

# MAD AS A HATTER!

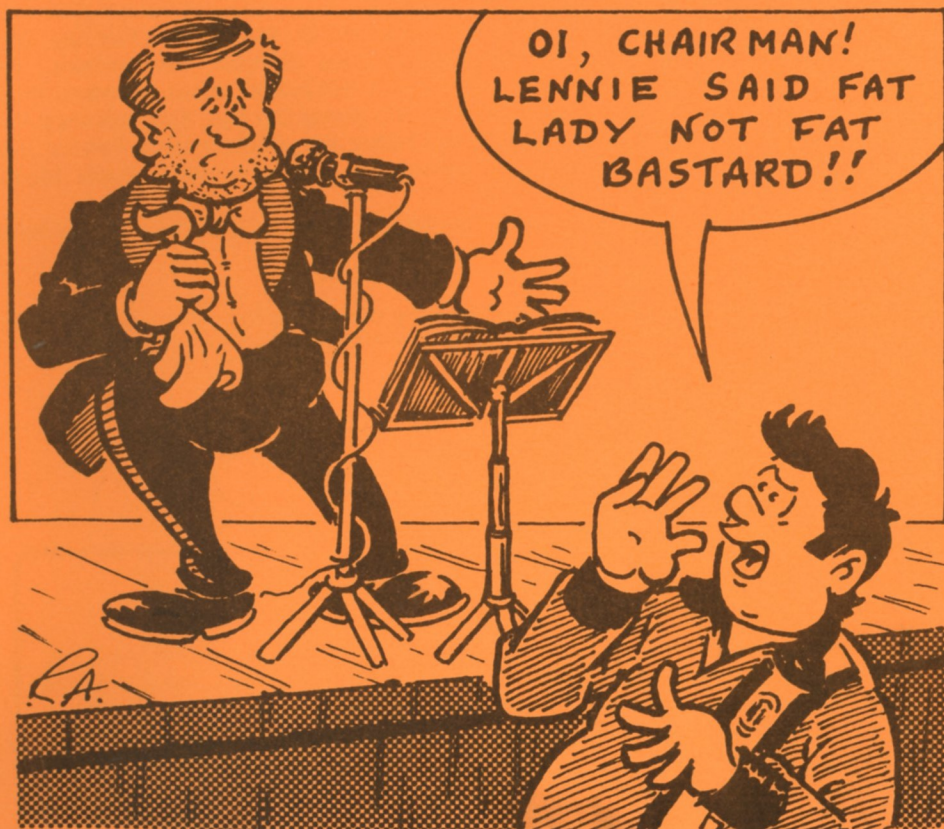
THE LUTON TOWN FANZINE



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IT'S NOT ALL OVER UNTIL.....



60 PAGE BUMPER ISSUE



# MAD AS A HATTER!

THE LUTON TOWN FANZINE



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## EDITORIAL

As I write this, relegation is looking like an absolute certainty, which is a change from the last six years of writing end of season editorials when it has been merely something between a possibility and probability (well, except last season when we were already safe). It is tempting to wonder if the rot will ever be stopped. As ever, the club has found itself with a chance of increasing its income (from TV — remember the Premiership?) and it has been spurned, although with around £2.5 million being spent on players since this time a year ago it is difficult to blame the directors. But the fact is that income to the club will be reduced next season, if only due to the lower second division attendances (the club will receive that same amount of TV money next season as this), and players of quality will be more difficult to attract. Eleven players are out of contract at the end of this season, but none of them are Westley/Lawrence signings, and several of them will leave and not be missed. But with so many out of contract, where will the cash to rebuild the side come from?

Relegation, however, is not something which happens without someone being blamed. Clearly, a large part of the responsibility was (and still is) carried by Hell Tel, and McGiven. Some will point the finger at Lawrence for his failure to replace Marshall as soon as he was injured. The players have to accept much of the blame for their all too apparent apathy in some crucial matches. But we come back to the board, who really should have got rid of Hell Tel sooner, but seemed to want more time for their investment in new players to show some return.

The Oxford manager, Denis Smith, was recently on TV saying that supporters only wanted success, and even mid-table positions could not satisfy them. Clearly he was speaking as someone who has not consulted any Luton Town supporters on the subject. And speaking of managers, the chickens are coming home to roost at Sheffield Wednesday, where the fans are, as predicted in issue 28, not happy with the level of 'success' David Pleat has brought them, and many are now calling for his head. At least the danger of him making another return is limited by the fact that David Kohler recently indicated that, given a straight choice of Pleat and Lawrence, he would choose Lawrence.

So, to the summer. For Town fans this will be an ideal time to study all the route maps for visits to places that were previously just 'lower division' teams, and there will be that dreadful wait for the fixture list to be published. But the most important thing happening during the summer will be the Public Inquiry into the J10/Kohlerdome planning application. This will start on July 9th, and the forces of opposition are already marshalled. Steps are being taken now to mobilise support in a manner that can be used most effectively, but at present there are no details, unfortunately. The Inquiry is likely to miss an overlap with the new season by a whisker, so when the next issue of Mad comes out we will again be left with 4 months or so to wait for the decision. It's a bit of a bugger, really.



## End of Season Reports

### Ian Feuer

Performance rating 95%

Has simply been our most outstanding player. His arrival, and Juergen's departure, was Westley's only contribution this season. Must be the only foreign keeper in England, including Schmeichel, who can handle a cross, and his countless saves have almost been as valuable as goals. Struck up an immediate rapport with the fans, and how about those legs? Mitchell's now look like Oak trees.

### Julian James

Performance rating 70%

After his best performances to date last season, Jules has somewhat lost it this term. Has actually cost us 6 points to date; his stormer against Sunderland (the goal, not the performance) cost us 2, his cock-up v Reading and his pass to the balding Milton one each. OK, so it's 4 points and, as you read this, it could have sent us down. He was mentioned by some (including me) as a future captain. It takes a lot for a player to motivate 10 others at Rochdale, matey....

### Mitchell Thomas

Performance rating 75%

The man with a cup final appearance, actually doesn't play like A cup final footballer. Though, in fairness, he has had a pretty good go of it since Lennie took over with some decent performances. Still prone to a cock-up in every match though, which normally leads to a torrent of abuse from the Kenny End, and from Wayne Turner to the right of me. By the way, for those of you lucky enough to be in the Kenny End, Wayne's language is impressive (not). Words rhyming with tuck, punt and tanker are frequently used. Back to Mitchell, these have been his most impressive days since re-signing for us.

### Steve Davis

Performance rating 90%

His performances this season have only been bettered by Feuer's and the £750,000 fee has been well justified. Makes up for what he lacks in pace with his commitment and overall ability, although rather quiet for a captain. The highlight was his opener against Watford which sent 2,500 Town fans mental. Rumour has it that Stevo has a clause in his contract allowing him to leave if we go down, so by now the worst may have occurred. Let's hope the rumour is just a rumour, or that Bontcho's goals have kept us up. Going back to that rumour.....

### Darren Patterson & Marvin Johnson

Performance rating 95%  
90%

Darren's performances have been outstanding since his switch from right to centre back. Looks more reliable than even Steve Davis and calm with it. Our best player in the last two months. Up to a couple of months ago Marvin had been one of our best players, but has been unable to regain his place from Patterson, following his hamstring injury. Few have suggested moving D.P. to right back and

bringing M.J. in at centre back, leaving Jules in the cold. Sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind.....

### Gary Waddock

Performance rating 100%

Considering our predicament this season, quite a few players have had outstanding seasons. "Crunchie bar" Gazza here is another player whose performances since Xmas have been a breath of fresh air. Possibly playing the best football of his career, his tackles actually mean something (Scottie) and he comes out with the ball more often than not. Will always be sacrificed if we need a goal, so expect him to be substituted with 20 minutes to go for a goalscorer. So, on comes Riseth.....

### Graham Alexander

Performance rating 75%

After a rather poor start to the season, Alex the Great (possibly not) has improved recently. It was suggested in the last issue that he has the potential to be better than Telfer. This may be a slight exaggeration but, like Telfer, his best position looks to be at right back, pushing on to support the front players. Took a barrage of abuse for the first few months, but to his credit battled on and won a lot more respect.

### David Oldfield

Performance rating 70%

The poorest of all our players at the start of the season, even David's performances have improved recently. Hasn't been moaned at for lack of effort lately, and does well up front holding the ball up and shows strength holding off defenders. At 27 though, "Wigfield" should really be at the peak of his footballing career, and he ain't.

### Scott Oakes

Performance rating 15%

The footballer with the neatest, tidiest haircut in the game. The footballer who is the number 1 fantasy of all female Town fans (*? Really? Surely not — Ed*). The player who is the number 1 fantasy of all Junior Hatters (?). And, finally, the footballer about whom supporters express themselves with words yet to be accepted by the Oxford English Dictionary. So for once, let's compliment Oakesy leaving aside some of our stronger feelings. You're a ..... (*I am not putting that into print. Not that it is libellous, just too offensive. But something along the lines of useless, good for nothing, waster might sum it up. — Ed*).

### Bontcho Guentchev

Performance rating 75%

Along with Oldfield, another poor starter (*and poor finisher?*), but has improved this side of Xmas. If only his open play were as good as his penalties. Actually played quite well in his second half appearance for Bulgaria against England, and nutmegged Gascoigne too, such are the Bulgar's skills. Received a warm reception from Ipswich supporters a month back, and has gained a few more supporters in recent months (apart from that miss at Crystal Palace).



### John Taylor

Performance rating 30%

"SuperJohn" as he was affectionately known, once upon a time, has a scoring record this season some way behind Fowler, Shearer et al. In fact, even Richard Harvey has pinched a goal this season ahead of John. To date, around 20 appearances and no goals. Like Fowler, the boy is consistent. It's only been through a lack of competition that he's managed those 20 games. And, just to put the cherry on the icing, this man makes Iain Dowie look charming. And we all know he ain't.

### Dwight Marshall

Performance rating 90%

Like Taylor, this man could end up sending us down. If only his bleeding legs were made of steel, particularly the left one....

The only player in the team with genuine pace and the hardest trier in a side with others who ponce around keeping their shirts clean. True, he could have doubled his tally this year with a little more composure, but that was only if I was being critical. Will he be as good next season on those boggy pitches at Shrewsbury and Carlisle?

As for the others, Gavin Johnson had more hair than skill. Richard Harvey has played OK, but is still a little slow. Vilstrup was very fat — too much Lurpak. Riseth deserves 2nd division football — in Pakistan. Ceri Hughes — injured, suspended or behind the bar. Peake still looked good, but dropped a clanger against Watford. I've still not made my mind up on McLaren, but McLaren sportscaps are definitely quicker. Linton "can never be underestimated" (Andy Gray, Feb 1994). Kelvin Davis is still a little inexperienced, but is a future star. Wilkinson was slow, but better than my mum and Grant actually looks like a decent signing. Douglas has been unlucky to be left out and looks keen. Woodsford has still not impressed me yet. Tomlinson must be laughing — he's played with Cantona, now he's just playing with Cants (or something similar). And finally, Sommer still cannot catch, and 27 different angles on Sky all make him look shite.

*Tony Allbones*

## RADIO DAZE 1

*Interesting comment from Brian Marwood on Three Counties Radio recently - "I'm sure we all hope Watford can get out of trouble." What, all of us, Brian? No, not quite!*

*The Mystical One*

## TABOO TO BOO? THE LAST WORD!!

First there came football. The came proper league football when people paid to watch their favourites perform. It did not take these early spectators long to reason that, as they were the ones shelling out hard earned reddie's, they had the right to boo and hiss if they so desired. History does not relate which poor, unfortunate, player was the very first to be thus treated, but you can rest assured that it wasn't long before one wearing a Luton shirt had his ears bent as the Victorian air turned blue.

Ever since I have been attending matches at Kenilworth Road, the crowd have usually had it in for some poor sod. I can go back thirty odd years, but I have no reason to suspect that it started then; my father said that in his day it was Tony Gregory and then Ronnie Cope who were the targets of the 'Boo Boys'. The first player that I remember who suffered at the hands of the crowd was a centre half by the name of Alan Rivers. Admittedly, he was an average player, at best, in a decidedly poor team but he wasn't the WORST player around at the time, that's the point. Neither, by any stretch of the imagination, was Keith Allen but even in two promotion winning campaigns he had his fierce critics. So did Mike Keen as captain of the second of those successful sides, back in 1969-70.

Since then there has been a steady stream of players who, shall we say, never won the hearts of the Luton footballing public: Vic Halom, Viv Busby, Wayne Turner, Steve White, Mike Newell, right up to Messrs Sommer and Dixon from last season, all have been glad to reach the sanctuary of the Kenilworth Road dressing rooms.

But, I confess, I have never known it so bad as this present, sorry, season. I also confess that I have, in the past, not been slow to voice my annoyance if I considered that a player could have done better, or tried better. I have shouted and screamed at Taylor and have despaired at Oakes, but, unlike some, I did not decide before the season started that, come what may, certain players would be subjected to a torrent of abuse. And one thing which I have never done or would ever condone, is the booing of a player waiting to come on as a substitute. Which is why I stood up for David Oldfield at Stoke last November.

Yes, I was the 'Senile Old Sod' who was mercilessly slated by 'Beatle' in MAAH 32, or put another way "the guy in the black leather jacket and glasses with the dodgy tache" as described by his friend in the following issue. I fear that Master Beatle (gender now confirmed as immature schoolboy) totally missed the point, his logic being totally distorted by his blind hatred of Oldfield, together with his equally strange love of John Taylor.



So, just to spell it out for him and his ilk, I was not defending David Oldfield's merits as a footballer (although I sincerely hope that players like him and Guentchev are around next season), merely his, and every other player's, right to at least start a match without a tirade of abuse.

I cannot think of any player, past or present, who, when subjected to such treatment would be sufficiently motivated to perform any better. A few of the more thick skinned individuals may roll their sleeves up and say "I'll show those morons that they won't get to me", but the vast majority of players will put more into their game and have a greater pride in playing for the club if they know they are to be appreciated by the supporters. So, if there is any small lesson to be learned from this God awful season, let this be it.

Just to end on a lighter note, and just for 'Beatle', here is a question:

"What do you call a three legged John Taylor???"

Answer: A WONKEY!!!

A.J.R.

## BAD SUMMERS

Global warming, water shortages and changing weather patterns are all topics in the news. And often the reports give lists of the good and bad years, along with forecasts of doom and destruction. Well, now we all know that the prospect for the summer of 1996 is going to follow the poxy summers of 1960, 1963, 1965, 1975 and 1992.

Sod the weather, who cares if it is sunny and warm. A summer after relegation is the utter pits. NOTHING lifts the gloom. England could win Euro 96; England might even win a test match; Lunchbox man might win another Olympic Gold and Damon Hill might eventually shove that German git's exhaust up his back passage. ALL these things would be nice. And it's all very well that the W-tf-rd came bottom, but we also fell in the shite. Relegation ruins the summer, even if I do manage to outscore a Luton forward in Tenerife! The pain festers; the anger lingers; and all the memories of the games where the crucial points were lost filter back. The cat's bruises never heal; the lager never tastes as good (*lager never tastes good anyway — Ed*); and every time you watch "They think it's all over" the agony of those last few minutes when Stoke cut off the oxygen come flooding back with every Nick Hancock grin. OH BOLLOCKS!!! It's going to be a long hard poxy summer. Those wonderful summers of 1968, 1970, 1974 and 1982 (not to mention that glorious spring of 1988) seem such distant memories.

Roll on August. Dare we dream of finishing in the top 15 for once?

Orpington Man

## THE ONLY BALLS WE'LL EVER WIN WITH.....

The only thing that brings any spark of hope on the long and winding journeys back from Luton's matches these days is the thought that maybe, just maybe, at 8:03 pm my lottery numbers will come up.

Imagine, for just one moment, what it would be like if a Luton fan such as myself could hit the jackpot. Gone would be that smarmy grin from Kohler's face as the club is returned to where it belongs — WITH THE FANS! No more Kohlerdome — roll on the IanDome! Imagine the Ferdinands and Fowlers of this world proudly pulling on their blue and white Town shirt on a Saturday afternoon. Well, we can dream, can't we!

So, perhaps it is time that Luton fans launched their own syndicate with a view to buying the club. Let's think of some of those lucky numbers we could include and perhaps some unlucky ones to avoid.

- 2 The shirt that turns a defender into an additional player for the opposition (Julian James v Sunderland/Ipswich, Trevor Peake v the scum).
- 4 The number of League wins under Westley.
- 11 The dizzy heights of our highest League position this season.
- 13 Unlucky for some — number of goals from Dwight prior to breaking his leg.
- 22 The number of League games it took to sack Westley.
- 24 Our longest running position in Division 1 this season.

Sadly, some numbers such as the number of saves by Feuer or number of misses by Taylor are too large for the present 1-49 lottery system. Others such as the number of League goals by Taylor or good formations by Westley are too small.

Well, as I write, it is a rollover week, so I'm off to the newsagents round the corner to buy my ticket. Let's hope one of us wins before it's too late.

Ian A.

## LUTON TOWN

There is no truth in the rumour that the reason that the recent AIC match at Charlton lasted only 35 minutes each half was because Trevor Peake, the 39 year old Reserve Team Manager was in the Luton side!

From the Avon Insurance Combination News Bulletin (catchy title that) a little bit of humour.





Above, David Oldfield was found measuring the size of the task of avoiding relegation.

Below, a rare shot of a Town striker showing some aggression.



## WITH A LITTLE HELP....

Well, that's it then. This is where I came in. I first started going to Kenilworth Road in 63-64, the first season in the old third division after relegation from the second, and only three years after relegation from the old first.

The names resound down the years: Fincham, Lownds, Bramwell, Caleb, McKechnie. You think that the current lot are crap, you should have seen the 63-64 team. Only O'Rourke kept us from a further drop which duly arrived the following year when, unbelievably, we were even more crap. We even lost twice to W----d. The point I am making is yes, it can get worse and I expect it will. But I would still rather follow the lads than be one of those sad bastards claiming to be lifelong Man U. fans.

Back to the present. I think that the atmosphere at grounds has improved massively over the last ten years or so (except, of course, Ninian Park). It is now far more common for home fans to strike up conversation in the pubs than to perpetrate acts of violence. And therein lies a new problem: the phenomenon of the Helpful Home Fan (HHF).

Now, call me sad if you like (*altogether now... — Ed*), but when I go to an away match I leave nothing to chance. Street plans are acquired weeks ahead and pubs selected. Distances are calculated so that drinking time is maximised and the ground reached after the teams are out on the pitch but before the kick-off. And it always works. OK, well, nearly. There was the time at Maine Road when my brother bought four pints at ten to three because the beer was so cheap. Good job we had had a skinful in view of what followed. But I digress.

Twice recently all this careful planning has come to nothing because of the HHF. Huddersfield: the wonderfully named and wonderful Slubbers Arms. Excellent ale, friendly Huddersfield fans and meat and potato pie with mushy peas.

|        |                                                                                  |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2.30pm | "How long will it take to walk to the ground?"                                   |
|        | "Ten minutes — you can see it from the door."                                    |
| 2.49pm | "Right, we're off."                                                              |
|        | "Oh, you'll not get there for kick-off now. We never see the start of the game." |

The friendliness extended to insisting on taking us to the ground, thus preventing any quick walking to make up time.

West Bromwich: In the Banks's pub. It is 20 minutes walk to the ground



because I went there last season. Enter HHF Colin: "I played for Walsall for 6 years" — Hmmm.

"We'll get the bus to the ground."

"OK, how often do they run?"

"About every two minutes."

Suspiciously long queue at bus stop. Wait ten minutes. Bus finally arrives. Full. Obvious to meanest intelligence that we are not going to get there by bus. Next bus comes. Full. 15 minutes to kick-off. Might just make it if we walk very fast.

"Er, if it's all the same to you Colin, I think that we will walk."

"Good idea, I'll come with you."

Transpires that Colin has a leg injury, picked up in his six years with Walsall. A twenty minute limp later (picture Dustin Hoffman in 'Midnight Cowboy') and we are there.

Huddersfield fans, and Colin, we love you. But on the whole we'll take our chances with violent Welshmen. At least we see the whole match.

*John Clark*

PS: Every time I go in the 'Swan with Two Necks' the landlord ostentatiously starts polishing his 'Hatters Ale' pump clip, remarking loudly to anyone within earshot that he will need it soon. Be sure to ask for a pint of Smiles in there next season. This will annoy him even more than Bristol City losing, which they will.

**Lacklustre**

**Useless**

**Terrible**

**0 — Goals far too often**

**No passion**

**Two — Division next season**

**Ouch — yes, it hurts**

**Worst side for years**

**No commitment**

*Sid Down*

## **BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH**

Who said every cloud has a silver lining? Relegation is now staring us in the face and in my view it will be nothing short of an unmitigated disaster.... Unless Messrs Kohler and Lawrence et al can demonstrate that we really can learn the lessons from this season's fiasco, which has been a shambles from start to finish. I'm not writing this as an armchair fan, but as someone who has given up a lot of time and effort to follow the club home and away from this Hatters enclave in the West Midlands, and taken the stick with it from Wolves, Blues and Baggies supporters, let alone carried the guilt of watching my 10 year old son, Daniel, in utter despair at our inability to play together as a team for more than 10 minutes a match.

So what are the lessons that we have to learn from this "Annus Horribilis"?

1. To win games you have to score goals. To score goals you need at least three players who know where the net is. With the exception of Dwight Marshall we have been DREADFUL up front. Once Telfer, Hartson and Dixon left we have been exposed as the toothless teasers of the 1st Division. Kim Grant (who Charlton fans thought was 'on-off' mediocrity) has been made to look a genius — I hope he fulfils his early promise — but we need at least two others who can score and attack. There are at least a dozen games this season we should have won by 3 or 4 goals.

2. To win games you need a team that can concentrate for 90, 91 or 92 minutes, ie. until the referee calls time. Our inability to defend a lead and stop conceding late goals is unbelievable. The omens were all there last season with Bolton, Wolves (twice), Portsmouth, Sheffield United etc.... I can think of no other team that has such a spineless reputation for giving it away so regularly in the last 10-15 minutes — we all know the games this season, and the home debacle with Stoke is another awful example.

So, what is the manager going to do to toughen up the team? And what about the captain? I am an admirer of 'Stevo', but he has to accept responsibility for leadership throughout the game — this has to improve.

3. To win games you need eleven committed players — they have to be committed, feel committed, and show their commitment, not just to themselves, but to the rest of the team, the club, and particularly the supporters. Lennie appears to have improved this, but there is still a lot to be desired. Is Scott Oakes a dilettante? Was three goals against West Ham a one night stand? If so, he should be sent packing unless he can turn the good natured side of his personality into something with venom and bite in the opposition's half.

4. To win, players need encouragement. They need encouragement before



and during the whole 90 minutes. I am amazed at the ignorance and apathy of 80% of our support — moaning and condemning players with their first kick of the ball. The 20% are brilliant, cheering and singing their hearts out, particularly away from home (Martin and crew especially) but the rest don't deserve Luton Town — they deserve Watford, week in, week out. If they're not prepared to get behind the team, forgiving mistakes, offering positive encouragement to everyone, they should clear off — the sooner the better.

Do these morons really believe that Mitchell Thomas, David Oldfield and Bontcho will actually play better under a torrent of abuse? Didn't they learn anything from their childhood? That people respond to praise not criticism.

5. Finally, to win, a team needs the community behind it (unless it has a sugar daddy, which we don't). Luton Town needs a club which is owned by and is accountable to the supporters. We need a club, a chairman, and a board of directors that can show that they are part of the community, that they talk to the community, they listen to us and act at all times in the best interests of the club and not themselves. Charlton are doing it. West Bromwich, Preston and others are showing the way. Our board is a joke. We, the supporters, the people without which LTFC is nothing, without which DK would not get his £50K salary, we should have the right to nominate two independent directors to the board. We should be treated as customers and stakeholders in the club's future. We should demand that the Chief Executive (DK) is transparent in how and what he has achieved. At least, each month he should report, through the programme, personally on what he has achieved on such matters as the financial side, transfers, gate receipts, expenditure, ground development, club staff movement, staff and players wages, sponsorship, TV, training facilities, supporters and shareholders membership, junior clubs etc. etc.

Wake up Luton, before it's too late.

*Mick the Brummie Hatter*



## BBC purge on bad language

| WEST HAM                      | 4 MAN CITY   | 2 |
|-------------------------------|--------------|---|
| Dowie 21, 54                  | Quinn 75, 90 |   |
| Dicks 83                      |              |   |
| Dani 84                       |              |   |
| HT: 1-0 Att: 24,017           |              |   |
| Sent off: Lomas (Man City) 74 |              |   |

Our correspondent Brian Surette suggests that a purge might start with the football results. Read vertically, the West Ham scorers can sound like an obscure sexual offence.





## All about goals

Remembering this was written after the Stoke nightmare and that I am totally and utterly pissed off, I have tried to restrict, within reason, the amount of criticism and foul language as much as possible.

I don't think anyone imagined on that fateful day in Nottingham in 1992, that third flight football would be staring us in the face so soon after. Call it what you like, bad management, bad luck, appalling behind the scene decisions..... whayever, it is one hell of an awful feeling. We could all spend hours blaming everyone and everything but in truth, this has been a gradual decline over a period of seven years.

During this time, it has been one long continual struggle and, believe me, it has been anything but fun. Surely we have reached a point where the team can start to find their feet. After the backwards slide under Pleat and six horrendous months under Hell Tel, at least Lennie has given us some hope, maybe not this season, but certainly next (I hope). There has been such a fine line between winning and not, simply down to an inability to score. Plain and simple. Finding scoring positions is one thing, hitting the back of the net is another. How many points are we going to drop by not being able to score in a brothel. I can't help but think Town have literally tossed between 15 and 20 points away, or, in other words, the luxury of First Division safety.

I've experienced some real highs and lows but Tuesday 8th April was certainly one of the lowest. For some odd reason I am very optimistic for next season. I'm bugged if I know why, as those idiots on the pitch hardly give cause for optimism.

G.S.

## COCKNEY WANKAH'S DISLEXIA CORNER...



WE'RE GOING DOWN  
WITH THE WALFORD



## "Mad" Merchandise



It's still available. The 1974 home shirt in glorious Orange, Blue & White. Made in England in 100% cotton with an embroidered LTFC 'football' badge, this shirt, a replica of the one worn by Jimmy Ryan in the photo, was described in the Luton News as a "quality garment". It comes in two sizes — L and XL — and can be yours for only £26.95 including post and packing.

And what next, you may ask. Well, due to popular demand we are getting the away version of this shirt, which should be on sale at the start of next season. Watch this space..... And let us know if there are any other vintage shirts we should consider.

Please send me a 1974 shirt. I Enclose a cheque/PO for £26.95.

Name:..... Size:.....L/XL

Address:.....

.....

.....

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## Saturday the 13th

Relegation will no doubt have its good points. Lots of new grounds to visit for the younger supporters, and one or two (Wycombe and Walsall) for the older supporters. You never know, we might even win the occasional match. It will have its bad aspects as well. Having to play in the first round of the FA Cup (come November or whenever, who will supporters of Stevenage Borough or Hitchin Town be praying for their team to be drawn against?), for example, along with the Auto Windscreens Shield, for God's sake. Some of the grounds we visit will look pretty poor even by the standards of Kenilworth Road, while some will still look considerably better. But, if anything can be considered a blessing, it will be not having to visit St Andrews.

This was possibly the most obnoxious experience of the season. It is bad enough that the team are as much a bunch of thugs as the supporters, quite happy to kick the opposition off of the park. The supporters themselves seem to find arming themselves with bricks quite acceptable, but you really do not expect to find the club apparently setting out to aid and abet them. To place the away support immediately next to the more extreme elements of the home support was, while leaving one end of the ground entirely empty, ridiculous. But the final straw was that, having seen your team lay down and submit to defeat in a crucial match, the stewards tried to prevent us leaving the ground a good 10 minutes before the end of the game. It was only by being aggressive that we managed to escape in good enough time to be well onto the M6 before hearing the final score.

Now, I'm not an aggressive sort of person (really) but being told that I can't leave a ground when my team have done all they can (or can't) to humiliate me really wound me up. Having to leave in such a way that any local thug in the ground can clearly identify me doesn't help matters either, but ignorant and plain stupid behaviour by the local stewards was the final straw, and I'll admit that I would have happily laid the idiots out if it had been the only way out of the ground. Fortunately, there is safety in numbers, and the thirty or forty fellow supporters behind me meant that being apprehended was unlikely, so I took part in the breakout.

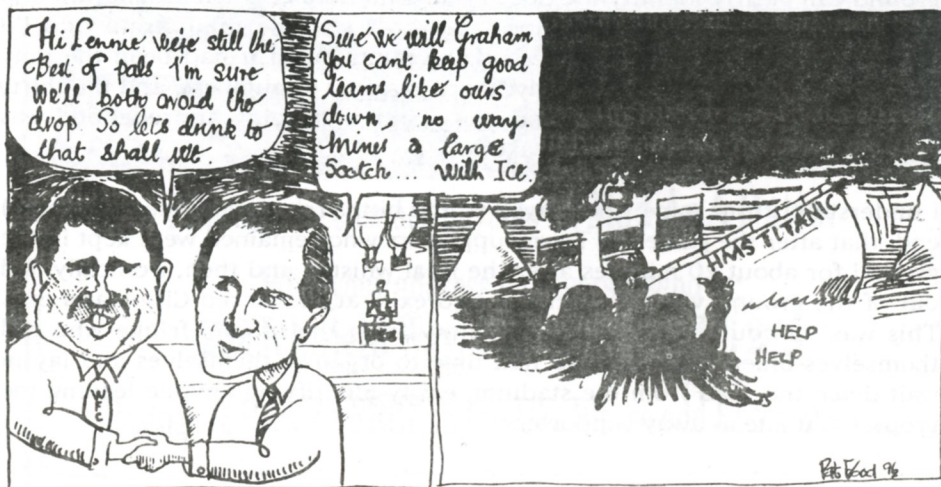
I understand from some who stayed to the bitter (no understatement there) end, that after the game the Town supporters who remained were kept in the ground for about 20 minutes after the final whistle, and then, ironically, led out of the ground via the touchline and exits at the closed City stand end. This was, of course, for their own safety from the lunatic fringe who call themselves Bluenoses, who had had time to organise themselves and lay in wait down the road from the stadium, easily identifying anyone leaving the ground that late as away supporters.



There are a couple of other points; firstly, the absurd "all ticket" arrangement for the match which was really well advertised to Luton supporters (ie. in the programme and outside the ticket office, but not a word in the local press) with the inevitable cash turnstile available on the day. One day, this sort of arrangement will backfire, when there is no cash turnstile, and 500 supporters without tickets. There is also the question of how many people are put off going to matches by these ludicrous arrangements. But, what the hell, we are only the paying customers — why do we matter. Secondly, and with particular respect to St Andrews, it might just help if entrances for visiting fans were signposted in such a way that they might be visible from more than about 10 yards, and even indicated CORRECTLY on the back of the match tickets. According to what has been seen on TV this season, and what was on the back of the ticket I bought, our entrances were at the diagonally opposite corner of the ground to their real location. This meant that many of us were wandering aimlessly around the ground before the game trying to find a way in, and this at a ground where our safety was considered so important that we shouldn't be allowed out 15 minutes either side of full time.

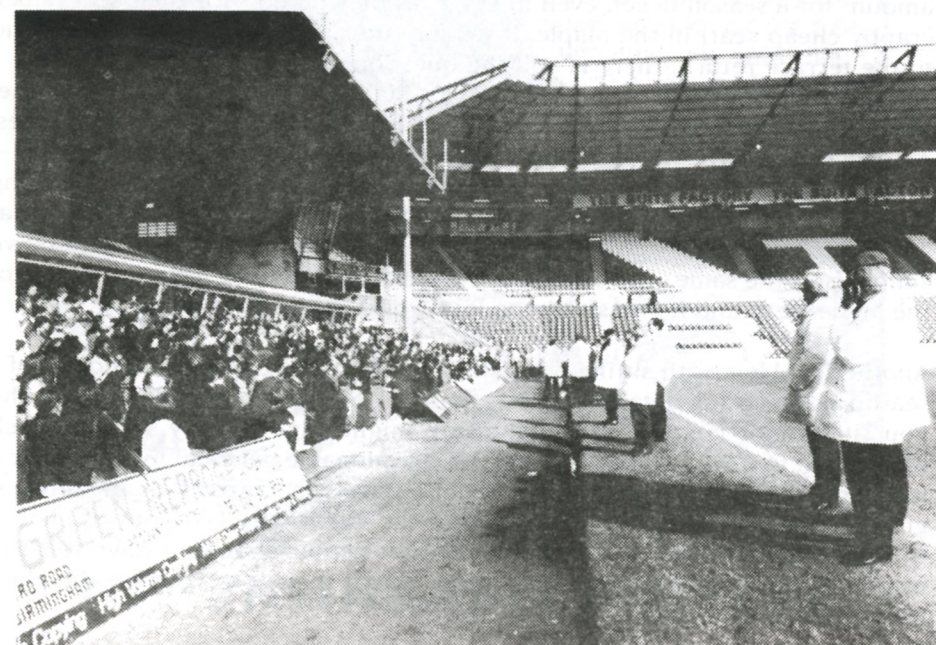
Finally, I had thought that Barry Fry's antics when his side score a goal were just a bit silly. Until Saturday 13th April that is. His, and Lil Fuccillo's, behaviour each time Birmingham scored was sufficient to wind up the more volatile element of our support and, as former Luton players, do nothing for the temperament of many of the less volatile. If they want to act like prats, then fine, but let them do it in private, and not in a manner that would get any of us thrown out of any ground in the country. Except St Andrews, probably, where we would be kept in just a bit longer!

K.F.H.



Above, John Taylor keeps warm.....

Below, it's a lock in for Town fans, and only the beers are missing!





## KILKENNY?

I'm writing this before mathematical certainty is confirmed by the dreaded white box on Grandstand.... but we're down, right? Whilst reading this you may be furiously plugging away with calculator, tranny to ear, working out an escape route via two 5 clear goal wins against Port Vale and Oldham, and Norwich, Ipswich or Southend being reclaimed by the sea. We'll be jumping through hoops if we do escape, of course, but even in that unlikely event, the club should surely look at their ticketing policy at — and especially on — Kenilworth Road.

If we do go down (or have done already) then we'll be able to stand on the terraces at several — if not the majority of — grounds. No doubt that the question of reopening the back section of the Kenilworth Road terrace will be asked by supporters and most probably booted into touch by the club. David Kohler may have written in favour of terraces in the past but the club may well fear that the reduced prices they would have to charge for standing, coupled with the exodus of an unknown number of disillusioned fans, would be an economic no go. And post-Taylor legislation is likely to ban the re-opening of terraces.

Even so, I have heard murmurs from supporters who say they'd pay the same amount for a season ticket, even in Div 2, as they do now for their seat (albeit crappy cheap seat) in the Maple. If we stay up..... or if Taylor/Kohler say no to the terrace return, there is still the question of season ticket policy. One of the complaints about post-Taylor stadia is that the noise has gone. Indeed, 442 magazine recently did a whole article on atmosphere at matches. An article heavily featuring a certain Mr Keith Hayward (an obvious choice — atmosphere at football matches? Ask the Luton Town fanzine....) talking sense.... as he does with unerring regularity. The gist of the article was that "fings ain't what they used to be," which, of course, is true. Sitting down simply isn't the same.... you feel less part of the crowd and more a member of the audience.... and if you swear too loud you're nicked.

Another problem with sitting down, especially if you're the proud holder of a season ticket, is (as detailed in this month's WSC) that you can't choose who you sit near or next to. You might, you might have already, find yourself sitting next to a loudmouthed bigot with questionable personal hygiene — or a mad woman furiously munching on sunflower seeds, crazed look in her eyes, growling "Get behind the lads" in your ear. Personally I sit, out of choice, with mad Michael the Australian Hatter. But people shouldn't have to sit in company they're not happy with — especially if they're resigned to the place for a whole season.

This is probably the best reason why unreserved seating should be sold, in season and matchday ticket form. The upper/lower (and preferably both) tiers of the Kenilworth Road should be made unreserved for next season. Forget a "singing section" — singers will generally congregate together in the cheapest areas (the singer = youth = low income formula applies, if only as a rough generalisation) and will congregate together in unreserved seats much as they did in the middle of the old terrace sections. Others would choose to sit as near or as far from that slice of action, and the supporters involved, as their mood sees fit. Meanwhile, fans who buy a ticket on the day couldn't be turfed out of their chosen seats on the stroke of 3pm by season ticket holders who've just come from the pub (like we do every match — "these are our seats mate" every time). If we had unreserved tickets to one end then we'd be more likely to turn up in better time to get a decent position. And that, in essence, is what we — and most other clubs — need. If not terraces back, then at least a system that is the next best thing.

Tim Kingston

## GOING DOWN! GOING DOWN!



## THE UNSINKABLE HATTERS!



## SHORT CUTS

### Great Expectorations

Here we have an example of Millwall director Reg Burr staking a claim for the 'Spoken Crap Award' (currently held by Prick Wright, former Cardiff City chairman), by defending Scum reject Lavin's attack on Luton fans. Burr defends Lavin by blaming his actions on the rivalry between Watford and Luton, and the fact that Lavin was given stick throughout the match. A pretty poor excuse really, and just consider the soaking some would get if players reacted that way during a local derby match.

The FA, it seems, took a dimmer view and Lavin was fined £250.

### Something Fishy?

Not even foreigners (except Ivano Bonetti) seem to like Grimsby — although it's not surprising, really.

## And finally...

**A STOWAWAY who landed in Grimsby asked to be sent back to Ethiopia.**

Doesn't say much for the town, does it. Mind you, there's an old adage that the River Humber is the rear end of Britain...

**And Grimsby is up it.**

## Spit-row Lavin is defended by Burr

By TONY BANKS  
Luton 1 Millwall 0

**GERARD LAVIN has been astonishingly defended for spitting at Luton fans.**

The Lions full-back was reported to police after almost causing a major incident at Kenilworth Road.

But former Millwall chairman Reg Burr, now a club director, has spoken up for Lavin.

He revealed the Scotland Under-21 star suffered an afternoon of abuse—because he used to play for Luton's hated rivals Watford.

Burr declared: "The lad was under tremendous pressure the whole game.

"There are two sides to the story. The fans there didn't leave him alone.

"They were shouting 'Watford reject' at him throughout the match.

"It wasn't easy for him. There is a tremendous rivalry between Luton and Watford, and that is what it was all about."

The incident came after 65 minutes when the ball went into the front-row seats of the main stand.

A Luton supporter hurled the ball back at Lavin and the fiery defender responded by spitting.

## TOWN ON THE TELLY ①

### 9.00 The Fast Show

2 of 8. Comedy sketch series. Tonight Steve Davis makes a guest appearance. (T)(S) 7168 With Paul Whitehouse, Caroline Hook, Charlie Higson, Mark Williams, John Thomas, Simon Day and Arabella Weir.

### 10.20 Screen Firsts

*He Shoots, He Scores*: Short film written and directed by John Moore. (b/w) (S) 587247 followed by *The Trouble with Men*

## TOWN ON THE TELLY ② (THIS ONE'S A BIT TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT ?!)

From the Ipswich fanzine "Score", you may be surprised to know that this was not written by an Ipswich supporter.

## ONLY IN WATFORD!

### Shot over a beer

A rancher killed a policeman and took two men hostage for nine hours in a bar in Watford City, North Dakota, after complaining about the beer. Robert Mead was heard to shout "Now, bring me a real beer" before opening fire. — AP

*To be called The Hatters is hardly redolent of glory, but for anything that comes out of Luton to be called something other than shite is glorious in itself*

## 'Luton just out-performed us'

CAPTAIN Marvel they used to call him. But former Manchester United and England skipper Bryan Robson was "red man" after his first visit to Kenilworth Road as a

AS YOU CAN SEE, THIS PAPER'S VERY OLD!



That they ultimately emerged breathless and pointless from a disappointing afternoon was entirely down to the naivety of players such as Scott Oakes and Bontcho Guenichev, who inexplicably chose to shoot from unsympathetic angles and distances when running directly at a creaking defence would surely have been the more successful option.

From The Guardian (9/10/95)  
report on the Tranmere v Town  
game, doesn't this paragraph  
sound more like a season's  
review?

## THE BORE DRAW

Grimsby v Luton

**Verdict:** The Mariners to coast it with goals from Bonetti, Groves and Croft, after a shaky start in which Luton's Paul Telfer scores early on, leading Hatters fans into delirium and a false sense of security which lasts fully eight minutes.

draw. We can see why our tie was thought of as a bore draw, but that other one as a glamour tie? Get serious. And they seem to have overlooked Telfer's departure last summer — pity Coventry didn't!

## THE GLAMOUR TIE

Watford v Wimbledon

Forget Chelsea against Newcastle, this is the one they'll be talking about for years to come [No it isn't — Ed]. Watford will be eager to continue their rich Cup tradition which saw them, er, lose in the final of '84 to Everton, while the Dons

From 90 Minutes, an interesting assessment of the 3rd round cup

on the top flight? 90 MINUTES wandered down to **The Valley** to ask:  
**Which First Division club could survive the Premiership without coming straight back down?**

A touch of irony here from Paul Turney, and Daniel Inns seems to have something against Sarfend.

▽ Simon Windgrove & Paul Turney support Luton

**Simon:** "Sunderland. They've the set-up, money and support. Clubs like Charlton, Southend, Barnsley wouldn't be able to survive on the support they receive. It was a 10 year struggle for Luton when we were in the top flight. You've got to have the finances to compete with the big boys."

**Paul:** "Watford. They've a world-class stadium, ex-England manager — definitely a Premier set-up but the only place they're going is the Vauxhall Conference."

Daniel Inns, Andrew Kingston & Michael Grange support Luton

**Daniel:** "Southend. Roots Hall is definitely one of the best grounds in the country and the revenue from that market in the car park must run into millions. I can see them ending up with a place in Europe next season — that's if they don't win the Premiership at their first attempt."

**Andrew:** "Sunderland is the only club with enough resources to go up and not struggle. I think it would be hard for any of the other sides to line up with the big clubs."

**Michael:** "Derby. They've got the financial support, a good manager, and a good team already — they'll be all right. They'll probably have a new ground as well by the time they're in the Premiership."

## RAVING MAD!!!

Dear "Mad",

With reference to Nicky Bush's article "Sexy Legs", I felt I must respond. Can any of the team be described as sexy (save one?), and indeed should we admit to ogling players if we want to be thought of as serious supporters? However..... Nicky finds Steve Davis fanciable — I find him more interesting in a waistcoat leaning over a snooker table.

Her highest rating is for Ceri Hughes. As I only occasionally go to a live match I cannot form an opinion — he's never on the pitch long enough!

So, my vote for Luton's sexiest player? A man who stands out in a crowd (tracksuit bottoms or no tracksuit bottoms) — Ian Feuer (he's very tall, isn't he?).

Sandra Dunn  
Dunstable

*And does Ian read Mad? At West Brom the tracksuit bottoms were off (replaced by shorts, thankfully), and his response to shouts from the Town support suggested there was only one reason why! He looked a good contender for a knobbly knees contest to me. — Ed.*

Dear "Mad",

I wonder if, like me, you have been flicking through the *News of the World* on a Sunday morning to read a report about Luton's intrepid endeavours, only to find on the so-called 'Game for a Laugh' funny page derogatory remarks about Luton's performance. For those who prefer a quality read on a Sunday, the latest side-splitter is shown here:

As a learned student, I rely on NOTW on a Sunday to give me a report on the Luton match and also to locate our league position and the points of our fellow relegation mud scrappers. Studying in Bristol, it's difficult to get to a Luton game during term time (especially now as all the teams round here qualify for the Auto Windshield Cup). So, my Saturday afternoon ritual has been to watch the score evolve on teletext. Anyone who has tried this will know it is even more nerve racking and painful than actually watching Luton play. Anyway, to find these comments on a Sunday means I get laughed at by my housemates who support such great teams as Shrewsbury, Plymouth and Notts County. Obviously some of our performances were pretty shit under naive nice guy 'Hell Tel' (ie. Sunderland, Oldham, Stoke and Portsmouth etc, etc.), but I can't stand for this national humiliation. I suggest 6 different plans of action:

AFTER years of painstaking research, doctors have come up with what they say is a combined cure for insomnia, high blood pressure, over-excitement and high heart rate.

They prescribe a fortnightly dose of Luton home matches.

■ GOT any funnies to tickle the terraces? Send them to RAY RYAN, Game for a Laugh, Sport of the World, 1 Virginia Street, London...



- 1 Ask the editor to change the jokes to W\*\*\*ford so we can all have a laugh — after all they have got the Turnip back in charge.
- 2 Tell Ray Ryan to F\*\*\* Off!
- 3 Write to the Queen.
- 4 Get Brian Swain a job at NOTW.
- 5 Actually play attractive football and win games.
- 6 Bring out *Mad* as a Sunday paper.

Yours humbly,  
Clive Inwards  
Harlington/Bristol

PS: Do you think Jimmy Ryan has a relative getting his own back?

PPS: WHERE IS THE MENTAL RABBIT?

PPPS: Wishing Houdini and the boys the best of luck!!!!

Dear "Mad",

A short note to express my thanks to those of you who wrote to me following my plea for programmes in issue 32.

I was very pleased with the response, and thanks to a few people, including Ray Aspden, Nick Albone and Keith Brooksbank, I have been able to replace nearly all the programmes thrown out some 10 years ago.

Up the Hatters,

Andy McCabe

Rugby, Warks.

Dear "Mad",

Firstly, I would like to lend my support to the man who attended the Norwich City away game but was arrested before kick off. In my opinion, the glory in attending 323 consecutive games is the sacrifice, will and effort it takes to make the journey, rather than the 29,070 minutes of football watched. Therefore, the run is intact if he paid his money and gained entry to the ground.

Secondly, I think the idea of a new Luton Town FC in Luton is the best way forward, should Mr Kohler move his Alsation, his pitch and his company Merc to Milton Keynes. I hope the mascot brushes up his act in time, because the spectator will get bored with the same old routine. The sad fact is that some long standing Luton fans will probably forsake football altogether.

Clifford Saunders

Milton Keynes.

Dear "Mad",

The following is my latest open letter to Lennie:

Lennie, you have failed to work the miracle. But you tried, and like our days together in Bexleyheath, you put everything into it. Players are entitled to have

off days, but the boys you have these days are abusing the privilege. Never mind. Remember, you can always come again. And again, and again, and again as I sorely recall. If you can find a spare moment during the summer it would be great to renew our acquaintance. However, I appreciate you will be very busy trying to clear out a bogful of shite. And some of it pre-dates Winkle Westley. The biggest problem has been scoring, and as that's something you know a lot about, I'm confident you can sort it out.

Yours,

Audrey (Belinda's Mother)

PS: Have you asked Steve Gritt to be first team coach yet?

Dear "Mad",

Here's to having more fun in the second division next year, which will give us two more years until we reach Kohler's quest — a place in the Vauxhall Conference. Could be a twist of fate, that if we couldn't go down because our stadium wasn't good enough!

Steve Brinklow

Camberley, Surrey.

## DREAMING

Reading *Mad* a few months ago, I came across an article where the bloke involved was describing a dream that he had once. Well, I had to write in and share one of my dreams about the Town. I have had many dreams about myself being situated at Kenilworth 'Stadium', like the one where I was taking an exam on the terrace at the Kenilworth End. Well, it is quiet. One particular dream I had recently involved myself, the lads, Kenny 'stadium' and Man Utd.

The situation was that we were 2-1 down after an Andy Cole goal (well, it was a dream) had just given United the lead. Typically, we were all over them. I was shouting my support from just behind the dugout, and then I was in the dugout barking out orders. It was time for a change, and I stripped off to go on as a substitute. Within a minute I was one on one with Schmeichel after a blinding ball from Oakes (Oh! Dream!), the shot was slotted under his body and rolled gently towards the gaping net. I looked up ready to celebrate the goal, only to find that someone had left their BMX bike on the goal line. The ball hit the handle bars, and bounced out to a defender who cleared it. The entire Town team ran towards the ref to attract his attention to the bike, but he just waved play on.

The rest of the dream is a blur, and I never found out the result, but beware of kids with BMX bikes in proximity to Kenilworth Stadium.

Mean Green



# BOBBIN DINO IN TREASURE ISLAND - NOT!

ALL AT SEA WITH THE SAUCY HATTERS

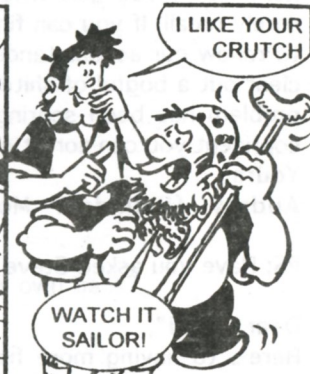


ARGH HA, JIM LAD!



ARE YOU LONG JOHN SILVER?

NO, I BE JUST ANOTHER ONE OF HELL TEL'S INSPIRED SIGNINGS!



I LIKE YOUR CRUTCH

WATCH IT SAILOR!



MEANWHILE, BELOW DECKS, BLACK DAVY WAS OBSESSED WITH A DREAM OF TREASURE

X MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THERE BE A FORTUNE TO BE MADE \*



FULL SPEED AHEAD CAP'N LAWRENCE, BUT GO EASY ON THE EXPENDITURE

AYE AYE MISTER CHAIRMAN



I'VE SET COURSE FOR THE PLAYOFF ZONE

BUT MEANWHILE AT THE STERN ..



WE'VE GOT SOME TERRIBLE LEAKS AT THE BACK



Y TWMPFAT TWPI!



BUT CERI, I SAID LEAKS NOT LEEKS!

DAMN YOU ALL, I'M OFF TO HAVE MY BELLY SHAVED WI' A RUSTY RAZOR!



THEN THE LOOKOUT CRIED

AVAST BEHIND!



ARE YOU BEING PERSONAL?

IT WAS ONLY HAPPY HARRY



SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT SO FAR?

I FEEL AS SICK AS A MANAGER!



ON THE QUARTER DECK

THERE IS THE ICY COLD WIND OF RELEGATION BLOWING



IF YOU'RE FEELING COLD, PUT LONG JOHNS ON

I WOULD, BUT LONG JOHN'S STILL WEARING THEM!

WHO SAID MUSIC HALL WAS DEAD?



THEN . .

WE'RE HEADING FOR THE ROCKS. WE'RE AS GOOD AS SUNK!



MAN THE LIFEBOATS! CHAIRMAN AND SHARE-HOLDERS FIRST!



CRASH



WHAT'S ALL THIS CRAP, ARE WE IN THE SARGASSO SEA?

NO, IT'S THE SCUM!



## .....MUST GO DOWN?

The heading alludes to the title for the reports in issue 33, and our current form. At the time of writing, we could still avoid the drop, but recent performances suggest that only a mathematician or blind optimist believes that.

### 19.03.96 CRYSTAL PALACE 2 TOWN 0

Some things in life are inevitable, and Luton losing in South London is one of them. Not being able to score in a brothel is another. It's desperate, I know that, you know that, but what about the club?

Tonight we saw the two D's — Dyer (lucky sod) and dire (dire finishing that is). Botchup may be a cracking penalty taker, but he's bloody useless in one on one situations. When put through in the first half, admittedly chased by two defenders, there can be no excuse for hitting Mr Jones in row 8 of the new stand..... IN THE UPPER TIER! Frankly, his effort was a total pile of crap. John Taylor blazed wide from 10 yards in the second half when it was easier to score and in all honesty it was the Huddersfield game all over again.

31 goals in 35 games says it all. The approach play I can't fault but, by 'eck, we need a goalscorer, and soon.

Scumbag Dyer will never score a luckier goal than his first, and once the heads dropped the second was inevitable. Steve Davis' lob onto the bar would have been a meaningless consolation, but at least it would have been a goal.

In all honesty, I am trying to be optimistic, but I can't.

J.S.

### 23.03.96 SHEFFIELD UNITED 1 TOWN 0

At about 11.00, I set off from Kensington in a mad dash (missing the train from St Pancras) via King's Cross and Doncaster, arriving by taxi, at the ground at five past three. I made a last minute decision to make this desperate trip, because I believed that this was a game we could win. Especially as we had signed a reserve Manchester United striker — albeit one I had never heard of, nevertheless a Manchester United player. Surely this meant we had more than a fair chance of victory against a team that were at least as crap as us.

By a quarter past four, I was well aware that Leonard Lawrence did not think we were capable of winning this match; nor did he think that we needed to win it. He had brought the lads to Bramall Lane to carve out a nil-nil draw, and was clearly only going to bring on the player we had been waiting for, Tomlinson, if we went one-nil down. This, in my eyes, was the same tactic which had been tried, and had failed, at both the Huddersfield and Palace games. Whilst I rate our defence and keeper at least as much as Lennie, they can surely only take so much pressure. This tactic, frighteningly, reminds me of Westley and McGiven. Stopping the other team scoring is the most important thing, scoring comes second.

In my opinion, this was a scandalous tactic to employ against such obviously crap opposition. Anyone in our end that day will agree that this was three points for

the taking, had we gone for them. I put this defeat entirely down to our manager's tactics that day.

What about the 'dubious' goal and the crap referee, do I hear you cry? Well, most of the 'Mad' team agreed with me on this one, although no other Town fans seemed to — the goal was Ian Feuer's fault. You can holler as much as you like about dodgy 'homer' referees etc., though I agree that Thomas did not play a back pass (I think it came off his knee). From his increasing experience with Endsleigh League refs, Feuer should have realised that the decision was never clear cut; he had ample time to kick the ball clear, and should have done so. That aside, Feuer had another excellent game, and I will not blame him for this defeat. What a shame he wasn't allowed to try to atone for his error by going upfield in injury time to help the cause — what harm would it have done Lennie?

Objét

### 30.03.96 TOWN 1 IPSWICH TOWN 2

This was a good game, Luton played well and at last looked a threat going forward. Kim Grant looks like being a good addition with his skill and pace, and Paul Wilkinson looks good and can at least head the ball unlike John Taylor. Luton were bunched up in the first half and Ipswich scored an early goal. In the second half Luton came out fighting and scored when Oldfield ran through before passing to Grant who slammed the ball home. One minute later Ipswich scored when Feuer should have held the ball and James tried to clear it, but one of their players just tapped it in, so everyone blamed Jules and said he should go off, but no-one would criticise Ian at all. Everyone should realise that our keeper does make mistakes. Luton spent the rest of the match fighting to get back into it, and were unlucky not to score. Tomlinson came on and proved how good he is, but couldn't score. When the whistle went it was three points dropped, second from bottom, second division looming. Thank you, Goodnight.

W.D.B.

### Bogged down....

Funny weather we've been having in Bury Park lately. Similar to the weather which preceded our '94 cup ties against Newcastle and West Ham. Whilst the rest of Luton had a relatively dry week, our pitch resembled a mud bath. Apart from certain members of the team simply being shit as usual, all the quagmire served to do was cause Thomas to fall over all the time, Gontcho Benchev to fall over even more than usual, other passes to fall short, and Feuer's kicking to be abysmal. In fact it was Ipswich who seemed to enjoy playing in those conditions more than we did. It's time to cross "flooding the pitch" off your list of "Cunning plans to beat teams at home", Mr Chairman.

Objét



## 02.04.96 WEST BROMWICH ALBION 0 TOWN 2

Just when we thought that the fat lady's vocal chords were about to be exercised, the Town produce a fabulous team performance at the impressively revamped Hawthorns, and manage to score not one, but two — yes, TWO — goals in an away match for the first time since..... our unbelievable 3-2 win on the last day of the 89/90 season at the Baseball Ground. Well, somewhat exaggerated, I know, but it feels like it! (Actually, since the 2-2 draw at Ashton Gate about 14 months ago)

Bontcho's header midway through the first half helped to silence the Baggies fans. Albion's best hope for the remainder of the half seemed to be a dodgy decision following one of Richard "Diving Dutch Bastard" Sneekes theatrical tumbles but, fortunately, the man in black, Mr Lloyd of Wrexham, remained unmoved by the baying home fans and Sneekes' antics (talking of antic, what a wonderful job our hero Raddy is doing at Atletico Madrid). Somehow, the defence held out during the opening 15 minutes of the second half in spite of conceding an infinite number of corners..... excellent rearguard action. Then, on 84 minutes, a swift breakaway culminates in Grant outpacing the Albion defence to seal a memorable victory, and the travelling Hatters fans go mental.....

Steve F.

## 05.04.96 CHARLTON ATHLETIC 1 TOWN 1

Wot? A Charlton v Luton game that hasn't ended 1-0 to one team (normally the Addicks/Valiants/Robins). Having taken the lead through a fortuitous Thorpe effort, it was rather disappointing to gain only one point, even more so after the following days adverse results. The hosts' performance again emphasised the poor quality of the division — so why are we at the bottom of the heap (TW)?

A dubious penalty converted by Allen gave Charlton the equaliser although they had a more justified claim shortly afterwards. Joakes still managed to cock up the best remaining chance..... Oh yes, and what happened to effective segregation? As a result some minor friction occurred, all of which should have been completely avoidable.

Nice to hear Lennie receive a standing ovation from Charlton fans in recognition of the miracles he performed in keeping them afloat for many years..... let's hope he achieves the same feat this season!

Steve F.

## 09.04.96 TOWN 1 STOKE CITY 2

In my opinion, one of the best Town displays all season, but again our good performances go to waste because chances were not put away, and we came away with nothing. A good battling display, they all wanted to win and gave 100%, even Nancy boy Scott Oakes looked bothered, but still could have done better. Another goal from Kim Grant and, if we do go down, he will certainly set Division Two alight.

A well worked goal gave us the lead which was well deserved. Stoke had rarely threatened us and we should have been 4 or 5 up, and the game beyond their reach, before they scored. We were letting them off the hook, and every chance missed gave them more chance of equalising, but we had done more than enough to win as we were convincingly taking them apart. Tony Thorpe was guilty of missing the Town's two best chances, the first from six yards with just the keeper to beat after a good knock down from Bontcho, the second was a goal mouth scramble again saved by the goalkeeper who, I am sure, knew little about these saves. Also, Guentchev was unlucky with a curling shot as he cut in from the left, and Kim Grant volleyed over when he could have knocked it across the Area for a certain goal. Then, in the 85th minute, as the ball was rolled across the area Oakes fell over, the ball rolled too far in front of Kim and Stoke broke away and scored. At this point in the game, I thought a draw was going to be the final score, but it wasn't to be. A 90th minute free kick was headed in by Mike Sheron. Feuer should have collected the cross, but you can't blame him because if it hadn't been for him, we would have already been relegated.

This defeat left us staring relegation in the face, which is now a very realistic outcome of our season. However, with Watford below us, and almost certainly relegated, this could make going down a little easier to swallow, IF it happens (I only hope we gave them a damn good beating last week). Relegation could also help, by forcing out wasters like Oakes, but hopefully Steve, Ian and Kim will give us another season to regain Division One status. But it is not all over until the fat bloke sings, and if we show the same spirit and fight as we did in this game, a miracle could happen.

Jon England

## 13.04.96 BIRMINGHAM CITY 4 TOWN 0

Having conceded two goals in four minutes at the end of the preceding match, to let in another after 18 seconds was hardly the ideal start. But that is exactly what happened, and from the moment when the first Luton player to touch the ball (Feuer) did so in picking it from the back of the net, there was only ever one team that was going to win the game.

Let's face it, Birmingham are not a good side, and Barry Fry must have the largest collection of average players that have ever been together at one club. But they had one thing going for them; they wanted to win. Sadly, they did not seem to bothered how they went about it either, and had kicked Waddock out of the game before the game was thirty minutes old. It is even more sad to report that the referee did not offer any sort of protection, and many fouls went completely unseen, and unpunished.

Luton are not a good side and, on this showing, not very interested either. Oakes, particularly, looked to be lacking a little in enthusiasm, and you have to wonder if the one time wonderboy is saving himself for better things, or if he has lost it completely. Thomas had a bloody awful game too, failing to find his targets with almost every touch of the ball. But these two are not solely to blame for the



result, that blame rests with the whole damn lot of them for failing to get over letting in two late goals four days earlier.

The fact that Birmingham won 4-0 was not down to a tactical masterstroke by Fry, but to the fact that Grant became the second Luton player to be kicked out of the match when all three subs had been used. The effect this had was that with no threat from Luton, the Birmingham defence needed less strength, and Francis came on to add power to their attack. Stretched, the Town defence did it's house of cards trick, and fell apart.

As I said before, Birmingham are not a good side, and the fact that they needed to have us down to 10 men before they could score a second goal, says more about how bad they are, than about us. We were crap, and against a decent side..... who knows?

Ken Ross

## 20.04.96 TOWN 0 TWATFORD 0

*You'll never beat the..... drop!*

Local derby matches are supposed to be full of passion, and with both teams needing to win to maintain any real hope of avoiding relegation, it would have been reasonable to expect this to be a match with more rather than less passion. At the end, though, this was a match contested by two teams who failed to raise themselves to the expectations of the fans, and who, by their performance, took the passion away from the fans. The final whistle was greeted with barely a whimper from the stands which says more about the game than any report can. Apart from the fact that both teams looked like relegation certainties, the only feature of the match really worthy of comment was the "performance" of the referee. Mr Cain clearly decided to take no nonsense, and had brandished his yellow card three times in the first five minutes, and there was never really any doubt that someone would get sent off. Alexander should count himself unlucky that he was the one chosen for this accolade.

It's difficult to agree with comments by a Watford man, but Luther Blissett summed it up perfectly with his post match comments; "The passion and do-or-die attitude that you expect in a derby match of such crucial importance wasn't there." He added "The supporters were up for it, but the players never rose above their normal game." Hard as it is to admit, that says it all.

K.F.H.

## RADIO DAZE 2

*"West Brom threw everything except the kitchen sink, including the kitchen sink, at Luton." Simon Oxley getting muddled in his post match report of the West Brom game, 2/4/96, Three Counties Radio.*

Beatle

## TOWN TRAVELS

And finally, off to Oldham for the last match of the season, and probably, our last match in the First Division. As the match is being played on the Sunday, many of you will be travelling by car. The ground is in an area which abounds with very little including pubs, but the following are all relatively close to the ground. The RIFLE RANGE INN, 327 Burnley Lane, Chadderton (Lees), and the SOCIAL CLUB at the BRITISH LEGION, Burnley Lane (Lees/Whitbread) are both found just off the A627M/A627 roundabout, and families are welcome at the latter, as they are at the WHITE HART, Oldham Road, Royton (Courage), and the BROOK TAVERN, Rochdale Road (Whitbread).

The nearest railway station is Oldham Werneth, and there is an excellent JW Lees pub just up the road, although I am afraid the name of it escapes me. Otherwise, the pubs are spread far and wide for those on foot, and the connoisseur may prefer to drink in central Manchester, with it's excellent selection of pubs and beers. Highly recommended in this regard are the CASTLE, on Oldham Street, a Robinson's pub (with Hatter's Mild!), and the BEERHOUSE, Angel Street, an excellent freehouse, which is not as bad as it looks from the outside.

Looking ahead, it is likely, from what I have heard, that the Town's next public appearance will be on the pre-season tour in bonny Scotland where we will no doubt beat top class sides like East Fife, Albion Rovers and Clyde (if we ever find their grounds, using all the clues in their names!), to get a false impression for the season ahead. After all, last August we thought beating Torquay United 4-1 showed promise for the coming season, and since then just about everybody has beaten Torquay. And, come to think of it, us.

K.F.H.



Kohler ensures that all the money in the transfer budget is spent before the tax man arrives.



## The Stewards — Another Report

After all the recent uproar over Tim Kingston's comment in the Luton News in February about the attitudes of the stewards at Luton, I thought I would write an article about them. I sit in the Main Stand Enclosure, and recently the stewards in this area have become very obsessive about checking people's tickets as they walk into the stand. With half of the stewards virtually the same age as me, my usual response to this demand is to laugh and carry on walking, saying "Yes, I've got a ticket thanks". However, a small handful of stewards will refuse to let you past until you show them your ticket. There are also others that want to check your ticket every time you walk past them. Fair enough, let them check the ticket once, but if you have to dash to the loo do you need it checked a second time? The stewards also seem to have forgotten how to use common sense. If they know they've already seen your ticket and you've been in the ground half an hour, will they let you straight through? In my case the answer is no again. The only thing that this ticket checking is doing is getting the fan's backs up, which causes the aggro between the stewards and the fans. A lot of people will ask the stewards why they have to do this. The reply, programmed into all stewards is "I'm only doing my job/ it's what I've been told to do" etc. OK, I appreciate that they have to do their jobs, but the one question I want answered is how the hell are we supposed to get into the ground without a ticket?

The stewards seem to suspect that everyone is trying to get into the enclosure without a ticket, for some reason. A good example is the home game against Reading. Having got to the ground with a mate, we entered the ground at the Maple Road end. Walking under the Main Stand and up into the enclosure, the steward there asked for our tickets. We asked him why he had to check them, to be told he has to make sure people have the right seats. The only thing I showed him was the purple cover of my season ticket and he let me through. As he didn't accompany us to our seats, his reply seems a little strange. Two minutes later I decided to go to the loo, walked past the same steward and into the toilet, but when I came out he asked to see my ticket again. He wasn't backing down so I just walked past him, not bothering to argue, and he did nothing.

Joining up with my mate again, he decides to go and get a burger, so we walk to the end of the Enclosure and out to the kiosk. A few minutes later we return, and, at the entrance to the Enclosure, my mate walks straight in but I get stopped, and asked for my ticket, again. Discussion about why he has to see my ticket, yet lets my mate through, gets us nowhere, so I show it to him as he tells me he's only doing his job.

This ticket checking has been going on a couple of months now, and it has

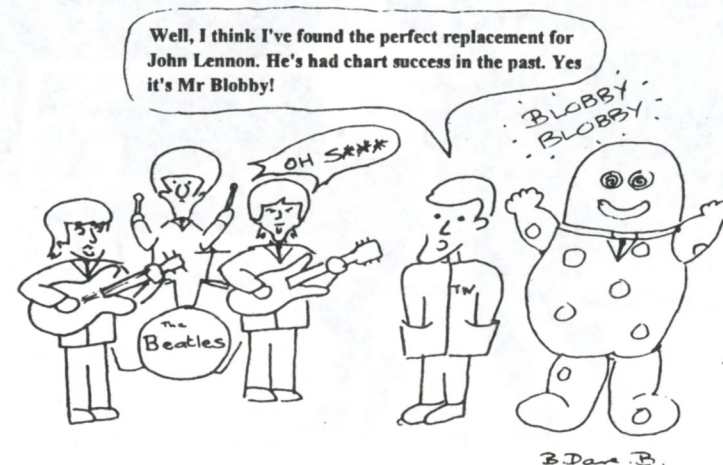
really put my back up. I have been a season ticket holder for nearly ten years, and I have had the same seat every year. I don't expect to be asked for my ticket every time I go in and out of the Enclosure. My usual response, like many people, is to walk straight past the younger stewards, and show my ticket under protest to the older ones.

As I said earlier, I appreciate that the stewards are only doing what they've been told to do, but why have they been told to do it? There has been sod all in the way of problems in the Enclosure, and it just seems absolutely stupid that you have to have your ticket checked once inside the ground. The solution? It's to tell the stewards to lay off the fans a little bit, because if things continue as they are, relations between them and the fans are just going to get worse and worse.

C.L.

*It's good to know that our stewards are considered so intelligent that all it takes to keep them on their toes is a few words at half time. The announcement "All stewards stand to" followed a minute or two later by "All stewards stand down", really impresses me. Does it actually serve any useful purpose as a method of checking up on a hundred or so individuals in yellow coats? And does it mean they are only on serious duty for that brief spell at half time? — Ed*

### Terry Westley to manage The Beatles







Above, Kim Grant in action on his debut against Ipswich.  
Below, in the same match, Thorpe tussles with a Ricard Harvey lookalike.



## EVER THOUGHT OF CRICKET?

When the torment is finally over in May, and you are too melancholy to yet contemplate the trips/emigrations to Burnley, Carlisle and York, what will you be thinking of? Expensive vacations to Egypt, Thailand or Center Parcs? Endless afternoons mowing the lawn? Cycle rides in the country with cousin Agnes and a bottle of pop? Not me.

I, along with many other Luton fans, will be thinking of cricket. It may be that the closest you have come to a cricket match is the locals on a village green, or Marvin and Oakesy knocking up 25 not out for charity against Tim Rice and friends. If so, you may be interested to know that there is a First Class County right on your doorstep. Northamptonshire County Cricket Club have been playing an annual fixture at Wardown Park in Luton for many years now, and 1996 is no exception.

On 21st May the Indian touring side come to probably the best outlying ground in the County Championship for a one day game (50 overs per side) which is sure to prove a great contest. India have recently made the semi-finals of the World Cup in cricket (50 overs per side) and Northants were last years runners up in the NatWest Trophy (60 overs per side), so both teams have good recent form in this version of our national summer sport. The big names will all be there: Tendulkar, Azharuddin, Kumble for India; Capel, Fordham, Bailey for Northants. The atmosphere is also likely to be very boisterous, given the large Indian population in Luton. There was certainly a big crowd when Pakistan played the English Minor Counties at the same picturesque venue three years ago.

Obviously this is not the only game in the Northants calendar, and as this fanzine cannot find room for the full fixture list, then N.C.C.C. are reachable on 01604 37040.

You may wonder why I am exhorting the virtues of cricket so enthusiastically. Well, frankly, it means more to me than football for two simple reasons:

1. *There are very few bad days cricket in a season.* This is due to it being a different type of entertainment than football. Cricket is relaxing and friendly, if the game is not progressing very positively then one can enjoy the sun, the hamper or the pleasant company instead.
2. *The clubs and the establishment do not take the piss like they do in football.* Compare my £139 for a restricted view season ticket at Kenilworth Road with a guaranteed 23 games of 90 minutes duration, to my £60 sit where you like membership at Northants for a possible 44 days play (15,630 minutes approx). This means that I am paying



0.39p/minute for cricket and 6.71p/minute for football — not bad. In addition, the police and stewards are conspicuous by their absence.

I mentioned that many Luton Town fans follow cricket also, and this is much in evidence at the County Ground in Northampton, as well as at Wardown Park. I probably see more Hatters shirts than Cobblers (oo-er) shirts during a typical day.

Allow me to give a brief resume of Northants C.C.C. They are the third youngest First Class County, behind Durham and Glamorgan, and one of only four counties never to have won the County Championship. Northants have, however, finished second on three occasions and won their fair share of one-day knockout trophies in recent years (one B & H Cup, with one runners up spot, two NatWest Trophies with two runners up spots). In fact this is probably one other reason why following Northants is more enjoyable than following Luton: they often win! Only last season, two record innings totals were notched up: in the NatWest Trophy against Notts at Trent Bridge (352-7, best against another First Class county) and in the County Championship against Notts (again) at Northampton (781-7). The latter after letting Notts score 527 all out in their first innings! Needless to say, Northants won both games. This was only one of many memorable matches in the championship last year, and it only costs non-members £6 to enter.

So, if you are at a loose end this summer, think of cricket and Northamptonshire County Cricket Club. With N.C.C.C. once again one of the favourites for the Championship — it must be worth a try.

*Clifford Saunders*

P.S. There's no mascot either!

## More Spell Check Madness

Running the squad names through the editorial spell checker, after recent items of this nature, came up with some interesting variations (why do no two spell checkers come up with the same answers?) on the theme. This may not be a totally balanced side, I admit, but the goalkeeper is, understandably, In Fear, playing behind a back four of Desk Linen, Marring Goings-on, Tremor Peace and Misspell Thames. With a midfield of Gory Warlock, Cerise Hushes (who hears, rather than sees red), Scoot Oases, and Aardvark Skeleton, trying to feed the ball through to the striker Wight Marsala and Botched Gentle. On the bench are Johnny Filmstrip, Jammed Woodshed and the lightweight Gramme Alexander with David Goldfield unlucky to miss out.

I suppose this subject will run and run now, especially with a bit of a clearout of players on the cards this summer. But, for a variation on a them, did you know that an anagram of Ceri Hughes name is HUGE RICHES?

## Euro Blues

This has absolutely nothing to do with Luton Town FC, but then I haven't been able to see them for ages, and in the past we have had articles on matches in Czechoslovakia, France, Germany and Austria, so there!

This concerns my presence at what should have been a glossy night for my second (and local) team, Nottingham Forest. It was Forest's biggest game in years, against Bayern Munich in the UEFA Cup quarter final, second leg, and, being delicately placed at 2-1 to Munich, it promised to be a corker.

Forest's first half performance echoed Luton Town in recent weeks (from what I have heard) — bags of possession, some eye-catching football, but no-one capable of scoring. Bryan Roy is Forest's own Scott Oakes, with more talent than a Miss UK final, but only turns it on when he feels like it. This time it was yet another case of 'Not tonight Josephine'. I feel very sorry for his wife if he is like this at home. A couple of runs into the area, but I have seen more passion in a fruit salad.

A certain Tottenham reject was very quiet, and Papin seemed more interested in the crowd, but Bayern still went in at half time 2-0 up, having scored from a lucky free kick, and being gifted a second by Mark Crossley after Pearce had a shot cleared off the line and someone else hit the woodwork. Crossley has started to look alarmingly like the bloke out of Therapy? In fact Andy Cairns would probably make a better keeper.

The second half was a different affair, with Forest going forward but leaving huge gaps at the back, meaning Bayern could literally score at will. Klinsmann helped himself to two goals, and Papin got another. I think Strunz got one, but we were all too stunned to notice when the fifth went in. Forest, rather like ourselves, seem to think the penalty area is holy ground and keep a respectful distance. Kevin Campbell, having amazed everyone by scoring three in five a few weeks back, is now looking more like the donkey everyone expected him to be when he signed. Shades of Bontcho there, methinks!

To sum up Forest's woefulness in front of goal, Jason Lee's arrival was greeted with enthusiasm. Now, for those of you who may not have seen Forest's secret weapon, he can be compared to the Post Office Tower in London. He is tall with a funny shaped head. Many liken him to a pineapple. A pineapple would be a more effective striker. Needless to say, after he had been on for thirty seconds, Bayern scored their fifth. Steve Stone got a consolation goal near the end, which led to the funniest chant of the night, "5-1 down and still in Europe...".



A night of disappointment, to be sure, but there was some good football and the atmosphere was amazing. Even the Germans were enjoying themselves (Gits! I tried to get a chant of "Klinsmann is a testicle" in German going, but it didn't catch on. Wonder why....?), and in the end the result didn't matter. A good night out, and now I'm waiting Luton's turn to take on the might of Munich.

Graham Johnson



## WE LOVE YOU TOO, IAN FEUER

Ian Feuer might have sussed it all out — he might have taken time to look into the mind of the average football supporter and see how it ticks. Football supporters love their club with a passion and love to see their clubs' current reps, out kicking the ball on the field, show that they feel the same way to. The cruel reality these days is that some players don't care — they're just in it for the cash and a possible move to a Premiership sides' reserves. Some even believe that Scotty Oakes sometimes doesn't play his little heart out for our club.... But Ian Feuer is different, he's not playing just for himself and his chances in the US squad — he's playing for the hopes and aspirations of Luton Town FC and their small but loyal legion of supporters.

Feuer is a crowd pleaser. He's of the breed that naturally endears itself to Hatters fans — that of the competent keeper — so often the saviour of situations brought about by the Keystone Cop defence in front of him. Feuer has also benefitted from that extra spoonful of lovin' brought about by the threat that he was going away and never coming back at the end of his loan period. The fans didn't want him to go, Ian didn't want to go, and a love affair grew out of the tragedy. Thankfully, it had a happy ending as Mr Kohler — like a kind Disney Uncle — came up with the cash to make his stay permanent. At the time, Feuer appeared genuinely moved by the support he received from Town fans and it is nice to think that his subsequent badge kissing antics are performed in the same spirit as that felt by the fans cheering his name after another unlikely win. So, if it is all real, if he really does see the club and it's supporters are more than just a career stepping stone — brilliant. Now, for God's sake, let's keep him away from the likes of Eric Hall.

Tim Kingston

## Thanks.....

As ever with the end of the season, there are duties to perform. The most important is to offer thanks to all those people who have continued to make *Mad as a Hatter!* what it is (a successful fanzine, in case you were wondering). To those of you who have provided contributions, many thanks, and our apologies for the fact that we haven't been able to use quite everything, although we do try to. Thanks also to our wonderful sales team for again braving the elements and increasing productivity by selling the extra issue, and to you, the readers, for making it a worthwhile exercise. Thanks to Paul the Print, down in occasionally snowbound south Wales for doing such a good job, at such an incredible price. We must not forget Ray, Adam and Pat for the cartoons, and Gareth Owen for the photographs, and assorted other people whose contributions to the production process go unnoticed, even by themselves. And thanks to Alison and the girls at the Bricklayers for services rendered above and beyond the call of duty (like providing a postal collection service, before anyone gets the wrong idea!).



# TimeOut

Endsleigh Insurance League: Tues, 7.45pm

Crystal Palace v Luton Town Selhurst Pk (as above). £10-£25 seats. Div 1.

This promises to be a battle – in more ways than one. When these sides played out a snore-draw at Kenilworth Rd three weeks ago, the only memorable action was of the sort to please Bruno and Tyson. Gareth Davies and Vidar Riseth provided the opening bout, with Dougie Freedman and Marvin Johnson the main action. The protagonists played out a classic 'war of words' afterwards, and Sky are rumoured to be showing this rematch on pay-per-view. Despite constant scepticism from these quarters, the Eagles have played themselves very much into play-off contention. And having bemoaned a shortage of goals, a Freedman hat-trick helped Palace score five in the first half against Grimsby last week. Meanwhile, Hatters boss Lennie Lawrence wants two more forwards himself, after losing Dwight Marshall to injury and Scott Oakes to the curse of the hype-merchants. Defeat, and Luton are on their way down; while half the players have unfinished business to deal with. Competitive ain't the word for it. (CN-B)

Interesting previews you get in some publications. Note the reference to Oakes, and that to what the result could mean for our favourites.

## HAPPY HARRY IN CELLULITE SHOCK HORROR SENSATION!



# Bontcho lands KO

By DAVID MOORE: WBA 0, Luton 2

manager Alan Buckley watched his West Brom team slip back into their worst form, even though Luton keeper Ian Feuer made a string of excellent saves.

Andy Hunt was only inches away from an equaliser before Feuer tipped over Chico Hamilton's 15-yard drive.

Feuer twice denied sub Kevin Donovan and also reached a ten-yard effort from Hunt aimed at his bottom corner.

WEST Bromwich were dumped into deep relegation trouble as Bulgarian Bontcho Guentchev lifted fellow-strugglers Luton.

Guentchev's close-range header from a Tony Thorpe cross put Luton ahead after 22 minutes as Albion toiled.

And after Luton withstood Albion's second-half onslaught, Guentchev produced a killer pass for £2350,000 signing Kim Grant to slot in their second six minutes from time.

After just one defeat in 11 matches,

From the northern edition of the Daily Mirror. Notice how prices become inflated in the north – something to do with the northern Premiership clubs perhaps?

## HATTERS HITS

- 1 Ian Feuer
- 2 Darren Patterson
- 3 Mitchell Thomas
- 4 Gary Waddock
- 5 Julian James
- 6 Steve Davis
- 7 Bontcho Guentchev
- 8 Scott Oakes
- 9 John Taylor
- 10 Dwight Marshall
- 11 Richard Harvey
- 12 Ceri Hughes
- 13 David Oldfield
- 14 Lennie Lawrence
- 15 David Kohler
- 16 Terry Westley

DIFFERENT CLASS  
PRAYING FOR TIME  
PRETTY VACANT  
DON'T STAND SO CLOSE  
HIGH RISK INSURANCE  
DON'T LOOK BACK IN ANGER  
DON'T ASK ME WHY  
WHAT SIDE YOU ON?  
I MISSED AGAIN  
SOLITARY MAN  
GETTING BETTER  
VIOLENTLY HAPPY  
TAKE A CHANCE ON ME  
LIVING ON A PRAYER  
THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD  
ROCKET MAN (I think it's gonna be a long, long time)

Pulp  
George Michael  
Sex Pistols  
Police  
Ramones  
Oasis  
Eurythmics  
Public Enemy  
Phil Collins  
Neil Diamond  
Shed Seven  
Bjork  
Abba  
Bon Jovi  
David Bowie  
Elton John

Nicky Bush

## ANAGRAMMATICALLY CHALLENGED

A little competition for you (our thanks to *Orpington Man* for this), so you can improve your chances of winning something when you send your poll entries in, and save some postage. The prize hasn't been decided yet, but it won't be a shirt, as we can't afford too many of them. Solve the following twenty-two anagrams of Luton players present and past, plus one who isn't a player, and send them in to the usual address. Closing date as for the poll. Please use a separate piece of paper for this.

- |                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1 TOMB WREATHS       | 12 WE VET SHITE        |
| 2 TIN BIN ARSE       | 13 ONLY MAD HAG        |
| 3 GEC KINKY BALLS    | 14 MEAT TEST           |
| 4 A HULL WASP        | 15 WANT SALE           |
| 5 WEE MEN KILL       | 16 A SHIT DRIVER       |
| 6 I'M NINJA BEAN     | 17 ARCH HAY DRIVER     |
| 7 HUNDRED CON MARGO  | 18 ETON TROPHY         |
| 8 ODD WACKY RAG      | 19 MAJOR VON SHINN     |
| 9 LOVER HAD KID      | 20 MALCOLM THE SHIT    |
| 10 PER TAKEOVER      | 21 COUNT HOT VEG BENCH |
| 11 NEAR RODENTS PART | 22 DAD FILLED VOID     |



## THE BETTER TEAM!

It would be foolish to insult the intelligence of readers by starting this article with a question, because we all know who is the better team out of Luton Town and the crap in yellow from down the road. But do the facts back this up? Well, yes they do, and we are indebted to Mark Nelson for collating this information which he culled from various sources and then sent first to the Watford fanzine *Clap Your Hands, Stamp Your Feet*, so while Watford supporters are rude about us, it's only jealousy because we're a better team. So to the facts:

Since 1920/21 Luton have only finished below them 16 times in 68 seasons. In derby matches we lead 32-23 with 13 draws, scoring 100 goals to their 90. Average League placings since 1946/47 we're 31st, they are at 49. Taking David Lee's 'Best over 82 seasons' which goes up to 1980, we are, on average points per season, 41st, a solid thirty places above them (71st). How about cup competitions? One FA Cup Final each (a rare piece of equality), but we won the League Cup in 1988 and reached the final again in 1989, and reached three FA Cup semi-finals in 1985, 1988 and 1994. On overall FA Cup performance Watford are at no. 40 and we are up at 23, and we are in the top 10 for performances over the last 10 years.

Not a bad set of facts, but you can also use the fact that they have never won the 2nd Division, and didn't play League football in the 19th century. Have they ever scored double figures in a League match? No, but we have at least twice, and one of those occasions left a Luton player a permanent place in the record books — the magnificent Joe Payne. Have they got anyone in the record books? Apart from perhaps the Turnip as most ineffective England manager of all time, I don't think so.

So, there you have it. No longer any need to insult the idiot who supports Watford. It's a fact that we are the better team, and, of course, will remain so.

*Mark Nelson/K.F.H.*

## CONTRIBUTIONS

Keep them coming! You've helped us to fill seven issues this season, and still we've had to leave some bits out. We plan on doing the same number of issues next season, but this depends on you. If you can write this much during such a dismal season, what will happen if we have a bit of success! Although we can't say what the date of the next issue will be, it is likely to be the first Saturday home match of next season. Please assume the deadline is the end of July, although we'll be able to accept some stuff up to two weeks before the publication date. Send your items to the usual address, and please include your name and address so we can send you a free copy of *Mad* by way of thanks.

## R.I.P. L.T.F.C.

*Lines penned following the Stoke debacle.*

At the final whistle the Boring Old Fart had:

- a) Bitten his woollie in shreds at the Town's inability to score one goal from 3 gilt edged opportunities, nicely created.
- b) Torn off his truss at Stoke's first goal, and
- c) Decided to go and watch Gorblimey Athletic in their next big Scilly Isles League fixture after Stoke's second.

Sadly, he is now resigned to Division 3 (sorry, I still live in the past) for the coming season unless a miracle of the supernatural has occurred! Meanwhile, some cunning ploys to speed us back to winning ways:

- 1 Pre match meal 1996-97. Large tin of baked beans, fried onions and brown bread in quantity for each player. This will ensure possession of the ball in both penalty areas (NB. Garlic spray might be handy — have you noticed how players avoid Cantona?).
- 2 Compulsory Julian Dicks "Mad Monk Rasputin" haircuts and beards for all match players. This will strike fear into the opposition.
- 3 All players to return to 1945 type studded boots with Kevlar toe caps. This should propel the modern ball at least 10 m.p.h. faster when kicked and guarantee sore shins and bruised toes for the opposition.
- 4 All fans to be given megaphones on arrival at the ground to enable them, at given signalled moments, to make any comment, noise, or what you will to put the fear of the devil into opposing sides.
- 5 All players contracts to be made public so we may know what we're paying for and whether it is fairly earned.
- 6 Compulsory aversion therapy for the team before each match for 30 minutes, eg. listening to M. T--tch-r or J. M--or or even T. BI--- spouting away. That should raise the hate level.
- 7 All Town scouts to be despatched to Kazakhstan and points east, to ensure a supply of Kanchelskis and Kinkladzes come forward to join the Town in the future.
- 8 The "Kick the Player" contest will replace the kids penalty shootout at half time. For a specified sum all those wishing to kick 'X' into touch should line up either side of the centre line and the condemned player



(or manager, director etc.) will then run the gauntlet through the corridor (NB. Soft shoes must be worn and no kick should be deliberately aimed at the players assets, ie. his feet).

- 9 Failure to score at least 2 goals per match should result in 3 hours FAN service per week by all players including the reserves (this could be enlarging the toilets and/or refreshment facilities at Kenilworth Road), followed by a humble apology (Chinese fashion) in front of the crowd before the next home match.

- 10 Large quantities of bottle to be purchased for 1996/97.

Looking forward to playing Hull, Wrexham, Swansea et al. HA! HA!

*The Boring Old Fart*

After a highly scientific survey, *Total Football* can finally lay to rest that age-old argument – who's got the loudest fans in the land?

**T**he debate about whose fans sing the loudest has raged for generations – but now a leading team of noise analysts has completed a study that nails the debate ONCE AND FOR ALL.

Acoustics expert Paul Harrison and his team of researchers travelled to every League ground in England and Wales over a period of several years to come up with the definitive ranking of fans by volume. They recorded the crowd noise from different parts of the stadium and made sure they attended when the ground was full for derby matches, and when attendances were lower, to get a true overall picture.

The research reveals that Leeds and Newcastle are the loudest fans in the Premier League, Leicester in Division One, Bristol City in Division Two and Preston in Division Three. In Paul's tables, below, noise is marked out of 10 and the percentage is the number of fans who regularly sing or chant.

## FIRST DIVISION

| CLUB            | PERCENTAGE | NOISE |
|-----------------|------------|-------|
| 1 Leicester     | 85         | 9     |
| 2 Barnsley      | 85         | 8     |
| 3 Sunderland    | 85         | 8     |
| 4 Norwich       | 85         | 7     |
| 5 West Brom     | 85         | 7     |
| 6 Tranmere      | 85         | 6     |
| 7 Wolves        | 75         | 7     |
| 8 Stoke         | 70         | 7     |
| 9 Charlton      | 70         | 6     |
| 10 Sheff Utd    | 65         | 8     |
| 11 Huddersfield | 60         | 8     |
| 12 Grimsby      | 55         | 6     |
| 13 Millwall     | 50         | 8     |
| 14 Portsmouth   | 45         | 6     |
| 15 Birmingham   | 40         | 7     |
| 16 Luton        | 40         | 6     |
| 17 Southend     | 35         | 7     |
| 18 Ipswich      | 30         | 7     |
| 19 Reading      | 30         | 7     |
| 20 Palace       | 25         | 6     |
| 21 Oldham       | 25         | 6     |
| 22 Port Vale    | 20         | 7     |
| 23 Derby        | 15         | 7     |
| 24 Watford      | 10         | 6     |

What a surprise – look who's bottom! (thanks to the Watford fanzine "The Horn" for inadvertently supplying this)



Above, Bontcho leads a Town "attack" at St Andrews.

Below, Spider shows signs of desperation. We know the feeling well.





## TACTICAL VOTING

It's time again for the end of season poll, where we ask you to give us the benefit of your opinions on a range of subjects related to LTFC, in return for which we offer one of you the opportunity to win some piece of LTFC leisurewear. Last years poll produced an amazing response, with something like 49 entries received before the deadline. So, here's the challenge: in the event that we get 50 entries, we'll put up two top prizes, perhaps doubling your chances of winning. All we ask of you is that you give us your votes in the following categories:

- 1 TOWN PLAYER OF THE SEASON: Your vote for the outstanding Luton Town player of 1995/96.
- 2 BEST YOUNG PLAYER: As above, but limited to players under 22 years of age, or thereabouts.
- 3 BEST TOWN PERFORMANCE: Well, there must have been one good performance, surely.
- 4 WORST TOWN PERFORMANCE: Difficult choice this, but what was the nadir of this dismal season?
- 5 BEST GOAL FOR TOWN: With so few to choose from, what do you mean it's difficult to pick one out?
- 6 BEST GOAL AGAINST: With a defence as poor as ours, has it taken anything special to score against us?
- 7 BEST OPPONENTS: Sorry, but you have to pick one out of the other 22 teams.
- 8 WORST OPPONENTS: Who did we beat? No, being serious, someone must have been awful.
- 9 BEST REFEREE: We know, there's no such thing, perhaps it should say Least Worst Referee.
- 10 WORST REFEREE: Sorry, but we insist you try and pick one out, difficult as it is.
- 11 BEST OPPOSING PLAYER: Who was that man who is going to be the next to join a Premiership side?
- 12 WORST OPPOSING PLAYER: That is, someone who was really inept at playing against us.
- 13 IDIOT OF THE SEASON: Somehow, I think we know the answer to this, but try to use some imagination.
- 14 HERO OF THE SEASON: This one seems fairly straightforward as well, but we could be wrong.
- 15 BEST GROUND VISITED: There are always a few surprises in this category, but it is all about taste.
- 16 WORST GROUND VISITED: Go for it, vent your anger on some wonderful ground that you hate.
- 17 LOW POINT OF THE SEASON: Yep, that could be a tricky one.

- 18 HIGH POINT OF THE SEASON: Come on, think about it, there must have been one.
- 19 THINGS TO DREAD: Next season specifically. But please, try to keep it brief.
- 20 THINGS TO LOOK FORWARD TO: Again, brevity is the key word here, so try to keep it to less than half a page!
- 21 BEST STEWARDS/POLICE: Think on it. Someone, somewhere, must have been nice to you.
- 22 WORST STEWARDS/POLICE: And someone probably wasn't nice to you!
- 23 AWAY PUB OF THE SEASON: Or best piss up if you prefer. Adults only category.

As the more alert amongst will detect, there are a few more categories than previously, due to popular demand, and as ever we will be happy to receive comments in addition to your nominations. However, please keep them in the order above as this makes collating the results a bit easier. And don't forget to mention what size shirt you would like if you win. The deadline for entries is June 22nd, and your votes should be sent to:

**292 Icknield Way  
Luton  
LU3 2JS**

By way of an extra bit, we'd like to know if you are happy with Mad as a Hatter! Is there anything we don't do that we should, or something we do that we shouldn't? Believe it or not, this whole thing is run on the basis that you keep buying it, so it must be OK. We don't promise to make any changes you ask for, but if you don't ask.....

## LONDON CALLING

Following enquiries from a number of our London based supporters about a London supporters group, a possible solution is at hand. It would seem that an official London group of the LT Supporters Club is unlikely as Luton is considered too close to London, but an informal group meeting up for a drink and a chat is on the cards. An initial meeting to gauge demand is to be organised in the summer, and the vacancy for someone to co-ordinate this has been filled by Gareth Chalmers who would be pleased to take your suggestions (for a venue, perhaps) and enquiries. Gareth can be contacted on 0181 331 8979. Obviously the response to this item will affect whether anything actually happens, so if you are interested, it's up to you.



## HatterLeague Update 4

This is the final update of the season, but as yet there are still 5 matches to be played, so the champion is unknown.

The latest positions in the HatterLeague are as follows:

|    |                  |                            |     |
|----|------------------|----------------------------|-----|
| 1  | Karen Maxfield   | Hatterbears Six-Pack       | -50 |
| 2= | David Rolt       | Who Are You?               | -63 |
| 2= | Brian Dillingham | Brian's Invincibles        | -63 |
| 4  | Dave Pearson     | Derbyshire 1968            | -65 |
| 5  | Rick Hooper      | Hooper's Hong Kong Hatters | -73 |
| 6  | Peter Bulkeley   | The Crinkley Bottoms       | -79 |

And, at the bottom:

|      |                 |                                            |      |
|------|-----------------|--------------------------------------------|------|
| 144= | Steven Manfredi | Mitchell Thomas, You're Crap, Please Leave | -215 |
| 144= | Kelvin Ripley   | Kelvin's Crew of 95/96                     | -215 |
| 146  | Gerry Callaghan | The Knob Jockeys                           | -223 |
| 147  | Barry Gell      | Whoops "Bubble", Here Come The Spoons      | -227 |
| 148  | Edna Durbridge  | The Swingers                               | -281 |

With just three weeks of the HatterLeague season left, Karen Maxfield starts the sprint for home, and the Championship, with -50 points. Most notable of those following is Dave Pearson who was, quite literally, nowhere in February. Also going well is 6 year old Peter Bulkeley. Last issues leaders, Liamonn McTague and Chris Lennon have now faded to 43rd (-128 pts) and 35th (-123) respectively, while your editor finally gets a mention in 13th place (-101). At the wrong end of the table Edna Durbridge has a hysterical -281 points, a 54 point lead (?) over Barry Gell, who was bottom for so long.

Of the top 19 managers, 18 of them brought Feuer into their side in the HatterSwap, which is one reason for them being at the top. Buying the cheap option of Fred Barber or Nathan Abbey paid off until mid January, but once Feuer was available the advantage vanished.

As we have said before, it is impossible to print a full league table of all 148 managers, but we will provide a HatterLeague results service. Although it has not been finalised yet, the pack will include a full league table and your team progress sheet. If you want to receive one of these packs, just send an SAE to the usual address after May 5th, and state which individual managers details you want, with the HatterCode numbers if possible. Please clearly mark your envelope (not the SAE): "HatterLeague". We will get these sent out as soon as possible but please bear with us as we deal with an avalanche of requests. We will happily send out more than one managers details per SAE, so no problems with postage costs.

The eventual winner of the £25 betting voucher will be notified during the summer, but if the winner is under 18 we'll have to sort out some alternative.

We are leaving details of arrangements for HatterLeague 2 until the first issue of next season (issue 35). We have a lot to improve on from this season and it will be a much better competition, so we hope we will be able to count on your support once again. You never know, the winner might even be in plus points next season (stranger things have happened!). On this subject, we

are already in communication with one reader (honestly Russell) who has offered to help us to computerise the HatterLeague, but we are always open to suggestions.

We did say at one stage that we were going to have some awards for the best and worst team names in the HatterLeague but, to be honest, we just haven't got round to it. However, they may yet appear in issue 35.

So you can work out your own team scores, the players points are as follows:

| Player      | Before Swap | Points After Swap | Total | Player      | Before Swap | Points After Swap | Total |
|-------------|-------------|-------------------|-------|-------------|-------------|-------------------|-------|
| K Davis     | -31         | -34               | -65   | G Waddock   | -7          | +16               | +9    |
| J Sommer    | -32         | -36               | -68   | T Thorpe    | -3          | +7                | +4    |
| F Barber    | -32         | -36               | -68   | G Alexander | -12         | +3                | -9    |
| N Abbey     | -32         | -36               | -68   | A Skelton   | -32         | -36               | -68   |
| I Feuer     |             | +17               |       | C Hughes    | -8          | -28               | -36   |
| J James     | -18         | -28               | -46   | R Matthews  | -32         | -36               | -68   |
| T Peake     | -16         | -34               | -50   | D Oldfield  | -6          | 0                 | -6    |
| M Johnson   | -10         | -11               | -21   | P McLaren   |             | -32               |       |
| D Linton    | -25         | -28               | -53   | G Johnson   |             | -36               |       |
| R Harvey    | -18         | -6                | -24   | D Marshall  | +21         | -20               | +1    |
| S Davis     | -2          | -17               | -19   | J Taylor    | -26         | -20               | -46   |
| M Thomas    | -28         | -19               | -47   | J Woodsford | -30         | -36               | -66   |
| B Chenery   | -31         | -36               | -67   | B Guentchev | -14         | +10               | -4    |
| D Greene    | -31         | -36               | -67   | V Riseth    |             | -26               |       |
| D Patterson |             | -26               |       | S Douglas   |             | -36               |       |
| S Oakes     | -5          | -10               | -15   |             |             |                   |       |

Totals are only shown for players who have been available for the whole season and, as nobody picked Johnny Vilstrup, we haven't shown his scores.

Before we sign off, we'd like to thank all 148 managers of the HatterLeague. We originally expected about 4 entries back in early August, but you overwhelmed us with entries to make it a proper fight for the title. The HatterLeague would have been nothing without these entries, and we hope you will enter again next season. Back with a full (?) season's review and a new league in August. Up the Hatters!

Chris Lennon/K.F.H.

## RADIO DAZE 3

On Three Counties Radio (again) on 12th March, Nick London commented during live commentary of the West Brom v Watford game: "This is a Three Counties exclusive.... if you think that there are any other radio stations doing commentary on Watford, then you're mistaken."

Why do you think that is, Nick? Could it possibly be the fact that Watford are shit?

Beatle



## A Different View

A match report as written for such well known journals as *Australian and British Soccer Weekly*, the *Geelong Advertiser*, and *Soccer Australia*, kindly submitted to us by their correspondent, Roy Hay.

### LUTON TOWN 1 IPSWICH TOWN 2

It is 37 years since I last sat in the Hatters Way stand at Luton's compressed Kenilworth Road ground, and for all the new plastic seats and the executive boxes, the overall sense of familiarity was staggering. The playing surface, briefly replaced by plastic astroturf a few years ago, was back to its cloying inconsistency. The gantry hanging from the front of the stand and interrupting already truncated sight lines was still there. The ban on smoking was new, and has more to do with fire risk, than the health hazard.

In those days, when Alan Brown orchestrated the attack, the team was in the First Division. It reached the FA Cup Final at Wembley. I remember a match against Blackburn Rovers, when an angular figure like a marionette stuttered up and down the wing in front of us. It was Alastair McLeod, later Scotland team manager and the man who led his national team to a notorious debacle in Argentina in 1978. Ipswich, by contrast, were an unknown provincial club yet to experience their glory days under another much vilified national team manager, Bobby Robson.

Yesterday (sic) Ipswich came to the match in sixth position, well into the play off zone for promotion to the Premier League, while Luton was second last and facing relegation unless replacement manager Lennie Lawrence could engineer another miracle. His programme notes spoke worryingly of his experience of this situation. He had just spent £250,000 of the club's money on striker Kim Grant from Charlton, and obtained Paul Wilkinson on loan from Middlesbrough and Graeme Tomlinson from Manchester United. Having lost main goalscorer Dwight Marshall a few weeks ago, and only hit the net 31 times as a team in 36 games, the need was evident. I had a particular interest in Australian midfielder David Oldfield, who is sponsored by the supporters club, but yet is the butt of much of the fans criticism, though the fanzine *Mad as a Hatter!* had a couple of articles in his defence.

The game began badly for Luton as Ipswich swung forward with Ian Marshall and Alex Mathie threatening in the centre and Simon Milton cutting a swathe down the left. After only five minutes Geraint Williams' shot was parried, but only knocked half clear and Milton chipped it back just inside the far post, with American keeper Ian Feuer not looking too clever on either occasion. James Scowcroft continued to intimidate the Luton defence in the air, once when Oldfield skied the ball into his own box in his off-balance

attempt to clear. Mick Stowell ran the Ipswich midfield and for most of the first half, Luton struggled to find any rhythm and Grant and Wilkinson inevitably did not seem to be on the same wavelength. Oldfield was a mixture of excellence and daftness, making a couple of vital defensive tackles, running hard in support from midfield, but his passing sometimes resulted in turnovers.

There were no half-time changes but Luton opened more brightly drawing a ripple of applause from the stand when three passes in succession found their targets. Oldfield broke the game open by a run from midfield, followed by a perceptive outside of the foot pass to Grant, clear on the right, whose fierce shot flew past young England keeper Richard Wright. Vulnerability after a goal is a cliché, but Luton were very naive when they allowed Ian Marshall to have a clear shot, which Feuer parried, but once again it was only presented to Milton on a plate and Ipswich was in front again less than a minute later.

Oldfield was withdrawn just after the hour to make way for Bulgarian international Bontcho Guentchev, Graham Alexander had already replaced Gary Waddock, and Graeme Tomlinson came on for Scott Oakes, as Lawrence tried everything to snatch a point. Tomlinson's first break and cross gave Guentchev a chance, but his shot was turned round for a fruitless corner kick. The game opened up and this made for a rousing last fifteen minutes, with even full back Mitchell Thomas forcing a good diving save at his post from Wright, and Grant had a shot turned round the post after Ipswich substitute Slater had been robbed. But Luton could not find a goal and with Reading winning in fourth last place, it was little consolation that the bottom three clubs all lost. The hospitality at Kenilworth Road was first class, the spirit is there, but the future in the First Division looks quite bleak unless the team can integrate Grant, Wilkinson and Tomlinson quickly and provide them with the midfield support required in the remaining nine games.

Roy Hay

## 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.



## The Sharpe End

Now here's a rum do. I recently took delivery of my new car. Wishing to remain loyal to the home town of the team I support, I naturally ordered a Vauxhall. The new Vectra, actually. But what was the first thing I noticed upon climbing into the vehicle? The cassette player, actually — made by none other than Blaupunkt.

And who do they sponsor? Yes, that's right.

So, what's going on here, then? Is it a fiendish plot by a Watford supporter at Vauxhall to get his sponsor's product into a Luton car? Or, alternatively, given that my particular cassette player could by no stretch of the imagination be described as state of the art or high-tech, is it an equally fiendish plot by Watford haters at Vauxhall designed to bring the rival's sponsor into disrepute?

All I know is that, at the time of writing, since beginning to drive the car and listen to the radio, Watford have yet to lose and Luton have yet to win!



So, there I was being interviewed by a presenter from BBC Radio Solent who had invited me on his programme to discuss the chances of local side Southampton staying up. During the course of our chat, I happened to remark flippantly that I was well qualified to discuss relegation-related matters, being a Luton fan. When the interview was over and we had gone off-air, the presenter turned round and revealed to me that he was in fact a closet Luton supporter himself, but was unable to admit it on air as the station was devoted to the Saints.

I'll have to spare his blushes by not naming him, but he told me that his uncle used to be physio at Kenilworth Road a decade or so back, and he still followed the Hatters as a result.

You see, just as 'the truth is out there somewhere', so plenty of Luton supporters are out there somewhere.



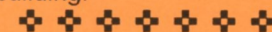
You may have spotted a relatively new magazine on the scene. Called Total Football, it is a wacky monthly from the Total Sport stable. A recent edition featured a couple of items worthy of your attention — an interview with Lennie Lawrence, and a cover mounted giveaway cassette of football songs and snippets, which includes Eric Morecambe on a Luton versus Bristol City match from 1975 in which, miracle of miracles, we actually managed to score — a real collector's item!



Being a lifelong resident of Harrow, which means that to get to Luton I have to go through/past Watford, I'm often asked how I came to support the Hatters. The reason dates back to the hazy days of childhood when I and my young chums would all flock down to the High Street on FA Cup Final day to watch the coaches come through the town en route to Wembley.

We would choose one to support and jeer the other. In 1959, of course, Luton were in the Final, and I decided that the black and whites were the team for me — and it stuck.

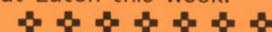
I've often reflected on how much easier my subsequent life would have been had I decided to follow Forest on that fateful day — easier, yes, but certainly not as much fun, nor as character building!



I've mentioned before that I am a director of ICIS League Division Three side Wealdstone.

One of the officials at the club recently wanted to talk to me about how to place a bet on the Irish Lottery numbers and asked someone else "Is Graham coming to football on Saturday?"

"No" he was told, "He'll be at Luton this week."



Driving into work the other day I spotted a four wheel drive vehicle in front with the number plate L111TON and, sure enough, the back window boasted a 'Don't Follow Me, Follow Luton Town' sticker — so I bibbed the lady driver and gave her a thumbs up sign whilst pointing to my own back window sticker — gestures which I hope she did not misunderstand! (*perhaps Mr Kohler could ask his wife — Ed*)

Coincidentally, I had for some while been wondering what kind of registration number would best display an allegiance to LTFC — there's the answer.



You may remember a series of programmes about old rock groups which was shown a while back and was based on the elaborate Family Trees prepared by artist and rock fan, Pete Frame.

If you've never seen a Frame family tree you've missed a real treat — they list every member of a group who has ever belonged to a band for however fleeting a moment and also show where they went when they left.

Pete has now turned his attentions to football and his first venture, wouldn't you just know it, is a Man United family tree.

However, surprise surprise, it emerges that Mr Frame is a lifelong Luton Town supporter, who would just love to do a Luton family tree but fears that he would not sell enough copies to make it viable.

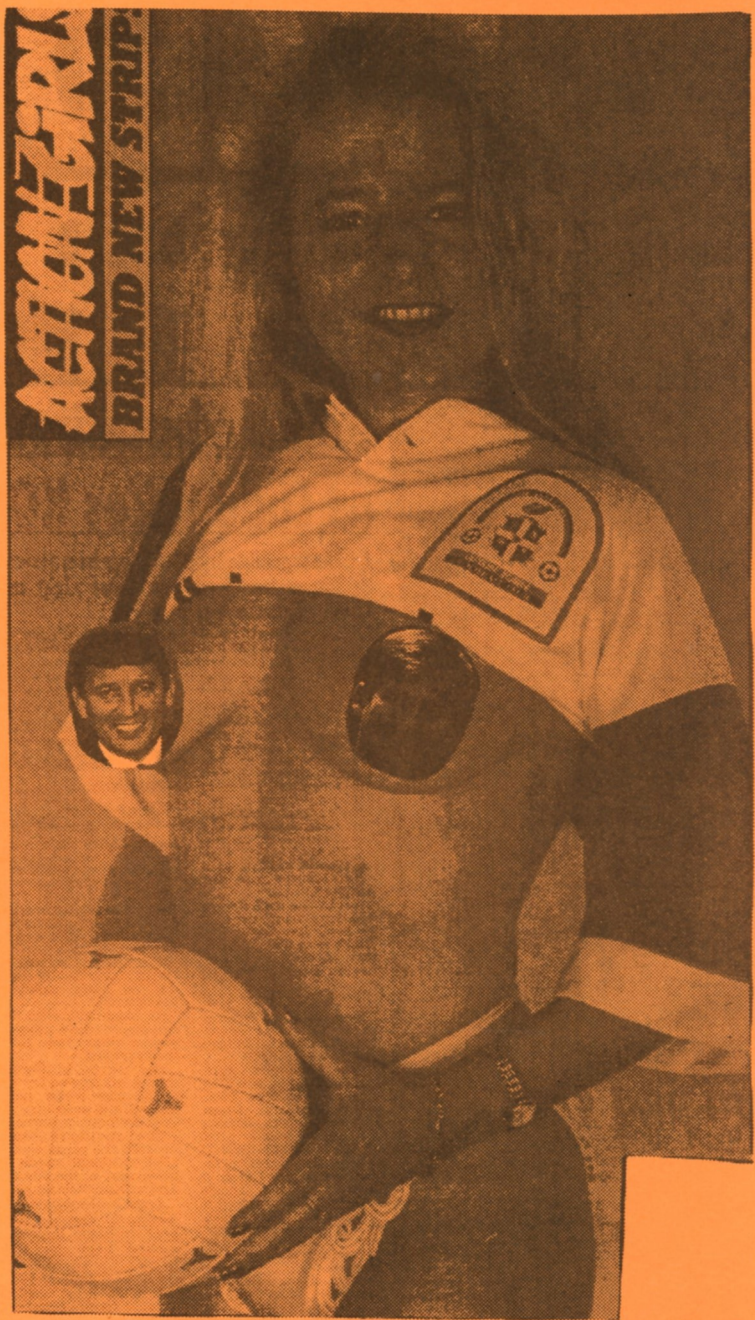
I am in the process of discovering an address for Pete so that I can write to him and encourage him to get working on his labour of love, and I'm sure that you'll want me to tell him that all readers of this fanzine would be keen to purchase a copy — even if it does take him until the year 2000 to complete it.



This season seems to have seen Luton kicking towards the home supporters in the first half on many more occasions than in previous seasons. I have no firm evidence to back up this assertion, but I'd bet I'm right. I wonder whether this is because Steve Davis keeps losing the toss or because he has been acting under orders — although if it was originally a Westley order it would have been the only one which ever seemed to be understood by the players, not that it was any more effective than any other tactic inflicted on us by the Westley-McGiven dream team (they left us dreaming about having a team!).

Graham Sharpe





Mad's first pin-up may not be politically correct, but don't those tits look familiar!