LOCAL (2090)

Grim cup tie struggles in the North-East, And Cift, the and Comment

off along the ever-hopeful road to Wembley. Their opponents of along the Doncaster Rovers (in striped shirts), but still, mean

apparents, as a Walker special that skimmed the bar soon proved.

And Doneaster kept on attacking, Welker in possession, Inderson took!

But Salker gets and Irish

International McMorran is there - to head it home.

Doncaster one-up - and now the Yorkshire side is battering the Wearside team of stars. But No. 6 Skipper George Aitken is ever in the thick of the fray - marshalling his defence against eager Doncaster attackers.

To reply - Sunderland attacker are confined to long-range efforts but

tong parage - Rut / this one goes close...

81160088 ?

Keixamikarmikaskugu eskasiraykandikhamekfanakaigh kforkonakafkihasakgianka afkihakpasi

Yet enother attack goes astray and home fone high for most of those past giants the went them the sup and the largue in successive seasons.

Don caster come back into the fray. A Walker corner leads to a goalmouth scramble, Anderson heads off the line - but Mahorran (the enotine line) and the blacks ith) provides enother hemmar blow to Wearside hopes.

And with Doneaster leading two-nothing - those Sunderland fans reclise only too well the truth of the adage that "money just can't buy soccer

The second half - and Sunderland (the team that cost a fortune) set out in determined right style to retrieve their fellen fortunes. But the team that Peter Doherty built (almost on translichets) defended grimly.

TREED HOPES FALE

So 17 12 EM A 1 W E D

Sunderland went on pressing - rightx to x thax and x - but Denocater held on

for a two-nothing fictory/- while Sunderland fans hoped that they'd seen

the last of second division football for a long, long time...

when Wright scored - but the