite as good as in the previous game, and he was a rare worry to the home backs.

Of the home team Bisset, Halley, Dobson, and Slater were the outstanding figures.

There were about 6,000 spectators present.

MATCH FOR MAYOR'S FUND.

"To-morrow" is the day of the match, but "to-night" you can buy a ticket for Luton v. Watford, the game to be played for the Mayor's Unemployment Fund. You may not be able to go to the match—you may be fortunate enough to be at work—but you can buy as many tickets as you wish, and every penny goes to the fund. There is no amusement tax to be deducted, no printing or other expenses to be paid, the players give their services, it only remains for you to do your bit.