

SEMI-FINALS

POPEY SUNK: MANCHESTER DIS-UNITED

Wolves 1 - Manchester United 1

In 70 years of cup-tie football, never has the trail to the final been as thrilling as this year. The story of the gallant Wolves battle against whiteshorted Manchester United will still be devoured in 50 years time. United, often uncertain, usually outmanoeuvred, only occasionally touch their true form. The young Wolves, although one man short, hold out against everything Jimmy Delaney and his colleagues serve up. Inspired by skipper Billy Wright, the Midlanders, with their injured defender hobbling on the touchline, show a team spirit that has seldom been surpassed.

Great that he always is, never has Billy Wright (No. 6) been greater. Everywhere at once, he doesn't put a foot wrong. His long kick sends the ball into the goal area - Jesse Fye snaps up a faulty clearance and Sammy Smyth bangs it home.

One down, the United's attack suddenly sprints. Outnumbered, the Wolves can't hold out. A lob, a kick, and thousands cheer Charlie Mitten's equaliser.

Leicester 3 - Portsmouth 1

Both teams deserve to fight again. Whoever gets through meets Leicester City, the cup destroyers. Torpedoing the Wembley hopes of Pompey, Leicester earn the praise of Monty, the Portsmouth President. The white-shirted Second Division team planned this semi-final battle like a naval manoeuvre. Given two chances (a dog's chance and no chance at all) a lively Leicester make their critics eat their own words. All-conquering Pompey start off with a rush, but a barrage of white-shirts keep them out of range.

And now it's Leicester's turn. Chishelm passes to Griffiths - the Welsh winger centres and Ben Revie slams in goal No. 1.

Stung into action, the First Division leaders turn on the heat. Heat, first time passing takes them into the danger zone, but the suspect Leicester rearguard is solid.

The City's attack takes the pomp right out of Pompey and only desperate defending keeps the Midlanders out. From Yarnell's long clearance, Portsmouth gain their only success. Peter Harris, racing for the ball, sends in the equaliser.

With honours even, Leicester start the second half with dash and determination. Cleverly drawing the Portsmouth defence, centre-forward Jack Lee centres for Ken Chisholm to put the City one up.

Watching their cup hopes slipping, the Hampshire team now pull out all the stops. But it isn't their day and their dreams are finally dashed when Peter Harris misses an open goal from five yards!

Harris leads a last despairing Portsmouth raid - but it's too late. Nothing can stop Leicester from reaching their first-ever cup Final. And just to show their win is not a fluke, Don Revie slams in No. 3 to sink Pompey lower than a submarine.