



Luton's Mal Donaghy stops a shot from flying Mark Falco of Spurs.

Nicely, ^{84/85} Nick!

PETER SHREEVES ordered the lager which claims to refresh those parts the others cannot reach. It had been that kind of day — tense, exhausting, nerve-racking, and he might have sent a supply to both dressing-rooms. A frenzied finale that brought three goals in the last six minutes and snatched a point for Spurs put Kenilworth Road's biggest crowd of the season—17,511—into a lather of excitement.

By the time they had all cooled down, the agreement from both camps was that Spurs were lucky to take a point.

Inspired by their £150,000 signing Peter Nicholas, are too good to go down.

In that incredible climax, managers, David Pleat and Shreeves dashed from their grandstand seats to bounce up and down on the touchline like demented yo-yo men—and no wonder.

Luton had been clinging to Brian Stein's 48th minute goal when, with six minutes to go, Mark Falco raked in his 21st goal of the season for Spurs.

Almost immediately Luton's exciting black flash, Emeka Nwajiobi, was driving Luton back into the lead. Then, with the big scoreboard clock show-

by JAMES MOSSOP

Luton 2 Spurs 2

ing time up, Graham Roberts made it 2-2.

Shreeves, sipping his refreshment to calm nerves, said: "All credit to Luton. They took the game to us. We were a little bit fortunate to get a point."

Pleat was disappointed not to win but encouraged by his team's performance—and so he should be.

All Luton eyes were on the blond Welshman wearing No. 4 and he proved conclusively that not every footballing Nicholas is a "Charlie."

Young Peter had a marvellous debut. As he helped Luton to turn First Division form upside down with a thoughtful, combative performance he won the hearts of every Lutonian in the crowd.

Battled on

It was never easy, but he battled through and Luton followed. His leadership encouraged Steve Foster to show the kind of form that put him in Ron Greenwood's 1982 World Cup squad, and Ricky Hill, too, was in the kind of form that suggested the 1986 World Cup is still a part of his ambition.

Luton deserved to win and it looked as though Stein's goal — he slid the ball in from a Nwajiobi cross when Gary Stevens (a shaky deputy for Paul Miller) might have cleared — would stand to the end.

The madcap pandemonium of the last minutes changed everything. A shot from Gary Mabbutt was blocked and Falco pounced. Nwajiobi rounded off a move that started with the outstanding football prospect Tim Breacker, before Roberts met Mabbutt's throw and smashed in that last-gasp equaliser.