

MAD AS A FLATTER!

THE LUTON TOWN FANZINE

Issue 33



Mar 96



Des Linton and Scott Oakes study a match programme at Selhurst Park. Des appears to be looking towards the bottom of the page, so it must be a League table they're looking at. Scott smiles noticing where Watford are!

MAD AS A HATTER!

THE LUTON TOWN FANZINE



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Mad As A Hatter! is also available from:

SPORTSPAGES: Caxton Walk, 94-96 Charing Cross Road, London WC2.

BRICKLAYERS ARMS: High Town Road, Luton.

THE CLUB SHOP: Luton Town FC, Kenilworth Road, Luton.

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"Mad as a Hatter!" is available on subscription at £5.50 (£6.75 outside the UK, surface mail) 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 21 are 25p plus SAE (Sale price!) and issue 23 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.....

CONTRIBUTIONS

Keep them coming! We've still got one more issue to produce this season (on sale 27th April), and still need your material to help fill it. All articles will be welcome, and the more you send, the less of Beate's we have room for! Send your stuff (deadline 13th April) to the above address, and please include your name and address so we can send you a free copy of *Mad* by way of thanks.

EDITORIAL

As I write this, relegation looms large on the horizon for Luton Town. It is five matches since the last victory was recorded, and the best part of four matches since the last goal was scored. Two of our last three goals have come from the penalty spot, and the other was a bit of a gift. Our best striker is out for the rest of the season, and we have scored fewer goals than anyone else in the Endsleigh League, except Hull City. Of the 31 goals we have scored, 9 were scored by Marshall, and another 5 were penalties, which means that the rest of the team have a staggering 17 goals in 35 matches, and of the players who have scored those only Guentchev and Douglas could claim to be strikers. So, what does this tell us? Simply that we desperately need a new striker or two, and we need them now. As you read this the transfer deadline will have passed, and you will have the benefit of knowing who has been signed to solve this problem. If there are no new names in the line up, we can probably kiss the First Division goodbye.

Of course, we cannot very well blame Lennie Lawrence for the predicament he has found himself in regarding strikers. He has simply been reaping the benefits of the squad assembled by Hell Tel, which is heavy on defence and light on attack, and the strategy that Hell Tel and McGiven designed, which was to score a goal on the break and hope the defence held out. This is a flawed strategy, when the decisive factor, other than points, is goals scored. This should mean that it is better to lose 6-2 than 1-0, and place more emphasis on attacking football. But too few managers seem able to see the logic in this. Pleat couldn't, Westley couldn't, and I'm not convinced that Lawrence can. As a result, we see the Town, at 1-0 or 2-0 down, win a last minute corner and not bring the tallest player on the park into the opposition penalty area. OK, it may mean conceding another goal, but this is a low risk, as the chance of scoring a goal is far more important, whether it will bring a point or not. Give it a go, Lennie, you've nothing to lose.

What many people have been asking is, when we are desperate for a striker, why haven't we seen anything of Stuart Douglas? The youngster made quite an impact on his appearances earlier in the season, and whilst I don't advocate using a player of such tender years as the main striker for the rest of the season, he surely would be useful to have on the bench until we get someone more experienced. One story has it that Douglas has asked not to be included in the first team, as he doesn't feel ready, but if this is the case, it doesn't augur well for his future. We need pace up front to get goals, and at the moment, Douglas looks the best bet.

I'll leave all the really pessimistic stuff about next season's Second Division until issue 34, but if you think that going down will enable the club to rebuild, I'll ask you what you were saying last time we were relegated, back in 1992. In four years rebuilding has been conspicuous by its absence, and there is no reason to suppose that the catalyst for it is a further relegation.

In Support of the Boo Boys

Let's have a little less of this woolly liberal crap. I refer to the anti-boo boys given wide coverage in your last issue (Kaptain Kettle p5, Kev p16, Andrew p18, Clifford Saunders p28). In fact, the only person with anything sensible to say on the matter was Beatle (p33).

What the apologist brigade don't seem to appreciate is that many of us work/save hard so that we can part with hundreds of pounds for a season ticket every year. We spend another small fortune on petrol, travelling expenses and on the turnstiles at away matches. We use precious holiday so that we can take the afternoon off to travel to distant away grounds midweek, often getting back home in the small hours of the morning. Do we do all this so that we can watch a bunch of lazy/inept players poncing about a football pitch? I think not.

If I pratted around at work, doing a half arsed job and only putting in a fraction of the effort I am capable of, I would soon expect to be pulled up about it by the people who pay my wages. What's so different in criticising the substandard performance of our players, after all we pay *their* wages. If Oakes is mincing around, afraid of getting his shorts dirty and putting his foot into a tackle as if he's getting into a cold bath, I feel that I have every right to make my feelings known. When Spider is running around in ever decreasing circles because he is so one footed, I believe it's only my duty to bring to his attention my disappointment. There are two main situations when a bit of stick is called for, and both are quite justified:

- a) when a player is clearly capable of playing to a better standard, and,
- b) when a player is clearly not capable of playing to a better standard (in which case we slag the manager for picking him).

Now, I appreciate that this may sound as if I've given myself carte blanche to moan at anyone and everyone. Not so. If a capable player is playing to the best of his efforts and abilities he should be rightfully cheered on. For example, I have nothing but praise for Ian Feuer and, despite allowing the scum to equalise, I am quite happy to forgive Homer Peake his rare lapse.

All the same, even Town players are comparatively well paid, in return for which they are only expected to perform for 90 minutes every week. It isn't too much to ask. Perhaps a bit more exposure to the supporters' frustrations would not go amiss. The players should have been kicked off the executive coach and made to travel the long and miserable journey home with the fans after the disgrace at Grimsby. That would have brought home a truth or two.

On a similar subject, but coming from a slightly different angle, I just cannot

understand some peoples' adulation of Tosser Hughes. There is no doubting that the guy is talented (when he wants to be), but he is also a petulant hothead who can do more harm than good. Is he trying to match Vinny Jones for his disciplinary record? If so, let him go and join the "crazy gang" where his antics are more suited — Micky Harford would soon kick him into touch. His cheeky grin to the crowd when getting sent off at Fulham last season was nothing short of disgraceful, yet he was probably encouraged by the idiot chants of "Hughsie.... Hughsie...." from a minority of fans who are obviously too thick to realise that his actions have reduced the team to ten men. Same thing at Southend when he was needlessly sent for an early bath not long after kick off. And again against Millwall, a situation which could have been disastrous when Lawrence was then forced to take Botchup off in a tactical reshuffle just before we were awarded a penalty (well done Thorpe).

A word of advice to Lennie Lawrence; as soon as Hughes gets his first yellow card, substitute him. That way we stand considerably more chance of finishing the game with eleven men. Having said that, we do seem to do well after a Hughes dismissal. not only did we go on to beat Southend and Millwall, but the best goal I've ever seen at Kenilworth Road was Oakes' stormer against Derby a few seasons back, after Hughes had walked. This still does not excuse his behaviour. In summary then, More Boos — Less Hughes.

Incidentally, in the Millwall match did anyone else think it odd that whilst Hughes was (correctly) dismissed for his second bookable offence, Tony Whitter went unpunished after upending Dwight in the box to give away a penalty, despite already having been shown the yellow card!!

Jim Callaghan

"YOU'RE SHIT, AND YOU'RE GOING DOWN"

Dear Graham ~~Turnip~~, sorry Taylor,

I am writing to congratulate you on a most successful season. To take W**ford down the way you are doing, has made me, and a lot of fellow supporters very happy indeed. However, there is one down side to your unfortunate relegation — that being that we no longer get a guaranteed four points each season.

Yours,

A very happy Luton fan.

A Day In The Life....

- 10.30 Get up. A fry up for breakfast seems out of the question, so I settle for a sausage sarnie. Get ready for the big day.
- 11.15 Leave house. First time I've ever been to a footie match with a collar and tie on, but that's what the ticket says so it has to be done.
- 12.00 Journey to Leicester starts.
- 13.15 Arrive in Leicester. It's a bastard to find anywhere to park so we end up in the local Do It All. Get to the ground and make our way to the main entrance.
- 13.30 Enter the Carling Belvoir (apparently pronounced Beaver) Suite (Leicester's answer to our own Hatter's Bar) and head for the bar.
- 13.50 We walk up the stairs to find our seats. Carling Stand, Executive Block H, Row 10 Seat 29 is up in the Gods, but I have an excellent view. Buy a Hot-dog from the refreshment kiosk. They are only slightly better than the ones at Luton. Given free packets of Toffo's by some woman with a dodgy accent. Too cold in the stands so we head back towards the Belvoir Suite.
- 14.10 Unfortunately, Filbert the Fox finds his way into the bar and proceeds to piss everyone off with his antics. Thankfully leaves after a few minutes.
- 14.20 Bloody Rusty Lee reads out the team sheets. She says, "at number three is MICHELLE Thomas. (cackles a bit) Ooh, have you got a girl playing for you?" Then, realising that the team sheet actually says Mitchell, laughs even more, and proceeds to make a weird pronunciation of Waddock.
- 14.35 I wander over to the Ladbrokes counter — 28/1 for Steve Davis to score the first goal seems a good price, so I put a pound on him.
- 14.40 We seem to be the only people in the Belvoir Suite to actually be wearing ties. Sod that, and I change over to my Luton shirt in the toilets. Feels a lot more comfortable.
- 14.50 Take our seats in the ground. Shit, right in the heart of the Leicester fans. The people next to us ask how the hell we got up here. The reply was "through the turnstiles like everybody else". We attract attention to ourselves by cheering as the Luton team is read out. The whole block turns and looks at us, and half of them tell us to F' off over to the away end. My mate antagonises them by calling them all wankers. Why do I get the feeling we are going to get beaten up?
- 15.00 Kick-off. Leicester pressure us for the first five minutes. Looks like it will be like this for the whole game.
- 15.06 From a corner, Davis hits the underside of the bar. £28 had just flashed before me. Oldfield punts the ball into the net. We stand up and cheer, not realising the ref has disallowed it for nothing. The whole block then turn to have another go at us.
Finding it very difficult to join in the Luton chants when the rest of the travelling contingent are on the opposite side of the ground to us. Still

we, sorry I, try my best.

- 15.15 The people next to us offer us an Extra Strong Mint. I take one with caution, but feel sorry for them so offer them a Softfruit. We then have a long conversation about how bad David Oldfield was at Leicester, and is at Luton.
- 15.21 The scoreboard gives us the first 'Latest Scoreflash' of the day. Wales and Scotland are winning in the rugby at this point, and the Leicester fans don't seem to take too kindly to some of the Premiership scores.
- 15.25 Their dodgy keeper Poole makes a right hash of a clearance, but Taylor wasn't able to capitalise on it.
- 15.30 Another Luton corner. Davis heads it just over the bar this time.
- 15.35 'David Oldfield is a wanker' chant starts up from the Leicester end, so I felt right at home as I joined in with them.
- 15.45 Half time and back into the Belvoir Suite. A lot bloody warmer than outside.
- 16.00 The people next to us ask for another Softfruit — the bloody cheek of them. They then demolish my free packet of Toffo's.
- 16.10 Alexander's ball puts through Thorpe to score the first goal. We go wild, but the stand sounds so quiet when there are only four of you in it cheering. I don't think the 'You're not singing anymore' chants go down to well in Block H — but it had to be done.
- 16.15 Leicester equalise and Block H take great pleasure in taunting us with 'You're not singing anymore' and 'Aah, up yours, you Luton bastards'.
- 16.25 Waddock cocks up a clearance. For some reason the Leicester fans have a go at Oldfield for it, so we have to point out that it wasn't him. 'Oh' was the rather timid reply.
- 16.35 Linton wastes a golden opportunity to score the winner. One on one with the keeper, and he puts it wide. The Leicester fans think that it is hilarious, so we ask them did he do it when he played for them. They then realise who it was and the laughter dies down.
- 16.37 Riseth's shot somehow loops over the bar in slow motion.
- 16.38 Marshall's overhead kick (or, as the *Luton on Sunday* so nicely put it, chip) is cleared off the line by Parker — another chance for the winner.
- 16.45 Full time. We cheer, the rest of the Carling Stand boo. I cover up my Luton shirt on the way out for my own safety.
- 16.47 News comes through that Watford have lost and Sheffield United have won. Yes, 'Watford, bottom of the league. Watford, Watford.....'
- 16.55 Back in the car.
- 17.15 Eventually get out of the car park.
- 18.40 Back home.

The wide open spaces....

No, not another article about the Town defence, but a story of how the Town have helped one supporter to fight agoraphobia, a fear of those things which we normally associate with a group of people commonly known as 'the back four'.

I developed agoraphobia when I was 11 years old. When I left school I became virtually housebound. One night I was watching the Anglia TV news when Mick Harford came on. I was so impressed that I just had to go and see Luton Town when they next came to Norwich. I was so nervous before the match, but I still went. Seeing Luton play I was even more impressed. Well, it was 1987! I met a few Luton players after the game, Mal Donaghy, Les Sealey, Stacey North, and the great man himself, Mick Harford. All were so nice and friendly. From that moment I decided I would be a Luton supporter.

I always went to the Norwich v Luton games every season, but then my penpal Catherine, in Cambridge, another Luton supporter, suggested we go to a match at Kenilworth Road together. I jumped at the chance. As the time got nearer I got more nervous. We walked up Hazelbury Crescent, then I saw the stadium. I was a bit overcome at first, I couldn't believe I was actually doing it. My beloved football club was helping me overcome my agoraphobia. After we'd been to the game I felt so good, and proud of myself. When Catherine suggested we visit Kenilworth Road again I couldn't wait. Now we go to see Luton play at home as often as possible, and it has made a huge difference to me.

I am successfully fighting my agoraphobia now and find it so much easier to go out, and it's through being a Luton supporter! At least the Town have won one battle! I'm also thankful to have a friend like Catherine who does a lot of running about for me. We always go to meet the players after the games, which makes the matchdays more special and gives me more incentive to overcome my fears. The players are always friendly to us, and I'd like to mention Tony Thorpe in particular, who always has time for a chat.

THANK YOU LUTON TOWN!!

Jenny Harttree

WANTED

Luton Town programmes (home, away, reserves) and memorabilia. Anything considered, but the older the better. Also thousands of programmes for sale. Please contact: Nick Albone, 4 Jacobs Close, Potton, Sandy, Beds SG19 2SG.



Pictures of Town players struggling to keep or win control about this month. Here we have Bontcho Guentchev (above) and Mitchell Thomas (below) in action at home to Crystal Palace.



The Boring Old Fart's Awards

Smile of the Season: The club official, who, equipped with walkie-talkie, braves the unspeakable horrors of Beech Hill Path and smiles benignly on all and sundry as he shows off the current colours in a natty blazer (Incidentally, Luton v Palace, why had he changed from blue to orange — in anticipation of a return to attacking football?).

Riddle of the season: How does Scott Oakes manage to disappear from the game without, a) it being noticed or, b) touching the ball?

Other possibles: Why does Bontcho fall over so easily? What makes Mitchell pass so frequently to the opposition?

Gentlemen of the Season: The orderly queue for the Kenny Loo at half time. Newcomers should beware, once inside, that short legged gentlemen (inside leg less than 31") should not attempt the left and right hand ends of the stainless steel receptacle or Percy may receive a cold shock!

Annoyance of the Season: The motivation of the gate official who must inspect a young anoraked supporter (well, late 20's) for hidden weapons, handbags or copy of Mad, yet allows the BOF through wearing a coat containing a Kalashnikov assault rifle, a box of hand grenades, assorted Mace canisters and 1,000 Anti-Kohler leaflets.

Mystery of the Season: Have you noticed how Happy Harry's eyes carry the glazed look of an alien from the outer reaches of the Red Dwarf galaxy.

Noise of the Season: The Town PA system which too often sounds as if it is insulated with dish cloths and this means all announcements must be bellowed fortissimo.

Moan of the Season: Is it my advanced age or is the standard of refereeing going down this season? Are referees telling their linesmen only to signal offside and throw-ins?

Tortoise of the Season: Town players moving for the ball at throw-ins.

Farce of the Season: The action supposed to be taken to ensure players receive treatment off the field after injury.

Tragedy of the Season: Poor Dwight's unfortunate accident at Sunderland. Hope he makes a good recovery.

Finally, some Boring statistics (March 3rd):

Derby County	(1st)	Strike rate:	1.6 goals per game.
Ipswich Town	(12th)	" "	1.76 goals per game.
Watford	(24th)	" "	0.71 goals per game.
Luton Town	(20th)	" "	0.70 goals per game.

The Boring Old Fart

IN DEFENCE OF DAVID OLDFIELD

While not being the individual who the torrent of abuse from Beattie was aimed at, I would like to offer some words in defence of Luton's most maligned player.

I, like many others watched with dismay at Oldfield's early season form. Exasperated cries of "Oh, Oldfield!" came from every corner of Kenilworth Road. However, I do genuinely believe he has improved. He is fast and a better player when he runs at people. Additionally, he has been responsible for four of Luton's points under Westley — no mean feat.

Finally, he does actually look as if he wants to play — he always puts in 120%. When was the last time you could say that about the likes of Oakes and Hughes?

What I really want to know is, are the same fans booing Oldfield the ones that are chanting "Super Johnnie Taylor" all the time? At the Grimsby debacle several spectators were heard to utter, "if only Taylor was playing" and, "Taylor would have got us a couple today". Even at the Millwall match people were still voicing support for Luton's most over-rated player. Let's face it — when was the last time Taylor scored a league goal, or even got a shot on target? I know he has bad eyesight, but even he should be able to see the goal! If Luton really are to become a force to be reckoned with then it is time to rid the team of the wasters. Players like Davis, M. Johnson, Marshall, Thorpe and particularly Waddock and Feuer will play their hearts out for the team and we should stick with them. But while we stick with them let's finally sell Oakes while his value is still in pounds and not pence, and with him could go Alexander, Taylor, Patterson and even Hughes. The combined money raised might just be enough to finally buy a genuine up-front partner for Marshall. Anyway, at least we can agree on one thing — that Lennie is a great manager and one who can take this club back to heights unseen this decade. Here's to a better future — with or without Oldfield or Taylor.

Ian A.

IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW — A REPLY

It has been seen that Kohler seems to have lost heart in the Junction 10 site for the Kohlerdome now it has gone to a public enquiry. It is also obvious that Kohler is prepared to move LTFC to Milton Keynes if the Kohlerdome loses its application. I am another supporter who would boycott the club if they go to MK, so I would have to find another club to support. I would probably look towards Hitchin or Stevenage Borough as possible clubs to go to (I would rather die than go and support the nearest Football League club!). However, I would prefer to support a club in Luton.

That's why I fully support the idea of forming a new club in Luton if the worst comes to the worst. The way I look at the situation, the town has three main 'attractions'. The first is the airport, the second is Vauxhall, and the third is the football club (could the fourth possibly be the Arndale?). So, by taking away the football club you are taking away one third of the town's identity. To restore this identity a new club would therefore have to be formed.

I don't think that it would be difficult to set up a new club. Money would be the obvious problem but it would be possible to overcome this, with a few wealthy investors (I'm still hoping on winning the Lottery!). With regard to the question of which league to apply for, personally I would choose the ICIS League. Although it has more divisions to conquer, with the clubs so near it would be a lot easier for a small club to find it's feet, rather than travelling halfway across the country every other weekend. It would be a long, hard process to gain Football League status, but in time it could be achieved.

However, why should it come to this? We have to fight all the way to keep our beloved LTFC in Luton. I am confident that the public enquiry will allow the Kohlerdome to be built on the J10 site. What kind of argument have the NIMBYs and SAD got? *"There will be too much extra noise and traffic"*. This is a joke, with the M1 motorway and the flightpath of one of London's four major international airports on their doorstep. *"The hooligans the stadium will bring will ruin the area"*. They make it sound like it is going to happen every single day. The fans will be at the stadium for a maximum of 3 hours, on about 25 days a year. Not much is it. The NIMBYs also argue that we wouldn't like it 'in our backyard'. Well, I was in full support for a new stadium on the Butterfield Green site ages ago, which is just down the road from where I live. I don't care where the stadium is actually built, just as long as it remains in Luton. The J10 site is ideal, but I would be in support of the development of another site — as long as it is in Luton.

How would we stop Kohler moving LTFC out of the town if the Kohlerdome is

denied though? With 6,000 hardcore fans, barricading every single route out of Luton with people is an option, but not very practical. Buying the Kenilworth Road ground back off the council is also an option, but it would cost more than LTFC and the fans could afford. Suggesting other sites in Luton is another option, but everywhere you go you will get NIMBYs complaining. Another option is to take the offer by Wyncote of a 15,000 outdoor stadium on their land at J10 (subject to planning permission) but Kohler is dead against accepting this offer. Sadly, the only viable option (short of a Jack Walker coming in with £50 million to spend) seems a move to MK. However, they won't leave without a fight. It happened 13 years ago and LTFC stayed in Luton, and it's bloody well going to happen again if the public enquiry turns down the Kohlerdome/J10 application.

Beatle

WHAT BARRY KNIGHT MUST THINK

APPEARING LIVE AT
KENILWORTH ROAD

**BARRY
KNIGHT** THE AMAZING REF
ON THE 10 FEB 1996

WATCH HIM BOOK PEOPLE FOR NO REASON
AND PRANCE AROUND LIKE A BALD HEADED
TWAT

Oh and Luton are playing Grimsby

SHORT CUTS

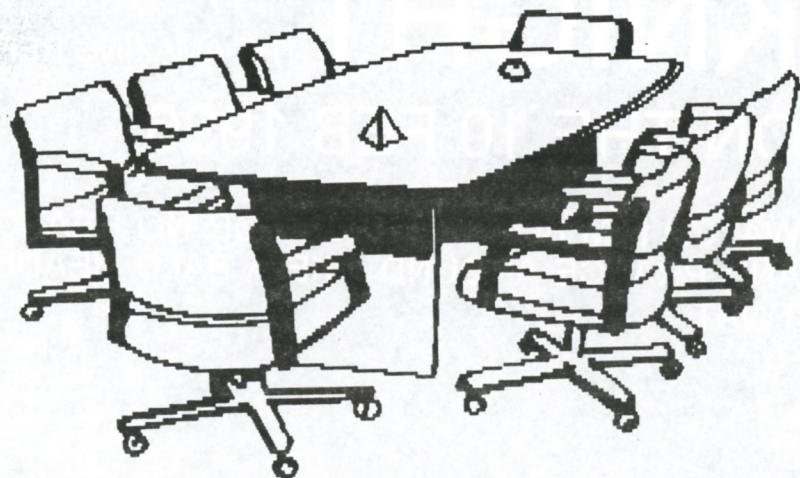
1 Liverpool 4597	51 Tranmere Rovers 3268
2 Manchester United 4476	52 Bristol Rovers 3241
3 Arsenal 4334	53 Watford 3236
4 Everton 4312	54 Luton Town 3224
5 Aston Villa 4282	55 Rotherham United (inc Rotherham County) 3197
6 Wolverhampton Wanderers 4218	56 Northampton Town 3194
7 Blackburn Rovers 4211	57 Bournemouth 3176
8 Sunderland 4171	58 Crystal Palace 3169
9 Bolton Wanderers 4150	59 Wrexham 3169
10 Derby County 4149	60 Portsmouth 3166
11 Burnley 4140	61 West Ham United 3164
12 Preston North End 4139	62 Southampton 3147
13 Newcastle United 4118	63 Swansea City 3099

NAME: James Cook

TEAM: Luton Town

WHY SAD: When he saw Brian Stein in the chippy, he insisted upon re-enacting his Littlewoods Cup-winning goal, using a pineapple fritter as the ball, and he believes that if he wears his lucky Luton wristbands whilst in bed with his girlfriend, she will conceive a new version of Steve Foster. Since quitting his university to become a poet he has produced only one piece of prose so far - *Ode To Johnny Hartson* - and at a recent Morrissey concert in Blackpool he climbed on stage and instead of presenting Moz with gladioli, he gave him a complete LTFC fixture list.

We're not sure which magazine these two pieces come from (we weren't told), but we'll leave you to work out how sad James Cook is, after his appearance in a feature entitled "My Sad Mate". The other item is from a table of total League points won by all clubs up to the end of the 94/95 season. As you see, we're just below the scum, but hopefully not for much longer.



What do we have here? The Watford boardroom, for an emergency meeting. They asked everybody who knew anything about football to attend!!

Hatters have a Euro dream

A fine headline from the Sheffield Green 'Un recently. It might however, seem wildly unrealistic, until you realise it refers to their local basketball team!

Where are they now? Documents from America's Major League Soccer revealed the answers for one ex-player, but does anyone remember Olson?

1996 MAJOR LEAGUE SOCCER PLAYER DRAFT -- February 7, 1996 -- Hotel-Intercontinental -- New York City

Round 13

Team	Player	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	DOB	Hometown	College
121. Columbus Crew	Young, Paul	M	5-9	15	4-11-68	St. Catherine, Jamaica	Syracuse
122. Colorado Rapids	McKay, Josh	D	6-0	17	11-16-71	Pleasanton, CA	USF
123. Dallas Burn	Glenn, Jimmy*	F	5-11	18	8-9-72	San Antonio, TX	Clemson
124. Los Angeles Galaxy	Wilson, Brad	M	5-10	163	11-19-72	El Toro, CA	Cal-State Fullerton
125. New England Revolution	Aunger, Geoff	M	6-0	163	2-4-68	Red Deer, Alberta	--
126. Kansas City Wiz	Baumhoff, Billy	M	5-8	160	2-7-73	St. Louis, MO	South Carolina
127. Tampa Bay Mutiny	Luzniak, Zenon	M	5-9	160	4-1-69	Ft. Lauderdale, FL	Wake Forest
128. San Jose Clash	Amaya, Rafael	D	5-10	170	9-21-67	Bogota, Colombia	Long Island U
129. MetroStars	Rescigno, Andrew	D	6-2	17	10-8-70	Sarasota, FL	South Florida
130. Washington D.C. United	Olson, Matthew	GK	6-2	18	2-3-68	Bellvue, WA	Wake Forest

GEOFF AUNGER

Midfielder

Member of the Canadian National Team, he played in all nine of Canada's full-internationals in 1995 ... Played last season with the Vancouver 86ers of the A-League, played 19 matches and scoring seven goals ... Played in all five pre-World Cup exhibitions for Canada ... Played in all three 1993 Gold Cup games, scoring against Martinique ... Played in three 1994 World Cup Qualifying matches ... Played with the Vancouver, Winnipeg, Victoria, Hamilton and London franchises of the CSL between 1987 and 1992 ... Made six appearances with Luton Town of the English First Division and scored one goal during the 1993-94 season ... Played indoor with the Milwaukee Wave of the NPSL.

MATTHEW OLSON

Goalkeeper

Played 1995 in the USISL with the Everett (Washington) BigFoot ... Played 1993-95 with the semi-professional Seattle Hibernian Saints ... Played for West Bromwich Albion in the English First Division in 1992 ... Has stints with Luton Town and Wolverhampton Wanderers in the English First Division, Vitesse Arnhem of the Dutch First Division and A.I.K. Stockholm of the Swedish First Division from 1991-92 ... Played for the U.S. National "B" Team from 1988-90 ... Played college soccer at Wake Forest from 1989-90 ... Played for the Seattle Storm in the WSL from 1987-89 ... Played at Indiana University from 1986-88, and was on the Hoosiers 1988 NCAA Champions.



During a good Town performance at the McAlpine Stadium, we find the much improved David Oldfield (above) and Julian James (below) challenging for the ball.



“Mad” Merchandise



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SEXY LEGS

Initially, when we think of football's sexy men we think of Gary Lineker, Les Ferdinand, Ryan Giggs, Eric Cantona etc.... the list could go on for ever. But do we realise what potential we have here under our noses at the home of football itself?

Most men will stop reading now, I suppose, but in all fairness, this article could change the way you think about your team and why they play like they do.

You don't have to go much further than to look at Nobby Stiles and decide for yourself that his looks have suffered plenty from the way that he played football. So how far do we expect our players to go in the search for goals, and do they get so worried about the impact of a tackle on their lovely bodies that this reason alone prevents them getting stuck in? Well, I am here to clear up this little dilemma and give each player a mark for their sex appeal and effort. I.E. Do they play like sissies to preserve their looks and, if so, is it really worth them worrying?

Ian Feuer

As the goalie, Ian is expected to make various hazardous saves that can indeed damage his face and body. Diving face down onto the boots of a striker can cause some serious injuries; rather him than me. But does he really have much to worry about? Ian has an unusual face which, from a distance, makes him look somewhat fuzzy, and as far as sexy goes, wearing those tracksuit bottoms only makes him look like a twat. Show us your legs mate, they might have improved your mark.

Sexy rating: 3/10

Stuck in rating: 10/10

Darren Patterson

Well, you would never guess that Darren is a defender. And that's just the way he plays..... Broken noses and busted teeth can hinder the look of a defender but in Darren's case it just adds to the rugged appearance. Nice legs and fit body — the perfect ogling target. Looks better when he hasn't shaved though.

Sexy rating: 7/10

Stuck in rating: 6/10

Mitchell Thomas

Apart from the dodgy hair colours and ever changing style, Spider is a man who is apparently a fitness freak. And does indeed have the body to prove it. Nice bum especially. He is one man I WOULD like to meet down a dark alley at night. There is no question about Spider's worry over getting injuries that can affect his looks, maybe because he plays so shit he is never involved in

any dangerous play, I'm not sure.....

Sexy rating: 7/10

Stuck in rating: 6/10

Gary Waddock

They say that the oldies are the goodies. This is certainly true for Gary Waddock. His calm play and maturity on the ball proves that there is a lesson too be learnt from him by every team member. Looks his best when he is angry. The body isn't too bad but there are better men to look at whilst he is on the ball and deciding who to pass it to.

Sexy rating: 5/10

Stuck in rating: 9/10

Julian James

So cool, calm and collected. I sometimes wonder if our Jules isn't James Bond on his day off. Body is well worn and mature, and his face is one that is never troubled. Jules is sexy and plays sexy too. Gets stuck in and doesn't care.

Sexy rating: 6/10

Stuck in rating: 9/10

Steve Davis

Phwoooaar! There is no doubt about it, Stevo is a real man. That Newcastle accent just makes it all the more obvious. Just look at his arse next time he makes a killer tackle and tell me he isn't sexy. He has yet to develop his rugged defender look, and the mean motherfucker haircut just didn't suit him. Gorgeous body and looks to match. Steve isn't worried about getting fucked up — no-one can dish it out like he can.

Sexy rating: 9/10

Stuck in rating: 9/10

Bontcho Guentchev

Haircut — bad. Arse — nice. That is all I have to say about Botch-up. What stuck in ability? I've yet to see any playing ability.

Sexy rating: 1/10

Stuck in rating: 1/10

Scott Oakes

I'm sure Scotty has his hairdresser in the dressing rooms because he seems to be more worried about how he looks than how he plays (Perhaps Bontcho should have a word). He seems scared to go in for tackles, or is he just another player who suffers from a severe lack of talent that it affects his attitude to tackling. It can't be, Scott has showed us his talent, and it just proves that he is a bit fairy and is scared of getting hurt. Legs ain't bad though.....

Sexy rating: 6/10

Stuck in rating: 0/10

John Taylor

Lovely and lanky, that's our John. Nice legs, shame about the face. A real footballer, and has the pock marks to prove it..... A bit gangly, but

nevertheless plays his heart out.

Sexy rating: 5/10

Stuck in rating: 8/10

Dwight Marshall

Sexy skills and sexy legs, when you can see them that is.... I just wish he'd sort that dodgy moustache out. Sometimes looks like he has bottled out, but I suppose if he didn't have to run after shit balls provided by the midfield then he wouldn't be so knackered at the end of each match and not bother chasing everything. Superman he ain't. Supersexy? Nearly.

Sexy rating: 8/10

Stuck in rating: 7/10

Richard Harvey

Tin Tin hair aside, Richard is nearly the most sexy player in the squad. A body to die for, which I'm sure after his injuries he worked really hard to regain. Looks like my fiancé so I'm bound to be biased. Sort your hair out and you are gorgeous. I just can't work out why Richard gets left out on the wing during play and cannot get stuck in, and it's not for the want of trying, I bet.

Sexy rating: 9/10

Stuck in rating: 5/10

Ceri Hughes

DID YOU SPILL MY PINT YOU F***ING C**T??? Aggression is not sexy but Ceri looks like he secretly takes a teddy bear called Fluffy to bed with him..... I reckon Ceri has a nice side, but doesn't want to show it. REALLY got a bit too stuck in at Southend, but with the temper tantrum that followed we got to see that rippling torso underneath the shirt. Yum.... The only problem is that he is Welsh..... and it would be difficult to understand him say "come back to bed"..... mmmmm, excuse me, I got carried away. By you Ceri? Anytime.

Sexy rating: 9.5/10

Stuck in rating: 10/10

David Oldfield

Where do I start? Hair? Face? Expression of a chicken stuffed up his arse? Many fans have nicknamed David "Wigfield" because of his dodgy hair, but I'm renaming him "Sickfield" because when I look at him I have to look away before I puke. Remember that look of astonishment when he scored against Ipswich, and more recently the look at Leicester... Wretch.... Tries really hard, but is so unbelievably shite.

Sexy rating: 1/10

Stuck in rating: 1/10

Obviously most of the male readers of this article will not be able to understand any of my reasons for marking the players upon their sexuality over playing ability and indeed attributing any aspect of talent to pure good looks but in some cases, it really does seem to be the reason! I hope that this has provided you all with an insight into the other reasons why women go to football.....

Bobbin Dino in The Great Escape - Not?

IT WAS GLOOM AT *Staling Luton*



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ESCAPE PLAN SCOTTY?



I KNOW WHAT, LET'S DIG A TUNNEL



AND SO, AS THE TEAM TRAINED, BOBBIN STARTED DIGGING UNDER THE VAULTING HORSE



THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS, HOW TO DISPOSE OF ALL THE DIRT?



OR ARE YOU JUST PLEASED TO SEE ME?



HERR KOMMANDANT KOHLER MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT



DER BAD NEWS IS THAT COLONEL WESTLEY HAS BEEN SHOT*



... ZE GOOD NEWS IS ZAT THE COLONEL LAWRENCE WILL BE JOINING US

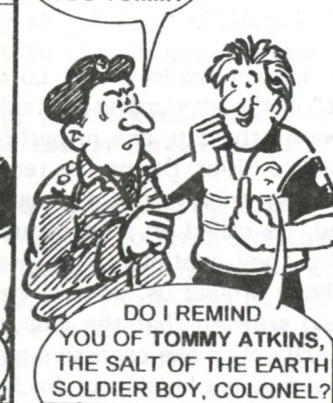


* translation: shot = fired

COL. LAWRENCE OF ARABIA GOT TO KNOW THE CHAPS



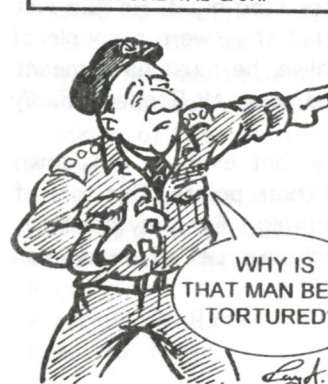
I WILL CALL YOU TOMMY



NO, YOU REMIND ME OF TOMMY - THE DEAF DUMB AND BLIND FOOTBALL PLAYER!



THEN LOL TOOK A LOOK AROUND THE CAMP



OK YOU CHAPS, LISTEN CAREFULLY, THIS IS MY ESCAPE PLAN...



WE MAXIMISE ON GATE MONEY BY KEEPING THE FANS GUESSING UNTIL THE VERY LAST MATCH OF THE SEASON



RAVING MAD!!!

Dear "Mad",

I am firstly picking up on a point made in the Luton News by Tim Kingston regarding the "yob element" in the stewarding at Kenilworth Road. Although this does not apply to all stewards there is one in particular, who patrols the Oak Road end of the main stand like Hitler. During the recent marvellous victory over Grimsby, the steward in question tried to get a group of lads, that sit in front of myself and my dad, ejected. He called on a colleague to reprimand the lads for swearing and spitting and if they continued they would be chucked out. This accusation incensed everybody around us, and we called for the head steward. After explaining to the head steward that the lads in question are impeccably behaved every home game and only make excessive noise in supporting the team, he went away and about five minutes later came back and apologised to the lads and said the steward in question had been out of order.

Secondly, isn't it good to see the scum rock bottom? The day before our first game debacle I was talking to a scummer during a mates stag night. He had just seen them play their first game and explained to me that they were a couple of players short of a championship side. What I didn't realise, he must have meant winning next season's second division. Keep up the good work, Mr Roeder. (*Sadly now denied the opportunity - Ed*).

Thirdly, I must say that the team may not be pretty, but even at 2-1 down against Grimsby you could always see a way back and three points. This sort of battling was sadly lacking during Hell Tel's short and sad reign. Even my pet hate, Mitchell Thomas, doesn't get slagged off by me too much now. Let's hope we can keep it going and give us a platform for next season.

Up the Hatters!

Gavin Hayhurst
Hemel Hempstead.

PS: Although we would miss the local derbies, wouldn't it nearly be as good as that sunny afternoon in April '88, if we sealed the scum's fate on April 20th.

Dear "Mad",

Your article 'If you leave me now....' was most interesting and reflected many of my own thoughts.

I do however feel that the emphasis should be on keeping the existing club in Luton and preventing the move to Milton Keynes before it is ever likely to happen. If the club were to be moved by Kohler to MK and remain in the Endsleigh League, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to carry on as a senior club in Luton. The council would no doubt be delighted to kick out any club trying to reform at Kenilworth Road and to build on the site.

You mentioned both Newport County and Aldershot, and these two examples show the difficulty in getting back to League status. No club in modern times has ever succeeded in getting back to the Football League once it has dropped out, for whatever reason, other than Lincoln and Colchester immediately through the automatic promotion.

I do not believe that many people would be interested in supporting a revived Luton club unless it was at least at Conference level. Anything lower and it would die.

What we must do is to prepare a campaign in advance to prevent the club going to Milton Keynes, and this will have to involve discussions/negotiations with the FA, Endsleigh League and Council. It may be that David Kohler will get his way with the Kohlerdome at J10, or Wyncote may be able to build their version of the stadium but, as you say, one cannot be sure that this will happen. I believe that Kohler is sincere about wanting the J10 site but that he would also have no compunctions about moving if he could not get his own way. Unfortunately, a number of Luton supporters, although a small minority, would be willing to go and watch at Milton Keynes.

I would be willing to help with any campaign to prevent the move if it becomes necessary, but we would also have to involve professional and local business help. It has been proved in the past that if supporters are determined enough, such situations can be saved such as Charlton's return to The Valley and the blocking of the 'Thames Valley Royals', the idea of the late lamented Robert Maxwell.

Some sort of low level preparation needs to be started now in advance of the planning enquiry. If the plans are rejected, then a campaign would need to be stepped up at that time.

Regards,

Andrew Wallace
Ickleford, Herts.

Dear "Mad",

In issue 32 you asked for opinions on any proposed move of the club out of the town. By coincidence I had a badly unvented spleen. Please find my spleen splattered below.

The proposed move of LTFC to Milton Keynes, or anywhere else for that matter, would in my opinion render the club extinct.

However the move is dressed up, or whether all or part of the club name is retained, essentially a new club has been created and the old one cast to the four winds. As I am sure will happen with the proposed move of Wimbledon to Cardiff or Dublin, the original club would soon lose its identity and become synonymous with the town or city that is its current host. Whilst clubs can move grounds either permanently or temporarily within the same area and retain the spirit and traditions built up over the decades, to remove a club from the community that nurtured it and gave it its name, is to alter the club so fundamentally as to

destroy it and all it stood for.

If the proposed move up the M1 were to come to fruition, I wonder how many current fans would follow them on a regular basis. A fair assumption would be that at least 50% would be disaffected enough not to do so. Add those that in the initial season find themselves alienated by supporting a team representing a town they have no affinity with, and I think our current average attendance of 7,000 will begin to be seen as halcyon days.

The current population of Milton Keynes cannot be counted on to make up the shortfall. Transplanting a football club is not as easy as just picking a town with a large population and assuming that a certain proportion will be interested enough to pay through the turnstiles. Given that MK is a new town with its residents drawn from all over the UK with their own allegiances, they are hardly likely to transfer those allegiances to what is essentially an unfashionable club as soon as Kohler comes breezing into town. If this were to be the case I suspect we would have seen more of them at Luton already. A salutary lesson can be learnt from a club in my current neck of the woods, Bristol Rovers, who are desperate to return to Bristol where their traditional fan base is. Although Rovers are only 10 miles from Bristol in Bath, gates have suffered to the extent that they consider a move back to Bristol to be vital for their continued development, or even survival. For Luton to go down this route would be suicidal, and I am sure the club would go into steep decline and I for one would shed no tears if they did. I would have done my mourning when they moved.

Given this depressing scenario what would we do? Stealing somebody else's team, ie. Hitchin Town, may be the most expedient way for Luton to get a foothold on the league ladder, but to do this after complaining about LTFC's move elsewhere would be hypocrisy in the 'Leicester City moaning about McGhee being poached' league. After all, for a few hundred people each week, Hitchin Town are the footballing love of their lives (honest).

As you state in your article, the best option must be to start the club again from fresh. The club would then truly belong to the town and could adopt, as the rightful heirs, the history and traditions of the old club, which after all, are as important to the character of the club as anything else. MK Rovers or whoever they become can hardly persist in calling themselves 'The Hatters' for example, which is an industry as traditional and familiar with Milton Keynes as the word 'win' is to Watford.

Nobody can pretend that it will be easy to restart a whole institution from scratch and a lot of questions will need to be answered. Sponsors, players, a ground will need to be found. A league will need to be entered. Much will depend on the people of Luton and their support and enthusiasm for a new club. Most importantly success would need to be instant to maintain momentum. Aldershot and Newport can hardly be classified as runaway successes, although they're still there representing their towns, and who knows in the future what may happen for them?

If the dreaded move ever were to come about, then for a club to ever mean anything for its supporters, a new start must be made. A club is a symbol of pride and identity for its locality. If this were not true then we would all be saddo's in Man United shirts. It may well fail, but better to have loved and lost.....

The best thing, of course, would be for supporters to channel their energy in preventing any such move. Fan power has been seen to work in the past and I am sure it can in this case. It's our club, not Kohler's, whatever he may think. Most of us were watching Luton long before Kohler had even heard of the Hatters, and they mean much more to us than they ever will to him. I may be misjudging him, but I doubt it.

If they did move away from the town, then I am afraid I would have to sue for divorce on the grounds of adultery, and although there would never be anybody else I may, to try and satisfy my most basic urges you understand, occasionally have to watch Bristol City and surely, nobody, not even Mr Kohler, would wish that on anybody.

Keep up the good work,
Worried of Bristol

BLOODY LEICESTER

Picture the scene: Bontcho despatches an expertly taken penalty to put Luton one up and send the Town following into raptures. Meanwhile, I am stuck on a bloody train somewhere between Peterborough and Ely. With us playing at Norwich, I thought I'd stay with some friends in Cambridge on the Saturday night; so, on Saturday morning, off I drove to Cambridge, and jumped on the 13.05 train to Norwich. Settling down in my seat I must have nodded off — when I woke up at 14.45 the train was pulling into Oakham station, just south (*sic*) of bloody Leicester. I'd missed my connection at Ely.

Showing all the never say die attributes of a Luton fan I decided not to "knock it on the 'ead" and go back to Cambridge, but to persevere and get down to Norwich so I could at least say that I got there. 17.05 I arrived at Norwich station where I heard the result from a couple of friends, one of whom offered me a swig of his coke to help appease my anger — I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Having taken the 17.22 back to Cambridge I finally got off the train at 19.00. All in all, I'd spent £21 to sit on a train for six hours; however, there was some consolation as on the train back to Cambridge I managed to get a seat next to some very tasty young lady studying poetry at Cambridge University.....
(Poetic justice, perhaps? Ed)

WHAT GOES UP.....

Our sudden rise up the table came to an abrupt halt at about the same time as Dwight Marshall's season. This is, of course, no more than a temporary blip in proceedings, or at least we hope so.... Anyway, as we've said before, we always welcome match reports from readers, although we won't guarantee to use all of them. Send your reports to the usual address.

03.02.96 LEICESTER CITY 1 TOWN 1

Arise, Sir Lennie.....

What has happened to this team? Two months ago Luton wouldn't have won a penalty competition against Chris Waddle. But now we are almost unstoppable, Bontcho is living up to the Westley hype, Alexander is looking quite good and even Oldfield is starting to come into form.

In the first five minutes of the match we played like we had done at Stoke away, and it was looking ominous but after that we had the majority of the play with Hughes, Thorpe and especially Waddock running the game. Just before half time Tony Thorpe produced an amazing bit of skill on the halfway line. The ball was hoofed upfield by one of our defenders, and Thorpe struck the ball with his heel just as it bounced, playing it into the path of Hughes who ended up losing the ball.

As the second half started Luton were dominating again and got the deserved goal, as Thorpe latched on to Alexander's first time ball, rounded the advancing keeper and finished with style from a narrow angle. However, the Town celebrations didn't last long because from Emile Heskey's knock down, the scum reject Irene Roberts (of 'Home and Away' fame) drilled the ball into the bottom corner to equalise.

From then on the match was a see-saw affair with both teams taking turns to attack, but the Town having the three clearest chances with Vidar Riseth having a close range effort saved, Dwight having an overhead kick cleared off the line by Parker and Des Linton missing a one on one with the keeper. Why couldn't it have been anyone else but Des (with the possible exception of Mitchell), Thorpe for instance.

At the end of the match the lads left the field to a standing ovation. On this form relegation is not an issue, and we are only 11 points away from the play-offs!!!!!! Incidentally, their sub Lee Philpott, who replaced Pineapple Head (Lewis), seems about as popular as Oldfield would be after an own goal.

The Mystical One

10.02.96 TOWN 3 GRIMSBY TOWN 2

This game shows exactly how ell Lennie Lawrence has done since taking over at Luton. In his first proper match as manager we were hammered 7-1 at Grimsby, but this time around we outplayed them for most of the match. This was a great match only spoiled by two things, the first being John Taylor being in the team,

and the second was referee Barry Knight (or should that be Barron Knights?) and his yellow cards. Does he really think we want to watch him prancing around with his whistle and notebook.

Luton's first goal came in the seventh minute courtesy of the much improved Graham Alexander. He received the ball from Mitch in our half and ran straight at the heart of the Grimsby defence and drove the ball into the bottom corner from 25 yards. Then 10 minutes later we failed to clear a free-kick and Forrester pounced to overhead kick the ball past Feuer. In the second half after 58 minutes Forrester was able to strike again when he was played in by Butler and fired the ball home from 18 yards.

Then Lennie pulled another master stroke by taking off the donkey Taylor and the for once ineffective Thorpe, and replacing them with Marshall and Oldfield. Ceri Hughes then went close with 2 left foot efforts from the edge of the box, before Barry Knight made his only decent decision of the match, by letting the game continue after a handball by Warner, and the revitalised Guentchev fired the ball in off a post. Then 5 minutes later Oldfield played a good ball through the middle which Marshall latched on to, and held off the defenders to beat the advancing keeper and send the home fans into raptures.

The Man of the Match was undoubtedly Alexander, and mark my words he has the potential to be better than Telfer as he now appears to have settled in this division after jumping up from the 3rd.

After the match Grimsby player/manager did what we could only dream of by decking Ivano Bonetti. Perhaps Lennie could take a leaf out of his book and belt John Taylor. If he doesn't want to, I'm sure there would be numerous volunteers.

The Mystical One

17.02.96 TOWN 1 MILLWALL 0

This was one of the worst games I've seen all season. The team didn't seem to be bothered and Millwall looked the better side and put lots more pressure on than the Town did. The amount of fouls committed by Millwall was a disgrace, particularly Thatcher holding onto Bontcho after he kicked the ball away, so Bontcho fell on top of him. John Taylor doesn't look good at the moment and I for one was glad Marshall came on, and I have to admit that Oldfield is improving. Hughes was sent off, but it certainly wasn't his fault. It was then a backs to the wall job, until Marshall got the ball and was taken down in the area. Thorpe stepped up and scored from the spot, but Thorpe is crap. He fucks about with the ball too much and he could have scored at least twice. So, at the end of the day, a crap game but 3 points and Watford losing 4-0 to Palace. Bye bye Watford, and keep up the good work Lennie.

W.D.B.

21.02.96 DERBY COUNTY 1 TOWN 1

Another encouraging result (and performance), against an in form team who were

top of the league. Impressive turnout of Hatters fans which contrived to give the best atmosphere at an away match this season (except Chéz Scum). Thorpe should have scored early on when one on one with their keeper. The lads showed a lot of character by equalising so soon after the Rams had taken the lead, albeit somewhat fortuitously. A good all round team performance especially in defence, and particular mention to Messrs. Feuer, Patterson and Oldfield. Things are certainly looking up..... May the unbeaten run continue.

Steve F.

24.02.96 SUNDERLAND 1 TOWN 0

Eight League games without defeat before this one (when was the last time, Ed?)(*Don't know. — Ed*), and hopes were high, particularly after holding Derby in midweek. Sadly, we were disappointed, thanks to a superb headed own goal by Jules. A good day out was further marred by the injury to Marshall, without whom our attacking potential is limited — this point was illustrated by our failure to create any chances today until the last minute!

Objét

27.02.96 TOWN 1 READING 2

A game of two halves.....

With the unbeaten run coming to an end on Saturday against Sunderland, a win was needed against 'You're going down with the Watford' Reading. The prospects looked good when Guentchev slotted home yet another penalty early on, after he had been fouled. We should have buried the Royals in the first half, with Thorpe hitting the post soon after the goal, and the ineffective Taylor also hitting the post with a bullet volley. However, we let Reading back into the game 10 seconds before the half time whistle when poor marking by Linton left Booty to head the ball past Feuer. The second half was completely different. Lawrence must have given a half time team talk to match Turnip Taylor's for the scum against Ipswich, and you could have honestly thought that Westley was back as manager. The defeat was confirmed when the injured Thorpe was replaced by Oakes at half time, and did Oakes look like he was interested or wanted to get stuck in? In a word, NO. Taylor soon came off for Riseth, who didn't do that much better and the attack crumbled from bad to worse. The improving Oldfield was given chances to run with the ball and he looked promising going forward, but the final ball was never capitalised on. Reading got more and more into the game and scored the winner in the 78th minute, with Lovell scoring. Jules tried his best to score but failed and only got the assist this time, to go with his cracking header for Sunderland. A frantic-ish finale saw the Town push for the equaliser, but with no real chances. To be fair, the better team over 90 minutes won, because we were absolutely terrible in the second half. Reading put us back in the shit by winning — before we had scored 16 points from 18, but now it is just 1 from a possible 9. A search for a striker is needed desperately to replace Marshall, because I cannot

see how Guentchev, Taylor and Riseth can keep scoring regularly until the end of the season.

Beatle

Eds comment: My lasting memory of this game will be Johnny Vilstrup's first touch after coming on as a sub in the 83rd minute. A superb long distance lob from the edge of the Reading penalty area into the vast empty space between the Town defence, on the halfway line, and Ian Feuer, on the edge of the six yard box. Fortunately, Feuer reacted marginally quicker than the Reading attack.

02.03.96 TOWN 0 CRYSTAL PALACE 0

The less said about this game the better, it was certainly not a game that will be remembered for being good. Even the ref had had enough after 25 minutes and went off (apparently with a headache). However, his replacement was absolutely terrible. He missed Riseth getting elbowed by a Palace defender, waved away our numerous penalty appeals, and when Freedman tried to square up to Feuer (a whole foot taller than him) and Marv, and tried to throw what looked suspiciously like a punch towards Marv, the ref not only booked Freedman, but Marv as well. Palace should have taken their chances in the first half. They hit the bar once, and Feuer (somehow) superbly kept them out. The striking qualities of Riseth, Guentchev and Taylor were nowhere to be seen, and we had trouble even getting a decent shot on target. A search for a striker is now urgent, because I cannot see how our forwards are going to score many more goals between them. It was a hard earned point, but with other teams around us mostly winning, we are now dangerously close to the bottom three again. The wonders of portable television meant that the best entertainment we got during the match was seeing the English stuff the Scots in the Five Nations rugby (but then, what's new).

Beatle

09.03.96 TOWN 1 TOWN 0

Nice ground, shit fans....

New pubs, new ales, a new stretch of track and a new ground into the bargain, what more could you ask for? Oh, and by the way, the football wasn't bad either. Cloth caps and whippets aside, few can argue that Luton deserved at least a point, if not all three. They started well and improved the longer the game went on. Oldfield was superb, Waddock was tireless and Steve Davis was in a class of his own. John Taylor and Bontcho, God bless 'em..... They did try but sadly lack a bit of pace, although Bontcho showed some class touches and really should have scored on the hour when put clean through. To be fair though, everyone played well and it was a game I thoroughly enjoyed.

However, one goal in four games since Dwight's injury isn't too clever, although Luton had a good half dozen, or so, reasonable chances to score, they all went begging. Edwards goal on 75 minutes was a sweetly struck volley which sneaked in at the far post. Ian Feuer was outstanding (again), but Edwards goal was a bit special.

The minus point today was the circus act in the middle, the clowns in black. Heaven only knows where they get them from.

Anyway, on a happier note, many congrats to Dave on reaching the magical TEN not out. Well done! Only another 313 to go!!

J.S.

16.03.96 TOWN v PORT VALE — POSTPONED

Another bloody postponement, but at least this time we got something out of it according to the Pools Panel, who made it a No Score Draw. Is this the best result we've had from them this season?

19.03.96 CRYSTAL PALACE 2 TOWN 0

For almost the whole of this game the Town team defended superbly, but the end result proved that defence is not enough. It's not that we were without chances to score, but that we were unable to take those chances, or even make anything of them. We really looked as if we had gone to Selhurst looking for a draw, and hanging on for a victory if we were lucky enough to score. It was a good match, but the difference between the sides was that Palace were able to have to strikers on the bench, and we didn't even have one on the pitch to start with. John Taylor is well out of his depth, although he cannot be faulted for the effort he puts in, and Botchup has reverted to the player he was before Lennie Lawrence arrived.

But should we have expected anything from the match? After all, when was the last time Luton Town came away from a midweek away league match with a victory? And if you can remember it, how about the one before that? (Answers on a postcard.....).

K.F.H.

LUTON 3 GRIMSBY 2

Feuer is crap, James is crap, Thomas is crap, Waddock is crap, Davis is crap, Patterson is crap, Thorpe is crap, Hughes is crap, Taylor is brilliant, Guentchev is crap, Alexander is crap, Marshall is crap, Oldfield is crap, Harvey is crap. Lawrence out.

Oakes is poxy, I wish he would bugger off. Hughes only plays for himself, not the team.

Am I Beatle in disguise?

PS: Hello.

PPS: I haven't gone yet.

PPPS: Still here.

PPPPS: I'm not going.

PPPPPS: OK I will.

PPPPPPS: Goodbye.

PPPPPPPS: By the way, we won.

A TALE OF TWO KEEPERS

This is a story about two goalkeepers with two things in common, they both have played for the Hatters, and they are both American. However, there are plenty of things different about these goalkeepers. One can catch a cross with ease, while the other seems to wave at someone in the crowd every time he comes for a cross. One was a snip at £600,000 and one was a rip off. One plays in the Premiership whilst the other helps Luton to hold up the rest of the First Division, and one is the best keeper we have ever had at the club, whilst the other (*thanks to editorial kindness*), simply, isn't.

I'm sure you can guess which way round Feuer and Sommer fit into this story. Goalkeeping legend Ian Feuer would fit into many teams in Division One and some Premiership teams (especially QPR). Ian, in my opinion, is the best goalkeeper I have ever seen at Kenilworth Road and with him and Steve Davis in defence I feel very confident about keeping clean sheets. Juergen, who might just about manage to win the number one shirt at Torquay, is a totally different kettle of fish. His shot stopping is about the same as Feuer's, but his aerial ability is like a blind man with no hands. He is lost when his feet leave the floor. If Feuer had been part of last seasons set up we could probably have made the play offs. But that is in the past and with a new manager at the helm and a strong defence things can only get better for Town and Feuer, who is far better than Keller, Sommer and co put together. It is surely only a matter of time before his first cap for America.

Jon England

QPR (0) 1 Gallen (54)
ASTON VILLA (0) 0
Att: 14,778
QPR: Sommer 10, Bardsley 6, Br 5, McDonald 7, Yates 7, Impey 6, Barker 7, Wilkins 7 (Brazier 87.6), Halsey 7 (Ready 89.6), Gallen 8 (87.6), Sinclair 8. Booked: McDo (41), Allen (90).
Aston Villa: Bosnich 6, Charles Wright 6, Southgate 8, McGrath 1 (Scimeca 78.6), Ehiogu 7, Taylor (Spink 90.6), Draper 6 (Hendrie Townsend 7, Milosevic 8, Johnsc Sent-off: Hendrie (90) second off Booked: Wright (70), Bosnich (90) Referee: A.Willie (Chester-Le-S 90 MINUTES RATING: ●●●

Talking of Juergen, this was sent in to us, and reveals what must have been an astonishing performance by our ex-keeper!

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.

SHORT CUTS

The Matthew Kelly Stars In Their Eyes Silver Salver For Impersonating A Football Team: Luton Town.

An excerpt from the Jimmy Greaves Christmas Awards in *The Sun*. A bit harsh, perhaps?

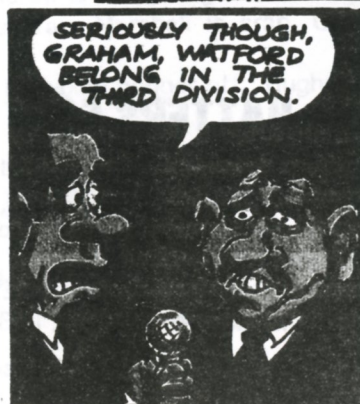
Division One

Luton	5	1	0	10	4	16
Charlton	4	2	0	14	8	14
Huddersfield	4	2	0	8	3	14
Ipswich	4	0	2	8	7	12
Portsmouth	3	2	1	10	7	11
Wolves	3	2	1	9	6	11
Barnsley	3	2	1	8	5	11
Port Vale	2	4	0	10	8	10
Stoke C	3	1	2	6	5	10
Derby Co	2	3	1	9	7	9
Sheff Utd	2	2	2	5	4	8
C Palace	1	4	1	9	6	7
Oldham	2	1	3	5	5	7
Sunderland	1	4	1	3	5	7
Grimsby	1	3	2	7	6	6
Southend	2	0	4	7	11	6
West Brom	1	2	3	9	12	5
Milwall	1	2	3	4	8	5
Reading	1	2	3	2	8	5
Birmingham	1	1	4	5	9	4
Norwich	1	1	4	5	9	4
Tranmere	0	3	3	4	8	3
Leicester	0	3	3	3	10	3
Watford	0	1	5	3	11	1

Also from *The Sun* (20/2/96), such happy extremes!



From the magazine *Match Weekly* — a wonderfully perceptive cartoon.



SPOT THE BALL

WIMBLEDON FC.
Only joking, Wimbledon

LITTLE ODDS
SPOT THE BALL
£1 MILLION TOTAL PRIZE MONEY
FOR ENTRY FORMS CALL 0500 500 000

Two of these items are genuine adverts, lifted from the Wimbledon v Manchester United matchday programme. As for the third, expect to see it soon if the Spot The Ball people decide to advertise in the Town programme.

SPOT THE BALL
Only joking, Andy

£1/4 MILLION
TOTAL PRIZE MONEY
SPOT THE BALL
£1 MILLION TOTAL PRIZE MONEY
FOR ENTRY FORMS CALL 0500 500 000

Vertically challenged. Our two "strickers" (four goals in open play between them this season) are heading upwards here, unlike the team. Top picture is John Taylor, bottom is Bontcho Guentchev.



Loyal Supporters

It's not long now until Loyal Luton Supporters Club hold their annual Player of the Year Presentation Night.

This year it's been arranged for Sunday 21 April, and once again is taking place at Rumours Nightclub, in Chapel Street, Luton, with a 7.00 pm start.

Those of you who attended last year will undoubtedly be reserving your tickets before you can say "Loyal Supporters". For a bar that was only open for three and a half hours, record takings were made.

This year, with the evening being hosted by that great Luton fan, John Ashton, there's a strong rumour circulating that even more money will change hands.

One of the main purposes of the night is for LLSC to award their Player of the Season, as voted by all their members. The past winners have been:

91-92	Mick Harford	93-94	David Preece
92-93	Alan Harper	94-95	Julian James

So with three of the four previous winners having left the club, who will get the lucky curse this season!

Early front runners could well be Gary Waddock (despite having ginger hair) and Dwight Marshall (better with his leg in plaster than half our other forwards), and Steve Davis (for just wearing that sponsored kit).

However, there is a rumour that it could go to the first person to send a particular lover-boy back to Showaddywaddy.

Anyhow, tickets for this momentous night, your chance to rub shoulders with the stars (and Luton's players?) are only £5. They can be obtained from any committee members, who drink in the Brache Club (top of Dallow Road) before and after every home game. Similarly, you can send a cheque for £5 in favour of "Loyal Luton Supporters Club", together with An SAE to Loyal Luton S. C., c/o Kev Lennon, 106 Putteridge Road, Stopsley, Luton, LU2 8HQ.

Up the Hatters, and boy won't it be good to send the scum down — turnips and all — on April 20th!

Kev Lennon

On the internet?

Join WHOSH

Worldwide Hatters

on the Super Highway

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

THE GOON SQUAD

I am writing to let you know about life as a stretcher person this season — yes, I am one. I believe we are known as “The Goon Squad”, very appropriately.

Going back to the start of the season, our first home game was the live match against Norwich. We “Johnnies” turn up as normal to the news that less than 1 week before the start of the season, a new directive came through about stretcher parties going on the pitch. A meeting with the ref followed and we were told to go on the pitch with the physio and take the player to the sidelines for treatment. First time the physio goes on, off we run. The player only had a slight knock and is fine, but the ref tells him he has to go off on our stretcher or be booked. This explains the sight of us carrying a player off for him to stand up and come straight on again — ridiculous or what!?

We find out after the game that we are expected to do this for reserve games as well. First reserve game we go on with the physio, slight head injury, no need for stretcher this time. As we walk off, the linesman comes over and says to me, “Do not go on unless you are called” in a gruff manner, as though he was telling off a naughty schoolboy, a right little Hitler. Off back to our seats, turns out the rule was modified but no-one told us, terrific. After the game I asked the linesman about it but he turned away without replying. Perhaps he’d heard me call him a w***er.

Next home game, meeting with the ref, we are to go on with the physio except for head injuries, goalie injuries, or when a player is being booked. The club also tell us to walk on, not run, as the pitch is watered before each game and is dangerous to run on — just ask Richard Harvey. These rules seem to work better.

At the home game against Portsmouth, Jason Rees got quite a bad stomach injury. The physio ran on and started treatment, and we walked on with our stretcher to a barracking from a Portsmouth player, and Ceri Hughes telling us to run. I shout at them that we are not allowed to, the ref intervened and quietened them. After all, the player was already receiving treatment, and how quickly we got there was going to make little difference.

Perhaps this will help explain to everyone some of the problems facing the goon squad. We don’t make the rules, and are all volunteers doing the best we can to follow them. The ruling may appear stupid, but it seems to be working, with the physio going on much less than he used to, resulting in less time wasting.

P. Coulson (the tall goon, usually at the foot end)

TOWN TRAVELS

It’s good to record that it is now possible to get to West Bromwich Albion by train, with a new station, The Hawthorns, having opened just down the road on Halfords Lane. What a pity then that we are plying them in midweek when the return journey, if not impossible, is too horrendous to contemplate. So, it’s into our trusty motor cars and up the motorways. For those who have time for a beer or two before the game, try West Bromwich town centre, where the OLD HOP POLE (Holt, Plant & Deakin) and the ODDFELLOWS ARMS (Free), both on the High Street, are recommended. At the ground, away fans are now housed in the Smethwick End Stand.

Our next trip is on Good Friday, when we go to Charlton Athletic, for a match which Carlton are televising live, hence the 2.15 kick-off. As Sunday hours apply on that day, time will be restricted for pre-match drinking, and may be further curtailed by train services running something less than a full service. Information on pubs near the ground is a bit limited, but MCDONNELLS, 428 Woolwich Road, is a free house that may be worth a try.

The week after Easter we are away to Birmingham City, on our first trip to the half rebuilt St Andrews. The local police apparently advise against naming pubs for drinking so that they do not become a target for the Birmingham ‘nutter’ element. And it is worth bearing in mind that some of the pubs near the ground are simply awful. The BREWER & BAKER, Old Camp Hill, rates an entry in the Good Beer Guide, but is noted as being ‘packed on match days’. After the game, rush back south and try some of the beers on sale at the 2nd Dunstable Beer Festival, which is being held in the Dunstable Young Persons Centre.

So, at this stage, there will be only two away games left. The one at Port Vale hasn’t yet been given a definite date, but is certain to be a midweek match, meaning rail travel really is out of the question. The VINE INN, Hamil Road, should be OK for a pre match beer or two, and the BULL’S HEAD, St John’s Square, in Burslem town centre, is well worth a visit to sample the Titanic Brewery products.

And finally, off to Oldham for the last match of the season, and potentially, our last match in the First Division, but let’s hope not. We still don’t know if the match will be on Saturday or Sunday, and this will clearly affect travel plans, which in turn will affect drinking plans. The nearest railway station is Oldham Werneth, and there is an excellent pub just up the road, although I am afraid the name of it escapes me. Otherwise, the pubs are spread far and wide, and the connoisseur may prefer to drink in central Manchester.

KNICKS, in association with Talking Balls and The Boring Old Fart looks at some of the biggest, brightest and best movies.

KENNYVIEW '96

FEET A gripping, top-notch drama as Dwight Marshall and Bontcho Guentchev team up for the first time. Lawrence's great casting is seen at it's best when the duo, rivals for top scorer '96, join forces to fillet the Fishermen, gaining revenge in so doing.

Stars: Marshall and Guentchev.

Director: Leonard Lawrence.

18

VAMPIRE IN OAK ROAD Able to transform himself in a thousand different ways, Ceri, formerly of the Undead, arrives to transform the midfield (look out for the cameo performance of Barry Knight, the comic 'yellow card' referee).

Stars: Ceri (U2) Hughes.

Director: John Moore (by arrangement with Lennie Lawrence).

PG

442 Steve Davis, Marvin Johnson, Darren Patterson and Julian James as a quartet of hard bitten city cops intent on snuffing out the criminal opposition on their own patch and on tour in the sticks. A psychological drama containing gruesome scenes of bodies lying outside the penalty area!

Director: Len Lawrence (assisted by Wayne Turner).

18

KIDDO Hilarious comic fable about a domestic sheepdog whose midfield worrying is a byword, but who longs to become a slick, throughball racehorse. The star, Gary Waddock, plays like a colossus but does not always succeed in his laudable ambition.

Director: L. Lawrence (remember his epic "Survival at the Valley").

Voice overs: Kathy Leather, Simon Oxley and the cheering crowd.

U

BRAINS AND PROBABILITY Romance, passion, period elegance, laughter, even tragedy. The best of Kenilworth Road footballing talent on a lush pitch of verdant green. The emotions are timeless as Brian Swain's romantic script brings together stars Ian Feuer (he knows all the angles), Graham Alexander (transformed in his new rôle) and the warm and witty bar staff.

Director: D. Koh Ler

U

Free in Mad as a Hatter! — Available by annual subscription £20.

Knicks net: ltfc;knicks:uk

Match of the 80's

HOW MANY GOALKEEPERS?

After promotion from the old division two five months previously, the Town were now up with the big boys: September 11th, and Luton arrived at Anfield, home of champions Liverpool, England's most feared team. Renowned for the highest quality of attacking football in the British Isles and, possibly, Europe, Liverpool, on paper, should have humiliated the newly promoted visitors.

But it was the Town that gave one of their finest attacking performances with such verve, which left the 'Reds' gasping for an equalizer to save a point 14 minutes from time. "Luton are looking like champs" and "Compleat entertainers" were just two of the headlines which followed the match.

A painful torn chest muscle had poleaxed Jake Findlay and forced the Town to use first Kirk Stephens, and then Mal Donaghy, as substitute goalkeepers. The Town had taken the lead after 27 minutes. Clever work from Horton and Hill enabled Stein to carry the ball. Walsh made a penetrating run down the left wing which ended with him dumping Lawrenson on his arse and setting up Stein to place an accurate shot wide of Grobelaar.

Five minutes later, Liverpool replied with a powerful 20 yard volley from Souness. Then, after 37 minutes came Findlay's injury. He went down in agony and was removed on a stretcher. Kirk Stephens took over the green shirt, and the famous Kop chanted "There's only one Shakin' Stephens" to the amusement of our excitable right back. Two minutes from half time however, he was picking the ball from the back of the net after Souness had created a chance for Rush.

The second half began with Donaghy in goal. "Luton defended in characteristic manner; in other words by attacking" wrote the journalist from The Guardian. After 51 minutes the Town equalized when Antic sent Moss through to hook a cool shot into the net, and then took an impressive lead when Moss set up Stein for a dribble in which he beat three tackles before rounding Grobelaar. It was 3-2 in the Town's favour and Liverpool were struggling to such an extent that they took off Kenny Dalglish and sent on Craig Johnston. The switch worked. Johnston scored the equalizer after 76 minutes and created a dramatic finish in which a goal might have been scored at either end. As it was, a draw left honours even and the Town had the satisfaction of knowing that they had proved, even with three different goalkeepers (each of which conceded a goal), they had the ability, confidence and flair to belong in the first division, sharing one of the most hallowed theatres of the game with the champions.

It was a stunning result, but one which typified the way in which the Town played throughout the first exciting Autumn back in the first division in 1982. It was all about goals, goals, and yet more goals at both ends of the pitch as the nation's sport critics took note of the breath of fresh attacking talent which was sweeping the country.

Tony Allbones

The David Oldfield Incident - A Sort of Reply

Upon reading Beattie's article about his disagreement at the Stoke game which I attended with Beattie and sat next to him. I have to say that although I am a friend of Mr Beattie (if I can assume gender) I did agree with the bloke in the leather jacket, with the glasses and the dodgy tash about giving the players a chance. At the start of the season the Luton fans were quick to jump on the backs of Guentchev, Oldfield and Alexander. What they seem to forget is that Oldfield and Guentchev played for the reserves for their respective teams for the majority of last season and for the fans to think they would play well immediately is stupid and unrealistic. It takes time to adjust to the pace of first team football and the different styles teams play. Now they have got some games under their belts they are starting to play like decent players.

As for Graham Alexander, he has had to jump from the 3rd division with lowly Scunthorpe to the 1st division with Luton (*should that be lowly Luton — Ed*). The pace of the game is bound to be vastly different between the divisions and now he is playing well also.

But now to the main point. Luton fans are very impatient and expect results straight away. Take, for example, Kurt Nogan — on his full debut he scored at Anfield and everyone was raving about him, but then his form dipped and the crowd got on his back, he lost all confidence and was banished to the reserves a few months later, before being sold. Nogan was only in his early twenties, just out of the reserves and was not given the time to prove himself. He should have been given two years, not just 6 months, and exactly the same can be said for Sean Farrell, who is now scoring regularly for Peterborough after a serious injury.

If you look at Gary Waddock since being signed on a free transfer from a second division team where he was in the reserves, he took a while to establish himself, but over recent weeks has been our best player and is improving with each game. I also think it is worth pointing out that our recent upturn in form not only coincided with the arrival of Lennie, but the regular inclusion of Gary Waddock as well.

The Mystical One

HatterLeague Update 3

With this being the penultimate HatterLeague update of the season, there is still everything to play for and the championship is still up for grabs. The latest league positions show that the two leaders are still Eamonn McTague and me, separated by only a point. We have started to pull away from the other 146 managers as well, with the third placed manager 3 points away and gradually losing ground. However, these latest standings come from the Norwich game on the 20th January, and after this game there are still about 14 HatterLeague weeks left. The reason I am so far behind is due to college work mounting up on me, but I assure you that by the next update, normal service will definitely be resumed. With the title being fought as a two horse race at this moment, let's take a look at the two top teams in more detail.

Eamonn McTague

Peakey's Bald Patch - The Glorious Return!

03	Fred Barber	£0.2m
13	Marv Johnson	£0.5m
16	Steve Davis	£0.6m
22	Scott Oakes	£0.5m
29	David Oldfield	£0.5m
31	Dwight Marshall	£0.7m

*= HatterSwap used

Chris Lennon

Of Course I Picked My Team in Sept

03	Fred Barber	£0.2m
13	Marv Johnson	£0.5m
16	Steve Davis	£0.6m
22	Scott Oakes	£0.5m
27	Hughes/24 Thorpe*	£0.4m
31	Dwight Marshall	£0.7m

So, as you can see the two teams at the top are very similar indeed, with just one player different in each team. We, along with 60 other managers, are now severely disadvantaged by the fact that Marshall is now out until the end of the season with a broken leg, thus scoring -2 points for every game he doesn't play. With the HatterSwaps gone, this could have a telling effect on the eventual winner of the League, and the £25 betting prize could well go to anyone.

In the next update, you will find the updated League table, and almost end of season report, awards to the best and worst named teams, and preparations for next season's HatterLeague 2.

Up the Hatters.

Chris Lennon/K.F.H.

An Apology

In issue 31 I wrote some rather disparaging comments about our very own World Cup megastar Bontcho. I'm sure Bontcho, being the scholar and gentleman that he is, is aware that these remarks were merely written in jest and that nothing personal was meant, sir.

Led

