

Mac the Knife cuts up the Owls

SHEFFIELD WED. 1, LUTON TOWN 5

QUITE A FEW people on Saturday night were trying to find the equation to show just how good the Town are, bearing in mind the ineffectiveness of the Wednesday on this occasion.

But of course, this is one of the insolubles. No number of "x's" and "y's" would provide the answer.

Suffice it to say that, if the Town maintained this sort of form in every match, they would win not only the League and the Cup, but the Grand National as well. As for poor, struggling Wednesday, a continuation of this sort of shoddy football would certainly land them in the Third Division.

STRIKING DIFFERENCE

Of course, that sort of conclusion cannot be drawn from the evidence of one match but, in considering the result, that is all we have on which to go. Difference between the teams was almost too striking to need emphasis.

Composing the Town side were eleven players who wanted the ball and knew what to do with it when they got it.

And underlying everything, they had the marksmen up front in MacDonald and Givens to make the most use of the opportunities that were created.

On the other hand, one or two of the Wednesday players gave me the impression that they did not particularly want possession.

There was never the hard running and chasing the Town were always willing to give, and none of the thrust in front of goal which caused such chaos in their own defence.

Of course, what is left of the loyalist Wednesday supporters — and the crowd,

15,189, including what must have been 1,000 from Luton, looked almost lost on this huge ground — are used to better than this.

However, the Sheffield fans were generous in their applause for the Town and MacDonald in particular.

REPETITIVE

If MacDonald's name would seem to be cropping up in most repetitive manner, I can offer no apologies.

I can only say that it would be impossible to write a fair report without



● MALCOLM MacDonald demonstrates his shooting power with his third goal against unhappy Sheffield.

By ERIC PUGH

giving him a major share of the praise.

Various superlatives were being used about his display afterwards, but none really fully described his influence on this game.

MacDONALD'S glory trail began in the 14th minute, when he picked up a through pass from Court and, with the Wednesday defenders apparently forgetting that his left foot is the one about which to worry, he beat Grummitt with a searing, low drive.

This was the product of the Town's quick break

from defence into attack which was to serve them so well, but what really killed Wednesday stone dead were two goals in a minute immediately before half-time.

With two minutes left, MacDonald picked up another pass from Court and this time made an easy opening for GIVENS, who accepted it with alacrity.

SUSPECT

A minute later, MacDonald was through the Wednesday's suspect right flank once more and again left Grummitt completely without hope.

Only goal in which MacDonald did not figure, was the fourth, after 64 minutes, when John Ryan, coming through in typical style,

gave GIVENS a clear run at goal.

This jolted Wednesday into some improvement, and a sudden raid found SINCLAIR getting the ball marginally before Nicholl and sliding it into the net as Read advanced.

Few more scares developed, although Read made one of the saves of the match in the 82nd minute from Wilcockson.

A minute later MacDonald struck again.

This time, he picked up the inevitable through ball, beat Ellis for speed and slammed the ball past Grummitt for what can best be described as a typical centre-forward's goal.

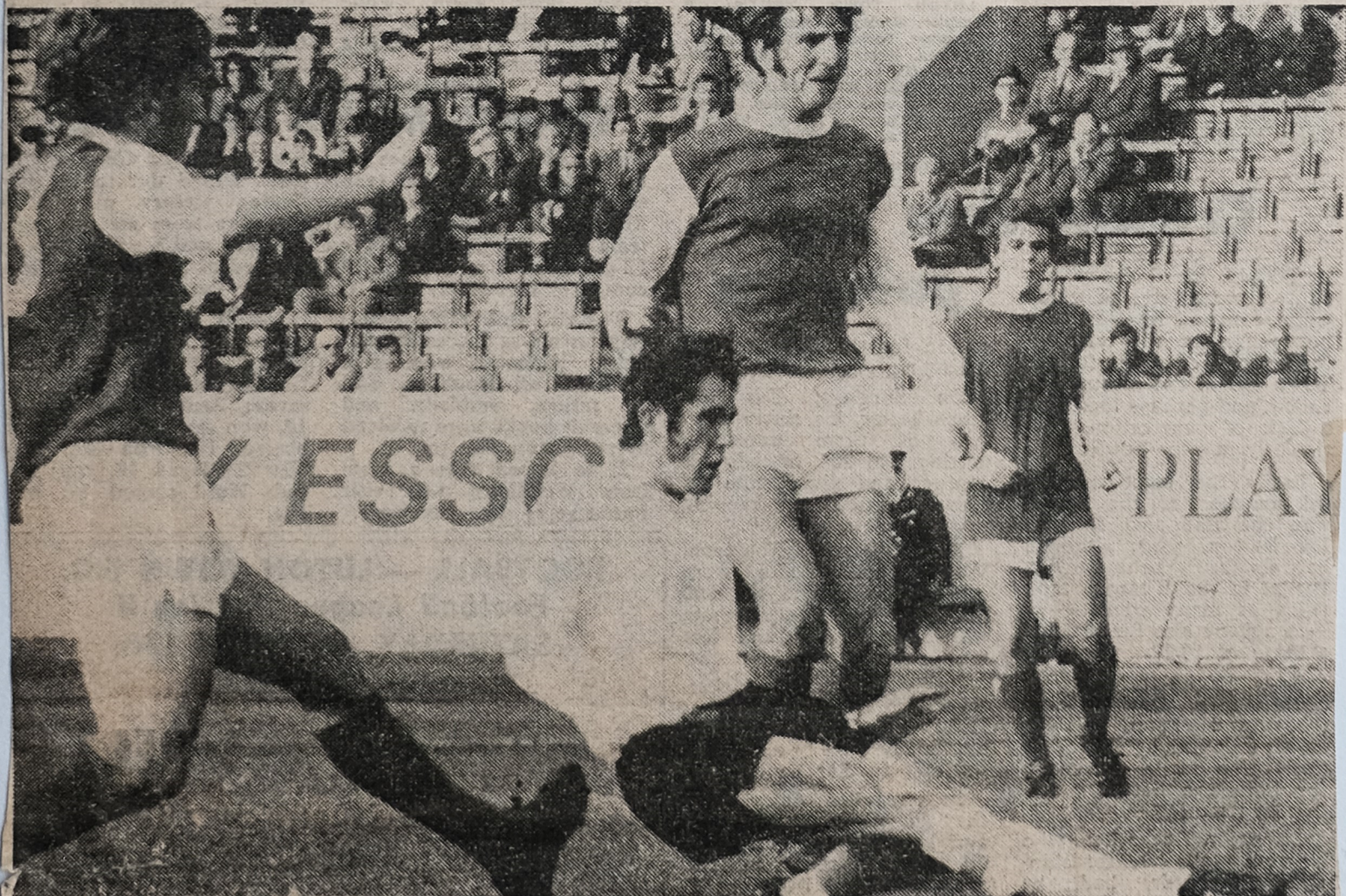
DECISIVE

So there it was, one of the Town's greatest victories in recent years and, apart from MacDonald and the decisive nature of his finishing, I would not attempt to single out individual players in what was a magnificent team effort.

SHEFFIELD WED.:
Grummitt; Wilcockson, Burton; Thompson, Ellis, Craig; Sinclair, Prendergast, Downes, Warboys, Sissons. Sub.: Pugh.

LUTON T.: Read; Ryan (John), Slough; Hoy, Nicholl, Moore; Ryan (Jimmy), Court, MacDonald, Keen, Givens. Sub.: Busby.

Referee: J. Finney, Hereford. Attendance: 15,189.



● DON GIVENS goes low to slide home his first goal two minutes from half-time at Sheffield.