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# Filbo Fever!



Issue No 1

**The Foxes Against Racism Leicester City Fanzine**

Ex-Saint:  
Satan or  
Saviour?



**50p**

## EDITORIAL

This is issue 1 of *Filbo Fever!*, the rag that is a must for the thinking Leicester City fan. It is set up and run by Foxes Against Racism. The days when the racists in the Blue Army jeered our own black players may have faded into the past since the coming of our own LCFC Saviour, Julian Joachim. I mean, what heretic would dare jeer Jules - the best youth prodigy seen in City colours for many seasons. But how long would his name be chanted with pride and glory, should he (dare I say it!) have a bad patch or begin to look merely mortal?

However its not on the pitch that City racists have been turning their attentions in the recent past, but mainly on other Leicester fans! If some morons think that racist chants, jokes and comments - even against their fellow supporters - is supporting City, they'd better think again. For City to make it to the top and stay there, LCFC must be made a club that welcomes class players and loyal fans regardless of the colour of their skin.

Get into 'em!

*The Soar Surfer*



## Lightning Strikes Twice.. Review of '92-'93 Season

Well, what a season! On the playing side of things we've been on the now 'predictable' Leicester City roller coaster ride (which very nearly became derailed this winter!). After a magnificent Spring run (a winning streak only bettered by Portsmouth at the time, & who despite all, we later dumped out of the play-offs!) It came to pass that Brian was once again to lead City out at Wembley; and our second consecutive defeat in the twin towers of hell, again at the hands of shite refs.

But what *really* went on last season? Here we take a sentimental look back at our '92-'93 campaign.

The first fixtures saw us in a host of East + West Midland derby matches, the highlights being: Gee's stunning performance to dump the sheep molesters at Filbo, Walshy getting the red for trying to take Bully out of the first game (surprised?) at Molineux; being robbed at Notts County (& being called a "bloody disgrace" by their rich, fat git of a chairman, who didn't have anything better to talk about than Meadow Lane architecture!!); Russell Hault and his sodding hot-dog debut against Wolves - the real wonder not being his clean sheet, but not contracting salmonella!!

But while we were having an indifferent start, it was a joy to watch Derby struggle to even get off the mark, & to see their Baseball ground humiliation unfold... priceless!!

As our very own pieces of Derby (their reserve front line!!) started to falter and lose favour, so we uncovered our greatest young 'asset', the mighty Julian Joachim, his pace, skill and speed only matched by the speed of which rumours spread of how to pronounce his surname, and where his family originated from (Brazil???)

Still the best was yet to come from the young Jules; he was not content with just getting Leicester back in the "Goal of the Season" competition with his effort against Barnsley, putting Portsmouth out of the play-offs, gaining widespread praise down under in the England Under-19's, and notching class goals for city and becoming 2nd top scorer.

NO, he showed himself to be the media star of the 90's, with his amazing post match interview against Sunderland at the Central Match live show, or the 'day Gray Newbon almost died' as it should be known...

"Well the ball was passed by..er..who was it man?"

Gary quickly changed the subject. "Tell us about your 2nd goal"

Jules quipped " Well, the ball was bouncing like F-awkwardly.."

Classic! I've still got it on video!

We were crushed by Sheffield Wednesday in score but not in spirit & we left the Hillsboro' home crowd very non-plussed by our chants of "Wednesday, Wednesday, what's the score?" and "7-1, 7-1, 7-1, 7-1.."

But the Blue Army is still discussing arguing & getting aggro over the whether to laugh or not to laugh type of debate. Ridiculous when the on-pitch humiliation is so bad that every city fan is so physically and emotionally shocked that like everyone suffering great trauma, some cope by laughing- others by crying; No-ones ever wrong- so just calm down!! Still, to cheer our hearts even that night was the news that Forest were rock bottom with no signs of shifting!

We beat Newcastle (for their second defeat of the season) and delivered 2 good hammerings (Swindon - bastards! & Watford) either side of Christmas before our annual defeat at the Den (good bloody riddance!), then onwards & out of the FA cup at our more usual 3rd round spot- at least we saved ourselves from home defeat & got a' goal of the month' out of the replay.

Humiliation at the Baseball ground (some mistake, surely!) not long followed &

something had to be done..and IT WAS.

Steve Walsh became our chief marksman, Coatsworth claimed almost cult status for 2 goals at Barnsley, David Lowe netted a bag full, & we got our magnificent seven straight wins! And with it, propelled ourselves to the verge of the play-offs.

But, it wasn't just on the pitch where the action was happening, photographic evidence was distributed apparently showing Tony James and Lee Philpott to be involved in a sordid sex quadrangle. This involved a blonde haired woman in city kit, and a pair of extremely tacky (but reassuringly expensive) LCFC trainers!! Nice one, Bazza!

Still, as we launched towards the play-offs we overlooked Tony and Lee's indiscretions! And there was Speedie to wipe the smiles of our faces - again!! His first two goals for West Ham, too! What a scheming git! ( But can make it up to us this season). By this time, though a refereeing society (along with official the police position!) decided to punish anyone in a city shirt and a string of red cards followed Agnew, Lowe & Joachim. At least Steve Ag(ro)new actually did something to get sent off! But the Julian Joachim farce against Swindon could have been disastrous for us had a hastily organised 'Julian is innocent' campaign not succeeded.

2 more points to go to get in the play-offs!

But City had to play the Posh, AND we had to compete with the Cambridgeshire Constabulary. We went down in an awful 3-0 display, we stood up and tried to salvage our pride until the coppers came into try and rub our noses in the dirt by treating us like scum ( and making out that we were going to launch an attack on THE Peterborough fan AND his dog!!). It wasn't the Blue army who were the disgrace- it was the boys in blue! And it was the two valiant city strikers who took the 'points' that day!

Still, Millwall tripped up and we had made it, second year running! Forest were relegated, and the Derby millionaires finished in mid-table obscurity.

Our last regular league fixture was a cunning ploy to bring down the odds in our favour for a really financial viable gamble on our chances in the play-offs! (Bazza at work??!!)

Newcastle walked home 7-1 winners and we hadn't wrecked the party, and the Blue army present found a new-born respect for the Geordies who chanted "You're going up with geordies, up with the geordies.." (incorrect as it happened, but..). A time to forget about last seasons nightmare end, and perhaps the promise of some more St. James's Park parties over the coming season.

Next came a Julian stunner with only a handful of minutes left, as we took advantage over play-off rivals Portsmouth AND we had won our first match at the

Shitty ground for many years!! So while the builders demolished the West stand of Filbo, we travelled South to Fratton Park, where no-one really gave us a cat in hell's chance of getting a result. We did, courtesy of Ormondroyd(!!) and Thompson, and Wembley beckoned again...

And again, it was so near, but so far and at the end of the match the Blue army must have reckoned that McAlpines had got the wrong ground, and should really have been demolishing Wembley brick by brick!! What can I say. We were all there to witness the greatest fightback in Wembley history only to be denied by the cruellest and most dubious refereeing decision: AGAIN!!

The pain and anger even now is so bad that I can't spend anymore time on 31st May and our last day of the season except this:-

Can anyone tell me how Swindon should be gifted such an entrance to the Premier league, when they knew playing and managing inspiration Hoddle was always leaving - bastard! Coz he knows Swindon are bust, weak and spineless, with crap support a piss hole of a ground, and are always going to be relegated next season. Can anyone tell me?? The Blues are going up this time!!

# THRILLING TALES OF ADVENTURE...

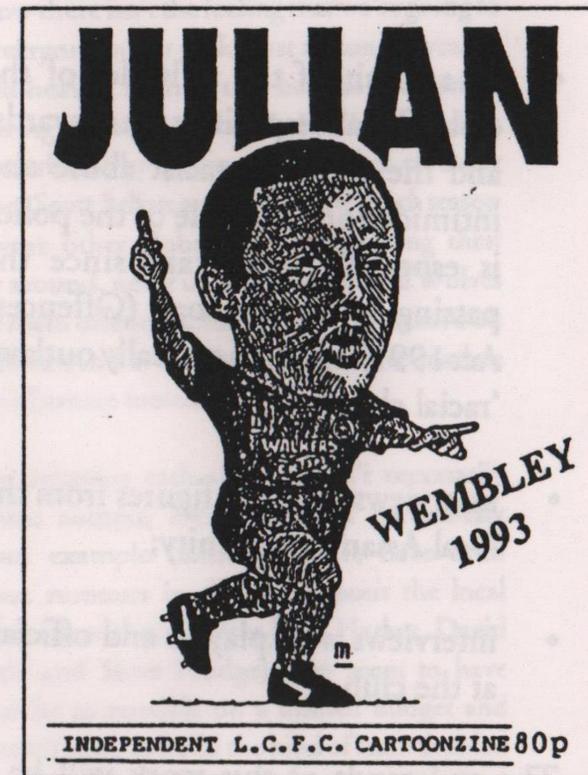


Jack realised with horror that the 'master' had been reading "Pronunciation the David Pleat Way" ... Jockey-îm, Jo-a-kîm, Jock-in ...."

## Filbo Fever! Reviews

**JULIAN**  
The First LCFC Cartoonzine

*Julian* is a refreshing sixteen page City fanzine packed with excellent cartoons from our very own enigmatic illustrator 'The Blue Meanie'. It



highlights many of last season's joys and horrors (ie F\*\*\*\*t's relegation and getting hammered 7-1 in northern cities), and includes a poignant drawing of a City fan screaming in frustration in front of a 'wailing wall' covered with the names of ex-Leicester heroes sold to others.

A smart buy at 80p.

**PERFUME**  
The Princess Charlotte, Aug 9

Out of the ashes of the much-missed Blab Happy come *Perfume*, a two piece fronted by Mick McCarthy (acoustic guitar), with Tony Owen on bass. Tonight was only their second gig, but they kicked-off confidently with the hypnotic 'Yoga', amidst a swirl of scented smoke from a bundle of joss-sticks at the front.

After this followed a set full of excellent songs, mixing thumping rhythms with sharp guitars and impassioned vocals. The highlight was 'Perfume', a strong candidate for a debut single if ever I heard one.

With record company interest already high, look out for a high profile for *Perfume* over the next few months. Check them out at the Charlotte on 8 September - it'll be worth your while.



GIVE ME FEVER!

# The People's Game?

One of the primary aims of FAR is to get more of Leicester's local Asian minority ethnic community down to Filbert Street. To help accomplish this, FAR aims to undertake research into the relationship between Asians and Leicester City...

In order to *really* achieve something, FAR needs to bring about permanent change at Filbert Street, so that the club's support more accurately reflects the multi-cultural nature of Leicester. One of the ways we can do this is to set up a thorough research project that will examine the reasons why Asians do not attend games at Filbo, draw conclusions and then make recommendations to the club as to how Filbert Street can become a better environment in which people from the Asian minority ethnic community can spectate.

This research project will take about nine months to complete. In this time, we hope to have accomplished the following tasks:

- an analysis of the number of Asians who do actually attend home games;
- an exploration of the attitudes of Asians towards football, and LCFC in particular. These attitudes will be discovered by way of a detailed questionnaire, distributed at schools, youth clubs, football clubs etc. The questionnaire will be designed to evaluate the Asian experience of Filbert Street, and how they feel the

atmosphere inside the ground can be improved so that more footie-loving Asians will feel able to attend matches without facing a torrent of abuse;

- an analysis of the attitudes of the club officials, especially the stewards, and the police to racist abuse and intimidation. The role of the police is especially important since the passing of the Football (Offences) Act 1991, which specifically outlaws 'racial chanting';
- interviews with key figures from the local Asian community;
- interviews with players and officials at the club.

The end result of this work will be a comprehensive report analysing the findings of our research. This report will be sent to the club, the police, various interested parties, and the press: this way we hope to generate publicity, and be the catalysts for change at Filbert Street.

There have, however, been encouraging signs from the club, who have recently announced that they are making it policy

to eject anyone caught racially abusing a player or fans. They are also planning to issue a statement in the Peterborough programme, part of which says:

If you are discriminating against someone, or abusing them because of their race and colour, you bring shame upon yourself

This is obviously a great step forward, and one which will help in the process of making Filbo a better place to come for minorities.



However, we mustn't be complacent – there is still a long way to go. The success of anti-racist campaigns at other clubs (Leeds, Newcastle) has shown us the way, and with the help of all supporters of our beloved club, we *can* achieve our aims.

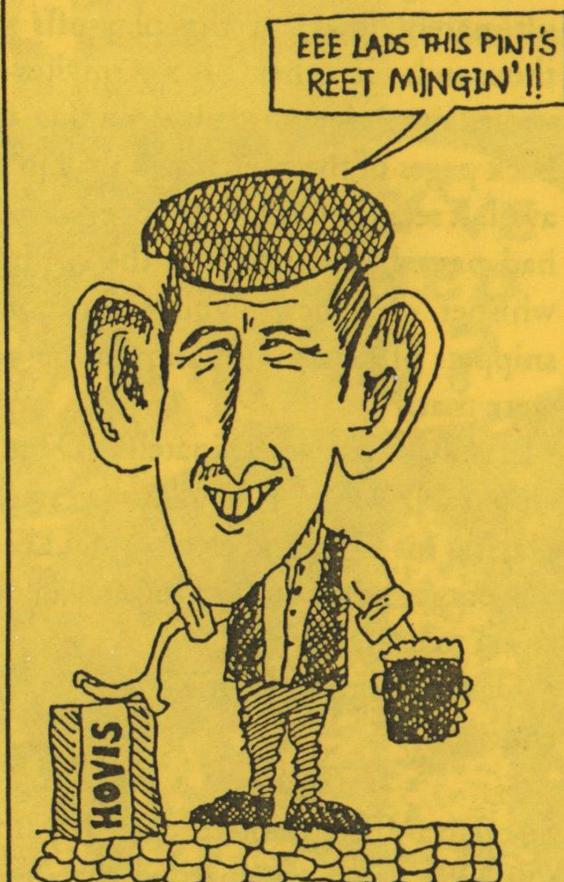


# Foxes Against Racism

Foxes Against Racism is a Leicester City supporters' organisation set up to combat racism at Filbert Street. We are determined to make Filbo a better place to come for our city's minority ethnic communities. If you would like to help, write to

70 High Street  
Leicester

'The Northern Gits'  
No. 1 Tommo



# FORGET HELL, IT WAS PURGATORY.....

Into the new season we go, exploding onto the scene in a hail of big-money signings... no, perhaps not. It didn't do Derby any good last season [yes, but what about Newcastle? -ED] and we're hoping that Wolves, and Forest, even Notts County and pissy *Birmingham* will follow Derby's path-of-disaster.

Following the highs, excitement and ultimately lows, of the play-offs - as thousands of other Blue Armyites - I waited impatiently, daily scanning the back pages of the Mercury, but all to no avail. It seemed like months or even years had passed, and not even the slightest whisper of a new signing. The only snippets of new information to be had were that:-

- Lee Chapman was definately NOT and would NEVER in a million years be playing for City (and as far as old Leeds players go, he's far too young and able to com: to us!!)
- David 'Skippy' Oldfield was out of contract.

So off to a VERY positive start... It wasn't until the day I got married that news filtered through of two new signings; from Man Utd and Cardiff; I was intrigued. In fact at times on the

honeymoon I was abit bemused that our biggest-money signing was a goalie, of which we'd already got two regulars! Settling down I resigned myself to trusting our almighty (and rather astute!) Brian Little-Spender.

It wasn't until we got back that I hurried out for a copy of the local rag and... I saw it... HE was here... DAVID BLOODY SPEEDIE!! and on a freebie! I was in turmoil: Why? When? Where? How? and what did everyone else think? My mates confirmed it- our Bogey-man had come to haunt us. Or was it to zone for his Crimes against Humanity? We shall have to wait and see. Now the shock has passed, I'm excited about seeing him play for City.

- 1) 'cos he's a nutter, and a hard bastard (and let's face it apart from some notable exceptions- Metal Mickey, Aggro Agnew, Smudger, and Walshy- we have tended to lack in this departement).
- 2) He works hard and scores goals.
- 3) He thrives on love/hate relationships with fans; and thats what he's going to get here! And he'll have so much to prove, and he knows we won't settle for less than the best from him.

Only by firing us into the Premier League will he be forgiven. And as our only striker signed (to date) frankly, I'm excited about him being here. Well done Brian. But the Board have got away with forking out a measily £500,000 this summer. To be honest, I don't think that's forward thinking enough, especially considering the big-money competition in our Division this season. But then Brian's built up a formidably sized squad (as virtually no one has parted from us) and maybe this'll be his master stroke. After all how many other clubs have 8+ forwards/strikers on their wage-bills these days?

The introduction of the big Irishman, Carey, at the back, and the ferocious competition for the no.1 shirt, should

help to shore up last season's 'leaky' defence. And we have good things about both Carey and Ward. With Walshy up front surely an England call-up can't be far away (!?), and as for our Julian- well we just hope we can keep hold of him long enough to us into the Premier League.

And when this has come to pass, then there shall be much rejoicing and once again the masses shall hail Brian's name from the rooftops:

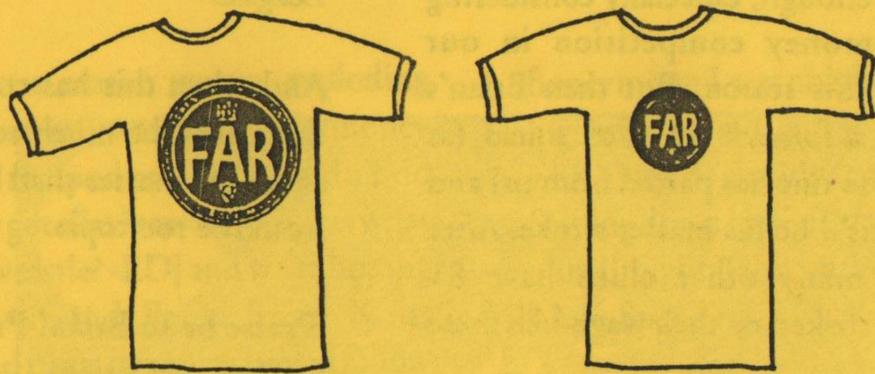
'Praise be to Brian! Praise be to Brian! Praise be to Brian!'

You came from the North-East, and you never spent much money- and we all remember Jimmy Willis!! But you really are GOD!!



## Fab FAR T-shirts available now!

Look young and trendy, and annoy the racist standing next to you, by sporting a marvellous FAR t-shirt. Made of 100% unbleached cotton, they are 'the tops' with smart young people everywhere (nearly).



To order, send a cheque for £6.50 (inc p&tp), made payable to 'Foxes Against Racism', to FAR, c/o 70 High Street, Leicester. Allow 28 days for delivery.

EXTRA LARGE ONLY

## OUT SOON – WHEN YOU'RE SMILING

From the makers of *Julian*, look out for the new Leicester City cartoon mag *When You're Smiling*. A sure-fire winner, it will be in a shop near you soon...



### Filbo Fever! CREDITS

Editors: Geoff & Jack  
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 With help from: Jelvis, Liz, Mikey, Mary, Lylie,  
 Dips and many others

Thanks to: Paul from *Leeds Fans United Againsts Racism & Fascism* for his encouragement & support  
 Marvellous people: Y'all

## Twenty-first Century Foxes?

On a couple of occasions this summer Martin George has said that we can be 'next seasons Newcastle'. Now there's nothing any of us would like more than City running away with the championship but does anyone really think this is probable? And 'probable' it has to be at the very least if we're to avoid another nightmarish trip to the Twin Towers. We certainly have the makings of a good side, and in Julian we have a player of enormous potential, one more than capable of running riot through the divisions defences, but somehow there isn't the feeling that we're going to crush everyone in our path. Last season Newcastle invested heavily in their side both at the start of and during the season, their belief in themselves was underlined by buying in the likes of Barry Venison, Scott Sellars and Andy Cole. Each season it's always other clubs that are splashing their money around, never us. This time round Wolves are the main offenders, though F\*\*\*\*t are hard on their heels. And even Birmingham have made a couple of astute moves.

Simply throwing cash about doesn't necessarily guarantee success, Derby being a particularly hilarious example (although there have been ominous rumours in the press about the local sheep worriers chasing after John Harkes, David Rocastle and Steve Hodge) City seem to have gone as far as possible on a limited budget and desperately need to build the kind of team that can not only take us out of this division but also form the backbone of the team that will establish us in the top flight. Brian has done a magnificent job, forging a worthy side from a complete shambles. But give the man some money for fucks sake and we'll be there.



Since the last home game of the season the demolition and rebuilding work at Filbo has attracted a small and constantly changing audience. Go down to take a peek at the proceedings and you find yourself amongst a knot of the similarly minded, gawping at the sheer majesty of it all, like

trainspotters with just the one number to collect. It's a shame that the same principle cannot be applied to our team budget but the club is to be congratulated on digging so deep into the City coffers for one stand, when Notts County had to Lego together 3 sides for almost half the price. In some ways though, the new stand will make the ground look even stranger than it did before, as if the San Siro had been grafted onto Boghead Park, Dumbarton.

The Filbert Street end is a pet hate of mine. I think you'd have to trawl around in the lower divisions for a long while to find something comparably uninspiring. Even Walsall has deeper rows of seating behind both goals. And those orange seats. Uggghh. Picture Joachim's beautiful goal in front of the heaving bank of 5,000 or so City fans at Barnsley. The same goal, no less the beautiful, scored at the Filbert Street end, orange seats poking out between a few ecstatic family club members, just wouldn't of seemed so glorious. There is a distressing rumour that the camera gantry will be in the new stand. If this is true then yet again the rest of the nation will recognise Filbo only as two bus stops and the bottom half of the Double Decker.

This isn't the Clubs fault though. The council blocked the original plan to rebuild the hated end because it would have blocked out the natural light for the residents. I can understand that the council is supposed to try to protect the rights of the city residents from the ruthless planning applications but from a purely selfish point of view I can see little chance of building a decent stand within the present set up.

Leicester City are a great club, not the biggest, certainly not the richest, but we should be more than capable of holding our own amongst the larger Premier League sides. In my pipe dreams, along with a return to the 71 kit, I imagine a sea of home fans behind both goals, 'When You're Smiling' bouncing off the stands, and sticking the away fans in the East stand. In reality the image we present to the football world with the Filbert Street end falls sadly short of our actual status.

## The Filbo Fever! Awards 1992-93

**Foul of the season**  
Any of 'IRON' Mike Whitlow's

**Televised foul of the season**  
Thompson's gutsy attempt to remove Speedie's lower leg (vs. West Ham)

**City psyhco award**  
Goes to Steve 'Ali' Agnew for totally losing it against Millwall!!

**Most embarrassing halftime 'Home' moment**  
Any involving 'Filbert the Fux' ('or the dog in the Chelsea kit' as is otherwise known (© Moggs))

**Most embarrassing halftime 'Away' moment**  
Being not only 6-0 down at Newcastle but knowing that most of the nation had seen it...and turned off!!

**Most predictable sending off**  
Walshy against Wolves!

**'Best' non-City result**  
Derby sheep shaggers 1 Cremonese 3!!

**'Best' City own goal**  
Simon Grayson's unstoppable effort in the 6yrd box, in the dying seconds to grab defeat from the jaws of a point at Bristol City.

**Most incredible City goal**  
IAN ORMONDROYD (off-side!) score from a 're-direction' of a DAVID OLDFIELD shot!! Helped sink Portsmouth in the playoffs.

**Most blind but honest linesman**  
He who got Julian sent off for 'violent conduct', that everyone in the ground knew he was innocent of- but he was at least (on reflection) able to admit he is an arsehole!

**Most Gullible ref**  
He who heard & believed the above linesman, and sent Julian off!

**Git of the Century**  
David Speedie. For not only cheating us out of the Premier League football last season, but for hammering us for the Hammers-and with his first on loan goals!! (but we know he can atone for those crimes-Ed.)

**The "You're shit ARRR" award (or crappiest City match report)**  
"The hopes of every fairminded fan in the country were with Portsmouth...."  
THE SUN.  
(Well, it didnt help them did it!! And what does THE SUN know about being fairminded!)

**Most hideously sporting away support**  
Bristol City, for clapping the Leicester team on their lap of honour after reaching the play-offs.

**Saying of the Century**  
"When we're good we're very good, but when we're bad, we're minging!"  
-Tommo on Radio Leicester, before Porstmouth away in the play-offs.



# CITY NEW BOYS

## BRIAN CAREY

Signed from little Man. United for the fee of £250,000, 25 year-old Brian will be competing for a place in the heart of our defence. Could just be the man to stop the leaky goals, but was hardly the big money signing that we all craved.

Still, we'll all give him a typical Filbo welcome, and then take it from there.



## GAVIN WARD

With three excellent keepers at the club, it seemed surprising that Brian wanted to splash out £300,000 for another. Gavin, however, comes with good references, although he has a big tradition to uphold.

However, if he can keep a clean sheet against F\*\*\*\*t, he'll be an instant folk hero!



## In the Black & Blue Corner

Ever been twatted by fellow Leicester fans? We know a man who has...

Perhaps I should start by admitting that in the past and to my shame, I've had a certain morbid fascination with football hooliganism. It's often crossed my cowardly mind that I may get a shoeing courtesy of the more amicably challenged among the locals. But actually in our away pens and at Filbo I've never been even slightly bothered. A couple of times I've even joined in with a couple of lines of "Hark now hear the Leicester sing" before trailing off embarrassed in the knowledge that there's little chance of me "fighting for ever more" and that also I've never seen City play Chelsea.

All of this, at worst, makes me a bit of a prat. I had never dreamt that the blows that would eventually land freely about my head would be aimed by another City fan.

Sheffield Wednesday away. The fizzy drink cup. A right old drubbing. At the time I was working nights and had ill advisedly managed only three hours kip after my shift. But no matter, I was looking forward to going to Hillsborough and I had a funny feeling that if we could scrape through this match we could have another crack at the scum from the City Ground. And so a friend and I drove to Sheffield pausing only to sit for fucking

ages in an enormous traffic jam induced by a strange mixture of Leicester fans and saddoes bound for a Cliff Richard gig/sermon. We ran to the ground and got in just in time for the kick-off.

I shan't dwell on the game itself. Not just in this article but as a general rule of thumb. Needless to say it was a desperate affair. As Bart-Williams stuck in Wednesday's sixth, I finally had a brush with Footy Violence. O.K., it wasn't in the same league as surging runs down Burnmoor Street or throwing C.S. gas onto a coach at Southend, but it was unwelcome nevertheless.

I was one of the many City fans who jokingly celebrated their last goals. After having slept so little, rushed up the M1, paid £9 to get in, seen my team humiliated and with the prospect of a shift when I got home, I felt that I had to extract some pride and entertainment from the whole sorry business. Maybe I was wrong, but I wasn't prepared for my head to be yanked back by my hair and several punches to rain down on my forehead and, more painfully my nose. The bloke who did this wasn't especially hard but he had a mad air about him, the sort of mad air that only an extremely heavy defeat and 17 pints can bring about. I

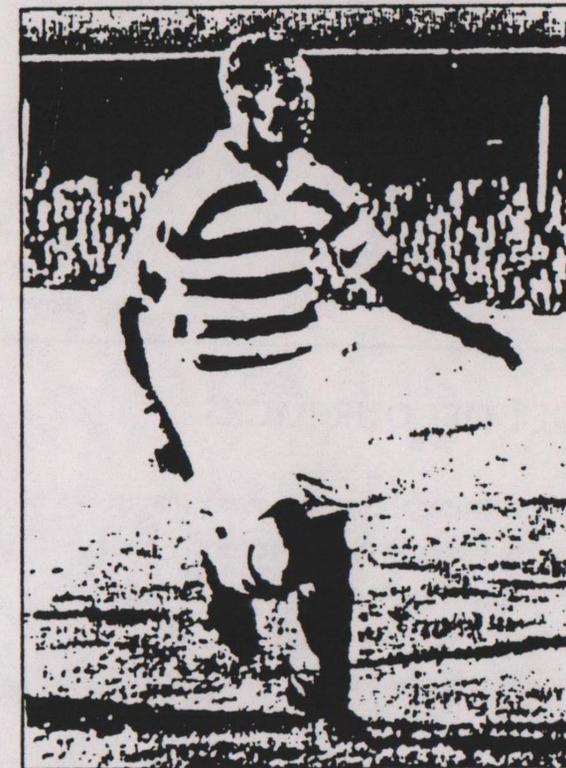
mumbled something along the lines of "what the fuck are you doing?" but his attention had already drifted and I was keen for it to stay that way so I didn't press for an answer. As the seventh goal went in he ran off down the row to hit someone else only to be dragged off by his mate and two other City fans. He then sat down and contented himself with shouting "c\*\*\*s" at virtually the whole of the City support.

I braced myself for a few goodbye punches but none came. By midnight I was back at the factory having had to explain the collection of large lumps across my forehead. Waiting for the bus home at 7am the next morning I couldn't believe any of it had happened. Make no mistake this was an awful match, but bleating apart there were enjoyable moments: the City support was huge and (generally) good-natured and in fine voice. It was by no means as dire as, say, the 5-1 slaughter at Cambridge, when I could hardly bring myself to talk on the way home.

The bloke behind me probably wasn't a proper hoolie. Just an irate fan who lashed out at someone who he thought was taking the piss out of his team. He should lighten up though, it's not that important. The only people at games that should get this sort of grief are the racist bastards in the crowd.

Jelvis Clay

## COMPETITION TIME



Q. What's the connection between this 50's Celtic player and fab Leicester nightspot Mosquito Coast?

Answers on a postcard please to FAR, 70 High Street, Leicester. Winner gets a groovy FAR T-shirt.

Did you see the incredible Franky Wortho article in the press recently, where he described an away trip with England to Eastern Europe? In it, he boasted of all-night drinking sessions with Kevin Keegan and Malcom MacDonald, gambling with stakes as high as £200 (and winning!) in England's hotel, and a trip to the Yugoslavian Embassy where he 'got wasted on the booze and collapsed on the floor'!

He also mentions that he scored the winner v. Bulgaria, but seems more pleased with winning £1400 at cards! And there was I, thinking he was such a clean-living young man..

# L etters Page

All correspondence to  
c/o 70 High Street  
Leicester

## GET OFF OUR BACKS

The first we knew about our away league match with Peterborough recently was that the Cambridgeshire Constabulary was shitting their pants about us city fans! On Central news the evening before, they were informing us that they expected trouble from the marauding 8,000+ Blue army that day, & they announced that Peterborough City Centre would shut down & reinforcements from Nottinghamshire called in.

The first bit of it was that they quoted Newcastle at Filbo as the evidence that we were 'scum' & certain to go on the rampage, raping & pillaging as we go! the fact that virtually none of the factors were present at Peterborough seemed to make no odds with the malfunctioning brain cell in charge of policing the match. Still, off we went down the A47 in search of 3pts & play-off certainty. And what a brilliant sight it was to see the Blue Army in such force. But, as so often on these occasions (like Charlton last season) the points were ours until the refs whistle went to start the match. The rest is history; we played shite & lost 3-0.

But all was not lost:: we had 2 more

matches to get 2 pts to be certain of the play-offs, so the amassed city hordes settled down to enjoy ourselves anyway we could.

One of the easiest ways to piss everyone off was to goad the already heavy handed policing by by intermittent chants of "...on the pitch, on the pitch, on the pitch....", though I saw little evidence of any real intention to run on to that accursed turf!!!

The spontaneous repeating of the thick yorkshire accent of the tannoy was my favourite...

"GERT KAYY!" [gate k!]

Then it was 3-0, and no hope left...but a last effort(???) clinched it for Leicester: 2 male streakers (one with a pink ribbon in his hair!) charged onto the London Rd turf! As one of the Peterboro' defenders grabbed our pink-ribboned hero by the hair, Richard Smith sealed it for us by charging over & having a go at the 'Boro bastard!

—"Get your hands off our stalker or I'll smash yer face in!!" might have been what he said!!

Peterboro' and their coppers- having now been decisively defeated by the Blue Army & the 'points' no the way back to Leicester-decided then to cause trouble, treat us like shit, and smear the name of the Blue Army. Talking of over the top policing and provocation, the way the Cambridgeshire 3rd reich lined up in front of the massed massed city fans- who weré only saluting our team and regaining our pride- and lined up on the half way line.

The laughable reason for this provocation was apparently to prevent the City fans from charging the 'Boro fans!! We feel NOTHING towards 'Boro fans! We could hardly hear them and we outnumbered them anyway!

We were all drifting away until continual announcements calling on City fans to "keep off the pitch" - (we weren't even on it!) & under ridiculous police provocation; we made a point of staying and making our views known.

We, as City fans, are not going to be treated like scum and take it lying down. The coppers wanted to and expected trouble and in the event, they CAUSED what little trouble there was. "You're just a bunch of wankers!!!" rang out the Blue Army....never a truer word...

Dave C.

## PICKING OUR BOGEY'S

Dear ED,

Over the last few season's has anyone else noticed how standard it is for us City fans to winge;"oh yes, we lost, but we expected

it 'cos they are one of our 'bogey-teams'."

And has anyone else noticed just how that list of 'bogey sides' keeps expanding? There were times last season that I felt that we might just aswell have packed up and stayed at home as the list of 'bogey sides' seemed to number the entire Division!!(except for Grimsby!)

I think it's about time we stopped being so fatalistic(especially as the Den has been pulled down!) and accepted that we lose matches 'cos over 90 minutes we were: crap; Unlucky; or (dare I say it) even outclassed! There's no reason for the sides we have put out over the last couple of seasons, to struggle against shitey teams like Bristol City, or even worse; Peterborough!!

Let's get out there on the pitch and on the terraces, work and shout hard, and let's put these 'Bogey-Teams' to the sword!! I can't wait until we hammer Peterborough 10-0!!!

Yours  
Geoff D.

P.S. Keep up the good work.

To whom it may concern

What!?!?!... David bloody git Speedie!?!?  
Playing for Leicester!?!...I don't BLOODY BELIEVE IT!!!! Well bloody buggery.....

Yours disbloodybelievingly

V. Meldrew.

(Oh sod off you miserable old GIT!!-ED)