

Luton Fall To City's Parade Of Power

Luton Town 1, Manchester City 3.

THERE was something in Manchester City's make-up in the first half that tempts me to make them Cup favourites, whatever the luck of the draw. There was not a weak link. They played fearless football.

Still Luton were a little unlucky. The first goal was doubtful and who could have foreseen Nelson scoring the third in his own goal. They finished up with the full-back King hobbling on the right wing.

Give Luton credit for a desperate second half fight. They had not the snap that gets goals, and even that last-minute Joe Payne goal did not bring a consolation in its wake.

Star number one was full-back Billy Dale. He held the Stephenson-Roberts wing with comparative ease, yet placed his clearances with admirable deliberation. Bobby Marshall did not look his years from the manner in which he bottled up Payne.

The first goal was too simple to be true. Toseland slipped through to Herd, on to Heale unmarked, in the centre. He had only Coen to beat and did not make any mistake, but I thought he was offside.

The second came when Brooks banged a daisy-cutter over, to which Finlayson almost got his foot, but Doherty was round him and beat Coen before he knew it.

The third was a real tragedy. Nelson, with yards to clear, was worried by Heale, and passed back to Coen, but the keeper slipped, and the ball bounded slowly into the net.

City had the match in their pockets in

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the first half and were well content to rest on their laurels in the second.

Luton's only goal, a minute from the end, should not have been scored. Swift should never have given Payne the chance to head the ball a second time.

City had the Wembley look.