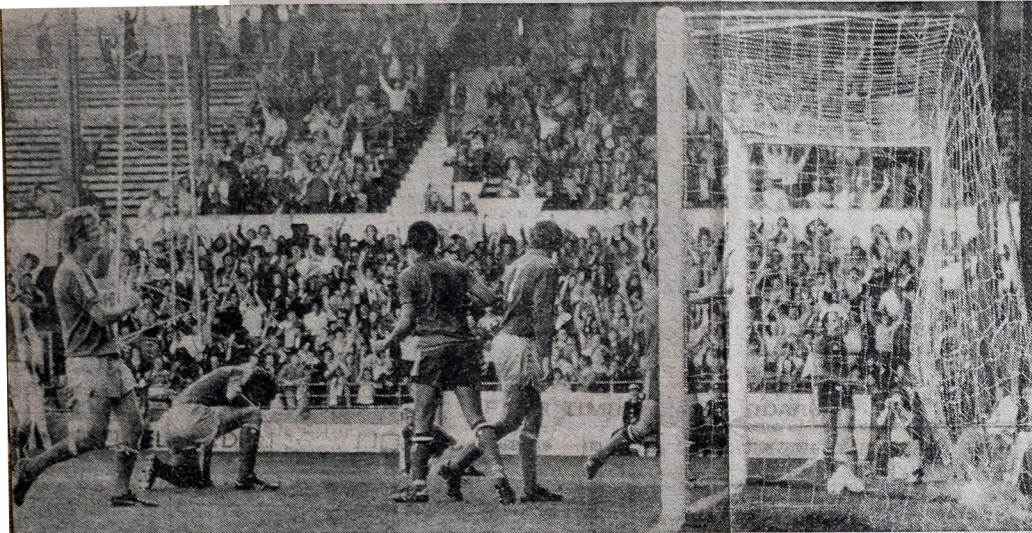


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16-9-78 3340



● **FINAL INDIGNITY:** The ball rests in Cardiff's net for the Town's seventh goal, poked past his own goalkeeper by Cardiff's Phil Dwyer, the man on his knees, second from left. The figure on the wing, far side of the goal, is Bob Hatton, whose cross Dwyer was trying to clear.



● **EXPOSED:** Keith Barber is left without cover as Bob Hatton surges through the middle to hit the Town's second goal.

Hatton is too hot to handle

A MEMBER of the staff of Cambridge United slipped out of the Town ground on Saturday night to prepare a report on how his newly-promoted side should tackle their task at Kenilworth Road on Saturday.

I'd love to hear his conclusions after he had seen the ease with which the Town thrashed Cardiff.

I'd also like to hear the report Cardiff City boss Jimmy Andrews received on Monday morning from his assistant Ken Whitfield. Andrews, struggling again to raise a team capable of fighting its annual relegation battle, missed the humiliation as the Town ripped a pathetic Cardiff rearguard to pieces.

He was scouting for a striker, and Whitfield, shocked and angry at a performance notably lacking Welsh fire, restricted his after-match comments to the obvious — "We were diabolical. Bob Hatton murdered us."

His more detailed assessment, he said, would be for Mr Andrews only. He couldn't say much else, because his report is likely to include a considerable amount of libel and slander on some of his players.

The only one who escaped censure was goalkeeper Keith Barber, now half-way through a loan spell with Cardiff after losing his place at Swansea.

The match that became a massacre, and took the Town's home goals tally to 16 in the first three League games, left Town boss David Pleat struggling once more to keep his feet firmly on the ground.

Whitfield's point about Hatton's power was all too true — Cardiff pulled off centre-half Keith Pontin after 51 inept minutes in which Hatton had made him look like a learner. It was then 3-0 to the Town, and the switch of Phil Dwyer to centre-half made

SEVEN-UP

WRECKS CARDIFF

REPORT:
BRIAN
SWAIN



PICTURES:
STEVE
TEMPLEMAN



no difference at all to the pattern of the game.

"When we had possession we made them look very poor at the back," said Pleat. "We never allowed them to dictate the game and Bob Hatton's return put more punch into the attack."

Pleat also cleared up the mystery of the delay in taking the Town's penalty. Brian Stein had scored within the space of four minutes and the crowd and his team-mates wanted him to take the kick after Alan Campbell downed Lil Fucillo in the box.

Fucillo had been on for only two minutes, taking the place of Mal Donaghy who had given the Town's midfield its bite and control.

Leading 4-0, it seemed that Stein should be given the chance to complete his

first-ever hat-trick in the league.

David Moss would have taken the kick if Fucillo hadn't been on, but Pleat insisted that Cardiff should be shown no mercy, and Fucillo duly converted his third consecutive penalty of the season.

However poor Cardiff were, the Town's goals were all gems, of varying quality. Even the last one, poked into his own net by Dwyer, was being claimed by Hatton as his — "It was going in anyway," said the Town striker.

Certainly Hatton, the most dangerous forward on view, deserved more than the one goal he did collect. His work led directly to four goals, and he scored the second, shaved a post once and had four attempts saved by Barber.

The Town were so much on top that defenders and midfield men could all go forward to support attacks, and Cardiff were sunk by the five-goal devastation that overwhelmed them in the second half. Moss and Hatton had made it 2-0 at half-time.

A corner forced by a low drive by Hatton led to Stein hitting the Town's third goal and four minutes later Hatton's cross gave Stein another.

Then came Fucillo's penalty before Bishop pulled one back for Cardiff with a header from a corner by Micky Burns.

Moss hit the goal of the match with a 30-yard shot which bent and dipped into the top corner, and that man Hatton forced the final indignity as his low cross was hacked into the net by Dwyer.



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3340 16.9.78



● **ONE UP, SIX TO GO:** David Moss, left, produces a textbook header to score the Town's first goal, with Brian Stein watching and three Cardiff defenders taken out by Bob Hatton's accurate far post cross.