SAD LUTON JNISHE WAT

By DEREK HODGSON Sunderland ... 2 Luton ...

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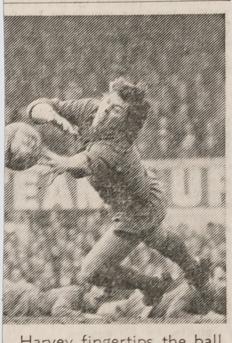
IF the ghosts of Roker If the ghosts of Roker Park were present, they must have blushed and fled back to their own era. One hates to be churlish about a match that attracted 54,000 fans, but for the most part it barely deserved a Third Division label.

Both teams must must be able to tball. Sunderland play better football. Sunderland were certainly a more composed and cultivated team when forcing a draw at Manchester City.

ing a draw at Manchester City.

Dimly, throughout the chaos, it could be seen that Aston and Jim Ryan, Luton's lanky strikers, were pinned down by the big, strong Sunderland full-backs, Malone and Guthrie, and Barber, the Luton goalkeeper, returning five weeks after breaking a leg, was uncertain against high crosses.

Luton seemed satisfied at half-time and when they forced their



Harvey fingertips away for Leeds, fingertips the ball watched o'Hare and (centre) Hunter.

first—and only—two corner kicks as the second half started, Roker became apprehensive, for the counterpunch seemed due.

The opposite happened. From Sunderland's ninth corner kick after 56 minutes Kerr sent the ball floating out beyond the sixyard line to where Watson, with superb timing, ran in and headed past a transfixed Luton defence.

Aston was replaced by Hales, making no obvious improvement in Luton's manufactured deproces.

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Bill Nicholson, the Tottenham manager, appeared to have had a wasted journey. Only Montgomery, who had very little to do, and Watson were First Division class. In the Luton team, Shanks had a busy beginning, somewhat in the style of Chelsea's Hollins.

Sunderland. — Montgomery; Malone, Guthrie, Horswill. Watson, Pitt, Kerr, Hughes, Halom, Porterfield, Tueart.

Luton.—Barber; John Ryan, Thomson, Shanks, Garner, Moore, Jim Ryan, Anderson, Busby, Hindson, Aston (sub: Hales 71 min.).