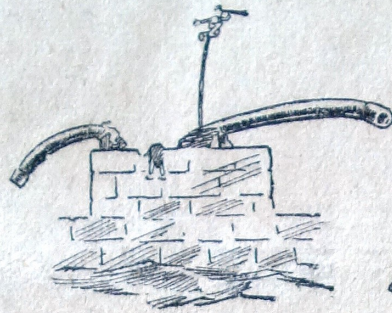


GO RIGHT
IN AND
WIN, POMPEY
MY SONS,
ITS A
CINCH!



SO EVIDENTLY PORTSMOUTH
THOUGHT, JUDGING BY THE
FIENDISH YELLS OF THE CROWD.
BUT WHEN BASSETT PUT LUTON

ONE UP, HORROR
OVERTOOK ALL, EVEN
THE GUNS DROOPING
IN ANGUISH. A RIVETTER

IN A FRENZY OF
FEAR DROVE HOME
A RIVET OVER AND
ABOVE TRADE
UNION RULES

THE PORTSMOUTH DIRECTORS WITH
ADMIRABLE PRESENCE OF MIND SAVED



THE SITUATION BY IMPRESSING ALL AND
SUNDRY TO GIVE THE NECESSARY MORAL
AND VOCAL SUPPORT — IN SOME CASES



HOWARD.

WITH THIS RESULT.

Luton's first round draw at Portsmouth.