

THIS WAS THE BIG LET-DOWN FOR THE FANS

Went To Cheer — Left The Ground Disconsolately

By Chiltern

LUTON TOWN 0, NEWCASTLE UNITED 3

THIS was the big let-down. Nearly 20,000 people, mostly Luton supporters went to welcome the Town after their victory at Chelsea, expecting to see them rip lowly Newcastle to pieces.

But nothing of the sort happened. What ripping there was came from Newcastle who coasted home to an unbelievably easy win and, well before the end, hundreds of fans who had come to cheer, were making their way disconsolately home.

All-round, the Town had a dreadful day. They never settled down, more than anything, perhaps, because they were not allowed to do so by opposition that revealed unexpected power and resiliency.

Particularly was this the case in defence, a compact, relentless force that had every Town forward in the toils with the exception of Turner, the only one who looked as if he might obtain a goal.

Several thrusts and some shots came from him, but it was not his day for shooting and, by and large, the support he received was poor.

Part of the reason was that Brown never seemed to be able to shake off the attentions of Stokoe which meant the break up of the understanding that has been so successful recently.

Midway through the second half, Brown went out to the left wing in the hope that McLeod would make more impression in the middle where, in the event, he did not.

IRELAND'S BACKS IN COMMAND

With Cummins keeping the ball too close and not using the through pass sufficiently, there was a tied up look about the attack as a whole and not much help came from the wingers, Adam and McLeod, both of whom were firmly in the grip of Ireland's full-backs, Keith and McMichael.

Occasionally, and it was occasionally, McLeod managed to break away, but his finishing was not of the best and there was a marked contrast in the way in which the Newcastle wingers got the ball across.

In fact, there was a complete contrast between the displays of these teams. Newcastle moved as a team, were always trying to be direct and were aided in this by the constructive skill of Scoular, who should have been given much closer attention than he was.

On the other hand, the Town were 11 units, striving to hit some sort of form, but finding that this was one of those days

on which just nothing went right.

Passes were continually intercepted, there was little cohesion and they were far too often standing waiting for the ball rather than go in to meet it as Newcastle did all the time.

The early stages held little hint of what was to follow, but the troubles began when WHITE broke clear of Owen in the seventh minute to score with a shot that struck Baynham as he raced out and then spiralled just under the bar.

That gave Newcastle the confidence they badly needed and, 16 minutes later, BELL, playing his first League match, found himself unattended and gleefully drove the ball well wide of Baynham.

When WHITE headed a third after 31 minutes, the match was as good as over for, although the Town missed a couple of good chances, they never played well enough to suggest that they could get back into this match.

Newcastle went easily through the second half, not taking any risks and there was never other than a forlorn hope of a Luton goal.

DEFENCE WELL BELOW PAR

Just what happened to the understanding, and the immaculate covering which the defence has been showing, is difficult to understand.

Undoubtedly, they were bothered by the through passes of Scoular, but both collectively and individually, they were well below par.

Even Owen lacked his usual dominance in the middle and had a most unhappy first half, though he recovered later.

One who most nearly struck his brightest form was Pearce, but he fell away considerably during the second half, and Morton had a worrying time throughout.

So, too, did Dunne, who could not hold Mitchell and Jones, whose casual looking tactics were no deterrent to the speedy Hughes.

Except that he might have cut out the centre that led to the third goal, Baynham is exempt from the general criticism, but this was a game the Town will want to forget as speedily as possible, with the hope that nothing similar will overtake them before their own crowd.

LUTON TOWN: Baynham; Dunne, Jones; Morton, Owen, Pearce; Adam, Turner, Brown, Cummins, McLeod.

NEWCASTLE UNITED: Simpson; Keith, McMichael; Scoular, Stokoe, Franks; Hughes, Eastham, White, Bell, Mitchell.

Referee: F. B. Coultas, Hull.
Attendance: 19,670.

WHAT THE OTHER CRITICS SAID

"Luton, looking as if they were suffering from a Milan hangover, had a thoroughly well-deserved hiding."—"The People."

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"Lesson for Luton is that it is no good waiting for the ball. Newcastle never did. They were meeting it all the time, and that was the main difference between the teams."—"News of the World."

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"With direct, forceful football Newcastle dominated a Luton team who seemed weary and dispirited after their midweek defeat in Milan."—"Sunday Dispatch."

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"Hesitant, mis-timing their tackles and without any semblance of team spirit, Luton were little more than a shambles."—"Reynolds News."

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"This was Luton's worst display of the season."—"Sunday Express."

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"Luton slumped to the depths."—"Empire News and Sunday Chronicle."

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"So superior were the Geordies that they could have gone in at half-time five goals up. It was as easy as that."—"Sunday Pictorial."