TOWNS W GS ARE GEREL

"HIGH-FLYING" Luton Town nose-dived into the marshland of mediocrity last night. They ran out of runway and crashed into a League Cup second round replay at Cleethorpes on Tuesday.

But they can be thankful for small mercies. For the Town could well have been the latest victims of the underdogs in this topsy-turvy competition.

All the verve and vibrance they displayed at Crystal Palace at the weekend went soggy in the drizzle of a miserable night. The rain kept away the fans and dampened the skills.

Luton found it difficult to play with the recent attacking flair after being out-gunned in midfield. Grimsby fully deserved their replay. They played like a side that had raised its game for the occasion.

They were fast and furious. Tough and determined. They could well have won. In fact they would have won had an 11th minute effort by Lew Chatterley not been dis-allowed for a foul on the goalkeeper.

Luton were deprived of their traditional attacking burst by a tall, fast-tackling defence, from then on they found it hard to get into overdrive.

Sincere

Even an attempt at the Roker Roar by the Oak Road choir could not lift the Town. The chant of "Away the Lads" may not have been as loud as at Sunderland, but it was

Grimsby showed how they were going to play it in the very first minute when full back Beardsley whacked John Aston. From then on the former Hull defender got the measure of the Luton winger who had to work harder than usual to get in his crosses.

But it was in midfield and attack that Luton struggled. Anderson again did his best and some of his passing was superb. And Butlin was the best of the forwards.

Even so, Luton lacked-

By ROGER DUCKWORTH **Luton Town 1 Grimsby 1**

thrust, and the steaming Town players found it hard to contol a ball that squirted about in the driving sleet.

Geordie Hindson scored his first goal of the season to give Luton a 22nd minute lead. It was another goal from a long throw by Garner, who is becoming adept at plonking the ball at the near post to be nudged on into the melee.

Splendid match

But Barton and Chatterley always looked as if they could put the Mariners back in the game. And Garner, who had a splendid match, headed a Hickman shot off the line just before half-time.

Faulkner, too, had another good match, and once he got over his early problems with the wet ball, Horn gobbled up the high crosses from over-lapping full back Booth.

Skipper Thomson, who recovered from an ankle injury to play, was at full stretch at times against the speedy Barton, and he well to contain the former Carlisle man as he did.

Shanks, too, had a good match, tackling fiercely and clearing crisply. He was also going forward with more conviction to centre into the goalmouth.

John Ryan put in some good possessive running, and looked better running with the ball than trying to play the short game. He also played the fast return pass well.

Hindson's shooting looked good, and Butlin looked powerful in the air. But again Tom Finney struggled. His neat touches lacked con-viction, and he was called off in the second half to give Jim Ryan a comeback.

Equilibrium

It didn't make a lot of difference. After Anderson and Aston shots had been saved, Grimsby regained their equilibrium, and Chatterley went close before volleying in a smash and grab equaliser four minutes from the end.

A couple of minutes later he was booked for a foul on Shanks and Booth received the same treatment for a foul on Jim Ryan.

Grimsby's relief at the final whistle was immense. To a man they leapt into the air, arms raised in jubilation. Luton trooped off, no doubt lo a dressing-room rollicking. And to book the bus for a long and unnecessary trip north next week.

MATCH DETAILS

LUTON TOWN: Horn; Shanks, Thomson; Anderson, Faulkner, Garner; Hindson, John Ryan, Butlin, Finney (Jim Ryan), 65min), Aston.

GRIMSBY TOWN: Wainman; Beaudsley, Booth; Chatterley, Wigginton, Gray, Barton, Hickman, Hubbard, Czuczman, Sharp (Lewis, 78min). REFEREE: Mr H. Powell (Stourport)

ATTENDANCE: 9,656 GOALS: Hindson (Luton, 22min). Chatterley (Grims-

by, 86min).

