

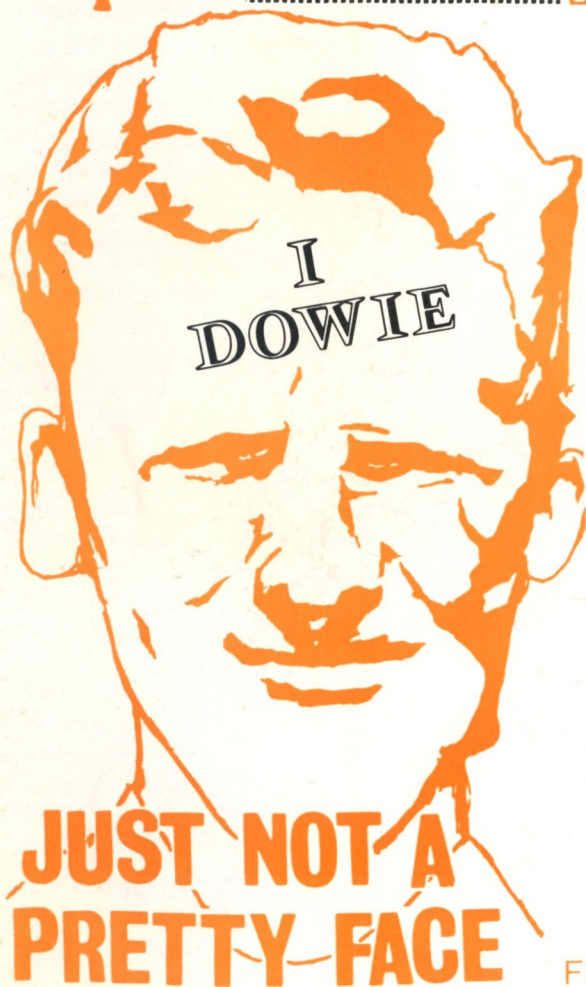
# TOWN

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ONLY  
FORTY  
PAGES

## THE LUTON FANS MAGAZINE

a quid  **ISSUE THREE**



INCLUDING:

ROWDY REF

IMITATION RICKY

NICK OWEN

"HATTER PATTER"

GOLDEN TICKET

KENILWORTH THE CAT

BLEEDIN'ECK

CLASSIC MATCH

WOBBLY 88

TRAVELLING WITH THE  
BOBBERS CLUB

TOP HATTER

SEASON UPDATE

FREE BALLOON INSIDE . . .



# LILLYWHITES FOR TIMBER

## The Cup That Cheers

*Give "The Town" a shout to cheer them,*

*Give "The Town" a shout like hell,*

*And, if you have a shout left over*

*Give "Lillywhites" a shout as well.*

*Maybe some will shout for Leicester,*

*Others may just sit and boo,*

*But for TIMBER shout for LILLYWHITES*

*You'll find others shouting too.*

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Edited by Tim Ryan and George Street, © 1990. Letters and  
contributions to this address:-

# TOWN FANZINE,

## P.O. BOX 375,

## LUTON,

## BEDS.,

## LU1 4QP.



# TOWN TOWN TOWN

No. 3

So, we're finally onto TOWN 3. For those of you who couldn't suss out why we didn't come out when we said we would - take a look at the printing in ish 2. Those of you who haven't got ish 2, it's still very much worth getting if only to see how bad the printing really was. Bad printing yes, but bad articles? I should think soddin' well not!

Anyway, this issue is being done by yet another printer who charges more so let's just hope it comes out better. Also different this issue is the free gift which isn't a badge for a change - instead it's an ace balloon for blowing up on the terrace amidst cries of "Vahey" and "Yippe", plus if you have the previous free gifts you'll have summat to pop the balloon with once you've got bored with it. Yes kids, every eventuality is thought through here in the luxuriant TOWN office.

Well, what a torrid time we had selling issue 2. We started on Nov 17 (that long ago!) on the day of the Man City match and saw personalities aplenty. Two of our vendors were asked by Eddie Large if they had seen a thin bloke with glasses only to point out Sid Little to the fat Manc. As if this wasn't enough for them, minutes later they were faced by Mr and Mrs David Evans!

As they sweated while it looked like Mr E was going to purchase a copy (not quite sure what nasty things the mag said about the ex-chairman) Mrs Evans stopped and said Hello to one of them - namely my young brother. What's going on here? You may well ask. I've had him under interrogation since but he still maintains that they've never met before. Yes readers, strange things happen.

The police on that day were in excellent form, laughing and joking with us and generally giving us a hassle free day. Cheers. One officer even bought the mag!

So onto the Villa match which was marred, for us, by a bloody rain storm right when we was getting busy "S'cuse me sir, would you like to buy a soaking wet fanzine that's falling to bits?". No.



We did however get to meet Nigel Kennedy (who bought a copy) and his girlfriend Brix E Smith (who was glad to be recognised). I only wish I had a couple of Fall records on me for her to sign. "How's Mark?" I should have asked.

So, that's how we got on. How've you been? We've been underwhelmed by the number of questionnaires/competition entries we've had back. Suffice to say that the prizes go to the only person who really *TRIED* and not to the people who thought it funny to put Kingsley in a bib and nappy etc - how are we going to let Mr Kohler see that sort of thing?

Onto football, I think that everyone watching the Town over the Christmas period (up to Boxing Day) would agree that it's been v. v. v. v. v. v. v. v. poor. Why is this? I certainly wouldn't like to put the blame squarely on the shoulders of Iain Dowie, but then I don't like going to work. Seriously though, take my mother-in-law.....No, but seriously though, at least the Chelsea game showed that Luton could do something in front of goal.

At Palace it was very cold, boring and predictable. At Tottenham it was embarrassing to watch and against Sheffield Utd it was all four.

As we planned to have this issue out alot earlier I wrote an excellent guide to the 1991 FA Cup Run. Unfortunately, by the time the magazine comes out that run may just be over. However, I'm full of hope. I hope

# TOP HATS!

By **KEN LAWRENCE**

● LUTON last night emerged as the shock winners of the Guinness Soccer Six tournament - thanks to former YTS boy Sean Farrell.

● The Hatters hammered mighty Liverpool 4-0 in the final to pick up a total of £52,500.

● Farrell's four goals in the tournament

were the inspiration for Luton.

● The 21-year-old midfielder then shared a £1,000 award from the Daily Mirror with joint tournament top scorers David Preece and Aston Villa's Tony Cascarino.

● And Preece was also made man-of-the-tournament as Luton came through the preliminary rounds to repeat the giant-killing act of Charlton last season.



WINNER: Preece

you all went to Sheffield with the Town and there were loads of us up there. The TOWN editorial team have a bet on Luton winning the cup which, had we known the draw, would have been a good bit smaller - still, fingers crossed.

Nice to see that we've got a few more articles in. Strange that most articles we get are from supporters outside the area. Strange, dear reader, but true.

We were going to bring out a LTFC t-shirt to tie in with this issue but found it was going to be just too darn expensive for the numbers we could ever expect to sell. Never mind, it's hardly weather for t-shirts anyway.

Hope you enjoy TOWN 3, issue 4 should be out pretty soon but I wouldn't like to put a date on it just yet. We'll surprise you when you least expect it.

Until then, happy viewing and a happy new year.



- Dave Preece receives a trophy for being able to hold down a pint of Guinness and still maintain a height of 4" 2'.



# The Story so far... CHAPTER TWO

Town 1 Everton 1

In my place of work there's a loudmouth scouser, Everton fan, who I was looking forward to roasting mercilessly after the Town had beaten his boys. Unfortunately Luton's 'wet-fart' form continued and we only got a draw. As so few Everton fans got in I reckon the ref should have sent Neville Southall off for the sake of entertainment, not to mention the professional foul. Dynamo Dowie headed just over from range (of about 1 yard) - but there's only one Micky Harford.

Derby County 2 Town 1

Well, it just wasn't the same was it? The Baseball ground has changed so much for away fans that May seemed like years ago. Thank god the team were more committed that day. The Luton contingent was obviously a lot quieter and nobody could give a toss how Nottingham Forest were getting on (except the Derby fans).

Liverpool 4 Town 0

I really thought Luton stood a chance of springing a surprise away win at Anfield this year. No, but seriously, paying £9 to sit down and see your side humbled isn't a great way to spend a Saturday afternoon. Losing at Anfield or Old Trafford is pretty damn likely - so why do we bother every season? Answers on a postcard to Ian St John - Thames Television Central London.

Town 2 Man City 2

I haven't been so excited at Kenilworth Road since the Crystal Palace game last season. The two games had a lot in common. Mostly the feeling of resignation that, although attacking all the time we weren't going to score and were going to lose/go down. Luton played awfully in the first half and continued to

X?%\*£\*!

GUINLESS?

HELLO,HELLO,  
LUTON ARE BACK!

until 4.30pm. By that time City were well pinned back in their half and second best by miles. When Daredevil Dowie scored Luton were going to win, or run out of time in the process.

HOW TO TAKE A PENALTY by John Dreyer

First of all you need ingredients:- one ball, one wink from the ref, and a one yard run-up. Mix this lot up, then take as quick as possible. Remember; don't wait until the keeper is ready!



(right) Dreyer celebrates his successful "cut-price David Moss" penalty strike.

(above) The Man. City players are perturbed by the perfectly legal "no run-up" penalty kick.



Obviously lifted by the crowd suddenly finding our voice, the Town always looked good for a second goal. With another minute of injury time it would have been 3-2 (another Newcastle) so Peter Reid shouldn't complain.

Town 2 Villa 0

YES!

How rare to see the Town get a win without a whole load of fussing about. Villa never really looked like getting into the game, good thing too. Stress levels amongst Luton Town fans must be about the highest in the league, so the win must have put the collective blood pressure of a good few Town fans down. Nice goal by Larry.

Nottingham Forest 2 Town 2

Bang'em in Hatters!

Great game. When Forest scored in the first few minutes I



## We express support too!

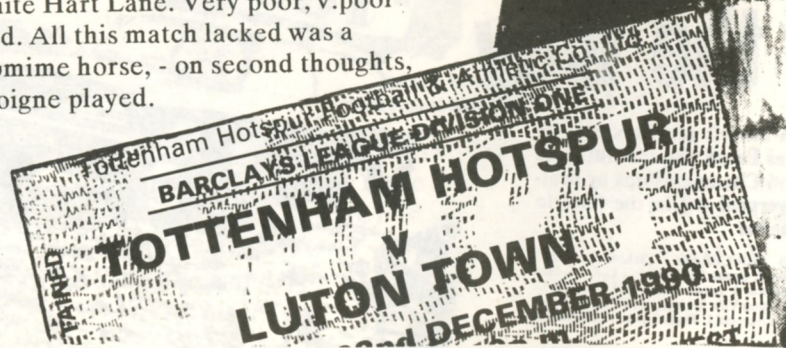


**British Rail**

**London Midland**

control before the second half started and when the crowd told him to send Ceri Hughes off, he was happy (and relieved) to oblige. Seeing Luton fail so dismally to do anything with the extra time and space they were allowed was embarrassing in the extreme.

CHRISTMAS CARDS ALL ROUND! Ceri Hughes picks up the 3rd red card in the farce at White Hart Lane. Very poor, v. poor indeed. All this match lacked was a pantomime horse, - on second thoughts, Gascoigne played.

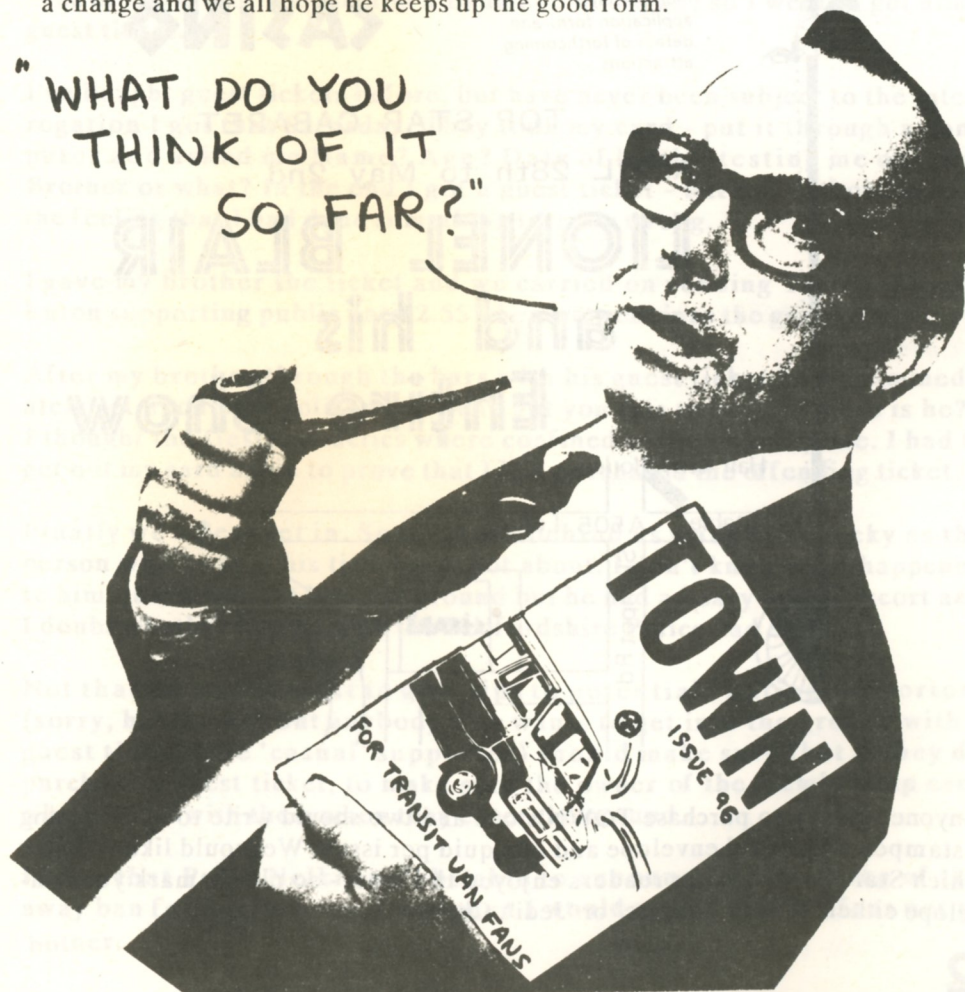


Luton 0 Sheff Utd 1

Deary deary deary deary deary deary me. The season hit a new low on Boxing Day as the Town entertained Sheff Utd, bugged the fans. The goal was offside but it was still no more than Luton deserved with imagination in front of goal absolutely non-existent.

Luton 2 Chelsea 0

Yes, Luton are back. I know that Iain Dowie has got his supporters (and we all know what that sort are like) but with Farrel in the side attacking was certainly less predictable. Nobody really knows who scored the first goal although Kingsley Black definitely scored the second. It was good to see Black playing well for a change and we all hope he keeps up the good form.







VISIT

# **«ÉSAR»** **LUTONS LEADING** **NIGHT SPOT** **DANKING** **DINING** **CASINO**

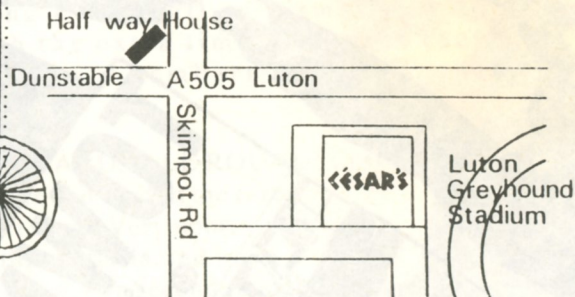
LATE LICENCE  
UNTIL 2 a.m.

Telephone  
LUTON 51357 for  
Membership  
application form and  
details of forthcoming  
attractions

TOP STAR CABARET

APRIL 28th to May 2nd

## **LIONEL BLAIR** **and his** **Entire Show**



Anyone wishing to purchase TOWN's one and two should write to us enclosing a stamped addressed envelope and one quid per issue. We would like to know which Star Wars film our readers enjoyed the most - so please mark your envelope either "Wars", "Empire" or "Jedi". Cheers.

# **guest ARTICLE**

The membership card scheme, like the Berlin Wall, has become an unpopular symbol of the bad old days. After years of protest the Berlin Wall came down. What then of our members only policy?

Nobody wants it - at the very highest level Peter Nelkin says that visiting supporters should be let in - so why is it still around?

Arriving at the ground for the Villa match my brother found that he had forgotten to bring his membership card (an honest mistake - but in the eyes of the law this made him a Brummie hooligan) so I went to get him a guest ticket.

I've bought guest tickets before, but have never been subject to the interrogation I got that Saturday. They took my card - put it through a computer and asked me Name? Age? Date of birth? testing me out. Big Brother or what? In the end I got a guest ticket - but not without getting the feeling that I had done something terribly wrong.

I gave my brother the ticket and we carried on vending TOWN 2 to the Luton supporting public until 2.55 when we went into the ground.

After my brother through the bars with his guest ticket he was immediately set upon by a policeman. "Who got you this ticket?" "Where is he?". I thought the Gestapo tactics were confined to the ticket office. I had to get out my card again to prove that I had purchased the offending ticket.

Finally we were let in. Some bloke behind us was not so lucky as the person who bought his ticket was not about. I don't know what happened to him - I saw him let into the ground but he had a heavy police escort and I doubt whether his fun with the Bedfordshire Police had ended.

Not that we would want to give tips to potential visiting supporters (sorry, hooligans) but anybody who wants to get into the ground with a guest ticket (the 'casual' supporter) should make sure that if they do purchase a guest ticket, to make sure the owner of the membership card who got it is with them when they enter the ground.

I hope that Peter Nelkin will be able to announce the scrapping of the away ban for next season. Until then I would advise visiting fans not to bother.



Most important of all, your voice can have a real influence on the future of the game.

# FANZIN REVIEW



We went out and bought a few fanzines in Sportspages whilst dropping off a few more copies of TOWN (which incidentally sold out within days) to review. However, they were mostly rubbish so we've reviewed swaps we got at the Man City and Villa games.

**King of the Kippax - issue ?**

What's the Kippax? Well, it's the home terrace at Maine Road - and probably the last place on earth where you'd hear someone singing "One Raddy Antic". The fanzine is really good with excellent reviews, cartoons and articles. A thoroughly recommended read. It's surprising then that the Man City seem to be such a nasty lot.

Available from 25 Holdenbrook Close, Leigh, Gtr Manchester WN7 2HL for 50p plus SAE.

**Sick over a parrot - issue 4, I think**

If you're, right, a bit fick right, and you like Viz, right, but can't understand some of the jokes cos they're a bit 'ard to work out then you'll probably like Sick over a Parrot. In a glossy cover it looks like it might be good - but it's a load of old shite. All the cartoons make you cringe and the informed opinionated articles must have been written by six year olds. I bought it for the Sunderland trip and it made a bad journey worse.

Available from crappy little newsagents. Price £1.

And lastly

**Depleted/Mad as a Hatter issues whatever**

If these two rival LTFC fanzines don't get a little worse we're going to have a battle in justifying our price. The Christmas editions were miles better than their predecessors. Come on lads, stop the good work.

*Remember kids - ACE free gifts in TOWN mag - definitely worth the extra 50p (and probably alot more)*

We've had a brilliant article from some bod in Islington who want's to use the pseudonym Joe Payne. Thirteen moments which would make even the most hardy Luton fan cringe in sympathy (although numbers 7 and 8 are unforgivable).



## "PAYNEFUL" MOMENTS



I am sure you know what I mean, those embarrassing little incidents that have happened over the years supporting the Hatters - moments that make you cringe with shame, go red in the face and change the subject quickly.

With acknowledgement to WSC (who printed some confessions of a Spurs fan, as if being a Spurs fan wasn't bad enough) I duly enclose my list of such moments and reckon that if readers are similarly candid you could have a long running feature on your hands.

Therefore in the spirit of true confession I admit to the following:

1 Taking a 'Paul Fitcher for England' banner to the England versus Brazil match at Wembley in 1978 - well he did win several under 21 caps.

2 Meeting Ricky Hill at Luton Railway Station and asking him if he would be fit for Saturdays match as he was limping heavily down the staircase to the platform.

3 Giving Mal and Mrs Donaghy free plastic carrier bags when they came through my check-out at the West Side Centre Sainsburys.

4 Pushing my younger brother onto the pitch at Loftus Road to make him get Bob Hatton's autograph who was in the process of being interviewed by John Motson for 'Match of the Day' after a particularly exciting 2-2 draw.

5 Bumping into my college History Lecturer on the platform at West Hampstead railway station. He lived at St Albans and I was going to Kenilworth Road to see Luton play Bolton. In fact I should have been in the library writing an essay on the



Third Crusade for him which was due to be handed in the following day.

6 *Being body searched at Vicarage Road at a Boxing Day derby game and having to unwrap my turkey sandwiches which had been lovingly wrapped in tin foil by my mum to prove to the policeman that it was not a cunningly disguised brick.*

7 Chanting "England's No. 9" after Steve White had scored four goals against Grimsby Town in 81-82.

8 *Missing Basher Stephens dramatic 92nd minute header which won us the game at Watford because I was watching our new signing, the aforementioned Steve White, warm up on the touchline.*

9 Jumping up in excitement in the West Stand when Paddy Grealish scored from 25 yards at Stamford Bridge. My three friends and I were the only Luton fans in the stand so after standing up in magnificent isolation we sat down very quickly and were secretly very pleased when Chelsea equalised.

10 *Breaking the habit of a lifetime and actually speaking to a fellow tube traveller on the London Underground who was engrossed in the 'Luton Town Story'. I asked him if he had read about 10-goal Payne. He gave me a withering look and totally ignored me - so much for solidarity among Luton fans.*

11 Ringing up the Nottingham Student Radio Station at midnight and asking if they would play "Hatters Hatters - What a Great Team" (The classic 1974 promotion winning disc by the LTFC squad and the Barron Knights). The DJ said he would if we took a copy to the station, we did so and were interviewed on the prospects for the match at Derby the following day.

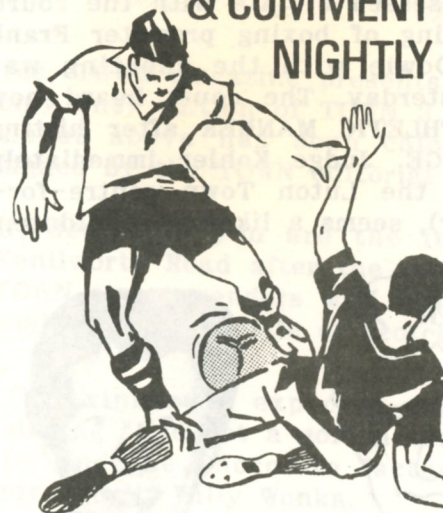
12 *Pretending to be a Chelsea Supporter after Luton had gone 3-0 up in 1975 while standing on the ten non-segregated Kenilworth Road terrace. I did so by putting on a blue and white bobble hat that my gran had knitted. As it had taken her ages to knit and I hadn't the heart to tell her it should have been black and white.*

13 Being caught short on the platform at Cricklewood station after celebrating to excess in the Clarence after the promotion

clinchng 4-1 victory against Shrewsbury in 82. I hopped off the train to attempt to relieve myself, the flow irritatingly wouldn't start but then alarmingly when it did, it wouldn't stop. Several mates were holding the door open with what seemed like the whole train and the guard watching my disgraceful antics in making the platform resemble Niagara Falls.

After months of covering up by Luton Town FC, TOWN magazine can now exclusively reveal that young Hatters' star Kingsley Black drives a dark blue Vauxhall Nova. Mrs Maureen Fitzbugger (94) admits to seeing young 'Kings' in Church Street Luton - "Well, the young man in question was stopping at the lights like, he was in a dark blue Vauxhall Nova". She goes on "I wouldn't have known it was the gifted young winger but my son Des (76), who is a Hatter's supporter, got quite excited shouting 'Kingsley, Kingsley, Kingsley' all the time". Our own consumer report on the Vauxhall Nova suggests that the car is found lacking in the legroom department - especially in the passenger seat. Mrs Fitzbugger claims to have seen several other Luton and ex-Luton players in various cars but we couldn't be arsed to listen to her anymore.

## GOOD EVENING FOOTBALL NEWS & COMMENT NIGHTLY



EVENING **POST**

NOVA 1200 Merit 5-door Hatchback, finished in Rembrandt silver, H reg ..... **£28,325**

NOVA 1400i 3-door Hatchback, finished in glacier white, H reg, catalytic converted fuel injection ..... **£28,375**

NOVA 1200 Merit 3-door Hatch, finished in Rembrandt silver, G reg March 1980 ..... **£25,495**

One Kick  
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**GRAYMAC  
AUTOS LTD.**  
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THE  
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**NOVA 1.0  
SALOON**

1989, 'F' reg, black,  
immaculat condition,  
only 17,000 miles  
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Tel: Luton 052942  
0836

**NOVA SWING  
1.2i**

B reg, MoT & tax, s/roof,  
good condition, good  
runner  
**£2,150 ono**  
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054644  
08K35







## YOU ARE one of the LINESMEN

You are one of the linesmen in a crucial Cup Semi-final. The scores are level. As the game enters the final seconds an attacker goes down in the penalty area. There are furious claims for a penalty. The referee, who was fifty yards away from the incident, runs over to ask your opinion. You were day-dreaming and didn't see a thing. Do you:-

- advise the ref to award a penalty.
- advise the ref to caution the attacker for diving, and thus bringing the game into disrepute.
- rule out the penalty claim, even though it will almost certainly mean extra time, and you've got to be down the Nelson Flagship at eight to meet some bird.
- own up to the ref that you hadn't seen a thing because, you were busy watching the worms coming up out of the ground as it had just started to rain.

The Sports media has been obsessed of late with the court proceedings concerning the shooting of boxing promoter Frank Warren. Evidence linking Iain Dowie with the shooting was unearthed before magistrates yesterday. The court heard how the gunman SPED OFF in an ATHLETIC MANNER after hitting his target at POINT BLANK RANGE. Judge Kohler immediately erased all suspicion surrounding the Luton Town centre-forward. Terry Marsh, (epileptic boxer), seems a likelier candidate.



Frank Warren



Iain Dowie.

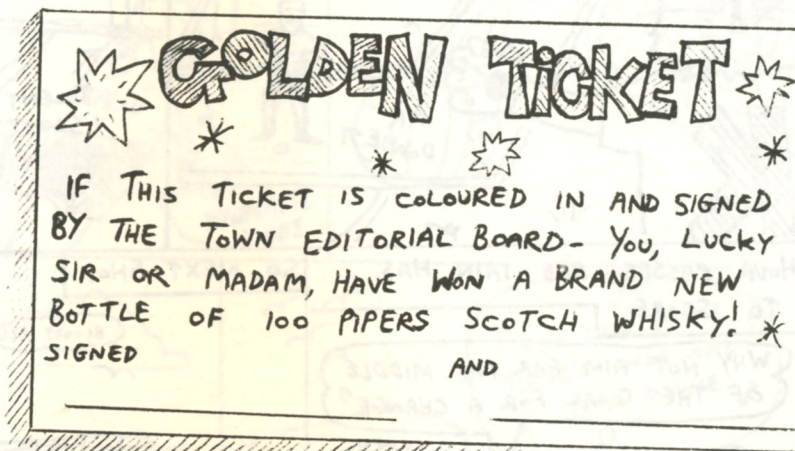


Terry Marsh

# golden ticket

TOWN tribute to the late great Roald Dahl

It's the Christmas season and the party just doesn't stop at the luxury offices of TOWN magazine. To help you to celebrate the festive season TOWN magazine has come up with a spectacular prize draw which will have one Luton fan out of his head with delight with enough alcohol to get as drunk as a small skunk.



Yes, TOWN magazine presents the GOLDEN TICKET. In one (and only one) edition of TOWN 3 a lucky reader will find that the ticket above has been coloured in gold (well, yellow) and signed by the TOWN editorial board.

If, dear fan, you are the lucky lad/lass then run round to Kenilworth Road after the match and contact one of the Happy TOWN street vendors who will be happy to present you (eventually) with a bottle of Scotch Whisky.

The winner is expected to run about in a excited frenzy singing "I've got a golden ticket" out of the hit musical Charlie and the Chocolate factory - starring Jean Wilder as the strange Mr Willy Wonka.

Please read the rules and conditions on page 28



# KENILWORTH the CAT.



AN HOUR PASSES, AND IAIN HAS YET TO SCORE.





# \* Still Interviews

If any Luton fans doubt that Town magazine is not essential reading at the studios of Thames TV - then we've got the proof with this live and exclusive interview with top TV Hatters fan Nick Owen.

How long have you been a Luton Town fan?  
*Since 1958*

Do you live in the area?  
*Yes, born and bred in Berkhamstead Herts.*

Where were you when Luton won the 1988 Littlewoods cup final?  
*In heaven. Oh! and in the stand.*

How did you react when Brian Stein scored the winner?  
*Hugged everything in sight, even the mother-in-law.*

Do other members of the ITV sports team take the rise out of you for being an LTFC fan?  
*Mercilessly. They all support big clubs like Gillingham, Bradford and Oxford.*

Who does Elton Welsby support?  
*Wife and two children. And Everton.*

Do you get to see Luton play often?  
*I see most home matches and have travelled to a couple of away already this season, including Loftus Road where we nearly thrashed QPR.*

What's your favourite TV shows apart from Midweek Sprout Special?  
*Blackadder, Fawlty Towers, Hale & Pace, Monty Python - get my drift?*

What did you do before you became a TV personality?  
*Am I a TV Personality? I was on local radio and newspapers.*

Got any jokes?  
*What have Jim Leighton and Michael Jackson got in common? I don't know, what have Jim Leighton and Michael Jackson got in common? Both wear gloves for no apparent reason.*

*Up the Town!*  
*Nick Owen*

NICK OWEN



Have you got any Luton Town boxer shorts?  
*No because my children nick them.*

Do you want some? Pete's sports do them.  
*Yes please.*

How do you get on with the Saint and Greavsie?  
*Brilliantly, although they give me a hard time about Luton Town. For some reason they cannot see the charisma of Kenilworth Road.*

What do you think of Jimmy Hill?  
*He's a very very nice man.*

And so concludes our fantastic interview with the man who appeared on Highway with Harry Secombe, a bag of fruit and a Luton Town necktie. We should like to apologise about the quality of the interview but when we got round the table to write up questions these were the only ones we could think up. We should also like to make it perfectly clear that we are not in the habit of buying pants for TV presenters (if that sort of rumour gets out we'll be ruined) so Nick Owen will have to go down Pete Sports himself (in Luton market).



Dear Sir  
Please send me a copy of 'TOWN'. How dare you bastards come to our ground on Nov 10, F\*ck off until we are allowed into your ground.

Four-nil - Four-nil.  
P Martin - Liverpool

Who says that scousers aren't witty, warm and charming? It's that excellent sense of humour they've got - I cracked up when I read this letter. Anyway, I'll pass the letter onto the head of light entertainment at the BBC and see if he can't make a sitcom about this bloke. Can't be worse than the the bleedin' Liver Birds or Bread or that crappy one that flopped with 'Davver' in it. When Liverpool come down I reckon people will be queuing up to get this bloke a guest ticket.

Judging of our "Colour in Kingsley's kit" competition has been put back for next issue to give the opportunity for you budding artists and umbro reps to get your designs in. So far, the number of entries has been quite stunning - and we may soon have as many contestants as we have prizes. Keep them Kingsley's arollin' rollin' rollin' in.

## 1979 CLASSIC MATCH 1980

Luton 5 Swansea 0

The game in which David Pleat's Luton side smashed Swansea's 17-match unbeaten run with a five-goal performance - two of which would have graced any football pitch in the world it says here.

Pleat said "The second goal was as good a goal as you will see in your life."

Of David Moss Pleat said "I don't think there is a winger in this country who can make and score goals like David Moss. He is the best I have seen at free kicks".

Moss grabbed two goals, one from a penalty and the other from a direct free kick. The penalty, awarded for a foul on Brian Stein after 10 minutes provided Luton with an early break-through that Swansea never recovered from.

Luton's second goal in the 17th minute was spectacular. Mal Donaghy found Alan West after breaking up a Swansea attack, West's raking pass from near his own area set David Moss off down the left wing. He in turn clipped a low cross into the path of Bob Hatton and Kenilworth Road erupted as Hatton's shot found the corner of the net.

Luton were now so obviously in command that it was a surprise that they didn't increase their lead before half time. More goals were to come - in two minutes just before the hour mark. The Welsh defence left in ruins as Stein, West and Hatton criss-crossed the ball around with one touch football before Alan West added the final touch.

With the ground still buzzing after that goal Ricky Hill collected the ball on the edge of the area before ramming home a shot at the near post with everyone else expecting a cross.



● LUTON'S second goal is on its way into the Swansea net from the reliable boot of Bob Hatton, with Jeremy Charles (left) and keeper Geoff Crudgington both left helpless.



Luton relaxed a little after that goal allowing Swansea to make some impression and Jake Findlay did splendidly well to block a close range header from Rushbury.

In the dying seconds Rushbury brought down Moss just outside the area. Moss required a spot of treatment before picking himself up and clipping a beautiful free kick over the wall and into the top corner.

Afterwards John Toshack managed to raise a smile but made no excuses for his sides performance. Pleat beamed "It's lovely to see things you try in training come off like today. Some of the moves were right out of the soccer textbooks".

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**RULES** - This draw is open to all Luton Town fans who buy a copy of TOWN magazine. And anybody else who buys the mag. If your ticket is coloured in and signed you have honestly won a bottle of scotch - no lie - no gimmicks. We're not talking poxy miniture bottle either, it's full size. The baloon is the gimmick. Alright, so this is a gimmick too. We won't be giving the prize away to little kids who are U18, if you are under 18 try selling the mag to a grown-up for a profit - or we'll end up giving you 60p for a big can of coke.

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## TOO MUCH TOO YOUNG

Not an article about being married with a kid when you could be having fun with me, but you've got to get the Specials in the titles somewhere. Anyway, it's a more relevant title than 'Little Bitch'.

No readers, I'm writing this article to tell of the excellent laughs that me and one of me old mates had when we where a few years younger going on away excursions to see the Town (and it wasn't too long ago either).

After leaving the Junior Hatters for fear of being picked to run onto the pitch in a replica Luton kit and taking shots at Tony Godden I decided that it was time to make my own way in the rough tough world of the football supporter. Not that I had aspirations to be a football hooligan or anything - because I couldn't (and can't) fight my way out of a paper bag and really wouldn't want to thanks.

But, to be blatantly honest, the threat of getting your 'head kicked in' livened up

a Saturday afternoon no end - especially at away games. And unlike some of my more weary friends I had never been in a position where I truly feared for my safety. Nowadays things have changed for the better and I never really think about trouble at home (especially) or away, football is the only true incentive for a travelling supporter to venture away from his local club.

In those days however, going to away matches filled you with a mixture of anticipation and fear - how the adrenalin used to flow. Just to make sure that nobody was left in two minds as to why we were visiting the Northern town in question (we never did short hauls on the train, we done them on the official Travel Club) we made sure we wore scarves, hats, shirts etc - something I haven't done for ages as a measure of common sense on public transport. Anyway, for us at the time, with our children's tickets we were fearless. On the train, on the way up, we smuggled on a bottle of Cinzano and a bottle of Lemonade and got silly. Trying to drink out of a cup with your head out the window and trying to impress girls by doing 'Brucies' on the automatic doors.

We always managed to arrive in the town at about 10am in the morning. The arrival of two cocky little Luton fans was obviously seen as nothing worth bothering about to any local 'ooligan who was around at that time of the morning. The only bother we could expect, and always got, was from the kindly police who warned "Get them hats 'n' scarves off or you'll get you're 'eads kicked in". As soon as he went, the colours were back on as we proceeded to see the town.

The timetable was 1. Get off the train 2. Go to a newsagent and get some Skittles (when you could only get them up North) 3. Have a Skittle fight 4. Go to a Wimpy/Burger King and try to chat up local girls and/or say what a dump the town is 5. Do the shopping street or centre 6. Find the ground 7. See Luton lose/draw 8. Go home.

The best thing about these journeys were going round the town putting up with the jibes of little local gits and always being able to laugh them off without ever being hassled by the more seasoned football thug. At Newcastle things got a bit hairy as we got hassled by some old git whilst at the Skittle stop "Yf\*\*\*in Luton f\*c\*in cu\*s" was his considered opinion, and we didn't argue. In fact people in Newcastle proved to be the most unfriendly we encountered - to the point that it was colours off and mouths shut when we walked nervously past the home end before the match.

Thinking back, that was the last match that we went to in the full colour guise.



What had been a right royal laugh had turned into something a fair bit dodgy. Even though football fans are so much more amicable now there is no way that I'd consider doing anything that foolhardy again - especially as I'm a good bit older and wiser. At the time though, it was a grand laugh and struck me as an excellent attitude to have.

Pete Benski

N.B. The editors would like to remind younger fans that going to matches without your parents before you're 20 isn't really on - especially on public transport and that wearing colours North of Hitchin may seriously damage your health. Pete Benski says - kids don't be an annoying little git like I used to be.

#### NUTTERS IN EXEC BOXES-AN UPDATE.

During Boxing days donkey derby between Town and Sheff.Utd. Vinny Jones predictably came in for a lot of stick from the Kenilworth lot. All good natured stuff livening up the dreariest game of the season. However, it was noted that every time Jones went anywhere near the exec.boxes at the kenilworth end several thugs in ill-fitting suits were leaning out giving him some really bad-mouthed violent abuse (complete with accompanying hand signals!). Now Vinny had had, for him, a very quiet, placid match. The worse thing he'd done was sky 3 balls 50ft over the Bobbers. He'd even acknowledged our EE-AWW chants. So what had prompted this toffs abuse? Too much exec.box Xmas spirit?

Anyway, point is, if one of us mere mortals had given Jones the same bout of verbals, odds-on an eagle-eyed copper would've dragged us out by the hair and no doubt confiscated our membership cards (Southampton police would've probably administered the death sentence for less !!) So what makes these suit wearing thugs immune to the police action-It couldn't be their fat wads of cash could it?

#### ROWDY THE REF ANSWER

#### The man in the middle

Rowdy would have given decision A, followed closely by decisions B and C.



Selhurst Park  
Stadium

BARCLAYS LEAGUE DIVISION ONE  
CRYSTAL PALACE V LUTON TOWN

Well, we've done a bit on Les 'no prisoners' Sealey (see issue 1) and we forgot to do one for ish.2, so I thought it was time we did a profile of arguably the best Town midfielder in recent years - Ricky Hill.

## IMITATION Ricky

Let's start at the beginning....Season 75/76, I was a mere lad, not even a teenager when me dad took me to my umpteenth reserve game (I was too young to be subjected to away games, so my dad thought, so when the Town played away we usually watched the reserves either win or lose 6-4 or 5-2 to the likes of Arsenal 3rd team or Chelsea ladies or summat...) Anyway, there was this chubby black kid playing, knocking the ball all over the place with both feet (unusual for any Town player in 1975). My dad, who knew about such things, was heard to have said repeatedly things like "Crikey" and "Blimey" and other such profanities, so we knew he was good. The thing that struck me however, apart from his undoubted skill was that he had the most amazing amount of hair (Ricky, not my dad!), it was all over the place (mostly vertical) not unlike the late Jimi Hendrix. No doubt about it, the lad had star quality - also not unlike Jimi Hendrix.

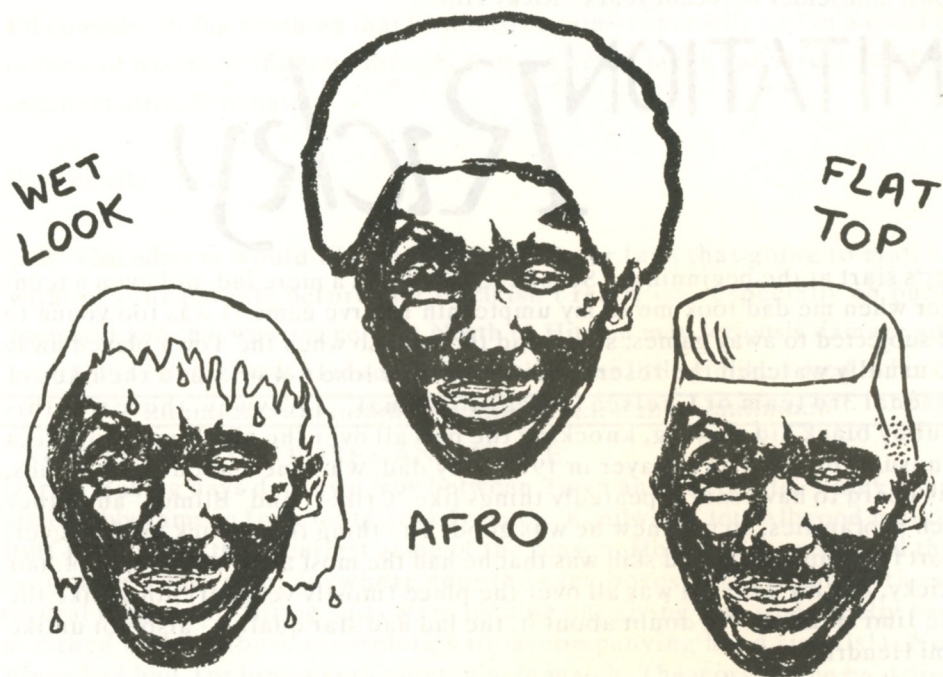
Despite faith from the then reserve team coach, David Pleat, the then manager 'Happy' Harry Haslam didn't dare try out such a young lad in his 'experienced' (i.e. old) team. When the Luton first team were losing easily to the likes of boring and crappy lowly teams such as Plymouth, Blackburn and Bristol City, me and my dad and the other 5 people who'd been to reserve games used to scream at Mr Haslam begging for him to play Hill. This advice, of course, was not heeded until the second from last game of 75/76 v Bristol Rovers.

The likes of Alan 'Twinkle Toes' West and Ron Fletcher were struggling (as usual) to a surprisingly above average Rovers. There wasn't much to play for except pride but finally, with the score at 1-1 Ricky Hill was brought on to sighs of relief and some cries of "Ricky who?", from the long suffering Oak and Maple roaders. His effect on the game was instant and dramatic. Rovers were unable to cope with his elegant ball control and youthful enthusiasm. He floated a beautiful perceptive pass to Brian Chambers to smash Luton's second, then amazingly cracked home the third himself from the edge of the area. The final whistle blew and he was off, modestly shunning the limelight and perhaps wisely missing the celebration bath with Westie and co. he just buggered off home. He probably wanted to catch the last thrilling episode of Dr Who and the Cybermen.

Ricky's 'Roy of the Rovers' dream start did not lead to an immediate first team place however. His appearances in the next two seasons were sporadic to say



the least. It wasn't til Pleat became manager that Hill took the opportunity to become the crowds true fave. Hill also took the opportunity to make a few hair-



style changes...He firstly adopted a shorter less unkempt afro, and later took on his famous and long-standing flat-top and quiff (not unlike the young Elvis Presley). It was this style which was to take the town out of a fairly ordinary period (when such names as David Carr and Peter Spiring-aaarrhhh!!! graced the grass-yes kids GRASS, of kenilworth road), and into the eighties glory years.

Ricky really reached a peak in the early to mid eighties and was, of course, a major influence in the great championship side of 82. He won the player of the year award two years running and got an England call up. The Towns form in the following seasons has been well documented elsewhere so I won't bore you with details, but call me a sentimental old git if you like, I'm sure Ricky and his quiff were major factors in our successes of that era. Can anyone remember him catching the ball on his forehead and running along with it for ten yards?

Of course, Ricky slowed down a fair bit in his final years with Luton, he also changed his hair to a sort of slick wetlook (his Barry White era), but he still had a great natural class and style.

Luton still have some classy midfielders on their books. Steve Williams has shown since his return that he's a great asset to the club, and David Preece has shown us several successful hairstyle changes, but wouldn't it be great to see a new youngster with the ability of Hill in the side again.

## BLEEDIN' 'ECK!!

Christmas was not a happy one for the Town. Bad tactics and result at Palace, the second half embarrassment at Spurs, and the pitiful Boxing day game with Div.2 candidates Sheff.Utd. Luton were crap with a capital C. It wasn't until the Chelsea game that we started to see the welcome return to form induced I think by the inclusion of the hardworking Rees and Farrell. They were both hungry for success because neither wanted another prolonged spell in the reserves or on the bench. They had a hunger that perhaps too many 1st teamers had lost due to them having no serious challengers to their positions. Apart from a good kick up the arse what Luton really need is a larger, stronger squad so the first team never get too assured of a place. Jim Ryan could be a very good manager given the chance, but as most of us would agree, a good manager alone does not a good team make (I remember shouting for David Pleats head in 77-pre Stein and Hatton but soon took it back when he was given the right players).

As the improving Mad as a Hatter (now got loads of pics.) pointed out recently, the cash has sort of disappeared and Mr. Nelkin has still to put his hand in his wallet. We've sold off a whole squad of great players and replaced them, in too many cases with good RESERVE players, who are, I'm afraid, not good 1st. team players. Also, some of the more established players have been a little weak to say the least. People like Kingsley Black (hobbies: Antiques, gardening!?) seems scared to run at people like he used to, and McDonough (hobbies: Basket weaving, crochet), Dreyer (Knitting, flower arranging) and Johnson (tapestry, wood carving) must be glad Alec (Englands no.1) is behind them to save their skins most games. The sale of Breaker has weakened the defence and attack (remember his great winger type runs). We need, lets face it, some tough hard workers who aren't afraid to take players on. Like Emeka Nawajobi when he first came to Luton - he used to just run at opponents and scare them out of their wits - as did Mick Harford (hobbies: fighting, drinking). Even Bob Hatton used to frighten defences with his sturdy, no-nonsense sideburns and mewey. So, come on Nelksey, give Jim some dosh to build up a decent sized squad and prove you've chucked out your red and white JVC sponsored Y-fronts, before it's too late....We don't want another relegation battle like last year do we?



# THE BOBBERS CLUB

Anyone who knows/knows of the Bobbers Club know that they're not where they belong anymore - pity that.

Of course now they've got their new HQ in Oak Road and us ex-Oak Road kids are in the Kenilworth. Anyway, the Bobbers Club has been going for bloody donkeys years and is more clique than the Freemasons. I don't know how you get in but the fat bloke at the door turned us away pretty damn hasty when we tried to join last month. Miserable old beery sods they might be, but they've been here through thick and thin with Luton Town FC so good luck to 'em.

Enough of that stuff. Now the Bobber's travel club. Now, I used to think the Bobber's travel club was THE worse way to travel with pervert old Town fans with flasks of soup and quizzing each other all the bloody time with pre-war Luton Town questions. No, I used to, on the train or on a Tourmaster bus just to be cool. So, we joined the Bobber's travel club for the journey to soddin Sunderland to check out the form. Our verdict is that the Bobbers Travel Club is bloody ace.

After getting to the ground stupidly early after a tough night on the razz in Hampstead, we were told that we weren't in the posh Shoreys bus which had toilet, video, tables, tea and coffee, shower facility, swimming pool, free sex with a dirty lady and clean windows. No, we had bus number three which boasted four wheels.

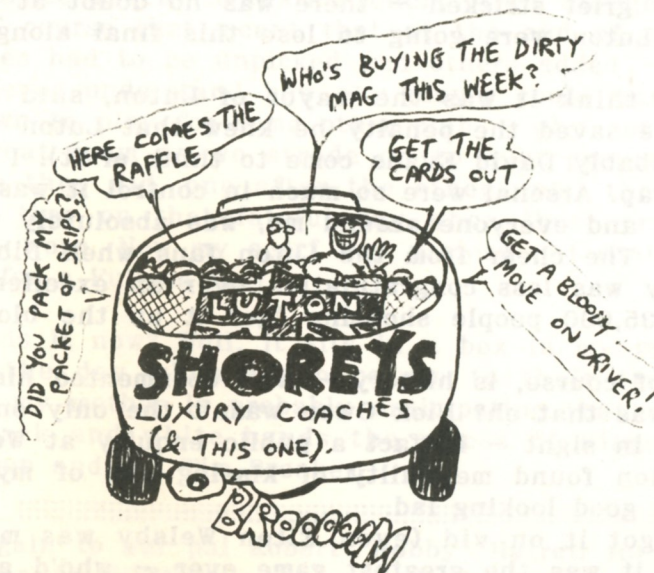
The trip was made more bearable by the efforts of John the organiser who does a raffle and mimes what the prizes are - scarf, mug, chocolates etc. Didn't win. After a while we stopped at Trowell services and went to see a man about a motorbike (Dave Bliss) and get the Ginsters in. After a while we left and the Bristol Rovers fans arrived - and they had a better day at Carlisle.

Dogged by traffic jams and roadworks we finally arrived at Roker Park at 3.05. Got in. Lost. The weather was bloody awful, but then what do you expect up there? It was sunny down south.

We had to walk half a mile at the end, onto the lovely Sunderland sea-front which had hotels and the lot. Who would want to holiday there eh?

Anyway the journey home was much the same except darker. I was surprised that we got back for last orders but we did after stopping first at Trowell where some of the brighter and younger fans started a game of kicking a plastic egg around as hard as they could in no particular direction. A great laugh.

The journey was made by all in high spirits, the only thing that seemed to worry the fans was our late arrival in Sunderland. The team losing didn't put anyone in a state of depression and everyone was laughing and joking on the way back home.



In all, I was pleasantly surprised at the Bobbers Travel Club set-up and would definately recommend it to fans who don't like going on the train or can't drive a car.

# wobbly '88

The day that Luton Town lifted the Littlewoods Cup in 1988 is looked back upon by most long serving Town fans as the highlight of their long years of dedicated support - away from the promotion/relegation dogfights we've always been into. However, the local press and club publications all fail to say that ten minutes before the final whistle, the vast majority of Luton fans were in complete and utter misery.

After coming down from that cloud - sometime in the week after the match - I remembered how I stood on that terrace behind the goal just wanting to go home.

That misery was a culmination of losing the Simod Cup to Reading, losing the FA Cup Semi-final to Wimbledon and being outplayed at Wembley by Arsenal after looking so good in the



There was a small band of Arsenal fans in the lower tier terrace directly below us who let us know we were losing 2-1 and we were hating it. When Arsenal were awarded a penalty I was totally grief stricken - there was no doubt at all in my mind that Luton were going to lose this final along with all the others.

Someone, I think it was the mayor of Luton, said that once Andy Dibble saved the penalty he knew that Luton would win (it was probably David Evans come to think of it). I say thats absolute crap. Arsenal were so much in control it was untrue.

For ages I, and everyone around me, was absolutely motionless and silent. The cheer from the Luton fans when Dibble saved the penalty was less congratulation over an excellent save - more like 35,000 people shouting "get it up the bloody other end then!".

The rest, of course, is history - well documented history. How excellent was that eh? Nick Owen wasn't the only one hugging everything in sight - in fact a public enquiry at West Hampstead station found me guilty of kissing one of my mates - well he's a good looking lad.

We've all got it on vid (even Elton Welsby was moved into suggesting it was the greatest game ever - who'd argue save for George Graham?), the last ten minutes are well worn on my video. I have to keep playing it to make sure I still believe it.

Cripes, I've got excited just thinking about it there.

Anyway, next time you watch the video make sure you watch the whole of the second half so you can relive the utter and absolute misery we all had to go through to bring the cup to Luton.

Who'd have fancied being an Oldham supporter last season eh?

## BRING BACK THE BLACK AND WHITE!

## by the Expatriate

The survey of Luton strips over the years (see Town issue One) started where I think it should end! Call me a sentimental old fool if you want to but I shall always think of Luton Town as a team which play in white shirts with black shorts. The Town are closer than ever to returning to the old colours with the blue shorts but it still isn't quite the same. I was aghast the day we changed to orange as that was the colour I'd always associated with that other team a few miles south. OK W\*\*f\*\*d played in a different shade of orange but it was orange nevertheless.

A sad day - and particularly sad as it meant me putting away my black and white scarf forever. My mother had dutifully knitted it for me and embroidered it with the names of my heroes, Bruce Rioch, Graham French, Alan Slough and John Moore. Of course that meant that at the end of each season some names had to be unpicked and others added - back then I could never understand how any player could want to leave Luton Town to play for some other club - why not stay loyal to our great team as we strode on to ever greater heights? But leave they did, one after the other until the scarf was frozen in time on that fateful day when those orange shirts were first worn. Now my scarf was useless - I could even get mistaken for a Fulham fan!

So where is it now? Well, it sits in a box in my parents' loft awaiting the day when Luton return to their true colours, even now my mother is probably anticipating that day, adding to the black and white bands the names of Kingsley Black, Lars Elstrup and not Tim Breaker.

Thanks again to our pal Robert "Nobby" Hatrell for his second contribution to TOWN magazine - all about not swearing. And the fun doesn't end there for young Master H. As readers won't know, two contributions for TOWN magazine ensure the writer receives TOWN free in the future. So, Robert, send us your address and you'll get future mags for free. Cheers.

*Kitrell*

Nobby "the hat" Hatrell says - "I SWEAR IT'S TRUE"

When the away fan ban was imposed, it was claimed that not only was the hooligan element eliminated from Kenilworth Road, but also the bad language used in the chants. Everyone knows that this is bollards.

Better late than never, here are a few of the new chants, that every Tory MP thought were already in use at Luton.

1. (The visiting team runs onto the pitch at the beginning of a match) - Excuse us for asking, but what's the name of your



team?

2. We're black, we're white, we're very good aswell.
3. (An opposing team's goal-kick is about to be taken) Ooo-ooooooooooooo! You're not very good. Aaarrggggghhhh!
4. The referees' a neutral individual who's just made a decision that I don't entirely agree with.
5. My old man said be a Watford fan, I said no thank you but it's kind of you to ask - have a banana.

Obviously this is only the beginning of the campaign to clean up Kenilworth Road. Eventually it is the board's ambition to see Luton become the first all executive bow stadium.

I can also give TOWN magazine the exclusive scoop that Luton are about to step up the fan ban by refusing entry to anyone who is considered to be below the status of upper middle class. Once this ban is enforced, chants of any description will be made illegal. Also anyone seen applauding or whistling will be severely spoken to.

So until this happens carry on as normal and I'll keep you up to date with developments.

Rob Hatrell

Thanks once again Rob - many a true word spoken in jest eh?



YOU ARE  
one of the  
LINESMEN

A match in which you are running the line has just entered the 95th minute of play. Your referee has failed to blow full-time. Do you:-

- a. do nothing, and hope that nobody in the 10,000 strong crowd notices.
- b. pretend that your watch is broken when people start to ask questions.
- c. tell people: "It's nothing to do with me mate."
- or, d. start moaning that you've got to be down the Nelson Flagship at eight to meet some tart.



## TOP HATTER



BY JOVE!

"Hello there fellow Lutonians! Well, what an up and down campaign the Lillywhites are having this year! There have been some absolute top-hole performances from the chaps, both individually and as a team. Steve Williams has struck me as being an awfully beezer chap. The midfield was due for a bally shake up, and he's been the ideal man for the job. His contribution at Carrow road for instance, was real blood and thunder stuff!

Mr. Chamberlain has excelled between the posts, - a spiffing keeper! Surely he will be soon called up for his King and Country. English lad, isn't he? Super fellow! Mind you, I was present and correct at the Sunderland AFC match up at Roker park, - and only at Loftus road had I seen the Hatters turn in such an absolute bloody shambles of a performance. Such a diabolical long way to go too! Oh, never mind.

We beat Villa not so long ago, - highly spirited show, much appreciated by one and all. Only one thing mind; my bloody exec. box took a right royal clattering from the ball. Damn near broke a bally window pane! Luckily I'd shut up shop, and was watching the game on the old goggle-box inside. Shock of it nearly sent my cup of char into the old 'wedding tackle'. Still, no use crying over spilt milk, what?

Of course, golf's my first love you know. I only tagged along to Kenilworth road when the chance of a box came up at the old firm. Couldn't turn it down; VFM! I pop along to the soccer just to keep scrutiny on the proles who go down there. Absolutely fascinating bunch, - all that jeering and rowdiness. Then they do all that leaping around after a goal. Crazy guys! That reminds me; I'll have to ask one of them up to my box for a match, so he can fill me in regarding this confounded 'off-side' rule. Never could understand it. Bally regulations! Anyway, I'll be orf now. Give a shout for me! - toodle pip -"

THE TOP HATTER, (ex.boxer).









© THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

# F.A. CUP THIRD ROUND SHEFFIELD UNITED v LUTON TOWN

Saturday, 5th January, 1991, kick-off 3.00 p.m.



COLOUR SUPPLEMENT

Sheffield Utd 1 Luton 3



(above), Vinny Jones  
after 90 minutes  
under the cosh.

We might have sounded a bit pessimistic in the editorial about this match but the boys did good and we needn't have feared a thing (but after boxing day you'll forgive us if we had some doubts).

A great game made greater by the fact that ALL the Luton fans were singing away all through the match. Let's hope that this year we get a grand cup run to shout some more about.

"After a perilous and cramped journey, (it was FIVE grown-ups to a Ford Fiesta!), we arrived in Sheffield with bellies full of Ginsters pasties, (any self-respecting Town traveller will know all about 'Ginsters'.) I likened the little fleet of vehicles to the one which rescued our boys from Dunkirk," spoke co-editor Mr. George Street, "but the Town's performance at Bramell lane was not so disastrous!"

"We were greeted at the turnstiles by coppers/bobbies/rossers - call them what you may; who jokingly threatened to refuse us entry, due to the fact that we were sporting 'offensive hats'. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! What a jape! But seriously, upon entering the ground we were faced by a peach of a terrace! Although the cold north wind was howling around us, we found ourselves in a great and spacious ground. A swift visit to the grub kiosk for a piping hot meat pie, then down to business. Hundreds of Town fans arrived, filling up the terrace and making an atmosphere that was akin to Oak road in the early 80s. Luton didn't do a thing wrong throughout the match. The forwards found themselves in plenty of space. Farrell excelled, as did Elstrup. I tell you what, we were laughing all the way home to Luton! As we have already disclosed in the mag, we've got a bet on the Town to pick up the cup this year; let's hope we can nail the Hammers like we did their reserve team in the Zenith Data Systems Trophy. "Quel'heure est ille, Monsieur! Wherever we'll be, we'll be! We're going to Wembley! K-tel, K-tel!"

and now a letter from a certain young hatter:-

Dear Town mag.,

I'm writing to complain about the article entitled "Bleedin' 'eck!!" in issue 3 of TOWN. The author claims to have shouted for the head of manager David Pleat in 1977. This seems odd as he wasn't made manager until 1978! Obviously the writer wrote the article on the bus home after a drunken night of debauchery in the Rising Sun public house, Slip End. I say this because I am the idiot who wrote it.

Anyway, at least issue 3 smells a lot better than the others...

ARE YOU SHOR?!

David Preece has been in the local press saying that football should be stopped while we've got a war on. How can he be serious? Although I'd agree that the war is a right bugger, he should see that one of the comforts for the British troops is that everything at home is normal with soldiers looking out for their teams results (although if they're Luton fans that might be bad for morale). So come off it Preecey, do it for the boys from Beds.



NEXT ISSUE IF WAR IS STILL ON - ENTER ROWDY THE DESERT RAT.

