

MacDonald sparks Town goal orgy

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Now for Millwall-at home

LUTON TOWN 5 PETERBOROUGH 2
By ROGER DUCKWORTH

THIS SEVEN-goal thriller was just what the fans wanted. Both teams played as if they didn't know the meaning of negative defending, and the countless attempts at goal — by both sides — left the crowd hoarse, but satisfied.

Luton have earned themselves a lucrative home tie against Millwall in the second round of the League Cup with their powerful attacking policy.

And again it was young Malcolm MacDonald, the impressive newcomer from Fulham, who set them on the road to victory.

Luton found themselves one goal down after eight minutes when Posh player-manager Jim Iley swept a perfectly timed and directed left-footer past Tony Read from the corner of the box.

For the first quarter of the match Town looked uncertain, and at times their defence looked decidedly dodgy. Then up popped the effervescent MacDonald to put Luton back into the reckoning.

Mike Keen started it with a long throw into the goalmouth from the right. In a well-executed and carefully pre-planned move, Keith Allen flicked the ball on with his head, and there was Mac-

Donald, propelling the ball past Drewery and wheeling jubilantly, right arm raised in triumph to salute the applause of the appreciative fans.

Until this moment there was little in the match to denote the Division of difference between the two teams.

MacDonald always looked dangerous. He moves so quickly, and with so much petulance that other, small restrictions in his ability are overlooked. But his character is forming quickly, and he will be an outstanding performer when he builds his personal skill to match his speed and exuberance.

Developed

At the moment he has some slight limitations. He tends to be caught in possession if he has to turn with the ball, and sometimes there might have been a better outcome had he laid the ball off instead of trying for goal.

But it's good to see a player so greedy for goals. Too many prefer to let someone else have the last shot.

The match developed in interest as it progressed. In

midfield two old stagers, Luton's Mike Keen and Peterborough's "Gentleman" Jim Iley controlled proceedings with some superlative soccer. The talents of both are still well on the surface, and Keen's passing was worth the five bob entrance fee alone.

The evening's best forward was Graham French, and it was he who contributed to putting the Town in the lead. He burst through from the left and won a corner with a fierce shot. He took it himself and planted it unerringly on the forehead of Terry Branstion who wiped out his earlier erratic play by heading firmly home after rising above the defence.

Five minutes before the interval Brian Lewis made a penalty for himself by running slap-bang into a defender and being felled. He took the spot kick himself, but Drewery chose the right way to go, and was able to stop it. The ball bounced free, however, and Lewis nipped in to slot the rebound home.

It's twice in a fortnight that Lewis has had a penalty stopped. In the first match against Barrow he did the

...you don't lose these matches. We didn't lose. Once you start losing there's no hope for you. I'll stick my neck out, and say that Luton will murder this Peterborough side in the replay. Luton will play 4-2-4 at home and that will make all the difference.

The Town have a real find. Malcolm MacDonald. I

■ Roger Duckworth's prediction after last week's 1-1 draw at Peterborough.

same, but Collins darted in to finish it off.

Alan Slough worked well, but was caught napping a couple of times. Once, just before the break, he was left standing by Hall, and Read was called upon to make a good save.

Scouts

There were several scouts watching the match. Northampton, Millwall, Orient, Colchester, Spurs and Arsenal were all represented. We can only guess as to whom they are watching now that Rioch has gone.

French continued the good work in the second half, and one almost pitied Hampton who had to mark him. French seems to have found an extra turn of speed. This, coupled with his ability to beat a man on either side, makes him a most feared winger.

He supplied a string of centres, and often found MacDonald lurking around the near post.

Posh sensed they were back in the game when Robson made it 3-2 with a lucky deflection off Bannister and the ball skipped over Read's head into the net.

But after a tremendous goalmouth scramble, poor Hampton was forced to handle a Sheffield effort on the goal-line, and Lewis had the unenviable task of taking another penalty. This time he banged it home first time.

Grand match

And just to round things off, Allen, who had a grand match, netted a precise low cross from Lewis.

Defenders Ryan and Bannister did well, in spite of an odd mistake from Bannister, but up front Sheffield had one of those nights when nothing went right for him — however hard he tried.

With seven goals already, and both goals being peppered from all angles, it was the sort of match you didn't want to end. It really set the Oak Road choir singing.

MacDonald, twice, and Lewis went close again before the end, and a Sheffield header scraped the crossbar.

And, in a gesture of defiance, full back Noble forced Read into a magnificent flying save just before the end.

This is the sort of stuff we want. It should put a few on the gate for Saturday when the Town entertain high running Orient.

Luton Town: Read; Ryan, Bannister; Keen, Branstion, Slough; Lewis, MacDonald, Sheffield, Allen, French. Sub: Stevenson.

Peterborough: Drewery; Potts, Noble; Hampton, Wile, Wright; Moss, Holliday, Hall, Iley, Robson. Sub: Price (for Potts).

Referee: Mr M. Fussey (Retford). Attendance: 13,103.



Luton forward Malcolm MacDonald always looked dangerous and here he forces the ball home to make the score 1-1



Terry Branstion wiped out memories of his earlier erratic play by firmly heading Luton's second from a corner