

WHAT THE OTHER CRITICS SAID

GIVE THEM THE MONEY, ARCHIE!

Fanatical Fans Urged Norwich To Fight

By "ONLOOKER"

LUTON TOWN 1, NORWICH CITY 1

IF I were Norwich manager Archie Macaulay I would pay each East Anglian fan who travelled the 104 miles to White Hart-lane a bonus equal to that his players received.

I make no apologies for this statement, for I believe that those 30,000 Norwich fans that packed into the London ground on Saturday played a big part in ensuring that the Canaries got another chance to stake their claim for a Wembley appearance at St. Andrew's yesterday.

These fanatical fans from that sedate cathedral city in East Anglia refuse to let their favourites admit defeat.

Let's turn the clock back to 4.25 p.m. last Saturday. The Norwich men have just returned to the field after the interval. Things seem to be going badly for them.

In the first half Luton had taught them a Soccer lesson they wanted to forget. For once noble Norwich had been reduced to what they technically are—a Third Division team.

They could make nothing of the artistry and punch of Luton's attack, and their forwards had failed to make any impression on the Town's seemingly impregnable defence.

And when Allan BROWN scored that magnificent goal in the 36th minute the Norwich men seemed ready to admit defeat. But their fantastic, magnificent contingent of supporters urged and pleaded them to stand up and fight.

The second half began to the accompaniment of thousands of voices fervently singing the Canaries' "battle hymn"—"On the ball, City!"

This was just the extra goad that Norwich needed after being subjected to a "no-punches-pulled" interval pep-talk from Manager Macaulay.

They sailed into the attack immediately and launched waves of incredible do-or-die football on the Luton goal.

"STORY BOOK" GOAL

How the Town defence survived this period of intense pressure will never be known. Sid Owen worked miracles in the middle blotting out dangerous moves by Terry Bly and Terry Allcock, while Ron Baynham kept his goal intact with a succession of brilliant saves.

Few teams could have withstood pressure of this magnitude, and there was little discredit to the Luton defence when they finally did crack in the 66th minute.

It was a story book goal scored by outside-left Bobby Brennan, the former Luton player, who was celebrating his 34th birthday.

Canadian right-winger Errol Crossan initiated the move when he snapped up a loose ball in midfield and raced down the wing. He drew Ken Hawkes out to the wing before slipping the ball through to right-half Ray McCrohan, who had moved up-field behind his forwards. McCrohan saw that Crossan's clever move had thrown the Luton defence on the wrong foot, and spotting a possible opening, he slammed an immaculate pass over to Bobby Brennan, who had wandered in from the left flank.

BRENNAN was on to the ball like a flash and then crashed a powerful 15 yard drive under Baynham's diving body into the corner of the Luton net.

For a moment there was almost silence, then the packed terraces and stands erupted into a Kaleidoscope of green and yellow. The din these Norwich fans created had to be heard to be believed.

Norwich were level—and they stayed level until referee, Bill Hickson signalled the end of this pulsating, never to be forgotten game.

My view is that Luton could have won this game in comfort-

able fashion in the first half.

During those first 45 minutes Luton played some of the best football I have ever seen. In fact, it was a joy and a privilege to watch these men in action.

Star of the first half was undoubtedly George Cummins. He was the brains behind almost every Town attack, popping up in the most unlikely places, and generally making a nuisance of himself to the whole Norwich defence.

TANTALISING

When this tantalising Irishman combined with Billy Bingham it spelled danger of the highest degree. Time and again this pair ripped gaping holes in the Norwich defence with intricate close passing and baffling position switching.

If Brown, Morton and Gregory had accepted the chances that Bingham and Cummins created, and if South African goalkeeper Sandy Kennon had not been in such inspired form, the Town could have been leading by at least three goals at the interval.

Cummins was the man behind the move that led to Brown putting Luton in front after 36 minutes.

The move began when he accepted a pass from John Groves and then weaved past three Norwich men in a brilliant corkscrew dribble. For a moment it seemed that the inside-left would break through the Canaries' defence on his own. But as he was about to cut in towards the goal he was upended by a heavy tackle by left-back Ron Ashman.

Billy Bingham took the free-kick and planted a head-high centre into the Norwich penalty area. Centre-half Barry Butler jumped high in a forlorn attempt to head clear, but BROWN'S flying form beat him to it and his glorious header flashed into the Norwich net with Kennon hopelessly beaten.

Billy Bingham ran himself into the ground after Norwich had snatched that surprise equaliser, and Ron Ashman, the Canaries' skipper, had many agonising moments when bubbling Billy had the ball at his feet.

Only a save of a lifetime by Sandy Kennon checked Bingham from grabbing a winner ten minutes from time. The tiny Irishman was in the middle of the field when Allan Brown, out on the right wing, caught the Norwich defence on the hop with a low centre across the penalty area. Bingham streaked down the centre and hit the ball first time towards the top left hand corner of the net. Luton fans were already cheering a goal when, suddenly, Kennon flung himself into the air and made a miraculous flying catch.

LUTON TOWN: Baynham; McNally, Hawkes; Groves, Owen, Pacey; Bingham, Brown, Morton, Cummins, Gregory.

NORWICH CITY: Kennon; Thurlow, Ashman; McCrohan, Butler, Crowe; Crossan, Allcock, Bly, Hill, Brennan.

Referee: W Hickson (Lancs.). Attendance: 63,500.

General opinion among the critics was that Luton should have had the game sewn up by half-time when their forwards were giving the frenzied Norwich defenders the runaround, but in the end the Canaries just about deserved to force a replay.

"In those first surging, dramatic 45 minutes the favourites from the First Division swept on the Norwich goal in an almost effortless succession of smooth, streamlined attacks."—"The Sunday Express."

"In a rip roaring finish, that did much to compensate for a good deal of scrappy football by both sides, first one and then the other threatened to score the decider."—"The Sunday Graphic."

"During the first 45 minutes they (Luton) were the complete masters of the situation as though kindly tolerating a visit from country cousins by showing them all the Soccer arts and crafts."—"Reynolds News."

"Luton outfootballed Norwich in the first half and when Allan Brown headed in from Bingham's pass after 35 minutes I thought Norwich had sung their last Cup song."—"News Of The World."

"It's going to take a very good team and a very cool-headed team to beat Norwich, and I don't think Luton have it in them."—"Sunday Dispatch."

"In Cummins and Bingham they (Luton) had the best two forwards on the field. But for a magnificent display of goalkeeping by Kennon these two might have sent Luton in for their mid-match cup of tea with such a clear lead that nothing Norwich could achieve later would make any difference."—"The Sunday Times."

"... but most of all in this searing, testing game I admired the oldest man afield, Luton centre-half and captain, Sid Owen."—"The People."

"Norwich never looked happy in the first-half because they became rather prim, proud, Canary-shirted show-offs with the world at their feet. They should have been blasted right out of the Wembley scene once and for all."—"Daily Herald."

"And at half-time Luton knew they should have had more than a 35th minute goal beautifully headed in by Allan Brown. They should have smashed Norwich—despite Kennon."—"Daily Express."

"While Luton's skipper, the immaculate Sid Owen, was able to field marshal his men from the middle, Norwich manager Archie Macaulay must have felt powerless in the directors' box."—"Empire News."