

THE 61,000 fans who have watched Chelsea's first two Easter contests must still be wondering if they were really witnessing prospective Second Division champions. Yesterday they at least contrived to win—but it was a cold and painful business.

True, a 2-0 victory over Luton, serious promotion candidates themselves, was a welcome and necessary boost after Chelsea's disaster down the road at Fulham on Friday.

It even assumed euphoric proportions when the day's other relevant results all worked in Chelsea's favour.

But no-one at Stamford Bridge began to disguise the relief at securing a win, despite a mood of sad impotence so unhappily captured by their captain, Wilkins. On this day of fleeting snow showers and a frightful lack of flair, Wilkins endured the sort of nightmare that even the best must suffer once in a while.

Like a driver in dense fog, his renowned vision simply vanished into a mess of misjudgments. Four minutes from time his misery was aptly complete when he screwed a free shot wide from 10 yards.

Yet Chelsea battled through to gain revenge for the 4-0 humilia-

tion at snowbound Luton back in December.

The highspots were the two splendid goals and a show from Britton—all pounding legs and cheek—that made me tired just watching him.

Finnierson and Swain, with 31 goals between them, queued up for shots in the first minute. Both obligingly missed to set the trend for the whole affair.

After 14 minutes, however, the tigerish Lewington won a mid-field challenge and fed a measured pass for Finnierson, on the break, to snap in the opener.

Luton lost full-back Price with a bruised eye after 32 minutes and virtually lost the game after 38 when teenager Sparrow advanced to power a left-foot volley just inside the post from 20 yards.

The second half is easily described. Chelsea were poor, Luton were worse.