

SUNDERLAND

FIGHTERS

FLOOR

LUTON

SUNDERLAND 2, LUTON T. 0. (Half-time—0-0.)

Scorers:—Watson (55 min.), Guthrie (83).

FOR Luton the glory is over. For Sunderland the chance of even greater moments are just round the corner as they go into tomorrow's Cup semi-final draw, carrying the torch of the Second Division.

Right away, let me say how richly the men of Roker deserve their reward.

They never captured the forceful flamboyance that k.o.'d Manchester City in the last round, but they won this affair because they had the courage and conviction to go out and attack mercilessly.

They chased and harried for every minute. Not always producing football for the connoisseur, but impressing everyone with their sheer exuberance and will-to-win in front of their near 54,000 following.

Luton in fact, disappointed greatly. They came north with the best away record in the football league. A reputation of being a solid defensive side with the flair for breaking swiftly from the back, through wingers Ashton and Ryan.

To be honest I have to admit they did well in the rear but never did these two raiding wingers come to terms with their opposing numbers Malone and Guthrie. Both full backs played

the game of their lives. So well were Aston and Jim Ryan marked in fact, that they switched wings twice in the first half in an attempt to find better "luck."

It was a ploy that failed miserably, and Aston was eventually substituted midway through the second half.

Despite Sunderland's supremacy hover, it wasn't until ten minutes into the second half that they finally snatched the opening counter their efforts warranted. But after a succession of bad misses the goal was well worth the wait.

Forcing their umteenth corner, skipper Bobby Kerr strode up to take it. His cross was immaculate.

So too was the way Dave Watson ghosted in behind the Luton defence from the edge of the box to bullet a magnificent header past Barber.

It was a goal worthy of winning any match. But so too was the second. And once again it came from a corner.

This time Hughes slung the ball over. Pitt rose to head down into the thick of things, and there was Ron Guthrie, swivelling on a sixpence to volley into the corner of the net.

It was hereabouts that Luton really only attempted to come out of their defensive shell. But by this time their chance was lost.

Sunderland were not in any mood to relinquish any territory, and they ended the match in the manner in which they started — on attack.

So for them a money spinning last four clash is now on. It would take a brave man, a very brave man, to say they could not reach the final.

Although I find it hard to see them once again

dominating First Division opposition like they did Manchester City.

Crowd 53,151.

Receipts — £26, 106.

Sunderland — Montgomery, Malone, Guthrie, Horshill, Watson, Pitt, Kerr, Hughes, Hallam, Porterfield, Tueart.

Luton Town—Barber; John Ryan, Thomson, Shanks, Gardner, Moore, Jim Ryan, Anderson, Busby, Hindson, Aston (Hales).

Referee — J. Taylor, Wolverhampton.

72/73
(CAC)

BY ALAN CLIFFORD