

Three Goals For Turner In Town's Sweeping Win

Jesse Pye, Though Unwell, Blitzed City Defence

WAS ORDERED TO BED AFTER THE MATCH

Heroic Show At Centre-Half By Leslie Hall

By Chiltern

LUTON TOWN 5 MANCHESTER CITY 1

"SWEEPING." There is no other word to describe the Town's victory at Kenilworth-road yesterday that put them safely into the last 16 of the F.A. Cup before 21,991 spectators, who paid £3,200 in gate money.

Employing the blitz tactics that served them so well in the tie against another Lancashire team, Blackburn Rovers, the Town were two goals up in eight minutes.

Match-winner was Gordon Turner, introduced into the attack for the first time this season in a Cup-tie.

He scored three goals, but the man who schemed the victory was Jesse Pye.

Standing head and shoulders above any other forward on the field, the former England player, despite the fact that he felt far from well and was ordered to bed immediately after the match with suspected influenza, was the man who was largely responsible for the City's ignominious exit.

Right from the second minute—when he raced down the left wing, left Branagan stumbling and pulled the ball back for TURNER to blaze it into the net—Pye was the man who held too many wiles for the City defence.

Had he scored himself, the crowd would have risen to him, but he was denied that distinction, mainly because of the brilliance of goalkeeper Trautmann, who stood between the City and an even more decisive defeat.

Even so, he could not have received a greater round of applause from the crowd than that which came his way when he left the field at the end.

It was a craftsman's job supremely well done, and Turner was the marksman who translated much of the midfield brilliance into goals.

TWO QUICK GOALS

With eight minutes gone, the City were two down. Pye sent Mitchell racing down the wing and, from the winger's low centre, LITTLE, in attempting to clear, put the ball into his own net.

That was tragedy for a 19-years-old player, and it probably affected his later play, into which much panic entered.

Yet, the City fought back against the worst possible start and SPURDLE headed what proved to be their only goal after a cross by Meadows had been returned sharply into the goal-mouth by Cunliffe.

Only 11 minutes had gone when this happened, and it was at this stage that the City had their brightest chance of getting into the game with some semblance of a chance.

HALL WAS A STAR

Much of their football was clever, but it was too apt to fizzle out from lack of thrust and because Hall, standing in again for Owen, simply refused to be passed.

Hall turned out to be one of the Town's stars in this match, and, throughout, he never gave the slightest suggestion of putting a foot wrong.

Time and time again he stepped in with a timely header or a decisive tackle, and Williamson was scarcely ever in the game as a raiding force.

At least two chances of clinching things escaped the Town, first when, in a terrific goalmouth melee, Turner, Moore and Cullen all had close-range efforts kept out in some marvellous fashion; and then when Mitchell, with the chance to take the ball on, blazed away first time and was well off the target.

Twice Baynham came out in the most courageous style to whip the ball away from the feet of an oncoming forward, and from a header by Cullen, Trautmann made a sensational one-handed save.

It was obvious that the next goal would be vital, and it fell to the Town a minute before half-time, when, following a free-kick by Watkins, Pye slipped the ball to TURNER, who rammed it through from close in.

Manchester's hopes disappeared completely four minutes after the interval, when MITCHELL took another Pye pass in his stride and safely steered the ball low past the agile Trautmann.

At this stage the Town were so much on top that there might

have been a near-avalanche but for the brilliance of Trautmann, who twice cut out crosses from Moore that would have been goals had the goalkeeper not managed to get his hands to them.

During the closing stages, Jones, standing on the goal-line, headed away an effort by Meadows, but the City were a well-beaten side long before that and the climax came two minutes from the end with another Turner goal.

This time it was Morton who laid on the pass on to which Turner ran to beat Trautmann with a rising shot. The goalkeeper got his finger tips to it, but could not prevent it entering the net just under the bar.

Still, there was football from the City. It was admirable enough in midfield, but always it came to an untimely end against the hard tackling of the Town defence, which was absolutely on top of the job in the second half.

In the latter part of this, the City looked a dispirited, beaten lot, and Moore hit the outside of the post in another effort to elude the grasp of Trautmann.

Then Moore was injured, spent about five minutes off the field, but returned to outside-left. Even then, the City did not look really dangerous, although they switched Revie and Spurdle in an attempt to bring an improvement.

So ended one of the most satisfying Cup-ties of recent years from the Town point of view, for they showed First Division opponents a real sample of what sort of football the best Second Division teams can play.

That, too, without really touching peak form. Pye was always the man on whom the City could not get a grip. Turner justified himself with his goals, all splendidly taken, and again emphasised his value as an ace opportunist.

MOORE'S FINE GAME

Mitchell, too, obtained a goal when it really mattered, but, even so, the right wing was the better balanced, with Moore, hard-battling, turning in one of his best games.

From Cullen, there was a clever contribution in which his footwork did much to demoralise the youthful Little.

All praise to Hall for a heroic display, and to Morton, who once again made a great job of holding the international Broadis.

Strength in the tackle, determination never to be beaten, and the ability to use the ball to advantage made Morton one of the game's outstanding players.

Back to wing-half after his spell in the forward line, Watkins was not altogether impressive in the first half but he showed all his old form afterwards.

So, too, did Aherne play a captain's part, and never did Jones allow the importance of the occasion to worry him.

Baynham, nothing like so busy as Trautmann, did nothing better in the match than to make two daring snatches from the feet of oncoming City forwards when the game was in its most critical stage.

In the end, the Town coasted to victory and, by doing so, proved to the biggest Kenilworth-road attendance of the season that they would certainly not be out of place in the First Division.

LUTON TOWN.—Baynham; Jones, Aherne; Morton, Hall, Watkins; Cullen, Moore, Pye, Turner, Mitchell.

MANCHESTER CITY.—Trautmann; Branagan, Little; Revie, Ewing, Paul; Meadows, Spurdle, Williamson, Broadis, Cunliffe.

Referee.—G. F. J. Sawyer, Weston-super-Mare.

After the match, Bernard Moore had a stitch inserted in his leg, but is regarded as a probable starter for Saturday's League match



The first of Luton's five goals in the Cup replay, and the first of three for Gordon Turner. Jesse Pye, nearest post on right, ended a brilliant run with a square pass, which Turner snapped up and fired through a forest of legs into the net. Turner is on the ground, on left, behind Bernard Moore.



This was the prelude to Luton's second goal. Bert Mitchell, Luton's outside-left (far centre), swung the ball hard across the goalmouth. Moore, second from left, just failed to get a foot to it, but Little, City left-back, extreme left, ran on to the ball and had the bad luck to turn it through his own goal.



Bert Trautmann, Manchester City's German goalkeeper, was beaten five times, yet performed brilliantly. Here is a mid-air save that thrilled the crowd and won him a round of applause. Centre-half Ewing is in the goalmouth.