



● Luton 'keeper Ron Baynham watches helplessly from the ground as Len White hits goal No. 4 for Newcastle.

GIVEAWAY GOALS TORMENT SLAP-HAPPY LUTON

Newcastle 4 Luton 1: by DAVID HAIGH

IT is the 49th minute and stocky, dark-haired Len White smashes the ball ruthlessly into the net with his right foot. Luton centre-half Ron Cope is left hopelessly beaten and Ron Baynham a passive spectator as the crowd bellows its approval.

It is the finest goal scored at St. James's Park this season. But more important than the 4-0 complexion it puts on the scoreline is the personal triumph of scorer Len White.

He leaps into the waiting chair of arms, safe in the knowledge that a great career is still part of Tyneside's Saturday afternoon.

It has been a disappointing struggle for White, but this first, long-delayed appearance in that familiar number nine jersey is a triumph.

True, Luton never forced a man to greatness. Newcastle quickly found them as generous and full of gifts as a Christmas bazaar.

The first incredible mistake was made by right-back Brendan McNally. He allowed Liam Tuohy to pick up a weak clearance and centre hard from the left.

Ivor Allchurch planted that one in gratefully with only five minutes gone.

The quick-striding Tuohy was part of the second presentation. He won a corner, swung across a swift, head-high ball, and Gordon Hughes tore in to head a goal while Luton stood in statuesque admiration.

The folly of it all threw League-

climbing Luton into dark gloom. All the promptings of Gordon Turner and Alec Ashworth were crushed by a Newcastle defence which got more passes from the opposition than is credible.

Anyway, no one was grumbling about that, and after 29 minutes Cope and John Bramwell managed to let White shove a vertically headed ball forwards as it came down.

Ken Hale skipped in happily to flick the ball with his army haircut into the net.

On reflection it was a hapless sort of match that never really had the tinderbox feeling in it.

After White had crowned his afternoon with that superb affair four minutes after half-time, Luton pulled one back with a prod from promising reserve inside-man Alwyn McGuffie.

But things went ominously quiet again. Apart from a couple of sad United misses, terraces were kept in silence made bearable if only by the scoreline.