

SO RUTHLESS, THESE LUTON LADS

BY JAMES SAMUEL

IPSWICH 2, LUTON 5

FOR 23 seconds Ipswich were masters! That was the time it took Billy Rees to head home a whirlwind goal. Then, in five devastating minutes of glittering teamwork, Luton pulverised the Men of Suffolk with three hammer-blow goals.

The game which had started so dramatically was, in fact, all neatly parcelled up by the 17th minute. But what a sensation-studded start.

The time table of that opening went like this. . . .

IN 23 SECONDS: A fast, cocksure Ipswich surge cut Luton's defence to pieces as winger Pete Berry let centre-forward Ray Crawford dance down the wing and smash the ball across for Rees to ram in a hard header.

AT 2 MINUTES: A stupid, panicky foul by centre-half Vic Snell cost Ipswich dearly, for the man Snell scythed down 20 yards from goal—left-half Dave Pacey—smashed home the Luton equaliser straight from the free kick.

AT 13 MINUTES: Four Luton men swept a move right across the Ipswich defence. George Cummins pushed a pass right to the feet of Billy Bingham. In went a short ball to Allan Brown and from his excellent touch Bob Morton swept home the first of the Luton hammer blows.

AT 14 MINUTES: Ipswich reeled, their fans were stunned, and from a high cross from left-winger Tony Gregory in rushed

QUOTE

ALLAN BROWN, Luton inside-right: "The one thing we were afraid of was a quick Ipswich goal. They got one—but we recovered!"

ALF RAMSEY, Ipswich manager: "Luton equalised so quickly that we were never able to exploit the value of our 23-second goal."

right-winger Bingham with a beautifully glided header.

AT 17 MINUTES: This time it was Gregory for the goal, and he moved in with supreme confidence to Brown's excellently judged pass. And that made it 1-4.

There was never any doubt after this about the game, despite some frantic Ipswich surges in the second half from Crawford, Rees and veteran left-winger Jimmy Leadbetter.

The man who had the job of coping with livewire international Billy Bingham, captain for the day Kenny Malcolm, flopped completely, and the little Irishman danced his way with comfortable ease on the right wing.

It was staggering how the game had been wrenched from Ipswich and completely dominated by Luton's on-the-floor football.

Luton looked very Wembley-conscious after this calm, unhurried entry into the last eight.

They relaxed notably for the last 20 minutes of the first half,

and continued with this canter until a fatal error by long-legged wing-half John Groves in the 57th minute brought Ipswich a surprise goal.

Groves pushed a weak pass back to skipper Syd Owen and in leapt Rees with a crackerjack shot to score.

Three minutes from the end just to show their complete domination of the match Morton flicked home a clever header from a Bingham cross.

The 26,000 fans — biggest crowd at Ipswich for 20 years — could possibly have seen a Wembley side on this performance.

IPSWICH.—Bailey 6; Carry 5, Malcolm 4; Belcher 7, Snell 6, Johnston (E) 6; Berry 5, Millward 5, Crawford 6.

★ **REES 8, Leadbetter 6.**

LUTON.—Baynham 7; McNally 7;

Hawkes 7; Groves 6, Owen 8, Pacey 7;

★ **BINGHAM 9, Brown 6, Morton 7,**

Cummins 8, Gregory 6.

Referee: K. Collinge (Cheshire) 8.

Yes, Luton deserve it

By JOHN MORGAN

Ipswich 2 Luton 5



ALF RAMSEY, A manager of Ipswich, said: "We never had the chance to cash in on that quick goal. That was a pity."

Syd Owen, skipper of Luton, said: "A good team. We did not get any chance to take liberties."

"The one thing we stressed before the match was that we must not let Ipswich get a quick goal. They did—and what a good one."

I would not presume to criticise Ipswich after the fight they made of it, but I must differ with the Ipswich official who claimed his was the better footballing side.

Luton never reached top form. In fact, they were downright jittery. But after the most amazing start I have ever seen who could blame them?

Ipswich were a goal up in 28 seconds, 4-1 down by the 17th minute.

Luton then made the mistake of just holding on to win and it was not until the final 10 minutes, when they knew they could not lose, that the football flowed again.

Willie Rees headed Ipswich into that shock 28th second lead.

Silly foul

Fewer than 90 seconds later Luton were level. Ipswich centre half Vic Snell gave away a free kick just outside the penalty area and Dave Pacey slammed a glorious shot into the right-hand corner of the net.

No sympathy, Ipswich. It was a silly foul and even sillier covering for the free kick.

Then Luton moved on to Wembley with three-goals-in-five-minutes from Bob Morton (13 min.), Bingham (14) and Gregory (17).

Ipswich fought on and had Baynham saving desperately from Crawford and Leadbetter before a sorry mix-up in the Luton defence let in Rees for a gift second goal (57).

But seven minutes from the end, with the fight fast fading, Cummins craftily edged a short corner to Bingham and Morton was up to his centre to score Luton's fifth.

Luton ask only one thing from today's draw: That it is at home.

They are ready to take on anyone at Kenilworth-road for a place in the semi-finals. I like the team. I like their confidence. I hope they get that home draw today.

Ipswich.—Bailey; Carberry, Malcolm; Belcher, Snell, Johnstone; Berry, Millward, Crawford, Rees, Leadbetter.

Luton.—Baynham; McNally, Hawkes;

BINGHAM MAGIC RALLIES LUTON

Ipswich 2, Luton 5: by JOHN THOMPSON

WITH their prospects shattered by three Luton goals in five action-packed minutes, Ipswich still refused to concede the hopelessness of their situation. The tenacity with which they fought on was as stirring as the undeniable brilliance of their rivals' display.

After five goals in the first 17 minutes it seemed nothing could match the excitement of that remarkable start. But I had not reckoned with the size of Ipswich hearts.

At half-time Luton, having been one down within 30 seconds, led 4-1.

The shock treatment with which they stunned Ipswich would have shaken any team.

They looked like a conquering Wembley side—and then came that amazing wave of Ipswich enthusiasm. The smooth Luton machine was suddenly disrupted.

Once Ron Baynham, so often Luton's hero, stopped an almost certain Ipswich goal by diving at the feet of dashing Ray Crawford.

And in the 57th minute there was a great roar as Ipswich made it 4-2. Derek Rees alertly stepped in to shoot after a pass intended for Sid Owen had gone astray.

Even another Luton goal—headed with typical thrust by Morton seven minutes from the end—failed to stifle the Ipswich spirit.

The match began as unexpectedly as it was to continue.

Rees headed into the Luton net after Crawford, on one of his

sorties to the right wing, had centred.

The game was then 30 seconds old.

A minute later Luton were level, Pacey placing perfectly a 25-yard free kick awarded for a foul on himself.

Then Billy Bingham began weaving his magic Irish spell, and Ipswich were baffled by it. Poor Ken Malcolm struggled gallantly—but no back could have held Bingham in that mood.

With the Ipswich defence running wildly in all directions to stop Bingham, Luton made it 2-1 in the 13th minute. Bob Morton slammed a low shot after one from scheming Allan Brown had bounced back to him.

A minute later Bingham headed past Bailey from Gregory's centre.

In the 17th minute Luton finished one of their most devastating spells I have seen with a goal by Gregory.

With the Luton forwards playing so well together their hopes of reaching the Final seem excellent.

In defence they had the calmness of Owen to suppress the eagerness of those never-say-die Ipswich forwards.