

PYE K.O.'s CITY—THEN ORDERED TO BED

52/53
(FAC)

By HENRY ROSE: Luton Town 5 Manchester City 1

RAVEN-HAIRED Jesse Pye wheezed his way from the buoyantly populated Luton bath and faced the club doctor. "You go straight to bed," said the medico, "I don't like the look of that throat."

Within a couple of hours, the 32-year-old veteran centre forward lay snugly between the blankets, comfortably reflecting on one of the best games of a travelled career that has taken in an England "cap" and other big-time labels.

Pye annihilated this First Division team—a startling declaration seeing that, though centre forward, he did not score.

Four of the five were Pye-made. The Pye-produced display was one of dazzle, glitter, and strength.

Soccer tricks

If it's tricks you wanted, here they were . . . the back-heel, the flick, the flutter over the ball—the lot. And how gleefully his colleagues responded.

Take the first four goals. Within 50 seconds Pye completed Town's unfinished business of Saturday. He snapped up a quick throw-in, flashed down the left wing, sent a swift cross inside, and young Gordon Turner whizzed the ball home.

Seven minutes later Pye was at it again; a peach of a pass to Mitchell, a precision centre, and Moore's shot was deflected home by left back Little.

A brief splutter by City when Spurdle (after great work by Don Revie) made it 2—1 with a header. But very brief.

Came "one on a plate" by Pye to Mitchell, who shot wide instead of blistering the netting, and then the "killer" just on half-time.

Cullen had just forced Trautmann to a leaping save, well worth the admission money. A free kick followed for hands by Paul; the kick was jerked by the Pye head to Turner.

Strangest goal

Any chance their best friends conceded a shapeless-looking City team vanished three minutes after half-time when a flick by Pye—with his back to goal—gave Mitchell a dream chance, which the winger in his stride joyfully accepted. Two minutes from time came the fifth and strangest goal of all.

Trautmann leapt gallantly to Turner's shot, could only push it on to a post, and it landed in the net to complete a Turner hat-trick.

No weak spots in this lively Luton outfit, not even at centre half, where as stand-in for captain Sid Owen part-timer Len Hall, a photographer, reduced the City attack down the middle to a complete negative.

Luton: Baynham; Jones, Aherne; Morton, Hall, Watkins; Cullen, Moore. Pye, Turner, Mitchell.

Manchester C: Trautmann; Branagan, Little; Revie, Ewing, Paul; Meadows, Spurdle, Williamson, Broadis, Cunliffe.