

ROBERTS GOT TWO BUT LUTON'S LUCK DID NOT HOLD

CHAMPIONS WOKE UP LATE

By A. J. Webb

Luton Town 2, Sunderland 2

LUTON for a long time looked like providing the sensation of the round, not only by winning, but by setting up the highest score of the afternoon against the League champions.

A true reflex of how the game went would be a score of 6-2 in Luton's favour, but the Sunderland goal had amazing luck; not forgetting, of course, that Mapson made some wonderful saves.

On the other hand, Dolman had an easy time of it and not until a minute from the interval was he called upon to save a Sunderland shot. Then it was that Duns showed great speed and ball control to fire a low shot near the post.

Dolman had been so idle, in fact, that you could say almost that it was through "lack of practice" that he let two go past him in the second half.

Were Disappointing

Sunderland, until they obtained their first goal, by Connor, 15 minutes after the interval, had been very disappointing. Luton were mastering them in every department and the efforts of Johnston and Gorman to put the brake on Payne came off only once in ten times.

Payne's work was highly creditable. His judgment in tackling was remarkable, and time and again he took the ball from the toe of a defender with a neat side or back flick that always found a colleague.

Roberts gave him fine support, and after Roberts had had a great shot saved in equally great style within the first ten minutes, it was not surprising that he scored both Luton's goals.

His first was a neat header from a pass by Hodge. A long succession of corners to Luton followed, until Roberts burst his way clean through to score the second goal from about six yards.

Payne missed narrowly with a header and twice shot outside, but the greatest stroke of luck for Sunderland came when Hodge, with the ball and the goal all to himself, tamely tapped the ball to Mapson. An astonishing let-off.

Sunderland's defence had been playing poorly indeed. There was no question of being bundled off their game. They tackled weakly, frequently miskicked and were caught out of position with surprising regularity.

Like A Storm

The transformation came with the suddenness of a tropical storm. Mackay, as stout-hearted and honest-to-goodness a player as one could wish to find, made his first mistake by being enticed away from Connor by Gurney, who immediately flashed the ball out to the wing.

Connor cut in for a few yards and, with Nelson and Smith on the goalline and Dolman shaping for a save, crashed home a great shot.

Subsequently, Sunderland dazzled. Every line was inspired. Their speed improved and their kicking and tackling became precise and accurate.

Connor was rightly plied with passes and within five minutes put over a high centre that Dolman could only push out to Duns. A neat trap and Sunderland were level.

Roberts provided a last-minute thrill by kicking inches wide inside with Mapson on the ground. It would have been only justice had Luton won, as they must have done with a fair share of luck.

Luton.—Dolman; Mackay, Singh; Finlayson, Nelson, Fellows, Hodge, Sloan, Payne, Roberts, Stephenson.

Sunderland.—Mapson, Gorman, Hall; Thompson, Johnston, McNab, Duns, Carter, Gurney, Gallacher, Connor.