

ALL HEAPED PRAISE ON THE TOWN

"Luton are the most attractive team in the land."—"On this form they would have beaten any team in the country." These two "quotes" were typical of the praise heaped upon the Town F.C. by the national newspaper critics on Sunday and Monday, after that never-to-be forgotten 8-2 trouncing of Sunderland.

Seldom, if ever, has a team had a better "Press" than this.

Here are some more examples:

"On this form there can be no better forward line in the country than this Luton blend of skill and punch, brilliantly led by big-hearted Bob Morton."—"Empire News and Sunday Chronicle."

"Make no mistake about this, Luton would have beaten any team in the country."—"Sunday Graphic."

"It was a triumph of sound soccer strategy, inspired by a tremendous team spirit, against a bunch of individual artists who never matched the keen co-ordination of Luton."—"Sunday Pictorial,"

"It was just a case of eleven men hitting top form at the same time."—"News of the World."

"Sunderland were outpaced, outgeneralled, and never looked capable of holding this streamlined Luton who are capable of beating any team in the land on this form."—"Sunday Express."

"Never, never was there humiliation like this."—"The People."

"It's dangerous for a top-of-the-table team to visit Luton these days. In quick succession Luton, in the First Division for the first time, have toppled Blackpool from the lead, thrashed the champions, Wolves, 5-1, and put the skids under Sunderland."—"Sunday Dispatch."

"But for Sunderland's offside tactics Luton would have piled on more goals."—"Reynolds News."

"Luton . . . are a rewarding side, and one to watch. They are brimful of ideas, intelligent angled passing, and attack on the ground."—"The Times"

". . . But Luton, most underestimated team in the country, pour out champagne football before a mild and bitter crowd—a mere 26,000. The Sunderland 8-2 show was out of place. Here was a performance fit for the stages of Villa Park, Goodison or Highbury. Luton are the most attractive team in the land."—"Daily Sketch."

"The slaughter of Sunderland at Luton had to be seen to be believed. . . . Sunderland were simply scattered. They became a shambles."—"Daily Mirror."

"Bob Morton for England, says Luton. Why not?"—"Daily Herald."

LEADERS FORCED TO EAT HUMBLE PIE

Defence Could Not Cope With Great Town Attack

By Chiltern

LUTON TOWN 8, SUNDERLAND 2

"Is there any truth in the report circulating in Luton over the week-end that Sunderland demanded a re-count as they say only seven were scored against them?"

This is the text of a letter I have received this week. Nonsense, of course, but who could have been blamed had they lost track of the heavy scoring at Kenilworth-road last Saturday!

In one of the most sensational matches seen on the ground in years, the Town scored more goals than for the last 19 years and then they had to go back to their Third Division days to discover an equal output.

Sunderland came here as proud leaders with a run of six matches behind them without defeat. Confident they looked at the start, but these days the Town fear no team on their own ground.

Playing their fast, direct football, they looked the more dangerous team in the early stages, though Sunderland, playing their clever football at their own pace, gave the home fans some moments of misgiving during the early stages.

Among these was a shot by Shackleton, shrewdly directed, which would have beaten a lesser goalkeeper than Baynham, who made a glorious save which could well have been the turning point of the match.

To secure the first goal was quite an important factor in this encounter, especially as the Town had behind them the salutary lesson they learned at Villa Park the previous week.

When the 90 minutes they spent there without getting the ball into the net was increased by another half an hour on Saturday, they could have been forgiven for becoming a little anxious and it was perhaps significant that the first goal opened up the flood-gates on the biggest scoring spree we have seen in years.

PENALTY STARTED IT

It happened in the 31st minute when Fraser tried to atone for a mistake by pulling down Cullen from behind and the referee had no option but to award a penalty.

From the spot the sure-footed TURNER, who has a 100 per cent record in this respect, blazed the ball past the helpless goalkeeper, who was also completely beaten four minutes later when CULLEN produced a tremendous shot from 25 yards that simply smacked into the back of the net.

After that, the Town never looked back. With four minutes of the first half left, ADAM ran smack on to a low centre by Turner to crash the ball into the roof of the net and three minutes later, MORTON stepped

in while the defence were hesitating to put on a fourth goal, all of which had been scored in 14 minutes.

No wonder Sunderland looked bewildered as they left the field, for they were probably still wondering exactly what had hit them.

What happened later is now history but still worthy of record, and Sunderland, now become Blunderland in defence, felt the lash of the Town attack just as keenly as they did in the first half.

MORTON ON THE SPOT

First, with the second half only nine minutes old, Daniel tried to find Fraser with a back pass. The pass was inaccurate, the goalkeeper slipped anyway, and MORTON was on the spot to walk the ball through.

Daniel, Wales's hero so many times, will want to forget this match as quickly as possible. Eight minutes later he handled a corner by Adam, and TURNER added to the total from the spot, though on this occasion he had to take the kick twice because of an infringement by Cummins.

For eleven minutes there was a respite and then Sunderland hit back, and PURDON scored from Chisholm's pass. Then, as if they thought that this was completely out of character, the Town mustered their forces and struck again.

CULLEN, normally regarded as the provider of openings rather than one who snaps them up, showed that he is not backward in the latter respect by obtaining the seventh goal from a most acute angle with a shot that went in off the underpart of the bar.

Then, as if to set the seal on a brilliant afternoon's work, MORTON came along with a delightful goal ten minutes from the end.

RAN 40 YARDS

Fastening on to a through pass from Pemberton, he raced for goal, challenged strongly by Daniel for the best part of 40 yards, withstood the centre-half's attentions and cracked the ball in as Fraser advanced.

Even then the scoring was not ended, for with two minutes remaining, PURDON reaped the reward of persistency with a simple goal, again with the assistance of Chisholm.

Seldom has a team with such championship aspirations as Sunderland must have after their good start to the season, been so completely humbled.

Quite conceivably, the drubbing they received could have been even heavier for, once the Town scored, their forwards simply ran riot. They flourished on the squareness of the Wearsiders' defence, with the backs playing wide apart and rarely pivoting on Daniel.

Result was that the through pass was always a winner. The Town quickly discovered this and used it to the full so that even Sunderland's attempts to lay an offside trap, successful to some extent, let them down badly in the end.

MORTON'S FIRST "HAT-TRICK"

Essentially, this was a triumph for team-work and team spirit, but there must be mention of Morton for his inspired leadership of the front line. Not only did he record his first "hat-trick" but he kept his attack moving smoothly and there was great support from Cummins, the schemer, and Turner, who was always harassing this uncertain defence.

Add to this the fact that