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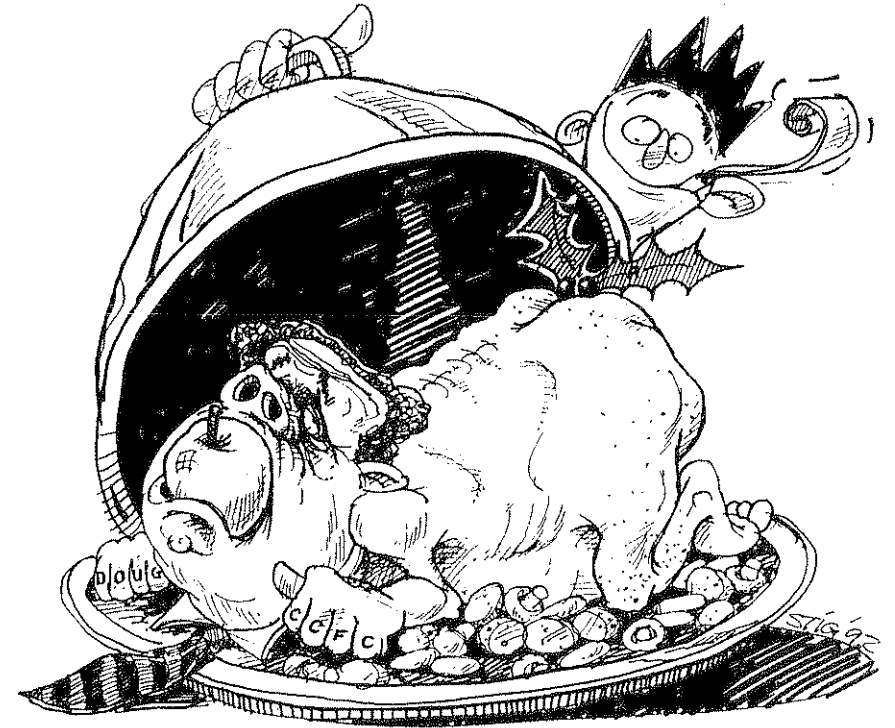
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Love, Peace  
and  
Swansea City

Issue Four Jan/Feb '93  
£1.00

Now incorporating

# JACKMAIL



## Goodwill to all men?

P.O. Box 72, Swansea. SA2 7YA

# Editorial

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## Subscriptions :

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## Please Note :

The views in this fanzine are those of the individual contributors, and not necessarily those of the editors, SCFC, FOSCF, TITS or the Supporters' Club.

Welcome to issue four of 'Love, Peace and Swansea City'. As you can see from the cover, we've now merged with 'Jackmail' to make a bigger and better Swansea fanzine. It made sense to pull our resources together and the result is a 44 page publication packed with interesting and amusing articles, (well we think there interesting and amusing !!). Sorry about the £1.00 price tag, but it was inevitable since production and printing do not come cheap. You can be assured that it will be the last ever price increase, and for that pound, readers will be guaranteed at least 44 pages and from the next issue onwards, a glossy colour cover.

Anyway, onto footballing matters, and the Bolton Wanderers game at home on December 28th, will see the final game of 1992. A year of ups and downs, as usual, but basically a period of disappointment and frustration. After Burnley and Oxford earlier this season, we all enjoyed great performances against Blackpool and Hartlepool etc., and of course, Saturday 24th October will be remembered as the day we went top of the league. But even before Chester and Brighton, there were underlying signs that things weren't all that rosy. The failure to score in four out of our nine home games is a testament to that. Most of us would fully admit that we were probably carried away by the excellent start, but maybe we went top too soon and created our own pressure, which resulted in a lack of confidence. No doubt everyone has their views on team selection, but the root of the problem has to be the chairman.

Mr Sharpe continues to have this small club mentality, which in the end could cost this club its life. We must get into the First Division, and pull away from the Second and Third Divisions, where teams are folding or becoming part-timers. During the pre-season campaign, Colin Pascoe was valued at £80,000 by Sunderland, who were quite willing to let him go, and a double hat-trick against Cwmtilery showed those who turned up, that this player was a bargain. In issue one of this fanzine, we pleaded with Mr Sharpe to get out his cheque book there and then, but of course, he didn't and Pasc went onto notch several fantastic performances, which made other clubs sit up and take notice, not least of all struggling Sunderland.

Colin had the most skill in the team, possibly the division, and had a commitment ten times better than the next Swans player. By the end of his loan period, Sunderland had put a new price tag on Colin of £250,000. At this late stage, Dougie decides to make a bid, and what was his bid ?. Yes that's right £80,000. He later managed to find another

£20,000, but the Sunderland board could only laugh at this pathetic offer.

The removal or loss of a great player does not usually make that team into a bad one overnight, but combined with the absence of Keith Walker and the debacle at Merthyr, it certainly didn't help. And there'll be more unhappy times for us Jacks, if Mr Sharpe doesn't lose this small club mentality.

Onto the F.A. Cup now, and what farce that was !. Goals from Cornforth and 'Jinx', and a goal by Exeter's Dolan, meant that the Swans were leading with only minutes left, when a few of the floodlights packed in !. There then followed a long delay, a resumption of play, a pitch invasion, and to cap it all, more dodgy floodlights !. And whose fault was it ?. Well, according to the F.A. it wasn't Exeter's, even if it was their lights and their fans, which caused the delay !.

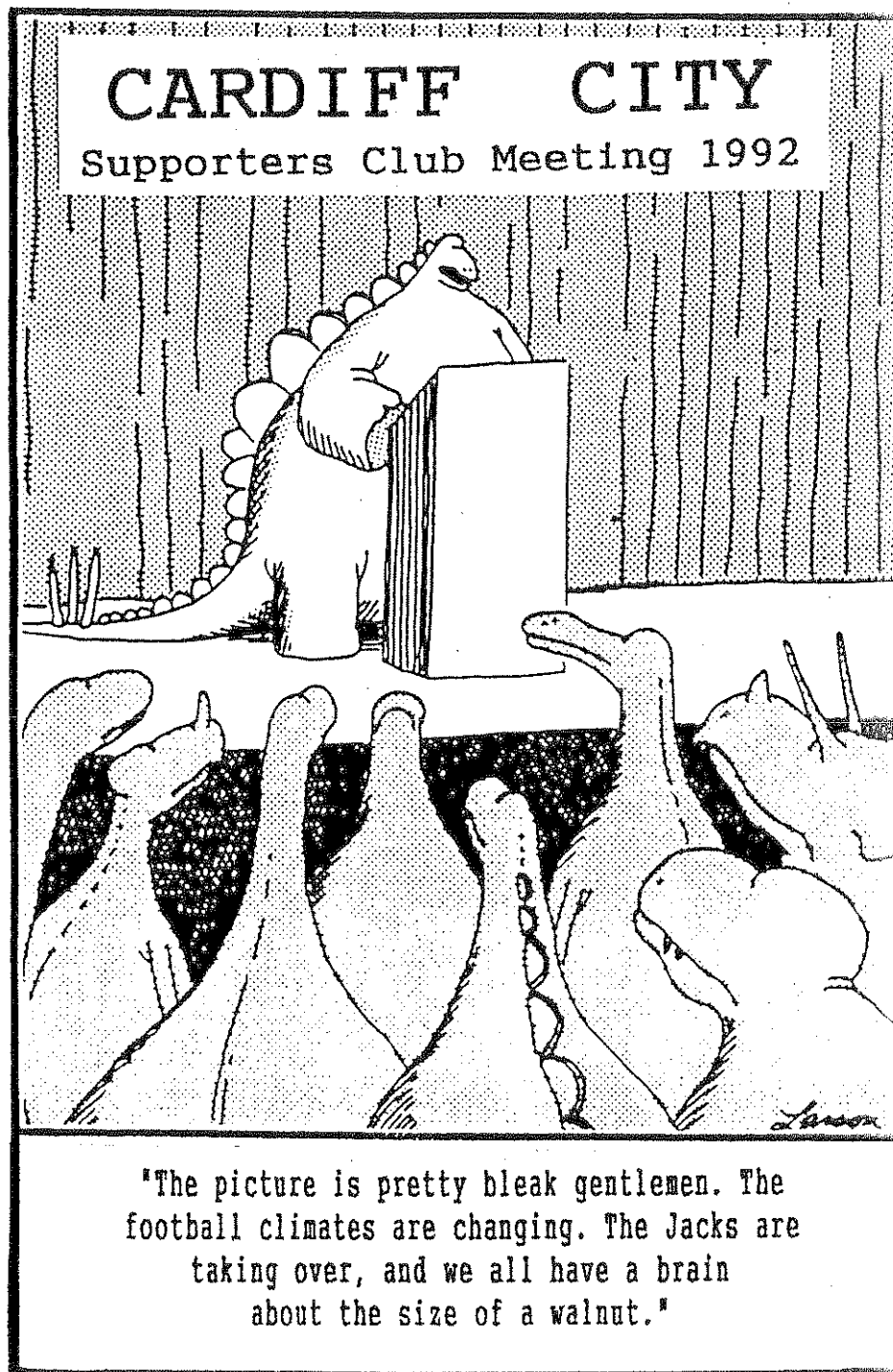
One question which has to be asked, is that if the light was good enough to play in when the game resumed, then why wasn't it good enough to carry on playing in, when the players left the field after the initial floodlight failure ?. It was exactly the same amount of light. It's hardly surprising the referee, Martin Bodenham, came bottom of our 'Which Ref is a Jack' table in issue two. Also a word on the Welsh F.A., because even though the game (and therefore the goals) were wiped from the record books, the bookings weren't, which means you can accumulate points from games that don't exist !.

It was back to league action the following Saturday against West Brom, a game which saw our biggest home gate of the season. Despite a large away following, the West Brom fans were fairly quiet, then again so would you be if your only song was 'Come on you Baggies' !. The game itself wasn't bad with Roger in outstanding form, while the North Bank sucked on several thousand 'Fishermans Friends' !. Other notable incidents were a one-man pitch invasion at half-time, a bloke in the directors' box who headed the ball better than Bob Latchford, a referee who was grabbed around the throat by an irate Keith Walker, and a plane which narrowly avoided crashing into the Jewson Stand (try explaining that one to the F.A. !).

And finally, a quick advertisement. Later on in this fanzine you'll see an advert for 60's replica Swansea shirts. Now we need 20 people to come forward with cheques for £16.99 before we can order. The cheques will be cashed if we reach that target of 20, but if not enough people come forward then all cheques that we have received will be returned. Also still available are 'Gorby' t-shirts priced £9.50 (inc p+p).

Up the Jacks,

the Editors.



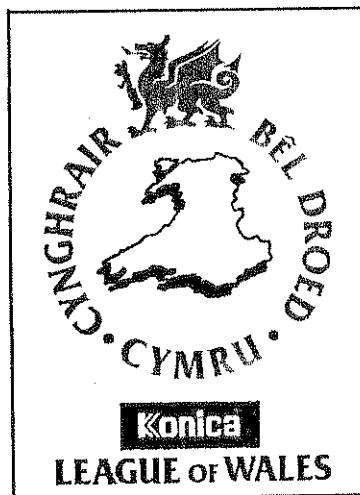
# Playing With Themselves

At time of writing (December '92), explains Jonathan Taylor, news reaches the outpost of Swansea support in Gloucestershire that plans are afoot to relocate Cardiff City. Where ?, I hear you ask, sweat breaking out on your brow, the prospect of Cardiff City moving in next to you already causing palpitations and a quick look in the local estate agents' window.... Are they moving to a new, purpose-built super-stadium, destined to become the Welsh San Siro ?.

No, 'fraid not. Truth be told, the story that reached these shores was that Rick 'Fred Pontin' Wright was considering a move to.... the Konica League of Wales. Stop laughing at the back there, this isn't as funny as it may first seem. It has some pretty nightmarish implications for the Swans....

Bearing in mind that this whole thing could be another of Fred's barmy schemes to get some other poor bugger to buy Cardiff City, we still have to give it some credibility, at least for the moment; after all, so far Fred seems to have been a man of his word, instituting the pay-according-to-how-crap-they're-playing scheme, and, let's face it, he did put his money where his mouth is and bail the club out in the first place. So, assuming that Fred Pontin is deadly serious, let's examine the situation....

By now, you're probably all familiar with the Konica League of Wales. Several of the clubs involved never wanted to be in it in the first place, and some serious duress was used to try and persuade Swansea, Cardiff and Wrexham to forsake the Football League and throw in their lot with this new Welsh 'Premier' League. Since its inception, the Konica League has been beset by problems with one club being thrown out and promptly reinstated within weeks of the formation of the League. Apart from the demented Saturday afternoon reports on Radio Wales, nobody outside of the Principality gives a bugger about the Konica League; it was Arbroath and Stenhousemuir who gained overnight fame as a result of a TV commercial, not Caersws and Abergavenny Thursdays. And



this is the set-up that Fred envisions Cardiff City dominating for years to come.

He's quite correct, Cardiff, if they take the plunge, will run the show in the Konica League, probably for something like four or five years. After that period of time, the standard of football at Ninian Park (if they're still playing at Ninian that is) will have declined to the level of the other sides, with the more promising youngsters and the experienced players seeking higher standards and a better grade of football outside Wales. Once this lowest common denominator has been reached, Cardiff City will be essentially no different to the likes of Briton Ferry. In the meantime, the Bluebirds will invariably qualify for the European Cup for those first few seasons, and get shat upon from a great height by the likes of Admira Wacker; let's be honest, look what Monaco did to us in the Cup Winners Cup... does Fred seriously foresee any big European pay days as a result of joining the Konica League ?.

If he goes ahead with this scheme, I believe that Fred will be indulging in a folly of epic proportions. Once Cardiff paid-up members of the Konica League, Alun Evans, whose dream of grandeur the whole thing has been right from its inception, will put the pressure on ourselves and Wrexham to follow suit. And ask yourselves.... would Doug Sharpe resist too strongly ?.

Picture the above scenario, only substitute the Swans for Cardiff.... Those of you who read 'When Saturday Comes' and '90 Minutes' some two years ago will remember that I was expressing these very fears in print even then, and it gives me no satisfaction to say 'I told you so'. All of us who care about Swansea City and Welsh football in general should keep tabs on the developments at Ninian, and hope that Mr Wright is not serious. If he is... well, I can honestly say I'll miss the derby games, Bluebirds; but, if Alun Evans has his way, not for too long....

## KONICA LEAGUE OF WALES

(up to and including 5th Dec '92)

Top Six	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Inter Cardiff	16	11	1	4	42	18	34
Haverfordwest	15	10	2	3	36	20	32
Cwmbran	16	9	5	2	28	12	32
Aberystwyth	14	10	0	4	34	19	30
Conwy United	15	8	3	4	25	18	27
Llanelli	15	8	2	5	29	23	26

# 15 Wee Things Ye

## Never Knew About

### Keith Walker

1. Keith is the most popular of the trio of players signed from Scotland in 1989.

2. Keith's pal Paul Chalmers was probably the least popular and certainly the ugliest of said trio.

3. Keith's favourite television programme is Star Trek, whilst St. Mirren's is his favourite football programme.

4. Keith built his extraordinary arm muscles not by extensive weight training, but by reaching for top-shelf magazines, daily at selected newsagents.

5. Keith is the best Scottish player Swansea have ever had.

6. That's not counting Dave Stewart, Tommy Craig, Tommy Hutchison and Des Trick.

7. Keith is married to Lesley and they've just had a kid.

8. When he was in Scotland he didn't have any kids, going for more mature goats as a rule.

9. Keith is a fanatic of seventies pop band The Bay City Rollers, and once bunked off school to make their comeback gig at Buckie, near Inverness. (Sorry Sky but we couldn't resist chucking that one in !).

10. The North Bank chant of 'You'll Never Beat Keith Walker' is in fact a reference to his amazing talent at chess, as he regularly licks the pants off his team-mates on long away journeys.



11. Keith's also a dab-hand at poker and was once dropped from a game for taking manager Terry Yorath for 'a good few quid' on the bus back from Rotherham.

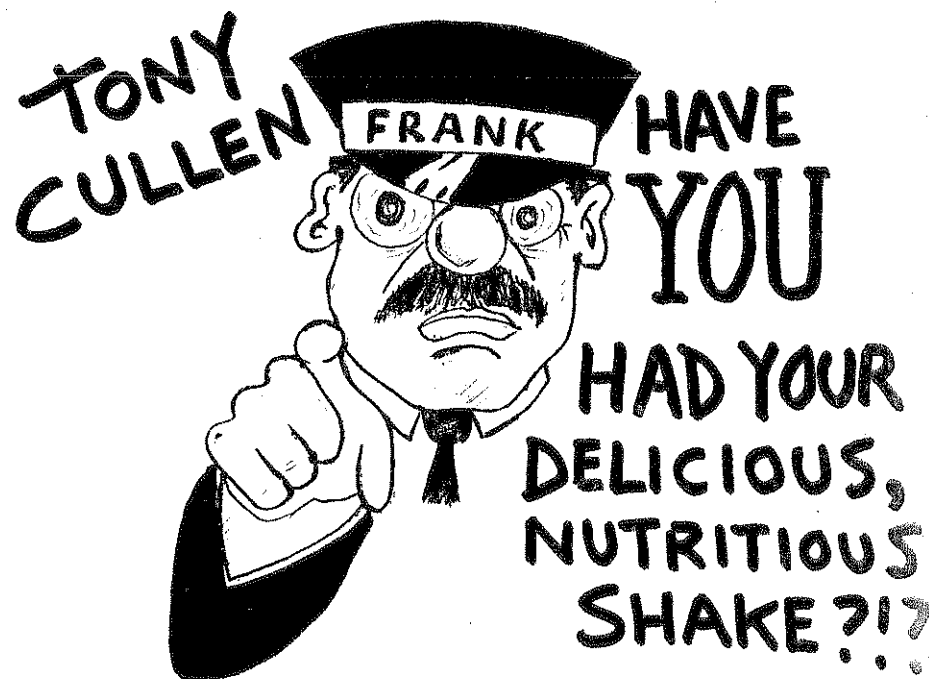
12. Midfielders, like our Keith, run on average eight miles over a full ninety minute game.

13. Keith's team-mate Russell 'Russ' Coughlin brings that average down quite drastically.

14. Keith's famous scowl and face-like-a-smacked-arse nearly earned him a career in television, for STV once lined him up to play a real baddie in 'Take the High Road'.

15. But he joined Swansea instead.

## TeamTalk



# The Insider

Our special agent who works inside the secret offices at Swansea City F.C., has managed to leak an interesting letter regarding our beloved club.

## Cardiff Mental Hospital

Mr Doug Sharpe  
Swansea City F.C.  
Vetch Field  
Swansea  
SA1 3SU

Dear Mr Sharpe,

May we bring to your attention the mysterious disappearance of four or five of our most serious patients.

We are concerned that these unfortunate individuals are now let loose on an unsuspecting city - they are 24 carat fruit-cakes, total out-and-out halfwits, no less.

We have been informed that people fitting these descriptions are now in gainful employment with your club - as official matchday programme sellers.

Furthermore we will be sending the men in white coats down to return them at the earliest possible convenience.

Yours,

*D Smith*

SERIOUS PATIENTS DEPARTMENT

P.S. Tell young Robin to keep taking the tablets.

# My Cardiff Hell

Being a Swansea supporter and studying in Cardiff for three years was never going to be easy to begin with; especially when you're one of those types who shoots his mouth off about the Swans every five minutes. The first indication I had of how tough things were going to be happened when a guy from Chepstow ridiculed me for pinning up a Welsh flag daubed with SCFC in my room. Ill feeling grew as I found out he was a closet bluebird, this mounted every time the guy celebrated when the Swans lost, we exchanged blows more than once. Still we had to get on, we shared the same house !.

November '88 and the first Swans v Cardiff encounter since I'd been living in the capital arrived. I set off with a mate for Ninian, I soon learnt it wasn't that wise a thing, to stand out in a bright red coat amongst the 300 Jacks on the Grangetown end. Mercifully a police escort up through Canton to Riverside and then the city centre prevented any injuries to the two of us.

A less than friendly encounter with locals took place on an away trip to Merthyr. On boarding a sprinter at Cardiff Central, my mate and I gingerly avoided the bluebird supporters who were also going up. Yet as we sat down we were joined by an obscene local, and judging by his appearance he was definitely under the influence.

He asked if we were going to the match, we told him yes. He then asked where we were going in the ground, we told him we didn't know. He said if we showed him our ticket he'd tell us which part. I handed the ticket over, a bad move. As the guy compared his ticket with mine, it dawned upon him that they were different colours, which meant only one thing. Shit, I thought.

'You're effing Jacks!,' he replied, 'I hate Swansea, my brother still harps on about his jail sentence after the ruck in 1987'. Oh hell, oh bugger. The conversation continued along the same lines all the way to Merthyr, with a few threats here and there. On arrival at journey's end I sprung out of my seat like Bob Beaman and mingled as best as I could. My mate and I shot through Merthyr bloody quickly. You're just not safe anywhere these days !.

It was a visit to the Arms Park to see Wales play West Germany that I next encountered a tight situation with apes from Cardiff. Not content with sitting next to my mate who was decked out in a Swans t-shirt, I spotted one of the editors of this fanzine and greeted him by yelling, 'Yes, the Jacks are here' !.

That wasn't too clever, because I then got tapped on

the shoulder, I turned round to see two or three hundred Cardiff knuckleheads behind me. Quick talking managed to delay a bashing. They threatened to get me after the game and told my mate to take his Swans t-shirt off or he'll set fire to it !. The speed by which we left our seats and the ground at the end of the match has gone down in the annuals of history and is even recognised by Norris McWhirter in 1989 Guinness Book.

For a while things quietened down, Swansea weren't playing too well, and Cardiff were crap. My Swansea RFC shirt got me a few glares in the city centre, and provided I didn't wear my footie top outside Roath I had nothing to be wary of.

The game at Ninian Park in 1990 however was slightly more unnerving. I stayed in a mate's house in Cyncoed and walked to the game. A corner shop provided the ale, so I ambled down decked out in a mid 80's Fila top with an SCFC tour of Europe t-shirt underneath. Passing the Ninian Park pub and the Bob bank my hatred of the scum grew, as did the tension I was feeling. Bracing myself for trouble I turned the corner and walked passed the not so grandstand. On making it onto the terracing I met up with a few of the lads and succumbed to the atmosphere.

From the moment Hughes scored, till Wadey struck the second I was caught up entirely in the game, only pausing to remove my sweater, (show my colours like) at half-time. It was after I and 2,500 others had informed the bluebirds they were going down, I noticed my Fila top had been nabbed. A little aggrieved but not too concerned over losing the out of fashion item, I waited to filter out.

It was only then I realised my predicament, I was to meet Stuart (my mate) outside the 42nd Street pub, attired in an SCFC Euro t-shirt. My salvation came in the shape of a Llanelli rugby shirt leant by an understanding 30 year old after I explained my sorry situation. I left with the tail enders (not normally wise) and was probably only saved a beating by two reasons. 1) The time we were kept in the ground at the end and 2) Most of the Scum were already on their way to Barry Island !.

So I managed to make my way slowly and surely through Cardiff via Canton .... no problem .... to the Crest Hotel .... fine .... Cathays .... great .... Death Junction (City Road/Albany Road) .... shit !!. Three locals wearing outdated and dodgy CCFC tops were loitering on Albany Road. They yelled out 'Rugby twat', and looking at my newly acquired Llanelli top, assumed that I wasn't from Cardiff.

They continued to hurl abuse then came the proposition, 'Oi twat, do you like football'. I carried on walking up the road, ignoring them. Another shouted 'Have you been to the match ?'. I knew they wouldn't let this lie, and despite looking ahead I sensed they were crossing the road. However a car pulled up before they caught up with me. It was Stuart

in his Nissan, he'd just been down Miss Millie's in City Road. He opened the door.

'Hang on a sec', I said, 'but get ready to shift fast'. I then turned to the three Cardiff lads who were now only 30 or so yards away, took off the rugby top and bellowed 'Surr-rwanzee', and dived into Stu's car. It was lucky we didn't hit any lights as the car was chased all of 200 yards to the corner of Albany Road and Penylan Road.

I behaved after that, in fact I never chanced it again. I was even a bit fearful of meeting the 3 bluebirds in Roath at some future moment. I never wore Swans clothing again. Not even for the Welsh Cup Final versus Wrexham at the Arms Park. But even here danger loomed, for in buying tickets for the game off the Welsh F.A. we were situated on the Wrexham side of the ground (we had Robins one side of us and about 100 Cardiff boys the other). Yet the only threat came from our fellow Jacks, as we left the ground walking towards the mass ranks of Swansea boys. It was only thanks to Rik and Paul recognising us that we weren't put in an uncompromising situation.

My last dicey moment came before the Wales v Brazil game at Cardiff. As I walked into the Bluebell on High Street with Nick and Paul (two rugby lads from Neath and Barry respectively) I was greeted by, 'You Jack bastard' from Elliot, a moronic Leeds fan I knew, and Spencer an acquaintance from Gwent. Elliot meant it in jest, Spencer I'm not to sure about as he's a committed bluebird.

As everyone in the pub turned round, colour left my face. 'Oh bugger', I thought !. Suddenly Spencer's glare changed. 'Fancy a pint you div ?', he shouted intentionally. Nick yelled 'Wales, Wales' and Paul took off his jacket to show his Cardiff RFC shirt. Thankfully the hard, scowling faces turned away and a few joined in with Nick shouting 'Wales' at the tops of their voices.

One guy (who I later learnt was from Porthcawl and was covered in CCFC tattoos) mouthed off at me about the episode on Swansea beach. 'Hundreds of them, only ten of us' he said but I wasn't going to be drawn. Cardiff is not an easy place to be a Jack. I've since returned home, life is so much easier these days !.

Issue 5 of 'Love Peace & Swansea City inc. Jackmail' will hit the streets and terraces early March. Can you really afford to miss... In Conversation with WYNDHAM EVANS... Jacks in Ibrox Special... Gerallt Rosser plays n' tells with GEORGE BEST... FRANK BURROWS at a Ref's function - what Frankie said!

Basically, the usual load of old balls!





There is something radically wrong when a Swansea away fixture, which in recent seasons has only ever seen minor trouble, warrants a police presence the likes of which the valleys haven't seen since Dic Penderyn's days as one of Merthyr's front-line bovver boys.

## Into The Valley

October and in particular the greeting given to fifteen Swansea supporters at Merthyr railway station by the boys in blue. Having travelled by train purposely so as to get a drink outside the ground before kick-off, we were dismayed to learn that the police had other plans for us, and turned up in great force to ensure the game was played by their rules.

Twenty five police officers awaited the arrival of just fifteen of us. What did they expect us to do? Rush out into the cobbled streets and smash down the tollgates in a display of sympathy for Dic and Co.? Seize control of Cyfarthfa Castle and overthrow the evil landowners? No as usual it was just another case of police overkill; there hadn't been a hint of trouble on the two hour train journey but obviously the police felt that fifteen ordinary football fans were worthy of a heavy escort. I sought out the highest ranking officer I could see and put it to him that my presence, as someone with a clean record, surely didn't warrant this sort of reception; that with all the wacko's on the streets these days it was wrong that law-abiding soccer fans should account for nearly all Merthyr's bobbies.

After a customary body search, we were herded out of the station two officers to each fan and with squad cars and vans in close attendance, and led up the winding streets to the ground. It was now obvious that the pre-match pint was not going to happen. But why? Why were we denied a civil liberty? No explanation was offered.

Then the whole affair turned into what can only be described as farcical. We were led onto the open terracing behind the goal while the force contemplated what to do with

I'm referring of course to that Welsh Cup tie at Penydarren in

us. I couldn't quite believe my ears when one enquired 'what are you Cardiff lads doing here anyway?'. That's right, we'd been accompanied by the police for half-an-hour and all the time they'd thought we were Cardiff fans!. Only when one of our party produced his Swans tattoo did they believe we were all 100% Jack. After hurried consultation between them, the red-faced coppers offered half-hearted apologies and led us onto the Swans terrace.

Although this had humoured the situation we were still quite aggrieved that our plans had been spoilt for no apparent reason. There must have been a hundred plus officers on duty that night and for what? Quoit re-mare-kable as they'd say down the road in Kerrdiff.

## The Independent Travelling Swans (T.I.T.S.)

The above group was set up in season 1992/93 by some ex-FOSCFA committee members with the intention of organising non-profit making away travel, explains Tony Pettican. We use United Welsh Executive coaches with video and toilet facilities and guarantee a 'refreshment' stop both prior to and after the match.

We may have our 'knockers' but we get more than a 'handful' of happy travellers. Strictly no alcohol is allowed on the coaches and no membership fee is involved. Since we are a non-profit making organisation, fares are kept as low as possible and coaches conversely as full as possible. Pick up points can be arranged although these obviously should be on route.

For any interested parties, why not join us before, (during !!), or after home games, in the New Wyndham, Oxford Street, Swansea, where even our 12 hardcore Cwmbran travelling 'Jacks' can be seen reminiscing on yet another wonderful (?) Swansea performance!

Bookings can be made at the Wyndham or by telephoning Tony (0792) 588297, David (0792) 799990, or Phil (0633) 838749. All monies must be paid prior to departure.

The rumour that we have banned pop and crisps from the bus is not strictly true and our thanks to Andrew Boland for this observation.

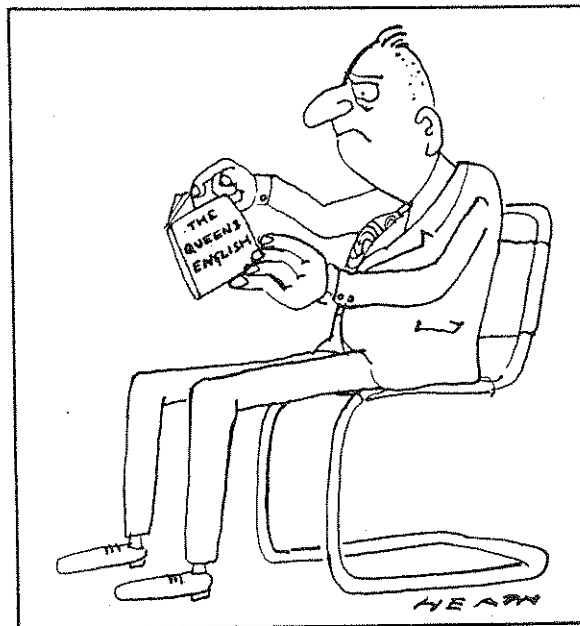
Up the Swansea,

T.I.T.S.



# World's Shortest Books

RIGHT WING FOOTBALL by Andrew Legg  
 TALL STORIES by Russell Coughlin  
 THE SLIM FAST PLAN by Tony Cullen  
 FAX MACHINES MADE EASY by Robin Sharpe  
 HUMAN RIGHTS by West Midlands Police  
 WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP by Alex Ferguson  
 MAKING FRIENDS by Alun Evans  
 WALES - THE LAND OF MY FATHERS by Eric Young  
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 MY LIFE AND TIMES AS A SWANS MANAGER by Doug Livermore  
 THE QUEENS ENGLISH by Frank Burrows and John Cornforth  
 FAIR PLAY ON THE FOOTBALL PITCH by Vinny Jones  
 BALL CONTROL by John Williams  
 HOW TO AVOID BACK INJURIES by Jimmy Gilligan



# Its Panto Time

Following the news that Goofy had signed for Cardiff in issue two, Rick (I've more Mickey Mouse ideas than Mickey Mouse) Wright, revealed the following news to us here at L,P & Swansea City. Other Disney stars that have been associated with Cardiff City during the last 20 years have been.

George Wood as Cinderella - he couldn't get to the ball.

Len Ashurst as Pinocchio - when he continually lied over promotion his eyebrows grew and grew until they were mistaken for African rainforests.

Ian Rodgeron as Dumbo - those ears were so big he could pick up SKY television.

Alan Curtis as Sleeping Beauty - after getting a smacker to the jaw from Tommy Hutchison, Alan woke up and rejoined the Swans.

Leigh Barnard as the Beast - what is more beastly than scoring against us for the Scum down the Vetch.

Jimmy Gilligan as the Ugly Duckling - a totally sad and depressed individual while at the Scum, but transformed overnight into a beautiful Swan (and was proud to be one after that F.A. Cup game).

Eddie May as the King of the Apes - no bigger ape around than ex-Swansea reject Eddie.

Roger Gibbins as Eyore the Donkey - always played like a mule and follows in a great line of donkeys that have captained Cardiff.

Phil Dwyer as Tinker Bell - no bigger fairy has ever played for the Scum (with the exception of Chris Pike).

Mark Kelly as Peter Pan - the boy who never grew up and liked playing with fairies (allegedly !).

And finally,

The Bob Bank as the Seven Dwarfs - Grumpy, Sleepy, Dopey etc. they're all there on matchdays at Ninian Park.

# Alive and Kicking

It's now 7 years since Hysel, 4 since Hillsborough and, according to the Fleet Street press our national game has become a 'family sport'. Despite a decrease in Premier attendances this season television would have us believe the game is 'Alive and Kicking'. Regards Swansea City such descriptions are not strictly correct.

Let me first assess the family game label here at Swansea. Although the Jewson Stand has been constructed, its hardly ever full. Dads and mums just can't afford to bring their kids; the reasons being unemployment and higher admission prices. Indeed those who occupy the Jewson Stand most Saturdays are the kids from the penalty competitions. Do they count as regular family supporters ?.

To be fair Alan Curtis is doing a fine job in bringing the club to the community; this scheme however needs more action like a youth club, creche and organised club days a la Cardiff. On a similar vein the family label is a distortion of the truth. How many bring wives, girlfriends, mums or daughters to the Vetch. Apart from Chopper and Cornforth how many players invite their families ?. To attract them amenities and facilities should be taken into consideration when analysing the failure of the club in this area.

Football Alive and Kicking ?. Here it is, just. Attendances are averaging 4,100 so that's up on last year. However we need 5000 plus from Reading game onwards to be proud of ourselves. Just under 5,000 turned up at the Bradford game, so the numbers are there. Interest in the club is growing in the city and provided we get 6 points every 3 matches attention will be retained.

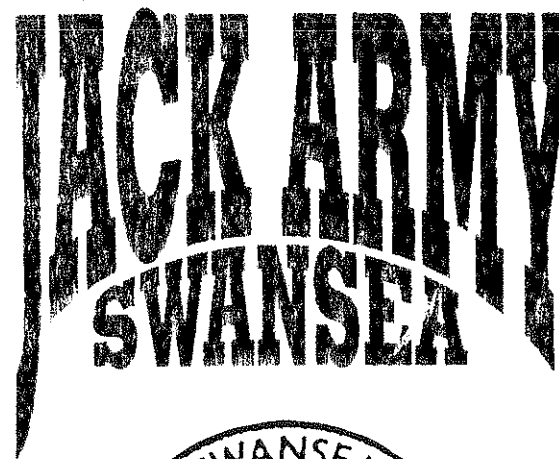
What isn't helping matters is the reluctance of the board to reduce prices, especially for the unemployed (20% of the adult population in West Glamorgan). Even the much hyped pay in relation to performance scheme is worth introducing. The continual clucking of issues on the part of the board is alienating hard pressed and armchair supporters alike, rather than enticing them back.

The soccer scene in conclusion is alive in Swansea, but only due to current results. It's health depends on the life support machine of good football and home wins. Fans down here are fickle, so to win them over they must be courted not alienated. Central to this are wives and children without whom the family game is dead. Additionally hard pressed lads cannot provide the support and cash needed alone. There is a lot of work to be done to create a Swindon or a Watford image, one which must be acceptable. Fans should take note of Doug Sharpe who takes his big kid to every game !.

# Advertisement



**£16.99 (inc. £2.00 p+p)**



## Video

There are still some copies of the 3 hour VHS compilation of Swans action from the First Division (as advertised in Jackmail no.21). Including full highlights of three games plus goals and action from 1978-81, with interviews with Tosh and others. Available from LP&SC, P.O.Box 72, Swansea, SA2 7YA at £10.00.

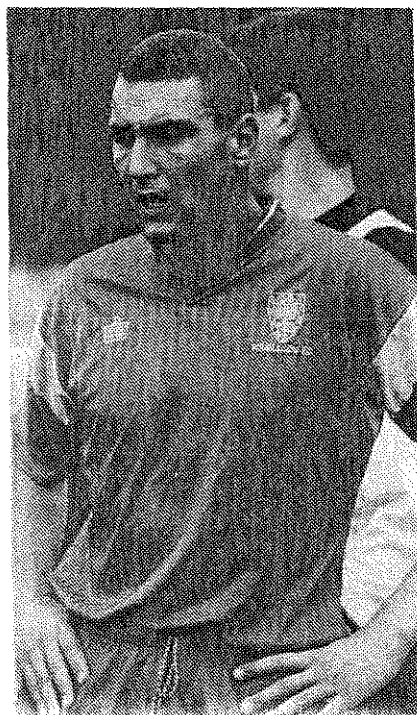
Please make cheques/ p.o.'s payable to JACKMAIL, and mark envelope clearly 'VIDEO'.

# Grimly Fiendish

I was unsure whether I'd be able to sit through the entire 76 minutes of the controversial 'Soccer's Hard Men' video. I'd borrowed it off a mate on the strong recommendation that it was 'a load of shit', but must admit I was captivated from the opening scene of Vinny Jones stood before the camera in nothing but his Y-fronts, staring insanely with Frank Burrows-eyes giving his definition of 'hard'. I sat back, cracked open my carton of Kia-Ora and prepared for an hour and a bit's worth of amazement, amusement and above all entertainment.

The format of the video, which landed Vinny with a £20,000 fine, was the profile of twelve of the game's tough guys, narrated by Tony Francis with mono-syllabic tributes from today's 'self-confessed creator of havoc'. However, whilst you come to expect a stream of absurdities from Vinny, it's narrator Francis who's comments are somewhat curious. We're shown Vinny getting booked at Man City after 4 seconds and later dismissed, but Francis views this not as another example of illegal play but 'another victory for officialdom', and a right-hander dealt out to Anders Limpar is an indication of Jones' 'commitment to the game'. Francis celebrates others like Billy Bremner, not for their obvious talent but for 'years of confrontation at the very highest level'. As for Vinny himself, well his verbal contributions to the production are far more bruising than any of the on-field aggro. My favourite part is when he launches into a glossary of dirty tricks and misdemeanours, such as :-

CRASH !! 'When you follow in with you studs, and run 'em down his achilles - that's always a nice one'.



BANG !! 'You tackle someone very hard, then go to help them up by putting your hands under his armpits and pulling his hairs - he's screaming blue murder and you're telling the ref you're just helping him up'.

WALLOP !! '... waiting for a corner and stamping on everyone's toes - that doesn't go down too well on a freezing January day !'.

Vinny sounds a macabre warning to anyone thinking about playing him at his own game : 'if you're going to have a go at me, you've got to put me out of the game', and 'if a player treads on my toes then that player has got to expect to get a clump', - a clump ?!?! Vinny's ego-trip continues with him informing viewers that if, say, a gang of lads are going to start on him, he'll 'take out' the biggest one - a rather crude analogy which he draws to when playing a side with Steve McMahon in, his only contemporary 'hard-nut'. One former notorious psycho featured is Tommy 'Bad Citizen' Smith, a 'big ugly beast of a man' who Vinny claims he'd love to have had a battle with. Well Vinny, you should consult people who've 'met' Smithy, like Ossie Ardiles, before you go on making silly statements like that !. Incidentally, I was surprised Tommy's slaying of Ardiles wasn't featured on this video, as it makes all the other so-called 'bone crushing tackles' look like school playground scuffles.

Other players featured include Dave MacKay, Norman Hunter and Jack Charlton, the latter of whom commits one act which cannot be termed a 'foul', more of an assault. Nobby Stiles is present in this rogues gallery too, but all it really achieves is bringing home just how ugly the guy was, and by all accounts still is. The video borders on the downright vulgar when Messrs. Jones and Francis give a rather cryptic definition of Chelsea's Ron 'Chopper' Harris.

Jones : 'Ron Harris walked about with something that people wanted, but didn't know what it was ....'.

Francis : '.... George Best knew what it was, and to his immense credit he rode it !'. (altogether now - oo-er !!!).

The final word is left to Vinny, and he poses the question : 'At the end of the day who would you like alongside you in the trenches ?'. Vinny Jones or Gary Lineker ?'. Well, if it was intellectual conversation I was after it would be Vinny Jones every time.

'Soccer's Hard Men', Vision Video Ltd 1992.  
£10.99 all retail outlets.

HARTLEPOOL 0

SWANSEA 1  
(Harris 59 mins)

**O**N the brink of making history, Hartlepool blew it. Beaten only once in the first quarter of the season, they only needed another win to go to the top of Division Two.

With rivals West Brom losing at Wigan, their golden chance was there.

But Swansea, with four former Sunderland players in their side, had other ideas.

The Roker Park connection had nothing to do with City's winning goal.

But Colin Pascoe, Colin West, Tony Cullen and John Cornforth all played their part in a team display which shocked Pool.

They expected Swansea to defend after their long journey to the North East.

#### Reward

But City did the exact opposite — and were rewarded for their enterprising outlook.

Pool never got into gear in front of one of their best crowds of the season and were second best for much of the time.

In fact, if Swansea had been able to match their approach play with better finishing, the game might have been over by half time.

But it was still in the balance when City grabbed their winner with just under an hour gone.

Andrew Legg had been causing problems all afternoon with his dead ball kicking.

#### Worked

And it worked again when his corner was missed by veteran keeper Martin Hodge.

When he was caught in no man's land, centre half Mark Harris planted his header into the back of the net from 15 yards.

Pool tried valiantly to come back and Hodge even sprinted forward to



NO EXCUSES...  
Brian Honour

try to get on the end of a corner in the other penalty area in the last minute.

But it was never enough.

The game might even have been lost before the kick off when Pool learned that skipper Dean Emerson was ruled out through injury.

Needing a win to go top of the Division Pool were always second best.

Hartlepool midfielder Brian Honour admitted the team never started playing.

Honour said: "It was very disappointing. We just never got going."

#### Missed

"We missed Dean Emerson, but that's no excuse."

"We had our chance and we couldn't take it."

"But that's behind us now — we'll come back."



★ SWANSEA were too good on the day Pool tried to make history.

4.

## Facelift for Hartlepool

Picture: NICK GAY

**Keith Farnsworth** sees a little club's revival suffer a slight setback

MUCH has changed at Hartlepool since Brian Clough, reflecting on his managerial apprenticeship at the Victoria Ground 25 years ago, said you had to be daft to go there because now there was it harder to succeed.

The change has actually occurred fairly recently, and Garry Gibson probably shared Mr Clough's view when, in November 1989, at 34, he joined the board and within six weeks found himself chairman of the Fourth Division's bottom club.

No club spent longer in the bottom grade or dived with doom more often but, defying all ill omens, they won promotion for only the second time in 1991 and this season, with their best start since 1956, they boast the highest place in their history.

Ironically, with top spot in Division Two beckoning on Saturday, before the season's biggest crowd, they flopped and Swansea, whom they have not beaten in 11 games since 1976, richly deserved a 1-0 win sealed by a Mark Harris header. It earned the Welsh club the Barclays Performance of the Week award.

"We were second best in every department," admitted Alan Murray, Hartlepool's manager, "and I hope it was just a one-off."

"But it was only our second defeat. So if we put it right promptly, it's not the end of the world."

Hartlepool, missing the



Chasing... Hartlepool's Brian Honour (left) tries to keep up with Keith Walker of Swansea

injured Dean Emerson's influence, could not match Swansea's zest, epitomised by Andy Legg with his astonishing long throws.

Yet optimism prevails at Hartlepool where positive progress is reflected in ground improvements, including new seating behind one goal and plans for a £350,000 stand.

Mr Gibson knows the creation of new office, lounge and dressing-room facilities where a derelict car showroom once stood, plus removal of the old Portakabins and tin fencing have already transformed Hartle-

pool's image. But delays in raising cash for the new stand shows that the future remains precarious.

He insists, however, that Hartlepool are getting there, seeking to maintain the public's enthusiasm in the country's worst unemployment area — by playing the kind of good football Mr Clough might applaud.

Hartlepool: Hodge, R Cross, P Cross, Tait, Proudlock, Wrenn (Soughall 82), Johnrose, Olsson, Saville, Nobbs, Honour. Sub not used: McGuckin. Booked: Olsson.

Swansea City: Freestone, Lyttle, Ford, Walker, Harris, Coughlin, Cullen (Bowen 82), Pascoe, West, Cornforth, Legg. Sub not used: Jenkins. Booked: West. Goal: Harris (60).

Referee: D Allison (Lancaster).

Pool high hopes  
blown away by  
super Swansea

## English Media

Here is how the media saw the Swans away win at promotion rivals Hartlepool in October. This game set up the chance against Reading for the Swans to go top of the league.

The cutting on this page is from the North East Sunday Sun (18/10/92), and on the opposite page is a cutting from the Daily Telegraph (19/10/92).

# Cardiff City Page

This page is for Cardiff City fans who watch Wales home and away. Below are the words to the Welsh national anthem, it's what you're supposed to sing at internationals instead of songs relating to Cardiff City, or your hatred of Swansea City.

**Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau**

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau  
Yn annwyl i mi,  
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion,  
Enwogion o fri;  
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr,  
Gwaldgarwyr tra mad,  
Tros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.  
Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad.  
Tra mor yn fur, i'r bur hoff bau,  
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

(Repeat last three lines).

Swansea City fans do follow Wales home and away. You just don't notice them because we're not wandering around in our club's colours like you do. (Since when did Wales play in blue and white, and were sponsored by the Echo!).

Thanks to Jacks being made unwelcome by yourselves (on away trips in particular), it's hardly surprising that they don't travel to watch Terry Yoraths boys in large quantities. A typical example being Belgium away in 1991.

A flag was unveiled bearing the words 'Afan Jacks' by a few people on the lower tier of seats. A bluebird on the terrace section, started shouting 'Get the Jack bastard', and encouraging others to sort them out!

This sort of behaviour confirmed to the Jacks on the terrace (50 coming by SCFC supporters coach), that some Cardiff City supporters can truly be described as Scum. You've alienated many Swansea fans from supporting Wales and as far as they're concerned, there is only one team in their lives, and that's the men in Black and White.

Taffies should be united when following Wales but with sad people like the person described above following Wales, it will never happen. And thats rather disappointing.

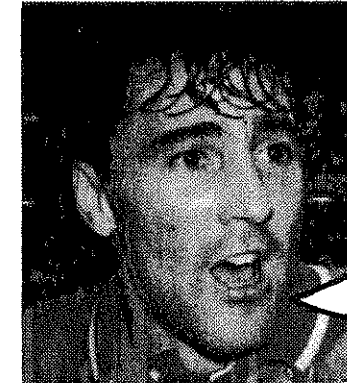
## Saunders in Acid House Rave Shocker!

CAR thieves came close to wrecking a hard-earned family holiday for Welsh soccer star Dean Saunders.

His wife Helen awoke to find her passport had been stolen

Dean was furious when Helen rang him in Japan — where he was playing for Wales — to tell him of the blow.

"He was raving," she said yesterday.



DEAN ... he was furious.

Nice one

Top one

Get sorted

## Two-Faced Richard Lewis

**CRIMEBUSTER** Richard Lewis crowned himself The Godfather yesterday — and showed off his hooded vigilantes.

He said: "I believe in the Mafia system. I protect my family — and everyone in this city is my family."

But angry local councillor Richard Lewis slammed the welcome laid on by the Third Division club.

"They should have been left to rot in jail — that is the only justice"

OCT 1992

SEPT 1989

Compare these statements made by local Tory wacko Lewis — Leave the Athens 10 to rot in Jail ?? . That's no way to treat 'your family'.

# John Williams - Secret Avenger

Let's go back to White Hart Lane, October 1991, where as I'm sure you'd remember we travelled to defend our one-goal lead in the Rumbelows Cup second round, second leg. The deficit was thin, but on discovering new North Bank God John was on the bench, it was positively wafer-thin. Anyway, after being ejected from the away terrace for inferring that Paul Allen was a fatherless wanker, I had along with another eject-ee bluffed my way into the Spurs home stand along with the help of a freshly-acquired Cockney accent, which sounded somewhere between Frank Butcher and Sid the Manager !.

Taking our seats we soon found that behind us were three gentlemen who other Londoners would describe as 'chirpy cockney characters', but the rest of Britain know as flash bastards. After they had stated how much money they earn (as Londoners are prone to do) they then began taking the mick out of the Swans, justifiably as we were 0-4 down.

But wait, a glimmer of light .... who's that warming up on the touchline, the Black Flash, John Williams. Now you're in for it fellas, we politely informed the trio behind - explaining how this unknown quantity Williams was red hot and would tear Spurs to pieces. We were wrong. Swans were 5 down and John fumbled and fluffed every ball he received. My face was turning deep crimson as the blokes behind cracked gag after gag, 'Oh yeah, he's definitely the new George Best' and 'shit, he's really tearing us apart isn't he'.

You can understand why I decided to slink out five minutes early, deeply embarrassed (and do rub it in, we even missed Chappell's goal). I had put my faith in Flash and laid my credibility on the line - and had been made to look a right ruddy tool. This harrowing experience hung over me for weeks and I'm sure those cockneys have had plenty of mileage out of me as the butt of their jokes ('remember that Welsh geezer etc..').

Well, that was that - or so I thought. John went to Coventry and my hopes of seeing the Flash avenge Spurs for me in a white shirt had all but vanished. Now whilst I have no real interest in Coventry City, nor do I harbour any ill-feeling towards Terry Venables' team, I was nevertheless **as happy as a pig in shit** at the news of John stuffing it up the White Hart Lane outfit not just once, but twice, earlier this season. I would say 'nothing personal' but I'm afraid it is - so thank you Flash for wiping that smug grin of those 'chirpy cockney characters' faces, and putting a smile back on this 'sarcastic Jack bastard's' face.

# Lets Laugh At Cardiff

This Cardiff City fan who had just died, rose towards heaven, up he went, leaving the earth in the distance, before he landed with a bump on a cloud outside heaven's Pearly Gates.

God was there waiting for him. 'Can I come in' asked the Cardiff fan.

'We don't let any Tom, Dick or Harry in here you know. Only people who have won something or done a brave deed can be allowed in to heaven' replied God.

'Ah', said the bluebird, looking rather disappointed.

'Well did you ever win anything whilst on earth ?' enquired God.

'No, supporting Cardiff City, I never won anything' said the bluebird.

'What about completing a brave act, did you ever do that' asked God.

'Not really, although I did go on the North Bank with a Cardiff shirt on during the Swansea v Cardiff match' prompted the Cardiff fan.

'That's brave, when did you do that' asked God.

'About five minutes ago' said the Cardiff fan.

\* \* \*

Q. What's the difference between Cardiff City F. C. and an ice cube ?

Ans. An ice cube says longer in the Coca-Cola Cup !. (Yes, I know we didn't get any further than they did but at least we didn't concede so many !).

\* \* \*

Eddie May and Frank Burrows are being interviewed on HTV the night before a Swansea/Cardiff match. Asked about his hopes for the game, Eddie May replies 'I expect we'll get at least a point'. Asked the same question, Frank replies, 'I expect us to win, go on to clinch the Division 2 title, followed by the Division 1 title, Premier League title and European Cup in successive seasons'. The interviewer, looking a little surprised comments, 'Aren't you being a little optimistic Frank ?'. Frank replies, looking at Eddie 'Well he started it !!!'.

# Jack Fowlers Memoirs

It was international day again and Wales are playing England at Wembley. Of course the entire allocation of Welsh tickets had sold out long ago. However Dai the Jack decided to catch the train anyway after hearing the news that the English fans had only sold half their tickets. So Dai arrived at the ground dressed head to toe in Red, and sure enough there were touts selling tickets for the England end and at just £2.50.

Inside the ground, Dai found just one small section for England fans and took his place amongst them. After a while it became obvious to the England fans that Dai was supporting his beloved Wales; especially when he went mental after Deano got his hat-trick. So this huge bloke standing behind Dai, tapped him on the shoulder and said 'Hey mate, you'd better go get me a pint or I'll knock your lights out'. So Dai seeing he was out numbered agreed, but not before the Englishman had taken one of his shoes as security. Dai returned with the pint and slipped back on his shoe to find someone had shit in it. Not alot he could do about this while surrounded by Englishmen.

Ten minutes later another huge Englishman asked Dai to do the same thing, and again he came back with a pint and put his other shoe on to find it full of shit. Now the game finished and Wales won 10-0, Taylor was sacked, Gazza started to cry, Shearer had missed a penalty, and Dai started off home with shit in his shoes. Outside the ground a television company came up to Dai and asked him to give his views on football hooliganism and especially at Wales v England matches. 'Well' said Dai, 'I can't see any end to the long term hatred, especially when they shit in my shoes and I piss in their pints !.'

A song for the next Wales v England international :  
(sung to the tune of 'In the Cardiff slums')

In your holiday homes,  
We burn all your tables and burn all your chairs,  
We burn all your kids who are sleeping upstairs,  
In your holiday homes.

**NOTE :** Jack Fowler's Memoirs are total bullshit and anyone taking them remotely serious should start watching Cardiff City immediately.

## Sharpe Campaign Mounts

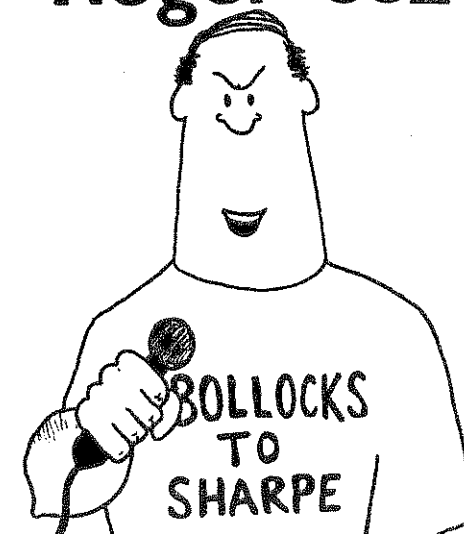
S  
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## Biffa sez



## Roger sez





# Once A Jack, Always A Jack

I have supported Swansea for ten years now, writes Steve Scott, although unfortunately I have only managed to visit the Vetch Field on one occasion, the Easter Monday Division Three clash with Cardiff on the 31st of March 1986 in which the lads won by two goals to nil.

I started following the club's fortunes for major reasons, I didn't want to have an English 'second' team like most of my mates and I could draw parallel's with my favourite team Clydebank and Swansea. The 'Swans' three year rise to fame from the Fourth Division in 1978 to the First Division for the first time in 1981 was very similar to Clydebank gaining promotion from the Second Division as champions in 1976, then finishing runners-up in the First Division in 1977 and thus gaining a place for the first time in the ten club Premier Division. The two clubs went about trying to keep their new found elite status in different ways, Swansea spending big and attracting star names such as Bob Latchford and Ray Kennedy to South Wales, whilst Bankies immediately after promotion sold their best player of the era Davie Cooper to Rangers.

Both sides stay in the top league were brief with Swansea after the initial sixth place finish ended up six years later back from whence they came in Division Four, whilst Clydebank were relegated after one season, however they fought back and regained top flight status in 1985, only to now be back in the First Division and looking only to have consolidated their position there. It is debatable as to which club got it right as Clydebank due to supremo Jack Steedman's policy of nearly always selling our best players have always been on a sure financial footing, where as no-one with the 'Swans' at heart doesn't know how close the club went to going out of business in late 1985 and the club is still striving to find a way to get further up the Football League.

My main opportunities of watching the 'Swans' have come when they come up to Scotland to play pre-season friendlies and I have seen the club in action at Ibrox, Firhill (Partick Thistle), Stark's Park (Raith Rovers) and against Ayr United at Somerset where Christian McClean scored in the first minute and John Williams in the last five to seal a two-one victory, the only win unfortunately of the Scottish Tour.

In recent times, some of the boys on our supporters' bus have struck up a friendship with some Rhondda Cardiff supporters and they have come up to Scotland on a few occasions to see Clydebank and they have gone down to see the 'Bluebirds' (there's no accounting for taste). Most of the

said gentlemen have tried to persuade me that I am following the wrong Welsh team and despite the abuse, as I have said in the title of this article 'Once a Jack, Always a Jack'. After all, as I say to them, who are Wales' highest ranked team, certainly not Cardiff !. Up the Swans.

## Merthyr On Tour



On the left is a picture of Merthyr Tydfil's travelling support. We tried to interview the one on the right who was eating, but all he had to say was 'Cooooook-Kieees'.

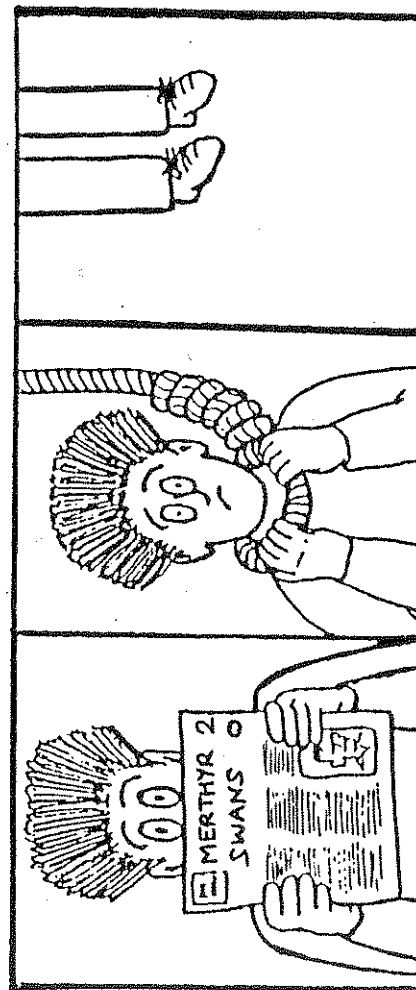
# COMIX

## Shoppe

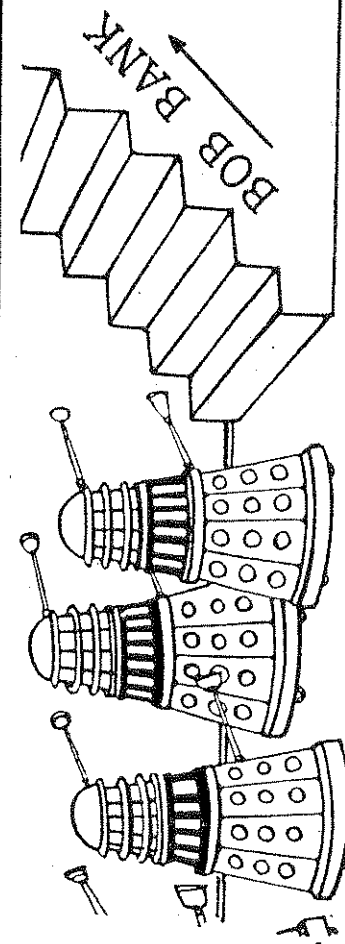


"Australia must be here somewhere !"

Love, Peace and  
Swansea City  
inc Jackmail



MORE 'OUT  
OF TOWN'  
BLUEBIRDS  
FACE THE  
PROBLEM OF  
GETTING IN TO  
NINIAN PARK



# The Colin West Interview

First something serious .....

What objects do you always carry with you ? My car keys and house keys.

What is your idea of perfect happiness ? Just to enjoy life and hopefully have a few pounds put away.

What is your worst habit ? Hanging around with Tony Cullen and John Cornforth.

Which living person do you most admire ? Marco van Basten.

Who has been your greatest influence ? My wife and father-in-law.

What is your favourite place or building ? Whitley Bay.

What is your favourite meal ? Lasagna.

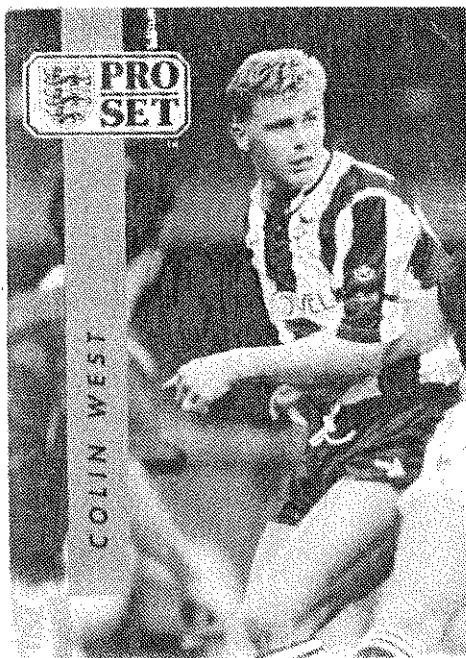
What car do you own ? I own a Robin Reliant.

What would you like for your next birthday present ? To score three goals in the next game and win the Second Division title.

What was the last CD or Album you bought ? Simply Red's new one.

And now for something completely different .....

Are you going to sue the fanzine for printing that old picture of you in your Watford days ? Yes, you horrible people.



Was that hair style done for a bet ? No, I just followed the trend.

What is the most disgusting pint of beer you have ever had ? Can't remember but the best pint is going to be the one that goes over the heads of the editors. (Charming - eds).

Which person at the club is the most/least likely to buy the first round ? Most likely is Leggy or Corny, and the least likely has got to be Tony Cullen.

Has Doug Sharpe ever bought you a drink ? We hardly ever see Doug Sharpe to buy us a drink.

Is Tony Cullen really keeping to his diet ? What do you think.

What do you think of the Welsh rugby team ? Not bad.

What do you think of Cardiff City ? Not alot.

Are Rangers fans crazy or what, and what was an Old Firm derby like ? Rangers fans are great, the club is great and an Old Firm derby is something else.

Which is the worst ground you have played at, and why ? East Fife in Scotland. Rubbish pitch, really small changing rooms and I got a nasty knee injury there.

Which city in which you have lived has the best nightlife and why ? Glasgow because it never goes to sleep. Music all night.

As a lad, which was your least favourite team and why ? My school team because we were rubbish.

What is the best chant on the North Bank ? Besides my name getting chanted, it is 'We want six, we want six', because hopefully we will be five up at the time.

Who is the biggest donkey you have ever played against ? East Fife's Rob Burgess. He was having a terrible game getting slagged off by his own and our supporters, and then he made a tackle on me which put me in plaster for two months.

BEST WISHES

# Captain Swansea's Jacks Eye

I've always felt that it wasn't a fanzine's place to make in-depth comments about certain players, claims Captain Swansea. After all, each and every one of us watch them week after week and it's very much an opinionated subject. However, in the light of some recent games in November my personal feelings on some players are just too strong to keep bottled up. It's not just that some individuals aren't pulling their weight, there are others who appear to simply not have what it takes to play at this level. At Stoke, Des Lyttle and Tony Cullen had excellent games, but if we are going to mount a serious challenge, one good game in five is simply not good enough. Others who have come under my increasingly critical Jack's eye are Russell Coughlin and John Cornforth. Coughlin crawls around the centre-circle for ninety minutes, giving a poxy 20% effort, whilst Cornforth has been largely anonymous over the last few months. I, like many others, am holding court on the manager at the moment. Frank's heart is in the job, but his team selection and tactics are most curious indeed. He refused to put Paul Wimbleton in the team at the end of November when he was long overdue a crack at the job - I really admire Wimbleton's patience, watching Coughlin et al from the stands making a botch of it when he knows he can do better must have been really frustrating. I don't enjoy being so scathing towards any Swansea City player but for the good of the club these things must be said. For instance, Andy MacFarlane came on against Brighton and actually had the North Bank roaring with laughter. He received the ball, and deliberated for a full five seconds before being dispossessed. When he does get through on goal you half expect him to start bouncing the ball between his legs and slam-dunk it over the bar !.



DES LYTTLE

Talking about that Brighton game, the scenes after the match were inspiring. I was beginning to think that the Swansea supporters were an ever tolerable following but all those fears were dismissed in the fifteen minute 'demonstration' that went on after the final whistle. We must not let favourable results extinguish this flame of opposition - whether we win or lose the problem remains. We must tackle the family Sharpe head on, in the form of noisy, but orderly demos.

The situation at the Vetch at the moment reminds me of a line from a track by The Jam - 'power is measured by the pound or the fist'. But by which is power measured at Swansea City ? The pound ? This is where Doug Sharpe's power lies, whilst we have the 'fist', to put it crudely. We have the power to apply mass opposition to the Sharpe regime, and the Brighton game was glorious proof of that.

The benefit game for Dzemat Hadziabdic back in September gave me an unexpected opportunity to cast my Jack's eye over 'Jimmy' and the other heroes of yesteryear. With the aid of an all-black outfit, some boot polish for my face and feet, I managed to scale the walls of 'Jubblys' restaurant in Northampton Lane and tip-toe into the exclusive after match bash for the ex-players. Well, not really; that old soldier Wyndham Evans kindly invited me to join him. The ensuing piss up was well documented in the last issue of LP&SC by fellow gatecrashers Geraint, Richard, Dai and Geordie, but here's a few things I saw with my Jack's eye !.

There was John Mahoney, now a truly fat fellow, knocking back the ales like Ivy Brennan, and Neil Robinson still only 35 and looking trim enough to be still in league football. Dai Davies is equally in shape, standing upright and looking like he's just walked off the pages of a 1950's 'Tiger' annual. Max Thompson now wears specs but I politely informed him he still looks a mad bastard !. Likewise, Garry Stanley hasn't changed much; he could still earn a walk-on part in a seedy 1970's soft-porn film alongside Joan Collins.

However the person I had the most interesting head-to-head with was Robin Sharpe. I enjoyed a 30 minute 'chat' with him and must say in all honesty he was an amicable chap. Even when I confessed to being involved with 'Jackmail' he didn't mind, I half-expected to be frogmarched out by burly henchmen but no, Sharpe jnr was happy to talk. But that's about all he did - he certainly didn't give anything away. That said, it was still quite an enlightening tete a tete in which even though Robin was on alcohol-free lager and I was getting slowly legless, I still had the wits about me to state my case and have the Boy Blunder eating his words. The most disappointing, though not entirely unexpected aspect of the evening was the way the club's hangers on and groupies looked upon myself and the handful of other 'ordinary fans' as if we weren't worthy of being present. Okay, I don't

actively raise cash for Swansea City or have a desire to cling to and patronise footballers, but I and the other commoners do something of equal importance - we pay at the gate every Saturday. That aside, the evening was a memorable one, if only for the fact that I got home about 1 am, sprawled out in the back seat of Ian Walsh's car, talking nonsense with Walshly whilst his missus drove !.

My away travels in the first half of the season have brought me into contact with all sorts, and inevitably the police. My encounters at Chester and Stoke provide two examples of the contrasting face of the law. At Chester, as we prepared to step off the coach (a TITS trip), the head bobby stepped aboard and spoke - 'Welcome to Chester, now we're going to treat you like human beings' - but I am human being I thought, at least I was the last time I looked. If this is the attitude of the force towards law-abiding fans then I pity the tongue-lashing the real boot-boys get !. Here we had a coachload of sober, decent football fans, many of whom harboured FOSCSFA membership cards in their murky pasts !.

Three weeks later at Stoke, a handful of us met a great copper on the railway station - he rightly treated us as human beings, and we had a lengthy chat with him about football. He'd spent a few years on Liverpool's books in the mid-sixties and bore a criss-cross scar on his nose imposed there by the knuckles of Tommy

Smith (the secret of Smithy's toughness was that he was 'brought up on stew', so I'm told). It was refreshing to see a policeman so pleasant, but there's still a long way to go before the supporter-police relationship is at a satisfactory level.

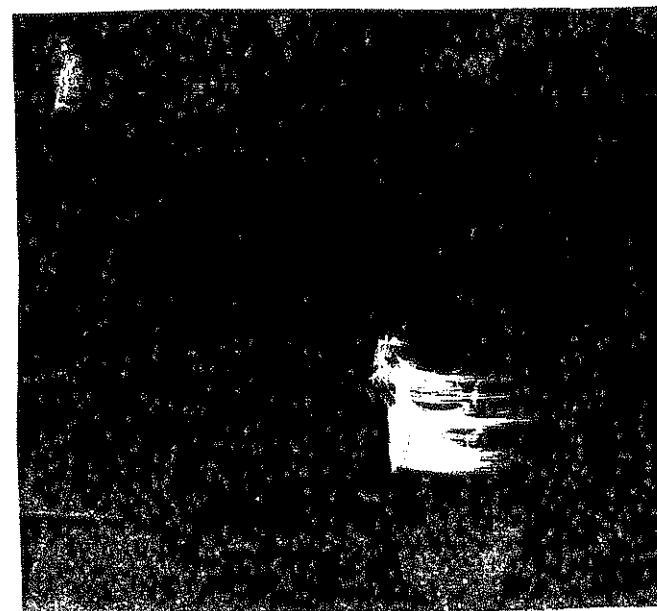
My final word this issue is on the Evening Post's Sportsline Letters page and the direction in which the popular Friday, sorry Saturday slot is heading. The rot set in when a letter from a Bluebird, imaginatively called 'Bluebird' appeared, then another from another pseudo-Bluebird, Gareth Davies, the Head of BBC Sports who offered unconvincing explanations as to the lack of Swans coverage. Don't get me wrong, I enjoy reading the ramblings of these angst-ridden Kerr-diffians, but I draw the line at the continued allocation of space to.... rugby fans !. I'm



referring of course to the letters from spotty teens invariably called Gwilym or Emyr (that's if they've got the bottle to sign themselves anything other than All-White/Jack/Black/Turk - doesn't that just grip your shirt !?), joyously recounting their wet dreams about Mike Ruddock and Scott Gibbs in the form of a 48-line poem !. You can rest assured you won't see the like in this publication but as for the 'Post' only one man can save the Swansea footballing public now.... E.C. Steward, where are you !??. More eye-jinks next time.

## Trivia

*Q : What is this ?*



*A : St. James Park.*

# Letters

Dear Love, I am one of the few die hard Tenby Jacks who never fails to attend the home games even if it does mean missing the kick-off because there is only one season ticket turnstile.

However, as much of a North Bank patriot I am, I have only been to one away game (Burnley 15/8/92 - should have won), because I am only fifteen and perhaps a little young to drive.

I can get to Swansea easily enough on my own but that's the end of the road if I'm not accompanied. So, could you please give me some information so I can hurl abuse at the bluebird Scum as far a field as Hull or just across the way at Chester. Up the Jacks. Thank You.  
Sam Askew, Tenby.

P.S. Hello to Nigel and Phil.

LP&SC - If anyone from Dyfed goes to Swans games home and especially away, then could they please get in touch with us and we'll pass your address on to Sam. Hopefully, the Dyfed Jacks can start arranging mini-buses and coaches to away games like the Llanelli Jacks already do.

Dear Eds, 'saw you at Orient flogging the mags; you certainly have something about London games, 2nd issue

at Craven Cottage, 3rd at Brisbane Road, what is it about our beloved capital that cause LP&SC to hit the streets ?. Does a hardcore cell of London Jacks demand each release should be 'just capital' ?.

Back to Orient and a big slap on the back to the 800 or so that turned up. Couldn't believe it at the end though - a virtual attempt to invade the pitch just to clap the players off after a 4-2 defeat. Bit disappointing that neither Bubbles nor Egans set even their big toe on the pitch when walking around during the second half.

The scenes after the game soured the day a little, chucking firecrackers, smoke bombs and coins into the home enclosure did nothing to dispel the now notorious reputation Swansea fans have in East London. This is the 4th consecutive time there has been trouble re: this fixture and it's just the behaved supporters that suffer the consequences of these actions.

I'd now like you to cast your minds back to the Reading game, what a hideous away shirt the Royals wore. Yellow and blue stripes, I thought I was watching Newport RFC while at speed. Admittedly however, Bradford's away kit has been the worst seen yet; what Huddersfield will turn up in

I daren't contemplate.

Returning to all things Swansea, the defence has looked a little shaky of late, Ford in particular seems to have lost all confidence in his ability. With Plymouth, Brighton, Stoke and WBA joining us at the top, more cohesive performances are needed to maintain a challenge at the top of the table (and points off our aforementioned rivals). I'm just beginning to believe promotion is possible, The Orient game undermines my faith a little.  
Yours,  
Scott Jenkinson, Bishopston, Gower.

LP&SC - Yes it was sad to see the scenes at the end of the game and hopefully no one was injured. All we can say to those involved is how would you like it if someone started throwing fireworks etc. towards you !.

Dear Love, the article below appeared in a recent (Summer 1992) French Football Magazine.

septième ciel : seul leader de la «Premier league» avec deux points d'avance sur les trois deuxièmes.

Pour Bobby Gould et son adjoint, Phil Neal, l'ancien capitaine de Liverpool, c'est la récompense à la tactique offensive qu'ils ont adoptée. Témoin de cette option, John Williams, un ancien facteur venu de Swansea pour 2 millions et demi de francs et qui se révèle comme l'un des joueurs les plus rapides d'Angleterre. Après un premier

It just goes to show that Jacks are everywhere !. It's particularly amusing to read that John (I pissed on the bank with the fans at Hartlepool after hurdling the wall) Williams is described as the 'ancien facteur' (the old postman). Hope the Jacks enjoy this French lesson, Abientot,  
Bedford Hitch-Hiking Jack

P.S. Did you know that the French word for shit is 'Cardiff City'.

LP&SC - No we didn't know about the French translation of Cardiff City, but by judging their performances this season, we'd probably guessed it !.

Dear Sirs, I am writing to ask whether you could promote my football booklet, 'From Accies to Ayr' in your fanzine, please.

It details my tour to see a game at each of the Scottish League grounds, giving details about each ground, directions, as well as a report and views on the matches that I attended. It's a must for football supporters with an interest in the game in Scotland. It is also an interesting read for the neutral.

Copies, priced £1.20 (inc p+p), can be obtained by writing to;

Graeme Holmes  
C/S Accounts 2nd Floor  
J.M. Centre  
Old Hall Street



Liverpool  
L70 1AB

I will buy the copy that you mention it in, if possible. I look forward to your reply, yours faithfully,  
**Graeme Hoburn, Liverpool.**

**LP&SC** - Now if anybody buys this book, they'll have no excuse for getting lost on their way to watch Stenhousemuir play Berwick Rangers !.

Dear Eds, Congratulations on the first three issues which are very good. I hope you do bring out a video on the Swans 'coz a few of my mates are interested in it.

I hope to see you carrying on taking the p\*\*s out of the Cardiff scummy B\*\*\*ARDS, as when I was out in Belgium the pubs were crawling full of Bluebird Scum taking the p\*\*s out of the Jacks, I also would like to see more Jacks supporting Wales on away trips, as they are filled with CCFC Scum. One more thing before I go, Dougie where the f\*\*k has the money gone. Cheers,  
**Beast, Llanelli Jack.**

Dear **LP&SC**, That ugly thing called media bias manifested itself again with Cardiff's ECWC campaign. Anyone who saw the bungling Bluebirds second-leg defeat in Austria on the box will testify that they were quite shocking, managing just one shot on

goal in a full 90 minutes.

They failed to string more than three passes together, offering no defence to an equally lame Admirer Wacker. The likes of Karl Woodward would be strongly advised to look up the dictionary definitions of words such as 'plucky' and 'brave' (as in 'Brave Bluebirds go down fighting'), as Cardiff were anything but that. Okay, Swansea were piss-poor out in Monaco but we got the subsequent slating in the press we deserved.

Cardiff City should have been given a hammering in the 'Western Mail' for wasting the only realistic chance a Welsh side has had of progressing from the first round in years. Yours,  
**Pongo Banks, Swansea.**

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# Cardiff City 2 Bath City 3

Well you didn't think that we could produce a 44 page fanzine, and not devote anything to Cardiff City's F.A. Cup blunder, did you. With a smile as wide as Doug Sharpe's waistline, I decided to capture the joyous occasion by taping Radio Wales' after match review, and this is what the radio presenter and Eddie May had to say about it all.

**Radio Wales :** 'Yes all very grim indeed in the 1st round of the F.A. Cup with defeats all round. Most significantly for Cardiff City, losing against non-league opposition for only the 4th time in their history in this competition. Cardiff City 2 Bath 3. Graham Withey the former Cardiff player put Bath in front but by half-time, Paul Millar and Nathan Blake had Cardiff 2-1 up, so we'd thought they'd come through their sticky patch. But in the second half, Jerry Gill and then Dion Vernon 20 minutes from time gave Bath City their victory, which they just about deserved, and afterwards well the most red-faced player, or coach, or manager in the entire stadium was Cardiff City's Eddie May.'

**Eddie May :** 'It's an embarrassment really, in my career I've had disappointments, have had many embarrassments, and Maidstone last year and this game today are probably two of my biggest. But I'll build from that, I'll go on from that and probably that's the spur I need, and that's maybe the spur the players need, I hope so. The thing was that we conceded a goal, got back 2-1 half-time, and going forward was okay, and I just said to them, we've got to just tighten up at the back and be a little more ruthless, and a little bit more disciplined. And they got a 2nd goal and from that moment the confidence just drained out of the players, and what they done then was just chase the game and they chased in a manner which suited Bath, and that was just by knocking long balls in, and the quality of our game went.'

**Radio Wales :** 'It certainly did and they're out of the F.A. Cup.'

# Ha ! Ha ! Ha !