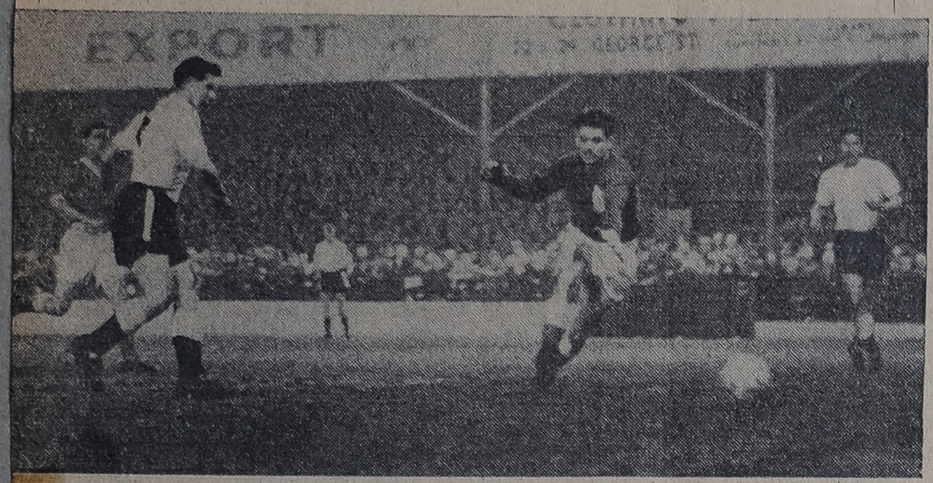
FOR LUTON... A TRIUMPH **CUP FINAL REHEARSAL** *FOR FOREST... A FLOP*

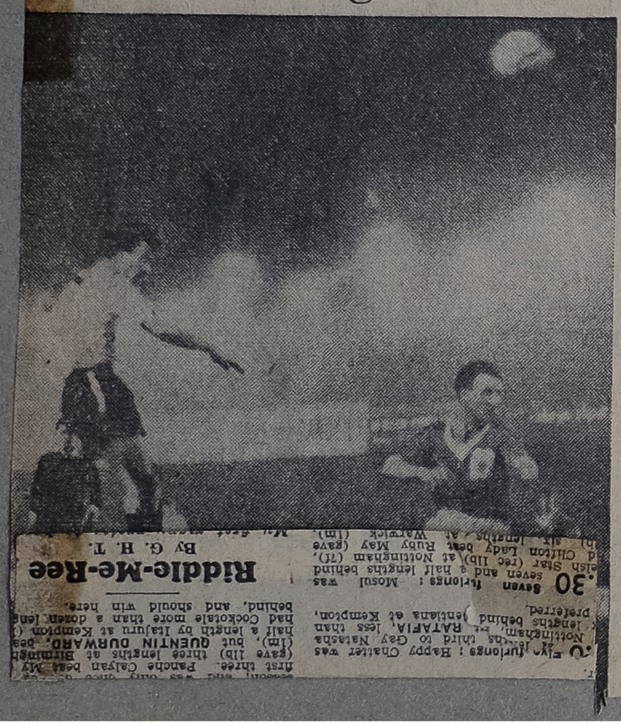
BROWN HUMILIATES FOREST

24 min.... and it's No. 1



ere is Luton's G (for-goal) Man Allan Brown starting his four-goal trot.

One for Bingham too



1-2-3-4—Super Scot raps out a Wembley warning

By DESMOND HACKETT

Luton 5 Nottm. Forest 1

LUTON did everything but tie their black and white silk ribbons on the F.A. Cup when last night they gave Nottingham Forest a Wembley-sized whipping.

The man who laced this Luton champagne tonic of a game with goals, goals, glorious goals was the Wembley-haunted man Allan Brown.

This was the man who missed a Wembley cap with Scotland and a Wembley Cup medal with Blackpool because of injuries. But last night there was burly, brilliant Brown flashing in four goals that would have been jewels fit to set into the glorious setting of Wembley.

Should the shattered Nottingham fans try to cheer themselves up by opining that their team were being clever by resting four men and concealing their hand, they should have listened in to the grief chorus of committee-men led by manager Billy Walker.

'WE'RE LOST, WE'RE LOST'

They sat behind me grumbling and squirming in their frustration and disappointment. Finally I could hear only a faint murmur of "We're lost. We're lost."

And when the solemn-faced players herded miserably into their dressing-room after the game, doors were locked and callers were brusquely told to get away.

Forest were lost without trace, played out of sight by a Luton team that seemed to possess 15 men who sprang from the bare pitch to bedevil and humiliate the striving men of Nottingham.

It was glory night all right for Luton fans, who put on a Wembley show of celebration, came out trimmed up in their favours, and cheered and gloated their joy, so that even the ticketless locked out of the Cup Final consoled themselves that this was better than Wemb'ey.

Brown started to scribble his genius into this game in the first minutes, when he laid on a shot which dashing Bob Morton aimed adrift.

This gallant Morton gave Bob McKinlay, rated one of the best centre halves in Britain, a misery of an evening. But even at that, McKinlay was Forest's best defender.

The confidence of Luton was stamped into their early action, when in their own goal area they played their way out of trouble.

No wild kicking for these Wembley-bound Soccer stars. And it was nice to observe all through the good manners of both teams.

England manager Walter Winterbottom who brought along the England Soccer squad, must have marked down Ron Baynham for the American tour when Baynham plucked the ball from a mingling scrum of players with the ease of a wine waiter drawing a cork.

THE OFFSIDE TRAP FLOPS

Luton scored their greatest triumph when they ripped wide open the Forest offside trap. They actually made use of this attempt to trap them into being offside. We saw it when George Cummins, that smooth-moving genius from Ireland, flighted a long ball, which left Morton clear of the defence.

Morton unselfishly side-footed the ball, **Brown** coolly tapped it in, and trotted away as unconcernedly as if he had put the ball into touch. That was after 1 minutes.

It was Allan Brown 2 Forest 0 after 30 minutes. Cummins once again caught the defence balancing uncertainly on their offside trap line. Brown moved in on the pass and flicked the ball past stand-in goalkeeper Willie Fraser.

It was soldier Tony Gregory who made the third goal shortly before half-time, and with a 30-yard pass of military precision. Up hobbed impudent little **Billy Bingham** to head over Fraser's hands.

It was this little terror of a man Bingham who perkily earned a throw-in in the second half and wore a move for Morton to shoot. The shot was charged down. **Brown** moved in on the rebound, and slashed the ball through the defence and into goal.

At which excellent aim, the England players looking on were thankful Brown had been omitted from tomorrow's Wembley international piece.

ALMOST ARMCHAIR-EASY

Morton almost scored a miracle goal by screwing a ball off the dead-ball line and hitting the far post. It was looking armchair-easy for Luton.

They had experienced players like Bill Whare and Jeff Whitefoot running about like kids in a men's game.

But Luton captain Syd Owen was not satisfied. He hammered his fist into his hand and demanded more action.

So Bingham moved up under Owen's insistence, won a corner, took it, and there was Brown powering in like the Scots Express at full steam to head a goal that was a masterpiece.

Luton really slacked in the last minutes and I cannot blame them for that. Imlach hit a post. With four minutes left, **John Quigley**, who with Billy Gray were the only men to be Cup Final conscious, chipped a goal when Jim Barrett back-headed.

Luton looked the Wembley wonders all right, and being a decent chap I will not add to the gloom and humiliation of condemning Nottingham Forest, the team who so badly missed their cue in this Cup rehearsal.

Luton Town.—Baynham; McNally, Hawkes; Groves, Owen, Pacey; Bingham, Brown, Morton, Cummins, Gregory.

Nottingham Forest.—Fraser; Whare, Thomas; Whitefoot, McKinlay, Palmer; Gray, Quigley, Wilson, Barrett, Imlach.

30 min.... Allan grabs No. 2

It's that man again—yes, Allan Brown. This time he strikes to put Forest two goals down.

QUOTES

This is no pointer —Owen

SYD OWEN, Luton's captain and coach: "We went out determined to win, and as a result we played as we have been playing in Cup ties.

"But as far as I am concerned, this result means nothing in terms of Wembley."

ALLAN BROWN: "The ball ran well for me tonight. I only hope it does the same at Wembley."

BOB MORTON, Luton centre forward: "I think we can beat the Forest at Wembley, especially if they rely on the offside trap. I think we have the answer to that."

★

RON BAYNHAM, Luton goalkeeper: "You cannot go on this match, but I think we can beat them at Wembley. At least, this win has given us plenty of confidence."

BILLY WALKER, Forest manager: "I do not think it will be the same on May 2."