

LUTON SURGE TO VICTORY

By **ROGER MALONE**

Plymouth Argyle 0, Luton T. 3

POSSIBLY it was the sultry effect of this hot Devon day. Or may be Plymouth had a superiority complex for a Luton team which last season had to wait until March for its first away win. But whatever the reasons, Plymouth mostly made a present of the points.

Two of the goals—the last two, in the 50th and 85th minutes—stemmed from blatant defensive blunders when first Stacey and Fincham, and then Fincham alone, stumbled over the ball to present Turner with a brace of goals this alert marksman will hardly prize among his soccer souvenirs.

But even more sadly for Plymouth on this, their first home appearance of the season, was the lamentable lack of co-ordinated ideas at the other end of the lush green Home Park pitch. And the ball was mostly travelling towards the Luton end.

Despite the customary service to his forwards from talented wing-half John Williams, the Plymouth attack could produce just one professional piece of shooting from 90 minutes paid labour—this from centre-forward Jackson, whose 20-yard pile-driver struck a goal-post with Baynham beaten.

This was not the only occasion Lady Luck looked Luton's way. Without making excuses for Plymouth, this was "one of those days" when the bounce of the ball and just about everything else went wrong for them at the vital moments.

Brave Baynham

Luton, after weathering the opening ten minutes when all but the very best away teams mostly hang on and hope, settled down to a tight, safety-first defensive routine—and a careful, deliberate build-up in attack when they came away from their packed defence with the ball.

Slowly but surely Luton recognised their task was nowhere near so difficult as they anticipated. And once in front they never looked back. Well—only occasionally—as if in disbelief that Plymouth, usually one of the soundest sides at home, should be opening this New Deal season in such sorry style.

Less I be accused of being beastly to Luton, let me say they had the individuals to carry off this cautiously won campaign. Baynham, in goal, showed a brave disregard for personal injury for a veteran who has had his share, and more, of nasty knocks.

Kelly, at centre half, showed few signs of the inferiority complex he must be acquiring after years as a stand-in and now faced with the £10,000 competition of Cope, absent yesterday through injury.

And up front—nurturing the promise of the young recruits all around him—the experienced Turner, who beamed his pleasure as young Walden put Luton in front in six minutes, and then, in the second half, showed his admiring apprentices how to gobble up gifts.