

SID OWEN HAS HIS PROBLEMS

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Fulham 4, Luton 2 : by ALAN HOBY

IF Real Madrid, European champions and millionaire clubs of the Continent, REALLY want to pay out £70,000 for Fulham's Gibraltar goalkeeper Tony Macedo—and I doubt it—the Spaniards would have to shut their eyes to Tony's performance in this jaunty, goor-humoured game.

After the match, which Fulham so deserved to win, Bedford Jezzard, the Fulham manager, told me:—

"I've heard nothing of an offer. I think it is all rumour. We had the same thing 18 months ago. No. Macedo is not for sale. Where would we find another like him?"

Then the Fulham team boss added: "If they did phone us with an offer of £70,000 in cash, I suppose we should have to consider it. But I can't imagine that happening."

I agree with Jezzard's judgment—Macedo is a future England goalkeeper. Unfortunately he had an off-day against Luton.

When Fulham, moving smoothly and serenely in the sun, took the lead in the ninth minute through Scottish international outside right Graham Leggat, Luton looked booked for a hiding.

But 16 minutes later the usually sure-handed Macedo lost the ball when challenged by Allan Brown as he rose to field centre half Kelly's free-kick.

Billy Bingham, the outside right, Luton's best forward, darted in like a whippet to tap the ball into the empty net. Macedo's positioning, too, was occasionally faulty. The Fulham heroes were John Doherty, a leggy, level-headed centre forward, right-half Alan Mullery, who is only 17, right-back George Cohen, Jim Langley, at left back, Alf Stokes (in flashes); and, of course, Scotland's Leggat.

The Luton defence was caught

out when Fulham scored their second goal 10 seconds before half-time.

A glorious Cohen-Mullery-Johnson-Hill-Leggat cross-field move produced an equally wonderful header from the flying Scot.

Luton's goalkeeper Baynham could not check its flight into the net. Baynham, like Macedo, was not at his best.

With only Kelly and Don Groves shining in the Luton defence Fulham scored two more goals in the second-half.

Jimmy Hill, who had been the good humoured butt of the sheltering shirt-sleeved crowd, flicked the ball to Johnson.

The left winger passed high and hard and centre-forward Doherty, running in full tilt, charged Baynham over the line.

The goal stood because Baynham had his feet on the ground as he clutched the ball to his chest.

The crowd went crazy when the bearded Hill pelted full blast for goal to hit Fulham's fourth. Sweaters went up in the air and excited fans rushed on to the touchline. Jimmy Hill may not be England's greatest footballer but he is part of the Fulham scene.

Luton hit back when Bingham shot into the net. Sid Owen, Luton's manager, has many problems—in defence and attack. Seldom have I seen two inside forwards as ineffectual as Allan Brown and George Cummins were yesterday. It was a sad sight.