

LUTON
LIVERPOOL

3
0

● **CHOKER:** The sight Mr Dalglish couldn't stomach.



● **FLYING HIGH:** Brian Stein, who started Liverpool's troubles with the first goal.



● **TOP DOG:** Skipper Steve Foster, the man chairman David Evans believes is close to an England recall, beats Craig Johnston.

Anfield boss can't take it

75/87 (cpc)

LUTON TOWN 3 LIVERPOOL 0

A MOANING MANAGER who couldn't stand being beaten tried to take some of the gloss out of Luton Town's cup delight at Kenilworth Road. And all Kenny Dalglish managed to do was to lose respect and admiration.

His comments, after Liverpool had been thrashed as handsomely as the score-line indicates, were a disgrace to football and to his club. And they were in stark contrast to the generous congratulations from others from Anfield, notably Bob Paisley.

Even his own press corps from Merseyside winced as Dalglish's bile rose to the surface in the after-match Press conference. And it was not a heat of the moment reaction — his bitterness and bad sportsmanship had already been filmed for TV transmission.

He said Luton Town won on merit, and that his team did not deserve victory. Then he spoiled it all by talking about dice being loaded against Liverpool.

The FA were to blame for allowing the Town to play on a synthetic surface, and to maintain their ban on away fans. Luton Town should have been kicked out of the cup for not turning up at Anfield for the first date. And there were sinister suggestions that the whole truth of that day's events had not been told.

Mr Dalglish also blasted the FA for allowing the choice of venue to be on the toss of a coin. Someone should tell him that is a cup rule. And he was not amused when it was pointed out to him that Liverpool may have lost the tie on their own pitch, when the Town had to survive for two hours in front of nearly 35,000 fans, all but a handful homers.

A week ago I wrote of the intimidatory spitefulness on the Anfield terraces when the Town failed to roll over and die.

I used to think Kenny Dalglish was a big man, one of the best. He earned nothing but derision, up and down the land, with his petulant cry-baby moaning. Liverpool lost, and he couldn't take it. Mind you, he couldn't take it 48 hours earlier, after the Anfield game. He didn't say a word to John Moore.

COMMENT By BRIAN SWAIN

A case of you only sing when you're winning — and bleat when you're losing.

The manager who began moaning about the Kenilworth Road pitch 17 days earlier, when he didn't dream he would be brought back so quickly, might have helped to lose the second replay then.

DETAILS

TOWN: Sealey; Braecker, Foster, Donaghy, Johnson; Hill (McDonough, 85 mins); Nicholas, Grimes; Brian Stein, Newell, Harford. Sub not used: Mark Stein.

LIVERPOOL: Grobbelaar; Venison, Gillespie, Hansen, Lawrenson; Whelan, Molby, Wark (Irvine, 56 mins); Johnston, Walsh (Ablett 76 mins), Rush.

GOALS: Brian Stein curling 20-yard free kick, 34th minute; Mick Harford, penalty, after Molby tripped Stein, 78th minute; Mike Newell, cracking drive, from opening forced by Steve Foster, 81st minute. Other strikes: Town six saved, six wide and a piledriver by Foster knocked onto the bar. Liverpool two saved, three wide. Corners: 6-4 to the Town.

ATTENDANCE: 14,687 — full to capacity and the highest at Kenilworth Road since Liverpool attracted 15,390 late last season. (They won 1-0 that time... there must have been something wrong with the pitch!)

REFEREE: Danny Vickers, Essex. Played a lot better than Liverpool did.

ENTERTAINMENT: One of the great games. Pity Kenny Dalglish couldn't stomach his fourth unsuccessful attempt to beat Luton Town.



● **SING UP:** Bruce Grobbelaar, who joined in the condemnation of the Town's pitch, at least had the good grace to take the joke when fans sang "Three nil, three nil..." He conducted, waving three fingers, having resisted the temptation to do something similar before the third goal was scored.



● **SCOUSE HAMMER:** Mike Newell, the lad Liverpool rejected, pictured powering in the third goal, his fourth this season against the Anfield man.

PICTURES BY MARK RICHARDS