

BAILEY BAGS A POINT.

FORMER LUTON KEEPER SHINES.

EXETER'S GRIM STRUGGLE.

LUTON TOWN 1
EXETER CITY 1

LUTON. — Brookes; Graham, Till; Walker, Jennings, Mills; Hoar, Cockle, Keen, Shankly, Dennis.

EXETER.—Bailey; Pollard, Flynn; Colebourn, Jones, Potter; Matthews, Pullan, Appleyard, Davis, Compton.

Referee.—Mr. H. V. Stott, Tamworth.

If the Exeter City players did not pass a vote of thanks to Harry Bailey when he reached the dressing room, then they are an ungrateful lot. It is not unusual for a player to leave one club because he is not quite suitable, or because he might be improved upon, and then to come and produce such form as to enable his club to carry off the booty. So it was last night, for Harry Bailey, the former Luton keeper, was on the top of his form, and gave a display as good as anything in his career. He had more than the average share of good fortune, but in view of the quality of his work generally he deserved it, and the crowd gave him a generous meed of praise.

With Anderson absent owing to injury, the right back position on the Town side was occupied by Graham, and Shankly was preferred to Hoten at inside-left, so there were two changes in each side, for the visitors had Flynn taking Charlton's place at left back, and Jones coming in at centre-half for Crompton.

There was a skirmish by the Town from the kick-off, and then a long kick forward found COMPTON unattended on the extreme left of Exeter's vanguard. Graham endeavoured to cut him off, but was not fast enough by a long margin, and the winger coolly shot the ball between Brookes and the upright to open the scoring for Exeter ninety seconds from the start. It was a big blow for the Town players, but the supporters took it none too seriously at the time, and when the home team set about their work from the kick-off it appeared as if the equaliser would not be long delayed. There were spells of neat footwork, but the pace of the ball was not well judged, and although the Town attack settled in the Exeter area for a spell, they could not get in a good shot. Several corners were forced, and once Keen appeared to have the goal at his mercy when Hoar centred, but the ball trickled harmlessly outside. Flynn was cautioned for a bad foul on Hoar, and it was obvious that the referee would not countenance improper conduct, and his warning had

A SALUTARY EFFECT.

The free kick brought a struggle, and Exeter were a long time before they could get the ball away from their headquarters. Eventually Pollard cleared after some fine saves by Bailey, and the City right wing got through, Brookes having to deal with an awkward dropping shot from Pullan, and a moment later a long one from Appleyard. The Town then returned, thanks to good work by Till and Jennings, and the latter put Keen away with a nice pass, but Flynn got the ball when it travelled too far for Keen, and he gave it to Bailey to clear. Compton was proving too smart for Walker and Graham, and but for the intensive work of Jennings and Till his centres must have been turned to account, for Appleyard was no stripling. Cockle put in some pretty touches, and the work of the Town forwards left only one thing to be desired—goals. Bailey made several very fine saves, and then Compton again threatened the Town goal, for he beat the defence and got across a nice centre, but Till cleared, and when the ball was returned Walker sent his right wing off. Hoar received and made a dazzling run, eluding three opponents, but Pollard cleverly intercepted a pass that was meant to give Keen a goal. Graham, who had been very slow and uncertain, now

DEVELOPED DASH.

and his play improved accordingly, and he lammed the ball into the Exeter goal area, and Bailey was twice tested. The City right wing got going, and Brookes saved smartly from Davis. Mills, who had been playing well, especially in attack, initiated another attack, and Bailey's goal had several narrow escapes before Hoar hit the side net with a hard shot. Bailey was again in the picture, and he elicited loud applause when he cleverly tipped over the bar a terrific drive from Jennings. The City defenders were now hard pressed, and Bailey made good saves from Shankly, Hoar, and Keen, while several shots whizzed close. It was some time before the siege was raised, and then Exeter caused more flutters at the other end, because the Town defenders seemed to lack co-ordina-

tion. The Town again moved against Bailey's charge, but the interval came with the score:—

EXETER CITY 1
LUTON TOWN 0

When the game was resumed the Town left wing made headway in great style, and Dennis centred well, but Flynn headed away. Then Shankly was dribbling through, when Pollard tripped him just outside the area, but the free kick came to nought. A City raid was stopped by Graham, and then Jennings fed Dennis, but the latter's shot was blocked by Pollard, and the subsequent flag-kick was got away; and a like concession a moment later ended in Cockle heading wide, Luton now set up

PIERCE PRESSURE.

but nothing came right, and Bailey was always safe. Jennings just missed the upright with a red-hot drive, and Keen and Hoar each shot close. By swinging passes the City got the ball into the home half, and it was only the wonderful work of Mills that extricated the Town defence from difficulty. He brought the ball clear and sent Dennis away, and from the latter's centre Bailey pushed the ball out for Jones to boot away. The Town attacked desperately, and once Shankly hit the top of the upright, but Bailey saved in great style. Another raid by Compton had the Town defence in a pickle, and had Matthews taken his time about it, he might well have scored, but he shot first time, and the ball was a yard wide. The Town swarmed to the attack again, and the Exeter players now concentrated almost entirely on defence. At one time, of the 22 players all except Brookes, Graham, Till and Compton were in the Exeter penalty area, but prettily though the Town forwards played, they could not break through. Hoar and Dennis kept dropping the ball into the goal-mouth, and the visiting defenders were kicking vigorously almost every minute. Bailey made

MANY FINE SAVES.

once snatching the ball from Shankly's toe, and eluding two or three forwards. Walker, Jennings, Mills, Graham and Till all had shots at goal, but the more fierce the pressure, the more strenuously did Bailey, and his backs and halves, defend. The Town's luck seemed dead out, for time after time the ball only wanted tapping through, but before that could be done one of the visitors had it. Suddenly Compton again shot away with an open field, and he centred well, for Appleyard to shoot in, but Brookes saved finely, and then came a desperate rally by the Town. Jennings and Mills each ploughed through, and many corners were forced, and from one of these Jennings had Bailey beaten, but the ball trickled outside. The spectators were kept in a roar of excitement, and when the equaliser came 43 minutes after the restart, the welkin rang with applause. Hoar and Dennis each placed corners well, and then from one of Hoar's, the ball dropped on Keen's head and thence to SHANKLY, who headed past Bailey. Keeping up the attack, the Town swept down again, and the game was prolonged because Pollard and Flynn each deliberately kicked the ball into the street, and all the Exeter players kicked out of play in order to stave off defeat. On the stroke of time Mills made a great shot, but Bailey took the ball cleverly, and the whistle sounded immediately afterwards with the score as above.

STRENUOUS AND EXCITING

As the game was, there was no feature, not even Bailey's goalkeeping, that gave more pleasure than the referee's handling of the game. The difference between him and the London referees was his determination that the game should be clean, his quickness of thought and action, and his strict compliance with the laws of the game. I hope he will be in charge when the Town visit Exeter. I don't suppose either side had a grumble about him, and when he spoke to Flynn for the first and almost the only bad foul of the game, it was obvious that the players would have to conform to his ruling or get off the field.

There can be no question that Harry Bailey was the man of the match. Against his old club he was sure to do big things, and if a less capable custodian had been there Luton would have won by a big margin. His anticipation was uncanny, his agility, his fielding and his clearances were all that could be desired: he had no earthly chance with

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