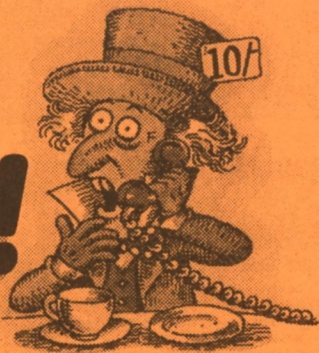


# MAD AS A HATTER!

THE LUTON TOWN FANZINE



Issue 52

Feb '99



From the film "Saving Ryan's Privates"

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# MAD AS A HATTER!

THE LUTON TOWN FANZINE

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## EDITORIAL

We are, of course, just ordinary football supporters. By definition, therefore, we have fairly simple objectives for the chosen object of our affections — namely, in our case, Luton Town FC. We want to see our team winning regularly, and would prefer to see this result in promotion. If this cannot be achieved, we would at least expect some signs of ambition from our club, although we do tend to understand that this is going to be measured by financial constraints.

In case you were wondering where all this waffle is going, I'll get to the point. This season (and last) we have not seen our team winning regularly and have seen precious little expression of ambition (aside from the KohlerDome — which is not directly a club matter), and any thoughts of ambition were dealt a blow in January when Lennie Lawrence's contract was extended. Quite what he has done to deserve such a reward is beyond most Luton Town fans. There are those who dislike Lawrence with a passion, and those who just think he has failed to deliver, but regardless of point of view, most fans were quite happy with the fact that his contract was to run out this summer, and he might be replaced.

Why on earth this has happened is beyond me and, so far as I can tell, is beyond anyone other than David Kohler, who has so far failed to explain his reasons.

On the same subject, the sale of Steve Davis just after Christmas left most Town fans mortified. It too was seen as a sign of the club lacking ambition, but it seems that Stevo was desperate to get back to Burnley. This actually suggests that it is Stevo who is the one lacking ambition, especially judging by what I have heard of the Burnley defence on our recent visit to Turf Moor. Stevo will probably still be a hero up there, but if that's all he wants out of his career.....

You may remember a couple of years ago, a strongly worded editorial about players in pubs the night before a Saturday home match. We were highly critical, and Lennie fined the culprits. So, you can imagine the dismay on hearing, just after the abysmal result against Wigan, that one of the players in that team had been seen in a local hostelry the evening before the game. As before, no names here because you, Mr Professional Footballer, should know who you are. And if you don't, then you do not deserve the title granted you in the previous sentence. What's more, with dedication like that it's questionable whether you deserve to be plying your chosen trade at Luton Town.

Final point. I had a call from the *Luton on Sunday* the other day, questioning the fact that a survey showed that we (Luton Town fans) do not care about results too much. I told them that this was not the case and, much to my surprise, the story didn't run!! Having spoken to the author of the survey, this is not what it showed either. Just what we'd expect of the *Accuracy!* Well done chaps, checking your facts, at last?



## Bish Bosh or is it Bosh for Bish?

Ring ring.

Yeah?

Paul?

Yeah.

Martin Bishop here, "As you're the only sad bastard I know who supports Luton do you want 2 guest tickets for Saturday when I'm Assistant referee," (I used to referee Martin PLAYING for Chelsea Supporters Club on a Sunday morning).

That was the start of a bit of adventure for both me and my wife, and the Bish !

Saturday comes and we arrive early as promised. The Bish is the first official to turn up and finds us, at 12.30, huddling in the reception area for warmth where I was sad enough to be looking at the team photos through the years (1966-67 season was the oldest that I could name them all!). Another ref, Alex Valentino, and his son have also come along with him as guests.

We are all shown into a little guest room with a sweet little old lady offering teas and sandwiches and eventually the other assistant referee and his guests and likewise the referee (Matt Messias) turn up and the 4th officials guests (or was it extra guests of the other assistant?). I did not see the 4th official until after the game, apparently he was late and arrived only just before the Team Sheets! I nearly got a call!!! We all (including the officials!) started tucking in to all the food when one of the jobsworths (guess who? — the previous one was too scared of this one to let us look at the changing rooms) came in and complained about the number of guests (it's not the tickets, she said, which several of us offered to pay for, it's the amount of catering!! All stop eating!!!).

The referee decides he is going to inspect the pitch and asks us all if we want to do likewise, so, after making sure he really means it, all 12 or so of us (including Mrs. G) troop down the tunnel past the dressing rooms and on to the mud (well, I wouldn't miss the opportunity, she who must be obeyed and a couple of others kept to the track alongside). Another ambition fulfilled! I take a few photos (for the ref's guests — I'm not that sad!!), and back we go for more tea considering these two posers:

- 1) Which team never has to change its shirts in a colour clash and why?
- 2) Which clubs have square corner flags and why?

I left my wife chatting to the kiddie guests about incidentals while I chatted to mine host who wasn't trying to get up the ref's arse like some others we heard. When I came back to the better half she's only chatting the ref up. "So, why are there yellow and red flags?" Cringe, cringe. Anyhow everything is seemingly very relaxed and the ref finally calls "Time Gentlemen, Please," and off the three trot. We are all given an official list of team changes (luxury, real luxury) and we eventually take to our padded seats (not cells!). Alex recognises Peter Taylor of England Under-21 management, someone else Mike Bailey the Official Observer (second year ref's being watched every game).

Anyhow the game eventually starts and after 16 minutes or so Luton score from a free kick. Great. The Bish then raises his flag and another LTFC goal is disallowed! Not so great.

Fifteen yards from the Mighty B one player from each side are given the red (card not flag, dear!), did Bish flinch? He didn't move a muscle! The general consensus of the crowd (and management)

was that the ref could have got away with 2 yellows but it probably would have been a bit of a cop out. The half time whistle comes and I, at least, stay to see the 3 get booed off (apparently my man is hit by a "missile" and the other assistant arrives in the dressing room with dobbings of green stuff on his bald bonce!). But we were OK, we laid into the teas and hot food this time, very nice, all the half times and a TV to tell us when the players are emerging back for Round 2. All the food gone — read on!

Round 2 was about right back upstairs (no lift?), within just a few minutes there is another away player sent off, more clear cut this time the crowd think (the homers would, wouldn't they?), just outside the area. So, now its 10 against 9.

A couple of Luton players are booked for obvious dissent (disputing a corner — the player was right, and disputing a free kick- the ref was right). A couple of the other mob are also booked — one says "Please send me off (and abandon the game!)," but nothing controversial maybe and oh! Luton scored another couple of goals! Pretty good ones from a distance, too.

Then comes the most difficult decision Bish had all day. An away player in an offside position runs back past another who runs on to the ball, (again Bish doesn't flinch) the goalkeeper (Kelvin) runs out the side of the area, the ball is put past him and the forward hits him and the deck in that order. Decision? (Why didn't the flag go up, it would have saved all the hassle.)

The easiest thing would have been for the ref to send him off and even it all up (and the crowd were expecting that), but it was a bit wide. He was given a yellow after a long wait, the home side loved it, the away didn't! From where we were sitting the ball was heading exactly for the goal but it was down the side of the area and an acute angle. No exact answer? Cop out to Send Off! I don't know!

Is the drama over? Certainly not! Awayers awarded a penalty in the last minute for..... what? Replays showed it was correct- Harrison pulled the shirt of a forward to stop him getting at a cross. Anyhow another booking, another goal and the home support as well as all those connected with the other mob are on the ref's back.

Final whistle.

Stewards usher the "Luton Three" down the tunnel whilst the rabble's manager is trying to say his piece, mud is thrown and there is also mayhem in the tunnel, why aren't they policed (Who by though? Think Vieira)?

We go back to our warm protected room for teas and final scores, no food?

Still interesting for the officials, though. The away manager wants to come in. He's told come back in 20 minutes, but he's back again early (and sent away again!) eventually he's called for (with a steward as an independent witness! See next paragraph!!). He says his bit and is told to leave, "getting no-where!" The home player sent off is next, a bit more polite, sorry ref, I did kick out, is it violent conduct 'cause that's 3 whole matches (35 days on the parks — 10 whole matches at 2 a week!). YES, it's VC for you sunshine.

Next paragraph — the story goes that the last time the away manager went into a ref's changing room and it was at his home ground, he had to be pulled out by a steward when he had outstayed his welcome, then the door shut and he decked his own steward!

Well, I enjoyed myself, so did the wife (who broke her jinx and saw the Town win — her last visit was only 1 off and 9 booked) The ref was pretty calm when he eventually came in to "our" little room with his assistants who had given no controversial decisions all day but had still been spat at, abused and hit by whatever. The Bish chatted a bit, they ate the sandwiches kept for them (mandatory?) and the ref and his entourage are escorted out but there is no-one outside to abuse us.



Is that the end — not quite, the observer didn't go in the dressing room but sends written notice to the Bish and the other to ask if they knew the ref's instructions re further misconduct (at the double send-off?) and to say the Bish is fit. Fit to what, I hear you say?

Turns out the ref has now sent off 14 this season in 19 games - trying to keep up with Rob Styles?

The away manager is sacked in the week following- well, they were a rabble from beginning to end.

And the final piece de resistance? Yes, "Heil Hitler" has only written to the Football League, complaining that not only did the Wycombe management give "signs" to the crowd after they had escorted their red cards down the tunnel (I heard no crowd reaction!), but that the assistant had taken too many guests and when the press went for food at half time it had all gone!! One match suspension. How tall do I feel? And yes, I'd love to go again Bish (or Alex if you're ever 4th Official again for Millwall v Luton), or any one else who offers?

*Paul Gatward*

## Dave's Dean Court Debacle

Dean Court, Bournemouth — the scene of many a jovial moment through the years. From the infamous pasty and policeman's helmet throwing incident of the 1996/97 season, to endless hilarity raised by Marvin's veiled attempts of defending — Dean Court holds many a fond memory.

This season is no exception — even despite the fact that due to drinking and financial complications I didn't make the ill-fated trip of December 28th. Sitting at home listening to commentary of the match on ~~Radio Hertfordshire~~ 3CR, Simon Oxley was describing a Steve Davis effort sailing over the bar when suddenly he burst into a fit of laughter; along with, by the sound of it, 9000 other spectators.

Enlightening us, Oxley apologised for his lack of self-control explaining that as the shot flew towards the back of the Luton terrace, some bloke had jumped up and spectacularly tipped the ball over the wall at the back of the terrace, a save Feuer in his heyday would have been proud of. Down the pub that evening it appeared that I was not the only one to hear the commentary, and the mystery goalkeeper at the back of the terrace was designated special White Hart cult status.

Now the story cuts to January 9th when, having just hurled a load of abuse at the ref as he walked off the pitch at half-time at the Wycombe game, our mate Dave appears — complete with his right wrist covered by a plaster cast. On one of our number enquiring what had happened, Dave replied that he'd broken it — and in quite embarrassing circumstances. A few days earlier, he'd been watching the Town at Bournemouth when a Davis shot came sailing over the crossbar and he'd seen an opportunity of making a name for himself.....

*Led*

## Mad as a Hatter! 5 WHOSH 1

NEVER let it be said that football matches involving Mad! go off without a hitch. Last time against W\*tf\*rd (who, incidentally, we beat 3-2) we didn't have a keeper. This time, against a team from the Hatters fans' Internet site, we didn't have a full team, proper pitch, or even a kit!

Heavy rain in the week before the match (January 9) put the fixture in doubt, but a quick phone call to the council on the Friday confirmed it had not been called off. The pitch we played on was a complete mess, with a big puddle on one wing and mud everywhere else. For some (bizarre) reason the decision had been taken to play on the junior-sized pitch at Wigmore Valley Park. Personally, I didn't see what was so wrong with the normal pitch next to it that made it 'unplayable' - but I suppose it saved us from too much running.

Our first major problem came with the team. The 'flu, Thame United and a Saturday league in Aylesbury meant the victorious squad from Good Friday was severely depleted, so a number of changes had to be made — including having one of the opposition on our side for 70 minutes!

If that wasn't enough, the next problem — which nearly called a halt to the proceedings — came over our kit. After a huge mix-up over the LTFC strip we normally borrow from the club (to cut a long story short - WHOSH booked it so we couldn't, then they cancelled it and by the time we found out it was too late and the club kit was not ready to be picked up), we were left kitless.

So to the rescue came Ross Manfredi - the Old Moat House manager. We were able to borrow a set of Moat hooped shirts, but we still had a problem over shorts and socks.

Last minute running around trying to find spare kit meant we eventually took to the field with an assortment of shorts, tracksuit bottoms and different colour football socks, but we made it.

The game started somewhat tentatively on the mud, and midway through the first half WHOSH took the lead. By the way, when I say 'half' I mean a period of 45 minutes, unlike the game against the scum where we were forced to play about half a week each way because they were losing.

A couple of half-chances fell our way before Dave Flett swapped his notebook for his boots and equalised — with his shot from the edge of the area taking a wicked deflection into the bottom corner of the net.

It stayed that way until the interval, but a minute into the second half we were ahead through the boy Flett again. A free-kick was floated over to him at the far post, and his header across the goal-line was crashed into the roof of the net by a WHOSH defender (great clearance, mate!).

Yours truly (another one swapping notebook for boots!) made it 3-1 with a goal very similar to the one I scored on Good Friday (although I actually



struck it cleanly this time!) I beat the offside trap (just) and ran clean through to slot in a Steve Sims through ball from the edge of the area.

Tony Masters then could (and should) have made it 4-1, but produced an absolutely stunning miss. After an attempted overhead kick in the area he picked himself up and when the ball came back to him he stuck it wide. Not that stunning you might think, but just to add colour to the picture he was two yards out, and in the middle of an open goal (the keeper was stranded on the floor). With the whole goal to aim at he sliced it wide of the right hand post. Incredible.

However, he then made amends with Mad's fourth goal — a clinical finish from about 15 yards out. The player we had 'borrowed' from the others then went back on their side — leaving us a man down for the final 20 minutes.

This didn't bother us, though, as Flett completed his hat-trick to make it 5-1. Keeper Andy Komenda kicked the ball out, I flicked it on and a defender went to head it back to their keeper. But the ball stuck in the mud and Flett (predator-like) ran through to score.

His goal brings me nicely on to the subject of who scored what. The official panel have checked video replays and different angles, and I'm afraid to have to tell you, Dave, that two of your strikes have been accredited to 'OG'!

Of course, if you want to claim a hat-trick, that's fine by us (as long as you score the same amount when we next play W\*tf\*rd).

The post-match celebration wasn't as great as on Good Friday. You lot went off to see the Hatters finally beat someone in the league (Wycombe) and I was in Arlesey watching them come from behind (no reference to New Years Eve intended) to beat Royston.

As always, there's a number of people we have to thank in the organisation and running of this match. Thanks go to Ross Manfredi for the loan of the shirts, nets, flags, ball (etc), Chris' mum for the unenviable task of washing the muddy kit (although I did help a bit!), Tony for booking us the pitch, Declan for kindly refereeing the match and anybody else I've forgotten to mention.

Team: Dave Flett, Keith Hayward, Andy Komenda, Duncan Komenda, Chris Lennon, Alan Masters, Tony Masters, Steve Sims, Andy Pheby, and Stuart who played at left back.

Chris Lennon

PS: We apologise to Tony if he feels harshly treated in this article - but you have to understand it was an astounding miss!

## Who's Where Now?

Whilst working on my latest idea for a Luton Town book, a much needed Who's Who (W\*tf\*rd have had one out for three years), I came upon what may be a record for any club in the history of the game. In the week ending 19th January 1999, no fewer than 28 former Town players turned out for various clubs, enough to fill two complete sides plus substitutes. Further research around the squads in the Premier and Football Leagues showed another 11 former Hatters on the books in one contract form or another, either injured or in the reserves.

I then turned my attention outside the League, and found four players in Scotland, one of which is 33 year old Micky Weir (remember him?) at Queen of the South. Andy Dibble is playing in the League of Wales, whilst in Europe three more emerged, including Bontcho! America produced a further four (although Ian Feuer was on loan at Rushden & Diamonds).

Ex-Town players are in abundance in non-league football, with two in the Conference including Paul Fitcher, now aged forty-two, regularly turning out for the Southport side he manages; one in the Dr Marten's (Southern) League — the much travelled Steve White at Bath City. There are twelve former Hatters in the Ryman League, giving a grand total of 65. There are probably more as information on smaller non-league clubs, and those in Eire and Northern Ireland and less developed footballing countries is difficult to come by. These problems mean it will be at least eighteen months before a Who's Who sees the light of day unless someone is more advanced than me.

We have known for some time that Luton has an incredible youth policy and to underline that, 32 of these 65 came through the youth ranks, 19 of whom are in the Premier or Football Leagues.

I have sent a copy of this article to the Association of Football Statisticians to see if this record of 28 from one club has ever been neaten or equalled. More importantly, does Luton currently hold the record for producing the most young talent for other clubs. I am sure that by the time the A.F.S. comes up with a definitive answer, Matthew Spring, Sean Evers or Kelvin Davis would have joined that list.

The only crumb of comfort is that leaving aside Matthew Upson, who's full potential is still awaited, only John Hartson and Paul Telfer play regularly in the Premiership, while the rest are bread and butter players in the Football League. If anyone knows the whereabouts of any ex-Luton players playing in Europe, Ireland or elsewhere in the world, or in the lower leagues, please let me know via the fanzine.

Full breakdown: Premiership - 7, Football League Div One - 10, Div Two - 7, Div Three - 14, Conference - 2, Dr Martens - 1, Ryman - 12, Scotland - 4, League of Wales - 1, Europe - 3, USA - 4.



## IT'S A SCANDAL!

Things have changed at Luton Town's prestigious new office suite in Harpenden. Following the team's recent dip in form and armed with the latest revelations in the local newspaper, the *Luton on Saturday*, I went to interview Chief Operating Officer Laurence Lennison and get his reaction.

The armed guards outside his office came as something of a surprise. Luckily I recognised one of them from my class at school (sadly more years ago than I care to count) and gained admission in exchange for a pledge not to print certain information concerning him, Smedly Junior and the Stationery Cupboard.

Mr Lennison, rather surprisingly, did not seem pleased to see me.

"You!" he snarled, "How the hell did you get in here?"

I explained about the guard and Smedly (after all, I'd only agreed not to print it) and a rather shaken Lennison swore he would fire the pervert immediately.

Preliminaries over, I asked about the team's recent form.

"We've got a young team," Lennison said, "You can't expect miracles. We've got boys doing men's work out there. I realise the fans are upset, especially after our great start and the super cup run but you must realise I've always said this team overachieved last season."

"Over... they were almost relegated!" I protested.

"Precisely!" trumpeted Lennison. "You'd think the fans would appreciate a season of mid-table mediocrity following the excitement of the last two years."

"There have been some adverse comments made following your remarks before the Barnsley game on *Two-and-a-bit Counties Radio* when you claimed the lads were going to get hammered and didn't have a hope in hell of winning. Some fans believe the team won despite you, not because of you."

"Absolute rubbish!" Lennison scoffed. "It was reverse psychology. Persuade the opposition we can't win then hit them hard."

"Right," I said sarcastically. "And we know they get *Two-and-a-bit Counties Radio* up in Yorkshire."

"Well, I thought it was going out nationally!" Lennison insisted.

"Any reaction to the calls of 'Laurence Out!' from certain sections of the crowd last week?" I asked.

"Well, naturally I'm a little chuffed," Lennison said, mellowing a little. "After all, it's years since I last kicked a ball in anger, but I suppose the fans think I still retain my old skills. Realistically, though, I doubt if my presence out on the pitch rather than in the dug-out would have made that much difference. Still, it's something to consider if our injury list gets much worse."

"Er, right," I said. "Moving on, the *Luton on Saturday* has been on your case over..."

"Slanders, lies and gutterpress garbage!" Lennison snarled. "To put the record straight, we had no part in Luton's unsuccessful bid for the 2002 Winter Olympics, we did not give half a dozen International Olympic Committee members season tickets in the Kenilworth Road Stand as a sweetener, we did not give assurances that the ice-skating could take place inside the KohlerDome while the downhill skiing took place on the roof and we did not deliberately lose 8-0 in the pre-season friendly against Oslo Juniors 2nd XI Reserves just because one of the players was the son

of an IOC member. The fact that the lad got a hat-trick in ten minutes is a mere coincidence. Steve Davis did not go to Burnley in exchange for their IOC member voting for us. I have never even met Wiseman and Kelly from the FA and see no reason at all to resign. Any more questions Mr Bloody Reporter?"

"Luton had a bid for the Olympics?" I asked. "I never knew that."

"Er, oh... so what story did the newspaper print?" Lennison asked.

"The one about you being caught kerb-crawling on Crawley Road."

"I was merely asking the scantily clad, deliciously nubile, gorgeous young lady directions," Lennison blustered. "I had no idea the area was a red-light district."

"Directions to where?" I asked.

"Er, the ground."

"Twenty minutes after the match was over?" I asked. "Pull the other one. Anyway, you can see the ground from where you were nicked."

"Okay, the railway station then," Lennison said. "Yes, that's right, I was going to get the train back to Harpenden."

"You were in your car," I pointed out.

"Er, it had just run out of petrol. Yes, so I had to get the train and had no idea where the railway station was. Hah!"

"So, no plans to resign, then?" I finished.

"With my new contract? You must be joking!"

Declan McCabe

## CALLING EXILED SUPPORTERS

Do you struggle to get news of the Hatters where you live? If so, Hatters Matters could be what you need. HM is a monthly newsletter for the exiled supporter. A comprehensive compilation of news of LTFC every month, by first class post. To receive Hatters Matters send a cheque for £6.50 to Hatters Matters, 38 Twigden Court, Luton, LU3 2RL. For a sample copy, send a stamped, addressed envelope.

## BACK ISSUES

Most back issues are still available. We have sold out of issues 10, 11, 22, 24, 35 to 38 and 47, and issues 3, 13, 23, 26, 27, 28, and 42 are in very short supply. Issue 1 is free, 2 to 34 will cost you 25p plus SAE per copy and all others remain at 50p plus SAE each. When requesting back issues from us (at the usual address - see page 2) please include a stamped addressed envelope with sufficient postage (second class is 31p for one issue). Cheques payable to *Mad as a Hatter!* Please do not send cash by post as it rarely arrives.



## A Lesson To Be Learned

Firstly let it be known that I am in the minority in that I do not like Stevenage Borough. Their attitude that they feel they have the god given right to be in the Football League irritates me and the fact that they come from Hertfordshire only adds to their problems.

However the actions of Victor Green in sacking their manager Paul Fairclough is an action which has won my respect. After several years of trying and one or two near misses they are in another season where it looks as though they will be good, but not good enough. In sacking Paul Fairclough, the Chairman has demonstrated his ambition for the football club - to finish top of the Conference and to gain promotion.

With this example in place, one wonders if David Kohler would ever do the same for the Hatters. Those who have seen our performances this year (Fulham and Worthington Cup excepted) will have seen a reasonable team who have fallen just short on occasions and far short on others. With the success of Evers, Spring, McIndoe, Scarlett, Cox and Doherty we have gained new players that money could not have bought. With older players such as Kelvin (hardly a veteran though!), Douglas (likewise!), and Graham Alexander playing well we should have a decent shot at promotion. However if the current set up remains we will be left wanting again.

We have the players - we have seen enough to assure us of that. We have the coaching staff — I have every faith in John Moore and Trevor Hartley. What we are short of is the final piece of the jigsaw and that is a motivational manager. When things are good and anyone reading this could manage the team, Lawrence is quick to claim credit for building the Luton side. When the side are left wanting, then Lennie is quick to apportion blame to everyone and anyone, when in reality the blame lays firmly at his door.

When things do start to dip off, we seem to go through a run of five or six matches, instead of one or two, where we just don't play at all. It should be the managers job to lift the team and on certain occasions, notably Hull City at home, this has not been done to any noticeable degree.

This article is not an irrational attack on the manager. It is a long observation on what has been happening at the football club, and the lack of interest to do anything about it. I, for one, have the passion to see Luton return to the higher leagues. We will never return there if we, as the paying fans, continue to settle for second best. We have the bricks and mortar to build the future - let's start doing it now.

Ian A

## IF YOU TOLERATE THIS.....

Now, I'm not really the patriotic type. But I do have a flair for strange comparisons. Mitchell Thomas and David Beckham. Both get sent off and theoretically cost the game for their team. OK, Thomas isn't any use when on the field, but 11 men versus 11 men is what it is all about. A one man disadvantage is the difference. Although, if I felt the urge to be pedantic, I could say I told you all so. Maybe I went about it the wrong way, but let's face it, controversy sells. Who can argue my Marvin & Mitchell/Beavis & Buttthead analogy now after the events of December 1st 1998? Thomas was sent off, and Johnson's own goal. Need I say more?

Except that I'm right about Kelvin Davis too. All I hear is he makes "wonderful" saves. So why does it take him to concede goals before they're made? Luton need an experienced keeper. Actually, Luton need my friend Ian Feuer back, but while Mr Burns remains manager with his playing favourites attitude, that won't happen. Just another reason to hate Lawrence.....

One last thing — the sky-high expectations of Luton fans. Is it REALLY fair to expect the never ending youth system to get Luton promoted? I say, "Hell, NO!". Youth team players deserve to be brought in gradually to develop, not to be thrown in at the deep end with managerial and fan pressure. But you all seem to want and expect miracles from them now. No matter how good the likes of Douglas, Spring, Evers, etc., they will let you down. It's natural. They need time and decent experienced players to help. What a marvellous example coach Mitchell set to them by getting sent off. Still, why expect anything from a guy who was about fourth choice for the player/coach position. The other side of the coin says this is typical of Lawrence to milk the kids for all he can. John Moore did (and does) the hard work youth-wise, and Lawrence takes the credit. If they do well, he takes accolades. If they fail, he throws the "don't blame the kids" guilt. Why do you people continue to be fooled by Lawrence? What the hell has he ever done for Luton, or the fans? Ever noticed how he always talks to the press? He's an ego freak, he loves his own voice and opinions. At other clubs, players get to do interviews. I'd rather hear the players talk, they do the hard work. While Lawrence (and Kohler) are here, this club will slowly rot away. And if you tolerate this; your children won't be next. Why? Because by then, they'll be brainwashed totally by Premiership football; and Luton could no longer exist. Think about it..... and for God's sake, act now.

Peter

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

*Mad as a Hatter!* is available on subscription at £6.25 for the next seven issues (overseas surface mail £7.50, air mail rates available on request) from the usual address. Cheques payable to *Mad as a Hatter!* Please do not send cash by post as it rarely arrives.



## RAVING MAD!!!

Dear "Mad",

The next time you sing the 'woooooaarr you're shit!' song at the opposing goalkeeper, please bear in mind this.....

"NOMADS' GOALBOY SHITS ON FIELD. Mighty Telecom Wanderers' goalboy Valesi Mizere surprised the whole Chichiri Stadium on Saturday when he shatted on the pitch during the Chombe Tea Cup knockout match against the Lakeside giants Dwasco. With 20 minutes to full time, Mizere suddenly felt diarrhoea when he grabbed the ball. Before he collected himself, Mizere had shitties all over his pants. The referee had to stop the match as team doctor rushed inside to assist the beleaguered goalboy. "But Wanderers officials yesterday denied that Mizere really shatted on the ground. 'Actually the goalkeeper felt some stomach ache so he requested the doctor to check on him,' said team manager Makande. But this blue-eyed reporter saw with his naked eyes the greenish shits which the goalkeeper had discharged. Some critics feel that Dwasco had some juju which made Mizere to shit. It is understood that in their past games, Dwasco has been using the same magic to beat Wanderers. This is food for thought for Bata Bullets who are meeting the sugarmen in the finals this weekend. They should make everything possible that their shortsighted goalboy, Navigator Dzinkambani, should not suffer from shits and stomach ache, as was the case last Saturday."

(National Agenda [Malawi])

Gareth Jones,

Via email

Dear "Mad",

Reference issue 51, page 28. Yes, PC Tim Allpress of St Neots is none other than former Town reserve Tim Allpress. I know because he arrests a lot of my clients!

By the way, also stationed at St Neots are PC Greg Shepherd, ex Norwich City, Peterborough United and Bulova (Hong Kong) and PC Vince Smith, ex-Nottingham Forest!

Well, thought you might like to know!

David Potter,

St Ives, Cambs.

Dear "Mad",

I am writing to you following the most unbelievable phone call from a Luton Town official — namely Cherry Newbery. Up to now I have tended to dismiss reports of her driving Luton fans away, but now I have first hand experience of this and agree with other fans comments. The following conversation took place:

Me: With reference to the special Christmas offer to Town supporters on page 11 of the Luton v Millwall programme. How does this benefit season ticket holders like myself?

CN: Well, if you read the advert properly you would see it clearly states that all season ticket holders can claim a free ticket for your friends for the Wigan game!

So, just where does it state that, and if this is correct maybe all season ticket holders should be queuing up for their free tickets.

Me: Do you think that £10 is too high for the ticket price for the Luton v Walsall fixture in the Auto Windscreens Shield especially as most people pay less than this for a league game, bearing in mind that, traditionally, attendances are low for these games?

CN: You are the first person to complain about this. Fans have been ringing me all day to compliment me on this idea. What do you expect me to do next? Go round Luton fans' houses taking their Christmas dinner to them and serve it on a plate as well! Merry Christmas!

She then slammed the phone down.

I hope you read this David Kohler, because as a direct result I shall now be boycotting the Windscreen match along with fellow season ticket holders and friends that were going to attend.

Man in a Luton shirt,

Luton.

Dear "Mad",

Congratulations on the latest edition — I was impressed to note contributions from three Nottinghamshire residents (myself included) and particularly amused, though not at all surprised, by the mad ramblings from 'Ilkeston'.

Perhaps I should explain (at great personal risk) for those of you who don't know the area. Ilkeston is a small, fairly unspectacular, town to the west of Nottingham. Its residents, however, do tend to have something of a reputation for 'strange' behaviour. It is common practice amongst doctors in both of the city's hospitals when diagnosing 'nutters' to note the patients records 'NFI' (Normal For Ilkeston). I kid you not!!!

The Nottingham Hatter.

PS: Many congrats to Tim Kingston — his book was an excellent read and brought back some wonderful memories, but I was taken aback to learn of the source of our Main Stand. Yes, I knew we got it from a racecourse, but I'm buggered if I was aware that such entertainment was once provided in Kempston!! Next you'll be telling me they play football in W\*tf\*rd!!!

Dear "Mad",

No match on Boxing Day — cancelled due to a wet pitch. Other games in the area were played, at Stevenage, W\*tf\*rd and Barnet, so does different rain fall in Luton?



I decided to watch the Luton versus Arsenal Littlewoods Cup video — slick passing movement, ball going forward all the time, Luton players shooting from all angles and distances from goal. Oh, happy, happy days.

You must remember that this is B.K. (Before Kohler), as soon as he took over we went into a downward spiral that may not yet be finished. Season after season since taking over we have sold good players. B.K. players of quality were purchased, the squad was strong in all departments, we were not a pushover for big name teams, but reached the Littlewoods final and FA Cup semi-finals.

Now, however, things are different. Players have gone — Patterson, Sweeney, Marshall, Oldfield, Chenery, Skelton, Harvey, all without us receiving a fee; more seriously, no replacements have been brought in. My sympathies lie with Lennie Lawrence, his squad of experienced players is reduced so he has to take inexperienced boys in from the reserve or youth teams.

Club directors may have loaned £2 million to Kohler in anticipation of his Dome being a money spinner. However, no Dome, loans still outstanding; if they ask for the money back, what will happen? Sell players again — only two will get a fee of £500,000 to £750,000. Steve Davis or Graham Alexander could play at a higher level, especially if northern clubs come in for them.

So, what happens if Kohler cannot repay the money he owes, will we do an Oxford or Hull City?

Anyway, if, like me, you watched the 1988 Littlewoods final video, just think to yourself this was 10 years ago, where will we be in the next 10 years without major changes.? Down the tubes!!?

Richard Forsey — disappointed Hatters fan,  
Amphill, Beds.

Dear "Mad",

A lot of the lads out here are old footballers nearing the end of their careers and I went on a 2 day bender with Gus Caesar, the Arsenal player who gifted the Hatters with the winning goal in the 1988 Littlewoods Cup final. He was a top bloke and deserves a medal for his tolerance. There is an author called Nick Hornby who wrote a book called *Fever Pitch* about his life long obsession with Arsenal, and devotes a chapter to my mate Gus as the most useless footballer in the history of the game. I think I only mentioned it every 10 minutes, between that and saying this is for the Littlewoods Cup every time I bought a round. I am surprised he didn't deck me. Instead we have become quite good friends and he has signed an autograph for a Spurs supporting mate to put on his bedroom wall.

Pete Brennan,  
Moi Wo, Hong Kong.

Dear "Mad",

Imagine my excitement when, on Thursday 27th January, I drove into the MacDonalds Drive-Thru' in Cannock town centre — the car in front had a Town scarf in the window! Clearly if the KohlerDome continues to get turned down and

the club are 'forced' to move, forget Milton Keynes (too many shops) — move to Cannock. And for any Town fans who actually live in Luton, don't worry — it's only a 200 mile round trip every home game, and think of the petrol costs when going to Blackpool, Burnley, Preston, etc.!!!

John Soloman,  
Cannock, Staffs.

Dear "Mad",

Now that Hoddle's gone, how long before Lawrence does? Seems the season's gone dead after all the excitement earlier in the season.

Pity Steve Davis was sold..... only good player! That's a slight exaggeration, but you get the point.

Ian Lee,  
Birmingham.

## RADIO NASTIES

*Why do Radio Five Live persevere with David Mellor on Six-O-Six, Saturday evenings? On an average Saturday the league attendances are divided into 40% watching Premiership games and 60% watching Nationwide league games, yet on Mellor's phone in I reckon about 90% of fans calls broadcast represent Premiership teams and matches..... How can this be an accurate reflection of general support?*

*Maybe it has something to do with the fact that on the few occasions a fan of a Nationwide League club is given air time it takes Mellor ages to locate that team's result and then their current league placing — he obviously has very little, or no, interest in non-Premiership football and therefore makes such contributions as brief as possible.*

*Contrast Mr Mellor to Tom Watt. The best part of the pathetic Bournemouth away game was the journey home. Although Tom Watt makes no secret about being an Arsenal fan who also has a soft spot for Charlton, unlike when Mellor is host Tom Watt ensured that the listening football lovers were not bombarded with calls solely from fans supporting Premiership clubs. In addition, when he received calls from Sheffield United, Notts County and Orient fans he was able to immediately relate to certain players associated with these clubs, both past and present, and also to the clubs' current league form (Mellor would not even have known in which leagues these teams play.....).*

*So, Five Live, instead of us having to listen to Mellor's patronising rantings please either give the job to someone like Tom Watt permanently or at least rotate the hosts from one week to the next.*

Steve F.



## OUT OF CONTENTION....?

A bundle of match reports which don't contain a whole lot of good news. In fact the only good news on these pages is that we've managed to report on every match, thanks to the last minute efforts of Steve Follit. Now that's all very well, but what has happened to the rest of you?

### 12.12.98 MACCLESFIELD 2 TOWN 2

Just imagine the scene. Luton, having scraped into the play-offs by a single point (just edging out Millwall!) have just beaten Manchester City in the Play-off final at Wembley. Steve Davis' injury time header gives Luton a 3-2 win in a thrilling match and now Stevo himself proudly holds the trophy aloft to the acclaim of 30,000 Town fans (where did they all appear from?).

Yeah, I know it does take a bit of imagination but let's face it, it could really happen, especially now that Rory Allen has finally realised there is not a lot wrong with Second Division football after all, and is desperate to pull on that white shirt (with the nice blue trimmings) again.

So, what's all this got to do with a dodgy Town performance just a short Virgin Train hop from the city of Stoke (who, by the way, finished 8th, so just missing out on promotion)? Not a lot, but you see none of the above could have happened without that extra 1 point gained at Macclesfield. A fortunate point, yes, but one that nevertheless will be with us for the rest of the season and who knows it could even be that important come the early summer month of May. So, on to the match.

Oh, to be in Macclesfield. The ground is not up to that much — the away seating has a tent for a roof but, as it didn't rain, I can't report back on whether it would actually have kept the Town faithful dry (I decided to save £3.50 and stand up for a tenner (*odd that - we decided to pay the extra £2 and sit down - Ed*)).

It started off well enough when Phil Gray found some space out on the right wing and whipped in an excellent cross (a bit like that Ginola bloke does down at Spurs) which one of their lot (*Dodgy Sodje?*) sliced into his own goal, though I think Douglas is claiming it. All set then for a welcome 4th away win to put us back into a play-off position.

From my view, stuck behind the goal that had graced Ginola's fantastic cross (or was it Phil Gray?) and the Douglas (or was it their player?) volley into the right hand corner of the net, things did not look that bad. However, reality returned as a goodish Macc move ended in a neatly taken equaliser. Oh dear. And at this stage we were not getting that close to their goal and really were not stringing that many passes together. At half time it was 1-1.

Second half starts, we are still level and maybe things could improve. They did, but sadly not for us. Someone called Tomlinson was left just a little bit unmarked in our six yard box and his header flew in. 2-1 to them with their goal scorer looking surprised and a bit bemused at just how easy his header was.

"Oh no", thinks me, "this is just all going to end in tears". However, hope is

raised by a great rasping volley from Alexander which is well saved and missed on the rebound by our man Gray. Supersub Doherty misses a one-on-one with their keeper and the gloom deepens. I am convinced we will lose, however, as the clock gets nearer and nearer to five o'clock the unexpected happens. We win a header on the edge of their box, and Phil Gray is there to hook it over the advancing goalie and it's 2-2. So, a point out of no where and then there's my initial dream of that Wembley play-off victory. Could it all come true? You never know.

*Phil the Highbury Hatter*

PS: Say no to hard drugs.

### 19.12.98 TOWN 1 MILLWALL 2

I don't know why we bother playing Millwall at home. We should just forfeit the fixture, then at least we would avoid picking up bookings and injuries. Can't think of too much else to say.....

*S.F.*

### 26.12.98 TOWN v READING

After the rain we had in Luton on Christmas Day, it wasn't a total surprise that the game was off, although this was the last thing the club needed with the financial mire we're in. The postponement could end up reducing the attendance in March by 2,000. The real disappointment was that the match wasn't called off later, so that the Reading idiots could have made a wasted journey. Never mind, we'll probably be in better form by the time we play them.

*K.F.H.*

### 28.12.98 AFC BOURNEMOUTH 1 TOWN 0

This was the worst performance of the season by a long way. We created a total of two half chances in the whole of the game — not bloody good enough by a long stretch of the imagination. The referee was pathetic and a real homer, giving the Cherries every 50/50 decision, though this cannot be used by Lawrence as an excuse — we were simply crap. I got the impression that Bournemouth were playing as though it was a practice match once they had taken the lead through the talented Cox. If Luton had managed to equalise (fat chance of that anyway) then the home side would have slipped into the next gear and scored another. Lennie, why was it Bournemouth finished the match stronger considering that it was Luton who were trailing 1-0 and that it was Luton who had not played for nine days, whereas Bournemouth had played at Millwall 48 hours earlier?

*S.F.*

### 2.1.99 COLCHESTER UNITED 2 TOWN 2

How delightful that we were heading for Layer Road rather than a great day out at Villa Park..... some comparison.

Although there was a fair amount of excitement during the game relatively little



resulted from scintillating football. The referee lost control of this one from the offset. Having not seen a penalty awarded either for or against us in the league so far this season (21 games) this clown decided to bring to an end both sequences early in the game. Whereas ours was definitely a penalty (duly converted by Alexander) theirs was dubious. Moreover, their defender should have been red-carded in the incident leading to our penalty.

With Colchester, at least you know what to expect — they played their usual physical game but the ref was weak. In spite of a general lack of flair they were a few chances in the second half for both sides. The two moments of hilarity were Spring's usual inaccuracy in shooting which resulted in the Hatters fans singing, "What the f\*\*\*ing hell was that?" before the home fans had a chance to sing it and then, after being involved in the thick of the action, Alexander acquired the nickname 'Rentboy' from the home fans. When White forced us into the lead it seemed we would clinch the points but Colchester equalised near the end and finished the stronger team.

S.F.

### 5.1.99 BOYS O MEN 3

For starters, I object to having to pay £10 for a "Mickey Mouse" cup tie, only to find it's a reserve side put out by Lennie. 5 minutes gone and Brissett ghosts past Boyce and crosses for Andy Watson to score with ease. This has 04/10/97 written all over it, we do not create anywhere near enough chances and if you don't create chances you sure ain't going to score. I will say some of the approach play was not too bad all considered, Sean Dyche appeared solid at the back encouraging the youngsters around him, but you can only do so much and it was a relief to hear the half time whistle. Early in the second half a really well worked Walsall goal by Darren Wrack — a nice little one-two, flick it up and volley it past Abbey, no problem. Then shock horror we get a penalty, and miss it. One of the worst strikes from 12 yards I have ever witnessed — it was a love tap. Easily saved by Walsall's keeper. They then go upfield and score a third - the kids did all right at the end of the day against a very strong Walsall side who were clearly doing a very professional job.

Sid Down

### 9.1.99 TOWN 3 WYCOMBE WANDERERS 1

After two consecutive scoreless draws at home to Wycombe it was good to at last end the depressing run of almost 3 months without a league win. Spring scored with a cracking strike (very uncharacteristic) and then both teams were reduced to ten men when Gray and Wycombe player exchanged blows after tangling in the area. Early in the second half Wycombe were reduced to nine men after Douglas was held back when through on goal. Luton sealed the victory with two further goals, one of which was scored by Douglas finishing a good passing move. Wycombe were awarded a consolation penalty in the last minute, and then McLaren missed a headed sitter from a few yards with the gaping goal at his

mercy deep into injury time.

Another clownesque performance from the official in charge of the game with both sides unhappy with many of his decisions.

S.F.

### 16.1.99 PRESTON NORTH END 2 TOWN 1

What a pleasant change it was to visit Deepdale in daylight for a change — and isn't it a good stadium, at least on two sides. An early goal from Fotiadis gave us the lead and we hung on until half time. Clearly, Preston did not like this, and started the second half like men possessed. However, they still played as a unit and powered forward very efficiently, hitting the woodwork a couple of times early in the half. It really was only a matter of time before they equalised, and even the winner had an air of predictability about it. Make no mistake, it was well deserved, but it had taken so long to arrive that the Town would probably have had a draw if the referee had not added a remarkable 12 or 13 minutes of injury time. Amazingly, the game actually finished after five o'clock!!!

K.F.H.

### 23.1.99 TOWN 0 WIGAN ATHLETIC 4

In this week's hilarious episode of 'Heroes of Alternative Comedy', we present exponents of plonkers on the field of play. The top Bedfordshire contender Honest Kelvin Davis showed his true form with a stunning, but rather short act. After a string of laughable escapes throughout the season, the seeds of time had run out, as this week's compere said "that's enough my lad," and showed him the red card. Which left the 80 or so Wiganatonians, Wiganomians, Wiganetanites or whatever they are called to chuckle at the easy three points ahead. Big spending Wigan were in for an easy day.

Mind you, let's be truthful, the Town were dreadful and already a goal down from a poorly defended corner before he walked. The performance was so poor that the atmosphere was becoming self crucifying for team and crowd alike. At least the sending off woke everyone up, and created some noise. The sending off came down to Kelvin handling the ball outside the area, when all that was required was a size 10 to send the ball skywards.

So, after only twenty-four minutes it was backs to the wall, and one of them was between the posts. On loan Gerry Harrison ended up pulling the short straw, but became the comic hero as, though he conceded three, he actually pulled off a fair few quality saves. Lenny pulled a strange one at the break in taking off the fighting spirit of Foti and leaving the lightweight Laundry Man on. Doherty gave a fine bulldozer performance, but even he couldn't stick a consolation goal away. Finally, the Coaster departed for Wee Jock McIndoe, and the final disaster of the day was upon us. The nipper had obviously had one sherbert too many, and in a rash move had lopped his bouncy barnet. His fighting spirit was very evident, which makes one wonder why he wasn't in the starting frame.

With Gray not leading the attack, Douglas was void of ideas, and failed to create a



proper partnership with Foti or Doherty. The midfield was amazingly leaderless without McKinnon or McLaren, and failed to protect the makeshift back row. What a sorry state the team is in now compared to the season's opening. Last August Wigan were made to look second rate, and that was with both teams eleven a side. And to cap it all the Robins lost.

*Normski, Cheltenhamshire.*

### 30.1.99 TOWN 2 AFC BOURNEMOUTH 2

After the previous week's debacle, the fact that a number of us missed the kick-off due to a lack of taxis and traffic congestion in Luton did not give us cause for concern..... that is, not until we were walking through the turnstile and heard an unexpected roar — greeting McKinnon's good strike. When Doherty added a second, things were looking up but the Cherries poured forward and scored twice in a short period to leave us hanging on for a point. Once again we were looking second best in terms of ability and fitness.

*S.F.*

## ALL ABOUT JIM

**20th December 1998**

So, former Chairman Peter Nelkin was right after all. I mean, who wants a bloke who in beating Derby in a nail biting final game in Luton keeps the club up, when you can bring in a guy called David Pleat who can get us relegated in another nailbiting game up in Nottingham.

And where is the tosser who played for the club, loved the club and kept us in the top flight. Answer: In temporary charge of Manchester United, currently a club struggling in the upper reaches of the Premiership and involved in the meaningless Champions League (formerly known as the European Cup).

Cheers Nelks, nice one! Feel free to pop in to the Yeoman and I will gladly get the drinks in.

*Highbury Hatter*

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## SCRIBE'S CORNER

Well, how things have changed since the last issue. Stevo has departed (sadly that was getting more and more inevitable), we've brought in Dyche, Harrison, Zahana Obi-Wan Kenobi and Thorpey is back on the scene from being "fifth choice striker" at Bristol City.

One thing that hasn't changed, though, is our ability to win games. The last five Town matches I went to, we won all five. Since I've stopped going we've managed one win in 11 (and that was only Wycombe). I might have to consider reclaiming my season ticket and giving Royston and Saffron Walden the boot on a Saturday afternoon if it goes on for much longer.



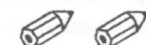
Stevo's transfer was always on the cards - especially after the two Cup exits. My initial reaction when I heard the news was one of anger that Kohler had all but bought us a place in Division Three. However, when the whole story came to light another picture was painted. We offered him the best terms ever offered at Luton, Stevo wanted to go back to Burnley (who were offering him a four and a half year contract) and when all is said and done it would benefit nobody to keep him here. So long, Stevo (but don't even think about scoring against us on Feb 6!).

One thing I was aggrieved about was the price. Stevo has certainly improved since he first joined us — in defence as well as up front — and for his value to have risen just £50,000 (especially in the age of ludicrous transfer deals) seems a bit 'cheap'. But at least the money will come in handy — and keep Kohler in company cars for a bit longer.



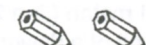
So, Ian Feuer is back in England, playing for Rushden & Diamonds and having a blinder against Leeds in the FA Cup. It was quite bizarre seeing his name on the Match of the Day team sheet as Seuer, though (maybe the bloke had a lisp).

Then we had good old Lennie in the Luton News the week after slagging Feuer off for being back in the country. Considering Mr Lawrence's conduct towards him at the start of last year I think he's being well out of order.



While on the subject of our wonderful manager, what the hell has he done to justify a one year extension on his contract? His original contract was due to expire in the summer and (barring winning promotion) I'm sure I was not alone in looking forward to him going.

Now we have to put up with him for another year. To spell it out to you, Mr Kohler, that means another season in Division Two (or Div Three if we don't start winning games). When he first came to the club we were in Division One, and now look where we are. Mr Kohler and Mr Lawrence, it is simply not good enough.



Also, the word on the street is that the LTFC stewards (the vast majority of whom are a bunch of incompetent wankers) have been told to get tough on supporters. A life ban for



swearing seems a little over the top, and I've also heard that they've been told to throw anyone out of the ground who says ANYTHING about Lawrence (I take it that means bad things).

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LENNIE — CAN YOU NOT TAKE CRITICISM? (You should be used to it by now, surely).



You can't trust Tottenham or the scum to do anything, can you?

On FA Cup Third Round day I put a £1 'double' on at the bookies on the afternoon scores. My choices were Luton to draw 2-2 with Colchester, and Spurs to beat W\*tf\*rd 4-2, at odds of 590/1.

Everything was going swimmingly at 4.45 pm — Colchester had equalised against us and Spurs were 4-2 up. But on 88 minutes up pops Ruel Fox to net Tottenham's fifth. What an absolute bastard — I was just two minutes away from winning £600. Couldn't you have been content with 4-2?



I had already had a bit of a 'mare that day anyway. The match I was covering was Stansted against Ilford in the Essex Senior League and as usual I had my tranny with me to keep up with the Hatters progress (I chose Radio Essex rather than ~~3CR~~ 1CR — at least they weren't bleating on about W\*tf\*rd all the time).

The problem occurred when the Town went 2-1 up. The reception wasn't that great, so I was looking down trying to tune in to a better frequency. By the time I looked up Stansted were kicking off — meaning I had completely missed an Ilford goal. Luckily though, it was their sixth (and not the only goal of the game), so I already had plenty to write about, adding "and Junior added the sixth on 80 minutes" at the end.



Just before Christmas, Royston played host to Beaconsfield SYCOB in the Minerva South Midlands League. The visitors' kit was red/white chequered shirts, with the shorts a completely different red. I thought that it looked shit — and on closer inspection I was right. The shorts were W\*tf\*rd ones — with full club logo and everything.



So, the Herts Senior Cup tie came and went on Feb 1, and we had the likes of Stuart Slater, Chris Day and Alexandre Bonnet (French U21 international) running about Garden Walk (Ronny Rosenthal was supposed to turn up but obviously bottled it!). Sadly, the scummers ran rings round the Crows all night and won 4-0 (we only had our first shot on 80 minutes!) in front of a crowd of about 350-400 (quite an achievement, considering the average attendance is about 35-40). The original match (Jan 26) had been controversially called off due to a waterlogged pitch. There was a bit of a downpour 90 minutes before kick-off and the referee apparently said he wasn't prepared to let big name stars play on such a surface (for risk of injury).

If I had been about at the time, I would have had to ask "what big name stars?". It was Royston v W\*tf\*rd, not the mighty Hatters!



I had great fun with the match report though (more than the sub editors did anyway — they had to delete five asterisks every time I wrote the word W\*\*\*\*\*d (I couldn't bring myself to write it in full)).



Staying on the minor football theme, the main leagues the Crow covers are the Kershaw League (Sat) and the Cambs District Sunday League. Looking down the list of fixtures I noticed a team in Division 3A of the Sunday League called 'LTFC Port 84'. What a blinding name for a footy team (even if it is linked to Littleport Town and not Luton Town).



I don't know if Tim Kingston reads my column, but I do read his in the Luton News every week.

If he doesn't, it must be just pure coincidence that a couple of weeks ago he used the phrase "Stadium of sh..." to describe a ground of slightly less quality than Sunderland's Stadium Light — about a month after it originally appeared in Scribe's Corner.



COMPETITION TIME: Guess the next two words:

A few weeks ago in the Luton News, under the heading of 'injury news' came the words.....

Yup, you've guessed it — Paul Showler. What is it with him. Makes a comeback after about 20 years, lasts half a week and now he's injured again.



And finally, if anyone's wondering what happened to David Croft since he left 3CR..... My alarm woke me up one morning just as the news is on on Radio One — and Croftie's reading the sports news on the Zoe Ball Breakfast Show. Excellent stuff! (although I've only heard him on it the once — maybe they gave him the boot).

Chris Lennon

## CONTRIBUTIONS PLEASE

There should be another two issues of *Mad!* this season, with the next one out at the end of March. We need you to help fill the space on these pages. So, if you would like to send any cuttings, articles, match reports, letters, cartoons, photos, whatever, get them to us to arrive by March 13th (or sooner, preferably). Remember, we now have facilities to receive contributions by fax and email, as well as post. The postal address is MAAH, 38 Twigden Court, Mount Pleasant Road, Luton, LU3 2RL. Fax: 01582 653392, email khayward@aol.com



## Keep the Faith

Luton Town FC called a special Press Conference to announce the return, on loan, of Thorpey last week. Much has been written in the national press about what was said at the Conference, and Chief Operating Officer Laurence Lennison has been the subject of much speculation as a result.

Fortunately, *Mad as a Hatter!* had a reporter at the Conference and we are able to present a truthful account of what was said:

Lennison: Hello everyone, welcome to Luton Town. I want to present to you our latest loan-signing, our old friend Thorpey.

Thorpey: Wotcha!

*(Scattered polite applause)*

Lennison: Obviously we're delighted Thorpey has agreed to rejoin us for the rest of the season, especially the boys in the commercial department who still have a load of Thorpey official Merchandise on their hands from when he was with us before.

*(Laughter)*

Lennison: Oh, sorry, did someone just tell a joke? I missed it.

The Stun: Thorpey, what made you want to come back?

Thorpey: Well, you've gotta help your mates when they're knee deep in the brown stuff, doncha?

The Stun: Nothing to do with the fact that you are fifth choice striker at your present club then?

Thorpey: Yeah, well, there's a lot of competition, innit?

The Stun: In a team third from bottom? Come off it mate, your career is at a standstill, isn't it? You're desperate to get some games in and hope another club sees you and buys you.

Thorpey: You're looking for a fat lip, ain'tcha?

Lennison: Calm yourself, Thorpey. Gentlemen, ladies, whatever the merits or otherwise of Thorpey's transfer, first to the Egyptian Grocer's team and then to the West Country boys...

Thorpey: For £200 grand extra, innit?

Lennison: Yes, lucky about the sell on clause, anyway, whatever the merits his return promises to set up an exciting run in to the end of the season for us here at Luton.

MAAH: So a Play-off place is still a possibility?

Lennison: Here, who let you in? Er, yes, we still harbour dreams of playing next season at a higher level. Obviously Thorpey can help us achieve those dreams with his plentiful supply of goals.

Daily Excess: How did you greet news of his return, Laurence?

Lennison: Obviously I was delighted. No, blast it, that sounds so insincere, doesn't it? Gentlemen, ladies, Mad as a Hatter! person, Thorpey's return was literally an answer to my prayers.

The Time: Oh, come on! He's only a second rate striker.

Lennison: No, really. You see, I was in my office trying to think of a decent striker we

could get on loan when the phone rings. Blow me down, it's Thorpey, and he wants to come home. Seems he was attracted to the Egyptian's club by the bright lights of London...

Thorpey: Stuck up bastards put me on the subs bench, innit? Said that bloody Canadian who married the Brummie bint was better than me, innit?

Lennison: Yes. Then he went west thinking that a team with 'City' in their name must be in the centre of a metropolis, only to find...

Thorpey: There's nuffink to do but shag sheep, innit?

Lennison: *(Sigh)* Yes, Thorpey, it's an old joke.

Thorpey: Who sez I was joking, innit?

The Time: I wonder, could you avoid saying 'innit' please? It's getting irritating?

Thorpey: Why? It's a proper word, innit?

Lennison: Right, well, as I was saying, I put the phone down and realised that just before Thorpey rang I had cried out, "Oh God, what can I do?" Well, it was like the blinding light that chap in the Bible saw on the road to Derby...

Catholic Herald: You mean St Paul on the road to Damascus?

Lennison: That's the one. Anyway, it convinced me on the spot that there is a God. I am now a born-again Christian.

Daily Excess: Oh Lord, not another one!

The Stun: What, you mean like Hoddle?

Lennison: Well, broadly speaking, yes.

MAAH: Here, you told me you had converted to the Moonies.

Lennison: Oh, we threw those charlatans out after Black Week. They assured me we would beat Sunderland and Hull but we lost to both.

Daily Male: So you reckon we all get reincarnated, then?

Lennison: Yes. Don't all Christians believe that?

Catholic Herald: No!

MAAH: Um, pardon me, miss, but why are you here?

Catholic Herald: We asked those idiots at Accuracy on Sunday to organise a press pass for Bishop Leo's Faith 2000 presentation. Instead I got this. Heaven knows what that chap from Total Football is making of the bishop's plans for a retreat to Our Lady's shrine at Walsingham.

Daily Male: So what were you in a previous life, Mr Lennison? Before you were reincarnated?

Lennison: Good question. Well, I'm a good manager, even if I do say so myself...

MAAH: *(sotto voce)* No-one else does, mate!

Lennison: So I was probably somebody like a Roman Governor, controlling a province of the Empire.

MAAH: *(sotto voce again)* No wonder it fell to the barbarians.

The Stun: So, what do child molesters, rapists and mass murderers come back as?

Lennison: Ah, glad you asked me that. Those who are evil in a past life really suffer in this one. They live lives of misery and despair. Hope of a better future is



constantly dangled before them then cruelly snatched away. Even when things are going well they know, deep down, that soon disaster will strike again. They live in the worst hovel in this land and are looked on with derision by the rest of us.

*The Excess:* You mean...

Lennison: Yes, they are Watford supporters.

(General uproar and cries of "Resign!")

*Declan McCabe*

## Out of Touch??

In the interests of the football club I feel I must speak out - I must know if I am alone in my feelings. What feelings? That we, as a club, are being let down by the Luton Town Supporters Club.

To me, it seems they are a very out of touch organisation whose finger is nowhere near the pulse of the club. At a time when we need a strong supporters association to fight for a new stadium and to put off any possible move to Milton Keynes we are faced with a damp squib rather than a fighting force which can voice the opinions of the fans.

This year they have sought to increase their profile by running the 'Town on Tour' coach service. This, for those who have not been on it, is an overpriced, badly run, organisation who specialise in getting to the ground approximately 10 minutes before kick off leaving you stranded in the burger queue or struggling for a seat as the action begins. Despite promising luxury coaches it offers nothing more than the rival Bobbers Travel Club. At least the Bobbers run to every game, which is more than can be said for the Supporters Club. Although Supporters Club members do get discounts, why non members would wish to pay more to travel this way is somewhat of a mystery.

I had the misfortune to be a member of the Supporters Club in recent years, but chose not to renew the membership as I really got nothing worthwhile in return.

In their defence there are two plus points. Firstly there is the excellent statistical information which is far more accurate and detailed than anything the program or local papers can provide. Secondly they organise informative question and answer sessions with various members of the playing staff which can be good fun to attend.

That aside I feel left with an organisation which does not truly represent the views of the supporters, instead it reflects the views of those who run it. For such a great club surely we deserve better?

*Nick Flowers*

## A BREAK FROM THE NORM

So, the season becomes more depressing by the week. Out of all cups, sliding down the league and the sale of Steve Davis to a club in our league. The league form of late has been very disturbing. I jokingly said as we were being outclassed by Macclesfield (!) that we could slide into a relegation battle, I'm not so sure now if it is such a joke. The club is negative in its general outlook and this is often typified by the apathy most players appear to show on the pitch. The blame has to be laid at Lennie 'over achieving' Lawrence. He appears so negative in his attitude in the press and listening to him on the radio is a sure fire cure for insomnia! His tactics continue to mystify with his negative attitude of sitting deep most obvious on the pitch. His faith in several players is unjustifiable. Doesn't Mitchell as coach and Marvin as captain say it all! I honestly believe, and am not the only one by a long way, that this club will go nowhere (except down) with Lawrence in charge.

Stop Press - Kohler has given the manager a years extension on his contract "If you'll all be going to Rochdale clap your hands....."



Steve Davis' sale was inevitable as he was our best ready made asset. He wanted to return to Burnley for personal reasons. It was not that he wanted to leave Luton so we have been told. I appeal here for a total display of thanks for him from all Hatters fans at Turf Moor on February 6. His service for the club deserves it. If you decide to boo him (like Oldfield) then I suggest you sod off and support a team with thick tossers for fans, try Millwall.



John Moore is a man that has the respect of every Luton fan for his commitment, passion and service to the club. He was rightly angered by that disgusting tackle at Colchester and let his feelings be known. His sending off showed his commitment to the cause. It's called passion, Lennie.



Wasn't it nice to see Watford 'fans' on the way to Colchester and Preston! It's amazing how many signs that can be made by a hand!!!!



If we stay up it looks like Cardiff City will be on our fixture list next season. I would look forward to my trip to Ninian Park with baited breath! I think the infamous Rick Wright has left the club but remember, if we do go to Cardiff, do nothing to cause any trouble, like waiting in the ground for half an hour and celebrating a victory. Of course feel free to rip up seats, invade the pitch, throw rocks at home fans and let off fireworks into the sky. Still bitter from 1994? You bet I am.



Finally, an announcement from the Bournemouth P.A. "Would Mr C. Hunt please go home immediately as your wife has dropped the keys on the floor and doesn't know how she will be able to-get in"!!!

*Norm*



## MP VISITING

On this page we were hoping to provide details of a visit to Luton by the present Minister for Sport, Tony Banks. This visit is taking place on Tuesday February 16th, and is that the invitation of Luton South MP Margaret Moran. As part of the visit (which lasts a whole 2 hours) there is to be a meeting with Luton Town supporters at which there will be the opportunity to ask the Minister questions about general football matters and, perhaps particularly, the KohlerDome.

Unfortunately, Margaret Moran's office have been unable to provide what they promised, so this is the best information I can give at this stage. However, anyone interested in attending this meeting, which is scheduled for 1 hour from 5 pm, should contact the editor by phone, fax or email for more details.

## Competition Time

Just for a change, a little anagram competition for you to try out. There's nothing too horribly complicated here, but what the hell, we'll dish out a prize for it anyway. So, once you've solved the clues, just send them in to the usual address (that's the one on page 2), and we'll draw a winning entry from the old '88 straw boater.

- |     |                   |                           |
|-----|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 1.  | A PIDDLE VAT      | Kerby Man                 |
| 2.  | BITE MARKER       | Hatter and Hammer         |
| 3.  | SHIRLEY GAMES     | 88 man                    |
| 4.  | RUSSEL PRAT       | Brother of Jock L Strap   |
| 5.  | CADDY TRAIN       | Maine Road Saviour        |
| 6.  | COBI RUCKER       | Last great inside forward |
| 7.  | RED TOE SPANNER   | Wild and Woolly           |
| 8.  | SLEASY EEL        | 89 man                    |
| 9.  | LA MANIAC BELCHER | Now a scummer             |
| 10. | ROCKING DROID     | Blossom                   |

Oh, yes, and our thanks to *Orpington Man* for contributing this competition.

## The William Hill HatterLeague 4

A contest that seemed to be down to pure luck was blown wide open at the end of December when Steve Davis made the move back to Burnley. As a result, more than 20 of you have already transferred him out of your teams, and it is just that action which has allowed our latest Manager of the Issue, Daniel Bennett, to rise from 27th place to 13th, aided by the 10 bonus points. Daniel's replacement for Stevo is marvellous Marv, which seems a fairly safe bet as he is the only one of the defenders on offer who is playing regularly. In order to balance up this anomaly, Gerry Harrison is now added to the available players in that department. Sean Dyche will have to wait until it becomes clearer whether he is to join us permanently.

The HatterSix players and their scores are:

<u>Code</u>	<u>Player</u>	<u>£</u>	<u>Pts</u>	<u>Code</u>	<u>Player</u>	<u>£</u>	<u>Pts</u>	
<u>Goalkeepers</u>								
301	Kelvin Davis		0.7 m	-9	302	Nathan Abbey	0.3 m	-10
<u>Defenders</u>								
311	Gavin McGowan		0.5 m	-6	315	Steve Davis	0.8 m	30
312	Julian James		0.4 m	-18	316	Alan White	0.6 m	4
313	Mitchell Thomas		0.6 m	10	317	Gerry Harrison	0.7 m	0
314	Marvin Johnson		0.6 m	15				
<u>Midfielders</u>								
321	Sean Evers		0.6 m	57	327	Ray McKinnon	0.7 m	24
322	Matthew Spring		0.5 m	48	328	Jimmy Cox	0.3 m	0
323	Graham Alexander		0.7 m	42	329	Michael McIndoe	0.4 m	3
324	Paul McLaren		0.6 m	15	330	Andre Scarlett	0.3 m	7
325	Paul Showler		0.5 m	7	340	Kofi Nyamah	0.4 m	0
326	Simon Davies		0.4 m	2				
<u>Strikers</u>								
331	Phil Gray		0.5 m	43	335	Liam George	0.5 m	0
332	Stuart Douglas		0.4 m	36	336	Dwight Marshall	0.5 m	0
333	Herve Bacque		0.7 m	0	337	Gary Doherty	0.3 m	10
334	Andrew Fotiadis		0.4 m	10				

At the top end of the table, Hilary Williams still has a clear lead, but not as clear as previously. The chasing pack is similar to that of the last couple of issues, but there has been plenty of jockeying for position. The newcomer to the group is Steven Sharpe, who will only be going for the glory in the leading positions. Steven has made up at least 20 points on Hilary since the appearance of issue 51, and if he continues like that he'll win the HatterLeague by a mile! But not the prize, Steven!!

### Leading Places:

1	HILARY'S HILARIOUS HATTERS	Hilary Williams (Welwyn Garden City)	188
2=	KING SIZE ALL STARS	Steven Sharpe (Hatch End)	184
2=	ANDY'S TOP HATTERS	Andy Wesson (Luton)	184
4	NORWAY SIXPACK	Per Axel Petterson (Norway)	183
5=	SCIENTIAE ET LABOR DETUR	Mick Price (Kensworth, Beds)	181
5=	KENILWORTH KICKERS	Andrew Wallace (Hitchin)	181
7	CHRISTABEL'S KICKERS	Christabel Orr (Birmingham)	178
8	BARRY READS LOTS OF BOOKS	Kevin Hardy	177



You will be delighted to know that there will be another 10 issues of Mad! before the end of the season — this is on the basis that the editor rises one place in the table each issue, He's now in 11th. In the last issue Andy Hunt was compared to Doncaster Rovers, so hopeless does his chance of leaving the bottom of the table look. I would like to apologise to Doncaster Rovers, who have proved me wrong — Andy's chances look much worse. If, and it's a huge if, there is any challenge for the wooden spoon, then it is coming from David Harris, who is in charge of the only other team to be consistently reducing their points total. Dave Daniels makes a first appearance in the bottom five, but that could just be a gesture of solidarity.

#### Bottom End:

119	BUMPS-A-DAISY	Mrs Sam Daniels	74
120	RUSTY SUBMARINES AGAIN	Dave Daniels	73
121	THE YOUNG ONES	Kevin Roche (South Africa)	52
122	DAVE'S DYNAMOS	David Harris (Southampton)	44
123	WHO ARE YA?	Andy Hunt (London)	-7

That's it for this issue. Just remember the key now appears to be judiciously using that one HatterSwap to replace Steve Davis. Use it wisely and who knows..... you could win the richest competition in the fanzine world.

K.F.H./R.B.

## JOKE CORNER

Graham Taylor dies and for some unknown reason floats up on his little wings (or more likely is hoofed up there by one of their centre halves!) to meet St Peter. St Peter welcomes him but Taylor is worried saying "If Mick Harford is in there I'm NOT going in". St Peter reassures him that Mighty Mick is indeed still alive and most definitely not inside the Pearly gates.

However, as they walk in a massive white limousine pulls up. And out steps a very familiar figure, tall, hard looking and with a Luton number nine shirt on his back. Taylor steps back in horror and croaks in a trembling voice "I thought you said he wouldn't be here!"

St Peter replies "Don't be silly, that's GOD! He just thinks he's Mick Harford".

Simon Arnold

**ON THE INTERNET?  
JOIN WHOSH  
WORLDWIDE HATTERS ON THE SUPER  
HIGHWAY**

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

## The Sharpe End

The piece I originally intended to write is somewhat redundant now — unless you happen to be a Burnley fan.

It argued that Steve Davis is not, and never will be, a striker, even though he will consistently score goals by coming up for corners and by cracking in the occasional free kick.

He's already done those things for his new employers and will certainly do so when he plays against us.

Still, if Steve Davis was the plug keeping the water in the bath, how can we top up the level now that it has been taken out? The likes of Sean Dyche and Gerry Harrison may go some way to keeping us afloat, but if ever a declaration of the club's long term ambition was made it was in the absolute lack of effort made to retain Steve Davis.

We heard all the old stories about him only leaving to go back to Burnley, having to be let go because he was unhappy, and having to snap up the money offered as it might well not be available at a future date. Most of these arguments were hauled out and given an airing when Tony Thorpe went and were soon found wanting.

After all, who looks like matching Thorpe's goal tally these days? How come other players in our division were sold for up to a couple of million quid — Barry Hayles, for example — after Thorpe went?

So, Steve Davis was unhappy. Shame. The majority of Luton Town supporters are probably unhappy in their jobs, but if they are under contract they stay where they are and carry on doing that job — or they don't get paid.

Steve was an exemplary professional for us — but that's what he and all the other members of the squad are paid to be.

Letting him go was just another admission that the extent of our current ambition is to maintain the status quo of being a mid-table, unremarkable side.

Oh yes, Lennie will continue to talk a good fight, but neither his, nor anybody else's heart will really be in it — and once you decide to accept second best, then third best can't be far away.

~~~~~

For a man who seems to love to keep tabs of points and how many are needed to avoid relegation or make the play-offs, etc., Lennie can be remarkably selective and inaccurate in his use of figures when it suits him.

If he's looking to back up an argument that we could still make the play-offs it'll be a case of "Well (sniff), we're still only a couple (er, six) of places behind the team in sixth (sniff). They've only got three or four (six, actually) points more than us, and we've got two or three (one) games in hand on them (sniff)."

Or, "Yeah, well, they beat us easy enough, but don't forget we had about half a team (two) of eleven year olds out there. They had six or seven players who cost around a million (three — and one of them went for £100,000), while the most expensive of ours was a Bosman (apart from Phil Gray, Simon Davies and Ronaldo)."

~~~~~



So, farewell Herve Bacque. He started off on the right foot by scoring twice against Coventry, but on the wrong foot as no-one seemed to know what his proper name was.

Then he couldn't get a run in the side, despite looking very classy at times — particularly when he came on against Ipswich.

Having now departed, Lennie claims he was given a run in the side over Christmas — coming on as sub against Bournemouth and playing in the farcical Auto-thing shield game against Walsall — but couldn't cut it and had to be released.

Lennie even said that he hadn't really wanted to sign him for more than a six month spell, but that he'd been talked into it by Herve's agent.

Blimey, Simon Davies agent must have been **REALLY** something!

~~~~~

And, talking of the Walsall debacle, why is it that Walsall seemed to be able to put out a strong side and seemed to think the game and, presumably, the tournament were worth winning, when Lennie clearly couldn't give a damn?

~~~~~

I'm sorry if I seem to have a negative attitude towards Lennie in this edition. I believe he is genuinely doing his best and that he is often hamstrung by the financial restrictions which clearly shackle him.

But maybe he is now a little long in the tooth for the sort of war of attrition needed to really motivate and progress a club in the position Luton currently finds itself.

If he did decide he'd had enough and wanted to quit I wouldn't object if he was replaced by Paul Fairclough, recently booted out under never explained circumstances at Stevenage. He's still hungry for success and has earned the right to have a go at a higher level.

~~~~~

Glenn Hoddle took an almighty pasting — quite rightly in my humble (!) opinion — when his lack of preparation for the penalty shoot out against Argentina was revealed.

Situations which can be anticipated should be thought through in advance.

Which is why it was all the more baffling to read that Gerry Harrison had taken over the shirt from Kelvin Davis after he'd been sent off against Wigan, "because no-one else seemed to keen to do it."

Not because it had already been agreed who would take over in the event that Kelvin should be injured or sent off. And, after all, as only a Luton anorak can remember the last time we had a goalkeeper on the bench for a league game, it was a situation which was bound to come up sooner or later.

~~~~~

While I was writing this stuff I was interrupted by a phone call from one of Three Counties Radio's producers, who wanted to ask me about something completely different.

Alex (female variety) is a Rushden & Diamonds supporter who, after we'd sorted out our professional business, said she was looking forward to next season when Rushden (with Ian Feuer in goal) were playing Luton — in Division Three.

Graham Sharpe

## TOWN TRAVELS

With our away form having been pretty grim lately, it will be a relief to go down to Bristol for our next away match. Not that we're likely to get an easy match at the Memorial Ground, just that we can rely on having a good day out regardless of the match. By a piece of stunning good luck, we're visiting Bristol on the same weekend that the Bristol Beer Festival takes place. The bad news is that, like the match against Rovers, it's an all ticket affair. No great problem, we'll just have to stick to the pubs instead. As our Bristol correspondent has failed to provide a suggested crawl this year, just use your imagination, remembering that the ground is a long way out of the city — and note that the route to the away turnstiles makes the allotment trek at W\*tf\*rd look like a short cut! If you are told you are 15 minutes walk from the ground, then you are probably more than half an hour from the entrance that you will want!

Next up is Walsall, and the cozy surrounds of the Bescot Stadium. Apart from being extremely handy for the M6, the best thing about the place is the Balti Pie. We do seem to see a few goals on our visits, but I guess we'd prefer to see a win. The handiest pubs for the ground are the KING GEORGE V, Wallows Lane, which is opposite Morrison's Supermarket on the way to the ground from the M6, and THE TIGER, Walstead Road, which is on the opposite side of the ground, just off A4031 West Bromwich Road.

Chesterfield brings us another of those great days out for beer, and crap days out for football. The dilapidated ground and dour style of the home side are actually well suited to the dulled senses associated with a day in north Derbyshire. The best pubs are a long way out of the town centre, but there are two pubs very handy for the visitors terrace. The CHESTERFIELD ARMS and the MASONS ARMS are next door to each other at the corner of Queen Street and Newbold Road. In the town centre the GARDENERS, Glumangate, may be worth trying. And those pubs a long way out? Check the Good Beer Guide and prepare for a good long walk!

Finally, for this issue, is Oldham. Unusually for us, this match is being played on Good Friday, rather than the Saturday of the Easter weekend. As we all know from last year, if we can defend the home side's corners we could be in with a chance of a result. Because of the Friday match, drinking time is slightly restricted as it will be Sunday hours, so it's a later start than usual. Those who prefer to do their drinking in Manchester may find this a tad restrictive. The closest pubs to the ground are three on the Rochdale/Oldham Road, but they have little to recommend them otherwise. The RIFLE RANGE INN (J. W. Lees), 372 Burnley Lane, is close to the junction of the A627/A627M and is much more likely to offer an agreeable pint. Similar beer is available at the BLUE BELL INN, Broadway, which is described as being football friendly, but is perhaps a little less convenient for Boundary Park.

K.F.H.

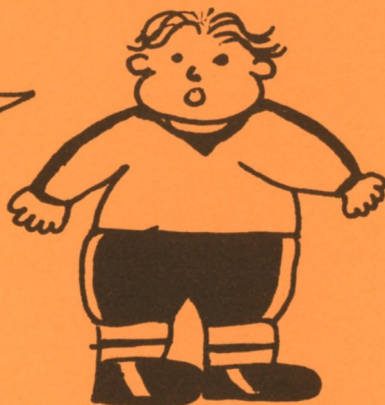


Lennie scouts for  
another left sided  
player available on a  
free transfer.



I've got less  
injuries than  
Paul Showler

After studying  
Mitchell Thomas,  
I've developed  
two left feet



B.Dave.B.