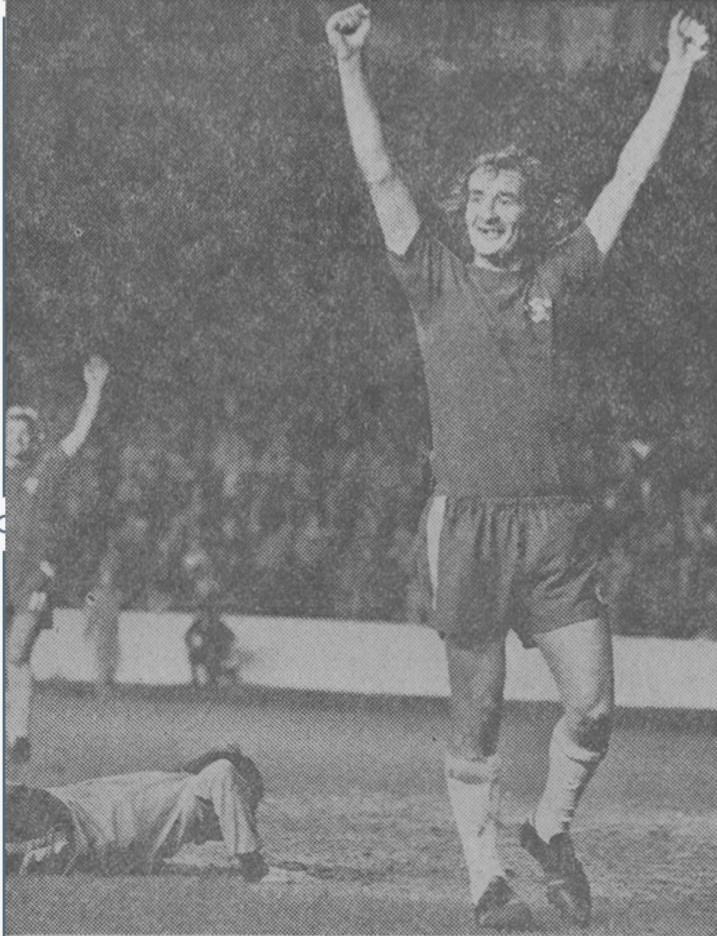




Agony for Alston

CHELSEA won their first League match since October 12 and only their second at home this season with two well-constructed second-half goals. But it was hardly a performance to silence the groans of anxiety which have been heard down the Fulham Road in recent weeks.

With seven changes from the listed programme, Chelsea spent a miserable first half against a Luton side already drifting back without rudder or anchor to the Second Division.

Alston, Luton's Australian World Cup player, made the sort of mistake in the first half which he will carry around in his thoughts for weeks. It cost Luton a vital breakthrough: Anderson had centered from the right with Phillips caught out of goal and a mere tap was required by Alston a yard from goal. But he completely missed his kick and Chelsea breathed relief as he lay, a tragic, comic figure, beating his fists on the ground.

It was not the only silly error

By **JOHN MOYNIHAN**
Chelsea 2, Luton 0

Luton made in front of the Chelsea goal—previously Spiring had rolled the ball beyond the far post after taking through Alston's splitting pass.

Luton, without ever rising above the mediocre, still managed to breach a disorganised Chelsea defence where Harris was required to do the task usually given to the absent and sick giant, Droy.

Promising Wilkins

The match was not quite a complete dud because of Chelsea's breezy awakening in the second half when they scored with some forceful football—Garland did a lot of mischief playing wide on the wings and Ray Wilkins had a promising game in midfield.

There was some slipshod goal-keeping at both ends and Horn was the first offender, watching a lazy header from Hutchinson dawdle against his crossbar from a free kick.

John Ryan was booked for a foul and Hay, still desperately trying to recover his Celtic form, hit the bar again from Kember's subsequent free kick. Four bustled in their first goal—a poor minutes after half-time Chelsea goal kick by Hern, a flighted centre by Garland and Hutchinson headed firmly in.

Phillips made a brave save from West and Alston almost beat him with a deflected shot beyond the far post. But by now, Cooke, Kember and Sissons had begun to push some neat centres in the Luton area and when a throw-in from Hutchinson rolled on and on across the goal, Kember moved in to prod the ball towards the empty net where Faulkner hit the ball over his own line.

On this evidence Luton must go down—but can Chelsea survive with a side whose confidence sometimes is no more than a fitful simper?

Chelsea: Phillips; Locke, G. Wilkins; Hay, Harris, R. Wilkins, Cooke, Kember, Garland, Hutchinson, Sissons. **Sub.:** Houseman.

Luton: Horn; John Ryan, Buckley; Anderson Faulkner, Fitcher, Jim Ryan, Alston, Spiring, West, Aston. **Sub.:** Husband.

Referee: P. Walters (Bridgwater).

"WHAT A CLEVER BOY AM I" . . . Kember's face shows his thoughts after he had scored Chelsea's second goal against Luton.