

CHEER BROWN,

BINGHAM

By HARRY LANGTON

Luton 4 Leicester 1



BILLY BINGHAM, Luton's 26-year-old Ireland outside right, smashed Leicester out of the Cup last night and gave Luton the revenge for which they had waited 10 years.

In 1949, Leicester drew 5—5 at Luton, won the replay 5—3, and went on to Wembley.

This time Bingham gave Luton's play a Cup Final flourish that must have turned watching Alf Ramsey, manager of Ipswich who entertain Luton in round five, colder than the night air.

The dim lights and a frozen pitch made this replay look like a kick-around on a cobbled alley at midnight. And Bingham waltzed past Leicester back Joe Baillie like a tattered-pants street genius.

He beat Baillie and centred for Allan Brown to score Luton's first in the eighth minute.

SMASHED IN

Tony Gregory smashed in Bingham's cute corner 10 minutes later.

Brown scored in the 56th minute while Leicester appealed for a foul by Bob Morton on centre-half Ian King.

Bingham made sure only 30secs. later that Luton's great performance was not to be suspect.

He smoothed out an angled pass to Brown, who detonated a 15-yard shot.

Leicester had their chances. Derek Hines should have scored first for them.

Ian McNeill and Howard Riley passed sweetly in the first half and they deserved Ken Leek's consolation goal in the 88th minute.

See you at Wembley, Luton.

HARD GROUND SUITS LUTON STYLE

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If ever that time-worn hazard "the run of the ball" was a major Cup-tie factor, it was in this Leicester replay defeat on Luton's concrete-like pitch last night.

Afternoon sun had taken the "bone" out of the ground, but by the time the players clipped-clopped their way on to the field under the mist-shrouded floodlights it was back again.

Adapting themselves accordingly, Luton made little attempt at elaborate football. Instead, they used plenty of length out of defence, and far-flung passes to their wings in attack.

In a 10-minute spell, Bingham contributed towards two Luton goals and himself hit the left angle of the woodwork. When Cummings found him with a great pass after 10 minutes, the ball ran kindly for the right-winger, who whipped it into the middle, where Brown's head put it well wide of Maclaren.

Wasted Effort

The luckless Baillie slipped up again nine minutes later, when he gave away an unnecessary corner with no Luton man within five yards of him. Direct from Bingham's flag-kick, Morton headed on to Gregory, who cut in to drive home an angled shot.

If anything, Luton's third goal was even more fantastic than the previous couple. At 56 minutes a high ball had the Leicester defence backpedalling, all except centre-half King, who galloped back facing his own goal. The ball struck King on the heel and rolled to Brown, who had the easiest of tasks to beat Maclaren once again.

Within a minute Brown had again taken a chance given him by Leicester's now completely flurried defence.

How ironic that Leicester's consolation goal, with just two minutes to go should have come from yet another slip on the "concrete." This time Hawkes gave away a corner, being unable to keep his feet and from the kick Leek headed in.