

# 'Head man' Hurley wrecks Luton

Sunderland 7 Luton 1: by JAMES SMITH

**P**PROMOTION-CHASING Sunderland, undefeated in their last 12 League games, went haywire with four goals in the last 20 minutes to record their best win since their relegation three years ago.

Luton were on the receiving end for most of the time and only splendid work by Jim Standen prevented a double figure Sunderland score.

Jim's handling of goal-marked shots by McNab, McPheat, Lawther, and Fogarty was top-drawer stuff. But he had no idea about two of Jack Overfield's efforts.

Both Overfield's shots beat Standen but hit a post and it's hard to say which caused most excitement for a 28,000 crowd—Jack's bad luck or the seven that counted.

Yet for all their one-way traffic Sunderland took 40 minutes to take the lead and the man who inspired their success was Charlie Hurley.

It's becoming the practice now for six-footer Charlie to join his attack for all Sunderland corner kicks.

Hurley did it on six occasions in this game and although he did not score every time he did succeed in panicking the Luton backs and paved the way for Sunderland's best score since 1956.

The centre half's first sally down-field resulted in a rocket header skimming the bar and I'll swear that Charlie pushed Ian Lawther to make sure the centre forward headed in Sunderland's first goal.

Were Luton worried? Not yet.

After four minutes of the second half 18-year-old Jim Fleming beat Colin Nelson and centred for Gordon Turner to make it 1—1.

Turner's was a brilliant 20-yard shot that left Peter Wakeham helpless. But the cheers had hardly subsided before Jim Davison, stand-in for injured Harry Hooper, danced through, beating Bramwell and Standen, to restore Sunderland's lead.

Although in arrears for the second time, Luton were not doing badly at all. Then Alec Ashworth had to spoil everything by body-checking Lawther. Instead of a penalty the referee ordered an indirect free kick.

But it made no difference to Sunderland. For Anderson placed the ball perfectly for Hurley to make it 3—1 with another of his screaming headers.

Luton rallied strongly and for a time Sunderland mounted a nine-man defence to hold their lead. Then, for no apparent reason, Luton folded up under storming Sunderland raids and in 11 minutes McPheat and Lawther (twice) had underlined the home team's superiority.

It hardly mattered when McNab hit Sunderland's seventh in the last minute, for by then Luton were a well-beaten side.