

MAD AS A HATTER!



A LUTON TOWN FANZINE

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PM MEETS CHAIRMAN AT SEMI !



MAD AS A HATTER!

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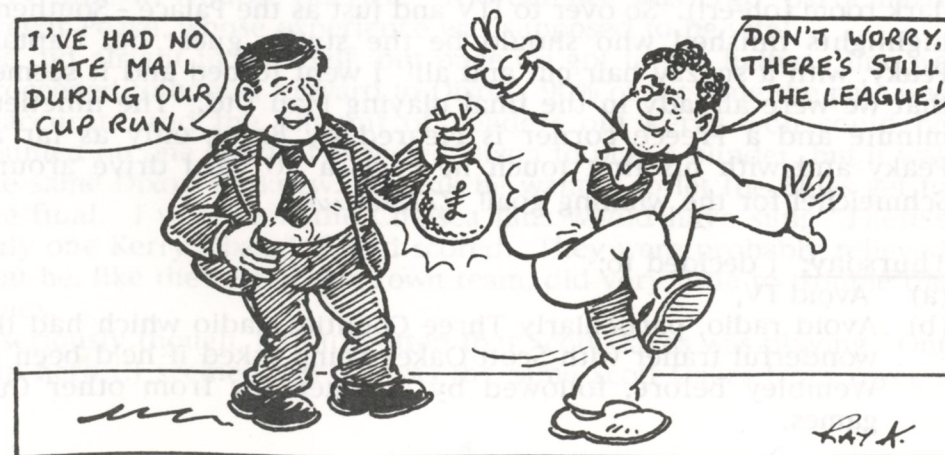
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Editorial

At the time of writing (that's the cliché out of the way) there are still five games to be played, and David Pleat has just announced on the radio that this is the most important week of the season. The position still looks a bit dodgy with more than one win being required for safety, and the team not having got a point or a goal for 6 games. The team are actually playing rather well, and we're obviously too good to go down, and as long the players don't believe a word of that, we will be in with a good chance of avoiding both complacency and relegation. Let's hope that Pleat tells them that they're good enough to stay up, but still have to prove it.

The cup run and good run of league results have taken a lot of pressure off of David Kohler, but the financial results for 1992/93 have just been published and indicate that there was still much to be done at the start of this season, the cup run must have raised a substantial sum and, as it was not budgeted, should put the club in profit, and allow David Pleat some spending money. Many fans take the view that leopards do not change their spots, and expect the usual summer exodus of the star players at giveaway prices. We shall wait and see.

All that remains to be said is to wish you all a good close season, we will be back in August to start our fifth season, and we sincerely hope you will be back too. Happy holidays!



A WEEK IN THE LIFE...

WEMBLEY - THE BUILD UP

Monday: Watched the game at Grimsby. How much did I pay to get in here? Pleat did the wise thing by bugging off to Newcastle to watch Chelsea play. It only goes to prove our squad is more quantity than quality. However, by resting Preece, Dixon, Peake and Oakes, we must be saving ourselves for Wembley. Only 6 days to go!

Tuesday: After having an alarming dream of Pleaty playing Jamie Campbell I hoped a day at Alton Towers might take my mind off things. It was so stupid of me to take this week off work, when I had only one thing to concentrate (hope, worry) on. But me mind was successfullly taken off the BIG ONE by the Thunderloger (?), Corkscrew and other rides. In fact it wasn't until queueing up for some chips was I reminded about it when a git in a blue Chelsea shirt walked past.

Wednesday: I managed to successfully avoid the football magazines in the newsagents although I curiously glanced at my brother's copy of Shoot and read the 'Kerry Gold' feature. I recovered and safely (!) tuned in to Radio 5 Live to hear some football scores. I suppose I was asking for trouble as Kerry Dixon was Trev's special guest on his football night. "It'll obviously be strange but I'm a professional and I'll do my best for Luton Town" Kerry said reassuringly.

I tuned into Sports Night only to see Pleat doing an interview in a dark room (oh-er!). So over to ITV and just as the Palace - Southend highlights finished who should be the studio guest but Captain Peaky, with a snazzy hair cut and all! I went to bed and it seemed that we were already in the final playing Man Utd. The ninetieth minute and a Preece corner is cleared by Bruce only as far as Peaky and with his first touch he curls a 30 yard drive around Schmeichel for the winning goal! ZZZZ!!!!!!

Thursday: I decided to:

- (a) Avoid TV,
- (b) Avoid radio, particularly Three Counties Radio which had the wonderful trailer with Scott Oakes being asked if he'd been to Wembley before, followed by commentary from other Cup games,

(c) Read nothing (except for a peek at the Luton News.).

It worked until I got to the pub that night and got into a heated football argument. Why was the subject of Wembley semi-finals brought up?! The Twin Towers are near.

Friday: Wembley Eve. Sod it I'll listen to the radio and watch TV and I'll enjoy Luton's media coverage for once. The day was just like Xmas Eve when you're a kid thoroughly looking excitedly forward and hoping for what you want. I bought my balloons, tore up some paper and resigned myself to listen to Team Talk on 3 Counties Radio. I had an early night to prepare. But just like Xmas Eve's of old I couldn't sleep. I tossed and turned and pictured Wembley in my mind. Tomorrow!

Saturday: WEMBLEY - THE BIG ONE! I awoke, had a bath and tried to pass the morning away. I couldn't concentrate on anything. "Will we win?" Of course. "How much by?", "Who'll play?". My nerves were on a knife edge, I was ready and so I left for the station.

WEMBLEY: There was never a doubt in any of our minds on the train as to the result. Walking down Wembley Way, this is the life. To see hordes of people going to the stadium, it was better than Grimsby! We found our vantage point as the youth team won a penalty and duly converted it. Pre match banter warmed up, and as the two teams walked out a sea of orange, blue and white balloons was seen.

The game itself was disappointing/a let down/crap (delete as applicable). Dixon should have converted the early chance, and although we had all the play we never looked like scoring and did very little to trouble Chelsea. The defence was crap, particularly Trevor Peake, whose experience was supposed to be vital.

We did alright in our half, but once we got to the halfway line we proceeded to hoof it forward to Dixon. 90% of the time the pass was inaccurate and the amount of headers old Kerry won could be counted on one hand. I expected Dixon to play a blinder, but it was the same Dixon we knew. I think he wanted to let the Blues get to the final. I wonder if the Chelsea fans would have sung "There's only one Kerry Dixon" if he'd scored. They were probably relieved that he, like the rest of the Town team, did very little to trouble the Blues.

I, seriously though, had forgotten that Scott Oakes was playing. Our cup hero (!) seemed lost. It was the same Scott Oakes from 2 years

ago, so we may keep him beyond the summer! All together now: "Scotty Oakes, Scotty Oakes, Scotty, Scotty Oakes. When he gets the ball, he does F**K ALL, Scotty, Scotty Oakes."

As for the rest of 'em, Hughes faded, Telfer tried, Preece battled but failed to pass up to his usual standard, Harper was Harper, Dreyer was solid as too was James (am I talking about Julian and not Clive?!) and Linton showed attacking potential.

Why we failed:

i) The youngsters were overcome by the occasion.

But more likely:

- ii) We were given the Alan Hansen curse. Firstly he did not appear on Football Focus and say Chelsea would be "too strong" for us as he had done against Newcastle and West Ham. Secondly he praised us after the West Ham game and said Scott Oakes was the individual of the Cup. Cheers Al.
- iii) I changed my Cup routine. For the first time I travelled to an away match by train and not by Bobbers Travel. I therefore apologise to Mr Pleat, the team, John Pyper and everyone at BTC, and everyone else. If it was good enough to go to Newcastle, Cardiff and West Ham, then why not Wembley? What made me go by train? Also, although I wore the same unwashed clothes as I had done since round 3 (That's why nobody else was in my carriage on the train) I left my lucky jacket at home. I have sinned, please forgive me and I promise never to do it again.
- iv) Pleat wanted his old boy Hoddle to get to a final so he deliberately made sure the team played badly by putting sleeping pills in the pre-match meal and waking them all up at 3 am on Saturday morning by setting the hotel fire alarm off.
- v) The pitch had too much grass on it and it was windy.
- vi) The players, like me, were shocked to see 25,000 people supporting them. Oh I ain't seen a Hatter's crowd as big as that since Wembley 1989!

Things to make us feel better:

- i) It was a great achievement to get there. We should never have beaten Newcastle or West Ham in the first place.
- ii) We were in the last 4 of the Cup when 4000 originally entered.
- iii) The team is generally young and can all go to Wembley again (not necessarily with us though!)
- iv) We may not have to sell this season (!). With the money made

the club could invest in new players, or a new Range Rover for David Kohler!

v) There's always next year.

vi) We've got 9 meaningless matches to play this season. (I wonder how many of those 25,000 will turn up for the Wolves game).

B.J. "They think it's all over" Yeldoow



And this, of course, was what started it all - Tony Thorpe shoots at St James' Park to give Luton a surprise lead.

A BAD CASE OF THE BLUES

Amidst allegations that he used kidology to "talking out of arse" proportions before the semi-final with Luton, Glenn Hoddle talked exclusively to Mad as a Hatter! about his hopes, and more especially his fears, for Chelsea in the FA Cup Final.

"Whoever wins the other semi final it's going to be a tough struggle for Chelsea in the final and, as is the nature in top class football, there are going to be injuries to take into account. I was pleased at first to see that seemingly all the team came through the Luton match with no apparent injuries but, since then there have been some terrible problems that have swung not only the pendulum but the whole bloody grandfather clock in the favour of Man Utd/Oldham."

Glenn again seems to have been unfairly hit by injuries.

"Dennis Wise has again been hit by the mystery bug that almost kept him out of the semi, but it's come back a lot stronger now. In fact Den looks very unlikely to play - we're just hoping that he lives to see the boys play in the final. Mark Stein looks doubtful again, I've been told the only way he will play is if he has his leg amputated and plays on crutches - it's an option we have to consider very seriously. For my part it seems that I will be match fit - but even after the injuries we've got problems."

Glenn tells how fate has conspired against him and the team.

"As you know, I was told by God that Chelsea would be at Wembley. Unfortunately I've been in touch with the Lord on High since the semi and He tells me that actually winning the final was not part of the bargain and that he had only promised to get us to Wembley - which of course we've already achieved. I only hope God has second thoughts on the matter but he does seem to be a bit miffed that my holy going to Wembley dream had turned into a wetty during the night. In fact God, bless him, has moved very mysteriously recently in that - seeing the win against Luton as a miracle - both Sinclair and Newton have hung up their boots and become monks. They too are very doubtful for the final."

Apart from his religion turning against him, Glenn has other worries.

"It was a bombshell to me when Gavin Peacock told me he wouldn't be available for the final. I don't know the finer points, but it seems that his Auntie Dot is coming down to see him and he said he'd take her shopping up west. Naturally I was less than pleased but Gav said he'd promised her so what

can I do? We're gutted - a diary date mix up and this of all times! And, as if things aren't bad enough I had Ken Bates in the office this morning telling me that he'd put his foot down over Clarke, Burley and Cascarino playing after they were apparently heard swearing in the bar after the semi-final. It's come at a bad time - what the hell makes players go and do something daft like that within earshot of the chairman?

To make matters worse Kharine has gone blind, Spencer has joined the army and Johnsen has gone to Hollywood to film a new advert for Double 2 shirts. On top of that I've had a letter from the rest of the team saying that they can't be bothered. I'm pulling me hair out with worry!"

Glenn believes it could just be him, bald as a baby's backside, and nursing a crippling injury turning out for Chelsea in the final.

"It all seems too much. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if we don't even bother turning up at all - it just doesn't seem that we've got a hope. You know, sometimes I wonder if suicide isn't the answer....."

Tim Kingston



A.C. '94

"I said a WIN, you idiots: 'What we need is a good win.'"

SHORT CUTS

We're sure you'll agree that 40 years as a Town supporter deserves celebration, but some may say that a medal is more suitable.

PAT AUKETT SUPPORTERS CLUB

YOU ARE INVITED TO HELP

HIM CELEBRATE 40 YEARS SUPPORTING
LUTON

HOME GAME • SAT 22 JANUARY

TWO MILE ASH • M.K

KICK OFF 8 P.M EXTRA TIME EXPECTED

LICENSED
BUFFET

TRIMOCO

BRS

RSVP
→

TICKET HOLDERS ONLY

Now we know why Uncle Trev has been out of the team lately. With journalism and modelling he must be preparing for retirement. Perhaps the modelling job was prompted by calls from the dug-out of "Move Trev, move!"

AMATEUR GOLF OCTOBER 1993

North West Report

by Trevor Peake

Following in
Williamse



READ *all about it!*

homes YOU
PROBABLY WON'T SEE
anywhere ELSE.

buyers THAT OTHER
PAPERS JUST *cannot*
REACH!

W
WOOLWICH



Ceri Hughes struggles to beat Rankine at Molineux. Note Ceri's non standard shorts with extra white trim.

PHONE PEST

Who the hell is in charge of that quality service, 'The Luton Town Clubcall'? What the hell happened to Brian 'Surely' Swain - did he jump, or was he pushed?

Things have gone more than slightly downhill - from having a lifelong Luton Town fan, to having two clowns who surely don't sound as if they're exactly local, and surely haven't as yet portrayed any knowledge to suggest that they are loyal supporters.

I was finally spurred into action upon hearing an interview with Kerry Dixon after the famous cup win over West Ham, when he (the interviewer) suggested the Town's last Wembley appearance was in 1958!!!! Kezza, after a surprised silence, corrected the poor chap. I just hope he was taking notes.

My pen was further fuelled by the extremely Yorkshire sounding voice reporting on the match at Barnsley. Don't get me wrong, I've nowt against alien accents (sorry, Scousers excepted!), but can we please have a service provided by someone who actually supports Luton Town? It was laughable hearing this wally mentioning Julian Jones's exploits, and Lee Dixon pulling a hamstring!

I know Mr Swain's reports were often dull, and I know he says surely all the time, but at least he surely knows the club inside out, and surely (that's enough surelys -Eds) has one or two moles to weed out extra gossip - not crap invented by Kohler. Or maybe that was the problem. If Brian doesn't want the task back, I'd bloody do it..... well, for a fee, and free travel to every game!

Objét

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Luton Town F.C. 1958-59

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Confessions of a Bobbers Travel Virgin

After freezing my delicate under parts off on away trips to WBA, Notts County, Leicester etc, I decided that rather than sustain the hard man image of the biker culture, I'd give the Bobbers a go.

Firstly I was amazed that from my domicile in downtown Flitwick I didn't need to travel to Luton to make a connection. The nice people would pick me up from near my house, and transport me to Cardiff in something approaching comfort, and all for £9 plus my lifetime membership of the Bobbers Travel Club, an extra quid.

The run down from Flitwick to Cardiff was interrupted several times. The need to pick up some others at Westoning, outside the Chiltern/Trust House/Post House/Gateway and again at Kenilworth Road. As an outsider I listened to all the gossip from the regulars on this bus, got to know people who I'd never seen and probably never will, and generally had a good time.

Having travelled extensively to away games during my sojourn in the Czech Republic I was surprised at all the rules. No alcohol, no banners in the area of the enemy ground, no scarves in services, no alcohol on the bus, no swearing..... On Czech trips, the essential items are beer, vodka and sausages. All are consumed in any order within a few minutes of departing the home end. Everything was so civilised with the Bobbers.

Luckily the leader, Les, had a few videos of the Sky coverage of the Newcastle match to keep us occupied, and the journey seemed to fly past.

After the game, our coach nearly had air conditioning, but the Shorey's one in front copped the bricks and bit of fence (not really a plank as reported in the Luton News).

Now I've tried it I might do it again! Thanks to Les and all the Bobbers Travel members on Shorey's bus 2 to Cardiff! A Bobbers travel virgin no more!

Kaptain Kettle

The Pain in Spain

This piece was originally to be a romantic, dewy-eyed account of Luton's great '94 cup run, but unfortunately bloody Chelsea pee'd on that particular campfire with their 'up and under' spoiler tactics. Very entertaining, Glenn - Yawn..... Never mind, I still think we were ace and, as the cliché goes, there's always next year.....

Anyway, instead I thought I'd tell you about one of the biggest regrets of my life and warn off anyone else who is thinking of taking a mid-season holiday. After the brilliant replay against West Ham you were probably having far too much to drink in the fantastic atmosphere of any of Luton's pubs. I was also very drunk and very happy but I was also very drunk and very happy but stuck in, of all places, a Manc bar in Benidorm (!) where the atmosphere was, shall we say, less than friendly.

This dreadful situation arose because about a month previous, both me and the missus (also an avid Town fan) had been incredibly pissed off with work, and having just been paid, decided to book a holiday. Anywhere would do as long as it was hot, cheap and not England (*well, if it was hot and cheap it wouldn't be, would it? - Eds*). Luton had just knocked out those fun loving, sporting, charmers Cardiff and been drawn away to West Ham. A quick look at the fixture list to decide which match I wouldn't mind missing - 3rd week in March looked OK. Luton were playing the Hammers the week before and it looked like the only game I'd miss would be Barnsley away. Thoughts of last seasons 3-0 drubbing, and us huddled on that freezing terrace clinched it. That's when we go! We got a cheap (£129) bargain week in Benidorm and duly packed our bags.

The week before we went Luton were at West Ham and not being able to get to the match due to being skint after booking the hol., I settled down to watch the game on Sky at the Bricklayers (with, it seemed, about 200 others!). The game went well. Even though we outplayed them we didn't really look like scoring and I was very happy with the draw, knowing we'd probably have them in the replay. Then it hit me - like a Mick Harford punch. I was on holiday next week! I'd miss the game! Aaarrggghhh!!! I was not happy - unlike the other 199 in the pub who took the Mick unmercifully. Anyway, I ran to the phone to call the other half to

politely, but slurringly, request the holiday be cancelled. She did not react well to this and I shall not bore you with all the expletives she used, but needless to say off we went to sunny Spain (with our His 'n' Hers Luton shirts, of course).

For anyone who has never been to Benidorm it is, as Judith Chalmers might say, a shit hole, but never the less a very English shit hole, with it's traditional little tavernas like the "Wigan Pier" and the "Duke of Wellington". It was outside the latter on the day of the match where we saw a poorly scribbled notice: "Tonight on Sky.... West Ham v Luton". The idiots couldn't even get it the rightway round, or maybe they thought the 1st division side did not deserve top billing? Anyway, slightly grudgingly we went there to watch the game.

The bar was a typical 'boozer'. Pool tables, loud music, games machines everywhere, Tetley Bitter and loads of fat Mancs! It seemed like everyone in the whole resort was a Man Utd fan. Undeterred, we took our seats.

When one Manc in particular found out we were Luton fans the atmosphere became less than comfortable. This guy looked like a cross between a rottweiler and the Yorkshire ripper and for some inexplicable reason took an instant dislike to all things Luton. It was like he was becoming a surrogate member of the ICF, ridiculing our poxy ground, kit, etc, etc, and cheering on the Hammers.

As if I wasn't nervous enough with not physically being at my beloved Kenilworth Road screaming for the lads (I screamed a bit from Benidorm but I doubt they heard me...) having a 7 ft Manc glaring at me throughout induced in me a severe bout of heavy drinking (well, beer was only 55p a pint!). He was stunned into silence by the opening Luton barrage, and as Sky flashed up the early statistics; Corners - 6-0 to Luton, Shots - 8-0 to Luton; I was becoming quietly smug - how long before we put one in? Unfortunately, and during one of many toilet breaks, there was a goal from West Ham prompting much laughter from rottweiler and his friends. "Oh God," I thought, "shall we go now?" I decided to stay and thankfully we played fantastic and soundly beat them prompting my Mancunian friend to look me straight in the eye and mutter something that was fairly incoherent but definitely abusive. Being a coward I made my excuses and left feeling a little

deflated at the atmosphere when I should have been elated at the result. I've wondered ever since then why did this Man Utd fan act this way? We can't still be the most hated team in the league, can we? Or was it because he didn't fancy his team playing us in the semi?

Anyway, this experience left me knowing I will never, ever book a holiday again which would leave me hundreds of miles from Luton when a game is on, and also never to watch Luton on telly where the beer is cheap and in abundant supply as I also missed Oakes' 3rd magical goal (in the loo again...). Oh well, there's always next year!

Andy Whiting

Wanted

correspondance on the theme
**'boyhood fantasies; when I
grow/grew up, I want/ed to
be a footballer'**

for inclusion in an artist's book on
idolisation. Send to;

**Apotheosis, 43 Ewart Road,
Forest Fields, Nottingham**

As always we at "Mad" would love to receive your contributions, in any form, for future issues. Articles, cuttings, cartoons, ideas for cartoons, photos, holiday snaps, letters, poems, and piss takes, in fact anything at all, should be sent to the usual address, which is 292 Icknield Way, Luton, LU3 2JS. We look forward to hearing from you.

Competition Corner

The number of entries received for our competitions has been a source of some confusion here at the Mad House ever since we started, but with issue 20 we have reached a nadir. Just what does it take to get you lot to write to us? Thank God for David Fleckney, who wins by being bothered to write. We will be sending David a prize slected from the exciting range of Luton Town leisurewear available from the club shop. For the record David only got one question wrong. The answers were as follows:

- 1 The three unlikely Luton keepers were Dixie Deans (v Notts Co 20/11/76), Mal Donaghy (3 appearances), and Kirk 'Shakin' Stephens (v Liverpool 11/9/82).
- 2 Andy Harrow (Cowdenbeath, 13pts) managed Scotland's worst club last season.
- 3 Eamonn Bannon is Paul Telfers ex-Scottish international uncle.
- 4 Luton Town cut a disc with "Pop Group" The Barron Knights in 1974.
- 5 The 4 most recent 'glamour' opponents to visit Kenilworth Road were Monterrey (1986/87), Tampa Bay Rowdies (80/81), Dinamo Zagreb (78/79), Italy Under-21 (77/78).
- 6 The black and white kit was replaced in 1973.
- 7 Dixie Deans was signed from Celtic and sold on to Partick Thistle.
- 8 The last five Hatters to score on their league debuts were Geoff Auger (*make a note Murray*), John Hartson, Imre Varadi, Kurt Nogan and Mick Haiford.
- 9 The 70's greats moved on as follows: David Carr to Lincoln, Graham Jones to Torquay, Steve Sherlock to Stockport and Terry Hayes to Linfield.
- 10 Testimonial match opponents: Alan Slough - Malcolm MacDonald's All Star XI, Ricky Hill - Bobby Robson XI (*errr...Spurs!*), Brian Stein - SM Caen, Mal Donaghy - Le Havre.
- 11 The two Luton keepers who have also played at centre forward are Ron Baynham, who did once (v Leyton Orient, 23/4/62) and, of course, Tony Read, also once (v Newport County, 4/9/65). And before you all write in, Tony Read scored 12 goals that season, but playing as an inside forward (*ahh, those were the days - nostalgic Ed*).
- 12 Finally, Neil McBain's Football League record is that of the oldest player in a league match (hands up all those who thought it was Stanley Matthews), on 15/3/47 when he was 52 years 4 months old, playing in goal for New Brighton at Hartlepool. They lost 3-0, although in his defence it should also be mentioned that during his playing career (he was manager of New Brighton at the time) he had been a half back.

There will not be a quiz in this issue, because we can't be bothered to set one. Hope that's OK with you.

FA-FANTASY PHUT-EE!

IN ANCIENT ROME!

Whatever happened to . . . ?



WHICH ONE IS NERO?

THE UGLY ONE ON THE FIDDLE

I HAVE A VISION OF A BRAND NEW COLLOSSEUM



I DREAM OF AN ARENA COMPLEX WITH RETAIL UNITS AND FACILITIES FOR EXECUTIVE LEISURE.



SOUNDS LIKE MAXIMUS PROFITUS FOR NERO!

THOSE WHO YOU ARE ABOUT TO SELL SALUTE YOU!



ET TU BOBBINO

INTO THE ARENA STRODE A PREMIER LEAGUE GLADIATOR

WHO DARES MEET WITH SPARTACUS?



I AM JUERGEN! EEK, THE BLOND IS A GIANT!

SOMMER MADE A TWO FISTED CLEARANCE



FOR ONCE GOLIATH AND DAVID ARE ON THE SAME SIDE

THEN BOBBIN STRUCK

EAT BIRDSHOT YOU MAGPIES, BLUEBIRDS AND COCKNEY SPARROWS



KAY A '94

THE TOWN ALSO SCORED OFF THE ARENA---

HI THERE BIG BOY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO MESS WITH MESSALINA?



NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL A FANTASY!

THEN UP AND SPOKE GLENNUS SODDALL--



LET'S SEE HOW YOU FARE AGAINST MY WILD SAVAGES FROM WEST LONDINIUM!



GOSH, A STREAKER! AND IN THIS COLD WIND THAT COULD BE A CUE FOR A SONG!! GET IT--



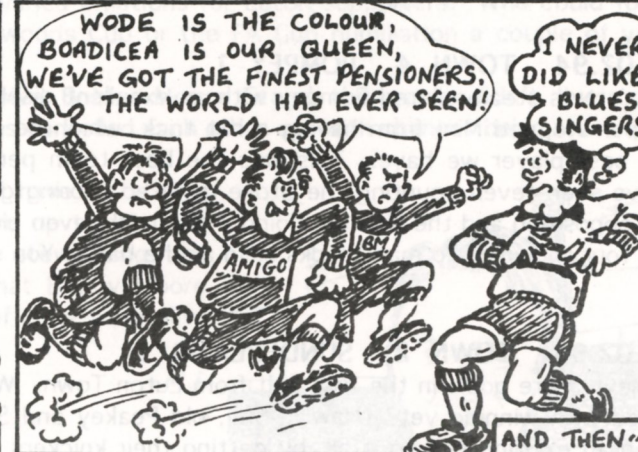
SORRY BOSS, THIS COULD MEAN ANOTHER GROIN INJURY!

NB: THIS IS NOT SPOT THE BALL



VENI, VEDI, VECI - I CAME, I SAW I CONQUERED, BUT NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER.

GASP! GASP!



WODE IS THE COLOUR, BOADICEA IS OUR QUEEN, WE'VE GOT THE FINEST PENSIONERS, THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!

I NEVER DID LIKE BLUES SINGERS

AND THEN--



~ BLUE MOON!

YES FOLKS, NO LUTON FUNNY IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A MENTION OF SHOWADYWADDY--



BLUE MOON, YOU LEFT US THERE IN A HOLE, WITHOUT A GOOD SHOT ON GOAL, DROWNING OUR SORROWS IN SKOAL!

The Road To....?

20.02.94 CARDIFF CITY 1 TOWN 2 BACK IN TIME...

The Town marched into the last eight of the FA Cup, despite the best efforts of Neanderthal Welshman. Two well taken goals from Oakes and Preece, sealed the win in difficult circumstances. Supporters? No... Stewards? No... These sub human beings were just plain THUGS, and I reckon Cardiff should be thrown out of the league. It's just a pity we didn't play them at home, and showed them just how REAL supporters should (and do) behave. Personally, I believe a warm reception (THERMONUCLEAR warm), would not be amiss..... But then I do have principles...

The Major Oak

22.02.94 TOWN 4 POMPEY 1

The 'atters steamrollered Pompey with an excellent display of finishing. Only the keeper stopped Mini from having a hat trick, which he now deserves - as being the best player we have. This was the best team performance in the League we've seen (even counting the Stoke game). Scoring goals creates pressure on the opposition and the lads are doing a great job, even old JJ (who had one winger and four snowmen to mark) looks solid at the back. You sure we're at Luton?

The Major Oak

26.02.94 TOWN 2 SUNDERLAND 1

Blimey! More goals in the first half from Luton Town. What's goin' on? Anybody bored with winning yet? (Naw!) Still, old Peakey and Sommer did their best to bring an exciting end to it all, by getting their knickers in a right twist. Juergen MUST be more aware in these situations - he should be taking a lot more (*should that be talking?* - Eds) than he does. All this celebratory drinking, and soon I'll be a candidate for the MAAH fully clothed (*eh?*) formation beer drinking team!!

The Major Oak

05.03.94 NOTTINGHAM FOREST 2 TOWN 0

OK, so the result was a big disappointment, and the team just did not perform to an acceptable standard. The first goal came because Sommer failed to hold the ball from a Pearce free kick, but he's not the first keeper to have had that problem. As for the second, there was really no doubt about the sending off, and the Town fans bleating about unfairness were being silly. Ans the referee? We could hardly complain about being influenced by the crowd after his performance at Cardiff, could we?

Ken Ross

08.03.94 TOWN 1 MIDDLESBROUGH 1 LIFE AFTER SCOTTY?

The Town are obviously missing the ideas and sprightly running from Scott Oakes, and Kerry Dixon's finishing touch! Kerry missed 3 great chances to score, by not being positive enough and attacking the ball. New boy Greene had a good game, and if it wasn't for Preecey, I'd have probably fallen asleep in the first half. Even Ceri Hughes seemed to have his head in cloud cuckoo land, some of his intended crosses were awful. Still, mid table obscurity is nice for a change and there's the FA Cup on the horizon.....

The Major Oak

14.03.94 WEST HAM UNITED 0 TOWN 0

Upton Park holds many varied emotions for Luton supporters. Who could forget the victory in the Littlewoods Cup or the FA Cup humiliation a couple of years later?

Settling in the impressive Bobby Moore Stand the game didn't live up to expectations. Both teams cancelled each other out with chances being few and far between.

My lasting memories will have to be of a match which did not live up to it's own hype, over aggressive stewarding and policing, but a stand that Bobby Moore would surely be proud of if he were alive today.

M.I.

19.03.94 TOWN 1 BIRMINGHAM CITY 1

Only one obvious word required for this one - PREOCCUPIED. After the tremendous effort at Upton Park, we could hardly get on the lads backs, could we? Had Brum had a better striker than Saville, we might have been severely em-barrassed. Luckily, Saville it was - mind you, after the second half efforts of an out of sorts Hartson, and Williams, some well known phrase about glass houses and stones springs to mind!

Objét

from small acorns....



23.03.94 TOWN HEROES 3 WEST HAM UNITED 2

Their finest hour for many a year had the Hatters faithful (and a few more), joyously singing all the way down Kenilworth Road. A superb display by the team culminated in 3 great goals from Scotty Oakes. Only Juergen and Ceri seemed a bit overawed, but the experienced back four and Kerry Dixon were AWESOME. We've got nothing to fear from ANYBODY - ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN..... Wemberley, Wemberley!!

The Major Oak

26.03.94 BARNSELY WON (1) TOWN TURNED UP

After all the wangling of shifts at work (*you mean you work?* - Eds) to get to this one, I felt seriously cheated. Yeh, yeh, OK - we were still celebrating one of the teams finest moments for years, but we are still capable of ending up in the mire at the bottom of the table. As for Pleaty's after match excuses... how could he motivate a team that were still up on Thursday morning supping champagne... Well it is his job! I'm afraid that four chances in 90 odd minutes didn't justify my stupidity in making the 300 odd mile trip. Lovely sunny weather though...

Objét

30.03.94 MILLWALL 2 TOWN 2

A short trip to South Bermondsey to visit the newest stadium in the Football League seemed like a good way to spend an evening. The new stadium is impressive, when was the last time you saw a hand drier in the gents toilet within a football ground? Unfortunately the football Luton tried to play was far less impressive. You could also see why Sommer decided not to take up Basketball professionally as the ball sailed over his head for Millwall to score the opening goal. Luton were certainly lucky to score from a corner with their only real attack of the first half.

Millwall came out with gusto in the second half and a well worked one-two put them in front. Luton were again lucky to get the equaliser as a defensive slip let in Preece who crossed for Hartson to score. Both clubs may look back at this match as the turning point in their year. Millwall may look back at the two points they dropped as deciding whether they reach the play-offs. Luton could have won if they showed a bit more commitment going forward, but then again one point could be vital.

M.I.

02.04.94 TOWN 2 POSH (BY NAME ONLY) 0

The Town threatened to run riot in the first half, and only desperate defending and good saves by "whereshisface" Barber saved Posh. Kerry Dixon turned up to finish off a good Hartson header, which came back off a post, but Luton could have been four up at half time. Juergen came back to form with some great saves as Peterborough pressed forward, but relegation beckons. Killer Kerry blasted

home a brilliant second goal and the Town relaxed. I truly hope that 'Boro' can make it and leave the Brummies, Oxford and "THEM" to fight over the wooden spoon!

Comment: Progress this season has been good. A slow start left us in the wrong position for a promotion push, but as we've seen on many occasions the Hatters need fear no-one. David Pleat now knows that next season will be our best chance to get back into the top flight. Beating the likes of Newcastle and West Ham shows that we could compete there - but we do need the younger, up-an'-coming players to stand up and be counted. Get hungry for success LUTON and it is there for the taking...

The Major Oak

04.04.94 GRIMSBY TOWN 2 TOWN 0

It was bloody cold, the view was crap, we had five regular first team players missing and I turned down the opportunity to work a Bank Holiday just to go to see Luton. The result was never in the balance from the start, with Chipping Ongar (or whatever his name is) up front with Super John, and the backbone of our team missing. Some bloke called Gilbert was by far the best player on the pitch and scored both goals to boot. Apart from emphasising the severe lack of temperature there's nothing else to say really. Grimsby really is the pits (sorry Dave!) and it's one of those grounds you really wish you didn't have to visit. (*Really?* - Eds)

Steve Tyler

09.04.94 CHELSEA 2 TOWN 0

The signs were not good. Luton never win in London, never win FA Cup semi finals and have a poor record at Wembley. 2-0 was then no real surprise, but a huge disappointment after so many superb performances in previous rounds.

P.I.

12.04.94 TOWN 0 WOLVES 2

TEETHING PROBLEMS

Although the end result wasn't favourable, considering the events at Wembley, you couldn't fault the spirit and application of the lads. A good game for the neutral, with neat passing (the Wolves players had obviously blatantly ignored their new manager's instructions!) and attacks aplenty by both teams. Bloody Mark Burke! The bloke comes here for a month, shows sod all interest or commitment, gets recalled by Wolves. What does he do - bloody score! Bastard! At half time, although we were trailing, even though the Town 'hard man' Hughesy wasn't to return due to toothache, the lads had shown enough to indicate the game wasn't over. Until that was, the 48th minute, a la Chelsea. Then all heads dropped, a la Chelsea, and Wolves began to show their class (class? Taylor's half time talk had clearly gone unnoticed!)

PS. I know Jules had an absolute 'mare at the back, but was it really necessary to chant "off, off, off" after that lunge??!

Objét

16.04.94 TOWN 0 CRYSTAL PALACE 1

Yet another game without a Town goal, and you start to wonder whether, glorious as it was, that cup run was all worth it in the long run. It looks as though we'll have that last game nailbiter (away from home yet again), with the extra support, and the fancy dress after all. Mind you, the end of a Town season wouldn't be the same without it.

It only takes a minute (girl, to fall in love, to fall in love, etc.) (*BIFF! Take That, and stop this foolishness.* - Eds) to destroy us today, and the Palace promotion party was in full swing, with many of us having made more than a few bob from those mugs from south of the River.

Huff and puff as the Town did, they made hardly any chances all afternoon, with Mini getting stuck knee deep in the mud - what an awful state the pitch is in. Palace gradually took over in the second half, taking a particular fancy to the Town woodwork. Oakes continued to exasperate us all, with another anonymous display. Surely a match winning performance from him can't be too far away - for God's sake make it soon Scott.

Pleaty deserves a mention for subbing Hartson - I thought he was the only Town player causing Palace any problems. Greeney deserves a mention for his best performance yet. Without the help of Tumble he was certainly up against it, particularly in the second half.

Objét

19.04.94 BRISTOL CITY 1 TOWN 0

Against a team of kids trying to make their mark, and a strike 'force' whose season had produced 3 goals in a total of 57 games, we should have been able to expect a win, but the biggest question at the moment is where the next goal is coming from.

Once again this was not a really awful performance, which makes the defeat even more annoying. It is just that we seem to lack the right combination up front. Pleat is clearly aware of this, with three different variations in as many games, but still Hartson can't get a full game, or play alongside Dixon, in spite of the fact that the last time they did play together we scored through a combination of the two. That was three weeks ago, and we've scored once since, and gone five games without a goal at all. To make matters worse, Sommer made another mistake allowing the City to score, and his form is getting to be a worry.

Finally, a word about Bristol City FC. Now I know that they are rebuilding their ground, but again we had a case of a club riding roughshod over away fans. After

Continued on page 28



Paul Telfer is one player who many supporters expect to move on during the summer. He is seen here in action at Molineux

selling tickets to us, and obviously expecting us to travel 130 miles each way to the game, they should at least make an effort to supply some sort of refreshment facility inside the ground. But then we're away fans aren't we?

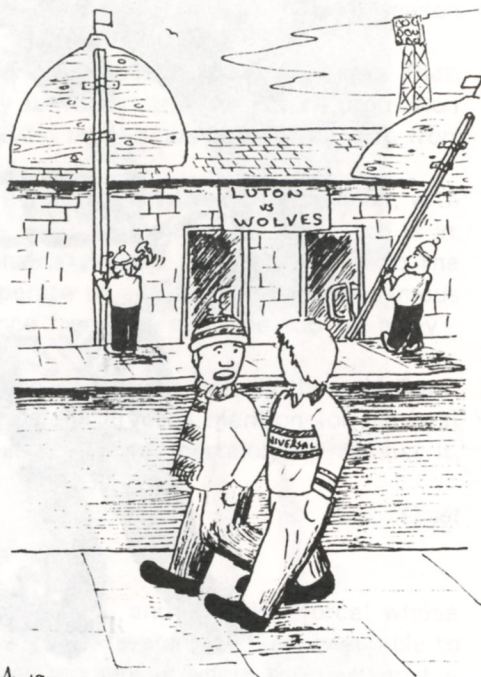
K.F.H.

23.04.94 WOLVES 1 TOWN 0

After extensive redevelopment at Molineux it was reassuring to find that some things remain unchanged. Julian James is pushed in the back by Steve Bull and Whittingham scores. If this sounds familiar remember the home game against Wolves last season. Bull pushes Dreyer in the back and goes on to score. On both occasions, the referee sees nothing wrong. This was one of the worst displays of refereeing we have seen this season, and was compounded by equally awful linesmen, and the three simply didn't meet the standards expected in the Football League. Rumours that Liverpool had a scout watching the referee hoping to sign him for next season are denied by all parties. The only question over the Town on the day was why Hartson didn't get on the pitch. Admittedly, Thorpe had a tremendous game, but Dixon did not look like scoring, and this game took it to about 550 minutes without a goal. Overall, this could have been a very good game, given half a chance, and would have done justice to it's surroundings.

The ground is most impressive and Wolves are to be congratulated on doing a good job, and providing excellent value for money for away fans. The scoreboards, however, let the whole place down. They are very difficult to read because they fail to show up well enough. Let's hope they realise and are addressing the problem.

P.I./K.F.H.



"I get the distinct impression they're trying to un-nerve our lads"

YOU'RE BARRED!

News of an exciting experiment taking place this season in the Endsleigh Insurance League. The club in question being those Baggies from West Bromwich.

They have agreed to participate in a scheme that could spell the end of names and numbers on the backs of shirts. Instead, each player now has a bar-code style shirt.

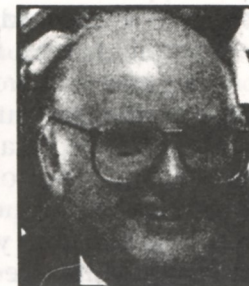
It could herald a boom in club shop sales. Every WBA fan has bought an electronic pen, to use just in case they can't remember the name of one of their heros. Just wave it in the right direction, and Bob Taylor's yer uncle!

All visiting officials are issued with the same equipment, in what may kill off the unsporting habit of lying when the referee asks for your name. The only pitfall of this of course is if the dirtiest player in the team swaps shirts with the cleanest prior to a game. This could mean that a player like Kingsley Black could be permanently suspended! Players that have been injured for over a year could end up in front of the FA - for doing FA! You'd better hide your shirt Darren Salton!

The experiment hasn't been without the usual teething problems. West Brom midfielder Kevin Donovan dished out a nasty tackle recently, but when the ref tried to 'yellow pen' him, his bar code was found to be identical to a Tesco's tin of Jolly Green Giant sweetco.....(That's enough. This is far to ridiculous - Objét, your fired - Eds).

Objét

I'LL SUE REF



WRIGHT: So angry



FLASHPOINT: A Cardiff fan runs on to the pitch after the controversial goal

A small selection of the thoughts of Chairman pRick of Cardiff. Much was said of the events of February 20th, but this man has obviously got a majority share in the business of Bullshit. Is he, incidentally, also Reg Holdsworth in disguise?

We wonder, also, what action has been taken against the idiot in the picture (no, the large pic.) as there should be no problem of identification.

the installation of seats might be put up again. He added: 'I made it clear after the Fulham trouble that if there were any more instances of serious violence I would close the club down. That stands but I don't classify this as violence. It was 20-30 over-exuberant young fans.'

He incited fans storms Wright

EXCLUSIVE: RALPH ELLIS

ANGRY Cardiff chairman Rick Wright is planning to take referee Roger Dilkes to court over the goal that sparked an FA Cup riot.

Wright, convinced his team were robbed of a place in the quarter-finals, is ready to sue both Mr Dilkes and his linesman Brian Rice.

And just for good measure he'll also sue the FA over David Preece's second half goal for Luton.

The Holiday Centre boss raged: "If a player makes a mistake and tackles late and is sent off he has to face the punishment. I don't see why if a referee and linesman make a mistake they should not also face some consequences.

"There were problems, but the crowd were incited by the referee and linesman. If a player incites a crowd he is charged. Why should the same thing not happen to an official?"

Damages

"If the football officials take the orthodox view and blame Cardiff City for all of this they will have a serious problem.

"We could sue for damages, and the court would have to rule on the matter. I hope it doesn't come to that, but if it needs to it will be done.

Kohler also wanted to know what action Cardiff and the police would take against the fan who ran on to the pitch and 'verbally assaulted' David Preece after he scored Luton's controversial winner.

Disgusted Cardiff owner Wright has threatened to pull the plug on the troublemakers and close the club down.

The frightening finale to Sunday's game was the latest episode in a list of savagery involving a wild group of fans.

Cardiff already have a £25,000 fine hanging over them after causing mayhem in an early season game at Fulham.

They also brought shame to the Principality when Standard Liege players had to dodge missiles in the European Cup-Winners' Cup.

A furious Wright declared that enough was enough. He said: "Everything I have said in the past still stands. We are still analysing what happened."

"If a charge was brought by the FA or the FA of Wales I would look at the threats I have already made, including the closure of the club."

GET YOUR KITS OUT...

Now then, it's the end of the season, and the club will be bringing out a new kit during the summer. Why do we bother mentioning this? Because, if you hadn't already guessed, we're on the scrounge. Nothing subtle about it, is there? What we're after is your 1991/92 replica shirts. That is the home kit supplied by Umbro for one year only. You remember, the one that was white down the middle, blue at each side with an orange zig-zag bit in between. Now what you also want to know is why we want your second hand adult sized shirts.

Well, one of our readers, a certain Chris Stokes from Westoning, has been trying for eighteen months now to make up a complete set of these shirts. Along with a couple of friends he has got 5 of the shirts together, so another 5 or 6 are wanted, preferably the unsponsored version. The idea is that these can then be used to kit out the church school of St Barnabas, at Chigola in the copper belt of Zambia, where Chris's friend Rev. Colin Marsh (also a Town supporter) is the Parish Priest. Football is very popular in Zambia, but education has to be paid for, so football kit is very much a luxury. As this would also help to build up a pocket of support for the Town, it is important that the kit can be easily identified with the club, hence the Umbro kit which did carry the name.

We have tried Umbro for this but they cannot help, as they would have disposed of any spare shirts when they ceased to do business with Luton Town. So if can help out with this please either write to us at 292 Icknield Way, Luton, LU3 2JS or give Chris a ring on 0525 715409, and we will arrange to pick up any shirts donated. Of course, if someone feels like donating a full set of the current striped shirts, we'd be prepared to listen.....



Us and them

To whom am I referring in the title of this piece? Luton supporters and others? Rich people and poor people? No, Luton Town season ticket holders and ordinary members! As a former season ticket holder and, due to a year out of Britain followed by a spot of UB40, now only a member, I have had time to ponder what it is that has easily split the Luton Town supporters into two factions.

Season ticket holders do the club a good service, they pay up lots of dosh in June and help the club stave off the banks and other creditors whilst there is no money coming in through the turnstiles. For this they get a few privileges, one being that their ticket is cheaper per game than if they paid weekly. But, the us and them comes in when it's time to get tickets for important away matches, the 'home and never seen away' season ticket holder crawls out of the woodwork. He (or she) considers themselves better than the ordinary member, so does the club and gives them an added perk to get tickets to big matches, like away at Newcastle and West Ham.

With a few quid bulging in my pockets I took up the option to buy a season ticket in February, the carrot being a saving on weekly admission AND an increased chance of a ticket to West Ham. Whilst I was at the ticket office, existing season ticket holders were reserving their West Ham tickets. I paid my dosh (incidentally trading in Millwall, Wolves and Sunderland tickets already paid for) for a season ticket.

Outside one of the season ticket types said loudly "It's amazing what a good cup run does for sales", whilst looking meaningfully at me. Well, I'm a big boy and don't really give a toss about such cretins, apart from the fact I didn't see him at freezing cold West Brom, Notts County or even Cardiff! Pots and kettles? Another of his accomplices had said whilst we were still in the ticket office "I gather there was some trouble at Cardiff". I probably said too loudly "If you'd been there you'd have seen it for yourself!".

Yes, a cup run does attract the backwoodsmen, perhaps LTFC should try and allocate tickets more fairly to include those that go away, and not just the sycophants that turn up only to home matches? I'm sure the computer has a record of everyone that buys tickets for away matches! After all, you have to show a membership card to buy one!

Anyway, I'm one of 'Us' now, so why should I care what you 'Thems' are treated like?!!!

Kaptein Kettle

CELEBRATIONS



1. Oakes, Dixon and Preece celebrate scoring against West Ham

TOWN TRAVELS

Only two away games to go now, a stupid re-arranged game on a Thursday in Bolton and an equally stupid Sunday game at Stoke. Ho, what fun. These two games could hardly be said to present good opportunities for drinking, and God knows, we may need to have our nerves steadied before these. **Bolton**, and Greater Manchester in general, is awash with decent pubs, decent beer and remarkable prices, so everybody should be able to find something to suit their tastes. **Stoke**, however is more of a desert in the decent beer stakes with Draught Bass seeming to be the staple diet. It may be better to try somewhere away from Stoke, but the nearest concentration of decent pubs seems to be in Stafford. Dismal isn't it? Ah, yes and before I forget, hello to the Letchworth boys, now famous for appearing on the back of the Danny Baker "Right Hammerings" video. Is this an omen?

K.F.H.



2. And then celebrate the victory, joined by Ceri

Hamming it up

First of all, something which has absolutely nothing to do with football: no, not Terry Hurlock... While preparing a sandwich yesterday, my eye fell on the empty tin (*so pick it up..... - Eds*). Apparently the contents included "reformed ham". Does this mean the pig which I ate was a member of Alcoholics Anonymous? Or have I devoured well known former hell raiser John Hurt? This is a source of extreme bafflement, and I felt I just had to get it off my chest.....

Anyway, to the point (*and not before time...*). Forest v Luton, 5th March 1994. It had to happen, I suppose. Those runs can't go on for ever. But why did it have to happen in my first Luton match in too many months to remember? I thought I might just see them play well for the first time since about 1989, given the rave reviews the team had been getting recently, but it seems that the Big G curse struck once more. Whenever I go to see them, Luton forget the art of playing well and scoring goals and just run around like the proverbial headless chickens. This match was no exception.

All in all, Forest were mediocre and Luton were worse. Peake and Oakes may have been missing, but that can be no excuse for just two shots on target in 90 minutes. Nobody seemed to know how to get through Forest's defence. Had no-one told them that Mark "Coco" Crossley only has to sniff a cross before he goes into his "Stan Laurel on acid" routine? There was nothing wrong with the passing, there was just too much of it. Pretty football is all well and good, provided that it results in chances. Sadly, Luton's efforts did not. Forest began to realize as the second half progressed that we were there to be shot at, and there first goal looked somewhat inevitable.

All was not doom and gloom, however. David Preece seemed to run the equivalent of about five London marathons, and Juergen Sommer had a storming game. Unfortunately, he got as bored as the rest of the crowd and decided to liven things up by playing a spot of rugby, which did not impress the referee. By the way, if he had been called Bosnich, things might have been a little different.

Luton's efforts were put into perspective by the performance of Forest's new signing, Jason Lee. He played alone up front and was

useless. I honestly thought he was playing for laughs. Every time he got the ball he tried his hardest to get rid of it, and it usually went to a player in a white shirt. If Forest could win 2-0 with the personification of ineptitude leading their attack, we must have been very poor indeed.

One word about Marvin Johnson. Why? It became embarrassing to watch him struggling to keep the ball and win tackles. He and Jason Lee appeared to be having their own private competition to see who could raise the most laughs from the crowd. What has happened to Richard Harvey? I know Marv tries, but it's about time Mr Pleat accepted the fact that he is hardly blessed with bucketloads of skill.

It was encouraging to hear the Luton mob in good voice, despite the yawn inducing performance. All in all, though, it was something of a wasted journey from the grim north (again!). Never mind, there's still the cup.

Graham Johnson

Some Mothers do 'ave 'em!



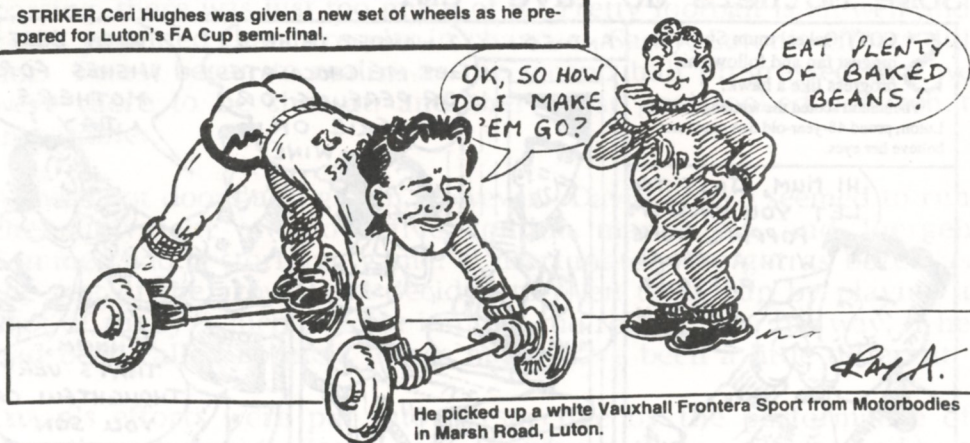
Thanks

We at Mad as a Hatter! would like to record our thanks to all those who have made this seasons issues possible.

Above all of course we thank you, dear readers, for buying our fanzine and giving some point to the work that goes into it. Also those of you who are good enough to take the trouble to write letters, match reports and articles for us. For cartoons we thank Adam Lloyd, Pat Flood and Ray Aspden for helping to fill so many of what would be otherwise blank spaces. We probably should thank David Kohler for giving us so much to write about, but what the hell, let's be churlish (whatever that means).

Thanks to all of our team of hardy salesmen for braving the elements and the abuse to stand on street corners and shout "MAAAAD AS A HATTER - ONLY 50P". And finally, thanks to Alison and the girls at the Bricklayers Arms for providing the beer that keeps us going.

STRIKER Ceri Hughes was given a new set of wheels as he prepared for Luton's FA Cup semi-final.



CRICKET LOVELY CRICKET

With the arrival of summer, our thoughts turn to cricket, although with the performances of the England side in recent months we could be forgiven for thinking about Baseball or some other American pseudo-sport. But the matter in hand is cricket and that's what we'll talk about.

Now it may or may not be remembered that last season Bedfordshire had a storming season in the Minor Counties championship, and actually won a couple of matches. This coupled with Wiltshire being deducted about half their points for deliberately winning, meant that Beds qualified for this years Nat West Trophy and the rare privilege of being humiliated at a Test Ground by one of the top West Indian batsmen (Brian Lara). So, to cut the waffle, Mad as a Hatter! brings you Bedfordshire's fixtures for 1994:

Date	Opposition	Venue
Sun Jun 5	Suffolk	A Framlingham MCC Trophy
Sun Jun 12	Cambridgeshire	H Henlow
Wed Jun 21	Warwickshire	A Edgbaston NatWest Trophy
Sun Jul 3	Suffolk	A Ransomes Ipswich
Sun Jul 10	Norfolk	H Bedford Town
Sun Jul 17	Northumberland	H Dunstable Town
Tue Jul 19	Hertfordshire	H Luton Town
Sun Jul 31	Cumberland	H Leighton Buzzard
Sun Aug 14	Lincolnshire	A Lincoln Lindum
Tue Aug 16	Staffordshire	A Stone
Sun Aug 28	Buckinghamshire	A Amersham

Except for the MCC and NatWest Trophy all matches are of two days duration. In addition to these, Northamptonshire bring first class cricket to Luton with the following matches:

Thu 16-Sat 18, Mon 20 Jun v Yorkshire (County Championship)
Sun 19 June v Yorkshire (Sunday League)

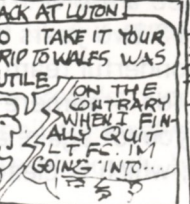
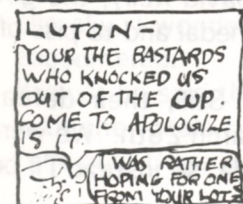
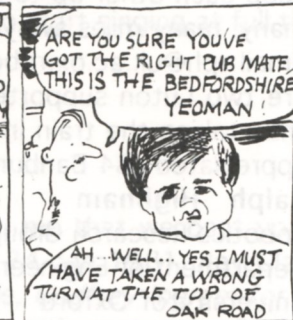
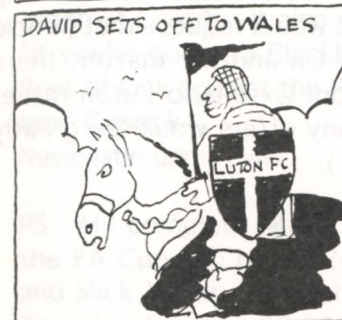
Finally, in the (unlikely) event of Bedfordshire beating Warwickshire, they will be away to the winners of Cumberland and Leicestershire in Round 2 of the NatWest on Weds July 6th.

A.C./K.F.H.

'David the Dragon slayer'



ONCE UPON A TIME LUTON TOWN F.C. REACHED THE 5TH ROUND OF THE FA CUP AND WERE DRAWN AGAINST CARDIFF CITY. THUS OUR STORY BEGINS...



Raving Mad!!!

Dear "Mad"

Living in the dreaming spires of Oxford (1-0 and 3-0 yer bastards), and having survived an "interesting" train journey to Cardiff I am now looking for people to join the LTFC computer mailing list. Basically, this is a group of people who communicate with each other via computer (email). Exchanging your usual ranting along with precious LTFC news we try to keep each other up to date with what's going on at our club - whilst living many, many miles away (the USA for example). I would request that people email rph@uk.ac.ox.robots if they want to join. On another matter, there are two Luton supporters desperate for lifts from Oxford to Luton rather than taking the train into and out of London! Any offers would be greatly appreciated (84 Banbury Road, Oxford, OX2 6JT).

Ralph Highnam

Robotics Research Group
Department of Engineering Science
University of Oxford

Dear "Mad"

Another cock-up by those wonderful people at Luton Town FC. They open up a Ladbroke's branch under the Kenny end for "on course" betting, advertise it everywhere inside the ground, with the odds posted for us in the Kenny seats to see, and then won't let us go and place a bet, for "crowd safety" reasons. Are they incapable of sensible thought? Or just too stupid to get anything right. Are the club on commission, and if so, what is wrong with our money? I think we should be told....

Dave Knight

Luton

Dear "Mad"

Thanks for printing my ego boosting letter (issue 20). Keep on playing like you are doing and we'll have a chance of revenge next season in the Premiership. I'd love to see a Wolves/Luton final, so David Kelly, the god who saved us from division 3 two years back, can get a medal and to piss off the Manc glory hunters, wonderful team they are.

Wasn't it heartbreaking for Tranmere against Villa? Still, their defeat gives me a chance to see you lot again, at Barnsley on March 26th. We were due to play Villa that day, which is clearly off the agenda, so instead I'll be

in Barnsley that weekend for my sister-in-law's 21st do, as all the wife's family live in sunny South Yorkshire.

I was overjoyed at your victory over a talentless bunch of red and white losers (*Sunderland*), and what a goal Gary Bennett's OG was, but why didn't your defence afford Cole and Beardsley the same generosity you showed the Mackems for their goal?

The night you beat us, city centre bars were heaving, it was like being in the Gallowgate with pints in your hands rather than bursting out of your bladders. Things quietened down a bit when you scored. You totally deserved the win, but our defeat probably saved us from a fate worse than death at Cardiff. It also gave people the chance to start singing at full time "If you're going to Blackburn clap your hands...."

Best of luck against the Hammers.

Ian Cusack

Newcastle upon Tyne

PS. My complete NUFC statistical record reminds me that we beat you in the FA Cup 4th round 2-1 at St James' Park on 24 Jan 1981, Ray Clarke and Mick Martin being the scorers (*for Newcastle, Godfrey Ingram for the Town*) in front of 29,211 (*according to my figures the gate was 29,202, were those extras part of a financial scam to deny us a full share of the gate money? - Eds*)

Dear "Mad"

I understand that along with Mr Kohler and PC699 Palmer you are collecting accounts of the FA Cup 5th round tie at Ninian Park: so as an articulate individual who was there here is my account.

I travelled to the match by coach and therefore cannot comment on any disturbances in the city itself or at the railway station though I am sure these were many. I shall set the scene: Cold but not bitter, the air would have been clear but for the immediate obscenities bellowed at Swansea born John Hartson when he emerged to warm up. The Cardiff supporters reputation preceded them and my first impressions did nothing to allay that judgement. My friend, who follows Barnet, described them as animals after last seasons 3rd division clash; as another firework went off pinkly into the sky, I wondered if this would be our most "hostile atmosphere" ever encountered.

It must be said that we ran into no trouble prior to the game as we mingled with the locals heading for football themselves. However, after Luton's first goal there were objects quite obviously being thrown at the players.

An even match for the most part, Cardiff City came back into the game with an astonishingly well taken goal by that journeyman striker Phil Stant. Ominously, this sparked the first crowd invasion of the day.

After the pitch had been hastily cleared, the football recommenced with Luton Town quickly regaining their composure, and six minutes later they also regained the lead. A very well taken goal by David Preece prompted the second pitch invasion. One irate Cardiff fan actually made it all the way to the centre circle to abuse Luton's diminutive goalscorer but was fortunately led away before suffering the beating he would surely have received.

Throughout the remaining minutes of the match both sides had chances to score and the linesman on the far side had a chance to contemplate his chosen vocation. The man was pelted and berated constantly for the rest of his shift, and the police had to line the respective touchline with men and dogs in an attempt to protect him.

There were more fireworks after the final whistle, which was horrifying when you remember the fan who was killed at the Arms Park earlier this season by the same thing.

Luton were jubilant; Cardiff were not. A large number of fans were disinclined to leave the stadium, and it was not long before a thousand of those who had been seated at the far end decided to try their luck and started across the pitch towards the Luton end. An army of stewards, police officers and dogs ran back across the turf to meet them. The charge was thwarted and the supporters eventually herded out of the far end of the ground.

This still left the Welsh supporters on the popular side to be evicted. Equally reluctant to vacate the premises, they tore up seats and hurled them and the now mandatory verbal abuse at the police, stewards and those Luton fans within earshot. To give an idea of the timescale, we did not leave the ground until around 5:30 pm - for a game which was over at 4:50 pm! The second mob of about two thousand supporters attempted to break through the safety gates and get onto the pitch. They did not succeed, but police horses were still required and dogs were used to eventually chase the last few hundred hooligans from the terrace.

Among the Luton supporters was a feeling of relief - we believed the immediate threat had passed, that we just had to get back to our transport and we were home and dry. This was when events took a sickening twist.

We had applauded the police and stewards for their handling of the previous situation: we soon found out that some stewards would have been more at home in the rabble on the terracing. Without warning, one of the safety gates was opened and a startled Luton fan dragged on to the pitch, the gate

being slammed and held shut after him. The man's friends were naturally furious and attempted to rescue their compatriot, but as they climbed the fencing, their fingers were hit with a fire extinguisher and stewards threw punches and pushed them back. As the anger escalated the Cardiff stewards started to spit at and throw coins at the crowd on the terrace. There were about a dozen stewards involved in the trouble.

Belatedly, the South Wales Police realised something else was happening, they had been caught unawares as we were. At this point, the exits were opened and the crowd began to filter out into the street. I moved along with the throng but I could hear insults still being exchanged behind me.

The Bobbers Travel Club had seven coaches at Cardiff, we were parked at the border of the industrial estate in which Ninian Park is situated and a relatively new housing estate. From my top deck seat on coach number five I could clearly see over the earth bank and wooden fences which surrounded the housing estate. I thought to myself: "I wonder if the police have sealed that estate off." As if to answer my question, four Welshman appeared in the street opposite and began to hurl insults and missiles at our coaches, beckoning for the Luton fans to come out and fight them. Traditionally, Luton supporters travel to away games by car or by train; the majority of the Bobbers club consisting of teenagers too young to drive and parents or others over 35. Consequently there were not too many takers for the challenge from the Cardiff hooligans. Planks from the fences were thrown at us and one coach had a window smashed by a brick. The police then chased these men away, capturing at least one of them.

We finally left Cardiff at about 6.15 pm, still there were young Cardiff fans walking along the street where we were parked, making obscene gestures and inciting the Town followers.

Hostile? Certainly; Frightening? For some it must have been. Outrageous? Criminal? If Cardiff City FC do not get a huge fine and/or a directive to play some matches behind closed doors in the future I will be very surprised and extremely annoyed. This kind of behaviour must be stamped on hard.

Clifford Saunders (Kenilworth terrace season ticket holder)

Hemel Hempstead

As we all now know, the Welsh FA fined Cardiff a whopping £25,000 for the incidents at our game and an earlier game with Swansea. Coming a short time after the sale of Nathan Blake for £600,000 this barely qualifies as a slapped wrist, let alone a hard stamp.

Dear "Mad"

I recently stumbled upon a cheap yet amusing pastime (*sounds just the thing for us - Eds*) of forming five-a-side teams (one substitute allowed) of current footballers, whose line ups might cause a chuckle or two when announced over the tannoy prior to kick off.

So here we are with an eight team tournament of said line-ups. For maximum effect, please read aloud (players names only).

1. LITTLEJOHN, GREW, FLOWERS, INCE, SHERWOOD, FORREST.

(Sheff Utd) (Cardiff) (Blackburn) (Man U) (Blackburn) (Ipswich)

2. SPEEDIE, MARKER, WILL, BREACKER, LEGG, BONE.

(Leicester) (Blackburn) (Arsenal) (W Ham) (Notts Co) (St Mirren)

3. BAMBER, GASCOIGNE, WATT, SMART, BRIGHT, MANN.

(Blackpool) (Lazio) (Ab'deen) (Oxford) (Sheff W) (Forfar)

4. GRAHAM, TAYLOR, BATTY, LITTLE, ENGLISH, BURKE.

(Raith) (Swindon) (Bl'burn) (Meadowbank) (Colch'ter) (Wolves)

5. WELSH, TERRY, GRIFFITHS, POTTS, BLACK, BALL.

(P'boro) (North'pton) (Blackpool) (W Ham) (Forest) (Sund'land)

6. MEAN, SCOTT, BILLY, CONNOLLY, BORROWS, STERLING.

(Bournm'th) (Swindon) (Hudd'f'ld) (Wrexham) (Coventry) (Bristol Rvrs)

7. HENRY, COOPER, ROGERS, HANNAH, GORDON, DALEY.

(Gillingham) (Forest) (Sheff U) (Dundee U) (W Ham) (Villa)

And finally, lacking a substitute, but big fans of the Beach Boys...

8. BARR, BABB, BAAH, BARBER, MORAN.

(Halifax) (Cov C) (Fulham) (Peterboro) (Hull City)

So, an inane waste of time or possibly a way of accelerating the long hot evenings of the close season.

Julian O'Dell

Eaton Socon, Cambs.

Dear "Mad"

Greetings from Norway! Time: 12:30 am, Date 24.3.94. I've just received the Luton result - I can't believe it! The best season the boys are having and I'm missing it - Bugger it! Forget the moaning, forget the skiing, who cares about the World Cup, I've got to be back. Perhaps I'll wait until after the semi, then heaven forbid, if we lose no-one can blame me for a "jinx". I'll be back for the final, who knows perhaps my dream can come true - extra time 1-1, Hartson gets his hat-trick 4-1, for Luton against Man Utd. Dream on - back to skiing again!

All the best,

Charlie Farnes-Barnes

Narvik, Norway.

Dear "Mad"

I am currently researching a book on the experiences of Black and other ethnic football supporters and would be very grateful if you could print the following message in the next issue of your fanzine:

Black Football Fans! - the last untold story.

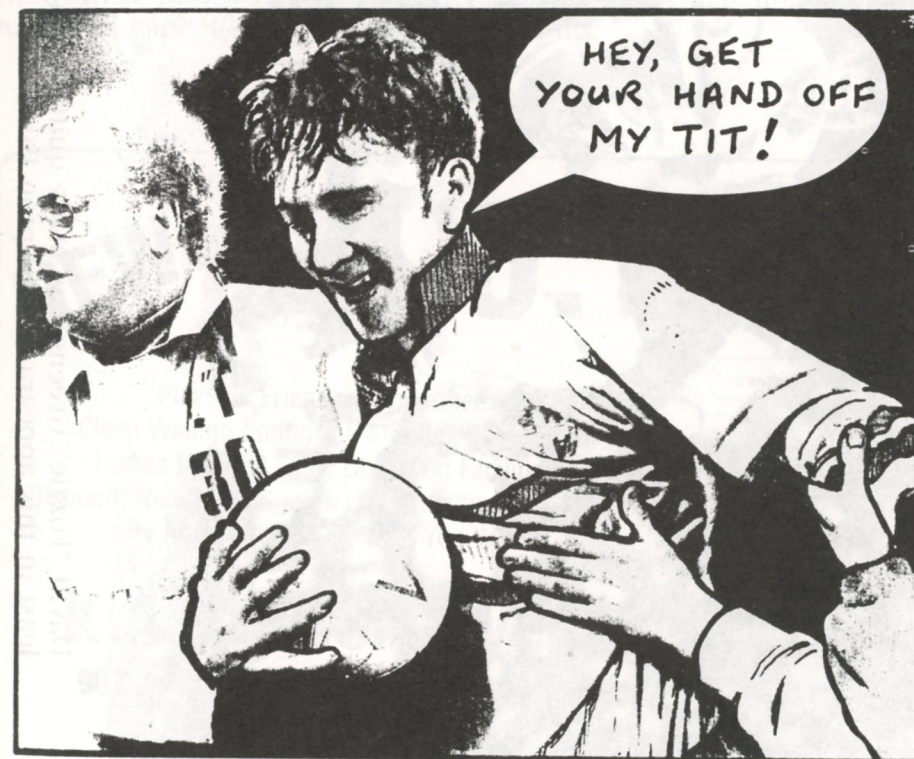
Race Equality Officer/FSA member wants to interview ethnic minority supporters of all clubs for book on your experiences. Confidentiality respected. Write to: J W Tummon, MCCR, Peter House, 2-14 Oxford Street, Manchester, M1 5AG.

Yours sincerely

J W Tummon

Acting Director

Manchester council for Community Relations





David "Fozzie" Greene has made quite an impact in the team, not least in this appearance at Upton Park.

HORNETS VICTORIOUS AGAIN

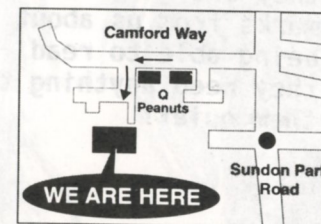
Watford scored a famous victory today, beating off such famous opponents as Newcastle, Liverpool, Blackburn and Manchester United, plus local rivals Luton Town, in an exciting contest. The tension was almost unbearable until the announcement of the final result came through: "Watford are the winners.....of the football scratch card competition." Delighted Hornets manager Glenda Roeder said "We've been having an awful run of luck lately, and our position in the league doesn't truly reflect our ability. Let's hope that this victory against such illustrious opposition gives us the boost we need to pull clear of relegation, and the chance for me to spout more bullshit." Meanwhile, Watford Borough Council said that plans were "in hand" for the team's open top bus tour of the town to celebrate the club's finest moment in front of their tens of thousands of loyal supporters, but we have since heard that this has been cancelled due to lack of demand.

AC

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5



At Molineux, Preece battles with the man who would have become known as "Useless Burke" if he'd stayed at Luton any longer

I REMEMBER GETTING HOME
AND HAVING A DRINK AND SOME
SILLY RELATION RANG ME TO
SAY SHE'D BEEN TO THE
HAIRDRESSERS AND HAD
A BLUE RINSE!



I'D DRIVE A THOUSAND MILES.....

This is the story of how and why anyone should end up driving 1150 miles from Poland to be at Wembley. Personally, I blame Scott Oakes, for reasons which will become obvious.

Back in January, after we had beaten Southend and drawn Newcastle away, we booked a cheap and cheerful holiday in Poland (£127, 7 days half board, cheap beer and food). At this point my brother checks the fixture list, and points out that we're going to be away for the semi-final weekend. Now, although we've been to semi-finals in '85 and '88, I must admit I thought my chances of going to a third were a little remote to say the least. Firstly, most Premiership teams, let alone Luton, weren't stopping Andy Cole from scoring, and secondly, despite a 6 game unbeaten run, we were still struggling for results (remember Grimsby at home?).



Dave Norman, in Poland, gets into the spirit.

The rest, as they say, is history - Newcastle, Cardiff and West Ham arrogantly brushed aside as the Mighty Oakes banged in 5 goals.

Of course, we now had a problem, and a choice of solutions:

1. Do we cancel the holiday? - the easiest but most expensive.
2. Do we go anyway, and try to get a flight home? - again expensive, and it's not easy getting flights from Poland.
3. Do we keep the holiday and drive over independantly, so we can drive home early? Of course we do!

In the end, it was quite an adventure. In just over a week, we drove 2700 miles, including over 1000 in Poland, where even the motorways make Luton's pitch look like a bowling green. We'd been driving in Poland for 2 days before I discovered that, due to a cock up by the AA, my green card covered me for Portugal and not Poland. It cost 800,000 zloty (about £25) to get us out of that one.

We flew the flag (and scarves) for Luton across Europe, and on the German Autobahns, we got some curious looks which seemed to say "I didn't know Luton were in Europe already!"

Alas, it wasn't to be, as the dream died at Wembley, but the journey was well worth it. The performances in the cup run have left me in no doubt that, with the right support for David Pleat from the board, the future looks really bright.

"I'd drive a thousand miles,
For the cup semi-finals,
Ohh Luton!"

Dave Norman

DID YOU KNOW
THAT THE OZONE
LAYER IS BEING
DAMAGED BY
CFC GASES?



I ALWAYS
SAID THEY
WERE A LOT
OF AEROSOLS!

A Northern View

Steven Spielberg is in the North East to make a film about Vikings, but is a little short of extras. A sudden idea comes to him that as Newcastle United do not have a fixture that weekend, the first team squad, especially Venison and Peacock, would make ideal Vikings. He calls up Kevin Keegan to ask for his permission and it is duly granted.

The next day, after training, Keegan rings up Spielberg to see how the lads shaped up as 11th century Norse invaders. Steven gives him this reply: "Well to be honest Kevin, their performances were very mixed; whilst they were great at raping and superb at pillaging, they were bloody shite at Luton."

That joke was told to me by a Mackem season ticket holder with barely disguised glee in his voice, but it is certainly true. The very worst performances our team have put up this season were firstly away to Luton in the Cup and on the following Saturday at Wimbledon in the League. I don't know whether it is a source of comfort or not that Luton had the skill to out pass and out think us, rather than simply batter us into submission.

I decided I wanted to see Luton again; now read this next bit carefully to see how it happened. On Saturday 26th March, Newcastle were due to be at home to Villa, but since they were to play Man Utd in the Coca Cola Cup Final the next day, our game was knocked back. That night my wife's youngest sister was having her 21st birthday do in Leeds, Luton were playing Barnsley, only 15 miles south, so I had to be there. Of course the chance of involving myself in the enormous round of drinks to be bought by Keith Hayward to celebrate his birthday, as alluded to in Mad issue 20, was a contributory factor.

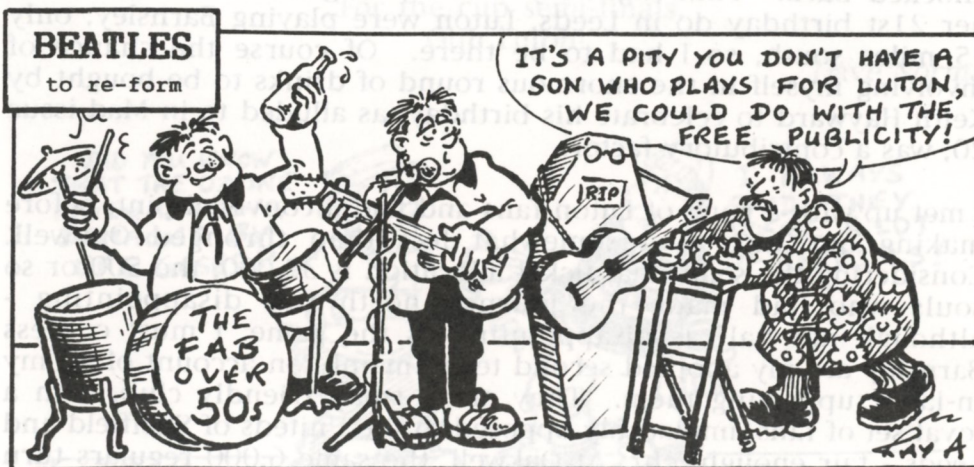
I met up with a gang of Luton fans and had a convivial pint, before making our way to a somewhat less than thronged Oakwell. Considering the semi-final ticket allocation is 35,000, the 500 or so souls who had made the journey north was disappointing - although not half as disappointing as the game. I must confess Barnsley are my adopted second team, mainly on account of all my in-laws supporting them. They are a small friendly club, with a loyal set of fans, implacably opposed to the Uniteds of Sheffield and Leeds - fair enough, eh? At Oakwell, the same 6,000 regulars turn

up each home game and the crowd only fluctuates according to the number of away fans making the journey. Obviously more come from Forest than from Southend for example. Everyone has their own regular spot on the terrace and you get to know the people stood around you.

Of course when the regulars spotted me, they quickly latched on to a certain 4th round replay that I am a little touchy about. This piss-taking did not abate the longer the game went on, but actually continued to increase. The fact that, from where I stood, it seemed as if Luton were not really that interested in the game and appeared unwilling to get unduly involved didn't help my feeble excuses that The Toon had just had an off night at Kenilworth Road.

As for this game; I felt Barnsley should have won by more than the single scrambled Andy Payton effort that did settle it. A Neil Redfearn shot that almost snapped the post in half was particularly memorable, although Oakes did have a couple of good efforts. Eventually, the final whistle sounded, 6,700 people politely applauded and I went home to get changed. At the end of the day, we're battling like Trojans to get into Europe next year, whilst all you need to do, in all probability, is to stop a very ordinary Chelsea side from inflicting any damage on you. I hope you do that and then win the sodding thing.

Ian Cusack



Premier Manager Reprise

A few months ago I wrote about a new computer game I had, called "Premier Manager". I've not had much time to play the game recently so I thought I'd give it another "season" to see how our favourite Endsleigh Div 1 side are doing.

Well, since taking over as manager from David Pleat I've had to invest in a few players. The new stadium (it must be as the capacity is 23000) is packed as we dance up the Premier League and carry off cups like a burglar in the night.

Yep, the glory days are back! Would you believe a bank balance of £5m? And it's credit!

After a poor start the Hatters have now won the League Cup twice (more) and the FA Cup once. Due to the technical problem within the program, winning the FA Cup put us into Europe okay, but into the UEFA Cup, which, of course, we won! Winning only the League Cup and..... nothing! It doesn't get you into Europe at all!

The programmers, Gremlin Software of Sheffield, obviously made a few cock ups! You can view the results of the Euro cups and see that somehow the Welsh League manages to have two or even three teams in Euro-cup competitions!

In the Town's defence of the UEFA Cup we lost home and away to Galatasaray who went on to lose to a team I've never heard of in the final. Still, it's only a game!

The current Hatters team is; Poole (?), Kavanagh (?), Rob Jones (signed from Liverpool), Des Walker (signed from Sheff Weds), Colin Pates (signed from the Arse), John Aldridge, Anders Limpar, Brian Robson, Kerry Dixon, Nigel Jemson, and Darren Anderton. Subs: perm any two from David Speedie, Warren Barton, John Barnes, Michael Thomas and Les Sealey. I could do with a few more real Luton players, but they are dispersed around the League!

To assess players is quite difficult. The team is rated by stars - ☆ to ☆☆☆☆, and a variety of levels from superb to fair, plus 'world class' and 'the ultimate'. But, players are graded from 00 to 99 in the areas of play handling, tackling, passing and shooting. The

difficulty is matching the two. When buying a player you're told he's 'very good ★★' at shooting. So you buy him and he turns out to be rated about 55! You might already have a forward line of more than that - hence you waste a lot of money.

If Gremlin update the game they should ensure that the team and the players are graded using the same format! My 'Luton' have only one first choice player who isn't a 99 in his chosen field and that's the keeper Poole, and I inherited him, from where I couldn't tell you! He's a 98 and 'the ultimate'! If you want a laugh - Sealey is rated 88 and 'superb ★★★' !!!!!!!

Altogether a good and interesting game, and you get used to the foibles, just make sure you win two trophies a year if one's the bloody League Cup!!!

Kaptain Kettle

A DAY TO TELL
YOUR GRANDCHILDREN
ABOUT, EH
KERRY?

AND ONE TO
TELL YOUR
ACORNS
ABOUT, EH
SCOTTY?



Polls apart

Now then, an opportunity to win a prize, and the only one you'll get from this issue. It is, of course, the end of season poll, that annual opportunity to tell us exactly what you think of that lot you turn out to watch regularly. So we'd like you to put pen to paper, please, and give us your votes in the following categories:

TOWN PLAYER OF THE SEASON
BEST TOWN PERFORMANCE
BEST GOAL FOR TOWN
BEST OPPONENTS
BEST REFEREE
BEST OPPOSING PLAYER
IDIOT OF THE SEASON
BEST GROUND VISITED
THINGS TO LOOK FORWARD TO

YOUNG PLAYER OF THE SEASON
WORST TOWN PERFORMANCE
BEST GOAL AGAINST
WORST OPPONENTS
WORST REFEREE
WORST OPPOSING PLAYER
HERO OF THE SEASON
LOW POINT OF THE SEASON

If you have any other comments to make, then please make them.

We would like you to send your nominations to us, to be received by the end of June. In the past we have tried bribery, prize giving, grovelling and just about everything else we can think of to get you to write to us and vote, and we still get no more than the proverbial handful of replies. So, all we can say is for God's sake **WRITE** to us at:

**292 Icknield Way
Luton
LU3 2JS**

As always we at "Mad" would love to receive your contributions, in any form, for future issues. Articles, cuttings, cartoons, ideas for cartoons, photos, holiday snaps, letters, poems, and piss takes, in fact anything at all, should be sent to the usual address, which is 292 Icknield Way, Luton, LU3 2JS. We look forward to hearing from you.



"..and finally, gentlemen, Luton Town's cup run has shown us what they are capable of, and such achievements bring confidence and prosperity to the town as a whole. So who's in favour of knocking their ground down and building an Arndale Centre in it's place?"