

# MAD AS A HATTER!



A LUTON TOWN FANZINE

Issue 19

Xmas 93

STILL ONLY 50p



KA + KH



# MAD AS A HATTER!



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## Editorial

The trouble with writing editorials is, no matter how late you leave it, it's bound to be out of date, and the more there is happening the more out of date it will be. This one was written after the Watford match on Sunday 19 December, thanks to the co-operation of our printers in allowing us later deadlines than usual in order that we could include a match report while it was still fresh. However, this is not likely to be the main news in the next week (last week when you read this). That is (probably) going to be the conclusion of discussions on the Mitchell Ellingham takeover bid. Having suggested that the bid was becoming protracted Mr Kohler, having accepted the offer, then left it for the board of directors to decide, but they too chose to do things the long way. This gives rise to speculation that Kohler is by no means as keen to sell as he makes out, and that this prevarication is indicative of his trying to find a way out, all speculation of course. It does however seem odd that the board should be left to decide. After all, if you have agreed to sell a house do you ask the buyers to prove that they can afford to furnish it, and having established that they can, ask your lodger if it's OK to sell? Of course you don't, especially if you have quite clearly failed to furnish the place yourself, and still found that it is too expensive to use all the rooms.

Anyway, enough of the analogies, which should at least show our thinking on the subject. If he is still with us, God forbid, then it seems that no amount of chanting will get rid of him, and short of giving him access to Jack Walkers bank account and saying "help yourself" he won't sell. If this is the case the future looks very bleak indeed. If he has gone, then we would like to take this opportunity to welcome David Ellingham and John Mitchell to Kenilworth Road, and just say that we look forward to hearing what you have planned for our club, and hope that all of us can find your time here rewarding. After recent years, a dialogue between management and supporters (a fans representative on the board?) would be most welcome, and help to dispel much of the animosity and distrust that exists.

Finally, changing the subject, we would like to wish all of our readers a belated and happy Christmas and a prosperous and successful New Year. Unless, that is, your name happens to be David A Kohler.....



# Superstitions

Perhaps things are different for young Luton Town supporters now. Luckily, in my childhood/teen years the Town weren't regularly or necessarily crap. They were never brilliant mind, but some seasons - even in the first division - they were a match for any team in the country at home. They also had a penchant for mucking it up against lowly teams so the outcome of any match held in the balance. It was then that luck came into it, and with luck comes superstitions, from players putting their shorts on last to other more absurd and widespread superstitions from (young - I hope) fans who deep down know it won't matter a sod but carry on their silly little routines on the off chance. In When Saturday Comes some Watford supporter wrote a similar bit, I can't remember his particular pre-match superstition (probably ritual pre-match masturbation), but here are a few of my old tricks that worked a treat or otherwise in the old Oak Road standing days. Kids might like to pick up on a few of them, after all even the silliest superstition has the potential to be of more use to the Town than Ceri bloody Hughes.

● **Lucky Hat.** I don't know why, but one day I was grasped with a strange enthusiasm to purchase a hat from the market hat stall. The flimsy straw boaters looked cheap and stupid, I didn't want a shitty baseball cap and I couldn't buy a black woolly hat and be a pseudo-mig. I got flustered and ended up buying a blue waterproof cap which I proceeded to wear at the match. I was delighted when we won but foolishly decided that some of the credit belonged to my new "lucky hat". So, I felt obliged to wear the hat at every home game as the Town went on an annoying unbeaten run. Annoying due to the fact that I was attracting comments to the tune of "Tim, why are you wearing that shitty hat?". I bleated out some "I like it" lie and ended up quite relieved on losing a match that the hat had lost its magic touch and I could chuck it out.

● **Lucky scarf.** Most fans have one so it's a bit of a bore. My lucky scarf was from the unofficial club shop on the corner of Oak Road and Maple and saw me through a good many years and enough defeats to seriously question its use as a good luck charm. It survived Millwall '85 and the semi-final that year and onto its finest hour at Wembley in April 1988. I don't know what possessed me to wear it down the pub the night before the Watford away match last season but I haven't seen it since.

● **Glasses.** At school I still held onto the ludicrous idea that when I didn't wear my glasses I was dead sexy and, when I did wear them, I would be teased summat rotten. At football I was content to be a terrace Joe 90 if only because I couldn't see a thing without said specs. However, my spectacles did provide me with a long running four-eyed ritual that went a little bit like this - I wouldn't put on my specs until I was through the turnstile and into the ground. Of course this was less impressive in the familiar territory of the back of the Oak Road terrace but at away games it was different as the first view of a new stadium was the green blur of the pitch and the stands before I put on my glasses and it all got into focus (at which point I'd think how the ground looks bigger on telly). Wembley was particularly difficult as I was quite interested in seeing what it was like under the stand and couldn't read the signs that told you what block you're in - luckily I was led in like a blind man by my brother and Arsenal 2 Luton Town 3. Now I've got contact lenses the myopia trick isn't really worth the effort anymore.

● **Claps.** Personally I've never had a clap good luck trick. However my brother and one Emma Bowlie both had a claps thing going. My brother Simon would apparently need to clap an even number of times whenever the Town warranted applause (rather a sad clap counting confession to have made). Emma Bowlie felt obliged to clap three times whenever Les Sealey touched the ball with his hands. Three claps, no more and no less, thus Les received the same paltry ripple from young Miss Bowlie for picking up a pass back as he would for making his best save. I think I played the last clap and synchronised clapping at school assemblies but that's just an immaturity thing.

Anyway, that's just four. Perhaps you have some more. If so write them down and chuck them away you sad swine (*or better still send them to us - Eds*). If any of the Bowlie family are reading, I am open to offers to keep the lucky Saturday routine quiet. As much cash as poss or the whole gory details - the turf and the garage and the beans on toast - will come to light.....

Tim Kingston





## Another Major Signing?

On a recent visit to the mecca of football in Bedfordshire, I spotted the latest free transfer signing the Town are after. What age category I hear you ask! Under 19 or over 31? Well, this guy is young and yet is a major star. Millions have witnessed his talents on TV. He is a multi talented sportsman and would be the first at Kenilworth Road since the great Ian Buxton graced the forward line (ahh, those were the days - aged Ed).

I understand that Garth Crooks was responsible for spotting this emerging talent and recommending him to Luton. Amazingly, his current employers have decided he is surplus to their requirements following a season where his performances brought pleasure to capacity crowds each Saturday. I'm told they feel the surprise element of his game has been blown and the time is right for him to seek a club where his abilities will stand out.

From further enquiries I have established he is extremely unhappy at being substituted several times and the demands on his social life attending house parties is getting tiresome. Apparently he is keen to join a team where youth is abundant and the manager still sees players in their early twenties as very young! Having watched the Town play Bolton and Bristol City he is confident he can knock the spots off some players. He also took a look at Watford, but having been frightened by a donkey as a child, preferred the Town.

I managed to chat to his agent before they boarded a helicopter in the club car park. Leon Edmonds said the deal is in the balance as although the Town manager is convinced that "the boy" has all the ability required to improve the side, there are two things worrying him. Firstly, at over five feet he is too tall for the midfield and secondly, he has admitted to liking Cola!

Before they left, I managed to get a quick word with the player asking him for his views. "Oh blobby blobby blobby" he replied.

Phil (Orpington Man) Wash



## A Litany of Taylor

We here at "Mad" have rarely missed a chance to have a dig at Graham Taylor, and the chance to kick the man when he's down is just too good to miss. Not that we're jumping on the bandwagon, in fact I think we were probably driving it, but then you wouldn't expect us to give someone from his background an easy ride, would you?

At the time of his appointment, Failure was the obvious choice, if only by default, owing to the lack of any other outstanding candidates, but I always had doubts about a man that paid £1.5m for Tony Cascarino, and £600,000 for Ian Ormondroyd. He was, it must be said, very much a manager of the modern era, being renowned as "media friendly", but this disguised the fact that whilst he talked a lot, he actually said very little. A glance at his programme notes (surely the way to judge any manager!) would confirm this. One can only imagine that after one of his team talks, his players heads were filled with so much bullshit that they had no idea of what he wanted them to do.

Which brings me neatly on to Taylor's biggest failing - tactics. All successful international sides, Germany, Italy, Brazil etc., work to a well established pattern into which players can come and go. This is a necessity at this level where the continuity present at club level is absent. England, on the other hand, changed formaton and tactics seemingly for every match; all too often, as against Norway in Oslo, to suit some perceived master plan by the opposition. Changes that rarely worked, because the players simply weren't happy with them, a case of change for change's sake. Why, for example, so many unforced changes for the Holland game?

His other main fault was his selection of players. Not only did we seem to have a regular "flavour of the month" selection, Newell, Gray, Ripley etc., but also a weird propensity for picking players out of position, Curle at right back, Keown at left back, Thomas anywhere! He also persisted with players when they were out of form; this can often be covered at club level, but at top level, where players are just as interested in impressing enough to keep their place as anything else. This misplaced loyalty to Des Walker, for instance, instead of the in form and much improved Gary Pallister may have cost England a place in the World Cup.

It must however be said that not everything can be laid totally at Taylor's door. For one thing, there is a lack of true quality players in this country have we got anyone who can play at right back? (Who said Des Linton?) He's also had bad luck with injuries to key players, such as Gascoigne - did Taylor really trust him anyway? - Shearer, and Barnes - only joking! So, in fairness, he rarely had the chance to pick his first choice team, if he knew what that was.

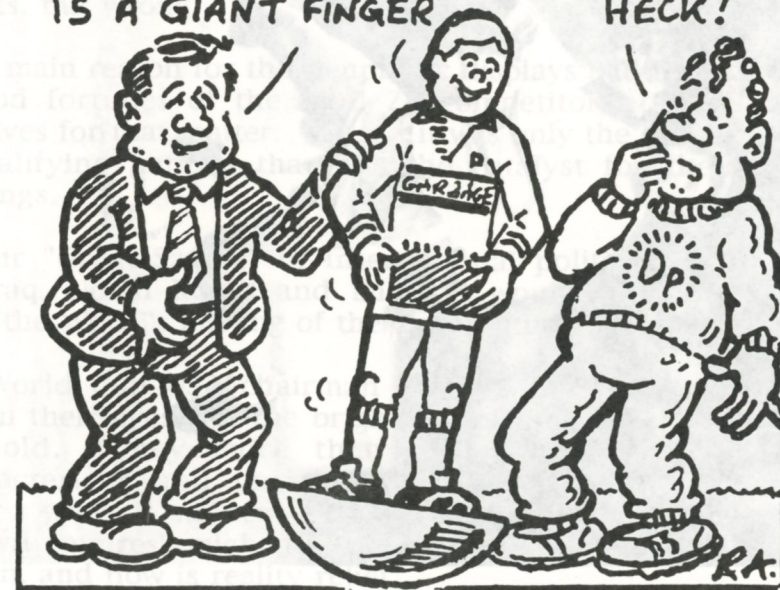
So, to conclude, you can take the man out of Shitford, but you can't take the Shitford out of the man.

*The Andy Sinton Fan Club!*

## KOHLER IN NEW PLAYER PURCHASE SENSATION!!

ALL YOU NEED NOW  
IS A GIANT FINGER

FLICKING  
HECK!







*Ceri Hughes shows poise and style, in spite of having Jason's head growing out of his right shoulder.*

## COUNTDOWN TO 1994

"Hip, hip, hooray!" "Hardy har har" "Hallelujah Baby!!!"

Believe it or not but these and a few other choice jovial comments were the sounds heard to be emanating from the hyenas howling in the hallways of America's staid World Cup Organizing Committee (WCOC) hierarchy recently.

Once all of the 24 competing nations for next summer's fifteenth World Cup finals had been determined that giggling gaggle of geese, otherwise known as the WCOC, celebrated as if it had received early Christmas presents from Santa Claus.

Was the suit and tie brigade chortling over the diverse footballing quality of the finalists? Or, possibly, now the get down to it, bottom line, aspect of marketing the finals could seriously get under way? Maybe it was just the fact that June 17, 1994 was that much closer was enough to send their upscale egos over the edge? Good thoughts, but wrong.

No, the main reason for their euphoric displays had little to do with the good fortunes of the final 24 competitors, or the matches themselves for that matter. Instead it was only the bad luck of four non-qualifying nations that was the catalyst for their comedic cavortings.

The four "Great Satans" of international politics and terrorism: Iran, Iraq, North Korea and England would not be present to tarnish the WCOC's hosting of the quadrennial tournament.

From World Cup USA chairman Alan Rothenberg on down, the gleam in their eyes and the brightness of their smiles was a vision to behold. They more than made up for the somewhat uncharacteristic and unsightly beads of sweat which quickly appeared when it suddenly became apparent that three of these four "evil empires" might invade our shores come June. But that was then, and now is reality relief.

Four countries who, for whatever the reason, would have the potential for embarrassment, not to the name of world football but



to the armchair executives of the WCOC, had been eliminated. And in the case of the first teams of Iran, Iraq, and North Korea the word eliminated could well be used literally.

It is sad though, that these captains of corporate commercialism felt the need to place England in the same category in the first place. The other three nations were not welcome due to the nature of their politics while England's misfortune had only to do with its infamous army of supporters.

Deep in the back boardrooms of official United States soccerdom the games leaders feel that image is everything. Their image, and not the sports' that is. For come next July 18th these mercenary managers will want nothing more from football than another notch on their resumes. Cut it, dry it, package it, and tie it. Get in quick and out quicker.

And therein lies the basic problem for football's continued failure in the United States. The game is not in the secure and capable hands of, never mind run by, football knowledgeable people. (*Sounds just like home - Eds*). Its leaders are cost accountants, marketing moguls, and advertisers. And it doesn't take an advanced university degree to realise this.

In this country grass roots progress at youth level are sustaining a growth rate equal to many a third world country. Unfortunately, those who breath the rarefied air of the United States Soccer Federation, and virtually all of the WCOC, wouldn't know a football boot from a Doc Marten.

The organizational build-up coupled with the commercial marketing of any event on a grand scale is this country's forte. The actual event, itself, merely becomes an anti-climax. Everyone succeeds at something and America is head and shoulders above all others when it comes to choreography.

Needless to say, after all the tourists have returned to their domestic schedules next season and America's World Cup is only another highlight film on the VCR shelf, the now unemployed hired honchos will be found seeking medical help for their rather severe tendonitis. An affliction which developed from much too much self congratulatory back slapping.

But, please, don't feel too much sympathy for these wandering wunderkinds. They won't be bored for long. Remember, the show must go on and next up is the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta, Georgia. Less than two years to prepare for and execute this "do". Yes, well, life certainly is tough when you live it in the fast lane.

Brian Surette

## Sommer's case hard to swallow

JURGEN SOMMER, Luton Town goalkeeper, has arrived in Britain. Navarro Montoya, Boca Juniors' keeper, wants to play here, and can't.

Sommer is an obscure American keeper, never a member of their national squad, who has got his permit to play here because his father is a German!

EC citizens may join any club in the community, regardless of their merit. Like Tony Carbone, the Australian youth international recently signed by Forest, because his father is Italian.

But Montoya isn't European. Three times a Colombian international, of Argentine parents, he's been goalkeeper for the last five years for Boca, the famous Buenos Aires club. Oscar Arce, once an Aston Villa player, later Millwall youth coach, tells me from Argentina that Montoya can't wait to play here.

Alas he'll have to. New rulings from the Department of Employment, advised by the FA and the players' PFA, say no foreigner from outside the EEC is eligible unless he's played in 75 per cent of his country's internationals the previous season.

I fully sympathise with the anxiety of Gordon Taylor, the PFA's chief executive, to save his men from a flood of cheap imports.

*But when any so-called European is eligible, while the likes of Montoya aren't, it's surely time to consider cases on their merits.*

Quite what this piece is all about we don't know. Does a club want to sign this bloke Montoya. Are we to believe that Colombian keepers have improved dramatically since the last World Cup?





*The away terrace at a Watford away game?*

## TOWN TRAVELS

### 15.01.94 NOTTS COUNTY

A visit to, arguably, the best ground in Nottingham, if not the entire division and a trip that is usually one of the better days out of the season. The QUEENS HOTEL, opposite the station, is an old favourite, but the TOM HOSKINS, Queensbridge Drive is also close to the station and recommended for its food (including Hoggies (?) and Haggis) as well as its beer. The MAGPIES on Meadow Lane is also worth a visit for its Home Ales.

### 12.02.93 LEICESTER CITY

I'll have to come clean on this one, I haven't been to Leicester for donkeys years and the only pub I can remember is the BARLEY MOW, an Everards pub just down the road from the station. There is probably something nearer the ground, but I am not able to suggest anything!

### 19.02.93 BRISTOL CITY

As we said last season, the further from the ground the better as a general rule. In the city centre try the BREWERY TAP, Colston Street for the products of Smiles brewery, and the WHITE LION, Colston Avenue (various beers) but beware the spiral staircase to the gents! Of course, all this will be irrelevant as we'll be elsewhere playing in the 5th round of the cup!

### 05.03.93 NOTTINGHAM FOREST

See the entry for Notts County above, everything I've said there applies here.

#### THOSE NEGOTIATIONS - THE LATEST!!





## SHORT CUTS

mysad mate



**NAME:** Matthew White  
**TEAM:** Luton Town  
**WHY SAD:** When he was at school, he was once caught in the library trying to change every reference to God to 'Mick Harford'  
**SPONSOR:** Allen Sturges Travel, Bedford

### And now two pieces from *Luton on Sunday*

#### Horsham 3 Leighton Town 2

This Beazer Homes clash was a close affair, with plenty of chances for both sides and two well matched teams.

24/10/93. They move Leighton Town into a different league for the day!

IT'S been a funny old week for former Luton Town player Mark Stein.

He and his brother Brian who still plays for Luton, used to live near the Chelsea ground when

31/10/93. We get the mighty Brian back, for a third spell, or was it still the second?

Opposite: This piece was sent to us anonymously and was culled from *Executive Hire* magazine. If we hadn't seen the printing on the back of it we might have thought it was an expensively produced spoof. We couldn't have done better.

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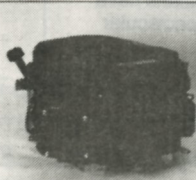
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From the Palace programme:



## La La Pasta

Only 10 miles as  
The Eagles fly  
for

authentic Italian Restaurant  
(waiters as mad as Luton)

Notice to Lifeline Members:  
15% discount on food.

Finally, just a few words about Saturdays game against Grimsby Town. It was one of those games that we could have one by six goals or come away with just one point. The lesson was that we must learn to be patient against sides who do not come

Has this restaurant missed the point of the pun in our nickname?

And then there's their manager. Being patient is all very well, but he could try and finish the sentence.

### YANKEE GOALKEEPING STAR

In spite of the arrival of Perry Digweed at Kenilworth Road, Luton's regular first choice goalkeeper this season has been New Yorker **Juergen Sommer**, whose previous Football League experience was somewhat restricted at Brighton and Torquay. However, the big Yankee is putting in such excellent performances that David Pleat has backed him for a place in the United States World Cup side next summer. Said David, 'He's as good as any 'keeper the Americans have got' so we may be privileged tonight to have a preview of one of the stars of the spectacular which our transatlantic cousins are hosting next June and July.

And they round it off nicely by giving us a new goalkeeper.

## Raving Mad!!!

Dear "Mad",

One very keen supporter of Luton Town FC is writing to you from Bulgaria. My name is Dimitar and I'm a 16 year old student at the Economics school in our city.

As my eyes are always directed to Kenilworth Road I decided to ask a favour of you. I would like very much to correspond with other Luton fans, so I should be very grateful if you would print my request in the fanzine, telling your readers that there is a fan of Town who lives in Bulgaria and looks forward to hearing from other Luton fans.

After the 92/93 season I'm convinced that the side got more determination and I do believe that Mr Pleat will prepare the players very well for a very hard season in the First Division. I stay with a deep hope that any Luton fans will write to me. Thank you very much in advance!

Kindest Regards

**Dimitar Videv**

42 Slavyanska str.

Bourgas - 8000

Bulgaria.

Yes, a genuine letter from Eastern Europe, so get writing 'cause we need to nurture this sort of support. - Eds

Dear "Mad",

What the hell is going on with the latest takeover bid? As far as I can make out in deepest, darkest Surrey they've been about to sign for about three weeks now..... Surely we're not going to have to suffer under Kohler into 1994?!

**Will Sherwood**

Egham, Surrey.

### ADVERT

**Football Boss PBM** : New season just started. We have places for managers at some top teams. FA & Scottish Premier, English Divisions 1 & 2. Limited number of places are available. For information contact with SSAE: Paul A Jones, 5 Beaconsfield Avenue, Low Fell, Gateshead, Tyneside, NE9 5XT. Please mention "Mad as a Hatter!" when replying.



## Metaphors for Luton Town.

### Part one.

#### Luton Town as a Monopoly board property

On the Monopoly board that is somewhere between Free Parking and Jail, Vine Street on a good day and Pall Mall on a bad. In the Eighties we competed with the Bond Streets, Piccadillies and Park Lanes by having a few nice houses and a good run on the Chance cards. But now we're mortgaged whilst the Whitechapels and Pentonvilles start building. We've sold our "Get out of jail free" card cheap, haven't won a beauty contest for ages and never seem to pass GO.....

#### Luton Town as a Senile Aunt

You love her dearly but she continues to embarrass you in public. She'll fondly remember the good old days with you and then threatens that, as you don't care in her eyes, she might as well go and die. She'll make out like she wants you to visit but, when you do, she makes such a big deal of the fact that she can't afford good stuff and it's partly our fault because we don't sing loud enough from the bloody terraces.....

#### Luton Town as the hit Australian soap "Neighbours"

So there you are in the late eighties full of flare and vigour. With your up and coming star cast and fresh ideas. But what happens? Within a couple of years Kylie and Jason have signed up big time contracts elsewhere. Clive Gibbons, Mrs Mangel and Mike have also found something better - playing their next season in panto. Still you carry on with crappy replacements like bloody Harold Bishop to carry on with bloody Madge and bloody Helen bloody Daniels. Where are your stars now? Even Todd bloody Landers has gone now. Who really cares about poxy bloody Feebee? Neighbours will never come back as a major soap force until Ann Haddy (turkey neck and all) stands down.....

#### Luton Town as Blue Peter

See above. John Noakes and Leslie Judd replaced by John Leslie (no relation to either) and that bird from Top of the Pops, and the Biddy Baxter days are over.....

#### Luton Town as Top of the Pops

Used to be good - now usually crap.

Next time - Luton Town as the pop band Herman's Hermits and Luton Town as a pile of shit.

Tim Kingston





## THE MATCH REPORTS (PART 2)

The pools companies now have three kinds of draw on the coupons, but after last season excessive collection, they are now becoming as scarce at Luton games as hens teeth.....

### 30.10.93 TOWN 0 LEICESTER CITY 2

A truly one star performance which was given away either side of half time. The first came after a moment of madness by Paul Telfer handling the ball right on the goal line. He got away with it probably because the referee, like many spectators, couldn't be certain of the identity of the offender. However, this was a sensible referee who saw fit to keep his book and cards in his pocket rather than punish the wrong player - full marks John Lloyd of Wrexham. Steve Thompson, predictably, put away the penalty and Speedie finished us of straight after half time.

K.F.H.

### 02.11.93 CRYSTAL PALACE 3 TOWN 2

What a start! Two minutes into the game Geoff "Chipping" Aunger taps the ball in for a debut goal with his first touch of the game. Within 15 minutes Palace have equalised and then Ceri Hughes waltzes through and around their defence to score a goal of such stunning quality that Dave K almost swallowed his false teeth. From there of course it was downhill all the way, as we lost the lead and then went behind and stayed there. Harper did not have a good game, but Chipping will be a favourite with the crowd if he plays as well regularly and scores goals, as in this impressive first appearance.

Ken Ross

### 06.11.93 TOWN 1 CHARLTON 0

Anybody who knows anything about Luton - Charlton matches knows we usually win 1-0 in a scrappy, boring game. So it certainly shouldn't be shown on television unless you want everybody to change channels. Anyway, it was shown, and I'm sure hundreds, if not thousands, of people proceeded to change channel.

M.I.

### 13.11.93 SOUTHEND UTD 2 TOWN 1

The pissawful weather drove most of us into the seats for this one..... and a far better view it is too. I for one won't be spending 90 minutes looking at an 8 foot high fence, even if it is warm and sunny, next season.

Oh, and the game..... well, after our cult hero Suave Marv's extremely inept start to the season, Pleaty brought in Yid reject Mitch Thomas to improve the

left back situation. And what an improvement, Sarfend score with a cross from the right after..... 2 whole minutes. Thomas did look more competent as the game went on, and much as I love you Marv, he gets the nod from me.

The rest of the team? Well, Dickov got kicked off the park, and we had that familiar impotent look going forward, until Dixon's great leveller - you might wait until a few more of us had returned from the bog and the kiosk, Kerry.

After a 10 minute upsurge in Town attacking Sarfend picked themselves up and turned the screw for the rest of the game, though only clinching it with a dodgy goal.

Objét

### 20.11.93 TOWN v WOLVES

Thanks a bunch Town. The only league club to call their game off - very iffy - surely nothing to do with players having the flu?

Objét

### 27.11.93 LUXURIANT LUTON 6 STUTTERING STOKE 2

Dixon the Destroyer, showed no mercy, plundering a hat-trick (that's 3 goals in a game if you've forgotten), against a shocked Stoke City side, who'd thought at two-nil we were finished. A game with some brilliantly taken goals and fine commitment all round, brought a result, and a smile, back to all the Mad Hatters faces. A special mention is deserved by Dixon, Mitchell, Hughes and Peake (was it REALLY HIM who warmed up?) who, on a couple of occasions, used his experience in a one on one situation to clear the danger.

BRAVO!!

The Major Oak

Where do I start..... it's not often you hear your own fans singing "What a load of rubbish" during a 6-2 win! Most of the chaps agreed with me that the Town have played better at home and got beat!

The whole game seemed to hinge on a spectacular speculative (that's enough long words) shot by Kerry. From then it seemed every time we went forward, the ball went in - I don't remember their keeper saving a single shot. How Dixon beat their defender to the ball for his 2nd defies me! Overall, I thought we were awful in the first half and got away with it. I expected Stoke to come back, but as the 2nd half wore on Stoke started to fold, and some of the passing by the lads was just a joy. Just two points; 1. Traditionally, Mr Pleat subbed Jason Rees, a source of amusement in our part of the Kenny End - every game the poor lad plays, we expect to see the 1 and 8 being held up at some stage. You forgot to do the usual with your shirt though Jase - untucking it making it look like a dress! P.S. Have a shave! 2. I'd like to have heard "We want Kohler out!" when we were 6-2 up - the twat might get the message at last! Still, a great day.

Objét



# 04.12.93 CHARLTON ATHLETIC 1 TOWN 0

At least the people who work for television had the common sense not to show this to the viewers of the square box. It was identical to the match at home, the only difference being they scored the goal this time. Another of those matches when you are travelling back home with a much lighter wallet and you question your wisdom of supporting a football team and the idea of spending a Saturday being towed round the local shops seems to have its merits. The only notable performance was another great display by the "big man" (©Theo Foley) between the sticks who seems to be getting better with each match. Make the most of it Town fans because he could easily be the next one going to a club with money to spend.

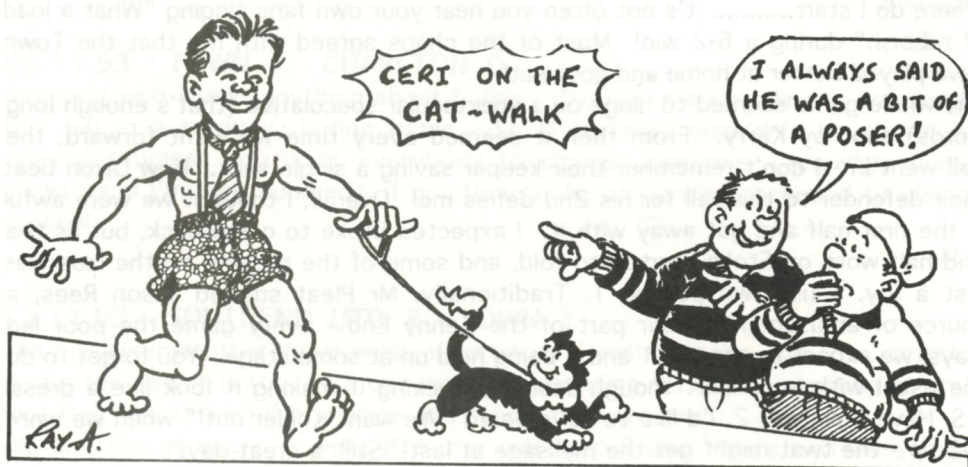
M.I.

# 11.12.93 TOWN 0 TRANMERE ROVERS 1

If nothing else this result keeps the record at home on an even keel - 5 wins and 5 defeats. Now all the draws did get a bit boring last season but .....

This was not a good match. It had nil-nil written all over it until Tranmere scored, and the rest of it had nil-one written all over it. Just one question: how the hell did Pleat justify the substitution of Hughes and Dickov? They actually looked like they might just be able to make the breakthrough, while Dixon and Telfer or Preece would scarcely have been missed.

K.F.H.



## MORE SHORT CUTS

Birmingham City's programme has us winning the Milk Cup in 1988, two years after its demise.

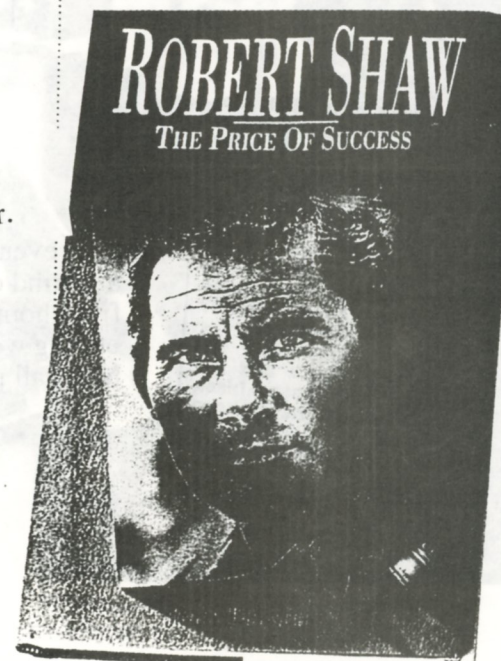
## ● FACTS -n- FIGURES ●

- Luton were formed in 1885 (when local sides Wanderers and Excelsior got together).
- Turned professional in 1891 and entered Football League 1897.
- Won Third Division (S) in 1938; the 4th Division in 1968; the Second Division championship in 1982 and the Milk Cup in 1988.

Ahh, that man again. He's been called many things in his time, but rarely has he been called great.

ONE OF the few remaining great men in the House of Commons is the Welwyn and Hatfield MP, David Evans. He is content to cap his political career by remaining parliamentary private secretary to Welsh Secretary John Redwood.

And here we have David Pleat, caught in the act of another of his sidelines, this time as a stand in for a once famous actor.



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THERE is a view recently put forward by the older football supporters that a return to wearing bobble hats would improve temperaments on the terraces.

At Vicarage Road, it was the players' turn to don the woolly hats in a pre-match warm-up. Not that it did anything to improve the standard of football or the mood of those who braved the bitter cold.

It was as if they all wanted to be at home by the fire. Watford, while shunning the headgear, even kept their gloves on throughout the match.

As one man in the stand put it: 'I never trust players who wear gloves. It looks as if their heart isn't in it.'

And now to our old friends down the road at the Donkey farm. They may wear gloves, but would you accuse them of being soft? Even if they're so hard they don't want to get their hands cold.

Millwall boss Mick McCarthy was disgusted by chants aimed at his hardman defender at Watford on Tuesday.

McCarthy said: "Pat will have to expect that everywhere he goes."

"Some of the things the Watford fans were chanting about Mandy were disgusting."

"If it had been our fans chanting it and the player had been black there would have been hell."

## Police warn worst sinners

By BILL DAY

THE club with the worst disciplinary record in the league have been warned by the local police to clean up their act.

Watford, the first club to foster the family approach towards football, have collected a staggering 32 bookings and had seven players sent off during the first three months of the season.

And police chiefs are worried that it could lead to trouble on the terraces if the trend continues.

And even more surprising is news of any kind of chanting on the terraces from home fans, although in this cutting we notice the less unusual Millwall paranoia creeping in as well.

*Dixon appears to have seen a ghost, but perhaps it is the real Jason Rees.*





## TOWN IN 2nd CUP WIN SHOCK!

06.12.93 STOTFOLD 0 TOWN 1

Not many highlights in this Beds Premier Cup tie played on a bitterly cold December Monday night. The Town fielded a host of players who had first team experience, with a few being regulars coming back from injury. Anyway back to the highlights. The Ham and Cheese Rolls, followed by Chicken Bovril served in a china mug were rather appetising. These were upstaged by the original wit of Ian Allinson, the Stotfold manager, as he tried to encourage his team towards an equaliser. Oh, by the way, we scored through Martin Williams.

M.I.

### COMPETITION CORNER

The competition in issue 18 was another resounding success (!) and was won by Andrew Collins of Wilstead, with a huge total of 6pts, which is probably not bad for this type of contest. I tried it myself, just for fun, and came in last with just one point! Andrew will receive a prize selected from the exciting range of leisurewear now on sale at the club shop. This month we return to a simple question and answer format, and with so few questions this should not be too taxing. Entries to the usual address, by 31st January 1994 please.

1. Who was the first ever player to join Luton Town on loan?
2. When Joe Payne scored 10 goals, who scored the other 2?
3. Who was the last Town player to win a full cap for Scotland?
4. Name the last Luton player to score twice in a match at Old Trafford?
5. Who was Graham Lafite, and when?
6. Which player had two separate loan spells at Luton, without a transfer?
7. Who were the last non league club to knock Luton out of the FA Cup?
8. Who scored the Town goal in the match referred to in Q7?
9. What unenviable record did the Town lose on Sunday 12 December '93?
10. On what occasion did Town wear their away strip in a home game where there was no colour clash?
11. What was unusual about the Town's FA Cup match at Nottingham Forest in 1970/71?
12. What was unusual about the 1967/68 FA Cup tie against Oxford City?
13. Name the last seven Town players to represent Northern Ireland.
14. Who scored own goals in consecutive seasons FOR Luton?
15. Who was the last ex-Watford player to play for Luton Town?

There now that wasn't that difficult, was it? We'll look forward to receiving your entries. There will of course be a wonderful prize for the winning entry.

Nick Gazeley

## Why are we\* so crap?

\*We being English teams (club and national) playing abroad.

After the 'disaster' of Manchester United and Aston Villa's exit from European competitions, the discussion has been centred on the fact that we play too many games in England, plus the treachery of UEFA insisting that an English team is mostly staffed by English players.

Indeed, that paragon of English footballing gentlemanly play, Gary Lineker, made an appearance on TV to press the first point.

The Great Gary also referred to the failure of Man Utd and Villa as a turning point, perhaps, in the way English football is run. He even went on to say that quality and not quantity should be the order of the day. A snipe at the Chairmen who think that football is a business like any other. If this was the case Sainsbury, Tesco, Marks & Spencer and Safeway, to name a few, would be solidly selling football alongside bread and other consumables. It isn't and they aren't.

Whilst I agree with the Great Gary, I feel that to complain that the rule change has caused our downfall is a bit of a cop-out. It has operated in Europe for a while and it seems fairly reasonable that if Britain's four FA's (Eire IS a foreign country by the way!) want to keep their national sides they have to tow the line. We can't have it both ways!

In the current Premier League, the arena to get noticed by the England manager week in, week out, a huge percentage of 'talent' is not English. It stands to reason that if we culled all the foreigners most teams would be unable to field a team at all. Just look at our beloved Town! If restrictions were introduced season by season, to restrict the number of 'foreigners' allowed in the fourteen named players for each match, the level of 'English' players would have to rise. Unfortunately, it would mean a lot of foreign players being let go and having to return to the league of their country of origin. With some decent sponsorship, this wouldn't be a bad thing, the League of Wales might take a step up in quality!

Upping the number of Englishmen in the squads for English League teams would also give more English players a chance at



first class football, the side effect would be an England team with more regular high level experience.

Failure to qualify for the World Cup is one of the biggest set backs to our game this century. We can all laugh about the defeat by the USA forty odd years ago. Then English football was pretty much crap (*so much has changed?* - Eds). Let's be honest, England was a little bog hole internationally. We crept out of the bottom of the oven in 1966 and began to slip back afterwards. We now have a chance to change our destiny. Failure to qualify for the USA puts us in the same slime as San Marino and Malta (*what about Scotland and Wales?* - Eds). Hardly well known for their footballing excellence (*As we said what about.....?* - Eds).

The rule change to limit foreign players would also put a stop to players choosing to play for Eire, because their Great-Great-Granny once saw an Irishman in the street, or Scotland, because Grandad had some Edinburgh rock when he was a lad, rather than buckling down and trying to get into the England side. If they chose to be Irish, Welsh or Scots, they'd be ineligible for our league! We've lost a few players in that way already. Time to change?

This is of course only my personal opinion, what do other "Mad" readers think?

Kaptein Kettle

# THE DICK GUIDE TO LUTON TOWN F.C.

## Dicks-ON



## Dick-OFF



## Dick-HEAD



Tumble explains the rules to the ref, whilst Kerry questions Nigel Martyn's England credentials.





## The Hatters Bar - A Drinking Hole?

It couldn't be simpler, the club turns one of its dormant conference rooms into a pre/post match drinking hole for season ticket holders and their guests - get some good beers in, a lot of the furniture out and Bob's y'uncle. After all, the pictures on the walls of ex-Luton (current Premiershite) players hold more interest to supporters than prospective businessmen who might be tempted to hire a room for their annual meeting and crispfight, as would the unlikely trophy cabinet - full to the brim with unlikely trophies the glory of which has been forgotten in the memory of fans and Mr Sheen alike.

But retain the pictures on the walls, the trophies. Make the bar bigger, get a few good beers on - get rid of the trappings that give the room the "MFI conference room" look. Give the place a homely, welcoming feel - like a hospitable public house. Restrict entrance to season ticket holders and their guests so that the place isn't too crowded and no away fans get in to ruin it. How smug and happy we'll feel as we get out of the Hatters bar at ten to three of a Saturday afternoon, three pints pissed and glad we have the Hatters bar.....

If only LTFC had a clue. Sadly the bar is woefully off the mark in the attempt to entice the pre/post match drinker (the optimist turned cry into beer sessions respectively). Tables and chairs (way too many), clutter up the room. The bar is too small for the size of the room or for three or more people to stand at (if it ever gets that packed). Saying that the beer is nice and cold, and good news for bitter drinkers, pride of the Hatters bar is that old favourite.....Poacher. Yum yum, make mine a shandy.

Still, I suppose it's only fair when you consider the number of away fans who've come to Luton to sample delightful pubs like the Conway Arms and Nelsons Flagship. Why shouldn't the home fans have a shitty pub to go to before matches too?

*Tim Kingston*

## There's always one!

With the time just coming up to 3 o'clock and with only a few fanzines unsold we made our way towards the entrance of K3. As per usual the highly trained stewards waited by the gates. On approaching one, I was asked what was in the bag. I proceeded to show him all the unsold fanzines which we had been selling only a few yards away for the preceding hour or so, observant chaps these stewards. As on the last 20 or so occasions when we had sold the fanzine I anticipated picking up my bag and entering the ground. Was I in for a shock. "Sorry mate, I don't think we can allow these to enter the ground". He then proceeded to attract the attention of the senior steward who confirmed the suspect package must remain outside the ground. After a heated discussion and with the match underway I handed over the bag and went in to watch the match. All my fellow editors had been allowed to enter the ground with their unsold fanzines.

So what is the moral to this event? Is it that we have one jumped up steward playing God on matchdays? Or was he doing his job and the stewards who let in my fellow editors were negligent in theirs? I know which is likely to be the case.

*M.I.*

### THEO FOLEY'S 10 THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT JUERGEN SOMMER

1. He's big
2. By God, he's big
3. He's American
4. He's huge
5. I don't mean to keep going on about it but he IS big
6. He's a big lad
7. etc.
8. etc.
9. etc.
10. etc.



## Premier Manager

After a hard days work or studying at "Britain's newest University", it's nice to settle down to a game of football management on the computer!

I've recently been loaned a copy of "Premier Manager" by Gremlin Graphics Software. The game isn't too bad, but it's not as straight forward as it seems. You are responsible for more than picking a team, you end up doing all the management jobs. To become a Premier manager takes a while. You start off being given a Conference team to manage and handle all the team selections and buying and selling. I got Bromsgrove! After the first year I'd finished eighth and had a little money left over.

The second year was better and Bromsgrove were runners up and promoted to Div 3 (*new promotion/relegation rules? - Eds*). This is where the similarity with dear old Luton comes in. When you need to improve the ground facilities the board offers £2000! Buying new players is a trial, as there's always no money! You have to sell to strengthen the squad! Typically, players are expecting bigger and bigger signing on fees, at least there are no malicious little worms (a.k.a. agents) involved!

After a year in the 3rd division, we finished as Champions and League Cup winners. Most pleasing to beat the scum 4-0 on the way to Wembley. No, not exactly Wembley. Curiously the programme thinks there are two legs to the League Cup Final! Still, beating Norwich home and away takes attention from the real world! But, con of cons, no free entry into the UEFA cup! Must be because we're a 3rd division side.

For the next season I was then offered a job at a 2nd division side. Who? Luton Town! It seems that even in the world of computer football, the Hatters are slipping down the divisions! Now, I'm in Pleat's shoes! Will I be able to keep us in the exciting world of the bottom four? Is the chairman called Kohler?

Until the next exciting instalment.....

Kaptain Kettle

P.S. Who was the joker that sold "Cola" advertising space on the wall overlooking the new by-pass/cut? Does it bring more value than the other Kohler?

## A GAME OF TWO HALVES

19.12.93 WATFORD 2 TOWN 2

This game was one of two halves, so much so that the old cliché has never been truer. The first half display by the Town plumbed the depths of ineptness, and came damned close to finding the bottom. To be two down at half time was no injustice, and, with the possible exception of Hughes, not one player could hold his head up as he left the field to the totally justified chants of "What a load of rubbish". The two goals had both been down to Sommer, in part at least, the first less so as he should not have been exposed to Dyer's run from halfway, but the second could not be blamed elsewhere.

The second half showed that the Town genuinely wanted to win the match and was an excellent all round performance. Preece immediately got us back into the game with a goal even he couldn't miss. The equaliser was from a penalty which was, to say the least, dubious as there was some question whether it hit the defenders arm, and there was no doubt that it was not deliberate. Still, we can't complain and the Shitford players didn't either. Dreyer, restored to his former duties put the kick away in a style somewhat more conventional than we have been used to. Overall a result that was just about fair.

What however was the point of playing this game on a Sunday at such a ludicrous time? Surely any idea about Xmas shopping stopping people attending has gone out of the window with the Sunday trading laws. The attendance against any club bringing less than 2000 supporters would have been just embarrassing.

K.F.H.

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## Dunce-table!

Dunstable FC have been a byword for failure almost since time began, or at least since Keith Cheeseman, Barry Fry and George Best were associated with the club. In recent years they have made Luton look a model of stability, with changes of board and manager becoming a matter of routine. Even so, the decision a couple of months ago to pull out of the Beazer Homes (Southern) League came as quite a surprise. Not so much the decision to drop down a league (to save on expenses) as that to join the United Counties League, which is not really locally based, and is a feeder back into the Beazer. With a local derby in the UCL being against Wootton Blue Cross or Kempston Rovers, and the travelling taking in trips to Boston and Spalding, there will still be plenty of travelling expenses. Accompanying this will be a complete lack of incentive as winning the UCL will mean promotion to the Beazer, which they clearly don't want.

A more sensible step for the Blues would have been to drop out of the BHL and join the South Midlands League, for which they are much more centrally placed and which would demand much less travelling over the course of a season. In addition the SML is a feeder to the Diadora League which would also be much better for the Blues giving them something to play for, given their reluctance to grace the BHL with their presence.

With Dunstable's acceptance of the relegation they have struggled to avoid for years the mantle of Bedfordshire's top non-league club is up for grabs. In terms of league status Barton Rovers just shade it, but with both Leighton Town and Bedford Town on an upward trend both will be looking to take that title. Indeed Bedford Town are probably regarding the others as pretenders to their crown already if the money they are (allegedly) paying their players is anything to go by. It is clear that they intend to regain their former status of the 60's and early 70's and I hope to cover this further in a future issue.

K.F.H.



## ODD SQUAD

To most football fans there is something wrong with a football team that doesn't have a number 1 playing in goal, a number 9 at centre forward and so on. Judging by comments on TV and on Radio 5 this is a view shared by most commentators and pundits, including our very own David Pleat, who has made his position very clear. It was probably inevitable that the Premiership, and Football League chairmen would approve of squad numbers being used this season. Still only an option in the First Division, it was a foregone conclusion that someone at Luton would be unable to resist making the team look like a bunch of prats, and so we have squad numbers. Whose decision we don't know, but given DP's opposition, the name Kohler springs to mind (*it was probably the mention of prats - Eds*). I can only assume that there is some perceived commercial justification for this daft idea.

Having introduced the scheme, you have to wonder who handed the numbers out. How, for instance, did Martin Williams get to be no. 2? It's not alphabetical or chronological, it's nothing to do with playing position or his name being second on the team sheet, so perhaps he's simply the first name out of the hat in the great squad numbers draw (entry only £25.00 for each player). The alphabetical system has been demonstrated by Charlton with no. 1 Balmer playing at right back. But back at Luton we have already had two number 15's this season in the shape of Woolgar and Thorpe, yet we won't see a number 9 again this season. Jason Rees must be cursing the fact that the 18 shirt came with a set of cards marked 1 & 8 allowing him to be subbed regularly. What would he give for another 49 players on the payroll?

For all the controversy, we have to think ourselves lucky that we didn't adopt the Charlton system, otherwise dear (s)old Ian Benjamin would have been wearing the number one shirt!

Ken Ross

## CHELSEA RIP-OFF EXPOSED

Question: Whatever Happened to Bobbin Dino?

Answer: He is being re-cycled in a Chelsea Fanzine!

Issue 19 of WESTSTANDERS has a centrefold strip nicked from The Hatter of 26 December 1980. The name of "The Hatter's Own Hero!" has been scrubbed out and scurrilous dialogue scratched into the speech balloons. We were going to send the boys round, but then thought; they can hang onto the old artwork and we'll keep Kerry Dixon!





***Just for you, David.***



***In case it isn't clear where we would like you, Mr Kohler, this is to help you find your way.***