

McILROY AND CO. TOY WITH LUTON

Burnley 3 Luton 0 : by ERIC WELDON

59/60

THIS game was as easy for Burnley as a five-finger exercise is for a professional pianist. Luton were not in the good amateur class alongside the poised know-how skill of the new League title favourites, who played with 10 men for 20 minutes.

Pointer wrenched his knee, which left him limping after dressing-room treatment. But four forwards were still good enough to reduce the Luton defence to a big-kicking, desperate - tackling shambles.

I counted eight Luton shirts wallowing in the wake of the four Burnley attackers several times. Mack the Knife McIlroy himself took on three or four in corner-tight duels on both wings—and usually won.

But the big Burnley hero was the understudy for England right-winger John Connelly. Twenty-two-year-old Trevor Meredith is little more than 5ft. 4in., but those few inches caused Luton more trouble than a hatful of snakes.

Ken Hawkes stopped him once with a tackle that had the referee

pointing to the penalty spot. McIlroy did a Meredith wriggle as he slid the ball past a wrong-footed Baynham.

Pointer hit Burnley's first after buzzing round Pacey in the 16th minute. Meredith laid on No. 2 for Robson in the 32nd. Luton's contribution was about half a dozen shots—none with any real goal force behind it.

Joe McBride tried some lonesome bulldozing down the middle which earned him only a caution from the referee. The rest of the line were usually too breathless helping the defence to give him any support at all. For most of the second half Luton showed only desperation.

On this form Burnley will take the title to America.