

"LIONS" ROUGH ON LUTON.

SEVEN GOALS SCORED AT NEW CROSS.

MILLWALL'S MIGHTY MEN.

(By "CRUSADER.")

MILLWALL ATHLETIC 7 Goals
LUTON TOWN Nil
MILLWALL—Fox, Gomm, Bryant; Chance, Moule, Landells, Dillimore, Gore.
LUTON—Purdy; Graham, Till; Anderson, Richards; Miller; Moffat, Thomson, Love, Shankly, Thompson

Referee: H. E. Gray, London.

This is the seventh attempt to survey the game at New Cross on Saturday, and I am determined to go through with it this time, whether satisfied or not with the result. The difficulty is not that there is so little to write about, but that I am so much for which I cannot find adequate descriptive language that could appear in print. Especially would I like to write an account of the refereeing of this match, but you stay-at-homes are rather sceptical unless you witness incompetence in so grotesque a degree as in this game. Grotesque is the mildest word I can use, and if I say that it was the worst exhibition I have seen since that fateful day two seasons ago, when Luton Town and Exeter City fought, you are bled, more or less, some of you, who say that affair will realise what my feelings were. Of Mr. Gray's handling of the game I will only say that the official in the type that can supplant men like J. T. Howcroft, then the future of the League game is threatened. Last week Newport County officials were cautioned for "entering the referee's dressing-room at Brentford; perhaps that fact kept the Luton officials from visiting Mr. Gray's quarters on Saturday, but if they allow the matter to end here then they

DESERVE ALL THEY GET

in future. I have no patience to refer further to him personally. I will give incidents as they appeared to me and those near me, and readers can judge for themselves.

Millwall were the better side and won on their merits, but that margin of seven goals flattered them, as the minutes during the game demonstrated. Had the game been properly controlled, we should have seen them win by three or four goals. They are a big, strong side, fast, well-balanced, and decidedly rough. Their roughness was no small factor in their success, and when a man of the frame and capacity for taking punishment, of the type of Richards, is sent off, only a few times in the course of the game, the disadvantage of such a player as Moffat requires no laboured description.

In Luton's first attack Love was running to head a ball, when Fort crashed into him from behind and smashed the Luton player's face into the ground. It was a cruel foul, and Love was carried off, and the ball dropped to restart play. Millwall spectators yelled at Fort to

"PLAY THE GAME."

The first goal came after twelve minutes. Till had done brilliant work in a warm attack in

which many offences were committed without intervention. After Purdy had made two or three good saves, Dillimore swung across a fine centre for LANDELLS to shoot a splendid goal. The Town played up well, but a vigorous defence drove them back, and the first half was just half-way through when Gore got away on the left. He centred very hard and the ball struck Graham, who could not have got out of the way. The crowd yelled "Penalty!" and penalty it was—

A GROSS BLUNDER.

AMOS took the kick and the ball struck the foot of the post and went into the net. Town, and everything was dead against them, but, on the principle that nothing succeeds like success, MILLWALL played harder than ever. LANDELLS dashed through to score the third goal, and then Gore, on the right, and the centre had rebounded from Till's foot, he shot hard in for Purdy to save, but the ball went straight back to Gore, and this time his shot struck the underside of the goal, and he followed Purdy. The home forwards were only beaten back after a fierce struggle. When it appeared as if the attack would break down, and the Town were having quite a nice bit of the play, there came an even worse penalty decision than before, and Graham was again the victim. A back-kick from a Luton player had cleared, but the ball came back again, a long shot going safely to Purdy. Landells came rushing up, and Graham got in front to repel him, but there was a fair shoulder charge. Graham staggered, and Landells went down. A half-hearted cry from the crowd for a penalty met with entirely unexpected reward, and there was a burst of derisive laughter as the referee pointed to the spot. In vain the Town protested, but the justice of the decision may be gauged from the way AMOS took the kick. He kicked it gently along the ground, and Purdy—

APPARENTLY DISGUSTED.

made no effort to prevent the ball going into the net. He looked at the referee as if he expected that worthy to applaud the goal. The Town made several attempts, but this time, and once again, Shankly had Fox beaten with a shot that hit the foot of the post, but the home team went away again, and Chance cured for LUTON to head the sixth goal. It was a bitter lemon-time for Luton, with the score:

MILLWALL 6 Goals
LUTON Nil

In the second half Jim Thompson and Love exchanged places, and this was all for the better. Love was not wholly recovered from his bruising in the first half, and the change was for the good. He had very much more of the play, and had they finished better, or Fox been less able in goal, Dillimore would have played a better game. The home players were prone to take advantage both of their big lead and their big stature.

There were several "incidents" when Richards made good, and once he "bagged" when he forgot his amateur status—kicked at Richards after he had been knocked over. There was only one goal in this half, however, and that was recorded to DILLIMORE, who was the result of

GALLERY PLAY

by Till, for Chance got away and centred for Dillimore to score at the second attempt.

It is hard to be sure that the changes made in the Town team were the sole cause of the defeat. The "Lions" would have beaten any team in their class on this form, especially a team of difference in physique like to Luton. The strength and vigour, allied to understanding and skill, gave the home team a decided superiority. These methods were simple. The backs and halves kicked hard and often, and the middle men kept the ball down very well. Landells and his wingers were always well on the field, and the inside wingers hung far back. Landells was always just on the verge of offside, but seldom quite there. His colleagues and halves gave him some head, and he was a very good player. The Town, though Dillimore was the cleverest of the line.

Purdy made some good saves, and might be forgiven for thinking that the methods that were tried could be the team. Till, apart from the responsibility of the last goal, was a great defender. His covering of the inside half was a constant menace in spite of his misfortunes, but up a good field. Miller was the pick of the halves, though he, too, was occasionally inclined to make a blunder.

NOT A CENTRE-HALF.

For whatever he may be in the sober Scottish football, he is not quite fast enough for the pivotal position in English football. He would give good help to his forwards, but he is better at right half. Anderson did many clever things, and is as good at half as at back, though he is a very severe one indeed. Norman Thomson was the most successful forward. His dribbling and passes were alike good. He was covered by his position, though he put in clever touches. Jim Thompson was, as usual, full of vim and willingness, and was a very good player. The Town were the second half, never wasted a ball and got over some nice centres.

The game, however, confirmed the opinion I expressed before, and in this football the little man has to be very good to compete with the big men. But it would have needed supermen to have defeated Millwall on Saturday.

There were 12,000 spectators.

Letchworth v. Vauxhall.

This game on Saturday opened fast and furious, neither team holding an advantage until, a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when Vauxhall saw his opportunity and drove in a terrific shot which scored. At half-time Letchworth were leading 1-4. After the resumption of play, the visitors settled down to a lively game and played the visitors to a standstill. F. Brown made some marvellous saves, but a quarter of an hour from half-time Letchworth were leading 1-5. The game was then a bit of a lull, and about 25 yards from goal let drive with a deceptive shot, which just curved into the net, leaving Brown helpless. The audience set to work to shout "Goal!" and the goal was scored. The goal was scored by J. Smith, F. Smith, J. Keesham, A. (Goalkeeper), F. Trussell, C. Evans, J. Lawson, S. Cook. Referee—W. J. Woods, Bedford.

LETCHEWORTH—Olney; Webster, Garwood, J. Sells, R. Brown, A. J. Cater; W. E. Davy, W. Howard, Ludwick, A. Tasker, H. H. Smith, F. Smith, J. Keesham, A. (Goalkeeper), F. Trussell, C. Evans, J. Lawson, S. Cook. Referee—W. J. Woods, Bedford.