

Tormentor Woods cheers Ipswich

Luton 1, Ipswich 4

By DESMOND MARSH

THIS zipped-up, much ado Ipswich side not only went flamboyantly to the top of the First Division with this win but also put themselves in great good heart for the opening of their European challenge on Wednesday

Ipswich manager Bobby Robson and his henchman Cyril Lea, are at Enschede in Holland this afternoon sussing out Wednesday's opponents, who are so far unbeaten in their three league games.

Ipswich's silky-fast forward, Johnson, missed yesterday's match but reports primed and fit for Wednesday. Lambert limped off in the second half but, if not fit, will have an outrageously fine deputy against the Dutchmen in the trim blonde dribbler, Woods, who turned poor Luton inside out, so much so that by the end the home crowd could scarce forebear to cheer.

True, they were a touch frustrated with their own team, but for the most part the shirt-sleeved crowd generously saluted all the sunny, quicksilver Ipswich approaches. If Luton look a bit dead already, they are enjoying the big time while it lasts and going out with fair smile. Despite a second-half revival, they were outplayed.

Relentless fashion

Early on, West's free kick nicked the bar with little Sivell earth-bound and praying, but thereafter Ipswich got to grips in their own relentless fashion. After ten minutes, Lambert's short corner was booted fast and low across the goalmouth by Viljoen. A defender blocked it any old how and Talbot crisply redelivered the rebound.

A quarter of an hour on and Woods shimmied past Ryan to plant a centre precisely on Hamilton's forehead: 2-0. Luton were already playing only for a respectable scoreline.

For a time they retorted with courage and not a little skill. Anderson grazed the bar, Alston

brought an over-dramatic belly-flop of a save from Sivell. It was all a bit manic, but it continued to be cheered till well past the hour, even after young Talbot had precociously walloped in a penalty to make the whole thing absolutely safe for Ipswich.

But the lanky Australian Alston did at least give the crowd a positive hurrah when he thundered in a header after Shanks' short-corner cross. That spurred Ipswich to a nonchalant sort of final gallop. At the very last, Whymark made it four with a comprehensive header from a measured pass by the splendid Viljoen.

Luton: Barber; Shanks, Thomson; Anderson, Faulkner, John Ryan; Hindson, Husband, Butlin, West, Alston, Sub.: Jim Ryan.

Ipswich: Sivell; Burley, Mills; Talbot, Hunter, Beattie; Hamilton, Viljoen, Woods, Whymark, Lambert, Sub.: Gates.

Referee: T. Reynolds (Cheshire).