

MAD AS A FLATTER!

THE LUTON TOWN FANZINE



Issue 30

Nov 95



Terry Westley pins his faith in Vidar Riseth, and holds onto him to ensure he stays, unlike Mark Strudal. Did Westley sign him after pondering the VCR remote control and noticing a Video Reset button?

MAD AS A HATTER!

THE LUTON TOWN FANZINE

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EDITORIAL

What are they up to? This is the question that springs to mind immediately when viewing recent events at Luton Town FC.

David Kohler announced that the club, or at least his majority shareholding, was up for sale. At the same time, however, he stated that he did not expect a buyer to come forward with an "acceptable" offer. Subsequently, we find that the acceptable selling price is £5 million, and anything less is unacceptable. Two further questions stem from this. Firstly, does Kohler really want to sell, and we know that the answer to that is probably not. Secondly, just what would a buyer be getting for £5 million. Would that price tag include all rights to the Kohlerdome concept and design, and the movable pitch, apparently patented to LTFC. If the 'dome concept is for sale, then why has Kohler, who has not been noted for admitting defeat easily in the past, suddenly done exactly that?

On Anglia TV, during coverage of the Ipswich match, Kohler said in an interview that if the club was not sold then some unpopular decisions would have to be made during the next month. It does not take a genius to figure out what this is about, and we now know that talks are still taking place over a move to Milton Keynes. Local newspapers in the land of the concrete cow have recently carried reports of these talks. And interestingly, they suggest that Kohler still wants to build his 'dome even if he relinquishes control of the club. Until every avenue for survival in Luton has been explored, the move to MK is unthinkable, and the board must realise this. David Kohler has done much to win fans round to his side over the past couple of years, but the suspicion has always remained about his motives, and it may be that he is now proving that those suspicions are well founded, and that he is willing to be the man who kills off professional football in Luton. If this should be that case then he should make way for someone with the true interests of Luton Town at heart, and sell his shares at a realistic price.

If the announcement of a move to Milton Keynes does come, what does it mean for us, the fans? There is no doubt that it will be accepted by a larger number than the '83 scheme was, as more Luton fans have moved away from the town, mostly in a northerly direction. However, there will still be strong opposition, from the majority, especially if all options for remaining in Luton have not been fully explored, as at present. Kohler has made no comment about the alternative stadium proposal put forward by Wyncote, and so it seems that the only project that he will be happy with is the one devised by David Kohler. Those opposed to a move should not count on the support of the Football League either. League rules do not actually prevent a club from moving to another Town, although they do claim to take the views of supporters into account if and when they have to consider it. So it will again be up to us, the fans, to do everything within our powers to stop it happening.

EDITORIAL (PART 2)

And so to Terry Westley. His reaction to the victory at Ipswich is difficult to interpret, but could be seen as that of a man whose neck had just been saved from the gallows. Alternatively, it could have been that of one who views putting one over his old club as the most important thing in the world. Either way, that one victory is not enough. At the time of writing, Luton have lost more games and scored fewer goals than any other team in the division. Things need to be changed, but when Westley plays a team with a flat back four (at Stoke) he uses a left back who, by his own admission, he thinks is not too good at defending, and a right back who is a left sided player, and keeps a genuine right back on the bench for 90 minutes. Coupled with a midfield lacking a ball winner, it all smacks of desperation to try anything and see if it works. By the time the lack of a ball winner was rectified it was at the expense of the defence, with Davis moving up, and we all know what then happened to the stretched back three. With 24 players used in 15 games the ideas are drying up and it comes down to trying the same players in different positions. Of course we now know that a flat back four doesn't work, but most of us realise that it was that particular back four, not any back four.

But after that Stoke match Lou Macari sympathised with Westley over the fact that he has no money to spend on players to strengthen the side. This is playing a little loose with the facts. Westley has had, by Luton standards, an enormous amount to spend, but hasn't done it very well. Apart from Steve Davis, who is expected to hold together the defence and midfield and help out the attack in any spare moments, he has signed the invisible man (Darren Patterson) and half a dozen others who just don't look up to the task. The strength in depth he spoke about at the start is now just depth, and yet more signing are unlikely to change that.

The joy of victory at Ipswich was tempered by the concern that Westley's tenure had been prolonged, and a growing number of fans will accept a couple more heavy defeats if it brings the change of management that is so desperately needed. Westley has had his chance and blown it, and it is now time to go.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Mad as a Hatter! welcomes contributions from readers, whether they be in the form of articles, match reports, anecdotes, cartoons, press cuttings, poems or whatever. While we cannot guarantee that everything sent in will be used, most will, so please send anything to us at the usual address. As there will be another 4 issues this season we need plenty of material.

Get your t**s out for the lads...

Does anyone remember the woman spectator at the famous Middlesbrough home match last season? I'm pretty sure that a lot of spectators remember her for one reason. She was an emphatic supporter, she sang her heart out for Robbo's Reds to maintain some sort of dignity in the humiliation of a 5-1 defeat.

When I first saw this lady in our away stand I thought she would sit down and be a typical female spectator, but when I looked again she was at the forefront of the chanting and the home team - away team barrage. Initially, she was proud of her team and chanting away with the rest of them, but as the game drew on and Boro were 2-0 down the girl of rather large proportions was the butt of the more sexist chants from the Luton boys..., "Get your t**s out for the lads" etc., although when "who ate all the pies" began she just took her bow and went and sat down, and by the end of the match she had disappeared completely. Most people would remember her because she was female and rather plump to say the least. Personally, when I am at a match I sort of forget that football is a male orientated sport, although it is hard, when I look onto the pitch all I can see is men. I have a season ticket in the Main Stand Enclosure and where I sit there is literally a whole row of women spectators. I did not initially realise that there were so many women following Luton town, but on the positive side Luton Town has one of the most female support in the country. But there are lots of teams that the female of our species follow, many of the Northern and Midlands teams have a vast number of female spectators. This sort of shows that either footballers legs are getting better looking by the year, or more women are appreciating the game of football and learning that it is not such a male dominated sport.

There are many men who believe that women should leave football alone, stay at home and look after the children — but who is to say that women cannot go to the match with the man and take the kids?

My fiancé stays at home when I go to football, he hates most sports and I should imagine that football is quite high on the list of those that he dislikes the most. I usually go to matches alone and personally I do not find this to be a problem, there have only been a couple of occasions when I felt intimidated by male fans, and I'm sure that their abuse is uniquely derogatory for the fact that I am female. Needless to say, these occasions where two very isolated incidents and not surprisingly after the FA Cup semi final and after the W*tf*rd home match. The W*tf*rd fans, much to my surprise, had managed to climb out of their high chairs for the afternoon. At away matches I am surprised that there are not so many female fans, I have only been to one

away match this season due to my car breaking down, but when I went (Southend) I saw all of the ladies from the Main Stand Enclosure getting back on to the Bobbers coach after the match!

I wouldn't like to say that I was a female hooligan, as I would like to hope that the word hooligan will soon not be juxtaposed by the word football, but whenever I am at a match I get overcome by a burning desire to become totally aggressive towards the opposition. We have all seen the emphatic male supporters jumping out of their seats at every opportunity and giving the referee and linesman a bit of verbal abuse, but there are not necessarily any female fans that act this way — with the exception of the Middlesbrough girl and me perhaps?

The point that I would like to express is that women are not necessarily coming to take over football, and indeed have no real wish to, as this sport is one of the institutions within our country that is doing alright by itself. However, could you really imagine the reception that a female referee would get? Every time there was a dodgy decision it would not be down to the fact that she was a crap ref, but it would ALWAYS be because she is a woman. For example — after being subjected to the worst display of officiating that it has been my misfortune to witness (Town v West Brom) that referee will probably never be mentioned again, but if it was a female referee then the half time and full time comments would be entirely sexually orientated, ie. "Can't you keep your hands off the balls ref?", or "What's the matter ref, did your t**s get in the way of your eyes or what?" And I hate to think what the connotations of the ref blowing the whistle might be, or who she gets in the bath with after..... See what I mean?

As a totally committed (or should I be committed?) fan of Luton Town FC I have only one real problem with the way things go..... I wish there were shirts that fitted women properly.

I would like to think that women are accepted into the football grounds around the country as much as they are accepted into the beds. Football and women are becoming more and more a couple these days and I believe that it is not every woman's chance to ogle the players bodies and sit in silent satisfaction, but I believe that more and more women are appreciating the sport for what it is and love to see quality football and the thrill of the game with equal proportions to the male supporters.

I was born with a passion for football, I was brought up with a love of football and now that I am a season ticket holder I am fulfilling my football addiction every two weeks or so, and I'll be damned if I'm going to miss it.

As one Arsenal fan said, "When Michael Thomas scored that goal at Anfield to clinch the league championship, it was better than any orgasm....."

Nicky Bush

Subscriptions / Back Issues

"Mad as a Hatter!" is available on subscription at £5.50 (£6.75 outside the UK) for the next seven issues, from the usual address. Please do not send cash by post, cheques payable to "Mad as a Hatter!"

Back issues: Issue 1 is free (SAE only), issues 2 to 16 are 25p plus SAE (Sale price!) and issue 17 onwards 50p plus SAE. Issues 10, 22, 24 & 27 are sold out. Issue 10 is, in fact, in some demand, so if you happen to have a spare copy.....



David Kohler, known for his love of dogs, takes a pit pony for a walk.

Luton Town — The Political Football

There is little argument that football has been widely affected by the attention shown it by the government over the last ten years. Whether this has been a good or a bad thing is a matter of opinion. Hooliganism inside football grounds has now largely been eradicated (though thugs can still get their kicks outside the ground) but the Taylor Report is surely guilty of chucking the baby away with the bathwater. Atmosphere is all but gone in many grounds, including Kenilworth Road, and spiralling ticket costs mean that football is fast losing its traditional working class fanbase, whilst trying desperately to attract families "back" to football (remember the days when all the family went to football matches together — having picnics in the stands? Neither can I). And many middle class parents would much rather flash their visa card at the new Man Utd kit than the charming stuff at the Luton Town ticket office.

But this wasn't meant to be an article on the ills of the modern game — how we miss good players, open terraces and adrenalin — that is universal stuff. We can moan that it isn't as good as it was ten years ago — but we were probably saying much the same thing back then.

This particular moan is about how Luton Town in particular has suffered under the present Conservative government. It started, of course, with the bombastic David Evans who's amazing plans for the model 80s football club came to the forefront when Millwall fans — totally unexpectedly (remember the non-existent security on the night?) — ran riot during the 85 FA Cup quarter final. Suddenly rash measures like a total ban on away supporters and a national membership card scheme seemed a good idea — even amongst that bastion of considered rational thought, the Conservative backbenches. The Evans years will be remembered for the Littlewoods Cup victory, the national hatred of the club inspired by the away fan ban, and the plastic pitch.

Eventually, when Evans sussed out that Maggie was never going to take up his weekly invitation to sit next to him for 90 minutes on a Saturday (well, can you blame her?) he pulled out and — to pay off his directors and his good self — he sold the ground, the only real asset the club had, to the council. Even so, when the ground was sold off Evans told how he and his directors could've got a better return on their money at a building society. Makes your heart bleed when you read of how far some supporters will put themselves out doesn't it?

Those wishing to relive the Evans years can apply to their local MP for tickets to the House of Commons where he often shines and is laughed at by both sides of the house.

Lately, of course, the government has stepped in to stop a scenario where Graham Bright might have to make a decision about the Kohlerdome in his wafer thin majority South Luton seat. Sir John Gummer has decided that the unanimous crossparty vote made by Luton Borough Council isn't enough and an inquiry — wasting money and, more importantly, time — is in order. In the meantime, Luton Town are in limbo and David Kohler is getting itchy feet (though this is surely not the biggest hurdle he'll have to face in order to build his stadium).

We'll see how it goes. In the future it may be told about how another politician put his boot into Luton Town FC. But that's a different Tory.

Tim Kingston



THE PAY BACK PERIOD AND PASSION

When a decision in a match goes against you, the wise supporter will generally accept it with a shrug, taking the view that such things even out over an entire season. Equally, the wise supporter will realise a fortunate decision also gets counterbalanced later on. On a broader plain, the same is true when a small town club experiences success — you pay later!

How true this is for Town in the '90s. The heady days in the top league, winning more than losing, scoring more than conceding, seem a long time ago. Three seasons in the top 10, plus the pinnacle of winning a major trophy at Wembley were times worth savouring.

Despite returning to Wembley in 89, the first wheel was beginning to come loose. It finally fell off three years later. The pay back period was under way and sadly it continues today. The desperate performances of the past few seasons have been interrupted by a few fine moments. But so much has been pure crap. Not since all four wheels fell off the wagon in the 60s have we had to endure such a barren spell.

Kenilworth Road was a ground where the visitor expected to get pummelled and would be delighted to get a point. Nowadays, they leave disappointed if they haven't got all three. It's no use managers appealing in programme notes for the crowd to get behind the team, because passion must start on the pitch. Players get the crowd going, not the reverse. I've seen many a passionate Sunday League side where the 'gate' was one man and his dog! *(Written by a man who obviously watches the higher levels of Sunday football with crowds like that!).*

Taken individually, among some nameless dross, the Town still have several players of excellent technical ability. However, the ability has to be fused into passionate commitment. You need look no further than the likes of Horton and Foster to see good illustrations of this. Both played above their natural skill level by utilising passion. The past has a catalogue of such players, but where are they today?

Misguidedly, I feel David Pleat, in his second spell, shut the door on passion with his stated views that young players should come to Luton because the club gives them a chance to set out their stall for greater things. To me, this means 'Show what you can do as an individual. Display your technical skills and you can move on.' Did he say the same things to Hill, Stein and Donaghy the first time?

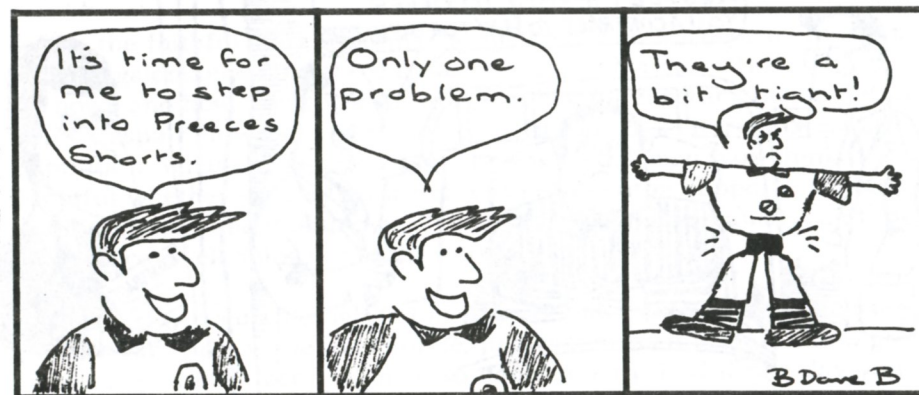
Some will argue that money rules today's game, and while I would generally agree, this in itself does not explain the lack of passion we witness. Anyone who saw a technically inferior Reading team hassle and hustle their way last season will appreciate the point. And Wimbledon..... I rest my case.

I suppose it was 'nice' to be the team with least bookings last season, but doesn't this just confirm the woolly nature that runs through the team. Of course, it also means that Ceri Hughes wasn't playing much either — there is no place for his lunatic actions at Fulham and Southend. Yet, in Hughes, I see the prospect of a committed passionate player to build a strong team around, if only someone can sort out his head. Remember the wild boy image Foster carried before coming to Luton.

It is no surprise to me that gates are dropping again. Blessed with a diet of crap performances, what else could one expect. Terry Westley has had a luxury that many of his predecessors (notably Jimmy Ryan) did not — a cheque book! Used wisely, the pay back period could end. But beware, judgement day is not that far away. I for one have found myself pissed off at 4.45 on a Saturday afternoon far too often — the patience is wearing thin. Why? Well, SEVEN seasons with a best league position of 16th must begin to test the most faithful of supporters.

Orpington Man

Taylor's Long Johns



Spell Check Frenzy

Having always been impressed by computers, and with a dull moment or several to fill at work, I decided to have a play with the spell checker on my PC (yes, I know it's been done before!) and see what some of the current squad come out as. Unfortunately, the program seems to recognise most christian names, so there was little fun to be had there with the exception of the brothers Johnson - Margin and Gain. The more exotic names, however, still flummox the system, so I came up with the fruity Cherry Hughes and the entirely appropriate (shouldn't even make the) Bench Guentchev. Foodstuffs seem to be a bit of an obsession with the system which also threw up Trevor Peach, Gary Haddock and Des Lipton, whilst perhaps Ian Fewer could live up to his name by helping his young colleague Kelvin Advice.

Sadly, far too many of the players were able to get through the spell check without embarrassment (for the first time this season in many cases), but the program blew a fuse when our skipper's name was tried - after much thought the only alternative it could come up with for Steve Davis was GOD - how appropriate.

Verry Tenable



GIVE HIM THE CHAIR

Wanted: Chairman for a football club. No previous experience needed, although knowledge of asset stripping would be useful. Megalomaniacs only need apply.

There will be a day when football clubs will be honest enough to put out this kind of advert when in need of a chairman. I mean, it's not just Luton who seem to attract chairmen from hell, Aston Villa, Derby County, Chelsea, Crystal Palace, the list goes on and on. Perhaps, however, a few of you may be reading this wondering why I'm having a go at chairmen, especially when David Kohler seems to be doing things right by Luton. The plans for the new ground finally seem to be more than a distant dream, and Kohler is certainly a major force behind this. Also Terry "The Wild" Westley seems to be spending money on new players like it's going out of fashion.

I won't dwell on the fact that Kohler's driving force behind the new ground could be his own personal greed, or that Westley seems to be spending only minor amounts on minor players. The fact is that at the moment Coca Kohler seems to have gone mad on the power of controlling Luton, and he's not afraid to show it.

For one, our new ground is called the Kohlerdome. Such outright megalomania it's untrue. However, his quest for power doesn't end there. When our new team photo came out, curious to see the face of our new manager, I was astounded to see that there, in the manager's position, was Kohler himself. The only justification I can take is that Kohler has taken the lost Hartson money and paid himself to play up front (could he be any worse than Oldfield or Guentchev?).

Before the faithful start shouting "Kohler out", be warned, there are many more megalomaniacs out there to take his place (Margaret Thatcher's out of a job now), and how many of them will be as helpful in getting the new ground? Don't despair however, as I have a solution. Blackburn Rovers are my inspiration. What we need is a rich old senile chairman. you think it sounds doubtful whether we can get a rich old senile Luton supporter to back the club? Well, how about employing Anna Nicole-Smith as tea lady, and the old boys will come climbing out of the woodwork.

Until that day occurs though, I'd like to say that David Kohler's delusions of grandeur are fine by me to continue, just as long as it gets us a new ground. However, you have been warned, so don't be surprised if one day you find yourself supporting Kohler Town Football Club.

B. Dave B.

Apple Strudel or Bakewell Tart?

Over the weekend of September 30th, it emerged that John Taylor is going to have an operation on his back. On hearing this news Terry 'Turnip' Westley decided that a replacement striker was needed. Westley turned to the country where he bought Vilstrup, Denmark, and targeted Danish international striker Mark Strudal.

Now, note where I have said 'international', so why on earth did Westley offer him a trial, a player that has played for his country for the past two to three years and won a European Championship medal in 1992. Westley should have bought him, or was he trying to get a player that is 'out of Luton's depth'. Apparently, he is rated very highly by his current club Brondby, so a high transfer fee would have been asked. Come on Westley, how about some common sense!!

Anthony Reid



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The ideal Christmas gift?

'I had to correct the
misapprehension
from an early
stage that Nick
Leeson was a
mindless yob
from Watford ...'

Does this mean he's not mindless, or
not a yob. He's from Watford after all.

Vilstrup said last week
he wants to play for
Denmark and in the Pre-
miership, and that play-
ing for Luton gave him
the chance of achieving
both.

Mind you, he also said
he was looking forward
to the "atmosphere" of
playing at Luton.

Oh dear. Someone has
told him a pup.

An unusually perceptive piece
of reporting from *The Sun*

EXCERPT FROM DAVID PLEAT INTERVIEW

(from "A View from the East Bank" — Sheffield Wednesday fanzine)

Q: "What's the main difference between Sheffield Wednesday and Luton Town?"

DP: "I really think that, with the greatest respect in the world to Luton Town, that there is a training ground here. At Luton we didn't have a training ground. Every club needs a training ground...."

He then goes on for another five minutes about things which have nothing to do with the question. So there you have it. The only reason Luton can't spend £4 million on two players is that we don't have our own training ground. Let's get one, quick.

Kev

EXILED HATTERS FAN?

If you are an exile, you'll want to keep up to date with what's going on at Kenilworth Road, and with Hatters Matters you can do just that. Hatters Matters is a monthly newsletter designed specifically for the exiled fan, and provides all the news that you won't find on teletext.

To subscribe for one year (12 issues) send a cheque for £5 (payable to Hatters Matters) to: Hatters Matters, 292 Icknield Way, Luton, LU3 2JS. Or just send an SAE for a free sample copy.

Luton Town Football Club

presents

MORE CLUB SHOP MADNESS

**Series II
Part VIII**

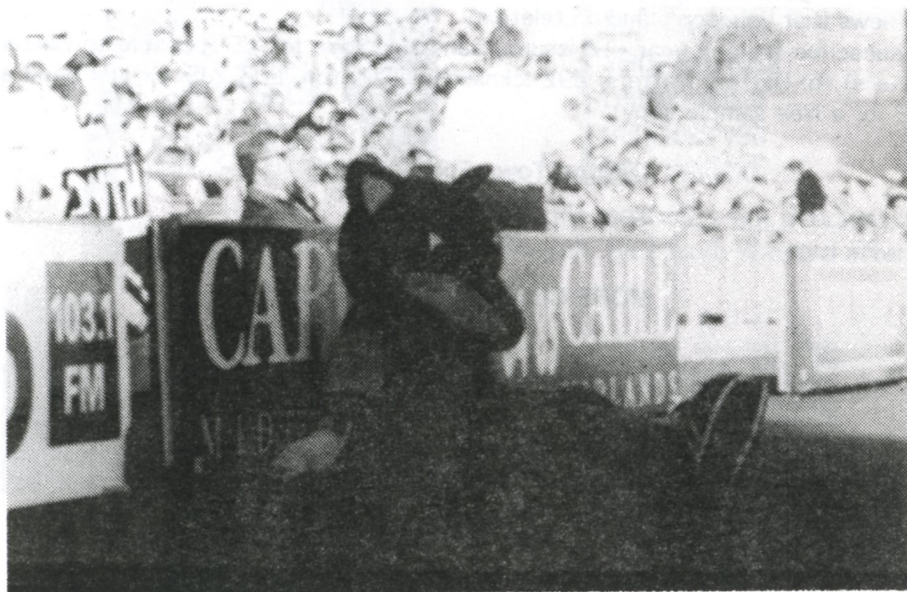
**YES! I WAS TOLD THAT WHEN I ORDERED
MY STYLISH LUTON TOWN KIT AT THE NORWICH GAME
IN EARLY AUGUST THAT I WOULD HAVE TO WAIT FOR A MONTH.**

**FAIR ENOUGH! I THOUGHT BUT MY KIT ARRIVED
ON 4TH OCTOBER!**

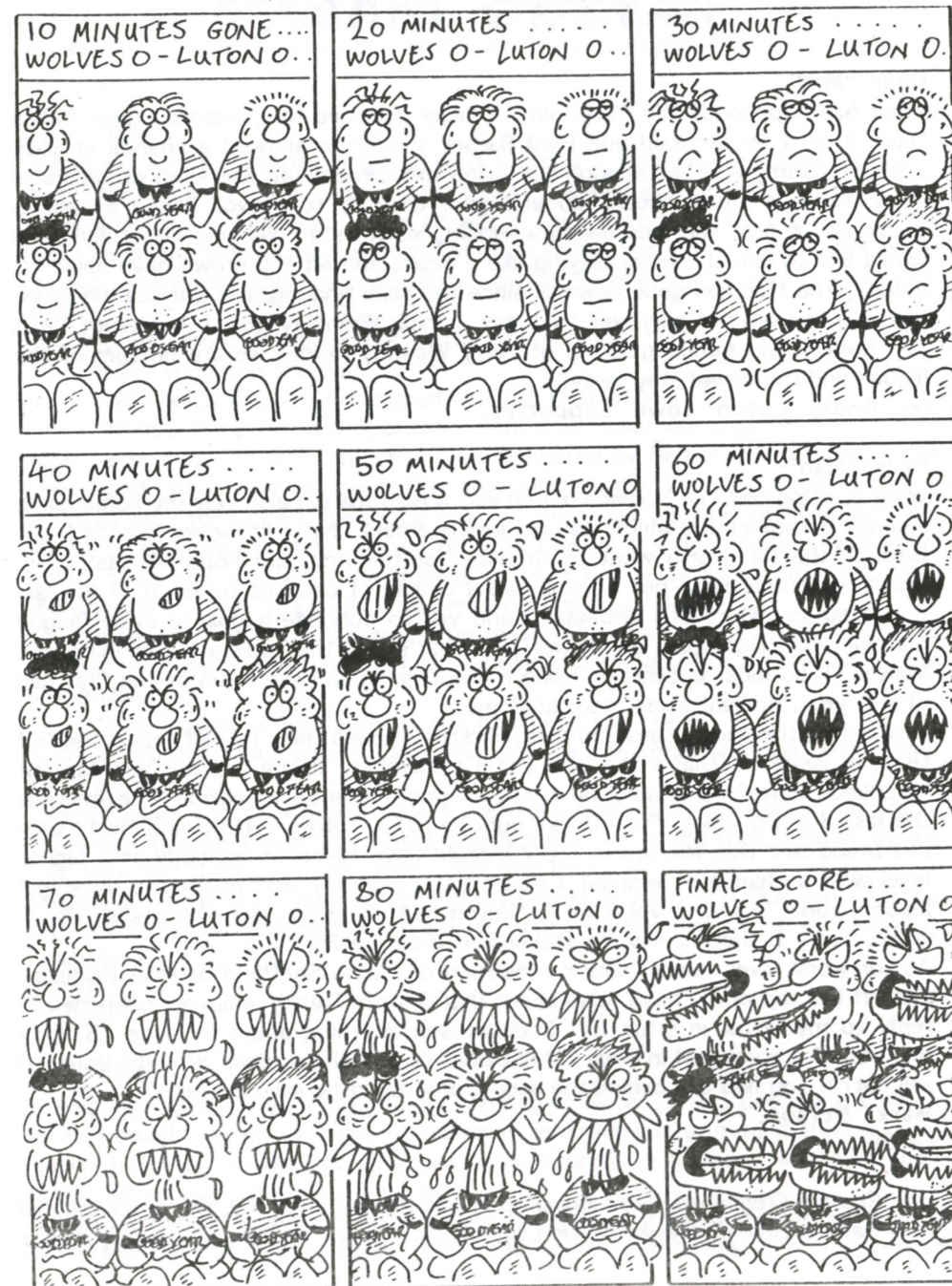
**PART IX
OUT SOON**



Botchup in action, and like his shots, nowhere near the goal.



Boredom setting in at Wolves. Yep, we know the feeling.



RAVING MAD!!!

Dear "Mad",

What has happened? We have lost so many matches this season. I think Kelvin Davis should be dropped and Fred Barber should be allowed a chance in goal. Losing to Derby was bad enough but losing to Bournemouth was even worse. I also think Terry Westley should go and give the job to Trevor Peake as player manager, to give the lads encouragement, so we start winning hopefully!!!!!! I would like to see the team playing like a team, and let the crowd have value for money. The club has gone downhill since the semi final against Chelsea which we lost 2-0, we did not play well that day. I think Wembley got to the team. Let's just hope David Kohler gets rid of Terry Westley before we are bottom of the league and the crowd stay away.

Mr Angry Luton Town Supporter.

Dear "Mad",

What is going on? The Norwich match was a nightmare. I also saw the home game against Bournemouth which was an improvement, but I knew we wouldn't get through the tie. I also went to Grimsby for the first and hopefully last time. Another terrible game but we still had a couple of chances to win it in the last few minutes. We're still unbeaten and yet to concede a goal in away league matches (am I grasping at straws?). If that's still the case after Reading and Millwall I'll be most optimistic. Hope it's not going to be a rerun of the first half of last year. Brilliant away, crap at home.

Just got all the back issues you sent. Flicking through them I loved seeing the '68 team in issue 7. That's the one I still remember. In the Chesterfield fanzine "Crooked Spirite" vol B no 3 rates Luton one of the best Division 4 teams over the last 30 odd years, "Teams like ours in 1970, Luton in 1968 and Notts with Les Bradd and Don Masson in '70-71 could have taken on anybody at a higher level with a chance of winning. I doubt you could say that about the divisional leaders today", and in vol B no 1 "Luton had such legendary heroes as Bruce Rioch, Terry Branston, Ray Whittaker and Brian Lewis".

As for worst ever teams, why no mention of Laurie Sheffield or Mike Harrison, just off the top of my head. Also about that Graham French goal you mentioned in reply to my letter in issue 27. Couldn't see anything about in issue 15, only mention of a good goal in issue 20 but doesn't say who against. Why did issue 10 sell out? If you find any behind the settee or in the attic save me one.

Mark Nelson,
Leeds.

The Graham French goal was featured in the elusive issue 10, which you should now have received, thanks to Mr Leigh Wells. As for worst ever teams, it is a

long time since we did anything on that subject, so any ideas or articles on the subject would be welcomed, but present players are excluded!

Ed.

Dear "Mad",

Something happened today which showed me what a sad state of affairs football is in at the moment. I was sitting with a few "friends" in registration, 2 Man Utd supporters and 2 Liverpool (none of whom have ever been to a game in their lives) when the subject of the Coca Cola Cup arose. I was asked who Luton were playing, and when I told them about our loss to Bournemouth I was fired at with abuse:

"Bournemouth! They're not in the Premiership."

"Face it, Luton are shit."

"Why don't you support a good club like Man United."

"What's the point in supporting Luton, they never win anything."

Sure, I stood up for Luton, but I was outnumbered by Bedford living Manchester United and Liverpool supporters. This fact annoyed me. Why do people think it's unfashionable to support their local side? If these just-getting-into-football fans would stop spending their money on Man United scarves, videos, wallpaper, towels and so on, and spent their money on going to see their local sides play then there would be more of a balance between big and small clubs.

I'm not proud to admit it, but my sister is one of these Man Utd fans. When she was just starting to like football, I invited her to come and see a Town game, but she replied:

"I don't want to waste my money to go and see THEM."

Although strangely she went to see David Preece's testimonial ("and I don't even know who he is").

Twenty years ago (although I wasn't born) it would have been oh-so different. You could look on a map, see where people lived, see where their nearest league club was, and almost certainly they supported them.

I'm not saying that I'd like everyone in my school to support Town, but I think a Bedford school of nearly 900 should have more than two (ain't that right Marcus) Town fans.

Starbug
Bedford.

Dear "Mad",

It was very good of you to print my offering in issue 29 — I got quite a shock when I bought my usual copy. I'm not sure whether you printed it from a good hearted charity or whether all anonymous efforts are included whatever their merit. Either way, thank you very much.

I can only think the present awful outlook has caused my pen hand to twitch — I never felt like this through other Town crises — I think the most depressing thing

is that previous Town teams have always tried to play football, and in most cases to include entertainment. I am minded to remember the occasion when Horace Gager (that splendid uncompromising 'stopper' centre half) was tried at centre forward. It was not an experiment which lasted long — I hope our present curious system doesn't last long either.
A bewildered Old Fart.

We should make it clear that anonymous contribution are not encouraged, but will sometimes be used on merit. We would prefer to have a name and address for all contributions, although names will be withheld on request, and pen names used if preferred. Apart from anything else, if you don't give us your address, we can't send you a free copy of "Mad" by way of thanks for your work. Ed.

Dear "Mad",

I was reading in the paper that Q.P.R. are on the verge of signing Mark Hateley, but because he's got a dodgy knee they won't complete the deal until he passes a medical.

What a brilliant idea — I mean, what club would be stupid enough to sign an injured player who may end up in plaster, unable to play for weeks on end?

Geoff Henman

Luton.

PS: Anyone know how Darren Patterson is getting on?

Dear "Mad",

I popped back to sunny Hertfordshire last weekend and was dragged, kicking, to Suffolk for what turned out to be a very interesting day out. A novel experience this season of seeing a Luton victory.

On the subject of the match, I must add that Oldfield will need to do a damn sight more than score one goal in 11 games to get my vote of confidence. Also, I am sure people have been locked up for less outrageous acts than those performed by Westley at the end of the match. Some of those positions were not fit for family, Sunday afternoon viewing!

Guy Kingham,
Eastbourne.

Dear "Mad",

After a long journey to Prenton Park, and a very long 90 minutes, I found myself in the pub arguing with a Tranmere supporter, who was so pissed he told me that Luton had deserved to win (I beg to differ). He also told me we had looked a very talented side. Did I mention he was pissed?

Anyway, in these sad circumstances, I found a song coming together in my head, to the tune of Supergrass' 'Alright'.

We're not young
But we're free,

We are bottom
Of the league,
We can't play,
We are white,
We are shite.

I did however, feel guilty ten minutes later as I met the team for the first time, and they were all really nice (apart from Ceri — but then he's far too busy being tough, I understand).

I managed to control the urge to trip Bontcho up when he came out of the dressing room (can anyone tell me why he didn't answer when I asked him if he'd had a good game?). I would've redeemed myself afterwards when I told Kelvin he was handsome. He blushed, obviously not realising I was joking. It's tough at the bottom.

Yours,

Bontcho's Bollocks!

Bedford.

Ed's note: A letter beautifully handwritten on Manchester United notepaper. A gift apparently!

Nice try Terry!

You have had your opportunity and you blew it. When you were appointed manager after David P***t left, you were thankful for the opportunity given to you by the board and the club to manage. It seems quite clearly that your 'style' does not work. Three times in home games we have gone one goal up (v West Brom, Derby and Leicester) only to lose or draw.

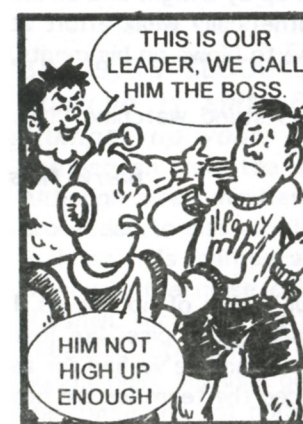
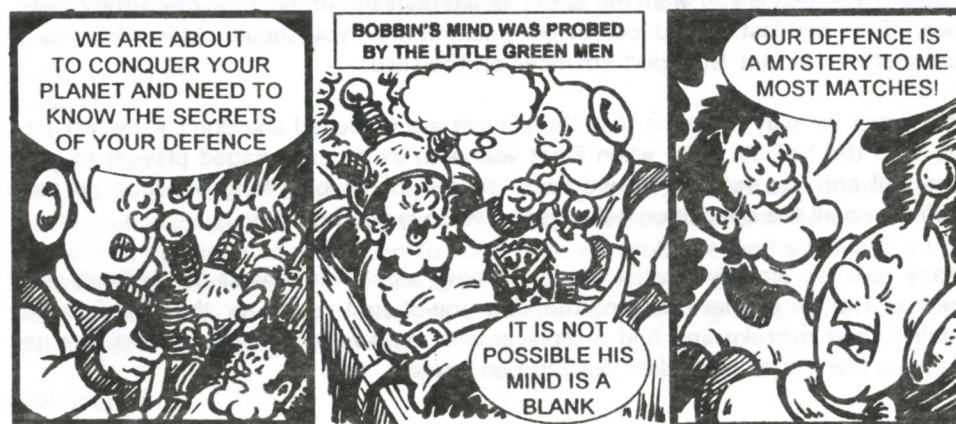
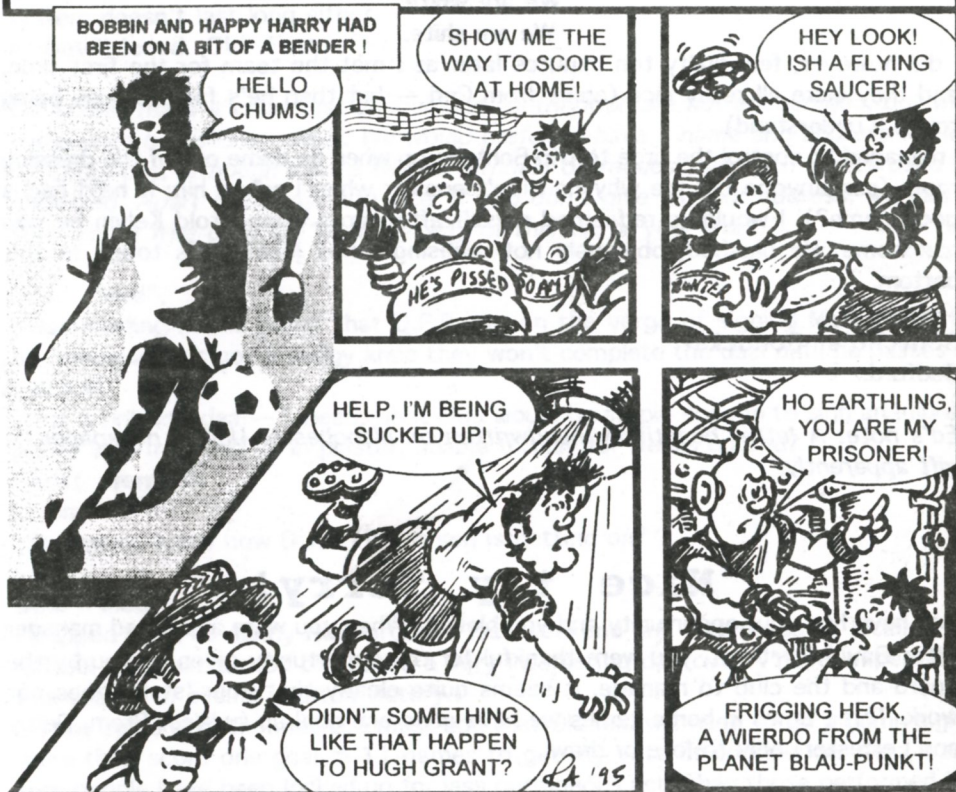
After every game you went on about performances, about how good they were, even if we had lost. If you look at our position now, you should realise that points are more important than performances on the field.

Whenever we play it seems that the players are confused and don't know what to do with the ball. At least when Pleat was with us he encouraged players to pass the ball and run with it. All we seem to do now is play long misdirected balls upfield, so all the opposition defence has to do is head it away.

Many fans are already against you continuing, as shown against Sunderland, and I believe that in the interests of the club you should resign, or the board should realise their mistake and find a replacement as soon as possible, so we can get back on track and consolidate our position (again!).

Anthony Reid

Whatever happened to Bobbin Dino?



DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY

09.09.95 READING 2 TOWN (a lucky) 1

A game which Reading won without really getting going; Luton having plenty of possession, but doing sod all with it again. The outcome of this match was so predictable, that Reading even gave us a goal start to make it interesting. The penalty they got never was, and neither was the one we didn't get straight afterwards.

Having gone through enough of an ordeal inside the ground, the crust on the turd was us being ambushed at the station, by 20-25 Reading twats, with no old bill in sight. A big 'hello' to Thames Valley Police, wherever you spend your Saturdays.

Objét

13.09.95 MILLWALL 1 TOWN 0

As a Luton supporting resident of the London Borough of Lewisham, Millwall away is my equivalent of a "home" game. However, following defeats to Derby and Reading, we approached the New Den with low expectations.

First shock was the team news; in goal, Ian Feuer (who??). Having rung the Clubcall an hour previously there was no mention of yet another keeper. The second shock was how good he was. (Thanks for the up-to-date information Clubcall).

Pre match we'd have been happy with a point, but as matters progressed, realisation came that the longer it went on, the more we looked capable of stealing all 3. The defence was now looking OK soaking up some pretty aimless attacking, and the counter attacks were coming swiftly — with the half chances going begging needless to say!

Particularly surprising was David Oldfield as he was all over the place, competing and running at defenders — he actually looked quite good (Did I really say that?). Then with 10 minutes to go it all changed. Set up by Dwight and on his own in the box with a chance to settle it he rolled a pathetically weak effort at Keller. The abuse started, off the pitch 2 supporters came to blows on his merits, while on it Oldfield went back to his usual ineffectual self.

You know the rest: last minute, through ball, defenders stand watching, 1-0. Despair. Goodbye and Goodnight.

Barry Mills

16.09.95 SH*T F.C. 0 SUNDERLAND 2

Going down, going down, going down.....

To say we were a f***ing disgrace is complimenting our bunch of no hoppers. I thought we were bad against Derby, but this is just taking the piss. We just haven't got a bloody clue. This has to be the worst Luton team we've had for as long as I can remember. Once again our superb boss changed the team for the nth

time running (that makes a change!) and we still didn't look like scoring (well, what do you expect with Oldfield playing up front, and Guentchev in the team!). The goals; Mullin sent clean through, onside, while our defence appealed vainly for offside and watched him slot the ball in. The second was by old boy Phil Gray who cheekily lobbed our 12 foot tall keeper on 81 minutes. In between the goals, Feuer, who looks quite good, brilliantly saved a penalty on 63 mins. Our performance was summed up to a tee by one of the papers: "Sunderland weren't good, Luton just made them look world class".

So come on Luton, get something sorted out. Mr Kohler, my advice to you is: Westley OUT, McGiven OUT, Bontcho OUT, Oldfield OUT, Goals IN, Results IN and Decent Players IN. Because DK, if you don't do something, supporters will start deserting us (if they haven't done so already), and fans will be calling for your head once more. God forbid, if we carry on playing at this disgraceful standard then it will make bloody Mitchell look like our best player — and then we'll know something is wrong.

The Original

PS: Poor old Brian Swain, he's got to pick a Man of the Match out of this lot for the HatterLeague. If I was him I would pick Scott Oakes because (a) he's in my team and (b) he can hold his head up and say he had nothing to do with this performance.

23.09.95 WOLVES 0 TOWN 0

A lesson in the art of frustration. Essentially this match was one which got better as it went on for Town supporters, and worse for the home fans, who must find it difficult to believe that their team can be so awful. Favourites for promotion before the season started, they look as if midtable will be a good finish. And speaking of finishes, Graham Taylor must be thinking that too finish the season with a job will be good going, although going is more likely to be his fate. The Town performance was OK, but there were still few chances created, against a side which was there for the taking.

K.F.H.

30.09.95 BLOODY HELL WE WON FC 3 PORTSMOUTH 1

Bontcho is shit, Bontcho is shit (You can stick your bloody trumpet up your. . .)

Carrying on from the miracle displayed at Molineux, we finally won at home. Although a few minutes late, the Pompey bastard with the music turned up and proceeded to piss us all off with his trumpet (although credit where credit's due, at least he's learned a few tunes now rather than a couple of years back!). However, the noise only turned out to be background music for Luton when Marshall, receiving a ball from Feuer via a Pompey defender, slotted past the keeper effortlessly. It was soon 2-0 to the Town when a Vilstrup free kick wasn't held. Marshall got it to Alexander who rossed in for Steve Davis to take the frame and pot home. Walsh pulled one back for Pompey with a goal from at

least 10 yards offside which the blind bastard on the line failed to see. After the break, first Waddock was floored blatantly in the area but no penalty, then Marshall was felled and we got a penalty. Spot kick specialist Botchup scored another penalty which means he's kept in the side for another 5 games. A minute later cheating Git(tens) got deservedly sent off for pulling down Taylor on the halfway line.

Anyway, back to our star forward. When will Westley realise that he is crap? He is slow on the ball and when he loses it, he dives/falls over and wonders why he doesn't get the free kick. You hear people argue "well, at least he tries" but that doesn't matter, the fact is he's still shit — and always will be (but as long as he scores penalties he's in our side). Although when we got him on a free, from Ipswich of all teams, what should we expect!

Hopefully, this is the kickstart our season needed, and let's face it, when we were at the bottom before this match, the only way is up!

The Original

07.10.95 TRANMERE ROVERS 1 TOWN 0

Not much positive to say about this performance (what's new?). The game was all over by the 4th minute thanks to the customary anti-Luton predatorial instincts of Aldo (ably assisted by the 100% incompetence of Graham 'sunny Scunny' Alexander's joke clearance from right back to their left wing).

Rovers have improved their ground impressively since our last visit, and we had an excellent view for £8 — pity the fare on offer was not better. But to think that 10 years ago Tranmere nearly folded and we were doing OK in the top flight. Just look at our respective homes now. . . .

Oh, and how long must we suffer Botchup Guentchev?

Steve F.

11.10.95 GENOA 4 TOWN 0

The things we go through to watch this shower. A 21 hour coach journey, each way, to see something short of a full team get totally and utterly outclassed. What we expect and what we get are two very different things, but just about every one of the 200 or so Town supporters who had made the trip felt short changed by the team that we fielded. It was some way short of a full team and made a joke of the claim that we might make money out of the Anglo Italian Cup if we got to the later stages. The Town fans present in the magnificent Luigi Ferraris stadium managed to give the game a bit of atmosphere, at least until Genoa scored their first goal. From then on it was all rather subdued, as the Italian side made it all look so easy. In the second half, with a 3-0 lead, they didn't really try, and still scored another, and might have had more. The Town only even came close to scoring once. OK, so Genoa are the Serie B leaders, and will be promoted, but this was a 4-0 that could have been 7 or 8.

K.F.H.

14.10.95 TOWN 1 WEST BROM 2

Some colourful Throstles from Brum,

Came down to the Town to have fun,

They got it all right,

Were beat out of sight,

But bagged all the points, Blast the scum!

A Boring Old Fart

Yet another Home game of a familiar pattern. A bright start, a Town goal, then down hill from there. For 60 minutes we looked OK, and the powderpuff Davis penalty should have settled things — why didn't you blast it Stevo? As soon as that didn't go in, it was over, Albion totally dominating the last 30 minutes.

Jez

22.10.95 IPSWICH TOWN 0 TOWN 1

Embarrassment

For once it wasn't the performance of the Town which led to the feeling of embarrassment on a matchday. This day a far greater force was at play. Being forced to watch the Ipswich game on Anglia due to work commitments, I settled down in the armchair with my parents (*all in the same armchair? Ed*) to see what would ensue. My first cringe of the afternoon came when the opposing managers were interviewed in the tunnel prior to kick off. Mr Burghley gave some intelligent comment about the plight of his team and Terry Westley managed the same. But when the microphone went back to the Ipswich supremo, Terry metamorphosed into Phil Cool — as surely the king of gurning would have been proud of the facial expressions that he pulled. He seemed to lose all control, as his tongue and lips went into multiple spasms. We can feel fortunate (or not as the case may be) that George Burghley did not spot this or his fiery Scottish temper may have got the better of him! To the game itself, not a classic but 3 points well earned. I must admit to being pleased but again some strange force came over old TW. He had obviously mistaken a league win over Ipswich in October for a May day at Wembley, as the like of his celebrations would not have been out of place at the Twin Towers (or even Maine Road on the final day of a season). OK, he used to be connected with Ipswich and 30 plus members of the clan McWestley were supposed to be present, but a little decorum please! Besides, jumping on Peakey like that at his age could have had serious repercussions.

The game may have ended, but Terry had decided to go out with a bang, leave a lasting impression on everyone. During the post match interview, when asked to sum up the Town performance, instead of using one of hundreds of standard adjectives, he decides to invent a new one. As bold as you like, with an audience of millions, in best Bernard Matthews dialect he described the victory as "Hermendous" (apologies to TW if the spelling is incorrect). After such a performance one can only hope that a LWT executive watched this transmission and had the good sense and common decency to spare us a repeat when we

entertained Charlton. Of course, as you read this you will already know, but I will have been watching carefully just in case.

The Harrow Hatter

28.10.95 TOWN 0 CHARLTON ATHLETIC (a very predictable)1

Why the hell did LWT want to show this game? I have never (since 1988) seen a decent game between these 2 teams, and the fixture is a sure bet for a single goal — Charlton's today.

Although Charlton deserved the win, I have never seen a team in this country waste so much time — from about the 20th minute. Any armchair viewer who was still awake, must have switched off/over long before the end.

Objét

04.11.95 STOKE CITY 5 TOWN 0

Stoke stoke fires of discontent.....

There were times during the game when I thought "maybe, maybe, things are starting to improve". But it turned out Stoke were merely having a breather. For much of the second half, we were passing the ball around fairly well, but even with the promising looking Riseth, we were unable to get one decent shot on target. I could compare our amount of possession without scoring, to Liverpool, but that would be grossly unfair to the Scousers. Give me an impotent Fowler, Rush and Collymore any day.

Anyway, back to the shitty game; After we had dominated the 2nd half for nearly 30 minutes, Stoke went upfield, and 2 excellent Feuer saves later, scored their second. A minute later, if it hadn't been all over before — it bloody well was now, 3-0.

At this point we decided enough was enough, and headed towards the car, and home. I feel sorry for those who stayed, but I was quite pleased to hear on the radio that we had let another 2 in, hoping 5-0 would be enough to see the back of Westley, which sadly, at the time of writing, it appears not to have been.

Objét

IT'S LIKE I KEPT TRYING TO TELL PLEAT,
YOU'D BE HAPPIER BUYING A PROPERTY
PORTFOLIO INSTEAD OF PLAYERS!



Feuer at Kenilworth Road, senses the shape of things to come. A balls up.



Marv and Trev meet John Dreyer at Stoke. Why does he look so mystified? Did they tell him that Town were going to win. Oh no, he'd have been laughing.

Racism in Football

In the *Independent on Sunday* (Sept 17th) there was an article about Asians in Football, and how they are finding it difficult to get into professional football. The interesting point about this is that there are a few lines from Terry Westley (the Town youth coach at the time of the quotes). The lines are: "They have a problem with their build, which is very slight, and they don't like the physical element". He worried that "their eating habits are a bit of a problem". These lines are direct from the *Independent on Sunday*.

I am slightly confused about this. Are not Gurkhas Asian, or weren't Japanese Kamikaze pilots Asian? Do I also recall that the Koreans in the World Cup seem to have a habit of ripping through (white) European defences?

If we expand the implication from the Westley statement about the physical element then Glen Hoddle or Matt Le Tiss would be a problem, since neither are renowned for playing a physical game. Presumably if fat Matt ever came up for a free transfer then Westley would not want him.

Are we seeing a case of Ron 'Black players can't play in winter' Noades here? Perhaps it might be that because players do not rely on physical size to play football their skills are superior.

The eating habits also surprises me. What is the issue? If a player does not want to eat what is served up then can they not use their own food (Andrei Kanchelskis takes his own food to the training ground). Also, airlines, hotels, restaurants etc. seem to cope with people who do not want what is served up. Give any place notice and there should be no problem.

All I know as a football fan is that I do not care what creed or colour a player is. What I want to see are skilful football players, not bloody Vinny Jones's. Luton has a large Asian community. If we had Asian players how many of this community would we attract to our games?

Westley, wake up, there is a community out there waiting to be tapped. There are Asian leagues all around us, out there could be the next Hoddle, Le Tissier, or Micky Harford. Discounting a community on colour and prejudice is not on. Comments please, Mr Westley.

Martin Parsons

One week later, in the *Daily Telegraph* (25th September), Terry Westley is **quoted** as saying, "We are desperate to take a YTS Asian footballer", which **represents** something of a turnaround. Apparently, Colwyn Rowe, the Town

community football officer, has run coaching sessions for Asian children, which is a step in the right direction, but there is a lot to be done.

On the 24th September, Bradford City fielded a full first team in a match against an Asian UK XI, which Bradford won 3-1, in front of a crowd of over 2,000. It may not have meant anything, but it is a start in building relations with the local Asian community. How about giving it a try here?

Wanted: If anyone living in the Milton Keynes area could give me a lift to Town matches (home/away), then I would be very grateful. Please ring Milton Keynes (01908) 233683 and ask for Anthony in Flat 7. Thank you.

Oohhh Ahhhh the boy's got Talent

At the risk of sounding mildly optimistic, I reckon the crop of players we now have at the club is one of the best we've had in years. That's not to say I agree with TW's fantasy on Anglia News recently that we are good for the top six. As I write this we're joint bottom with Port Vale. Before the hiccup of the worst start to a season I can remember, things looked on the up. Kohler and his buddies had reached into the coffers for the odd schilling (*sic*) and Westley had gone shopping and, judging by a couple of his signings, he must have travelled no further than the Arndale. OK, so he's bought a few also rans in the likes of Oldfield, Alexander and Johnson, but both Steve Davis and Vilstrup look class. So, what's the problem?

It's the manager. Simple. So get your head out of the sand now, Kohler, and look around for a replacement, including one for McGiven. How can anyone without any pro football behind him gain respect in the changing room or on the pitch. One look at how the improvement in the Sunderland performance came about, as soon as Peter Reid came down from the Main Stand to verbally lash out as his men, should show Kohler the way. Luton need a manager who the players want to play for, in a system that is equal to their abilities. I've heard 3-5-2 mentioned as how we've been playing; well, against Sunderland more like 5-3-2, but then who gives a shit whether it looks like a Christmas tree formation or something choreographed by Pan's People. If Newcastle were to play Luton tomorrow playing 10-0-0 they'd still thrash us. You know, Kohler, that one of the best attributes a canny businessman can have is to be able to predict the markets. Well, if the team continue like this Kenilworth Road might well be home to crappy leathers and fruit and veg.

So, what are you going to do? Give him until Easter? Christmas? Guy Fawkes day would be appropriate!

Jimmy G.

Love 'em or Hate 'em

Anyone who read the superbly glossy article in the Luton News supplement about female fans at Kenilworth Road will know that the ladies are now an integral part of the scene at Luton Town. Indeed, if they want to make a new TV series about women in a male dominated world then they should make one a tough ball-bustin' drama called "Newberry and Leather"..... Cherry dispatches a deviant looking 'fan' who's trying to pass a cheque without a valid guarantee card, whilst in the Nick Owen suite Kathy whispers to the gooky looking sponsor "Keep your dirty hands to yourself homeboy!"..... Sorry, I'm going no further down that line (*there's a relief - Ed*).

No, women at football matches. Perfectly alright as far as I'm concerned. But why, oh why, when you're calling for the head of a player or the manager, is there always a little woman there to verbally accuse you of sacrilege. "THAT'S NOT THE WAY — YOU SHOULD ENCOURAGE THE TEAM — GIVE THEM YOUR SUPPORT". Is it the mothering instinct? Are they a little bit mad? Why can't they drive as well as men? Yes, I know that's all sexist rubbish — but why do these women (or that woman in particular — I've heard her lots of times if it is) make it so easy to seek solace in the stereotype?

Tim Kingston

BBC 1

7:00 PM TERRY AND JUNE

This week June can't believe it as Terry, and his friend Mick, take over the management of a football club, with hilarious consequences.

Terry.....Terry Scott
June.....June Whitfield
Mick.....Wayne Kurr
Mr Kohler.....Robin Usblind
Johnny Vilstrup.....Lars Elstrup
Kathy Leather.....Norma Stitts
David Oldfield.....Mike Hunt
Rpt.

FILM STARS??

After watching the Millwall game I thought there was some hope, but the Sunderland game was the nadir. The tactics of 5-3-2 should surely imply that on occasions it can be 3-5-2. I've hardly seen any examples of this, and then the return of 4-4-2 in the second half of the Sunderland game should have been an opportunity to rejoice — but no, this confidence lacking team seems to have forgotten everything they learnt under David Pleat, and apart from Steve Davis and possibly Vilstrup, the newcomers are predictably not up to it.

After the debacle of the last 20 minutes I suffered, drove home, discarded my programme and picked up "Time Out Film Guide". Inspiration! Let's pick suitable films appropriate to some of the present and past players and management.

Here's my list in no particular order:

David Pleat	The Great Escape
Bontcho Guentchev	The Invisible Man
David Kohler	Dracula Has Risen From The Grave
Des Linton	Zombies (Dawn Of The Dead)
Scott Oakes	Top Gun
Paul Telfer	Far From the Madding Crowd
Mark Pembridge	Wish You Were Here
Trevor Peake	Grumpy Old Men
Ceri Hughes	The Wild One
Richard Harvey	While You Were Sleeping
Terry Westley	Under Fire
David Oldfield	They Shoot Horses Don't They?
Gary Waddock	True Grit
Mitchell Thomas	Those Glory Glory Days

Any better inspiration? It beats watching the team these days!

Andy Davis

Dear Mr Kohler

Re : Appointment of Terry Westley and Mick McGiven as manager and assistant.

You were wrong. Please appoint Wayne Turner.

Lots of Love

Most Luton Fans

Loyal Town supporters branded as 'Yobbos' by Westley (Sept 2nd 1995)

This incident occurred after the sixth league game of the season, when another uninspiring performance by most of the Town players had resulted in Terry Westley being given a hard time, and another defeat for the Town at Reading.

Terry called them yobbos, but seemed to be able to see their point. After all, they do pay their hard earned and see every game the Town plays, and therefore have some right to feel aggrieved.

They're not the only ones who should feel aggrieved. Comparisons were made with the previous season. After six games of the 1994/95 season we were higher up the division, had lost fewer games, had more points, had scored more but had conceded more. We had been dumped out of the League Cup by lower division opposition (*some things never change*). All in all, the start this year was worse in almost every area.

After the signings during the summer, perhaps we were all looking for the unexpected — the sight of more Town wins and a team challenging for the top in a division that seems more and more crap every game I see.

Take Leicester for instance. We were crap and they were worse. Hughes' goal was a direct result of being the only one of the twenty-two that thought he was in a game. The reply was pretty bizarre and after watching it repeatedly on TV it got no better. Where are Leicester now? 1st.

Derby came and were crap, and so were we, and again after a bright start heads dropped and another defeat was registered. After the inept performance against Perugia we were told that Scott Oakes would be back and then we'd see things turned round! Some hope.

Since we were shafted by Preece we have no midfield player capable of creating anything. Ceri Hughes could do the job, if only he could avoid getting banned for once a season! Otherwise we have no-one.

The injection of Vilstrup for the Millwall game changed things a little and he looked like he was willing to put it about as well as supplying the front men with some ammo. Unfortunately we were crap, Millwall were crap, the difference being they scored one of their few chances and we squandered all ours.

We hear this week that another Dane, Strudal, could be coming our way, but before we get the full S.P. he's not. If the teletext report was right, he wouldn't come for a trial period as he thought he was good enough already. Who can blame him, he's a full Denmark international for Christ's sake, not a pleb from Slovenia or some regional league player from Germany!

So what are the differences?

1994/94	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
20 Luton Town	10	2	4	4	10	14	10
1995/96	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
23 Luton Town	10	2	3	5	8	13	9

At a glance the start to the season hasn't been much worse than last year, what really wrangles with most people is that we have been bottom and at the time of writing are next to bottom which is far worse than being 20th! Last year we also had the satisfaction of going to Watford and clobbering them, this year we've had no such entertainment!

Football isn't a linear sport! Getting four is a good score, but five is a thrashing! Being fourth or fifth from bottom is infinitely better than being below that nasty little line that appears on the tables showing who's in the relegation spots!

Personally, I've been depressed by the seeming lack of coherence in the team. I've seen Town teams play badly before, but never have the opponents been consistently as poor! I feel Terry Westley needs to get a settled side with a decent ball player in the middle, and more importantly, some signs that Town players are willing to put as much time and effort into the game as the loyal Luton Town supporters do when they put on a Luton Town shirt. It all comes down to passion — blood, sweat and tears.

Kaptain Kettle

NICE to see Luton at 125-1 with William Hill to lift the Coca-Cola Cup yesterday. Shame they were knocked out in the first round.

From The Guardian,
23 Sept 1995.

On the internet?

Join WHOSH

Worldwide Hatters

on the Super Highway

email request-ltfc@robots.ox.ac.uk

The W*tford Ref?!

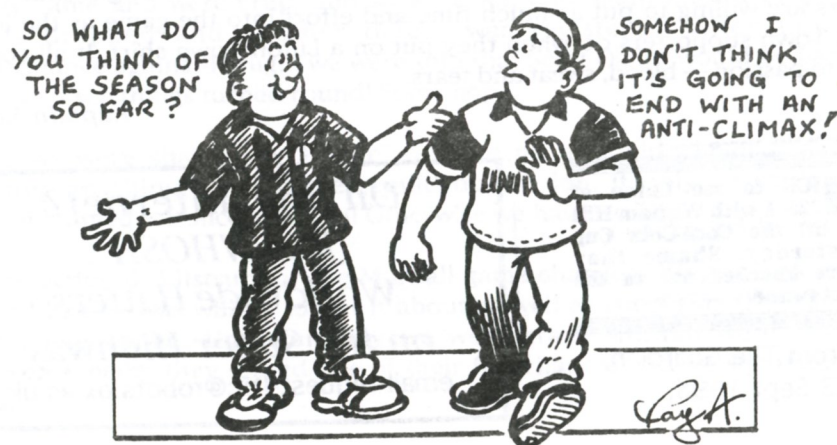
I have eventually unravelled the mystery of the 3-3 draw with Wolves (I think). For those who can't remember it was the one that lasted 95 minutes. The ref that night was the 'Legal & General' bloke, Graham Pooley. To add to the Wolves game, 3 other games have made me wonder if Mr Pooley is a scummer. Yes, that's right, he could support W*tford. I now submit the evidence:

1. Wolves (home) Drew 3-3 4th April 1995
95 minutes
2. Stoke (home) Lost 3-2 7th May 1995
No injury time to report in this game, maybe because we were losing.
3. Southend (away) Won 1-0 19th August 1995
90 minutes were up and the Town were leading 1-0 and then, just like in the Wolves game, Mr Pooley adds five minutes of unaccountable injury time. Then he realised, unlike the Wolves game, that Southend were never gonna score and blew up.
4. Charlton 2 Scum 1 (The Valley) 29th August 1995
With the scum losing 2-1 and 90 minutes gone, our Graham decides to add nearly 10 minutes of injury time for what the bloke on the radio describes as "no reason".

So, in short, when Luton are winning or the scum are losing he plays until either (a) Town concede a goal.... (b) the scum score or (c) he can't add any more time. There is also another piece of evidence against the accused. He lives in Hertfordshire. Who are the only league team in Hertfordshire? W*tford. I rest my case.

R.H.

PS. Good to see Pooley got the worst ref of the season in the awards. When he next referees one of our games, I shall look forward to the chants of "SCUMMER".



Ceri Hughes 462 Other Luton Players 1

16th Sept 1995

Att: 6000 odd

Funny how two games can be played on the same pitch at the same time isn't it? While 10 players were putting up a performance worthy of a Blankety Blank cheque book and pen and losing badly to Sunderland, Ceri Hughes was holding his own personal battle — again! Not only content this time to fist opposing players and treat the ref with the same respect you'd give the neighbours cat who'd just shat on your roses (all of this of course admirable for any self respecting midfielder), Ceri wanted to slag off the rest of the team. Every badly timed shot (2 actually), every misplaced pass (hundreds), Ceri told his team 'mate' what he thought. That's where the 462 comes from; based on some loose chaos theory and the 460 crap passes and 2 attempted shots — that's how many times Hughesie mouthed off. So, the up shot is that Hughes won by a very large margin and should be proud of himself, right? Big F**k off wrong, sucker!!! I was so hoarse when I got home through shouting at his lazy arse, I felt as if I had been to a good match or something. Before I commit him to a life of misery when he plays close to the enclosure any more this season, let me sum up his ability:

Aggression	Yeah, bundles of it but lately it's been channelled at his own team.	3/10
Fitness	Totally injury prone after the nightmare at Spurs, slow as shite as well. Plays for only 10 minutes each half.	1/10
Control	As bad as anyone at Luton these days. Non-existent.	2/10
Passing	He usually expects players to control the ball on any part of the anatomy other than their foot.	2/10
Morale	This is where Ceri is so influential. He has the innate ability to reduce all the people around him to feel as bad as he does. The only spirit he has in him on a Saturday is what's left over from Friday night.	0/10
Shooting	Possibly only good attribute, with a better than average hit rate of 5%.	4/10
Vocabulary	Quantity, but not quality I'm afraid.	0/10
Leadership	Like Hitler, Mussolini and the like. Rule by fear. Yeah, well it upsets Dwight and the rest of the boys, so less of the bullying.	0/10

TOTAL 12/80

Now, because after the Sunderland game I think you are a total wanker I'm going to deduct the 12 points you have scored.

REVISED TOTAL 0/80

So, there it is people. Ceri is a waste in all departments. If you have any sense Westley, get rid NOW.

Jimmy G.



Graham Alexander puffs up his chest, and prepares to try and make a challenge.

Items available from The Donkey Sanctuary

Books



- 1. FOR THE LOVE OF DONKEYS**
Fully illustrated with colour pictures. Dr Svendsen's autobiography of the past 12 years. Proceeds to DS. £9.50 inc P & P



- 2. THE BUMPER BOOK OF DONKEYS**
Something to interest every member of the family. Proceeds to DS. £10.00 inc P & P

The Donkey Sanctuary



Christmas gifts for Watford fans?

The Mystery of the Mental Rabbit

With the season barely two months old, one had already been banished to finding solace and comfort (and if possible, the answer) at the bottom of an empty pint glass. However, the conversation invariably turns to reminiscing about the good old days, and an intriguing topic that recently cropped up was that of a certain mental rabbit.

For those who are not so familiar with the intricacies of our beloved club, Mental Rabbit was a mascot who graced Kenilworth Road and other grounds the length and breadth of the country over the period of 1989-1990. The wee fellow himself was around 6" tall and of orange appearance, and was involved in a ritual which would see him hoisted above the heads of Town fans who would pay homage to their idol by crowding around, pointing, and chanting "There's only one Mental Rabbit".

The general consensus of opinion after a heavy drinking session down the Old Sugar Loaf, was that said rabbit was last seen at a league match at Selhurst Park. Further investigations have confirmed that the day in question was Sunday the 16th of December 1990, in a game which the Town lost 1-0 to Crystal Palace.

The chilling events of that day unfolded as follows:

- 15.22 Mark Bright scores with an unmarked header to put Palace 1-0 ahead.
- 15.24 Town fans, increasingly disgruntled by Palace fans beside us "taking the proverbial", talk of unleashing secret weapon.
- 15.25 Mental Rabbit is thrust into the air to combat Palace jibes. Surrounding ensemble gather to hail Mental Rabbit.
- 15.27 Local Constabulary move in to diffuse potentially riotous situation.
- 15.28 Mental Rabbit, accompanied by minder, is led out of the ground, never to be seen again.

Now, I don't know what sort of charge the owner of Mental rabbit was going to face — I am not sure that there is a law against the wanton exploitation of a stuffed rabbit — but to my knowledge Mental has never been seen since.

There have been a number of suggestions as to the movements of Mental Rabbit since the dramatic events of that cold December day. Perhaps he has been put out to graze in the Mental Rabbit retirement home; or, on a more serious note, there have been rumours that Mental Rabbit didn't manage to

come away from the ground with his life as there were a lot of "Eagles" present at the match. But, whatever happened to Mental Rabbit, the mystery lives on.

Led

PS: I can't think why that Bournemouth copper would want to belt Kevin Phillips. . . .

Extracts from the 'Coaching Dictionary' by Messrs Westley and McGiven

(Found, lying near the toilets after the Sunderland match)

- ATTACK** An out of date word which has been banned from all training sessions.
- BEAT YOUR MAN** An activity which does not form part of our training routine (for use only by earthy types outside a late night boozier!).
- CHANNELS** These are imaginary lines parallel to the centre in the Luton half, where the ball may be passed (but not otherwise).
- CRUPPERS** Those special white pieces at the back of Luton Town's present strip shorts to aid recognition in a crowded midfield.
- MIDFIELD** The KEY area on a football pitch (what happens in the goal area at either end is nobody's business, and certainly not ours!).
- MOVE OFF THE BALL** To be avoided at all costs. A highly dangerous manoeuvre as it suggests a plan behind our playing policy.
- PASS** A high lofted ball to a non-existent, 6'7" tall, forward.
- RUN FROM MIDFIELD** A special activity only used by Town players from the centre circle to the Kenny End before the kick off.
- SHOT** In view of Luton's non-aggression policy this word is never used with any meaning.
- SPACE** An are on the field intelligent players search for, and move to. All Luton players must be taught to keep together.
- TEAM** A collection of individuals all running in different directions and disagreeing about who should do what.
- TOUCH** An ability (held by Beardsley, Gascoigne etc) to be RUTHLESSLY coached from Luton Town players.
- WATCH THE BALL** A highlight of the McGiven method to be used especially before the break, at the start of, and at any time during the second half. It should be used during defensive mode (ie. always).

A bewildered Old Fart

Match of the 80's

GUNNERS BLOWN AWAY

April 24th, 1988. What started as a day out at Wembley for thousands of fans, ended in victorious triumph, as Luton Town collected their only major trophy in 103 years. At the present rate 2091 seems about right for the next piece of silverware. Elton Welsby's last remark of "Nothing, absolutely nothing, could beat what we've seen here at Wembley this afternoon", coupled with summariser David Pleat's comment, "I think it's the most dramatic second half of many a long day of a cup final", summed up the whole day in less than 31 words.

I myself had spent the morning with my parents doing a bit of sightseeing around Trafalgar Square. I was only twelve at the time. However, the best sightseeing that day occurred at Wembley. The team news threw a couple of surprises. Sealey was left out at the last minute with Dibble coming in for only his sixth game of the season. A hero in his own right. 19 year old Kingsley Black also played. Arsenal were at full strength.

From the start Arsenal had taken the initiative and put some decent pressure on the Hatters goal, but against the run of play Brian Stein expertly finished a Steve Foster through ball to put us one up. Mick Harford then saw a header just clear the bar as Arsenal, below their best, began to claw their way back into it. The half time whistle blew. Only 45 minutes to hold out, but that is, as always, much easier said than done. The second half was evenly matched, and Stein's header from a Harford run and cross, produced An outstanding save from Lukic in the Gunners goal. Twenty five minutes remained when, in a desperate bid to save the game, George Graham sent on Martin Hayes in place of the tireless, but ineffective Groves. It proved a masterminded move.

After being on the pitch for only five minutes, Hayes scrambled in a goal after a chipped Paul Davis free kick had caused confusion within the Town area. Arsenal hadn't sat down from celebrating the equaliser when Alan Smith found too much space on the right and squeezed his shot inside Dibble's near post. The script had been written. The big boys never lose.

Continued pressure from the Gooners resulted in two or three fabulous saves from Dibble, who was single handedly keeping Luton in it. Then, ten minutes from time, the elusive Rocastle decided to die (why wouldn't anybody want to die when they're 2-1 up?) in the penalty area and ref Joe Worrall blew for foul play. Time was up. Defeat was all but a formality. Winterburn placed the ball on the penalty spot. The next ten seconds decided the fate of the cup. Dibble guessed correctly (I didn't actually see it, too many people were

standing up, but the reaction of the Luton faithful behind the goal to my left led me to believe that the Sun newspaper had vegetable feelings coming on for the Arsenal left back), and Luton were still in it. Two minutes later, the inability and incompetence of Gus Caesar to clear a straightforward ball in his own penalty area, resulted in Stein squeezing a cross in for Danny Wilson to tap in a headed equalizer. Ricky Hill said he actually fancied extra time. George Graham said he fancied a bung. Regardless, eight minutes remained for somebody to win the match. A minute remained when Danny Wilson's free kick was headed clear, but only to Grimes, whose superb precise cross was tucked away by Brian Stein, and that was it. It was over. The final seconds were played and then the whistle. The Stein brothers embraced each other. Dibble and Hill embraced one another. Steve Foster embraced Ray Harford, who almost smiled, but didn't and eventually got the sack. But for all the smiles, all the cheers and all the dejected Michael Thomas's crying in the centre circle, the fact was we had won the only major silverware in the club's long history. Until the Guinness Soccer Six, that is.

Tony Allbones



POETRY CORNER

Some random lines following yet another home defeat against Charlton

Our Town is NOT for relegation
We're not a bunch of helpless foals you'll see,
Our goals against is near the same as Leicester City's,
And they're up with nobs at top of tree.

But Luton were a team of cultured passing,
Of keeping the light ball upon the floor,
Now frantic rush and pass
Abound upon the grass,
And we very rarely see the culture any more.

Poor Marshall must feel lonely up in front there
He's given such a lot of work to do.
I hope the Viking and the Dane,
Will prosper in the main,
And help the speedy striker muscle through.

And if all crafty wing play is now alas taboo*,
And if we are to strike from very deep,
Could we have some shot sharp midfield players coming through,
And not deciding to remain just half asleep.

And could we have some practice in good crossing,
So when we play at home again we win,
The ball into the box,
Must put defenders on the rocks,
And we'll go mad to see the net a bursting in!

Our team in most of last few matches
Has given in muck sweat a vast amount,
But you cannot get away,
From the cliché I now say,
For table toppers it's GOALS that count!

* Taboo: A system of Polynesian prohibitions connected with all things considered holy or unclean.

*A Boring Old Fart (I can just hear you saying
"Will no one shot the poor old b.....!")*

NB. I suppose it was a television lorry or commentator blocking Exit 2 at the Kenny end in Saturdays "safety exercise"

PINOCCHIO

OLD GEPPETTO KOHLER HAD AN INTEREST IN THE HATTERS A LOCAL FOOTBALL CLUB. HE ALSO LOVED MONEY.



WHAT I WANT IS SOMEONE TO MANAGE THE CLUB, MAKE MONEY, AND TAKE THE BLAME IF THINGS GO WRONG.

AND SO HE CREATED A... PUPPET



YOU WILL BE KNOWN AS PINOCCHIO BUT LET'S CALL YOU TERRY. IT WILL BE EASIER FOR THE FANS TO REMEMBER WHEN THEIR CALLING FOR YOU TO BE SACKED



ONE WORD OF WARNING MY FRIEND. IF YOU EVER TELL A LIE YOUR NOSE WILL GROW OUT OF ALL PROPORTION THEN EVERYONE WILL KNOW YOU CANNOT BE TRUSTED



WELL YOUNG TERRY WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD MANAGE A FOOTBALL TEAM?



THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME SUCH AN IMPOSSIBLE OOPS I MEAN IMPORTANT ROLE I PROMISE YOU'LL BE PROUD OF ME. I'LL TAKE THE HATTERS INTO THE PREMIER LEAGUE.



SUPPENT!

OH WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME

OH POPA IVE TOLD MY FIRST LIE. I'M UNTRUSTWORTHY, DECEITFUL AND I'D BE FOOLING THE FANS YOU MUST THINK I'M TERRIBLE



ON THE CONTRARY MY SON I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS. YOU REALLY ARE A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.



AND SO THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER... (WELL UNTILL THE NEXT PUPPET COMES ALONG)

