

STAMIN LUTON

Bridgwater 0, Luton 3

LUTON have fallen on hard times on the football field—but the Cup-tie to a non-League club took them on Castle Field yesterday.

For an hour Bridgwater, lying fourth in the Western League, clutched their straw stoutly (and by swapping goalkeepers would have been a goal up rather than one down), but in the final half-hour fitness told, McKechnie scored two neat goals, and Luton emerged comfortable and deserving winners.

Viewed from within five yards of a muddy touch-line, it was not a game I shall readily forget.

Nor did the fact that it rained hard most of the match tend to endear one to the lines of directors sitting smugly in a half-empty stand immediately to the rear. At least the compensation of attaining that dizzy status was brought home to me.

On the other hand, from such close range, one got a clear impression of the tension which in a match of this kind inevitably afflicts a League club. Luton were on a hiding to nothing here, and for 20 minutes it showed in their play.

Narrow escapes

They were just starting to get on to terms with themselves when, after half an hour, a lucky goal did the trick for them. Turner smashed across a centre from around the right corner flag and Beale, caught six yards off his line, could only palm it frustratingly into goal.

Thomas and White got in each other's way. Playing for a centre from Muxworthy. Thomas shot just over the bar from 25 yards; Baynham made a prodigious dive to turn away Scott's crashing volley; and finally White scooped a fairly easy chance over the bar as he toppled over backwards.

All at once the thing was finished. From a goalkick Smith made ground on the left and McKechnie casually jogged Luton's second goal past Beal. With 20 minutes left he scored again, this time from McGuffie's angled through-pass.



Bridgwater winger Muxworthy rounds Fincham and centres across the Luton goal.