

HERE'S MAURICE SMITH, CONFIDENT AS EVER,
SAYING IT AGAIN . . .

Canaries will go to Wembley

Luton Town 1, Norwich City 1

MY wrist-watch shows 4.45. I note the time particularly for this moment can be a turning point in football history.

Bobby Brennan, spindly-legged little Irishman whom Norwich City once discarded as "finished," has just disappeared beneath a heap of Canary-yellow jerseys.

Ron Baynham, immaculate Luton goalkeeper, picks the ball disconsolately from the net. The ball sent there by the jet-assisted right foot of Bobby Brennan, 34 years old this day, veteran and fighter to his stud-tips.

My watch moves on to 5.10—and the whistle goes with the score still 1—1.

So thanks to Bobby's birthday present, these gallant giant-killers can still become the first-ever Third Division side to reach the Final.

Norwich for Wembley? Yes—I've said so for weeks and now I'm more sure than ever they can make it.

Why? **GUTS** alone will get them there. **GUTS** alone kept their hope alive yesterday when all seemed lost.

I thought their hour had come when Luton, leading by a goal from Allan Brown began toying with these Norwich defenders with almost disdainful confidence.

. . . WE CAN DO BETTER

I thought that Luton, the better side for 60 minutes, might still come again after Brennan's goal.

But even I had under-estimated the pluck, the fighting spirit of these footballers from the Third Division—and especially of men like Barry Butler and skipper Ron Ashman.

In Norwich's hour of need these two seemed to say to themselves: "Anything they can do we can do better—or at least just as well."

And so they showed us—and all their colleagues.

Norwich, I say, underwent their trial by fire and came through smiling.

And the man who faced the greatest ordeal of all came out with the broadest grin. I refer to stand-in goalkeeper Sandy Kennon, the man even Norwich fans were saying "isn't good enough." Good enough? Second only to Butler who never put a foot wrong. South African Sandy was the star of his side.

Five minutes from the end Luton in a desperate last fling broke away through centre-forward Bob Morton. He veered to the right and swung over a centre for Billy Bingham.

There was Bingham racing through the middle, the ball about to drop on his head in front of a gaping net. And there through the air like a pouncing Jaguar came Sandy to grab it safely.

That was the greatest of a series of great saves. Even if regular goalkeeper Ken Nethercott is fit for Wednesday's replay at Birmingham, which I doubt, Sandy goes down in my book as the "green" man in green who won his Cup spurs at the home of Spurs.

I liked Brennan's birthday goal, even though I thought Norwich made a mistake by keeping him idle too long. I liked his cool, almost cheeky, confidence throughout.

I liked Butler, the iron man in defence, who gave Morton never an inch of room or a half second's thought.

I liked the way Ashman stuck to Luton's potential match-winner Bingham—Billy was unlucky with two great shots.

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

He never gave that goal-glutton Terry the Terror Bly a half-chance. On the ground, in the air, there was only one master—Owen, the old-timer.

GOOD DEFENCE

There was never much wrong with the First Division team's defence, but of the forwards only little Bingham all the time and Brown part of the time really looked good enough to earn a Wembley place.

Frankly I felt sorry for Brown, the man who has twice taken sides to the last stage and has had to cry off each time.

"I thought I had managed it once more," he said after his goal in the 35th minute, and I am sure his colleagues shared his optimism. At least they played like it.

What they'd all forgotten is the quality which I believe will swing everything against them in the end. . .

NORWICH'S FIGHTING SPIRIT.

LUTON.—Baynham 8; McNally 7; Hawkes 6; Groves 7; ★OWEN 9; Pacey 8; Bingham 8; Brown 7; Morton 6; Cummins 6; Gregory 5.

NORWICH.—Kennon 8; Thurlow 6; Ashman 7; McCrohan 7; ★BUTLER 9; Crowe 6; Crossan 6; Allcock 6; Bly 5; Hill 6; Brennan 8.