

Strenuous Struggle at Southend.

Luton Town's Many Misfortunes.

Dennis Plays in Dazed State.

(By "CRUSADER").

SOUTHEND UNITED 2
LUTON TOWN 1

SOUTHEND.—Hayes; Sayles, Donnelly; Jewhurst, O'Rawe, Edwards; Johnson, Bissett, McClelland, Dobson, Wolfe.

LUTON.—Brookes; Anderson, Graham, Mills, Jennings, Millar; Richards, Butcher, Kerr, Reid, Dennis.

Referee: Mr. E. Butler.

It would have been expecting a good deal on current form to feel that the Town had much chance at Southend, but if you ask the Town players themselves how they got on, they will tell you, to a man, that they made a draw, for when they were a man down late in the second half, and were playing at a pace and with a determination that made the home team concentrate wholly on defence and kick anywhere to avert an attack, Reid made a brilliant effort on the left wing, beating three men in a semi-circular tour, and wound up with a terrific shot that appeared a certain goal. Hayes dived, but the ball seemed to go under him, and then he rolled over, got it and cleared. The referee, who was well down the field, shook his head at the Town's great appeal, and then the crowd cheered with relief. I could not say that it was a goal, for from the heights of the grand stand it was almost impossible to see what one was writing, or to follow the play closely, but after the game I was told that one of the officials of the Southend club admitted that the ball was

WELL OVER THE LINE.

Under any circumstances, it was very unfortunate that the Town lost. Southend are a much better side than they have been at any time since the war, and where such teams as Swansea, Bristol City and Brighton have failed, little else could be anticipated for the Town's faring, especially after the exhibition they gave against Newport. But they are a different side away from home. On Saturday they played once more like a team, and although the United had slightly the better of the exchanges for long periods, the Town had their times of superiority, and in the last twenty minutes they almost outplayed the United save for one or two raids. Had Dennis been available, it is probable that they would have at least drawn level, for he and Reid were showing something of the form they gave at Bristol, but Dennis got hurt in a rough and tumble with Sayles, before the interval, and he had to receive attention. He came on again in the second half, and was doing well in fierce onslaughts on the home goal when two or three players were injured, for the home backs and Jewhurst did not stand on ceremony. Fred Westgarth had two players down at once, and there was also a Southend player hurt when

DENNIS COLLAPSED.

He was carried off, and it was not until the game was over that we were able to discover the reason. Actually, Dennis sustained concussion in the first half, but Westgarth brought him round at half-time by the use of restoratives, and he returned to the field apparently a trifle dazed. Westgarth, however, was dubious about the player's ability to last the game, and so it proved. Several times after the match he rallied, only to relapse into unconsciousness, but an hour's sleep in the train did wonders, and he was more like his cheery self when we reached Luton.

There was much slipping about and several good opportunities missed by both teams before Southend scored their first goal, rather luckily, perhaps, but JOHNSON deserved it, for he had artfully slipped into the middle after McClelland headed on to the bar, and a first-time shot left Brookes helpless to save. The second goal was different. It was just the sort of goal that

A FORWARD DREAMS ABOUT

more often than he gets. Following an attack by the Southend left wing, the ball came out to BISSETT, fully twenty yards distant, and he just hit it with all his might. It travelled fast and appeared to be going well wide of goal, but there was a lot of swerve on it, and it turned inwards. Brookes dived and just managed to touch the ball, but it struck the post and glanced into the net. The Town played harder than ever, and Dennis twice got the ball across into the middle after beating Sayles, and Hayes ran out the second time, but before he could get the ball, REID pounced on it and shot into the net as coolly as if he were at practice.

The second half found the United making desperate efforts to increase their lead, and they were awarded a penalty kick, but Brookes

SAVED MAGNIFICENTLY

O'Rawe's tremendous drive—one of the finest saves I have ever seen. After the game I went and asked Mr. Butler why he gave the penalty kick. He said, "Your right back handled. Brookes fisted out and the ball went to the toe of a forward and came back sharply. Anderson's hand went up and he touched the ball. Perhaps he couldn't help it, but he did it." I suggested that if he could not help it, there was no offence, and the defender should be given the benefit of the doubt. "Perhaps so," he said, "but I gave it. There was no harm done, for they didn't score from it." It was after this that Reid's little misfortune happened, and right on time Richards struck the post with a lightning shot, and there were two or three scenes in the home goal-mouth, but the end came with the Town defeated.

Everybody to whom I spoke at Southend wondered why Luton were so near the bottom of the League. They could not understand it. Nor could anyone else on the form they have been showing away from home, and in this game they deserved a point at the very least. There was something like combination again, and the middle men came back to their best form, while the backs and Brookes played with judgment and resourcefulness. Brookes made half-a-dozen splendid saves, and he had no chance with either of the shots that registered against him. Anderson and Graham did well, and they had to face forwards who

NEVER FLINCHED

a tackle or a charge. The halves were resolute, and Jennings had a tough time against Bissett and McClelland, both of whom bundled into him at every opportunity, but he stuck it and returned like for like, and there was not a lot of cavilling about it. Mills and Millar both showed up in something like their best, although I thought they wandered too far from the winger at times, and it was Johnson who did the most damage in the matter of leading raids. Forward, the play was much better than against Newport, and especially on the left wing. Reid hesitated now and then, but, on the whole, he was as good as any forward on the side, and his goal was neatly obtained. Richards got several nice passes, and he was not lacking in pluck, but his centres usually came high and too far forward, and did not give the inside men much chance. He

WILL COME ALONG,

however, and has plenty of time to make good. Butcher was as lively as ever, and did a lot of opening out, and Kerr harassed the backs, while Dennis, until his injury, always appeared likely to win the game off his own bat.

Southend have a good back in Sayles, the former Barnsley player, and it was clear in what school he had been brought up. O'Rawe played splendidly for an hour, but all the halves were tired long before the end, and had to call upon the forwards to assist. McClelland is a hustling sort of leader, and Bissett a clever and scheming forward, but Johnson was the most dangerous.

There were 5,000 spectators, and they showed their fondness for visiting sides in the usual way.