

Luton's 68/69 lucky night

By STEVE RICHARDS

Luton 3, Bristol R. 0

THE SWEET smell of promotion is again lingering in the nostrils of that experienced campaigner Alec Stock.

Assisted by some generous chance-wasting by Bristol Rovers last night, Stock's Luton now find themselves within pin-pricking distance of Watford and Swindon, the Third Division promotion favourites.

A stuttering, hesitant win put third-placed Luton three points behind Swindon and five away from Watford with 12 games to go.

On last night's evidence I imagine Luton would be relieved to know that all future opposition was going to be as neglectful as Rovers.

The most spontaneous round of applause was at half-time—for Luton groundsman Eddie Hartley for preparing a fine table for the indigestible feast.

I never heard a request like it before over a loudspeaker but it was well deserved.

Luton leader Sheffield headed the first goal in the second minute, when goalkeeper Taylor misjudged the flight.

Luton goalkeeper Davie seemed to possess magnetic hands.

When Brown at last hit one right—in the 64th minute—the ball rebounded from an upright to hit Davie on the head before being cleared.

Rovers should have had at least two goals before then, but Luton had already scored their second. In the 57th minute Lewis ran through a gap as wide as Kenilworth Road itself to convert Sheffield's pass.

Luton, with Rioch back only six weeks after a cartilage operation and looking hungry for football, were in no further danger once Allen had headed the third from French's corner in the 85th minute.

Hurrah for Luton—and for groundsman Hartley, of course.