

We Are 'LEEDS'



OOH AAH!



MOLENAAR

THE FANZINE THAT STICKS TO ITS PRINCIPLES

ISSUE NO. 16

EDITORIAL

SEEING THE REAL YOU AT LAST

The times they are a changing. Since the last issue Elland Road just isn't the same place. What's all this optimism about?

To quickly skip through the difference: Georgie Boy left, and I for one feel bitter to think of the promises he made early on, 'if only we would give him time', while all the while he was planning to jump ship the first time some fool offered him a bit more money. To leave Leeds wasn't something he decided once he had got permission to speak with Sugar, it was planned during the closed season, if you believe what seems to be obvious. All the while he never had a good word for Leeds United.

Martin O'Neil was my first choice. It seems Leicester gave everyone a lesson in ambition there. If we had taken their stance we would have won a lot of friends. Still all that's water under the bridge now.

O'Leary and Eddie seem to be doing a fine job. The team seem happier, the football is better to watch, and I for one am happy. Maybe, at the end of the day, George Graham leaving might just be the best thing to happen to us since sliced bread - or before that. What came before that? Unsliced bread. George Graham leaving might be the best thing to happen since unsliced bread.

Batty is back and the club are spending money. That makes you look an even bigger prat doesn't it George? especially when you recall all he said about Arsenal not having the money then signing Platt, Bergkamp, Overmars, etc., etc. as soon as he got fired.

Lucas and Martyn have signed extensions, so that pledges them to the club for the time being. These days contracts don't last as long as they take to sign, but what more can we do? The abolishment of the maximum wage and freedom of contract first came in the sixties. Now, coupled with the Bosman ruling and today's agents, loyalty in football lasts until somebody else offers you more money.

Don't be fooled by words and promises, every player at every club is the same. Some eventually come back, but he should never have been allowed to leave in the first place. To think we

sold Batty then spent the money on Carlton Palmer. I shudder to think. Martin Hiden will be out for over a year and Maybury and worst of all Gary Kelly will be out for another four months at at least, but hey, we are managing.

We are now playing the football the team is capable of. No more panicky one-nils, we can attack.

At the moment Jimmy is going at it like a man possessed. I'm not so sure about Clyde though. People say he still has to settle, but as opposed to the Hasselbaink situation this time last year, what you could clearly see in Jimmy isn't so obvious in his occasional partner, but hey, I've been wrong before.

Sorry to all those of you who missed issue fifteen. The trouble was that we released the issue just as the George Graham rumours were breaking. By the time we had another home match he was looking like leaving. Next time we were looking for a new manager, so the whole thing was out of date before we could sell it, so it was withdrawn. Anyone who wants a copy, send us an envelope and a stamp and one's yours.

Goodbye for now.

YOURS IN LEEDS

STEVE

*Leeds United
Supporters Club*



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WE ARE LEEDS NUMBER SIXTEEN

Edited by STEVE ABBOTT with the able assistance of
CHRISSIE COLMAN.

Artwork and Design by ELIZABETH MOLLOY.

Cartoons by MARK OWEN (no, not that one!)

DISCLAIMER

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Away Travel ☎ Graham on (01423) 523713

BILLY D'S COLUMN

I cannot understand why any supporters of Leeds will be surprised that George Graham has decided to leave and go and manage another club, it must have been very obvious that he came here because we needed a manager quickly and no one else would give him a job. He would have preferred to go to his beloved Arsenal, but as it seems they are not ready to have him back, he is quite willing to wait.

I can see his point about wanting to move down to London for the sake of his family but let's be honest, that's a right load of old rubbish. He knew where Leeds was when he came here, Leeds has not suddenly moved further up north, it's just a good excuse to get away and back nearer to Arsenal. I have noticed since he came here, just looking at his notes in the programme, they always ended up giving a little mention to Arsenal. If the thieving swine had kept his hands in his pockets and not in the till he would still be there now.

Why Leeds ever entertained him I will never know. He might have won some trophies over the years, but while he has managed Leeds all he has done is bore us to death with his crap football. OK we don't want to go and watch a team get relegated, but we want to see some action on the field. I do not know how many season tickets have been sold this year due to the increase in prices but people are not going to pay through the nose to watch utter rubbish.

One thing I can not take away from him is his stand on players' wages and not to be blackmailed into paying astronomical wages - trouble is he has been well paid and was also offered a way of keeping his job at Leeds that meant being promoted upstairs but giving him more time to be with his family. Was he interested? No. He isn't and never has been interested in Leeds United. Interested in the million quid a year we paid him (yes us) but it was just a stepping stone for him. I was very surprised that no comments were made about him during the first match at home without him as manager (Leicester City) from the Kop.

It's very strange after hearing how he only wanted committed players here at Leeds to play for him and expected one hundred percent from them, yet he leaves!!!

Although it's early in the season I am a bit worried about the spectators, or should I say lack of spectators, when Leeds played Southampton last season I sat and watched one of the worst games I have ever seen, so this season Leeds played a crafty one by saying that anyone who buys a ticket for this fixture this season will be able to buy a ticket for the Leeds v Man.U game. Now I thought that this game against Southampton would be sold out because of this but I was wrong, very wrong, as only 30,000 turned up. Every year prices go up but this time a rise of in the region of 20% is just too much for some to bare. I am still on my bond like many others, so my increase is only a couple of percent, I would be interested to hear what other bond holders are thinking, as after this season there will be one more before they will have to start paying the full prices, although it's early to say I cannot see me personally paying the high prices asked for tickets. To be honest I do not earn enough money to pay these prices, the casual spectator who pays to watch games at thirty pounds a ticket must be well off, that's

all I can say. If you want big crowds you need reasonable prices, you only have to look at the attendance for the Maritimo game to see what happens when you have a reasonable price: 38,000 for a night match was amazing, you only get these figures against teams such as Man U or Arsenal or Liverpool, not for a team that comes from abroad and no-one has ever heard of.

As the years pass by since we could stand and watch a match at Leeds (in fact at any of the Premiere League clubs) you can sense that the fans are beginning to accept this as a normal way of watching a football match. I feel sorry for the fans who have never stood and will never know how much more enjoyable it is, this does not mean that every fan wants to be seated but let's have a choice. Seeing as the new West Stand is back on and there will be another 5000 seats, let the Kop go back to limited standing, and when European games are taking place leave the Kop closed. We cannot get the stadium full, only on very limited occasions, so why 5000 more seats? If they want to fill Elland Road why not have more realistic prices? I honestly think that we are flogging a dead horse regarding standing areas, but it's nice to remember the times when we could stand.

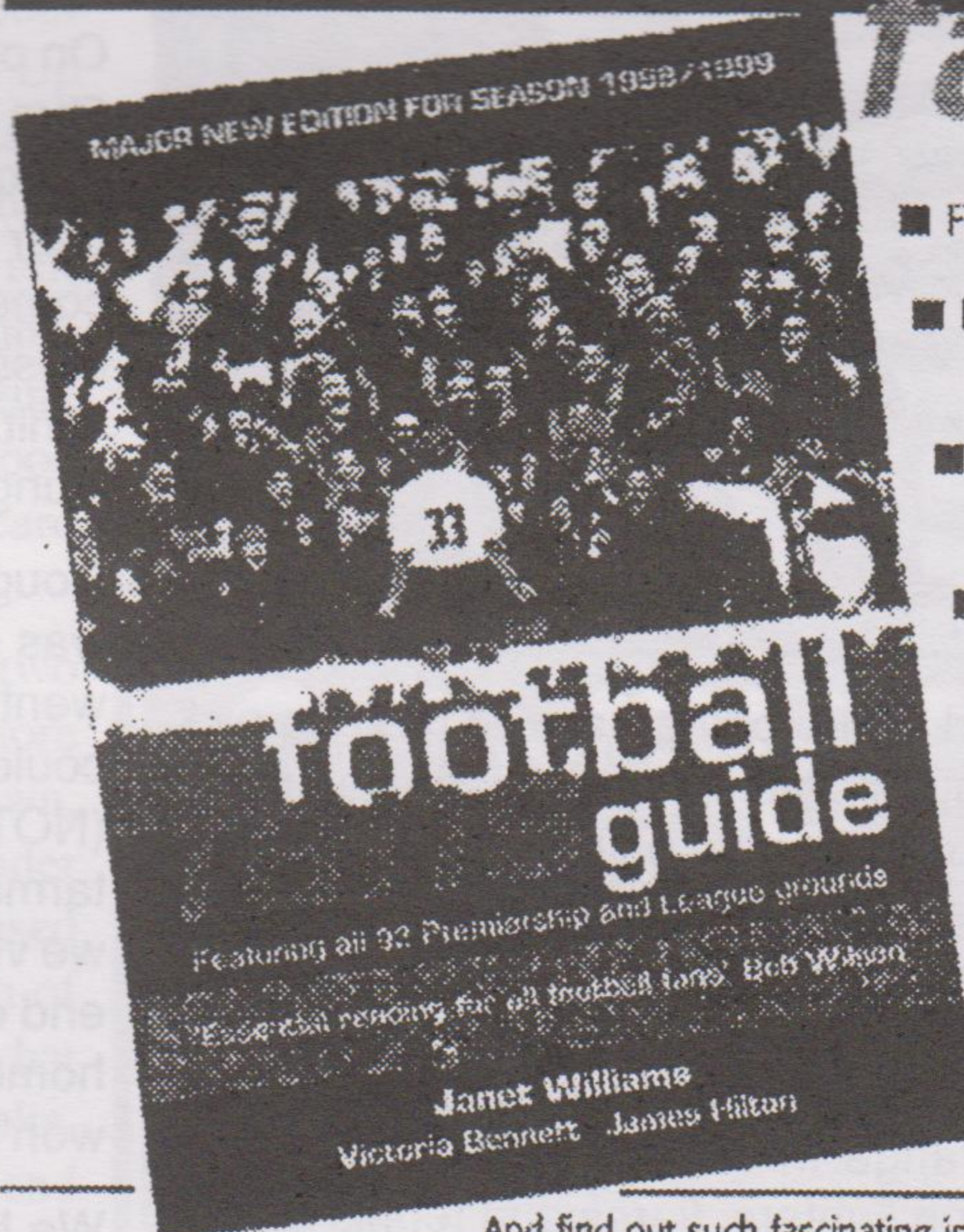
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THE MAVERICKS DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY IN ROME IN A BLOODY LONG DAY

THE DIARY OF SOME NICE BOYS

OK OK, so we went official with the club, don't hold that against us, the "unofficials", the Maverick Whites. We thought it would be quick and easy after a creditable official Madeira trip and trying to get our twenty plus Mavericks together by any other means seemed like too much hard work. The trip wasn't too bad, the football was great, the price was extortionate.

We arrive in Rome and the coach transfer ploughs us through the city, passing groups of Leeds fans on the way, spread across this vast city. We recognise groups from Knaresborough, Donny, the Kippax, Vine and Farsley as on we go escorted by the local plod in their 'Italian Job' Alfas with Fireman Sam sirens and careful waxed pencil moustaches and goatees - and that's just the women.

We alight in what must have been the furthest flung point of Rome, and we're here now forging ahead on foot, the 'Mavs' and assorted others seeking our first Nastro of the day.

"Twenty large ones and soft lads paying" - and so the pattern was set. All good humoured stuff until the CID close us down and move us on - singing loudly and out of tune was the crime. So - down the street and around the corner for a quick run around the yard of the American Embassy, swiftly curtailed by gun-waving constabls.

We reach Bar No.2 and the Skipton and Lakeland Whites show a presence and soon all our flags coloured the streets, with our majestic twenty footer taking pride of place. A twenty yard dash on the back of Guiseppe's scooter seemed to stimulate another moving-on by our minders to bar No.3.



The official trip agenda insisted on us being back at the bus pick-up point for the stadium at 6pm, for an 8.45 kick off. Fuelled by the finest Roman lager the Ballad of Billy was bellowed out on coach No.1 as never before. When we arrive we expected to have to take off our belts, leave our cameras, mobiles, coins, false teeth, kitchen sink etc., but to our surprise we were not bothered on entry, so in I went with an anti-tank missile shoved down my right leg (only joking Stan). The strange thing is nobody prevents the Roma fans chucking coins, zippo lighters, flares and tennis balls at us and setting fire to one of our flags they nicked. If we did that in dear old Blighty we'd be locked up, but they don't give a toss in Italy, or in any other part of Europe for that matter. Anyway contrary to national press assessment there must have been well over 2,500 Leeds in that corner. It's important these things are reported accurately as we all laughed at the jolly Geordies for taking only 250 to Belgrade.

The game was keen, we did very well and as you all know we



could've (should've) banged three chances away. Roma weren't that impressive to say they're top three Italy material and their fans were crap - a few drums and flares - we blew them away with the Champions of Europe ditty, everyone joining in. So in the end we lost with a rare error from Lucas. It didn't dampen things too much, we battled and gave 110%. The boxes of Ritz crackers and the odd Cornetto will stick in the mind as most unusual half-time sustenance for a while. It's all a bit of a haze by now, we say farewell to the lads on the Monarch flight going to Leeds and the race is on to see who gets back first. Sadly for the Monarch flight it developed a technical fault and arrived home 17 hours late - but that's another story.

On our flight due to the 100mph head wind the journey is due to be 2hrs 40 mins so again I decide to have another 45 minute spell in the cockpit, advising them where to jettison the toilet holding tank over Scumchester. Anyway there I am when the weather report comes in for Leeds/Bradford airport. Zero visibility, 40-50 mph crosswinds, blinding rain. The pilots looked at each other and said "Shit, the whole nine yards then". I quickly went back to row 17 and clung on.

Rough isn't the word. Up down and round and round - the steward was strapped in chucking his guts up as we rocked and rolled and went sideways away from the runway lights. The pilot decided he couldn't do it and powered off again about 150 feet off the ground (NOT the runway). We went through it all again, crashing to the tarmac as if we'd been shot down but we made it, thank God - we've got the Championship and FA cup to look forward to. So the end of one entertaining day at 3.30am when we got a string of taxis home. We might get through to the next tour, we might not, but it won't be for the want of trying.

We have no worries about O'Leary or the future, and one thing is for certain, "We'll be there".

We'll see you all on the forecourt

Depth Charge - MAVERICK WHITES U.L.U.S.C

IT'S ALL GONE QUIET OVER DERE

or "Its not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me, but the thought that the train left on time."

The day started as just another away trip, off to Liverpool for the annual humiliation, I thought. Have a good drink, meet a few mates and make the best of it, I thought.

Liverpool was the original place where you just didn't rate your chances. Since the downfall of the old team, it's never been a place you would approach with bounding enthusiasm.

I always had a soft spot for Liverpool and I definitely like their fans. Now the hooligans are gone and once you cut through the Norwegians and the Cockneys, your actual proper Liverpool fans aren't a bad bunch really. Sure some of them can be a bit on the arrogant side, but wouldn't we be after all those European Cups? In truth they are a complete contrast to the club that dominates English football today. When Liverpool ruled, they were unanimously respected.

Well, that's enough of that. Let's get on with the tale.

Having stopped for a couple of hours' refreshment in Newton Le-Willows on the way to the ground, then taking further refreshment in the local hostelrys around the ground, the time came to leave for the match, stopping for refreshment en-route. About fifteen minutes after kick-off we arrived, suitably refreshed. Close to being as refreshed as a newt.

The first thing you realise walking into Anfield these days is the deathly silence. This place used to be one of the great cauldrons of English football, now it seems just like anywhere else. The old Kop, with its 28,000 inhabitants is now long gone, only to be replaced by the McKop from where the only noise you hear is the muffled tones of "Do wan' chips wi da mate?"

I enjoyed the first half; I thought things were pretty even as the teams broke for half time. Time for the loo - all that drinking was taking its toll.

The second half started much the same as the first, but as things wore on I thought we were beginning to shade it somewhat. Then, guess what? The customary Liverpool dodgy penalty. They always come just when they need them. To count the dodgy penalties Liverpool have had against us in the last eight years would take 90 minutes. Up pops Fowler and it's 1-0 down. Everything running to the usual master plan. As the Leeds fans stand - yes we still stand away - in disbelief, discussing the viability of the penalty and the parentage of the ref, what's that we hear? Coming from far in the distance, the faint rumble of a half-hearted "You're not singing anymore, Yooooour not singing anymore". Then just as it arose, it was gone. The Leeds fans just stood and laughed. That was the first and last time the McKop was heard over the gentle klinking of tills.

We have never had a penalty against Liverpool, and about two minutes later they appealed for another. Admittedly this was more genuine than the first, but would you believe it, it was turned down. The first time since Willy Bell took Peter Thompson's legs from under him in 1965, Liverpool had a decision go against them. This caused much disturbance to Alan Hanson's post-game analysis on Match of the Day, but those in the ground didn't react. They didn't know what to do - it had never happened before. More to the point, Leeds broke, and young Alan Smith slammed in the equaliser. The Anny road end erupted.

Then came more fun. Hopkin tangles with Thompson in the centre circle. Paul Ince then had options. He could have gone for the ball, he could have helped his dodgy and now exceedingly stretched defence. However, Paul Ince is Paul Ince, so he took the third option, and in true Man.U. fashion he elected to join the tussle with Hopkin after the play had moved on. While Ince was otherwise detained, up pops Jimmy. Two-one.

We were all stunned. Yes we are at Anfield, yes we are winning and

yes, Liverpool are crap. To be honest, I don't think many scousers would argue. This was the worst Liverpool side any of us had ever seen. Still it felt like we were beating the Liverpool of old. Just as the situation was sinking in, Hasselbaink again, 3-1. This was heaven.

On to some serious Mickey taking. "There's only one Roy Evans", "You'll Never Walk/Work Again", "You're s**t without Evans". There we were at Anfield. We have never scored three there before, it was just wonderful.

All too soon it was all over. Had people to meet so I left everyone else and headed off. It was hard not to smile.

On the way round to meet John, who does the Liverpool 'zine Red All Over the Land, his mates and Dave Small, who was in town having given a speech at the temperance rally in Toxteth, I had a quick look for the Shankley and Hillsborough memorials, just to feel respectful.

Meeting them, we soon headed for the Albert, just at the back of the McKop. On the way I looked around. The atmosphere was depressed. The Liverpool fans have a lot on their plates. As I said earlier I like Liverpool fans, they don't settle for coming second. Qualifying for the UEFA Cup for them isn't success it's failure. That's why I like them so much, they remind me of us when we were proud, when we didn't accept second best.

I could never understand how they could be so magnanimous in defeat. They sure didn't hold it against me. They admitted defeat and soon the conversation turned away from the game to Leeds/Liverpool things in general. One of John's lads lives up Beeston Hill, the other managed to get to the game in Valencia and back without his wife knowing.

John lent me some Dylan tapes and books, and after finding somewhere for them to stay - a £15 a night joint that made the YMCA look luxurious, it was off to Beatleland to find more refreshment.

All too soon it was time to go. Feeling rather refreshed out of my head. It had been a long day. The lads showed me the station and we parted. Hey, lads I never got a chance to get you one in. See you in April, I'll make it up then.

To my dismay on arrival at Lime Street it soon became vividly clear the train had left a good five minutes since. There was another in an hour but that now meant I would miss my connection in Leeds. A bit of a dampener I thought. Twenty quid for the taxi from Leeds. I drowned my sorrows in a double whopper from the Burger King in the station and thought, What the f***, it's been a great day.

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THE MONGREL DOGS WHO TEACH

The other week four policemen stood in court to appeal for compensation that was never given to the victims' families over the Hillsborough disaster.

Immediately prior to this it was announced in the press and on television that football hooliganism was on the increase.

Were these two incidents linked in any way? Was the earlier announcement an attempt to blacken the name of football supporters and so help the police in their appeal? Whichever, the timing was spot on.

The upshot of the hooliganism claims was such that a great stink was created, the government got involved, David Mellor had his two penn'orth and the name of football and its supporters was dragged through the mud once again. All the old coverage re-emerged. The usual stuff: England fans in Marseilles and Dublin, Leeds fans at Bournemouth, and Millwall at, well anywhere really (sorry Millwall, it was just Luton).

The trouble with this is that immediately all the television wants to do is show hundreds of MPs who know nothing of football or its supporters, and people like Mr and Mrs C.W. Smith of Littlehampton who have never been within a mile of a football ground in their 84 years, yet they think we are all thugs who deserve to be shot.

The truth of the matter is that even at the height of hooliganism, even in the days before the smallest incident was blown out of all proportion, even when something "went off" at every ground, every week, the hooligans were a tiny minority. A tiny minority that nearly spoiled it for everyone, but tiny all the same.

It only takes the smallest incident these days and they're off. The television loves it. People are queueing up to call us mindless thugs.

Take the World Cup as an example. All neutral reports concerned with the trouble in Marseilles blamed the Tunisians for starting the trouble and for ambushing the England supporters all over the city throughout the competition. However, the English media blamed the English. When a French police officer was put in a coma by German hooligans the papers never noticed. The television claimed they were copying the English. Then out come Mr and Mrs C.W. Smith.

Nicky Campbell hosts now and then a mid-week audience participation show - I forget what its called. While the World Cup was on he hosted a show concerned with the trouble. On the fans' side was Dougie Brimson, a reformed hooligan and an author of many books on the subject, and also the one who knew the most of what he was talking about. There were a couple

of lads who had been caught up in the troubles and who tried to explain what was going on. There were a couple of known hooligans from Man City and David Small from the

Redditch diplomatic service.

Opposing them - and I mean opposing them - were the usual C.W. Smiths, some member of the Labour party from Stockport who claimed to know all about the problem from his association with Stockport County, David Mellor by link-up and a couple of plants from the Paratroopers. The army lads claimed they were above such things and the hooligans should do National Service to get some discipline. I wish the inhabitants of Cyprus had been there to take notes.

Throughout the programme Dougie Brimson, Dave Small, the England and City fans and even Michael Knighton of all people, tried to intelligently explain the reasons for what makes things like that happen and along the way offer some solutions.

David Mellor was asked for his thoughts and reasons and he replied that he "didn't know" and that's where he should have left it. Nobody can argue with that. David Mellor doesn't know. Instead he went on to blame Skinner and Baddiel for releasing Three Lions.

Every time someone tried to explain their words fell on dumb ears, no I don't mean deaf ears, there's nothing deaf about those who won't hear. All the intelligent debating was immediately "poo-pooed" by the howling Smiths who just wanted their pound of flesh and didn't care if football was drummed out of existence.

That's the whole problem. Those who know what goes on, and the reasons, are never listened to. God knows they have been trying long enough. When the government decides to act they never approach the ones who have been through it. It's always some know-it-all who has never been near a football ground, and more to the point a fight, in there lives. So nothing changes. Football always gets the blame and football is clamped down on, meanwhile the causes of hooliganism continue to fester within general society unchecked.

To my mind it's not football that's to blame. The hooligans have long been denied being called football fans by the media.

Young men fight, it's a fact of life. It could be over a girl, it could be over a spilt pint, or it could be just for the fun of it after closing time. At the end of the day young men fight. Not all young men, but there again not all football supporters. The ones who fight generally tend to be those who are good at it. Those who don't fight and even abhor it are those like me who were never really any good at it.

The bottom line is some men like to fight and you will find that those who fight in the town centre on a Friday night will hide a large percentage of those who fight at football. It's not that football is tribal or that it stirs up uncontrollable emotions, it's just an excuse to fight, it's something to fight over, and if football wasn't there they would fight over something else.

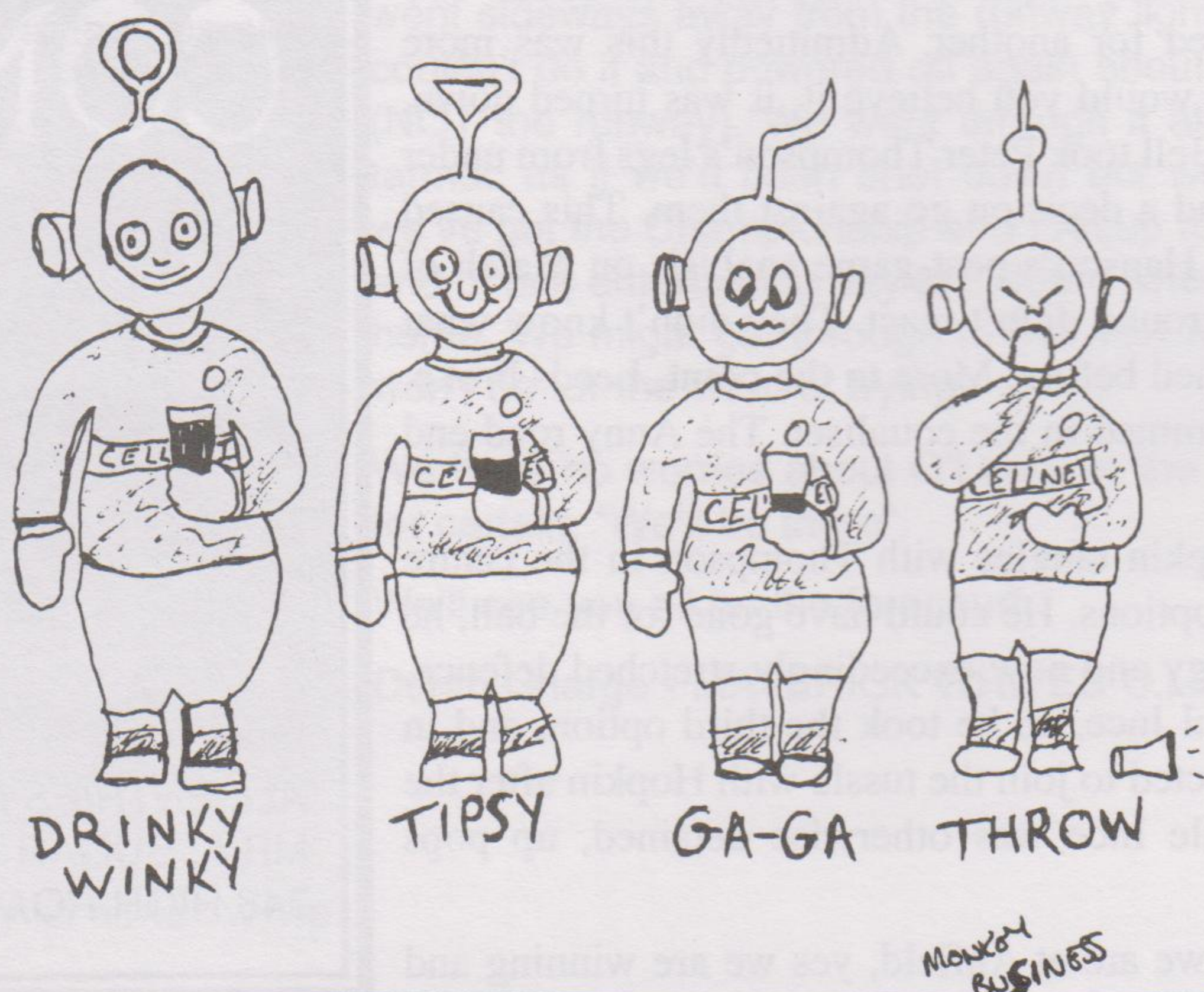
Contrary to what people like to tell us, there have been, and often are,

incidents at cricket. Why do you think there has recently been a clamp down at a Headingley? I've personally seen fighting at rugby league, and boxing is going mental.

As long as they blame football and turn a blind eye to the real causes, hooliganism will continue to fester within the society that breeds it.

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THE GAZZA TUBBIES



I DREAMED I SAW WILF COPPING

The chequered history of our club is dotted with great players who were, for one reason or another, sold away only to be bought back later, and mostly for more money than they left for.

In the thirties it was Wilf Copping who left to play for the Great Herbert Chapman and win many medals with Arsenal, only to be bought back in a bid to save the club from relegation in 1939.

Much later it was John Charles who went to Italy when the club succumbed to a world record fee, only to pay more to bring him back. Since then Frankie Gray and Scott Sellars did the same.

Now it's the turn of the prodigal son, the one we thought would never leave us in the first place. David Batty is back. This time he's a good bit older, perhaps no wiser, and a damn sight more expensive. They say Batty is a better player than he was before he left, I don't subscribe to that line of thought. What made Batty special to us was his devotion to the cause, his determination and his will to win. You just can't teach a footballer that, it doesn't come with experience, it is bred into him. It only comes from a player who plays for his hometown club. No matter how well he played for Blackburn and Newcastle nobody can say he had the same passion for them as he has for Leeds United. England caps only bring a player arrogance and aloofness. What David Batty brought to Leeds United he could never reproduce for others. Without that passion David Batty is still quite a player, but not the same player as he becomes by pulling on the white shirt of Leeds United or England.

Since the shortsightedness of the former owners of this club let that slip through their fingers we have all come a long long way. Batty himself has become a regular international instead of an irregular one, he has won another championship and played in an FA Cup final, he has also faced the pain of a long term career threatening injury and the torment of that penalty miss in the summer.

We have been through the mincer ourselves. Since his departure we have been to Wembley and we are still trying to get over that. We have suffered the downward spiral of the late Wilkinson years and maybe even the odd relegation scare. We suffered the torture of George Graham's boring first season when 0-0 was the order of the day. On the up-side we have had a couple of all-too-brief sojourns into European football but this was all counterbalanced with the disappointments of going out early and the frustrations of the Yeboah and Brolin situations.

Now he's back and despite everything he still loves us and we still love him. Everything he is forgiven. Even that little incident at Blackburn the first time round, if he can forgive the booing since. We will say nothing if he doesn't.

Like Wilf Copping before him, Batty is really an old fashioned half back who takes no prisoners and even less lip. Both left at around the same age and both returned at thirty.

In their respective first spells both played in celebrated formations. Batty's, the great mid-field of Strachan, McAllister, Speed and Batty that won the 1992 Championship while being roundly accepted as the best in the country. Copping was an integral part of that famous thirties Leeds half back line of Willis Edwards, Ernie Hart and Wilf Copping that represented England together and were feared the length and breadth of the country and accepted as the best, even when in the second division.

Older timers remember and draw comparisons between the two. The similar styles, even the same close cropped hair. But who really knows?

When he was first here David Batty was always compared to and being titled the new Billy Bremner. Despite the difference in the two players' scoring rates, Bremner stayed the distance, even when Real Madrid came knocking, but the passion and the commitment was there to be compared. Maybe Batty is more a Copping than a Bremner, it doesn't really matter, especially as the man himself only ever wanted to be a David Batty.

Of course there's things I'll always remember about Batty playing for Leeds even if he had never come back. That goal against Notts County when he ran from the half way line, the goal against Manchester City that broke his four year barren spell, and of course the first goal also against City. Then there's him elbowing Megson in the face and upsetting Jimmy Hill during the live match at Maine Road when we first came back up, the way he knocked that Italian into the hoardings during the Makita tournament, and his reaction when immediately surrounded by the pack of howling Sampdoria players. Ah, those immortal two little words that begin with F and end with F, and with such venom.

So he's back. I thought maybe we should strengthen other areas first, but what the hell, what an acquisition.

It's been a long time David Batty, we've all missed you. There were times along the way when we could have done with you. Just like there were times, like that little incident at the penalty spot in the summer, when you could have done with us.

All's well that ends well as they say, and now we're all together again. I hope you haven't changed. We haven't.

STEVE ABBOTT



YOU'RE VERY WELL READ - IT'S WELL KNOWN WE ARE LEEDS BOOK REVIEWS

BREMNER, THE LEGEND OF BILLY BREMNER by BERNARD Bale

This is it, the definitive biography of Leeds United and Scotland's greatest player. If you want to read Bremner's life story as Billy would have told it, here it is. Bernard Bale is a journalist, but also he was a close friend of Billy's.

The book is made up of extracts from personal meetings and discussions through the years, and extracts taken from earlier books, articles etc. Also included are the thoughts of the likes of Mrs Bremner, Allan Clarke, Peter Lorimer and many many other colleagues and opponents over the years. Also, the book features many memories from Billy's childhood friends.

Scholars of Bremnerology will find a few new revelations and one or two personal insights into Billy's feelings at certain times. Like his deep remorse when it was time to leave his beloved Leeds United, and his heartbreak at being banned from the Scotland team after such a distinguished international career. However, there is little really that we didn't already know or at least suspect.

All that said, it is a good read and a must for all serious Leeds United collectors.

PUBLISHED BY ANDRE DEUTSCH and available from all good book shops at £14.99.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS by Alan Edge

Two heads publishing £9.99

Alan Edge is a Liverpool fan first and foremost and this is



practically the story of his life.

The book is a bit of a FEVER PITCH, but it is much, much better. It is written by a fan in fan language as opposed to being written by a writer. It's all about football as a religion through the eyes of an obsessive. It is informative and at times very, very funny. It's about the life of the kind of supporter we all like to kid ourselves we are. It is very good.

However on the down side, as I said Alan Edge is a Liverpool supporter and throughout the book he sticks to the regular Liverpool line about how they were the first and best to ever do anything. He claims that Liverpool fans were the first to sing and chant, starting in the sixties. Though all good football obsessives know about the POMPEY CHIMES and Birmingham's Keep Right On and Charlton's Red Red Robin which predate the Beatles by up to thirty years. Also he has the nerve to claim in black and white that Liverpool pre-dated everyone else with the anti-Man.U thing. He claims that it started at Leeds with the sale of Cantona. How obsessives can still be so ill-informed. Obviously in all his Liverpool travels he never reached these shores in the late sixties/early seventies. This is never more apparent than in his claim that Tommy Smith should have had Norman Hunter's England place.

All that said it is a good read, even if a little heavy going sometimes.

DO THAT AGAIN SON AND I'LL BREAK YOUR LEGS

by Phil Thompson

Phil Thompson, remember him (I'd walk a million miles to the end of your nose)? Yes that's the one. The former Liverpool and England defender's nose must

be growing by the day after this book. Thompson is credited as the author, but from the foreword by Tommy Smith to the bottom of the back cover, there is not a word from Thompson in it. What the book consists of is a collection of excerpts from everybody else's books.

There is a chapter relating to the various hard men from every decade up to modern times and the foreign experience, and a special chapter all about Revie's Leeds. In this chapter all the usual hypocrites spill out their bitterness and jealousy over Revie's Leeds. The likes of Johnny Giles, Billy Bremner and Jack Charlton do their best to justify their actions, but I'm afraid the book, from start to finish, seems to do Leeds players down. All the usual people say all the usual things about how great players like Tommy Smith, Nobby Stiles, Ron "Chopper" Harris, Dave MacKay and company were because they were so hard, but Leeds Players were no more than thugs because they could could play a bit too.

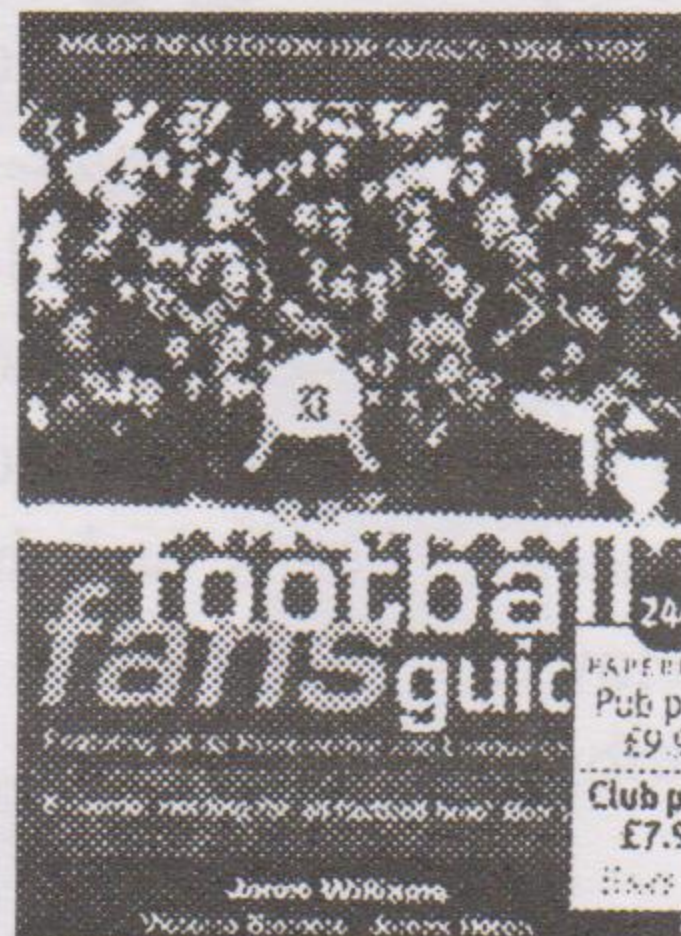
Funnily enough Emlyn "Bitter Gob****e" Hughes doesn't seem to say too much, obviously Phil Thompson doesn't like him much either.

Though not bad, the book is strictly a "bog read" and once you have covered the players you are most interested in it can become very repetitive and predictable.

FOOTBALL FANS GUIDE by Williams/Bennett/Hilton

This book claims to be the best guide to the ninety two league clubs, and I will not argue with that.

Costs £9.99 and available everywhere.



IF YOU KNOW YOUR HISTORY PART XI

1974-75 B.C. & Duncan

With the benefit of hindsight, the only definite science known to man, it would appear that the sacking of Brian Clough after only 44 days in charge was a little hasty to say the very least. In fact when you take into consideration the unprecedented success he later brought Nottingham Forest, including two European Cups, the whole sorry affair looks like one great big balls-up. What could our team have won? Where would we have gone?

That much is true, but as I said, that's with the benefit of hindsight. I'm afraid the whole scenario looked rather different back in the late summer and Autumn of 1974.

Leeds United had just won the Championship like it had never been won before or since. A 29 game unbeaten run from the start of the season, coupled with long stretches of up to 12 point leads over second place and some breathtaking football. The club was never in better shape.

So how then, do you explain the club opening the following season in dire straits? One win and two draws from the opening games plunged the team perilously close to the bottom of the league. This was also European Cup year, when the European Cup was still worthy of the title "Champions' Cup". The European Cup was the one trophy the club craved above all others. Although United had in fact won the first round, first leg quite comfortably, current form made further progress doubtful.

From day one the appointment of Brian Clough as manager of Leeds United was greeted with gasps of disbelief. The fans, players and back room staff shared a common loathing of the man that was as mutual as it was all-consuming. Imagine for one moment that after a long and sustained period of success, Leeds had, in 1992, lost Howard Wilkinson to the England job, and in his misguided

ignorance the Leeds chairman had appointed Emlyn "Bitter Gob s***e" Hughes as his successor. So soon after what Hughes said about Revie's team, there would have been an outcry that shook the ground to its foundations. Such was the impact of Clough's appointment. Just a couple of weeks earlier, in a bid to keep his egotistic head in the press, Clough had slagged Leeds off and called for the team to be relegated because he didn't like the way they played.

It wasn't the first time, it was just another episode in a long running smear campaign that Clough knew would give him maximum publicity, and while he was out of the way at Brighton it would help to keep him in the public eye. Of course the press, ever sympathetic to Leeds's cause, made everything they could out of it.

All this, all these niggling remarks, which started as soon as Clough won promotion with his little Derby County team, festered within the Leeds dressing room and upon the terraces. It has often been said that it fuelled a rivalry between Leeds and Derby that Derby fans hold to this day. It didn't - not on our part anyway, we already had enough rivals, teams that were worthy of our rivalry, like Liverpool, Arsenal and of course that other team. All it instigated here was a dislike of that audacious little man.

Clough had one time stated that if he ever had the opportunity to manage Leeds he would keep Allan Clarke and sell the rest to Fray Bentos. He never missed an opportunity to slag Leeds's playing style and likewise called us cheats. All this he must have let grow inside him while Leeds took his little team to the cleaners. In fact in all the games in which Clough's Derby played Revie's Leeds, 15 in all, Clough won two: one was the freak game in 1972 in which a freak own goal and a deflection gave them a two goal lead, and the game in 1970 when

the fixture pile-up prompted Leeds to field their entire reserve side for a meaningless end-of-season game after the chance of the Championship had gone. It was two days after a game against Southampton and two days before the European Cup semi-final against Celtic. Measure that against Leeds putting Clough out of the F.A. Cup, the League Cup (twice) and nine league victories, including the emphatic 5-0 win over Clough's Championship team, and that adds up to quite a grudge.

All that was to be put behind us and Clough promised to take us on to further success, without the tactics he loathed so much.

All this criticism came from a man who would go on to sign Kenny Burns, Larry Lloyd and Archie Gemmill. Hypocrisy is a word that springs to mind.

Back in 1974 things were going from bad to worse. The team were struggling to find any form and Clough had made a couple of signings. One, Duncan MacKenzie, we will deal with later, the other two - the limited John O'Hare and the totally inept

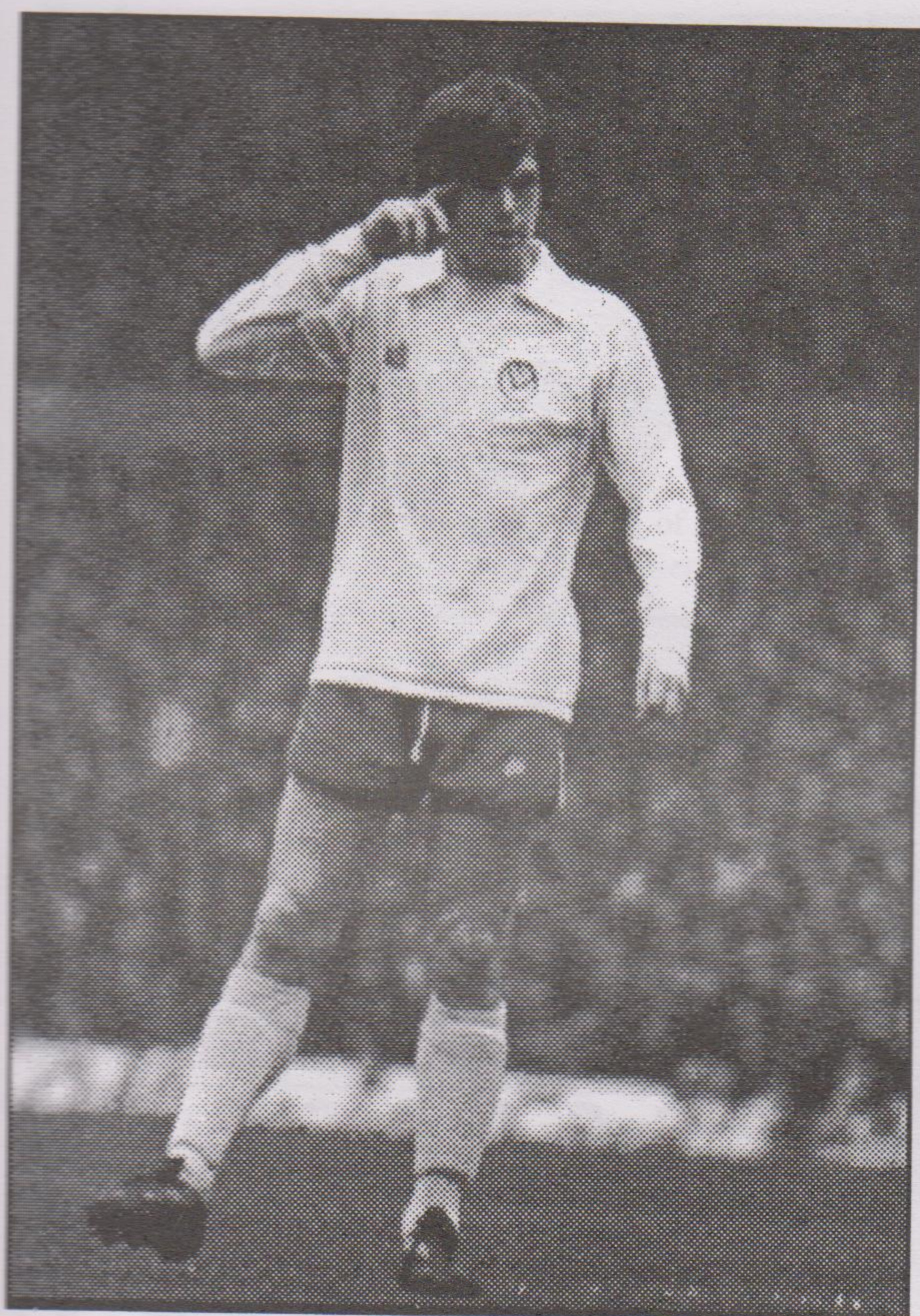
John McGovern - were making the first team. The word was that McGovern had come to allow Clough to get rid of Billy Bremner, and never before or since has there ever been a player at Leeds who simply didn't come up to the mark. The first ever player in my experience to suffer the crowd's

outrage, McGovern, simply got worse. He started badly and deteriorated with every touch of the ball - that's when he was fast enough to touch it. He retreated further and further into the shell and eventually was dropped, never to appear again after just four games. As soon as Clough was gone, so was McGovern. O'Hare played seven times and even scored once, against Coventry, but likewise, he was a symbol of Clough and both players had moved on with their manager before the season was out.

As the Gelderd end sang "Hey Rock 'n' Roll, Cloughie's on the Dole" nobody realised what those three men would go on to achieve - God knows there was little evidence of it at the time. Nowadays we are all big enough to admit the error of our ways, and I realise that long term, maybe the sacking of Brian Clough was a grave mistake, but football supporters don't live in the long term, the short term is all that matters, and we must understand that. That is the reason that Clough had to go.

Jimmy Armfield, the young Bolton





manager, was the man who was brought in to resurrect the season. Along with his pipe and slippers, he brought stability to Elland Road.

Armfield quickly turned things around. However, things had gone too far to allow the usual championship challenge and Leeds finished the season in ninth place. The first time since promotion in 1964 that Leeds had failed to finish in the top four.

The F.A. Cup that season was full of memorable moments. The third round clash with Cardiff City was memorable for the easy 4-1 victory and the half time pitch invasion by three Cardiff fans who were attacked and beaten by a solitary Leeds fan.

The fourth round brought the then Southern League Wimbledon to Elland Road. The amateurs had just pulled off the shock of the decade by being the first non-league team to win at a first division ground when they had beaten Burnley (remember them?) in the third round. Before the

game Wombles danced in the kop end goal, taunted by the home supporters. The 46,230 supporters there that day would go on to witness another shock. Wimbledon, with their backs to the wall, clung on. The woodwork was hit with the regularity of a pendulum, and in goal a

nondescript fat, bearded little no mark called Dicky Guy performed heroics, even saving a penalty. How Wimbledon held on to force a replay was a miracle against the odds, but that's what they did. The replay was held at Crystal Palace and drew an attendance of 45,071. Yes, unbelievable isn't it, over 45,000 at a Wimbledon game, but it's true. Such was the romance of the Cup and Leeds's drawing power.

On reflection, you could say Leeds were lucky that night. A shot from Johnny Giles was deflected in by the one and only Dave "HaRRy" Bassett to send Leeds through to the fifth round away at Derby. Again you could say Leeds were lucky, going through due to a late own goal by David Nish, but it was really quite a game and Leeds were, on the night, the better team. I say on the night as the original tie was postponed.

The quarter finals were a marathon. Leeds drew eventual winners

Ipswich Town at Portman Road and drew 0-0. The replay three days later drew in a crowd of 50,074 and Elland Road was electric. It was a thrilling game which Ipswich led into the closing minutes when Jimmy Armfield substituted Paul Reaney for Duncan McKenzie who promptly put the ball in the net with two minutes left. The sight and sound of the Kop that night will live with me forever.

While awaiting extra time, with every scarf raised, they sang You'll Never Walk Alone with as good an impression of the Anfield Kop as I have ever seen, and I've seen them do it. Nail biting extra time couldn't separate the sides and a second replay at Leicester was also a draw. The third replay was also played at Filbert Street and despite goals from Allan Clarke and Johnny Giles, I think it was Eric Gates who scored Ipswich's late winner that night. The Cup run was long and exciting. Leeds played eight Cup matches and didn't

even reach the semi-finals.

However the real story of 1974-75 was the European Cup campaign which I will have to cover in the next issue as it deserves treating on its own.

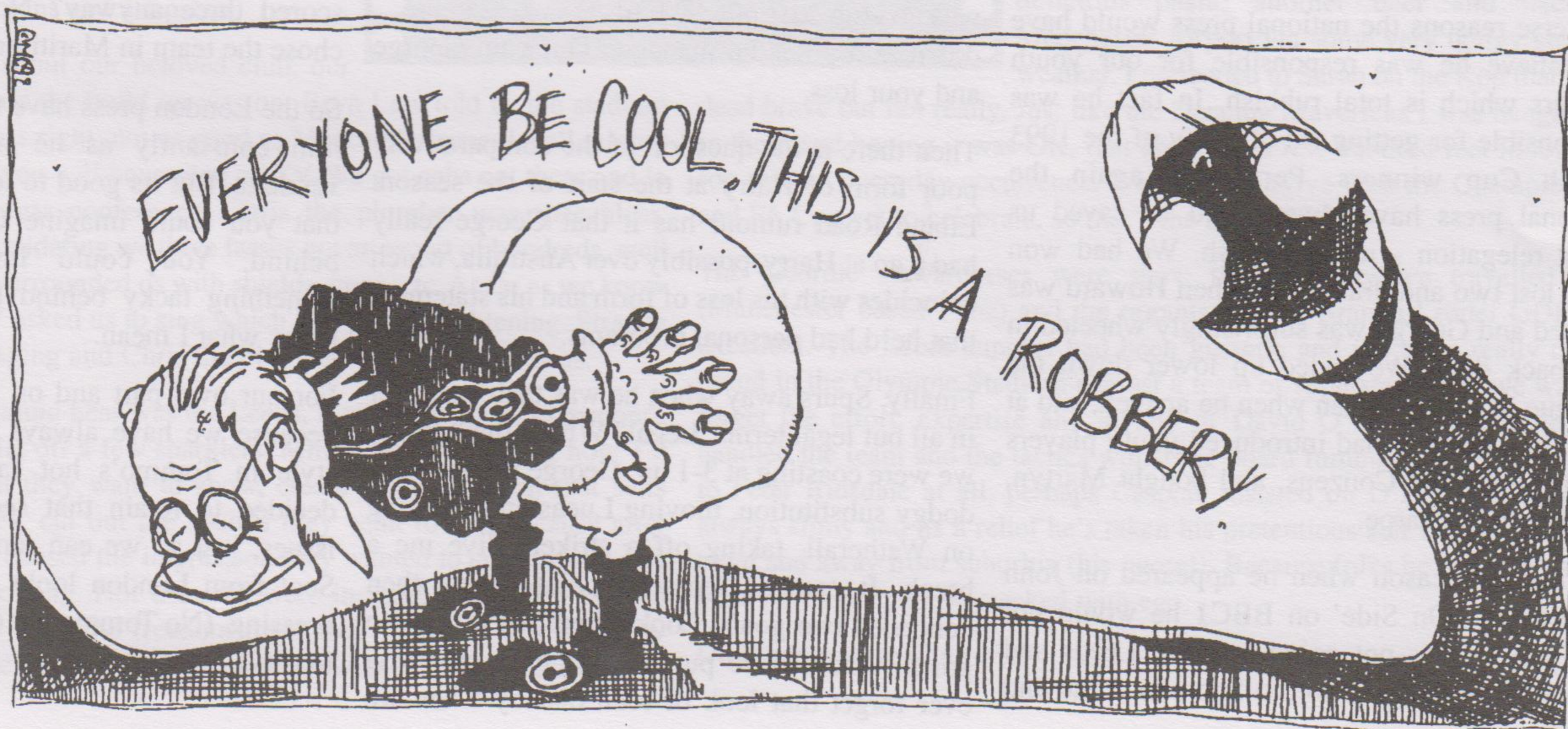
All this brings us nicely to Duncan McKenzie. The first Elland Road maverick. It took Clough's only good move a couple of weeks to settle in, but when he settled he set the place on fire. Instantly adored by the Elland Road crowd, and likewise the media, Duncan ended the season three goals behind Allan Clarke as top scorer, and Clarke had six to his name before Duncan got off the mark.

Leeds had never had a player like him. He could jump over Minis and throw a golf ball from the front of the Kop onto Elland Road with his left hand, but it was the sheer brilliance of his skill that turned the Leeds fans on so much. In one game he single-handedly took Arsenal to the cleaners and later on broke the world record for "nutmegs" as he stuck the ball through Middlesbrough's John Cragg's legs every time he touched it.

We had had great players for a long time but Duncan was different. Leeds were the first fans to sing players' names before the kick off, accompanied by the old Nice One so and so. It was all started with Duncan McKenzie.

It was McKenzie's unfettered maverick approach to the game that won the fans over and maybe it was this, in comparison to Leeds's usual more down-to-earth style, that led to his too short stay at Elland Road as, like Cantona and Yeboah to come, McKenzie was sold away before we really knew what we had. Duncan was sold to Anderlecht before spells as the hero of Everton, Chelsea and Blackburn, but it was at Leeds that he first made his name and joined the England squad.

Duncan left having scored 30 times in seventy odd games, but it wasn't the goals we remember him for. It was the sheer enjoyment just watching him gave us.



girls on the KOP



NEVER TRUST A MAN WHO WINKS! ...!...!

(NOT ONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE A GARDENER ANYWAY)

George. What can we say about George, our past manager who never had a decent word to say about us, the club, the 'poor quality team' and the oh so provincial area of Yorkshire we all love. Gosh, get George, out in his green wellies, walking the dog on the Heath. Take it easy, could get you bad publicity if you stop to chat. Its very late to comment, but we are exceptionally late with this fanzine and George is such a tasty target for ridicule. As he says 'I don't owe Leeds United anything', likewise. What's common decency to someone so high in his own ratings. Anyway before now we have been unable to comment on the life and times of George and it's Christmas and the season of good will.

Whilst I acknowledge he re-introduced strength of character to the team, I can't get over grateful to George because he constantly avoided any loyalty to the club mainly because he was always putting out feelers for a London job through his London media cronies. So, it was hard to feel at ease with him as manager. GOTK will however give him credit for sorting out our defence and finally playing Lucas in his best position, and signing Jimmy and the Terminator. To balance that he inherited an excellent pool of youth from Howard, Paul Hart (who they should try to re-sign) and Eddie Gray. For their own perverse reasons the national press would have us believe he was responsible for our youth players which is total rubbish. In fact he was responsible for getting rid of many of the 1993 Youth Cup winners. Perversely again the national press have always said he saved us from relegation - more rubbish. We had won two, lost two and drawn one when Howard was sacked and George was surprisingly wheeled in the back door. We ended up lower down the League in 1996/97 than when he arrived, and at that time Howard had introduced youth players Harte, Ford and Couzens, and bought Martyn, Bowyer and Sharpe.

During last season when he appeared on John Inverdale's 'On Side' on BBC1 he would not say that he was not going to leave Leeds and issued an open invitation to Spurs to come and

get him. He never stopped repeating that invitation. Could he have organised his switch during the Summer? Was it finely planned to mess up the start of our season? In fact he went out the way he came in, through the back door, with a wink and a patronising smirk.

It had always been rumoured that George had been kept on a retainer until Howard could be sacked, which was distasteful, so it's good to get rid of the bad taste and relish the fresh start. Whatever your views on Howard he loyally turned down other good jobs for Leeds (Arsenal) and he did achieve a lot. In fact it was good to see him enter the press debate recently and remind the press of his Leeds achievements, and also to offer encouragement over the appointment of D.O'Leary when George was trying to put David down as a potential manager. Our gain George and your loss.

Then there is the question of the comparatively poor form of Harry at the start of the season. Elland Road rumour has it that George really had a go at Harry, possibly over Australia, which coincides with his loss of form and his statement that he'd had personal problems.

Finally, Spurs away when he was their manager in all but legal terms. Legal? What's that? When we were coasting at 3-1 up, George made a very dodgy substitution, moving Lucas and bringing on Wetherall, taking off a striker. Give me a break. It earned George a point as we then conceded two goals. Look where the other two points would have put us. But then, will you ever forget that look of total dismay when we



scored three anyway? No wonder the Board chose the team in Maritimo.

So the London press have their man and feature him constantly as he pursues his London vendetta. But its good to leave tack behind, not that you could imagine George with a tacky behind. You could imagine him hiding something tacky behind though. Wink, wink, know what I mean.

For our own part and on a more cultural note, because we have always featured George and style in Tommo's hot fashion tips, we have decided to retain that section in forthcoming issues, just so we can remember what a token Scot from London looks like. Its called cross dressing. (No Tommo not dross, cross, what's he like?)

We know Rome is a while ago, but you have to experience European travel and you'll get your chance next season. So on with the Winter and re-live the memories. Here we go ...

GIRLS ON THE COLLOSEUM

For GOTK it was the first LUFC European tour. Travelling out from Manchester with another 200 mainly male supporters did not throw up any surprises. The hostesses bravely went through their safety procedures with a lot of help and advice from the boys who were experts it seems in the art of inflating lifejackets. Consideration was the buzz word as we were issued with a 'brochure' - the things we couldn't do, carry, wear, buy, drink. I just love democracy. When you travel away you get flippant about the discrimination and simply 'march on'. We had a great welcome, not exactly a brass band, but noise wise it was close. Lots of uniformed escorts, cars with flashing lights, very loud sirens and a VERY direct route into Rome city centre. Can you imagine it was warm, stirring memories of any summer but 1998. Back to the escort. From our plane we had four coaches each destined for a different hotel in the same vicinity of Rome. Sounds simple - not so. We left in convoy down a motorway on which every other vehicle was commanded to pull over, skid to a halt, simply move as police cars careered up and down flashing lethal weapons. These can only be described as large red plastic lollipops which are a sign of great power. Flash a lollipop and LUFC coaches travel unhindered. The noise from the sirens was outstanding and it was the sort of dramatic start to our tour we all dreamed about. We were celebrities. What should have taken minutes turned into hours as the local police lost their way and a host of other boring reasons. Still spirits were high as we are offloaded and hit the town. We were led on our city exploits by the re-incarnation of the recently deceased Mr Stella Artois who then decided to ignore us all on the local tram when we were singing his praises. Oh lonesome Stella. We endured an electric thunderstorm which forced us to stop our cultural tour and head for a few bars. We found very late opening venues and made it, to bed, before dawn, more or less. Roma is beauty as me old blue would say, the food is not as orgasmic as scoring a goal but its pretty cool. Hurrah for the pasta as we didn't get the goal. The day of the match the girls continued the cultural tour and became for a moment Girls On The Colloseum. We did a few press conferences, met Bryn Law and Sky, Andy from the Evening Post, a few quite tasty Centurions, met other fans and ate pizza.

But really it was all about our beloved club, our team and the game, and the build up was on. Bryn Law told us the stadium was brilliant and he was right, not as good as Mecca of course. Its all mighty impressive though as you will have seen on TV. We got cabs out there and lo and behold a third press conference. Chris the plumber was speechless. Because we are so intimidating we three lasses got an escort of hundreds, well at least ten riot squad surrounded us with shields, guns, etc. As far as we know this was because YTV asked us to sing which was pretty frightening. Strange request, disgusting singing and Chris the plumber was still speechless.

From outside all you could hear was the Leeds, it was truly loud. In response the Roma supporters let off a few sparklers. Mmm. Its enlightening how TV companies show what they want to show, create the impression that suits them and TV's cronies, cut out the sounds they want to cut, because after watching the video I realised the impression they wanted to convey was of a vociferous Roma following. Not true, we were incredible and they had no reply, apart of course from the freedom from their police of throwing any metal object they were allowed into the stadium with - causing a little blood

to flow here and there. We were also there in our thousands, not one or two thousand but three or four thousand, another slight misquote.



The team were dead classy but lacked the cutting edge to score and I think they were surprised we could play. To be fair we had never played such good passing football under the dodgy George, so its all down to the new era of Dave n'Eddie. For sure nothing phases Lee Bowyer, the boys got guts and I love him to death. After the game we had to wait for the Roma fans and their stockpile of metal to leave the area. Everyone was high on the team performance even though we lost the goal, chanting about who the new manager was going to be. Peter Ridsdale who always seems so genuinely involved with our club compared with the dreadful Foth & Co. was telling us to watch the big screen on which David O'Leary was thanking us for 'being there'. The insinuation was that it would be D'Oleary which was absolutely what the lasses wanted and what we had told SKY, continuity with Dave n'Eddie. We wasted far too much time on the Martin O'Neill debacle which in turn affected our UEFA chances.

After an hour in the stadium we were bussed back into the city centre where all the bars were supposed to be closed, but you know how it is, you just find one. At the time we figured we could win the home game, and even though we didn't, had we taken our chances home and away we could have. Plus if the management had been sensibly sorted, i.e. O'Leary and Eddie allowed to continue, the difference would have been amazing. We played great football in Rome just under their influence, so with the added motivation and confidence of players we'd have done it. At the time of writing, Clyde isn't up to standard for GOTK, though his name's quite groovy. Still not skilful enough to partner JFH who is now thriving since the emergence of Alan Smith, who is a natural, all over the park.

One more day in sunny Rome, a trip to St. Peters Square where we were surprised to see the Popemobile come out of the Pope garage at the side of the Basilica and down the steps. Gave him the Leeds salute and a scarf. He seemed quite chuffed and was wearing white anyway. More delicious pasta, another beer and back to Manchester Airport via some very dodgy georgey weather. I pretended to Sarah on the Kop that I was dead brave but not really. Just like the Dancing Mavericks I was hanging on in there and hoping it was OK, that dropping a few hundred feet in loads of fog was an everyday occurrence. We had to survive with the Championship and FA Cup yet to celebrate, so that's the truth Sarah.

The Geordie stewardesses were stars, the company we travelled with (Manchester based - soz) and the organisation of Branch Leader GDI both excellent. The Leeds support had been gigantic and the team really did us proud in the Olympic Stadium against a team of superstars. And we will not forget the effort, expertise and loyalty of David O'Leary and Eddie who handled the team and the tactics whilst the board fumbled on. No disrespect to Peter Ridsdale at all, perhaps Caspian insisted on O'Neill. George was always slimy and its a relief he's taken his pretentious self back to his home town and away from suburbia (his quote!). Because folks he hasn't a sincere bone in his body its so stacked with ego.

Girls know these things!!!!

LEEDS UNITED LADIES LINE UP ...

Melanie Vauvelle, General Manager of LEEDS UNITED LADIES is a follower home and away of the first team lads, travels with the Harrogate Branch and she has provided us with the information for this article which we hope will encourage some support for the lasses. Girls On the Kop intends to keep you in touch with the ladies (appointment only) and bring you some current action shots.

Leeds United Ladies was formed nine years ago by ex Bradford City player Ces Pod. After playing friendlies for two years they entered the Yorkshire and Humberside League and slowly began the long climb to success winning their first trophy, the Yorkshire Plate in the 1994/95 season. The following 95/96 season saw them promoted as winners to the Yorkshire and Humberside Premier Division.

In the 1996/97 season their consistently improving form saw them finish as runners up to Middlesbrough in the Premier Division, and also finalists in the Knockout Cup. Last season LULFC were unbeaten in the League and would have won all their matches, but, after playing four matches in a week they drew the very last game of the season.

Their achievements last season were outstanding winning all Northern League trophies. These were: The League, The League Cup, The Centenary Cup, The Knockout Cup and the Six a Side League.

The ladies then went into the play offs to gain promotion to the National League. On the way to the final they won Preston, Mansfield, and crowned a hugely successful season beating Middlesbrough 2-0 in the final. This gave them promotion to the National Northern Premier Division.

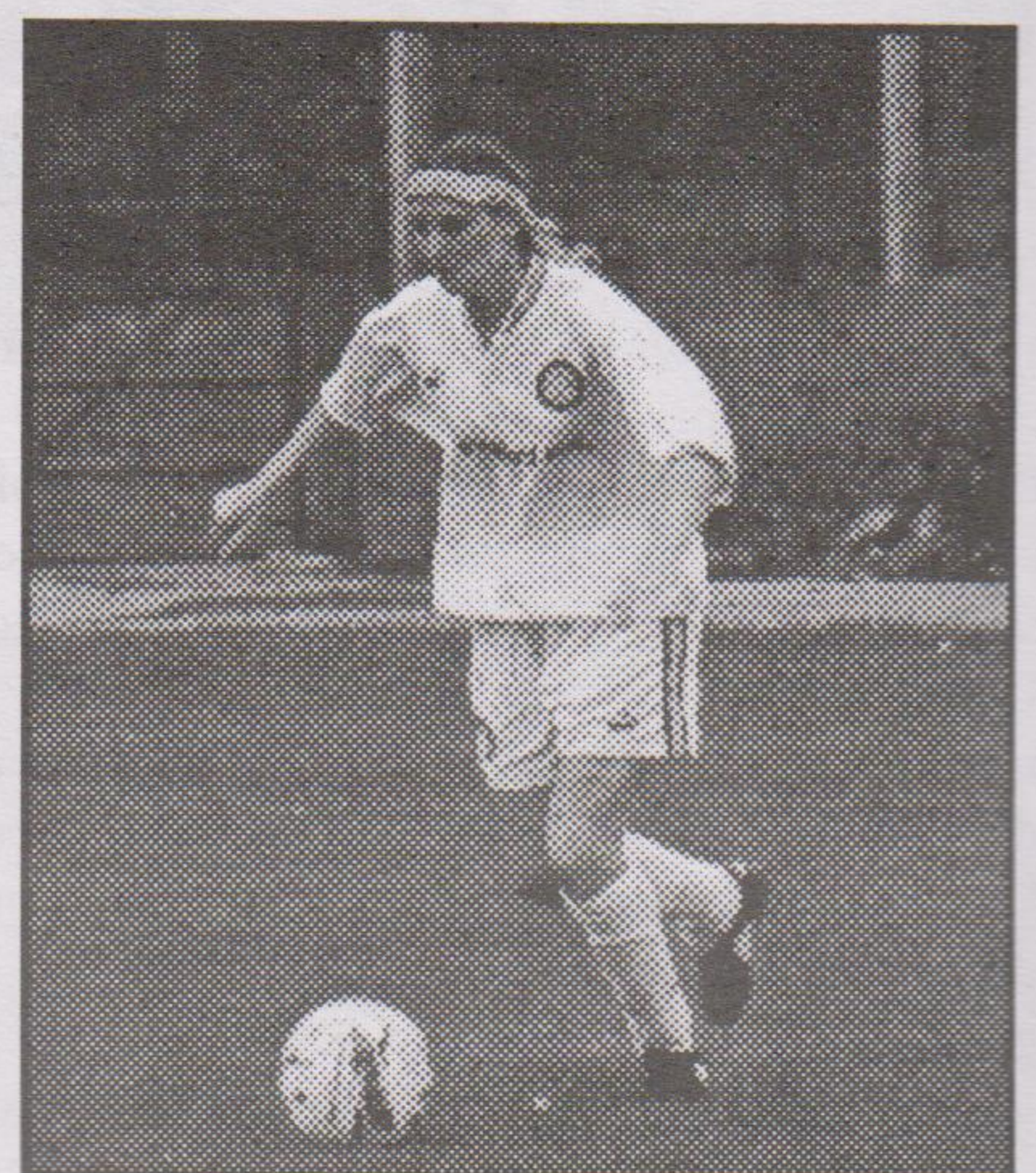
Leeds United Ladies consist of players from all over the country and also have some foreign players who either live in the area or who are at university in this country. Currently there are two Canadian goalkeepers and one outfield player from Norway.

The following players have International honours:

Isobel Pollard	Full International Caps
Lucy Ward	
Lisa Woodhead	England Under 21's
Laura Healey	
Nadine Ruddock	Current England Under 18's



Lisa Woodhead



Clare Parker

Claire Farrow

Stacey Liversidge

Laura Humphries

Sarah Kennedy

England Under 18 Squad Members

England Under 16's

Wales Under 16's

Although the ladies have help with training facilities, travel and kit from Leeds United they do not get financial help. This means having to raise their own funds each season through programme sales, raffles and sponsorship.

This is the first season the Leeds Ladies have played in the National Division and they tell GOTK they have tried to be as professional as possible. They now have a qualified physio, fitness coaches and train 2/3 times a week. This is of course in addition to their normal professions. They have attracted new quality players Clare Mitchell and Jakki Knight from Huddersfield Town, Laura Healey from Coventry City, Nadine Ruddock from Leeds City Vixens and Charlotte Philp from doncaster Belles. All are first team players. They are managed by first team manager Mark Hodgson and their home ground is at Tadcaster Albion AFC. Consider the fixture list and take in a game which are played on Sundays.

WHY DO WE WANT TERRACES BACK IN THE KOP?

Because we want to, because we want to.

After accidentally catching a few (not that there are that many) words from that really annoying "song" by Billie, before I managed to switch it off, I felt this sudden compulsion to put my sixpence into this fanzine. Below are ten reasons for bringing back our God-given right to stand up when we want to, BECAUSE WE WANT TO:

NUMBER 1.

It would give the club less justification to charge the ridiculous prices of the season tickets that it currently does. Lower prices would allow more supporters, who can't afford current prices, in and thus probably making more money anyway. Admittedly, the majority of the income generated by the club ISN'T from ticket sales, but surely (even to a simpleton like me) **bigger crowds = more money - DOH.**

NUMBER 2.

It would create a better atmosphere. I'm sure, based on some clever physicist's law, the noise from our Revie Stand would be able to project further. This hopefully would encourage the rest of the ground to spur on our beloved team, just like we do, and further intimidate our opposition. Let Fortress Elland Road be once more.

NUMBER 3.

I've paid for it, so I can do it.

NUMBER 4.

Jimmy would be able to hear me better. Because I know that when I see Hiden sprinting down the wing, I know that he will put in that perfect cross, and when I see Jimmy standing still, that I - yes me - could make that difference, if he could just hear me tell him to get in that box. If he did, then he would score that one fantastic Yeboah v Wimbledon-and-the-rest-of-the-whole-sodding-world, top-that-Shearer-you-whingeing-Geordie-git goal.

NUMBER 5.

Standing up is good for you. The 90 minutes of vertical hold may probably be the only bit of exercise that that fat bloke who will squeeze past you to get to his seat will get that week. Apart from going to the loo/bar at half time and the pre-match upper arm work of course.

NUMBER 6.

The songs sound better. The YRA just doesn't look that convincing sat down, and try going f**king mental with your knees squashed up against the seat in front. "We're Yorkshire, we're barmy, we're ... sat on our backsides".

NUMBER 7.

You can't clap properly sat down. "Marching On Together, We're Gonna See You Win. We Are So Proud, We Shout It Out Loud, We Love You, Leeds, Leeds", oops sorry, I've just taken out

your left eye.

NUMBER 8.

We live in a democracy. Stuff David "I haven't a clue" Mellor and Martin "in it for the money-scum" Edwards and their pathetic little 'Noddy' Task force. Times change. Please don't think I condone what happened at Heysel and Bradford and Hillsborough, my sympathy goes out to every one of those who survived and the relatives of those who didn't, but we are supposed to learn from our mistakes. Learning doesn't mean getting some faceless Whitehall clown to take a nice cuddly blanket and hide ourselves under it. Back in the 50's, 60's and 70's even (not that I remember), the crowds were reputed to be so much bigger than the crowds today, and how much trouble did they have then? Yes, there was, is and probably will evermore be some idiot hooligan element, but you would have thought that with all this hi-tech surveillance stuff (even on train station platforms Charlie) they should have got the hang of crowd control by now. Guess some things just never change, eh?

NUMBER 9.

It would give us the right to choose. And it is our right. I'm sure that, yes there are those, especially those with small kiddies, who do WANT to sit down. Then let them, that's what the Family Stand is all about. And I'm sure that there are a few 'suits' in the West Stand Paddock who wouldn't know what to do when we get a corner, let alone when we score. The view from where we sit isn't brilliant, and you certainly don't get to see everything that you deserve to see for £14. But I don't go behind the goal to get an eyeful of Jimmy's rear end when he falls over. I go there so I can cheer him on when he scores that amazing overhead scissor kick from a swinging Bruno corner.

NUMBER 10.

I HAVE to get this in, it would shut that really annoying woman who sits behind me up. She gets right on my nerves. She complains. No, not the passing comments like, e.g. "Jimmy, move your fat arse" or "Molenaar, try clearing to a white shirt IN the ground", she goes on and on. Yeah, like as if she could do any better. She doesn't clap and she doesn't sing and she never cheers when the team gets announced. To top all of that, every time I stand up she prods me in the back and squeaks "Can you sit down, I can't see the football". To her and everyone else that wants us to sit down, I say F**K OFF AND JUST STAND UP LIKE THE REST OF US.

The Girl Who Shouts

KID'S TALK

WITH ALL THE MONEY IN FOOTBALL NOWADAYS, AND THE GAP BETWEEN FANS AND PLAYERS, IT WAS NICE TO SEE ONE PLAYER PUT HIMSELF OUT FOR ME. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK MARTIN HIDDEN FOR GETTING ME HIS AUTOGRAPH. I ASKED A LADY WHO LIVES NEAR HIM IF SHE WOULD ASK HIM FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH FOR ME, SHE DID AND AS WELL AS THE AUTOGRAPH HE GOT ME A TEAM POSTER. HE ALSO SAID THAT THE NEXT TIME I'M AT HER HOUSE HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE ME.

REGARDING THE GEORGE GRAHAM FIASCO WITH SPURS. IF LEEDS DID WHAT LEICESTER DID WE MAY STILL HAVE HIM, AND I THINK THAT IT TOOK TOO LONG FOR HIM TO GO BECAUSE I DID NOT KNOW IF WE STILL HAD HIM OR NOT. DAVID O' LEARY WILL BE A GOOD MANAGER BUT WILL NEED A FEW GAMES TO FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE GOING WRONG, BUT IF WE END UP IN THE TOP FIVE IT WILL BE REALLY GOOD, AND BACK IN EUROPE.

BY MAKELA ROLPH

P.S. HELLO TO ALEX FROM BRIGHOUSES

SIMPLY BRAGGING

NOVEMBER 1997

LEE BOWYER

I would not want to see Lee Bowyer permanently sidelined. He played an excellent second half v Derby and had the guts to score the winning goal. This young player chose Elland Road in the belief that he would be playing alongside the irreplaceable Gary McAllister - that didn't materialise as Ford wanted another £3 million before he retired. Then he spent the whole of last season attempting to be a whole mid-field on his own as Mark Foth was mysteriously dropped in favour of Ian Rush. Lee Bowyer did his best for us under the circumstances he was landed with, and his real creative talent had little chance to develop without the assistance of an older, more cultured mid-fielder. Not only Nigel Martyn, but Lee Bowyer too influenced our survival last season and we should not forget it.

IAN HARTE

Like many Leeds supporters, GOTK does not support the dropping of Ian Harte from our first team. Ian was one of the youngsters who really battled for us last season and it seems incredible that the very average left back that GG signed (by mistake) from Rangers could possibly be considered a better prospect for our team than the talented Harte. Somewhere along the line he must have stepped on Georgie's ego.

Ian Harte has already proven himself with Leeds in the Premier League. He's young, scores goals, has vision, can pass, can defend, is an

International and can play in more than one position. On paper and in action he has all the credentials George so often quotes. So what's the problem George? Ian Harte is one of our boys, we like his vitality and his skill and we are not going to keep quiet over your dropping him and ruining his confidence in favour of a poor buy and second-rate player.

"All we are saying

Is give Harte a chance"

Surely you remember that one George?

LUCAS RADEBE

Lucas is brilliant. Lucas holds the team together. Lucas captained South Africa in their qualification for the World Cup. Lucas was voted the best player in the African Nations Cup. Lucas Can play as a goalkeeoer. Lucas can play mid-fird. Lucase can play in defence. Lucas has to be our player of the year if he continues in form and influence this season. Therefore, considering his years with Leeds, his proven record and his total unassuming class, why wasn't he given the captain's armband? This is not a slur on David Hopkin, but don't you have to earn captaincy?

GOTK therefore concludes that Lucas has earned that honour as a player who has risen from apartheid and become our best defender in years. Whether in defence or mid-field he reads a game and is the most influential and calm player in our team - a brilliant ambassador for Elland Road. Lucas is a star and should be recognised as such by the management.

Note this article written for 'We Are Leeds' November 1997. Not one to brag of course, except when I get the opportunity, so here goes. At the Supporters' Club dinner that year I had a bit of a blue with Georgey over not making Lucas our Captain. I'd had a few 'run-ins' with football 'experts' who insisted that Lucas and Lee Bowyer were not Premiership players, and so I remain smug and delighted that Lucas and Lee Bowyer and Hartey (described as one of the best left backs in the country recently, making the Telegraph Team of the Week after the Derby game) have all received the success and recognition they deserve.

To move on a tad, I hope that those who were so vociferous in knocking Harry as he struggled at the start of the season were not so hypocritical as to enjoy his outstanding displays against Liverpool and Charlton. Likewise those who have had a go at Jimmy this season (not that many) are also eating their words. Because Jimmy is happiest playing alongside players with imagination and skill such as Harry and Alan Smith, and NOT a player as bland as Clyde has been so far. In fact my only criticism of the new management is that both Derek Lilley and Lee Matthews are better than Clyde so why not give them a chance?

When brought on as substitute Lilley has always put himself about, caused the opposition problems and scored the odd goal, and Lee Matthews is more of a threat than Clyde. My concern is that as Georgey was planning his exit for so long, his Summer buys were not too astute (for us that is), certainly as far as Clyde is concerned. Anyway Jimmy has

certainly improved with the arrival of Smithy which is all we need to know.

For the record Alan Smith apparently (ref. LUFC website) achieved as much in 42 minutes as Clyde had in eleven full appearances and seven substitute appearances - speaks for itself. I don't like knocking any player who wears the shirt but I can't detect any particular skill to date. I am also amazed that any comparison can be made in the start of Jimmy's career at LUFC with the start of Clyde's, no contest, no comparison. Whatever his initial lack of staying power last season, Jimmy always showed class and skill, later proved by his position as one of the best Premiership scorers in his first season in English football. Jimmy and Smithy seem pretty cool, so fellow supporters ...

Keep the faith, and, if you're a gobshite, keep your gob shut, xxxx GOTK



ROUND UP

Congratulations to David O'Leary for taking over as Manager and being genuine, enthusiastic and playing great attacking football.

Conratulations to the manager for acknowledging the contribution that Eddie has made to LUFC. His coaching skill is always evident.

Congratulations for re-signing Lucas and Nigel. QUICK, Lee Bowyer next because he is special. Congratulations for giving credit to David Hopkin who so often calms things down and makes some canny moves.

Please please don't spoil our mid-field by disrupting it, never change a winning formation. All the young players who have played so brilliantly recently is the most up thing I can think of. Lee Bowyer and Harry - what more can you ask for? Having the manager GOTK really wanted is another, and having Eddie as assistant is another. Being third on December 16th, just before we go to print, is pretty good. Cool, cool goals from Harry against Red Nose and Charlton,

the amazing skill of Lee Bowyer in mid-field. For me this is the best football since the 1992 championship year, it could surpass it, and so much better than George football.

Unlike my fanzine colleague I thought bringing in Martin O'Neill would have been totally disruptive and we would have lost key players.

I know Liverpool were poor but it was still a great feeling to win so easily at Anfield. Likewise we played brilliantly at old Trafford, nobody looks that much better than us, so who knows. I think Georgy will be having a bit of a sweaty if we continue to do well, he'd hate Dave 'n' Eddie to upstage him.

Alan Smith, second in goal of the month with one of two great goals. Internet facts state that Alan Smith schieved more in 43 minutes than Clyde had in all his appearances. We'd noticed, but liked it confirmed.

Does anything sexy happen at Newcastle apart from the directors? It's all black and white.

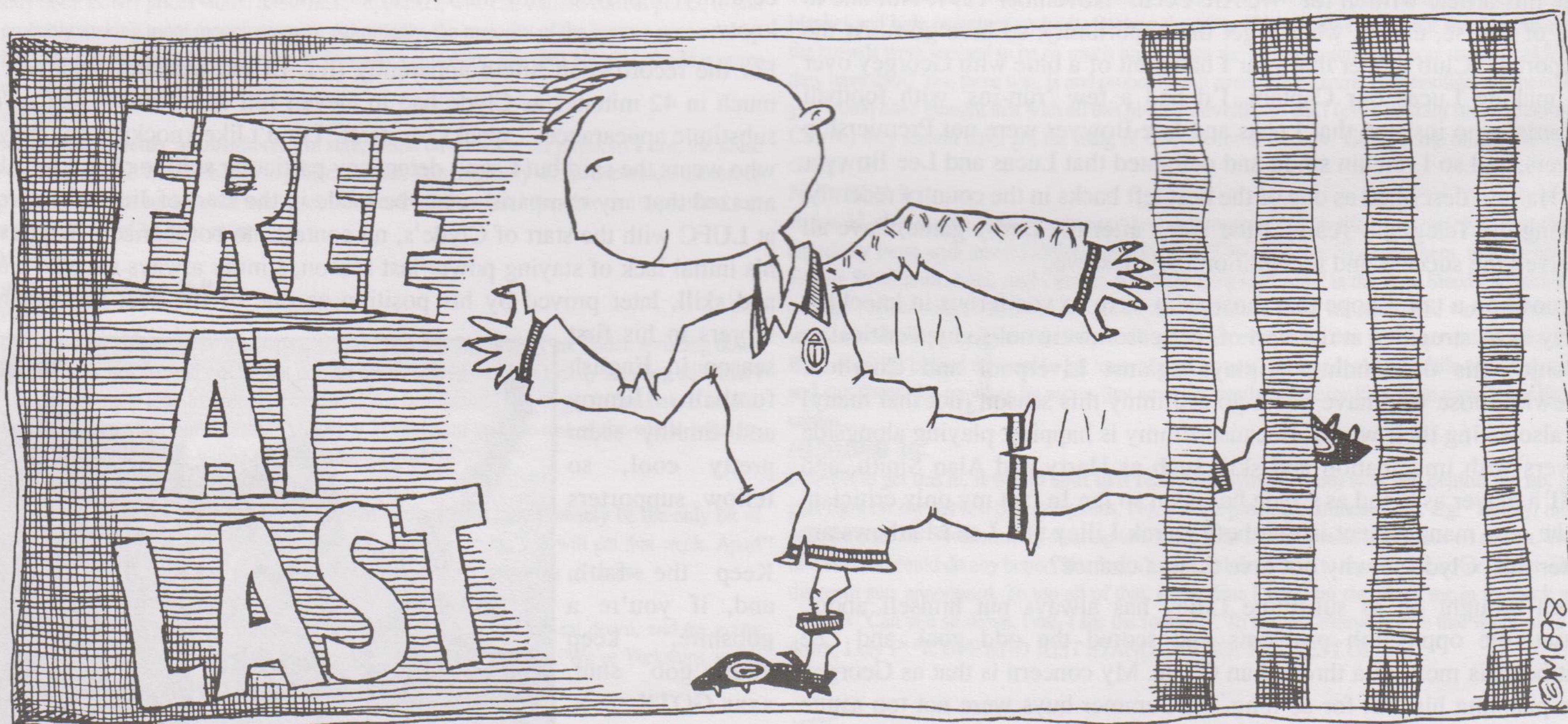
ROUND DOWN

Much as I love Batty, and I can't criticise his performance v Coventry, my worst fears were confirmed as we seemed to lose all our flair and confidence in the mid-field re-shuffle. You can't sacrifice Lee Bowyer, he has to stay in the middle. He still managed a beauty bit of skill against Gary Mac - what a turn - and he still scored a goal. All the gobshites were out in the Kop booing Macca, just like they used to boo Batty. I keep hearing this rubbish about what Batty did to our fans at Blackburn - selective memory. I can remember the vitriol doled out to Batty at that game. Then again they were booing Harry in September.

Likewise where did all those away 'supporters' come from at Old Trafford? Double your numbers when you play there - such loyalty.

Why aren't our crowds bigger?? Watch out for the Sun, Murdoch press, for pressure on the government over the Sky takepovert of **** U, they'll be edging over to the Tories again. Nice bloke that Rupert.

I'm totally knackered and was grateful for some home games, but why do we never get a good one at Christmas?? Just tell me that Santa!



DAVID BATTY

YOU CAN STICK GEORGE GRAHAM UP YOUR A*\$*

The money-grabbing, back-stabbing, smarmy, sneaky, lousy twat is long gone and good riddance.

It was nothing more than naive of all of us to think that a man who was convicted of stealing what amounted to be an estimated half million pounds from the team he supposedly loves above all others, was ever motivated by anything other than money. He came here and promised us glory if we were patient with him, he made himself the highest paid manager in the country and then slagged us off and jumped ship the first time some two-faced ponce offered him a dirty buck to do it.

And look at us now. Can any of you out there see us beating West Ham 4-0 if he was still here? No. You know what would have happened, we would have stuck at 1-0 until they broke us down.

I must confess I was as blind as any of us. I thought George Graham was the messiah, the one who would lead us out of the wilderness and back to glory, not the short-lived romp that Wilkinson gave us, but the genuine success we have been missing for the last 24 years. I believed that we were playing to our potential and that we could do no more with the players we had. I believed that the club lacked the financial backing that he said we lacked. What's more I worried when he left, I thought that the end had come. When Martin O'Neill was made to stay at Leicester I blamed our team, I blamed Ridsdale and the board. After 30 years supporting Leeds United the lowest point came there and then. I'd survived relegation and those abysmal times down there. I kept the faith during the depths of Wilkoism and those times at the end when more people stayed in the bar than watched the second half of games, but I very nearly couldn't cope with what looked like a blatant lack of ambition. I thought that I would never see a Time when Leicester City would give us a lesson in ambition.

I was wrong.

Enter David O'Leary and Eddie Gray, and the great leap forward. After a couple of games the team settled down and the likes of Charlton, West Ham and Liverpool (away) were dumped on their backsides with a flourish and a style of football that is alien to Judas George. Even at Old Trafford we attacked, we scored twice and we were unlucky to come away with nothing. This is the football we should have been playing last year. Maybe then instead of the UEFA Cup it might have been something better.

O'Leary and Gray obviously have more faith in Ian Harte, Lee Bowyer and the kids than Judas George ever had, and it shows. The team plays more fluently and without the restrictions and inhibitions that are George Graham's hallmarks. Who cares if we let the odd goal in, we can now score as well: three at Liverpool, four against Charlton, two at Old Trafford, then four at home against West Ham. That would never have happened before and we all know it.

The win against West Ham put us into third place and this season that is good enough for the Champions' League. I know it's early yet but we must be capable of that. We are no longer held back by cautionary tactics from a man who had no faith and turned out to be the one who lacked ambition to do anything other than feather his own nest.

George Graham's ideas of loyalty lost us our best known players, yet he never moved to Yorkshire permanently. Compared with O'Leary, who

immediately bought a house up here, he stayed in a "clubhouse" in Harrogate while he waited to move back to London. It could be anywhere. Tottenham beware, the first chairman to offer the back-stabbing twat a couple of grand has got himself a new manager. I'm surprised Blackburn didn't try it.

Meanwhile we reap the benefits. We even got Alan "Tight Wad" Sugar, the man who almost called Graham a thief and made no secret of his dislike for him, to give us three million quid for the trouble.

I always said that entertainment was fine as long as you are winning. If there was any doubt, safety first. I've now found out what exciting football looks like and I'm impressed. I didn't believe we could play like this. I was wrong.

Anfield is always the place to win, and there's only one way to play Manchester United and that's to have a go at them. We are now having a go at everyone. Do you think we would have shown such spirit in Rome had Gorgeous George been in charge?

David O'Leary has already stated his ambitions and his desire to stay here long term, Eddie Gray we knew anyway. If they carry on doing well and this club treat them well, we have them for life. The players seem to be much happier as both O'Leary and Gray seem easier to get along with, and what's more the players O'Leary wants to bring in are of the quality we all want. No more low budget cheap imports, no more gambles, let's go for it.

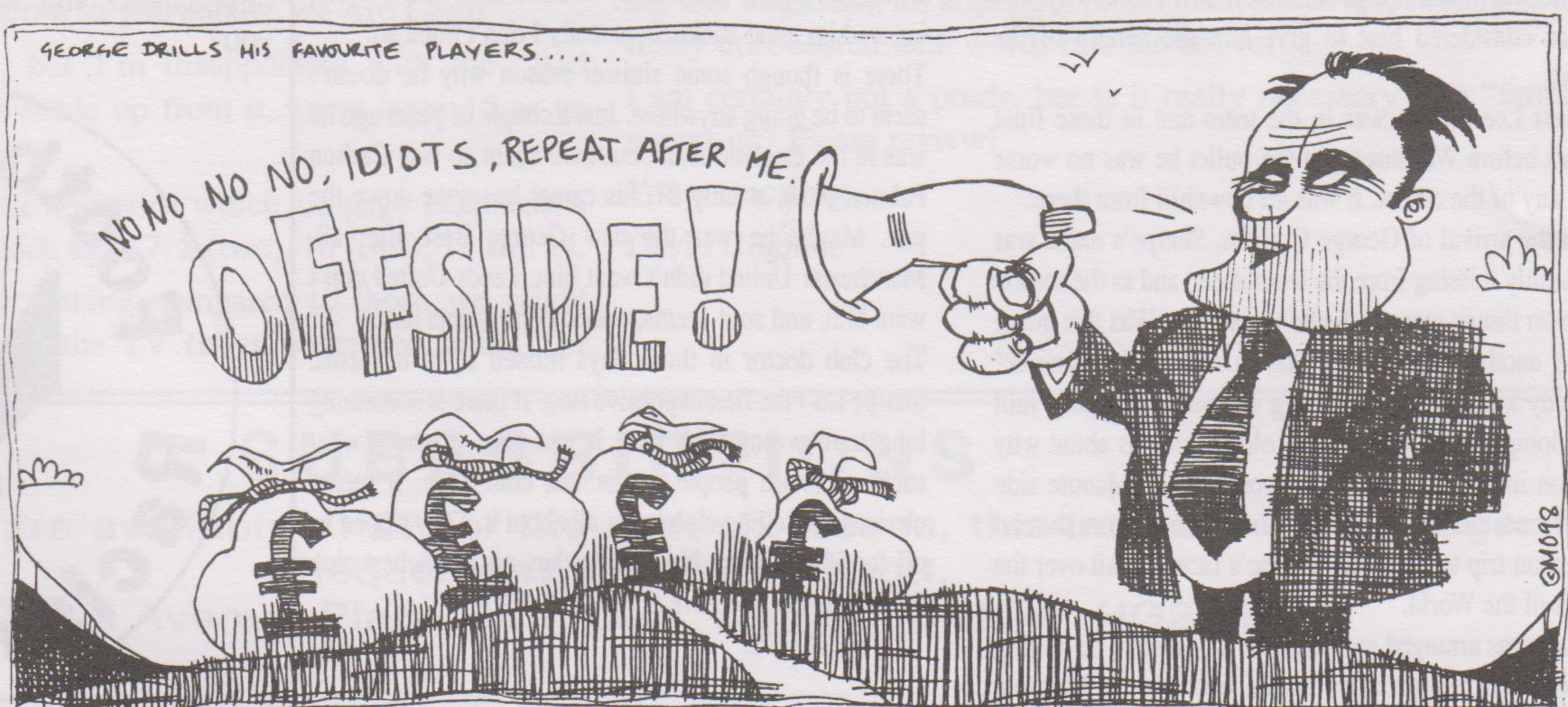
I'm grateful to Judas George for what he has done for us, he sorted the club out, he laid the foundations and he won us back some respect, but we can all see now the limitations his inhibited style imposed upon us. How O'Leary and he ever agreed on anything is beyond me. The styles of the two men are so opposite they have to be seen to be believed.

So it's onwards and hopefully upwards. Nobody would have held mid-table against O'Leary, and if that's where we sit come May, maybe that's fair enough, but we can all see what we are capable of and enjoy unrestricted players playing uninhibited football and what's more you can call it football without any arguments.

Some managers benefit from serving under good managers. Despite everything Graham is a good manager, some benefit from being cut loose and let go. David O'Leary has the best of both worlds and what's more he has enthusiasm for the game and a passion for Leeds United that his predecessor clearly lacked.

We are all behind him now. Wilkinson and Graham always had the their critics, O'Leary and Gray haven't. A management team with the full backing of the board and us can go a long way.

Let's go!



ONLY PAWNS IN OUR GAME

So far this season we've been host to Blackburn Rovers, Southampton, Aston Villa, Leicester, Chelsea, Charlton and West Ham United in the Premiership, Bradford City in the League Cup and Maritimo and Roma in the UEFA Cup, and they all have one thing in common: they all brought more fans to Leeds than Sheffield Wednesday. Had Sheffield Wednesday all come in one car they could have cut the fare in half.

When you consider that Maritimo must have had the same amount of trouble getting to England as we had going there, and that Roma isn't exactly fifteen miles past Barnsley, the mind boggles. Charlton Athletic have that many fans that their ground was shut for most of the last fifteen years and they came here and filled more seats than our local rivals.

It's not just this season either. For years Sheffield Wednesday have been the worst supported team to come to Elland Road, a journey of around 30 miles. Most Leeds fans travel further. Think back just a few years and remember how much Wilkinson used to play down our games against Man.U and try to boost up what was supposed to be a Derby fixture, and that man is now responsible for the development of football nationwide, God help us.

It takes a special kind of crapness to bring only around 600 fans (a generous estimate) on a trip that takes less than an hour. You can spend more time in the turnstile queue than you spend on the motorway going to Sheffield.

Contrary to what happens here, Wednesday haven't got a nationwide cosmopolitan support. 90% of their supporters come from Sheffield - or rather stay there. I could understand this if they had to travel long distances, but 30 miles, I ask you?

Do you actually know any Wednesday fans? I'm sure you do. I have the misfortune of knowing a couple, and they are all the same. They have this almost childlike belief in themselves and in their tin pot little club. They all firmly believe that Kevin "The Flying Pig" Pressman is the best goalkeeper ever and is missing out on international duty just because Seaman and Martyn get on Match of the Day more often. They still believe (and they are surely the only ones) that Des Walker is still England class, and they still think that Di Canio was set up by a diving referee.

More than all that they still firmly and honestly believe, and will argue to the death, that they are the best supporters in the country. Go on, ask one! They get that idea from the noise they make when that awful band strike up their monotonous drone. They think it's clever and impressing everyone else to dur-dur-dur their way through the Great Escape for hours on end. If you put two pebbles in a Coke tin it will rattle, if the tin is full it won't.

Last season I had the honour of doing a television show for cable. We came on cold, and having never been on television before we were understandably nervous. We were supposed to be in some pub discussion with Wednesday fans who had just finished shooting the same thing with Sheffield United fans. Imagine that, two sets of nobodies arguing who was

the biggest club in the world when it's debatable which, or in fact if either, are the biggest club in Sheffield. The upshot of this was that they were warmed up and we were taken aback a little by their opening salvo. Their argument was that they had "out-sung" Leeds fans on their recent trip to Elland Road. Trying to push that "we are bigger than you" or "we are better supporters than you" point at us to cover up for the fact that their team were crap. They even had the cheek to estimate that they had 4,000 fans there. Once we settled down we told them the truth - that they didn't have 4,000, more like less than two and that it always sounds like your outdoing the opposition when you sing.

We started taking the Mickey out of their band and the fact that they wouldn't make a sound if it wasn't for their silly band. As it turned out they were the band! Later they turned their attack to our rivalry with Manchester United, saying that it was all one-sided, which shows what they really knew about it. The point they really tried to make was that we won't be drawn into some rivalry with them and they are jealous. I told them that they have never been worthy. It wasn't a put-down, just a fact.

Throughout my football supporting life they have never been worth our rivalry. Think about it: nobody in our ground looks forward to the derby matches, they mean no more to us than playing Charlton or Southampton or Wimbledon, all of which have better support at Leeds than they do. What would you do if you turned up at Hillsborough and we had that paltry few in attendance? You would die of shame, wouldn't you?

SHARPE'S END

It was the 11th of July 1996, we were at Grimsby for a pre-season friendly. It was someone called McDermott's Testimonial, though I can't remember much about the game or even the score, except that I spent much of the second half in dispute with a fellow Leeds fan who wouldn't agree that Lucas Radebe would soon become our best defender. All that is immaterial now, and nothing to do with this - just a little background. The tale really starts when we got back on the coach to go home.

Not many branches have the demand to take coaches to pre-season games, but ours has never been like the rest. The score, and in fact the game, was quickly forgotten, it was trivial in the lives of hardened football supporters, but one thing was to stick in the mind. The bus in front had a television on and they broke the news to us that Leeds United had just signed Lee Sharpe from our rivals for around four and a half million quid.

The first reaction on the bus was uproar. Not because Sharpe wasn't rated, but because of where he had come from. Then the point was raised that we had just paid all that for one of their reserves, when we had sold them their best ever player for a quarter of the fee. Things like that just didn't add up under Silver, Fotherby and Wilkinson.

On the way home things simmered down somewhat and it was considered best to give him the benefit of the doubt.

At first Lee Sharpe was in the team and in those final games before Wilkinson got the bullet he was no worse than any of the others. It was all downhill from there.

With the arrival of George Graham, Sharpe's name was frequently missing from the team sheet, and as the season wore on things seemed to be worsening. Was this going to be another record buy that turned into a disaster? Nobody knew what was going on, but the rumour mill was doing overtime. All those old suspicions about why he was in and out (but mostly out) of the Manure side resurfaced, and when the team arrived home from the end of season trip to America, Sharpe's face was all over the News of the World.

A truce was arranged and Graham was seen to be willing to give Lee Sharpe a try in the following pre-season.

Sharpe was doing well in the pre-season games last year, then disaster struck. In the final game before the season started, Lee Sharpe got himself injured at Nottingham. It wasn't any old injury, he did his cruciate ligaments in. So he missed all last season and carried on getting the benefit of the doubt.

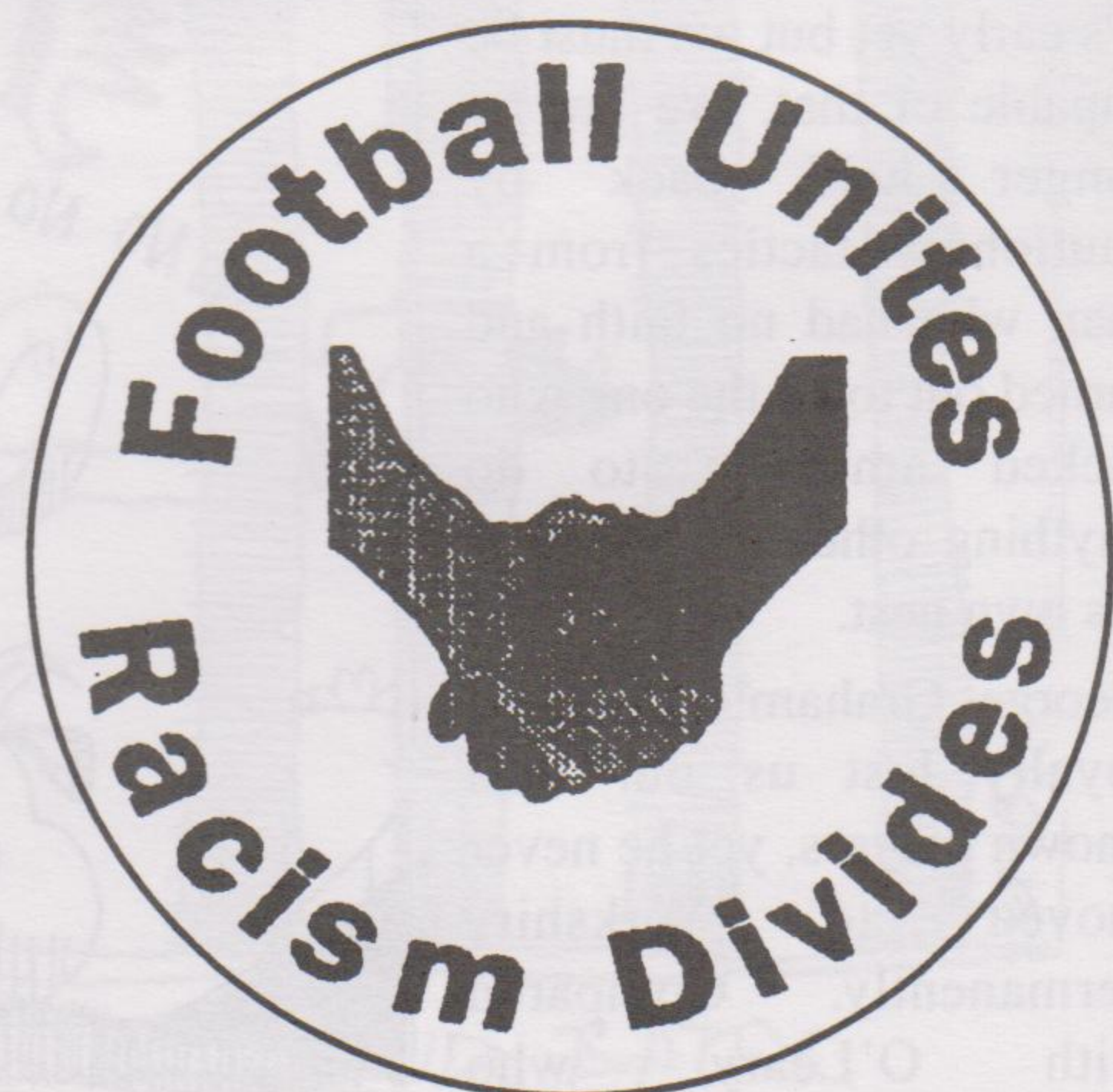
Lee Sharpe was fit and available for the start of this season but it soon became obvious that George Graham, then David O'Leary, just weren't interested in him. Soon after O'Leary's ascent to the manager's office, Lee Sharpe was put up for sale. So far there has been no interest. It looks like that old board (though if you look in the programme, they are still running the club) were suckered out of a large fee again. Rocastle, Brolin, etc., and now Lee Sharpe. The worst scenario though is when you remember that the spending spree that brought Sharpe, Martyn and Bowyer in ultimately cost us Gary McAllister, who was at that time, just after Euro 96, the best mid-fielder in the country.

If you ask me, there has been something wrong with him since before we got him. He was used less and less by Ferguson, and the one time next George Best was subject to rumours that he was taking far more than corners. The rumours have no proof and generally are taken with a pinch of salt, but when two further managers, at times when the club is not exactly overrun with star players, ignore him, mud sticks. Personally I don't think so.

There is though some sinister reason why he doesn't seem to be going anywhere. Just a couple of years ago he was in the England team, but then again so was Carlton Palmer. Now, at only 27, his career has gone down the pan. Maybe he was the new George Best after all. Manchester United didn't want him, Leeds United don't want him, and so it seems, nobody else wants him.

The club doctor in those days missed a lot it seems. Sharpe isn't the first expensive flop. If there is something long term wrong with him, it just goes to show what suckers certain people within this club were. It seems obvious the selling club knew all about it. They ripped us off for £4-5 million. No wonder they are the richest club in the country. We gave them most of it.

T. BUCKLIFFE



MELLOR MOMENTS

To one or two of the new middle class, mobile phone and mascot supporter David Mellor is something of a messiah. Sent by God to lead them from the wilderness into his squeaky clean violence and bad language-free world of the all-seater, sit down and clap the opposition existence they would prefer.

More than a few fans wouldn't listen to his radio show if they knew it was on, but most football fans think David Mellor is a prat. His - 'the original football phone in' - was started by someone else for a start, and contains record breaking amounts of the phrases "I couldn't agree more" and "Nobody would be more pleased than me if you got ..."

First and foremost Mellor is one of the new breed of supporters and through his words you can see he knows little and cares less for the old fashioned bedrock supporter. Basically the man is out of his depth. The problem is that, unfortunately this man has an influence in the game far outreaching that which he deserves.

Mellor always seems to take the chairman's side, and filled his famous task force with the type of men the league's chairmen would approve of. After all this time the task force, set up to protect us all, has changed nothing and now seems to have faded away into the mists of time. The fans wanted the task force to deal with ticket prices and terracing, the endless stream of replica kits and the Sky monopoly - things like that. All they have done so far is label us all racists and call for more disabled access. Don't get me wrong, the world needs more disabled access, but when it comes to ticket prices, replica kits and the Sky monopoly, what's the point of asking a director of Manchester United and the Premier League supremo Peter Lever to represent you? So

nothing gets done.

At the moment Mellor seems to be concentrating his radio show on the topical and fashionable issue of poor refereeing. Without of course addressing the real problem.

At the moment he has jumped on the "getting ex-players to referee games" bandwagon as if that is the solution. Some games I'd like to see under those terms are Tony Yeboah refereeing any game involving whichever team George Graham is managing. Ian Wright presiding over Peter Schmeichel, and Carlton Palmer reffing women's football - that would give a whole new definition to the term 'Touch Judge'.

He opposes video evidence on the grounds that it would stop the flow of the game, as opposed to players arguing stopping the flow of the game.

The bottom line, and the point that Mellor misses the most, is that the man in the middle is now so oppressed and intimidated by all and sundry that Alan Shearer gets away with kicking a player in the head, shirt pulling is largely overlooked and the whole of the Manchester United first team squad do as they please. And Mellor wants these cheats to turn into referees?!

If the honourable ex-minister wants to really make a jot of difference he should use his influence to help cut out this intimidation and the constant non-stop childish whinging that is forcing officials into mistakes. Only recently a referee came out and said he had made a mistake by not awarding Newcastle a penalty against West Ham. What happened there? Was it a freak outburst of conscience or did he feel intimidated by the after-match comments?

Some managers - Ferguson, Robson, Graham, etc. - seem to criticise the ref week in and week

out, while others - Redknapp and Strachan for example - suffer the consequences for past run-ins on the pitch.

The aim is plain to see. These managers and players seek to intimidate the officials into making biased decisions in order to avoid after match criticism and the ridicule of people like Mellor. The manager who says the most is the most likely to win the next game.

Players carry this onto the pitch and we are now rapidly heading for the time when every decision will be wholeheartedly contested by players of both sides. All this leads to the inconsistencies that the money-spending supporter finds so hard to put up with.

Players are getting sent off - like Harry Kewell last year - for trying to abide by the rules, while some players are let off for major offenses, and Mellor's foreign Chelsea players dive around the pitch like it's a swimming gala.

The intimidation of officials is just another example of the current trend of cheating sweeping through our game at present, and it's this cheating that must be stopped. The Football Association has failed its paying customers by constantly ignoring this problem. Maybe this is due to the fact that the manager with the most influence at the FA is the worst offender. I don't know, but football is the loser.

England have had two players sent off in the most recent internationals and I am firmly convinced that Beckham wouldn't have done his infamous kick at that Argentinian if he, and everyone else for that matter, didn't think he would have got away with it at home. The amount of players booked and sent off these days is getting out of hand and it's all down to the fact that some referees are trying to cover up the shortcomings of themselves and their colleagues.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

The comments about the language used in the Leeds Leeds Leeds magazine, on page 39 of the Leeds v Sheffield Wednesday match programme, prompt me to write to you about "We Are Leeds".

It's a good fan magazine, but I'm disappointed with the "Bad Language List" that can be made up from it, using issue 15 as an example.

The words appear in the same magazine which, on page 12, boasts a kids' page, with pictures of kids aged 7, 8 (two), 10 (two), 13 and 14.

True, the above words are nothing compared to those we might experience at the ground, on the TV (after watershed hours), or

probably even in schools, but do we have to expose them in a magazine that youngsters will probably be reading? Except for mine, that is, because I won't give my 14 year old daughter the chance to see this magazine, all about a football team she loves, as long as it is freely uncensored with words like the above!

I am certainly not a prude, but is it really necessary in a "family" magazine? Please review!

Yours sincerely,

David Crabtree

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions are available at £7 for the next six issues, this includes all postage.

Cheques payable to S. Abbott.

FROM: 4 Avenue Place Harrogate, North Yorkshire. HG2 7PJ

AN INCOMPLETE TALE

A couple of months back I received a phone message from an Andy Ward who was researching an article for the official Manchester United magazine. He wanted me to ring him back because he was doing an article on the mysterious rivalry between our two clubs. So, expecting him to ring me later so he picked up the phone bill for what was quite a lengthy interview, I rang him. I suppose it was because of the multi-million pound commercial empire he was working for, but I ended up paying for the call.

Because he needed to ring and ask I assumed he didn't know very much about us, as anyone who has watched either club for any reasonable length of time doesn't need telling. Anyway, it happened, and I told him the full story. I told him about the media hype of the sixties, about the unfair comparisons between the two sets of players and everything else. Most of all I told him it was all because of their fans and how in the early days of football hooliganism, it was them who led the way.

I was hoping for a free copy when the article came out (about two issues later) but of course this is Manchester United we are talking about. As we all know everything has its price in the price hike profit-orientated world of Manchester Murdoch Sky Pay per view rip off \$\$\$\$££££££££ United, and the price I had to pay was £2.20. To be honest it's not the cost of two pounds twenty I object to, even if I am ever-reluctant to put a single penny into the coffers of the self proclaimed biggest (that can only mean richest) football club in the world. No siree bub. The biggest price to pay by far was the indignity of actually going into a shop and buying one. It was my last resort, I had tried everything; bribery, blackmail threats of divorce, everything, but in the end I had to get it myself.

*As it happened Morrisons was pretty quiet so I seized the opportunity and, making sure nobody saw me, picked one off the shelf and rapidly checked to make sure it was in (I wasn't going through all that for nothing). I put the magazine face down in the basket and nearly ran to the checkout. I put the magazine face down on the conveyor and to my horror I realised the bar code was on the front. F***** hell, the girl would have to turn it over and in so doing reveal to the world what I was buying. Anyway for safety purposes I thrust the offensive paper to the bottom of a carrier and headed home through the shadows.*

On reaching the safety of my own home I locked the door, closed the curtains and took the phone off the hook. Ok, Ok, I am 38 years old, I know nobody can actually see down the phone but you just can't be too sure in circumstances like that can you? I read the article in relative safety.

I don't suppose it was an untrue account of our conversation, and it didn't show myself or the fanzine in a bad light. I had constantly worried that they would make me sound like some jealous, bitter nobody, but my fears were groundless.

The hurtful part is that I spoke to the guy for quite some time and he was very selective in what he included in his article. He never once mentioned the fact that the whole thing was started in the sixties by their fans, in fact the whole hooligan issue was avoided like someone who had something to hide (surely that's not the case, hee hee hee). The only crowd disorder that did get a mention was how we disgraced ourselves at Blackburn, all done without mentioning what I have always maintained, which is that it was not aimed at Busby, but rather at the fact that our own club, while insisting that we honour those we respect the least, had never done a thing to honour their own. Unless you included allowing Wilkinson to take all the reminders down. This was never more evident than to this day, although they have promised the Bremner statue, they completely overlooked the death of Syd Owen.

Anyway, at the risk of being charged on copyright grounds I have included the relevant passages so you can see for yourself:

“When the United squad travelled to Munich for their Champions' League clash with Bayern Munich in September, it was the first time the club had flown to the German city since the fatal plane crash that devastated the Busby Babes. But as the players passed through Manchester Airport to board their aircraft, the poignancy of the moment was shattered by a 50-strong mob of Leeds supporters chanting sick jibes about the 1958 tragedy.

The incident, involving Yorkshire fans en route to watch their team's UEFA Cup clash in Madeira, provided further proof that Leeds supporters' hatred of United is as great as ever. And judging by the hostile reception that greeted Leeds followers when they visited Old Trafford last May, the feelings are mutual. It is a bitter and sometimes bloody rivalry of the kind most clubs' fans reserve for their local neighbours. Separated by 50 miles, a chain of hills and a county border, the two sets of supporters cannot cite sibling competition as the source of their antipathy in the way of Arsenal and Spurs, or Liverpool and Everton.

To understand the origin of this rivalry, you have to know your 15th century English history, when the aristocracies of Lancashire and Yorkshire vied with each other for control of the monarchy. The battles became known as the War of the Roses, in recognition of the two counties' respective symbols: a red rose for Lancashire, a white rose for Yorkshire. For the record, the Lancastrians won, when Reds' skipper Henry VII, a kind of 15th century Captain Marvel, overcame the Yorkshiremen's defensive tactics and netted the throne. These two proud northern counties, sitting either side of the Pennine divide, have remained sworn enemies ever since. So when, in 1964, Yorkshire's biggest club Leeds were promoted to the old First Division after years in the doldrums, it was only natural that meetings with the Lancastrian Red Devils would see a re-enactment of the War of the Roses on the football field. In their first season back in the top flight, Leeds, inspired by former Busby Babe Johnny Giles, beat United to Wembley after an epic FA Cup semi final that went to a replay. They nearly deprived Old Trafford of the League title too. United finished top on goal average, the Yorkshire upstarts coming within 0.686 of a goal of leaving us without a trophy. Don Revie's Leeds had arrived as a footballing forte to be reckoned with, and duelled with Matt Busby's team for domestic supremacy throughout the 60s, before eventually gaining the ascendancy over United in the

early 70s.

A revisionist history of the era appeared recently in the fanzine We Are Leeds: "Throughout the 60s we beat them for fun. There were occasions when we made them look amateurish, climaxing with the memorable 5-1 drubbing in 1972. However, all you ever read, right up to the present day, is how wonderful the likes of Best, Law and goody two shoes Charlton were. They are so often described as exceptional players. On the other hand, we were the dark forces, we were the dirty team. Admittedly, we were no angels, but what about the likes of Bill Foulkes, Paddy Crerand and, of course, that little bundle of fun called Norbert Stiles?" The fanzine's editor, Steve Abbott, says that this stereotyping was just an early example of the perceived media bias towards United that has riled Leeds fans in modern times: "The Leeds side was always put down by the media. Giles, Hunter and Jack Charlton were called 'dirty', while Stiles and Foulkes were considered 'hard but fair'. Yet even then, Manchester United were whiners and whingers. All the things that everybody's saying about Manchester United now, we've been saying for years and years. When we say we hate Man United, we're not just jumping on the bandwagon. We feel put out that hating Man United is fashionable at the moment. People accuse us of just being jealous of their success like everybody else, but for us the rivalry runs deeper than that."

A recent edition of Abbott's fanzine features a Leeds-supporting decorator who refuses to paint things red and a worker who hasn't spoken to a United-supporting colleague for 12 years as a matter of principle. The fanzine writer explains, "People often ask if we hate Man United as much, or more, than we love Leeds. My answer to that is, what's wrong if we do? I firmly believe that when supporting a football club your rivals should be just as important to you as the club you support."

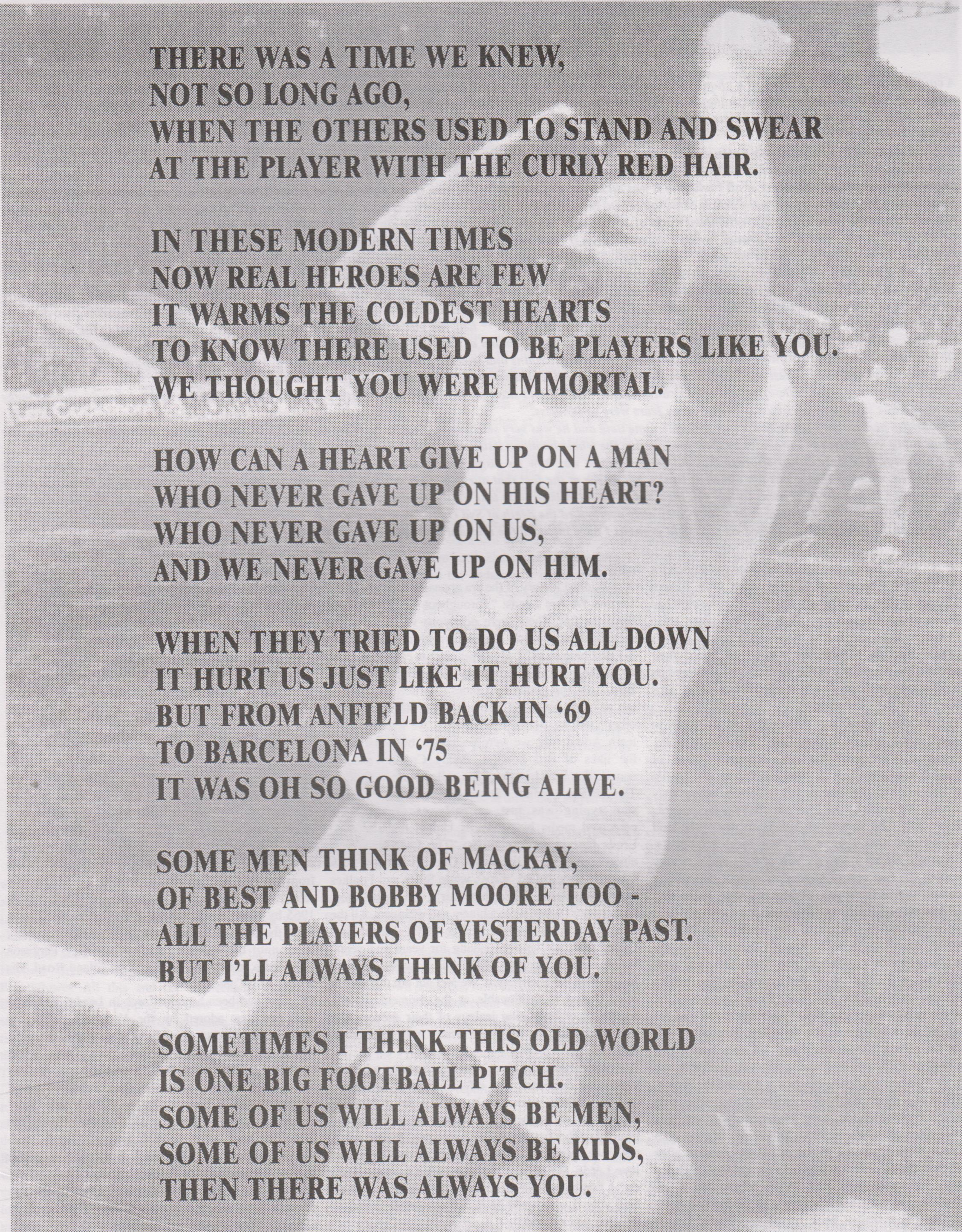
All of the Leeds publications seem obsessed with us. Another fanzine found room to celebrate last season's Red-busting achievements of their reserve team. "For the first time in 51 years, we are the Pontin's League champions, leapfrogging Man United to snatch the crown from their grasp!" cheered To Ell and Back.

It may seem harmless enough, but the events at Manchester airport show a more sinister side to the rivalry. Forced to suffer such venom on a daily basis are the 300 members of the Leeds and Bradford branch

of the Manchester United Supporters' Club. Assistant secretary Ian Hampshire recalls an incident that reveals the depth of bad feeling: "I once saw a little kid in a Man United shirt at a local cricket match. A ten-year-old lad started singing 'Munich' at him."

This new generation of United-hating Leeds supporters is a product of the Yorkshire side's return in 1990 from a seven-year exile to the old Second Division. The defection to Old Trafford of Leeds stars Joe Jordan and Gordon McQueen in 1978 had brought added spice to Roses conflicts in the late 70s and early 80s, but Leeds' relegation in 1982 brought a ceasefire until their promotion in 1990. Like in 1965, the Yorkshiremen lost no time in challenging the Mancunians for honours. Playing Johnny Giles' role this time was ex-Red Gordon Strachan, whose Leeds team tussled with United in a neck-and-neck race to the 1991/92 title. When the Reds eliminated Leeds from the FA Cup that year, it was the beginning of a role-reversal that resulted in Leeds gaining revenge for 1965 by claiming the title. But if the 1991/92 season re-lit the fuse of Roses rivalry, the explosion didn't come until the following term when Alex Ferguson launched a smash-and-grab raid on Elland Road. His booty? Eric Cantona.

Our Eric had been a major force in Leeds' 1992 title win, and was adored by the Yorkshire public, as illustrated by extracts from Leeds fanzines of the time, which are laced with delicious irony. One writer eulogised in The Square Ball, "Don't you just go weak at the knees when he kisses his shirt? I think that kind of commitment is heart-warming... I think he's God!" Wrote another, in Marching All Together, "Welcome Eric - the poet, artist, football king of Elland Road. Worth a million? More like six." But a million pounds is what Fergie paid for the footballing bargain of the century the following November. One Leeds fan described his reaction upon reading of the deal on teletext: "The news was perhaps the most earth-shattering I have encountered in my lifetime... Dizziness and nausea swept through my body as my eyes scanned the script. How could he go to them? He knew how much we loved him, and how much we utterly despised the Filth. Eric Cantona has left our club and moved to that most despicable and overwhelmingly detestable club." Now it was United's turn to be inspired to the championship by a former star of their Roses rival.



THERE WAS A TIME WE KNEW,
NOT SO LONG AGO,
WHEN THE OTHERS USED TO STAND AND SWEAR
AT THE PLAYER WITH THE CURLY RED HAIR.

IN THESE MODERN TIMES
NOW REAL HEROES ARE FEW
IT WARMS THE COLDEST HEARTS
TO KNOW THERE USED TO BE PLAYERS LIKE YOU.
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE IMMORTAL.

HOW CAN A HEART GIVE UP ON A MAN
WHO NEVER GAVE UP ON HIS HEART?
WHO NEVER GAVE UP ON US,
AND WE NEVER GAVE UP ON HIM.

WHEN THEY TRIED TO DO US ALL DOWN
IT HURT US JUST LIKE IT HURT YOU.
BUT FROM ANFIELD BACK IN '69
TO BARCELONA IN '75
IT WAS OH SO GOOD BEING ALIVE.

SOME MEN THINK OF MACKAY,
OF BEST AND BOBBY MOORE TOO -
ALL THE PLAYERS OF YESTERDAY PAST.
BUT I'LL ALWAYS THINK OF YOU.

SOMETIMES I THINK THIS OLD WORLD
IS ONE BIG FOOTBALL PITCH.
SOME OF US WILL ALWAYS BE MEN,
SOME OF US WILL ALWAYS BE KIDS,
THEN THERE WAS ALWAYS YOU.

BACK ISSUES

DUE TO OUR TENDENCY TO SELL OUT, THE ONLY BACK ISSUES WE STILL HAVE IN STOCK ARE NOW A COUPLE OF SEASONS OLD. IN VIEW OF THIS WE ARE GIVING THEM AWAY COMPLETELY FREE TO ANYONE SENDING A LARGE (A4) S.A.E (1ST CLASS) TO: 4 AVENUE PLACE HARROGATE, NORTH YORKSHIRE. HG2 7PJ