

MAD AS A HATTER!



A LUTON TOWN FANZINE

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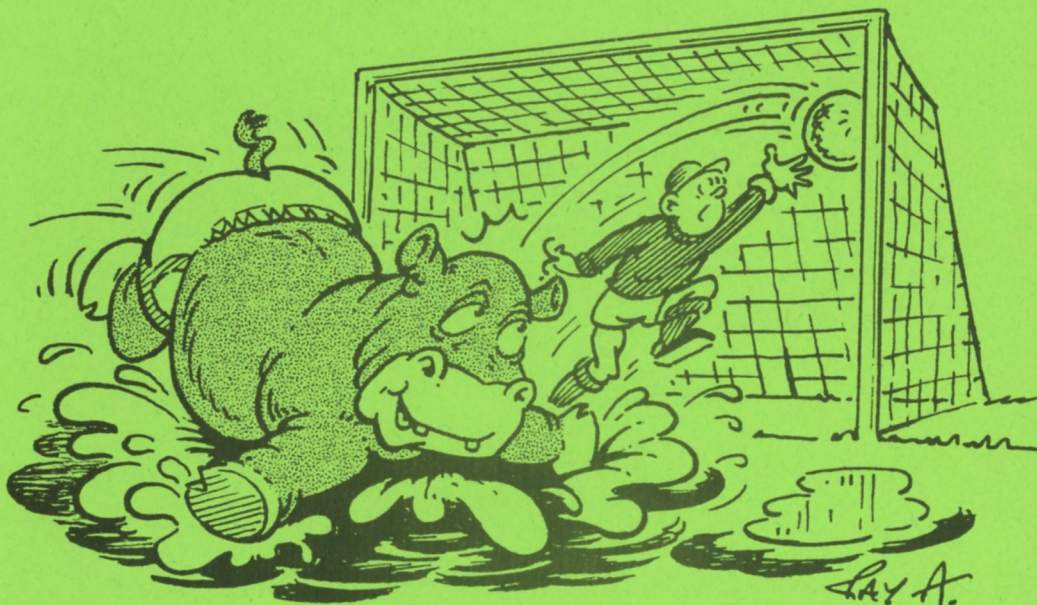
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ISSUE 14

Christmas '92

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TOWN SIGN AFRICAN STAR



"He likes our pitch" says Pleat

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Editorial

Happiness is, to us dedicated followers of Luton Town, nothing more complex than a victory over Watford and the opportunity to gloat for a while. So we were of course highly delighted when the players presented us with that most precious of results. It was the ideal time to achieve the first home win of the season, and was that much sweeter for being televised live as well. We hope that there will be plenty more home wins to celebrate before the season is out, but with this one under our belts the rest perhaps don't matter quite so much.

The circumstances surrounding the match were however, far from ideal. The reaction from the players and fans alike was excellent, considering the doubts about Darren Saltons future. At least things are looking more positive now for Darren, to whom we send our best wishes for a speedy and full recovery. It will be a long haul but we can only hope that Darren will be able to resume his career. However, it will not be forgotten that in the same accident a life was lost, and we send our condolences to the family of Mrs. Eileen Phillimore.

Changing the subject, yet another player sale has taken place, although just for once Kohler seems to have got away with it, by allowing the purchase of a replacement who, surprisingly perhaps, seems to suit the team rather better. The sale begs a question though: How does a £195,000 transfer become worth £300,000? Of greater interest is the fee for Ian Benjamin set by the tribunal. With £10,000 being payable after he has scored 10 goals, can we expect to see goals being regularly credited to innocent bystanders in order to avoid the extra payment? We'll know that there is something fishy going on when names like Peake start appearing on the scoresheet!

And so to David Pleat, who was recently bemoaning the lack of support for the youth team in their cup matches. A bit out of order really as when the Youth Cup match against West Brom took place, DP was doing a phone in on Radio 5. Having already denied us of reserve team games, it is a bit of a cheek to complain at us missing games that you can't attend for such dubious reasons.

Finally, all of us at Mad would like to wish all of our readers a very merry Christmas, and a happy and prosperous new year. Cheers!

As always we are desperately keen to receive your contributions to Mad As A Hatter! Articles, letters, cartoons, press cuttings, holiday snaps, money and just about anything else should be sent to us at 30 Linden Road, Dunstable, Beds. LU5 4NZ.

A MEETING WITH DAVID KOHLER

Oh yes, my opinions of David Kohler certainly changed after I met the bloke - after more than two hours in conversation with him on the phone and face to face. My opinions changed, but not that much - and after the meeting we had with him I was left with less idea of Mr. Kohler's plans for the future than I had going in.

I write this weekly Luton News slot (page two - excellent it is) about anything that crops to mind and is happening in Luton. Invariably this means it either starts or ends up bemoaning the fortunes of Luton Town F.C. Anyway, after reading the article in 'Today' and the back page of the 'Mirror' it seemed quite obvious to me that David Kohler had decided to look for sympathy in the national press because it was obvious the local press had little time for him - so I wrote something to that effect in the Luton News.

A couple of days later I heard from the editor that David Kohler had read the column and wanted to set the record straight - so I phoned him up. It was the sympathy angle that he objected to. "If I want sympathy I go to my Mum" he said. He went on to say that the papers had come to him rather than the other way around. I argued that the newspaper reports would do him no favours in his attempts to sell the club - in view of Luton's reputedly "infamous" fans - and my arguments that the reports had a slur on the name of Luton fans were effectively answered by statements that these same fans had slurred his name. After about three quarters of an hour on the phone we set up a meeting at the club in which I would take along a few of my mates (all loyal Luton supporters, rest assured) and he, it turned out, would have a couple of his there too. "I'll get the beers in" said Mr. K. "Good stuff" I said.

Now firstly take into account David Kohler's good points:

1. He is, on the surface, an amicable enough sort of a bloke.
2. He is happy to talk to small groups of supporters, in the L.T.F.C. boardroom no less, surely something that David Evans wouldn't have done.
3. He has figures to prove his point, I think they were - wages 2.3 million, income 1.1 million - there in black and white and quoted quite alot.
4. He did indeed get the beers in - although I do believe Luton Town F.C. owe me more than two bottles of Beck's for the suffering they've put me through over the years.
5. His pals.....

In the room along with us were two other blokes and Mr. Kohler's alsatian. In the early part of the meeting, which kicked off with "you're alienating the fans" - reply "they're alienating me" - stalemate, John Buttle and Peter Collins said nothing and the background noise and entertainment (which continued throughout the meeting) was David Kohler's bloody alsatian chasing it's bloody tail and tossing a bloody stick into the air. Peter Collins got up to let it out and then got up to let it back bloody in. Apart from that he was pretty inanimate apart from getting the second round out the fridge and quietly commenting to Mr. Kohler about the incredible speed that Mark was getting through his beer - right on both counts.

Peter Collins is a director. John Buttle, on the other hand, struck everyone present as the one die-hard supporter sat at the table. John Buttle has been a Luton Town fan since 1946, he made us look like whinging whippersnappers. He had seen the hard times before and it showed, when he spoke about them I was torn between admiration and pity - like surely the Betty Ford clinic can do something about football addiction can't they? But John Buttle is a football fan who is also tormented by another evil - he is an ex-banker and so he can see reason in what David Kohler says. So, more than anything David Kohler said, it was John Buttle who might've converted me to supporting the Kohler regime.

John Buttle pointed at the replica Littlewoods cup in the cabinet and said, with an embittered grimace that spelt cold cruel financial fact "that was the worse day in our history financially" meaning the amount of money that was paid out compared to the money that was incoming in 1988. The argument was the harm that the Evan's years had done to the club were only now being sorted, but his rhetoric had obviously failed on us.

"Yeah, but it was worth it wasn't it?" was the message from us four and John Buttle's face cracked into a smile as the banker Mr. Hyde that hounds him left him for a while and he recalled that sunny day in April 1988.

For a while, and on plenty of occasions when it seemed our arguments could better be answered by him, attention was turned to John Buttle. When we questioned David Kohler we questioned him on mistakes he'd made, his future with club, relocation of the club and his attitude to the supporters.

On the question of owning up to mistakes, Kohler admitted that he had got the timing wrong with the sacking of Jim Ryan but would not offer any reason as to why Ryan was fired. "It would be unfair to Jim Ryan" said David Kohler almost hypocritically - surely "fair" isn't a word he should use when talking about the treatment of Jim Ryan. As if he remembered this, he added, "I could tell you some horror stories about Jim Ryan". Of course you could. But of course that would be unfair wouldn't it. On the Mick Harford issue Kohler said that Mick wanted the big pay off the Chelsea move would earn him. Perhaps this is understandable. In return for Mick Harford, Luton got Legends and a new local Chelsea centre forward to open fetes and donate stuff to children's homes. That's alright - he'll be back give it a couple of years.

Whether or not David Kohler will be here to greet him is another kettle of fish entirely. When we talked of the future of the club John Buttle talked of club and supporters moving in the same direction. How, we asked, could the club move in any direction when we had a managing director who had publicly stated that he wanted out. Surely, the club would remain in a state of limbo until David Kohler had left. Kohler produced some sort of document to say that he had paid £50,000 of his own money to his solicitor to draw up a contract for the Watson-Challis bid - proof that Kohler wants out? I wouldn't be so sure.

You see David Kohler still see's that Luton Town might, just might, have a future. He has a dream that the relocation that has been promised at least 30 years will go ahead. Apparently he has a site in mind, in Luton, has the business know how to finance the site. And what a stadia! Shoe box stands? No way, David Kohler sees a 20,000 all-seater stadium in the style of the wossname Ferrari stadium in Italy Luckily I had a three day growth of stubble to scratch my "Jimmy Hill" with - we all know that such ideas are to be taken with a large pinch of salt.

I think that David Kohler wants to stick around to see if his dream ever comes to fruition. He told us that the relocation plan is a major selling point for his shares - but I reckon that he will want to be around if and when stadium plans are made reality. If all the good stadium intentions end in tears David Kohler has amassed himself more than enough good reasons to quit. And a good few of those reasons are supporters.

We spent quite a while listening to David Kohler telling us about the death threats, the postering outside his house, the cries of "Kohler is a wanker" from the terraces. One of the troubles with David Kohler is that, whilst he uses the old "minority of supporters" quote he seems unable to distinguish the nutters from the average fan. To this end, I hope, he warned us (as an attempt to warn said nutters, one assumes) "I have some nasty friends who will look after me". As I say, I hope that this is a warning to the death-threaters. If not, and I get done in after this article or I criticise David Kohler a bit in the Luton News....

Anyway, we had our say - if you want to do the same, contact David Kohler and get to meet him, small groups 5 or 6 at a time - and you can see his point there. He doesn't want a 20+ group erupting into "We want Kohler out" in the boardroom. If he turns you down - cause a local press stink, write to me at the Luton News. Better still, write to Brian Swain as I'll only lose your letter.

Everyone left at the same time. David Kohler and his dog in his land-rover, us in our Dad's car's. Peter Collins must have just vanished into thin air and John Buttle walked to his car. Before he got in, he rushed over to us. "In case you were wondering" he said "this isn't a company car - it's my own. They offered me a company car, but I said no". In the back of said car was a "Don't follow me, follow Luton Town" sticker. He didn't have to justify himself - John Buttle deserves a company car off Luton Town F.C. Sort it out David Kohler.

Tim Kingston

A Fan's Dream of Christmas



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Yeeesssssss!!!



Town players search for their win bonus

Our cover price of 50p is under increasing pressure from rising costs and we find ourselves having to discuss an increase. However, we are reluctant to do this and have decided that we will now accept a limited amount of advertising in future issues. This will not affect the Editorial content of Mad, it is only to keep the cover price down. If you wish to advertise in Mad please apply in writing to our normal address for our rates.

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Hate Campaigns - Who hates who?

There has been a lot of publicity lately in the national press about a hate campaign centred on Luton Town F.C. The gist of it is that we, the supporters, are victimising an innocent bystander who happens to go by the name of Kohler. OK, the facts are: a lot of us have shouted "Kohler Out" a lot of times, posters have been posted and fanzines and letters have been written. Following a sensible and legal path that has been trodden all over the country over many years does not make us bad people, or any less supporters of our team. A few idiots have chosen a different and totally uncivilised path, confirming their status as idiots. But the hate campaign has continued. It started in the Today newspaper of 28 October where we were described as "Luton's infamous fans, among the most notorious for their rapid and shrill condemnation of chairmen, managers and players", yes us, the same Luton fans normally accused of apathy! On the same day the Evening Standard carried an item headed "Fans from the bottom drawer" inferring that we should be grateful to Kohler for guiding us to our rightful place in the second division "alongside the likes of Burnley, Hull and Fulham". Next came the Jewish Chronicle on 6 November which made a point of highlighting the "vitriolic anti-semitic hatred" directed at Kohler. This alerted the Daily Mirror who devoted most of their back page on 10 November to the "Race Hate Hell" headline, The Sun (same day) who reported that David Pleat was under police guard and the Star, also on 10 November, who at least printed Kohlers comment "I don't think its because I'm Jewish".

The point to all this is that we don't have space to print all these items in 'Mad', but they do seem to confirm that a hate campaign is being orchestrated, but against, not by, the fans. In the article in Today, Kohler said "their treatment of me has persuaded too parties not to get involved with the club". It is odd that these "parties" are unable to speak for themselves, thus becoming a convenient excuse for the club not changing hands. Its our fault, you see, and totally unconnected with rumours that Kohler won't sell if he can't retain a place on the board.

The final piece in the national press was in The Guardian on

21 November, which not surprisingly produced a more balanced view, and in which Kohler claimed that the Jewish Chronicle misquoted him. (See cutting elsewhere in this issue.) So at least one national paper provided us, the fans, with a defence against the wild accusations of the rest. We at 'Mad' dare not speculate on who could be orchestrating such a campaign in the press, if anyone is, but it seems unlikely that Today and the Jewish Chronicle would have printed their stories without some prompting. After all, until 10 November few Luton fans knew, or cared, that Kohler is Jewish. The truth is he is only part-owner of a majority shareholding in Luton Town and in the opinions of over 3,000 fans (who signed a petition) should get out for the good of the club. It is unlikely that this would change regardless of race or religion.

K.F.H.

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Funny People At Football Matches No.2

It was during our seasons at the end of the 70's and the start of the 80's as we relentlessly pushed onward to promotion to Division 1. At that time I had a season ticket right in the middle of the main stand within spitting distance of the Directors Box (if I still had that ticket today I'd be sorely tempted to test out the spitting distance theory but I lost the ticket after moving some 300 miles from Luton for a while {I'm only 100 miles away now [and for God's sake no more brackets OK!]}). Anyway back in those days there were many tense matches, many gloomy matches, at which the crowd grew very quiet and worried. At these points, especially if we were losing and all hope was lost there was a steward who would march slowly up and down the back of the main stand and every so often cry, in a dark funereal tone "Come on you Hatters". Oh, how it lifted our spirits!

The Expatriate

Time for Change?

The last time Luton were in footballs 'Second Division' we were able to achieve promotion by playing neat attractive football. This season, the same type of football seems destined to lead us into a second relegation battle. Although this seasons team is not a patch on the promotion team of the early eighties, it is not only lack of quality players that has lead to such a sad demise.

Over the last ten of so years football has changed and become more physical and the overall pace of the game has increased. This can be seen by the emergence of teams such as Wimbledon, Crystal Palace and Sheffield United. The current England team with the inclusion of players such as Carlton Palmer, David Batty and Paul Ince also points to a more physical approach.

Whilst the likes of David Pleat and Brian Clough must be praised for their ideas on how football should be played it is becoming increasingly apparent that to play football on the ground instead of adopting a more direct approach is not enough. This can be seen by the lowly position of both Forest and Luton in their respective leagues at the time of writing. In the past clubs have tended to rely on a midfield of one ball winner with more creative players around him. Many clubs now seem to rely on two or three ball winners with the subsequent lack of creativity made up for by a more direct approach.

If it sounds to you as if I am an advocate of the long ball game who ought to be banished to ****ford believe me I am not. And anyway would you even wish that fate on the worst of your enemies. I am however a supporter who attends all games home and away and is increasingly pissed off by spineless performances by a lightweight team. Defeats away from home to the likes of Oxford, Barnsley and Bristol Rovers are difficult to take and our league position at the time of writing is a disgrace. David Pleat pointing recently to our low disciplinary points record does not to me show a team who is fair but points more to a team unable or unwilling to compete and all too often proving to be a walkover.

In recent weeks both Southend and Cambridge have come back against Luton from seemingly impossible situations. The same however cannot be said about Luton. Whenever the team have gone one or two goals down this season, they just seem to lose heart and give up. This leads to the supporters becoming frustrated with the reaction shown towards the team reflecting this.

So, what can be changed to alter this? If Luton are to stand any chance of avoiding relegation they must make themselves more difficult to beat. Although in the short term there is no money for players, the manager must make sure that he gets the best out of the players at his disposal. This does not mean stopping playing football along the ground but possibly playing more directly. The simple fact is that whilst Preece, Rees and Hughes can all exchange passes, you cannot score until the ball is in the box. After all, is it really necessary to exchange 5 or 6 passes in the final 20 yards before crossing the ball in search of Gray or Benjamin.

On a defensive basis, a few more bookings seems a small price to pay for having a competitive defence and midfield so at least teams know that they have been in a game when they play us. All supporters at the end of the day find a defeat easier to accept if they know the team competed for 90 minutes, rather than accepting defeat in such sorry fashion as seen at Barnsley and Bristol to name but two.

At the end of the day I would rather see Luton sacrifice some of their footballing principles if they were to become more competitive. The game has changed yet Luton have still failed to adapt and unless we change our ideas soon we will be relegated again with the only consolation being people saying that at least we went down playing football.

P.I.

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What's in the net?

Last season, a season ticket holder, sitting directly behind the goal at the Kenilworth end, wrote a letter to the club. He was complaining, fairly, that the size of the squares of the goal net, being small, obstructed his view, making the game a bit of a mesh! Consequently, wouldn't you think the club would do something about this, as after printing the letter in the programme, they'd be showing supporters they were attending to needs, and helping said supporter and his nearby colleagues see a clearer picture of the wonderful entertainment on view.

This little episode is as good as any introduction to this article, which is not about D.K., but goal nets! I anticipated the following home game as keenly as I do the first home match of any season. WHY? To see if the goal nets have changed. The letter was in the programme around February. The nets were the same in May. I, and a packet of view obstructed supporters, I dare say including some away supporters in the same position in the Oak, were disappointed.

I now confess goal nets to be a personal fetish. Nothing sexual mind, just a slightly unnatural hobby. Alas, interest in a hobby so peculiar isn't very widespread, which I can't understand considering Train Spotters, Anglers, Insect Spotters, etc. For this reason, I press forth alone in my interest.

On approaching a football fan on the subject, my first question is always, "What or which are your favourite goal nets?" After the formality of being looked at like I'm a burke, the common reply is, whichever net Luton score in, or Liverpool score in, depending on who he/she supports, and thats it! (Though fuck off is an occasional reply.)

The subject can (and the nets sometimes) go deeper. It is true, from my observations, no two pairs of goal nets are the same. You have small and large squares, hexagonal and diamond shaped nets. These could be hung loosely from a hooked shape support protruding from the top of the post

(these can vary in size) or pulled taught against a stanchion, a stanchion which could vary both in colour and angle of projection from the post to the ground.

Who designs these works of art? The numerous forms of style can't come from one manufacturer, or they'd all be the same surely. So what goes into every clubs decision on style. Some clubs I have noticed, Grimsby, Ipswich, Newcastle, Bolton, Brentford, seem to have put some thought into it. They display the club colours on the net in a striped fashion.

Coventry City on the other hand don't give a fig, and in fact border on deceitfulness. They deprived Clive Allen of a perfect "goal" for QPR. His shot rebounded off one of their inept stanchions (suspiciously erected) and the ref waved "play on". "Verminous foul play" is my wave.

Enough now about the majestic masterpieces at either end of a football pitch, (not the fans) though I think they do deserve more recognition when you consider the part they play in the game. They can be the icing on the cake or a blot on Highfield Road.

Suffice to say that poor chap has repositioned himself away from his Kenilworth seat, probably at Dunstable Town, but at least he was forced to consider goal nets.

Don't be forced, next time you're at a game, may be at half time, why not look the goal nets up and down?

Anyone wishing to take it further, and form a goal net appreciation society, get in touch with Cosmo Steve at MAD.

Cosmo Steve

PS Watfords goal nets are worse than Coventry's. (We all agree.) Or I do anyway.

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Soccer Diary

Robert Pryce

LUTON ACTION, a group of supporters concerned at the club's plight, sincerely hopes that David Kohler leaves Luton Town with his health intact and his £300,000 investment returned to him, and quickly.

Luton reached three Wembley finals in two years from 1988 to 1989, but since Kohler took over as managing director in 1990 they have sacked a popular manager (Jim Ryan), his assistant (John Faulkner) and a highly regarded chief scout (Ron Howard). And they have been relegated to the First Division, where they have won two of their 16 games.

They have sold their best players, for a profit of more than £5 million, and Kohler claims they need to sell more, especially now that they have just received a £200,000 VAT bill. He reckons that income will otherwise fall £800,000 short of expenditure this season.

The Guardian 21/11/92.



Hundreds of supporters have taken to congregating behind the main stand after home games and chanting "Kohler out". You might have expected this. You might even have expected Kohler to describe these gatherings as "yobbo-style demonstrations". But he astonished everyone last week with this complaint in the Jewish Chronicle: "When I walk out into the carpark after games the crowd have been chanting 'yid, yid, yid'. They do it regularly."

"I was most surprised to hear that," said Brian Swain, who covers the club for the Luton News. He has reported the demonstrations as "peaceful" and has not heard any of what Kohler describes. "But of course you can't prove a negative."

Luton Action and the police, both of whom have a heavy presence at these demonstrations, say they have heard no anti-semitic chanting, not even by a crazed minority, not even by one person.

Kohler now says the Jewish Chronicle misquoted him. "It only happened on one occasion. And the press sensationalised it." He cannot remember the occasion.

It only happened once - can't be talking about the misquote!



IT SAYS IN SHOOT THAT CERI HUGHES HAS THE LONGEST ONE IN THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE!

THE ART OF GIVING

Christmas is almost upon us (it may have passed by the time you read this) which is bad news for fat turkeys everywhere, and good news for the retail trade. For Town fans it is a burst of activity that frequently brings disappointment, but leaving that aside there is the question of what you would give your favourite football club for Christmas presents. Barnet fans would perhaps advocate a ten year stretch (and we're not talking exercise) for Fat Stan, while Man. United folk would obviously settle for the championship. But what options for Town fans? I'd like to make a few suggestions. For the club as a whole a decent pitch would obviously be appreciated, or a herd of hippopotami (try saying that when you're drunk) to appreciate the pitch we've got. For the supporters the list is endless, but without wishing to be too greedy I'd settle for promotion via the play-offs this year with years of Premier League mid-table obscurity to follow. Alternatives may include a new stadium or a revamped old stadium, a few million pound signings, the odd cup win, free season tickets for life, a majority shareholding, I could go on for ever!

For David Pleat, the team builder, an architect for his plans and banker to provide investment rather than the demolition expert and wanker that he's got now. I'd give Phil Gray a long term contract and a hatful of goals every week. As for the rest of the team I'd be generous with extra dollops of skill and confidence for most of them although one or two would benefit more from a gift wrapped free transfer, but it is the season of goodwill so no names, OK DES, (oops!). Brian Owen could have a holiday for life due to the empty treatment room he'd receive. On a similar vein the coaching staff will need a deck chair each as they'll have plenty of time to relax with all the players being so talented, fit and healthy. This, in a roundabout sort of way, brings me to D. Kohler (speaking of turkeys) and I did consider a contract with his name on it, but after much thought preferred either a bike (as in "on yer ...") or a swimming pool complete with diving board and a sudden, unexpected, water shortage! For the rest of the board of directors it was a straight choice between anonymity (although some have that already) and

infinite wealth, coupled with a generous benevolence toward Luton Town F.C. Finally, although it is the season of goodwill the line has to be drawn somewhere so to Watford F.C. I give the eternal purgatory of struggle, defeat and an empty ground (what do you mean they've already got that?) and two local derby defeats every season.

You see, my parents always told me it was better to give than to receive, and if I could give like that it would be. Now what was that last item on my list? Oh yes, spectacles, rose coloured.

Ashley Grimes Fan Club

P.S. Almost forgot Brian Swain, for whom I've already chosen a supply of stars for his weekly 'Town match verdict', and just to make life easier they come in packs of 5.

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Here is an Announcement

Dear Mr. Scoreboard operator/announcer, you are crap sir!

Here is the evidence:

Let's recall the half time scores on the board at the Southend game. These gave the Kenilworth End its greatest source of enjoyment of the afternoon.

CAMBRIDGE v. WEST HAM : 1.... (?!?!?)

EXETER v. NEWCASTLE: 2-0
(I thought the Geordies avoided relegation last year)

WIMBLEDON v. BARNESLEY (?)
(God knows what the away fans thought of all these)

Enough of that, let's go back a month to the Pompey home game. *Question:* Who do you support, Town or Pompey? Us Town fans were peeved enough when it was 1-2 at half time, without you announcing the fact. Then you play to the away crowd about the fact that Southampton were losing - PRAT!

If you do support Pompey, never mind Kohler and Pleat - ANNOUNCER OUT!

By the way, another general criticism. We know you have a shitty scoreboard to work with, but we can't understand your pathetic abbreviations for club's names.

Here are some suggestions that the Kenny End might be more enlightened by:

PREMIER: ARSNL, VILLA(!), BBURN, CHELS, COV.C., C.PAL., EVTON, IPWCH, LEEDS(!), LPOOL, MAN.C., MAN.U., MBORO, NWICH, NOTT.F., OLDHM, QPR(!), SHEF.U., S.WED, SPURS(!), WDON.

FIRST: BARNs, BHAM.C., BRENT, BRIS.C., BRIS.R., CAMB, CHLTN, DERBY(!), GRMBY, LEICS, MWALL, NEWCL,

NOTT.C., OXFD, PBORO, POMPEY, SEND.U., SLAND,
SWIND, TRANM, W.HAM, WFORD. (Shouldn't that be
SHIT? - Eds)

GET MY DRIFT - I'LL LEAVE THE OTHER DIVISIONS TO YOUR
IMAGINATION!

Jez

PS: THREE OTHER COMPLAINTS:

- 1) Turning the whole board on at once, causing a huge glow, and blinding the entire Kenilworth Road end. I suppose this is to stop us watching the debacle unfolding on the pitch. Thanks, but no thanks.
- 2) Playing wall-to-wall sports themes. I mean, maybe football themes are relevant, but 'Ski-Sunday' - is this a reference to the Town being on a slippery slope downhill? Pop music would be preferable please. How about a half time rave to take our minds off things?
- 3) That god-awful racket at full blast after the final whistle. We all know whose idea that is, don't we (go-on Kohler supporters, stick up for him on this one). We know it's to get rid of us straight after the game, but what about the poor away supporters, and the radio reporters trying to give a report on another away win at Kenilworth Road? As 'Shirley' Swain wrote the other week, this used to be a friendly club:



COMPETITION - A TALE OF THE SEA

So you think you know something about football? Well try this little teaser, all you have to do is enter the names of the league football teams, English or Scottish, in the gaps provided to complete this story.

THE SUN SHONE THE DAY MY SISTER, MY MOTHER AND MYSELF SET SAIL FOR THE IN A VERY OLD SHIP, ITS ALREADY RIDDLED WITH HOLES.

THE FOUR MEMBERS WHO HAD BEEN WITH THE CALLING COMPANY FOR YEARS WERE DON, MONT, KIRK AND BART (WHO UNFORTUNATELY COULDN'T SPEAK). NOT HAVING BEEN PAID TOO LONG THEY WERE UNHAPPY AND DISILLUSIONED AND ON THE SECOND OF THE VOYAGE THEY OBTAINED ARMS BY BREAKING INTO THE AND MUTINEERED. ALTHOUGH THEY TREATED MY THEY DIDN'T TAKE TO MY SISTER AT ALL AND ADRIFT ON A RAFT. I WAS TERRIFIED AND HID IN MY CABIN KEEPING THE

THE CREW RAIDED THE LARDER BUT FOUND NOTHING BUT A SMELLY SO HUNGRY WERE THEY, THAT THEY ATE ALMOST THE BEFORE SEEKING TO QUENCH THEIR THIRST, THEY FORCED OPEN THE DRINKS CABINET. FINDING THAT WE DID NOT THEY OPTED FOR A SMALL DRINK OF WHISKEY.

RIGHT SAID KIRK, WITH IN HAND, "I'LL CLIMB THE RIGGING TO SEE IF WE CAN SIGHT LAND."

"WATCH YOU DON'T " SAID HIS MATE. MEANWHILE, THE OTHERS HAD FOUND A TREASURE. IT WAS EASY TO OPEN AS THE CHAIN SECURING IT ONLY HAD ONE AT THIS MOMENT THE SHIP BEGAN TO SINK, QUICKLY, "GET DECK TO GIVE ME A HAND" HE SHOUTED AND TOGETHER THEY LIFTED THE TO A RAFT.

WITH MOTHER AND ME WITH THEM, THEY DRIFTED FOR DAYS BEFORE SEEING AN ISLAND WITH A AFTER LOCATING THE THEY WENT ASHORE ONLY TO FIND THAT THE ISLAND WAS UNINHABITED. THERE WERE SIGNS HOWEVER THAT THERE HAD BEEN SOMEBODY THERE RECENTLY AS A HAD BEEN BUILT NEXT TO THE HARBOUR. THERE HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN A FIRE AS MARKS WERE TO BE SEEN ON ALL OF THE BUILDINGS AND A HORRIBLE SMELL OF SMOKE HUNG IN THE IT BROKE OUR TO SEE THE DISARRAY.

"I WONDER WHERE THIS ROAD US" SAID KIRK, AND ALTHOUGH THE CREW WAS TIRED THEY WITH THEIR SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS WE SUDDENLY FOUND OURSELVES FALLING INTO A DEEP PIT WITH A OF WATER AT THE BOTTOM.

To enter this competition simply fill in the missing names of teams and send your answers to us at the usual address. It is rumoured that we have got a football video to give away as a prize for this. Closing date for entries is 23rd January 1993, and all decisions of the judge (Nick Gazeley) are final, if lacking in logic and fairness.

LUTON
Benjamin 71
Oakes 74

(0) 2 WATFORD (0) 0
- 8,341

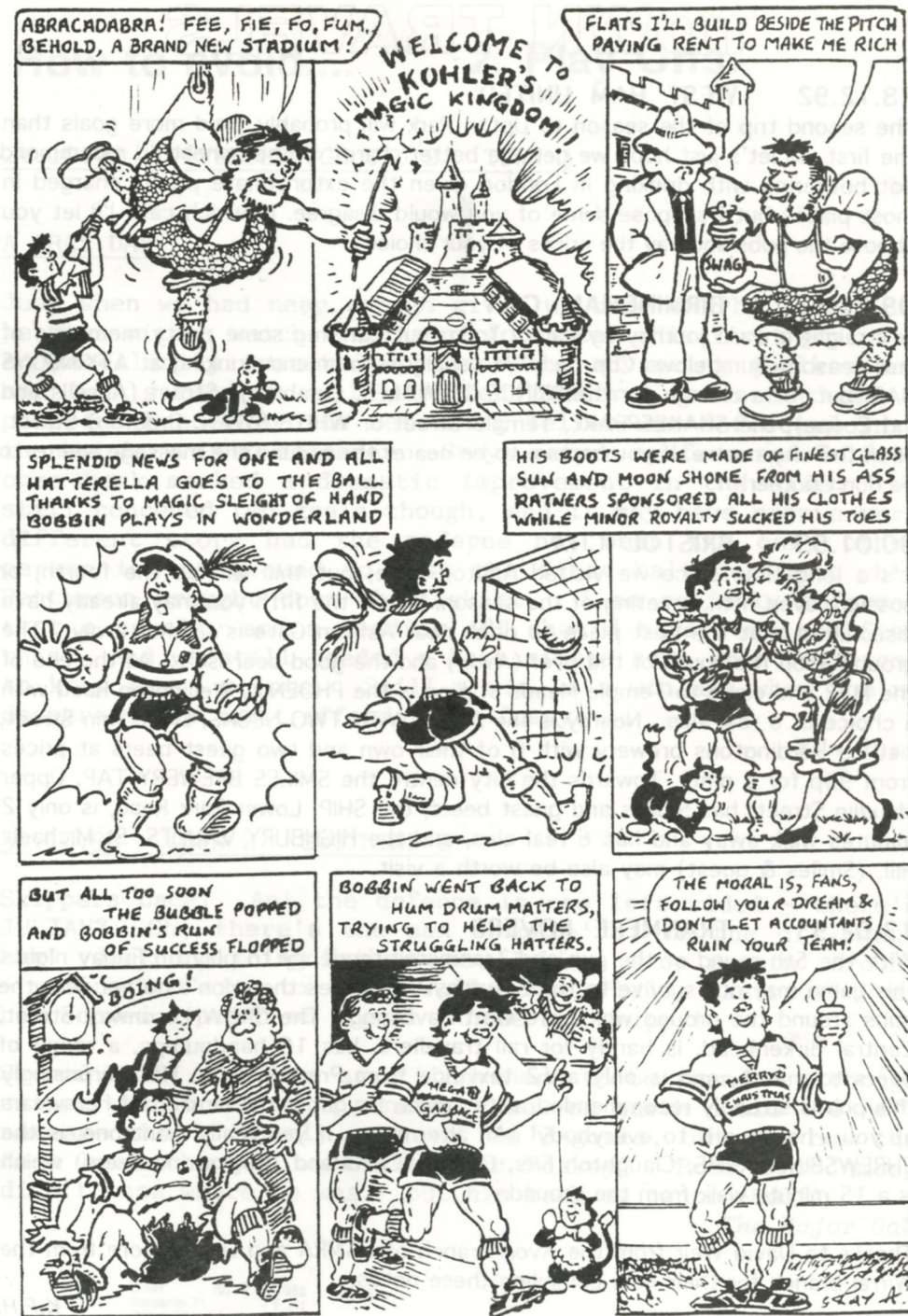
A CASE OF DOUBLE STANDARDS

This season has seen the name of Luton Town dragged through the dirt on an unprecedented scale. Whilst in the past we have been disliked throughout football for our plastic pitch and away fans ban, many had hoped that the return of grass and away fans would lead to an upturn of the image of the club. However, this has not been the case.

Recent articles in both local and national papers have led to Luton fans being depicted as anti-semetic and mindless hooligans who will resort to any lengths to achieve the removal of David Kohler. There seems little doubt that threats have been made which are both unfortunate and unnecessary. Even more unfortunate though is the way that these incidents have been printed and led the clubs name being tainted again at a time when it was hoped that it could recapture at least some of its credibility. Such publicity is not only unwanted but seems strange when the club is apparently up for sale.

The time has therefore come for David Kohler to accept that it is the majority rather than the minority of fans that wish him to leave. Whilst his eventual departure will no doubt happen the protests will no doubt continue. Such protests however must remain peaceful and fully within the law. I would also hope that the clubs image being under attack by the press would also end. Since the protests have begun, the board have made it perfectly clear that they will take legal action, if necessary, to protect their reputations. This leaves publications such as ours in a difficult position as we wish to be critical but have to remain within the laws of defamation of character. What is though unfortunate is that whilst directors of the club have the financial muscle to protect their character. The character and reputation of the club and its supporters are dragged through the dirt. By such articles we of course are easy targets in not being in a position to protect our reputations. Directors of course should be able to take action, if necessary, but to then turn round and criticise the supporters would seem to be a case of double standards at the very least.

P.I.



TOWN TRAVELS

28.12.92 WEST HAM UNITED

The second trip of the season to Upton Park will probably yield more goals than the first, so let's just hope we get the better share! To be honest I'd recommend not bothering with drinking in London given the extortionate prices charged in most places but I suppose some of you would disagree. In which case I'll let you choose the pubs and pay the prices of your choice.

09.01.93 BIRMINGHAM CITY

A straightforward journey by car or train, but carrying some nasty memories of last seasons Rumbelows Cup tie. We usually recommend drinking at ATKINSONS BAR, but for a change try the PRINCE OF WALES, Cambridge Street (Ansells and Ind Coope), the SHAKESPEARE, Temple Street or WHITE SWAN, Bradford Street, all in the city centre. If you happen to be nearer the ground the message seems to be don't bother!

30.01.93 BRISTOL CITY

It's a long time since we visited Ashton Gate, but this will be the fourth, or possibly even fifth, meeting of the season. If it is the fifth you may already have discovered that the best place to drink near Ashton Gate is further away. The ground is on the south of the river (Avon) and the good beer isn't. At the end of the M32 and close to Temple Meads station is the PHOENIX, Wellington Road with a choice of 8 real ales. Nearby is the SWAN WITH TWO NECKS, Little Ann Street, tied to Hardingtons brewery with 6 of their own and two guest beers at prices from 95p for a pint! Towards the city centre the SMILES BREWERY TAP, Upper Maudlin Street, has Smiles and guest beers, the SHIP, Lower Park Road, is only 2 minutes walk away and has 6 real ales, and the Highbury Vaults, St Michaels Hill, (Smiles & guest) may also be worth a visit.

13.02.93 TRANMERE ROVERS

With the 5th round of the cup and Tranmeres tendency to play on Friday nights this game may not survive to the Saturday. If it does then don't bother with the pubs around the ground which are worth avoiding. The CROWN, conway Street, Central Birkenhead, is handy for rail travellers, has 16 handpumps, a range of beers to match, and is only a £2 taxi ride from Prenton Park. Not surprisingly this pub is strongly recommended, with advice to ignore the landlord if he swears at you - he does it to everybody! An alternative, if you really want one, is the SHREWSBURY ARMS, Claughton Firs, Oxtan, (Cains and Theakstons beers) which is a 15 minute walk from the ground.

Thanks to David Weir from the Avon branch of CAMRA and Dave Moore from the Wirral branch for their help compiling these notes.

K.F.H.

How to avoid....

2. Play Offs.

24.10.92 PETERBOROUGH UTD 2 TOWN 3

A GRAY DAY

Just when we had near enough given up hope on Phil Gray, up he pops with a match winning performance. His first goal was an excellently executed lob over the advancing goalkeeper, and his second a well directed header. Between these a powerful header by the returning Telfer was deflected into the net by a Posh defender. Grays return to form and Telfers come back marked a dramatic improvement in the side. We still conceded two goals though, and it may have been a very different story had the referee not been the only other person in the ground to miss the first half incident when Petterson brought down Philliskirk. I am reliably informed that a penalty and a sending off should have resulted from this. And we still needed a last minute save from Petterson to keep the 3 points. Still a win is a win and when you're desperate you can't afford to be fussy.

Ken Ross

31.10.92 TOWN 2 SOUTHEND 2

Skippers back! An' the defence is now left sided - where's JULIAN? Oh, there's the man stickin' it in the ol' onion bag! Just one thing bothers me, Julian, stop messin' around - you're too nice to 'em! Waddyaknow, Philip "Haircut" Gray has scored a peach of a goal - nice one snippy!

Second half, and Town aren't anywhere to be found - although snippy should've had a penalty - how on earth could the ref. not see that! Tamely we gave 'em 2 goals, but why has the team been changed back just for Peakey? Poor old Jamesy didn't know where he was - put him back as centre-half!

The Major Oak

LUTON (0) 2 WATFORD (0) 0
Benjamin 71 - 8,341
Oakes 74

TWO GAMES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

3.11.92 CAMBRIDGE UTD 0 TOWN 3

After an initial 10 minute bombardment by Cambridge, the Town settled down well, and a fine low centre by Marvin was expertly flicked in by Oakes. From then on, the Town completely took the match over with arguably their best football for about a year.

Half time came, and the entire Town end were expecting things to be different from then on. But no! - we began the second half even better than the first. A few minutes in and Gray made it 2-0, thanks to a lucky deflection which sent their keeper the wrong way. Another few minutes and it was 'all over' with Gray robbing a defender, running across the edge of the box, and planting a great shot low into the corner. The game continued, and it seemed likely that the Town would further increase their lead, as Cambridge struggled to get the ball out of their half. "Jingle Bells..."

3.11.92 CAMBRIDGE UTD 3 TOWN 0

The Town were completely outplayed in this match. The first goal came after a Cambridge player handled right in front of Vic 'Where's me guide-dog' Callow. The player carried on to put in a cross which was met with a tame shot which Petterson aided and abetted over the line. After this, spurred on by a mighty 4,000 roaring fans (deafening) and a scoreboard bellowing 'Come on you US (!?)', the Town lost their bottle, not least of all Petterson, who after a dreadful backheader by Kamara, shyed out of a one on one with John Francis' boot, who turned it in - 2-0. Five minutes later a cross met by Francis' boot, instead of Petterson's hands, and it was 3-0.

Seriously though, what went wrong? It reminded me of Shite Hart Lane last season.

Their first goal was the first time Marvin had been beaten on the wing all evening. After that he got beaten every time. This could be pin-pointed to a kick Marvin took where it

hurts most shortly before their first goal. Linton was assisted well in preventing crosses from the other side until their first goal - what happened then?

What we needed when the score was 1-3 was a couple of cool heads - you normally get that from the most experienced players in the team. Kamara was too hurried all the time, trying to take free-kicks as quickly as possible - wasting them in the process.

Up front Claridge desperately needed a goal to hush the home crowd's taunts, but it wasn't to be. Phil Gray had easily his best game so far for the Town, getting up excellently for headers against huge defenders and generally holding the ball up well. After scoring his second you felt he was going to score every time he got the ball - you must have read my previous reports about you Phil. Keep it up!

As for the rest,
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN HOW TO DEFEND A LEAD, LUTON?
WHAT NEXT - CHUCK AWAY A 4-0 LEAD???

P.S. TOWN FANS: DON'T YOU EVER LEARN - NEVER, EVER SING 'JINGLE BELLS' UNTIL AFTER THE FINAL WHISTLE, COMPRENDEZ VOUS?

Jez

07.11.92 LUTON 1 GRIMSBY 4

Very little can be said or written about this dismal performance at home. Only the fact that if we had been gifted 3 goals away from home, I'm sure we would have gone on to lose or maybe get a fortunate draw.

M.I.

14.11.92 OXFORD UTD 4 TOWN 0

Where do you start, when '90 minutes' of football produced nothing worth mentioning on yet another poor Town performance. For once in my life I actually had pity for Alec Chamberlain maybe old age is affecting my sanity after all. In reality, Chamberlain was blameless on

all four goals. The defence were hopeless, the midfield non-existent and the front men helpless. Mind you, it wasn't all doom and gloom. Des Linton is rumoured to have confirmed himself a job in the close season on this one performance. Yarmouth beach were mightily impressed with his immaculate footwork and endless work rate, unlike the Luton following and have signed him on a 25 year contract, with as many carrots as he can handle.

Having dealt with the Town's performance (well let's be honest what more could I say) let's discuss Oxford. John Durnin is probably no more than an average forward but on this performance, he was bloody brilliant. But before John gets too excited we must remind him that it was Luton he played against and not Newcastle or Swindon, although credit where credits due, his fourth was rather spectacular to say the least. 4-0 against an average team, not very encouraging is it!

J.S.

14.11.92 OXFORD UTD 4 TATTERS 0

Things have to be bad when the likes of Marvin, James and Rees, seem not to be making much effort. Chamberlain has not done much wrong since coming back (2 games 8 goals, and no defensive cover).

And now to the game(?). We let a scouser get 4 goals, ably assisted by Dessert Orchid... Oh sorry Dessie Linton. What pressure do the Tatters create meanwhile? Yes, the headless chicken routine, (which isn't funny, but the players seem to think it is. Linton seem's to want this to be his personal hallmark). And one shot at Oxfords goalie.

All in all we were shit.

D.A.K.

21.11.92 TOWN 1 MILLWALL 1

LIONS TAMED (I know - corny 'Sun' headline)

This was undisputedly the Town's best home performance of the season.

Millwall barely had an attack in the entire first half, and the rave reports on their other recent matches seemed years away. The Town made several good chances, before Gray finally made it 1-0 through a good header, having previously brought off a good save from Keller, and hitting the upright.

Unfortunately, we failed to score any more by half time, and Millwall started to get back into it at the start of the second half, although still making few chances. Then suddenly, one bit of slack marking later and it was 1-1. This was the Town's first real defensive error, and it seemed harsh. From then on, for the next 15 minutes, Millwall had virtually all of the ball, but still not making many chances, except for an amusing incident when two players were clean through, but appeared to fight for the ball, neither player winning, both of them falling over instead.

After this cock-up, the Town came strong again, and only a couple of great saves by man-of-the-match Keller from Preece and Gray, prevented a first home win.

The Town's defence merits a mention. Linton had finally been dropped after some dire performances, and Dreyer was recalled, teaming up with Peake, James and Salton. This looks to be our best defensive combination (did I hear grunts of disapproval from Marvin fans).

On a minus note, Ceri Hughes looked as though he had come back from injury too soon - I don't remember him running throughout the game, and the 'highly rated' Benjamin (Benji?) - come on lads, there must be a better nickname - needs time to link up with Gray. All in all, a very encouraging day.

Jez

29.11.92 LUTON 2 W*****D 0

After the tragedy of Thursday evening I was not expecting much, but, behold! The Town played their hearts out.

Bearing in mind this is my first home derby ever, I may not be as biased as you may expect. Anyway, to the game. After the kick-off I thought, oh-no Pompey all over again, judging by the state of the pitch, but no. We looked a class side

and never looked in trouble. The only bits of luck needed was what I thought was two sending off's, Preece, along with Gray, the luckiest with what I thought was a headbutt to a defender in the second half. Benji's goal was greeted with a mass slam dance, as was Scottie's (for a change ran with the ball, with a defender within 10 yards). But for all the effort and the singing, I could not get into the "we hate W*****d" mode, I don't know why, but it maybe to do with I hate others more, ie: scousers and *** (Spurs). I better not use the word I thought of, as it is racist.

D.A.K.

05.12.92 BRISTOL ROVERS 2 TOWN 0

Our first ever visit to Trumpton Park, and after the previous two good performances, we were entitled to travel with some optimism - when will we ever learn?

Having said that, for the first 20 minutes there was only one team in the game, a little bit of luck when Phil Gray hit the bar could have seen a different outcome - but given our talent for snatching draws from the jaws of victory, who knows? Anyway, once Rovers scored completely against the run of play and then added a second three minutes later, as the defence went AWOL, we knew the game was up, because poor though Rovers looked, our lads seemed to lose heart and merely threatened thereafter, although Des Linton had a header cleared off the line which might have given us some hope, but it was one of those days.

A.C.

Our thanks to "The Major Oak" for the match reports. Please feel free to send more. But would you please let us know who you really are, as you didn't tell us!

As always we are desperately keen to receive your contributions to Mad As A Hatter! Articles, letters, cartoons, press cuttings, holiday snaps, money and just about anything else should be sent to us at 30 Linden Road, Dunstable, Beds. LU5 4NZ.



PRETTY SOON THE ROMAN GOVERNOR GOT TO HEAR ABOUT THIS MAN WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE MESSIAH... HIS NAME PONTIUS PILOCK THE BANK MANAGER

GUIDED TOURS OF LIMBURY MEAD ESTATE AND BAR-MITZVAS ARE MY SPECIALITY

APART FROM A LARGE OVERDRAFT I CAN FIND NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS MAN. GUARD TAKE HIM AWAY AND BRING ME SOME WATER I SHALL WASH MY SOCKS.

IN THE CELL... THAT'S YOUR LAST SUPPER IT'S CHEESE AND ONION PIZZA WHAT NO FREE GARLIC BREAD

AAAuuu... LUTON F.C. HEY DAVID WAKE UP YOU MUST HAVE HAD A NIGHTMARE REMEMBER ITS MATCH DAY TO-DAY

THE END

I SEE YOU FAILED YOUR O-LEVEL IN WOODWORK. TELL ME, WHAT ELSE DO YOU DO BESIDES SELLING THE OCCASIONAL CENTURION FOR HUGE PROFIT?

BUT THE ANGRY CROWD WANTED DAVID'S BLOOD

LATER... THUMP THUMP WHAT'S THAT NOISE OH THERE COMING FOR ME

Raving Mad!!!

Dear "Mad"

It's good to see that the Bristol Rovers defence are as inept as ours. I'm glad I wasn't around to see the 2-0 and 3-0 leads against Southend and Cambridge thrown away! What is wrong with the wankers? Aaaaargghhh!

Best wishes and looking forward to my MAD's, your correspondent in the East.

Paul Devall

Czechoslovakia

PS Is there any chance that Luton Cola can be removed and poured down a bog somewhere?

Dear "Mad"

Well, Well, Well, Well, Well, Well, Well. Who'd have thought it eh? When you consider the contrast between this seasons team and lasts it's quite alarming. Last season we lacked luck, this season we lack the ability to want to win a game. It's odd to notice the two players who seem eager to impress and genuinely try during matches are Petterson and Claridge, the two players not featured in last seasons top flight campaign, all the other players have such a complacent attitude, they think because they've played in the first division (Premier League?), they've got the right to a first team place in this seasons team.

I read in 'Mad' 13 that there is a certain Gareth Jones somewhere in Dyfed who seems to be a Town fan, this is good to know, this makes three! Two of us are here in Aberystwyth, season ticket holders at the Kenilworth End no less! Perhaps we should start a Welsh branch of the Luton supporters club! What a lot of exclamation marks!

I can't help but feel sorry for Kohler. There are things I've heard about him by eavesdropping on someone who apparently had a conversation with the man after writing to him daring him to phone back. It's not up to me to repeat what he said, the man in question might want to or might not want everyone to hear what he said, but I assure you there is some incredible stuff there. But the thing is would anyone else in his position do any different? I doubt it. He's

just carrying the can for the lot that began in 1988 and the numerous chairmen that he has succeeded. He says he won't let the club go to someone without the financial resources to put money into the club after the initial cost of taking over the club.

I also cannot help feeling that calling for Kohlers head during matches does nothing for the players morale. Basically, what the chants say to the players is that they aren't good enough, especially now we need confidence among the players. Don't get me wrong, Kohler must go, but I can't see how personal abuse will help, when he gets fed up he'll just give the club to the first mug who'll come along, and the wheel will just take another turn.

Anyway that's it for now. I'm writing this after coming home from today's game, Keystone Cops versus Southend. Magic stuff lads, classic Luton; 'Hey guys, we're two goals up!' cue nosebleeds in the dressing room at half time. 'Can't have that' says the governing body of Kenilworth Cock-ups, enter incredible skill of 'forgetting' to defend et voila - bye-bye 3 points cue wailing and gnashing of teeth. Will blunders ever cease? I'm sure we'll all look back at this at the end of the season and laugh at how the successful Luton Title Challenge began.

Yours faithfully

Hedd ap Sion

Aberystwyth

Dyfed

Dear "Mad"

I for one hope that the small handful of 'mindless yobs' who are responsible for the death threats get caught soon, as they aren't doing any of us any favours in trying to remove Mr. Kohler from the board. The club is dying in front of our very eyes and David Kohler strangling it doesn't help the situation.

On a lighter note I saw an amazing little trick performed by Luton reserve team player Paul Murray against Portsmouth on 12th November 1992 that made watching the match worthwhile. Even Wayne Turner was totally surprised and bemused by it. Anyone who was there will know which incident I'm referring to as it lead to our equaliser to make it 1-1.

Murray had come on as sub at half time (replacing Martin Williams) after we were still trailing to the first minute

goal Pompey scored. Anyway, he was on the right hand flank near the goal line by the penalty box heading for the Kenilworth Road goal with about ten or fifteen minutes to go. It looked as if the defender (No. 3 Chris Owen I think) had his route to goal well and truly blocked. However, blink and you would have missed what happened next. It appeared that Murray took the ball between his heels, flicked the ball up over his head and past the defender. He then ran onto it and had a shot which was blocked only for a Luton head to get in and score the equaliser. The move was performed in a gap of what could only have been two or three yards and I'm still not sure if what I've described is how he did it because it happened in literally a second. If a Brazilian had done it on TV then you'd see it every week in the beginning credits of Grandstand and the like. It was an outrageous move. Can you find out if he practices that sort of thing in training?

Richard Hewison

Luton

Bedfordshire

Dear "Mad"

I was rather surprised to hear on a recent news report on Radio 1 FM of the W*****d fanzine "The W*****d Book Of Football" giving away free condoms.

What am I surprised about? The club's official reaction in saying that it would harm the club's family reputation. Why am I surprised? I would have thought that the club would have welcomed such a move from the fanzine. After all, they no longer need to build a roof at the Vicarage Road end of the ground as from now on all the dickheads will be covered!!!

Twll Dyn Pob Sais

Gareth Jones

Dyfed

Dear "Mad"

Mad's 12 and 13 arrived today, thank you so much. What a depressing read they were too. The mags were good, just the bloody subject. What a wonderful thing hindsight is! Not bad predictions eh? (MAD 12) Swindon up and Bristol Rovers down. But Luton up!

Am I the only person that left Meadow Lane in May expecting another awful season ahead? Surely not.

To add to "Fair Cops" in MAD 13 - Bristol. When Bristol City were reborn, I went to the first match, to support Fulham (Yes, I know how to pick 'em!) and whilst trying to find my way into Ashton Gate, I was approached by a big copper, carrot in hand, "You'd better fuck off before you get your head kicked in"! I asked what he meant. So he led me to the pen they'd reserved for Fulham fans, about 300, and I was forced in. When I said I had a seat ticket, he then said "The only fucking ticket you'll have will be down the nick. So shut it". So my seat went empty and I stood in the "sold out" visitors end. This is absolutely true even down to the adjective - "fucking".

I had a further brush with the "law" at Luton. I parked the DR at the end of Kenilworth Road as usual. Sometime during the game some shit head nicked my tax disc. I mentioned it to a passing foot copper. "Not my business, I'm on a call" he said as he made off towards town. I set off for home and reported it to the pointy heads down the road - before I could speak, they pointed to the temporary "No Entry" signs "Move on or I nick you" said Bedfordshire finest! You can't win at home - and neither it appears can Hatters!

Did you know "Kohl" in German is cabbage, it's also the name of the fat git in charge of their new republic. It's also part of the name of our beloved Chairman. So please Mr. Cabbage-er - leave Luton and go back to property speculation, or wherever you came from.

Please!

Yours

Paul Devall aka 'Dr. BIG'
Czechoslovakia

PS See you all v. Sundershit.

LUTON (0) 2 WATFORD (0) 0
Benjamin 71 - 8,341
Oakes 74

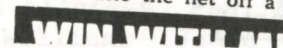
Phillip Morphew is a Town supporter living in Crowborough, East Sussex. He would like to visit the home of quality football (and knee deep mud) but has a transport problem. If you travel from that area regularly (or even occasionally) and feel you can help, please contact us and we'll put you in touch.

Peterborough 2 Luton 3

TWO first-half goals by Phil Gray and another by Paul Telper ended Luton's dismal run of nine League games without a win.

Gary Cooper pulled one back for Peterborough direct from a free kick and team-mate Tony Adcock added another in the second half with a close-range header.

ing a free kick through Luton's defensive wall. But Luton hit them with a two-goal burst, Phil Telper forcing a header into the net off a



A few cases of mistaken identity!

Peterborough 2 Luton 3

ton hit back with two goals before the break. Gary Telper somehow forced in a header off the post and Bennett's body before Gray was allowed the space to pick his spot for a fine header.

WOKINGHAM (1) 2 CARSHALTON (2) 2
Langley 45, Stevens 75
YEADING (1) 0 STAINES (1) 1
Bolton 1, Tomlin 39219

You thought you'd seen some late goals? But 653 Hours!

GROUP TWO TABLE

		P	W	D	L	F	A	Pt
st	Norway ...	4	3	1	0	15	2	7
is	England ...	2	1	1	0	5	1	3
ie	Poland ...	2	1	1	0	3	2	3
st	Turkey ...	3	1	0	2	4	6	2
p-	Holland ...	2	0	1	1	3	4	1
u-	San Marino	3	0	0	3	1	16	0
st								

At last a team who've conceded more goals than Luton!

Makes you wonder what you'd get from this interesting mixture!

LUTON TOWN

Colours: White/Blue shirts, Blue/White shorts

Manager: David Pleat

1. Andy Petterson
2. Des Linton
3. Julian James
4. Darren Salton
5. Trevor Peake
6. Marvin Gray
7. Steve Claridge
8. Chris Kamara

1959: Luton Town plays Nottingham Forest in their first and only FA Cup final appearance. An injury to Roy Dwight means Town were reduced to ten men for much of the match, losing 2-1.

History is rewritten!

Matchday November 1992 49

LUTON (0) 2 WATFORD (0) 0
Benjamin 71 - 8,341
Oakes 74

Town Roar at Roker

29.10.92 STOTFOLD 0 TOWN 4

For some reason the Beds Premier Cup always involves a trip to the Far East of the county which is much worse if, like me, you happen to live in the Far West of the county. This time it was to the evocatively named Roker Park, although this is very much the "other" Roker Park. Just for a change I managed to arrive in time for the start of the match although I still contrived to miss the announcement of who was playing in the Town side. This meant that the first half was spent trying to recognise some of our second string players. The first half was a nice show of attacking football by the Town side, and yielded 3 goals: After 15 minutes Chris Brooks scored with a header from a cross by Jason Rees. Brooks got his second after 34 minutes with a simple shot from the edge of the box after a free kick. 5 minutes later a cross by Paul "Chick" Murray allowed Jason Rees a good downward header which beat the keeper by stopping in the goalmouth mud while he dived, and then ambling into the net. Half time allowed the identification game to continue whilst milling around at the tea hut. Desperation set in and as the teams came out again, I asked Wayne Turner who our No. 6 was. After some thought, Tim Allpress was named. I commented that I had not recognised him, and Wayne admitted to having the same problem! Further confusing the game was the half time sub. For a few minutes he covered so much ground I thought there were two No. 12 shirts on the field. But then Tony Thorpe (for it was he) got an injury and had to slow down. Another sub came on, this being the unmistakable Jamie Campbell, whose 40 minutes were as impressive as his first team appearances. Stotfold actually applied some pressure in the second half and brought some good saves out of Sommer. In the 70th minute however, the game was wrapped up with a far post header by David Greene. A few more Stotfold attacks bringing good saves and shots of the couldn't score in a brothel variety and that was that. A cup match won convincingly. Highlights of the night were some rather ripe language from the f***ing Stotfold keeper and one of the latest tackles I have ever seen by their No. 4, one that British Rail would have been proud of (thye'd

have had time to announce its arrival!). And so it was back into the car for the return trek to Leighton Buzzard. The Town team: Juergen Sommer, Ian King, John Dreyer, Jason Rees, David Greene, Tim Allpress, Paul Murray, Ceri Hughes (Tony Thorpe), Martyn Williams (Jamie Campbell), Chris Brooks, Stephen Flain.

Endpiece: After the game it was reported that David Pleat, had expressed himself disappointed with the teams second half performance. This coming two days before Southend and five days before Cambridge, it should probably have got a response of "You ain't seen nothing yet!"

P.J. Smith

Only a minority...



Another signature goes on the Anti-Kohler petition, to join the other 3000.

Czech it out!

When I came to this distant land to take up a teaching job it was just after the pre-season friendly with QPR. What an extravaganza that was, what a bloody yawn. From the highs of a few seasons ago with the glory at Wembley to the cold ride home from Notts. County in May, we've seen a lot at Luton Town. My girlfriend keeps me in touch with the world at home, sending the depressing cuttings from Bedfordshire on Sunday most weeks. Given the standard of the management it's no wonder that we're (at time of writing) third from bottom of the new inferior First Division.

To save me from 'cold turkey' football-wise I started to think about going to the local team. I watched the village team playing in the local league a couple of times and they weren't bad, but I missed the big occasion. The whiff of Kenilworth Road's finest dog-burgers, the smell of the "tea". I decided to search out better things. Before I could get any information, Sigma Olomouc had played their Romanian opposition in the UEFA Cup First Round. I'd have to find something else. Then looking at a paper in my staff room, I noticed that alongside names like Slovan Bratislava, Dukla Prague and Olomouc, was the name FC BOBY Brno. As Brno is only 13 miles away I decided to give them my support. Some of the lads from the sixth form are regular supporters, and in their halting British (it will be better by June!) they explained about their team. Oh dear. It all sounded familiar, too familiar. But, on the positive side, they are third, from the top, of the Czechoslovak league.

My first match was this Sunday. After the 32p train ride (return) into town, and a walk via the pub, four pints for 80p we arrived at the ground. Now Mr. Justice Taylor, or is that Lord, reckons we should all have all-seater stadiums like the foreigners, well here in Brno, we have about a tenth of the ground seating. The entire ground is open air as well, no poncy roofs for us hard Moravians.

The opposition was to be provided by Bohemians Prague, and all the regional hatred comes out. For their part, Bohemians brought exactly seven supporters, enough to make Wimbledon look good. They hung their banners on the railings, green and white. Not surprising, Bohemians wear green and white hoops a la Celtic and green shorts. BOBY wear red and white shirts covered in advertising, but on this occasion they decided to wear all white with lots of advertising!

The match started as expected all BOBY attacking, Bohemians have a record similar to the Towns and are similarly placed, except it sounds better to say 14th, pity there are only sixteen teams in Division 1.

It began to get too familiar as the bar got in the way, then BOBY broke through and the keeper made several saves, one with the back of his head from a corner. "I've seen this sort of thing before" I said loudly, anybody that heard above the chants of "Go, Go Brno Go" in English, and "Velke Moravia" which means "Great Moravia", just ignored me. "Ole ole" is the same but the end bit is a bit difficult, so I sang "we are the Town", nobody took any notice. BOBY piled on the pressure, a foul outside the box leads to a Bohemian in the book, but his mouth continues to run (like Steve Williams, great player, poor mouth control) and the red card came out. Yes, now we'll see a thrashing we all agree.

"Leets ava gole" they chant, the free kick bends round the wall, the keeper dives, Bruce Grobelov at his best, the ball hits his bloody legs! And is cleared. The corner hums in, headed out, picked up by BOBY's midfield genius, a sensitive little lob over the advancing players, and it lands on top of the bar. Will this bloody ball ever go in? The first half expires. We all head off to the bogs and the bar. No yellow paint on these terraces, but no one nicks your place either. Think on Kenilworth regulars.

The extra beer warms us and is helped down with a nice expensive 10p hot dog. The teams come out, the Rowdies, begin their chanting. The Rowdies are the Czech equivalent of the 'F-troop' possee that used to control Millwall, except these boys like being on the police video (more of that later). The match kicks off, Bohemians have changed their line up to replace the mouthy centre back. It's more of the same, BOBY bombard the goal, but the ball skids past or the keeper, old Bruce, does something to stop it. The new defender is quite mobile and when caught in the 'pass back - whoops, I can't' position, can turn and get out of trouble, not good for BOBY. It continues to piss down, three days in a row now. Then, a nasty little tackle from a Bohemians player, a little bit of fisticuffs, and another hooped player heads for the early bath. Now we will thrash them we all think. Wrong of course, this is BOBY Brno - the Hatters of Czecho we're talking about. The free kick whistles in low, new defender waves a foot and it's in, no it hits the damn post and goes behind. From the corner, there's a handball, penalty, that's it 99% of the crowd looks away, the other 1% groan, the bloody keeper stands with the ball in his arms his buddies all patting him on the back. Seen it before anywhere?

Time is slipping away, Bohemians tactic is now to kick the ball as far down field as possible and let the BOBY players retrieve it. Somehow, they never find touch! Then with 78 minutes gone, a BOBY player slips, is dispossessed and the ball is whipped in to the edge of the box and Jan Sanytrnik heads home. Bohemians 1-0. Their seven supporters go wild and can almost be heard. The Rowdies rumble and the fireworks and blue and red smoke bombs are thrown on the running track around the pitch. Through the fog BOBY kick off, straight on the attack. New defender heads away, the volley from Kocman is deflected for a corner. Time is ticking away, the clock shows 82 minutes gone already. Bohemians are happy to see the ball bouncing around in BOBY's half. Then finally, BOBY realise the enemy has only nine players, an angled ball sends substitute Cupak to the line, he cuts it back and Kocman fires through the crown into the net. 1-1. The minutes tick away as Bohemians try to burst the ball by kicking it as hard as they can in which ever direction they are facing! To combat time wasting, there are six balls around the ground, when one goes a long way, it's replaced immediately. None of the farting around under the seat in the dugout here!

The referee blows up and it's been a draw. The Rowdies don't make a move, they wait for the team to come over and wave, before they begin to leave. We follow them down the road. The police follow us all. We're at the back and can hear the Alsations choking on their chains, luckily through their muzzles. Every so often as we make the mile long walk to the station we are videoed by the police. The Rowdies enjoy this and wave and sing louder. I see the red light pointing at me so I wave and give the Churchill v-sign, quite safe here at the moment. The copper waves back. I wait for the dog behind to lunch on my arse, but it doesn't, phew!

At the station there's even more Brno coppers on overtime, and even more Sharp video cameras. The Rowdies finally get on a train that the indicator board

says is for Berlin. Perhaps they are all going to their spiritual home. After all, Czechoslovakia is a part of Germany already isn't it Mr. Hitler?

All in all a good days football. But too much like a Saturday at Luton! Still, I'll be back next week, and the week after we get to see some real racial violence in Slovakia for Slovan Bratislava away, then we'll need the Rowdies.....

Dr. Big

Open Letter to Messrs. Kohler & Pleat

Well, here I am acting as a scout, unpaid of course to keep the budget down eh Mr. K, and I've had a marvellous idea.

Why don't the pair of you take a run over here in the company car? Have a look at the local scene. BOBY Brno have a few players that fit the bill for the Town, they're young, 19-21, and they're good, so you could make a good few bob selling them on just before the end of the season, the sort of thing the club has got good at.

And they'll all work cheap. Czechoslovak wages are about a tenth of what they are in Blighty. Just think, get rid of Dreyer, Peake and the other donkeys, replace them with a load of talented Czechs and save a fortune in wages every week.

Plus if you come in through East Germany, there's a few fringe benefits lining the roads, they usually wait for wealthy Germans, but I'm sure they'd be impressed by a football manager from England..... and they're cheap, so I'm told!!!

So get over here, buy up as many of the BOBY lads as you can and let's get back into the Premier League where we belong. I don't think we'll fall foul of UEFA like Stuttgart, I don't expect to get that far!

Na schledanou
DR BIG

We don't wish to be churlish (OK, why change the habits of a lifetime) but we thought that the minutes silence before the Watford game, in memory of the late Mrs. Phillimore, was a complete farce. Having announced it the Kenny Ends reaction was a chant of "One Darren Salton" - a reaction so predictable that Ian McCaskill could have forecast it - but when that ended everybody in the ground expected a few moments silence. Except that is the dickhead who put a record out on the PA with disgraceful haste. No doubt the Kenny End will be blamed for this but if the time allowed for contemplation/prayer/silence or whatever was anything like a minute then I'm a Dutchman.

Hertz Van Rental

Derby Revisited - Death of a Metro

Every Luton fan will be able to remember the amazing game at Derby which secured our First Division future. I also have memories of our next visit to Derby although these are not quite as pleasant.

On the day in question, I decided that rather than let my brother take his GTE that I would dig my old metro out of retirement. My brother expressed his reservations but they fell on deaf ears. We got on the M1 to head north but soon met heavy traffic. We then left at Junction 12 to rejoin at 15. At this point the car was showing all the pace of Brian Stein so we pulled off at the services and called on the 'trainer' in the form of an A.A. patrolman. He told us our points had closed but we should be Okay.

For very mile we continued north the power of the car continued to die. Easing off the motorway at Junction 23, we again summoned the man in yellow. By this stage we were hoping to make the end of the second half. When he arrived we eagerly awaited for the verdict and so it came 'headgasket mate you're not going anywhere'. So ended our hopes of seeing the match. As we waited for the relay lorry the radio decided to give up the ghost and make our day complete.

As the hours passed by with no relay lorry in sight and no knowledge of the result of the game, depression set in. We eventually arrived back home well after all other Luton fans who had seen the match. The day was rounded off as Ceefax told us our defeat by a single Nigel Callaghan goal, the ex-***ford player, and after all of this, it even proved too late to go and get pissed down the pub.

M.I.

LUTON	(0) 2 WATFORD	(0) 0
Benjamin 71	- 8,341	
Oakes 74		

LUTON
Benjamin 71
Oakes 74

(0) 2 WATFORD
— 8,341

(0) 0

It's There!



Scotty fires in number 2

