

TOWN

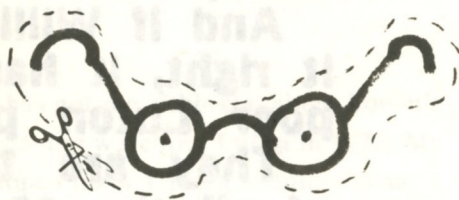
~~£1~~

STILL
ONLY
TWELVE
PAGES

THE LUTON FANS MAGAZINE

ISSUE 5

your free issue 5!!



Times are tough in the LTFC boardroom, so bad in fact that Pete's had to pawn his Ray-Bans. So, help Mr N choose some new specs with our cut out and keep souvenir.

TOWN TOWN TOWN

Yes fans, to keep up with rival publications TOWN magazine says SOD IT and decides to play CATCH-UP.

When you look at the prices on offer you realise Liverpool are in a class of their own.

No other club in the four divisions is quoted at less than 5-1 to win a prize. But you have to lay the odds at 10-11 on if you want to back Liverpool.

And if William Hill have got it right, it hardly seems worth poor Luton playing at all.

They are the longest-priced of all the 92 at 150-1 to win the First Division.

Somehow, even at those odds, I don't feel the bookies are being exactly generous.

• NEWS OF THE WORLD - AUGUST 1990



DALGLISH STUNNED, FANS DELIGHTED



safe toRy Seat

Well, another season's coming to an end and the Town have yet again struggled but done well with their meagre resources. Apart from a few atrocious defensive disasters some results have been very encouraging. All bodes well for the new season if we can retain the best of our current playing staff. However, Mr Nelkin has decided that in the close season, despite being a million quid in debt, and the ground lease expiring soon, we are to build a new stand in the "triangle" to cope with the ever shifting ex-Bobbers standers from the Oak Road end. Now, the Oak Road is to be the away fans end. Whilst the return of away fans must be greeted by any reasonable Town fan, the question must be asked - where will the cash for the new stand come from if Football Trust won't pick up the bill?

With the plastic pitch being replaced by a traditional mud one next season the likes of Black, Pembridge and especially Elstrup will thrive, as they do at away games (*and imagine the lit up faces of six year old Junior Hatters when they see their hero Kingsley with mud on his shirt for the first time in their young lives*) although without some (or all!) of these players it will be difficult again. Still, maybe I'm being a bit premature with my cynicism as no-one's been sold yet...

Anyway, all this talk of ground alterations has got me a'thinkin' about how it's all changed since I've been a Town fan. I started watching Luton in 1972. My first match was v Huddersfield (Luton walloped them 4-1 and needless to say I was hooked!). However, I watched that game (from behind a pillar) in the main stand and it occurred to me that as each Luton goal went in, that everyone in every other section of the ground seemed to be having alot more fun than the inhabitants of the main stand, who seemed quite unenthusiastic in comparison (the main stand was the only seated part of the ground then kids!). Subsequently, I have rarely sat at a Luton game since - something that might be beyond my choice soon. Some people prefer to sit - and good luck to'em. I watched matches from the Maple until the dreaded seats moved in, and then from the excellent Oak Road terrace until the seats invaded that end too. The Kenilworth Road end has never really felt like "home", the atmosphere in the Oak Road was far better when we were packed like sardines behind 10 foot high

fences and a low roof - we used to make one hell of a racket.....memorisssss....

But my personal gripe aside, what I think is the worst aspect of the ground currently is the pathetic row of Barrett style exec. boxes where the Bobbers used to be. I remember the sad day when seats were first installed - then when they were removed (courtesy of Dockland's Demolition plc) the exec. boxes (which still seem to remain half empty half the time) helped us, along with the other Evans legacies, the laughing stock of Div One.

Anyway, why oh why is Pete Nelkin putting so much emphasis in the development of the ground when he should be concerned with developing the squad? Where is the Bobbers Club going to be next season? Surely not behind the away end! Will they now remove that silly bit of cage still left in the Kenilworth and take down the shrimp net? Will Kenilworth the Cat and his chum Rowdy ever run onto the pitch again with their diabolical costumes?

All this and more - read TOWN next season. (Apologies to the writer of the above article, we had to change bits to ensure relevancel)

The Story so far.....#4

Town 3 Liverpool 1

If there's one good thing that comes round most season it's giving the Scousers a thrashing at Kenilworth Road. Kenny Dalglish decided that just before a game on the beloved plastic pitch was the right time to chuck in the job.

Dowie played a blinder (thanks to our goading no doubt) and buried the reds as is our god-given right. It's a different story at Anfield but hopefully, even on grass, we'll continue to triumph over Liverpool at Luton. If we get to play them next season.....

Town 1 Forest 0



Just when it was looking like it was going to be one of those days when we just weren't going to score, up pops Do-good Dowie to give the Town three more priceless points. A good professional, if forgettable, performance. Up in the lofty heights of the Kenilworth Road end the TOWN editorial committee sought entertainment to high pitched (benny voiced) baiting of Stuart Pierce "Psycho....Psycho, Psycho darling". Now THAT's entertainment.

Manchester City 3 Town 0



Deary deary deary me. Not good.

Aston Villa 1 Town 2

The fact that we had to sit at Villa Park probably would have been moaned about all the way home if we hadn't have won another game away from home. Derek Mountfield attempted to make up for scoring that goal in 1985 that destroyed our souls (nice try Derek, but it's not enough) and young Pembroke scored a peach in a half when we could have got more. A good day was made better when David Platt passed it back to Chamberlain before realising he was A) taking a penalty and B) playing for Villa.

TOWN TOWN TOWN

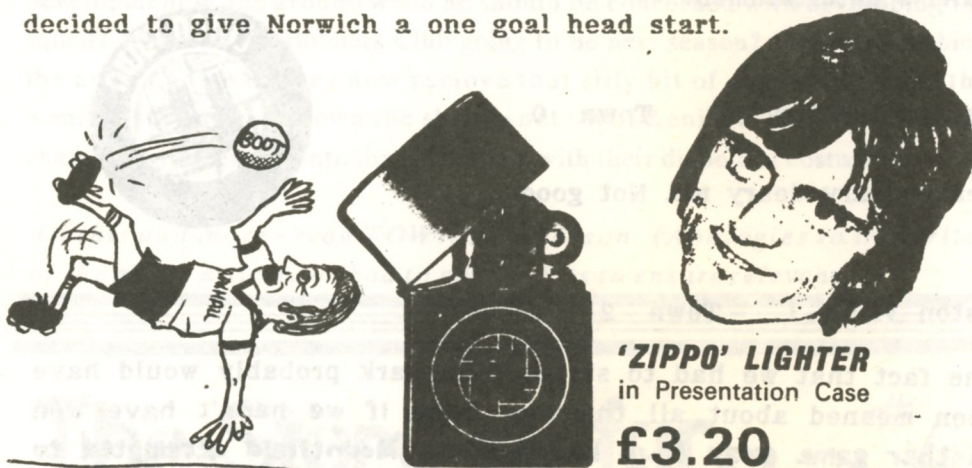
Coventry 2 Town 1

After such a good performance on Saturday we was full of hope at Highfield Road and sat down in the stand ('cos it's better than standing there). The first half was very very encouraging we could and should have scored about three

times. The second half saw a Luton collapse a familiar trait that I thought they might just have grown out of. Should have won, then we should have drawn and end up losing.

Town 0 Norwich 1

One of those annoying days when you just don't score despite all the good things you do. Teams go down because of this sort of result especially when the Town, in their confidence, decided to give Norwich a one goal head start.



'ZIPPO' LIGHTER
in Presentation Case

£3.20

IAIN DOWIE — workhorse or crap-hat?

Dearly Depleted

A storming last issue of Depleted not only put itself percentage wise above both "Mad as a Hatter" and the match programme but also had a go at TOWN magazine for its attitude towards one Iain Dowie. Needless to say, we disagree with almost everything they wrote - would you expect anything less?

Firstly, and after ripping into it's rivals, the cheeky young scamps proclaim that they don't wish to be dragged into any slanging matches. What rot! As long as we can all keep a sense of humour then we reckon its our God given right to

have a dig at Depleted and Mad as a Hatter - it certainly makes our day when we get slagged by the others!

Now Dowie. Alright - we concede, Iain's performances certainly have been improving and perhaps we were just a little bit unfair but there is absolutely no reason why we shouldn't slag off Luton players if they're playing crap, and to anybody who says "I'd like to see you do better" the answer is although we'd play worse than the worst player at least we'd play with a bit of heart. Anyway, Dowie's done better in the past few weeks so he's off the hook. The alternative to slagging Luton players is to slag off Watford - but who really gives a shit?

THE 1988 ROAD TO WEMBLEY No3

LUTON TOWN 3 COVENTRY CITY 1

at Filbert Street Leicester

Didn't we have a lovely time the night we went to Leicester! David Evans had decide to make a point of not letting away fans into Kenilworth Road and made us all go to Leicester for the third round of the cup. Being young and full'o'fun we ignored the offer of the £1.50 round fare on a double decker made by the club and set about going on the train. Our first adventure was with the guard on the rush hour train who wanted to know why five child fares were on the train looking more than 16 years of age and swigging beer from cans, I can't remembered how we got away from that but I think it had something to do with one of us being nominated "Dad".

Off the train at Leicester we were met by a group of what must have been 200 police offices who weaned us out of the crowd under suspicion of being football fans. When everybody was off the train they found out that Luton Town supporters amongst the commuters numbered about 8, this puzzled the police as they said that they had expected about 1000. Finding themselves with less of a crowd than they had expected they duly gave us a lift to the ground in one of their vans. Thus we arrived at Filbert Street about one and a half hours early in the pouring rain and made our way to the Turnstile public house.

One would imagine that the Turnstile wouldn't be the best place for a quite drink on a match day - but what the hell, we were home fans so we went in anyway and soon found out how near Leicester is to Coventry ie - nearer than it

is from Luton. So we remained quiet and commented on how we believed that the Town would get knocked out by the FA Cup holders, and it wouldn't be the last time that the team surprised us and gone through.

So to the ground and the marvellous open terrace running the length of the pitch that we were allocated in the pouring bloody rain whilst the Coventry fans had the covered "away" end and most of the rest of the ground and sung "you're supposed to be at home" to nobody's surprise.

So the game started and we flippin' well go and win it! Highlights included the soft first goal and taking the piss out of "Speeedieeee" whenever he went by looking as agitated as ever. By the time Mick Harford missed the penalty we were watching our watches and getting nervous about the last train to Luton going without us - so with the final whistle we were off and running to the station which is a long way to go in ten minutes. On the way we were jumped by the MIGS who left us alone once we had persuaded them that we were Luton. We caught the train with seconds to spare and get back home in a high state of delight.

The adventures continue next issue when we went to Ipswich Town.....

Another top article from the man who uses Joe Payne's name as a pseudonym. Sacrilege it may be, but it's a grand article to boot.

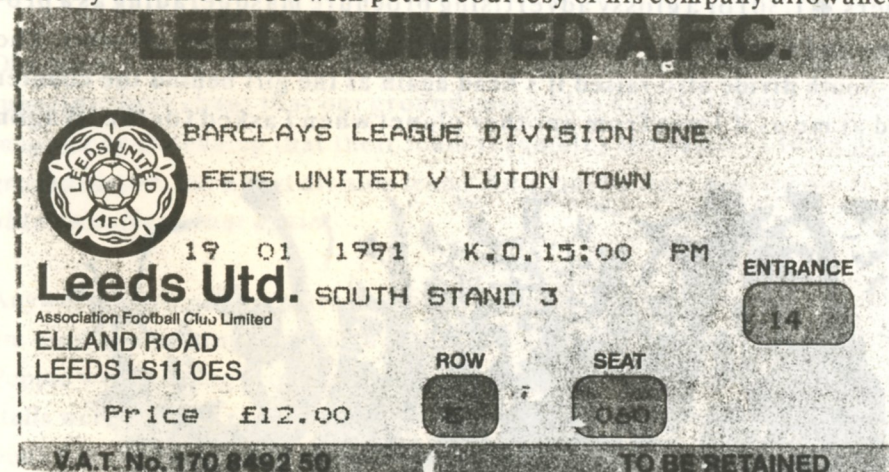
JOE PAYNE GOES NORTH MUSINGS ON A DAY TRIP TO LEEDS

Being a London based Hatter I have plenty of opportunity to support the Town when they play away what with the multitude of London teams in the First Division. In recent seasons this has involved all manner of humiliation, suffering and embarrassment. Particular low spots have included seeing us thrashed 4-0 by Wimbledon, witnessing Mick 'Mad Dog' Kennedy being sent off for criminal assault on a hapless Charlton player and me being daft enough to traipse down to Selhurst Park to see us walloped 4-1, not once but twice in the silly Simod/Zenith Cup. My own particular favourite is the annual pilgrimage to Highbury since I live in Islington and can actually walk to the ground instead

of enduring the rigours of the South Circular.

On occasion I manage trips further afield. I am lucky in having friends dotted about the country in strategic spots very useful in terms of football spectating weekends away have resulted in trips to Hillsborough, the City Ground, Highfield Road, Old Trafford, the Baseball Ground, Villa Park and Carrow Road. However my wife is now very suspicious of my motives when I suggest a weekend break with friends and even then the friends do not return phone calls fearful of being dragged along to the latest appalling awayday performance by the Hatters.

Accordingly I was very pleased to receive an invitation from a Leeds United supporting friend of mine to drive up to Elland Road for the recent game. Transportation was in a Vauxhall Astra GTE so the 180 mile journey passed smoothly and in comfort with petrol courtesy of his company allowance. To



enliven the journey we played the familiar game of spotting football scarves fluttering from car windows. Unfortunately the Leeds boys won that contest as we passed five cars sporting their colours. I tried to claim that the Bobbers bus was worth 10 points but to no avail.

On arriving in Leeds we stopped off in time honoured fashion for a pre-match drink. I had a feeling that 'The Woodman' on the edge of town was a mistake as it was wall to wall with Lee Chapman clones, muscular young men with short hair, 'Top Man' shirts and tattoos ("Got the time mate?"). The Landlord resembled the proverbial brick outhouse and I did not draw much comfort from

the sign behind the bar stating that the pub was electronically linked to the local police station in the event of any trouble. Nor was I reassured by the presence of my two friends, Leeds fans maybe but London Whites with matching accents so the fact that Tim claimed he was born in Dewsbury and was a devotee of the batsmanship of Geoffrey Boycott did not cut much ice with me. However, all went well as we stood quietly in a corner pretending to be extras from 'Last of the Summer Wine'. I was also cheered by drinking Mild at £1 a pint.

Indeed this trend of value for money continued at Elland Road where we were able to consume pie and mushy peas for a pound and even buy a 'Wagon Wheel' (which I had not eaten for many a year). Undoubtedly catering at Northern football matches is greatly superior to the expensive imitation McDonalds fast food type available in the South (especially at White Hart Lane where a trip can involve a second mortgage what with it now costing £8 to stand for non-members, £1.30 for a glossy advertising brochure masquerading as a programme and I hadn't any money left to sample their culinary efforts). The North-South divide also raised it's head again as the girl behind the counter looked at me as if I was from another planet when I asked for the 'Wagon



- Some Leeds fans gently suggesting to the referee that Julian James had tripped Gary McAllister and that perhaps, just perhaps he might think about awarding them a penalty.

Wheel'. I couldn't understand her broad Yorkshire accent, nor could she follow what I was saying in my 'softy' southern accent.

Elland Road struck me as being a 'proper' football ground. As much as I love visiting the mecca of Southern football it is undeniable that a new roof to the Kenilworth end; the fact that LUTON in white seats is spelled out amid the blue seats in the Oak Road and the curtain pelmet construction along the edge of the main stand roof cannot disguise that the ground is Third Division. It is hard to explain why our main stand only runs for two lengths of the pitch; everyone laughs at our executive boxes mainly because at most grounds they form part of a larger construction, ie incorporated into the grandstand and do not sit in splendid isolation; another loveable feature is the access to the Oak Road with the splendid views of the residents living rooms from the staircase in their back gardens.

Of course Luton supporters have the last laugh as when fans from so called superior clubs chant that our ground resembles dog excrement then we can respond by chorusing that their team resembles the same. A third division ground maybe, but a first division team! *And maybe next season we'll all be able to believe that again.*

Anyway I digress, it was strange to see a football ground buzzing at 1.30pm, I am used to strolling up Kenilworth Road and walking straight in at 2.55pm. People were milling around, souvenirs and fanzines were being purchased, pie stalls were doing a roaring trade, coaches were arriving from assorted destinations (the North Wales Leeds Supporters Club, the Morcombe LUFC Supporters Club). There was definitely an air of anticipation, and a sense of occasion for t'match,

As to the game itself I thought the Hatters played pretty well against the much hyped and expensive Leeds team who had won their nine previous home fixtures. Oooh Lars Elstrup showed his customary deceptive turn of pace and accelerated swiftly on the left and thumped a low hard shot which agonisingly rebounded off the post. Leeds were then given a dubious penalty with the officials being 'mildly' encouraged by the assembled thousands baying on the Kop. As Jimmy Ryan said, it was not the sort of penalty that the away team would

get. Indeed it was that sort of day as the officials - the linesman with a bristling moustache and a mincing running action was a constant source of irritation: Mel Sterland clattered Kingsley Black into touch, he awarded Leeds a throw in; Gordon Strachan kicked the ball out for a corner, he awarded a goal kick and finally Mark Pembridge raced through and managed to steer the ball past Lukic despite the close attention of the Leeds defence - the linesman adjudged him offside.

Actually in an attempt at impartiality it must be said that Leeds had two goals disallowed. Their second goal was annoying with Alec flapping at a corner, Lee Chapman unbelievably showing some skill with a backheel that Fairclough easily placed in the net. Kingsley and Lars combined for our goal which was met with a stunned silence as from the other end of the ground it was not immediately apparent that Lars's shot had gone in. Dowie also came on to energetic effect and at the end it was the Leeds fans whistling. However, it was still another defeat despite some encouraging features.

PS - Further to the article on Ricky Hill, I remember the incident of him running with the ball perched on the top of his head very well. I am sure that it was a match against Fulham and that it occurred down at the Maple Triangle corner of the ground. The ball seemed to nestle in the top of his Afro as he ran for several yards with it balancing precariously and completely baffling the Fulham defenders.

DARRON McDONOUGH

← HOW UP TO DATE
IS THIS MAG?!

Spotted recently trying to cross snowbound Dunstable Road was a certain Mr. D. McDonough. Sporting a decidedly odd-looking goatee beard and a gorgeous blonde on his arm, he was stuck in the centre of the carriageway, unable to get across due to sheer volume of traffic. Being an ardent Luton fan I urged my dad (who was driving) to take a slight detour via Mr. McDonoughs legs to help improve the Towns poor defensive record but he declined as he's a member of the RSPCA and he'd heard me using the word 'donkey' in the same sentence as our Darrons name after the West 'am fiasco.