

WHEN HATTERS RUN MAD—IT'S A REAL RIOT

THREE against Blackpool, four against Newcastle, five against Wolves and now eight against Sunderland, proud Sunderland, top o' the table—last week.

That's Luton, that was.

Goals galore. Goals shot, headed, volleyed and thundered. From two yards or twenty yards, it's all the same to the Mad Hatters.

The slaughter of Sunderland at Luton on Saturday had to be seen to be believed.

On a darkling, overcast day, we almost DIDN'T see it—and can still scarcely believe it.

Nobody could quite remember Sunderland conceding eight goals before, and Luton's football fantasy took them back to the days of ten-goal Joe Payne, in the mid-thirties.

Squandermania

Sunderland, once the team of all the talents, this time were the team of all the latents—doing no more than hoping that something would turn up—the team of all the inaccuracies

● *NEVER has a team of Sunderland's calibre squandered possession of the ball so often.*

● *NEVER has such a team been strung out like Monday's washing, as Sunderland were.*

When Luton were attacking, the Luton defence moved up.

When Luton were defending, the Luton attack moved back.

The team was always tightly united, a compact company.

THAT SHOULD BE A SOCCER AXIOM, BUT IT IS TOO OFTEN FORGOTTEN.

And Sunderland were simply scattered. They became a shambles.

The busy little Bedford-

shire men—not a shining "star" among them—keep that ball moving at a furious lick.

Long pass, short pass, square, round, oval—they know all the Soccer cliches and use them like masters.

Against Luton's quick, varied, always pointed attacks, Ray Daniel too often looked like a Samson in his agony.

Hedley and McDonald could offer only gallantry. wing halves Aitken and Anderson too much downright careless passing.

Patient Purdon

And centre forward Purdon needed all his patience to wait for two late goal chances

AN ASTONISHING MATCH!

Fraser surrendered the first goal to a Turner penalty, when he hauled down Cullen—to start a pre-interval scoring smash

The goals went in remorselessly.

Cullen cracked a glorious one from twenty-five yards, hit another off a post. Turner hit another penalty

And for the very last score, Bob Morton, a three-goal centre forward, paced Daniel over forty yards, still got his shot in before the tackle, still steered the ball under the flopping Fraser.

Strike a match, cough, make a note—and it seemed you would miss a goal.

Quicksilver

Yet all were the fruit of pure quicksilver Soccer from Luton and all to the mounting chants of a near-delirious crowd — ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN EIGHT!

Changed days for Luton. Last season they were moaning about poor crowds. Now they propose to build new stands and extend the ground to take 40,000.

Put it down to the glamour of the First Division and Luton's inhospitality to Blackpool (3), Newcastle (4), Wolves (5), and now, poor old dynamited Sunderland.



BOB MORTON
Hat-trick for Luton