

Pye—Luton's 'sick man' match hero

By GEOFFREY SIMPSON

Luton Town . . 5 Manchester C. . . 1

IT was a great day for Jesse Pye, 32-year-old once-capped centre forward, as with brilliantly laid passes and ripe generalship he led Luton Town to a Cup success that shattered First Division opponents, Manchester City.

It was a miserable day, too, as in spite of being the man of the match and creating four of Luton's goals, Pye played with a sore throat and an influenza temperature.

Manager "Dally" Duncan packed him off to bed right after the match and marked him "doubtful" for Saturday.

No player can have done more to win a game. Against a Manchester defence that simply invited trouble, Pye put on a show that had him looking like the finest centre in England.

Typical of his work was the goal he made in 50 seconds. . . . Out to the left wing to beat City's back, Branagan; along the goal-line tricking Ewing on the way; then a masterful cut-back pass that asked Turner to do no more than hit the ball in the net.

He missed it

He repeated the move later for Mitchell, only to see the winger waste an "unmissable" chance. Yet Manchester still crossed over 3—1 down.

I cannot remember such a poor team wearing the sky-blue shirts. Broadis, good craftsman and schemer, could not save the forwards from looking mediocre, and the defence was all over the place, making positional errors that left Luton with both time and room to drive attacks home.

Against a player of Pye's quality, it was suicidal for a centre half to be up and down the field or out on the touchline tackling wingers, but Ewing took just such chances.

Nor were Ewing's ventures adequately covered by the backs. Little was a roamer, too, and the result was frequent wide open spaces.

Goodness knows what Luton would have done with this defence had their wingers been stronger.

The score did not flatter them, yet the majority of their onslaughts came via long passes by the wing halves and inside-forward thrusts. It was these long balls which caught City's defenders unprepared. Passes went sailing over their heads, and, flashing through in pursuit, went Luton's forwards.

Real celebration

Gordon Turner, whose father used to play with manager Duncan in the Hull City team, celebrated an unexpected promotion from the reserves with a hat-trick. Pye laid on a cunning pass for his second, but Turner's third was a solo effort—a fast riser the goalkeeper could only partially check.

Moore got the other, his shot touching Little's stuck-out foot as it went in, and Manchester's solitary reply came from Spurdle, who got his head to a high ball right under the bar.

It was such a facile win that Luton cannot care who comes next—Bolton or Notts County, who replay today.

Notts manager, Eric Houghton, watching points, must have been impressed by the winners, not only for their fighting spirit, but the high quality of their football.

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.