

THAT TURNER PENALTY MISS DASHES LUTON'S HOPES

Luton 1 Sunderland 2: by GRAHAM BUXTON

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SUNDERLAND are right back in the hunt for promotion to the First Division—thanks to the defeats of Leyton Orient and Plymouth—and a penalty miss by Luton's Gordon Turner. Sunderland, without key players Stan Anderson and Charlie Hurley, did well to win at Luton, who made hard work of the game by their weakness in front of goal.

In the first half Sunderland's forward line looked smart and dangerous—at least until the penalty area was reached. Then everything went to pieces. Their confidence seemed shattered in the opening minutes when Brian Clough missed the sort of chance schoolboys dream about.

Nor was their spirit helped after seven minutes when Dave Pacey half hit a shot through a crowd of players and the ball loped lazily into the net with young Jim Montgomery caught on the wrong foot.

Although Sunderland showed the more skill in midfield, Luton were the more dangerous side. Without doubt the wind was an important factor. When Jack Overfield floated over what was obviously meant to be a centre the wind took the ball over the grasping hands of Jim Standen and into the far corner of the net.

That put new life into what had looked a jaded Sunderland team, but expensive signings George Herd and Harry Hooper missed golden chances.

Then, with 19 minutes left, Sunderland were awarded an indirect free kick in the penalty area.

Luton packed their goal but neglected to mark Martin Harvey, standing in for Anderson on England duty. Without wasting a second Harvey hit the ball and all Standen could do was watch it enter the net.

Four minutes later came Turner's penalty shot. It was well saved by Montgomery, who was facing a spot kick for the first time in his League career.

That was the last Luton chance and there was no doubt that victory had gone to the more skilful side.

Herd played good football in midfield, but Kelly blotted out Clough, who never does very well against Luton.

One Luton forward who enhanced his reputation was 19-year-old Alan Clarke, who showed a good deal more imagination than his experienced colleagues.