

...ne times out of a hundred he would have
 ... off but this was the exception. He caught
 ... with the toe of his boot and it flew straight
 ... middle towards his own goal—a perfect
 ... pass for Wright, the Yeovil inside-left.
 ...t gathered it to him greedily, paused and
 ... pushed it into the path of the onrushing
 ...t. Mapson started to come out but Bryant
 ... the ball swiftly and truly into the net.
 ... Yet the match was far from over. A further
 ... 15 minutes of extra-time had to be played and that
 ... quarter of an hour seemed almost as bad as being
 ... roasted over a slow fire. At last Sunderland shook
 ... off their lethargy and Yeovil, physically handi-
 ... capped and spent, reeled back in the face of
 ... withering attacks. Then the mist rolled down
 ... again. For Yeovil it was a race against time
 ... whichever way they looked at it. Three minutes
 ... left and one final piece of irony threatened to rob
 ... Yeovil of their victory.
 ... The referee blew for a free-kick to Sunderland
 ... just outside the Yeovil penalty area. The crowd

thought it was the final whistle and over the rail-
 ings they came in their thousands. Within seconds
 the pitch looked like one of those 1923 photo-
 graphs of the first Wembley Final when the public
 stormed the gates. It seemed Yeovil might be
 robbed of their triumph by the hysteria of their
 own supporters.
 Somehow, the Yeovil players, arms waving like
 maniacs, pleading, cajoling, threatening, per-
 suaded the crowd to return behind the barriers
 and the last three minutes were played out.
 Only when the final whistle blew did the full
 impact of Yeovil's sensational win make itself
 felt. A great many people remained in their
 seats, drained of all emotion, simply staring
 in front of them as if hypnotised. Reaction hit
 Sunderland on the express from Yeovil Junction to
 Waterloo. The players did not come into the dining
 car. Their manager, Bill Murray however, was not
 so shattered as to miss his dinner. With a sour
 grin he jerked his thumb behind him and said to
 press acquaintances—"they've locked them-

selves in'. Meanwhile a dance had been laid on for
 the Yeovil players but Alec Stock recalls that
 the Yeovil team was too tired to celebrate.
 A couple of weeks later Yeovil Town's band of
 part-time footballers travelled North to take on
 the Cup holders Manchester United at Maine
 Road, home of Manchester City at a time when
 Old Trafford had to be restored from the ravages
 of wartime bombing. This time there was no
 miracle. United won 8-0. Yet even so the West
 Country team attracted a gate of 80,000. And cer-
 tainly the defeat against Manchester United did
 nothing to tarnish the achievement against Sun-
 derland that established a permanent place for
 Yeovil in the annals of football.

Yeovil Town: Dyke, Hickman, Davis, Keeton, Blizzard, Collins, Hamilton, Stock, Bryant, Wright, Hargreaves.
Sunderland: Mapson, Stelling, Ramsden, Watson, Hall, Wright, Duns, Robinson, Turnbull, Shackleton, Reynolds.



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