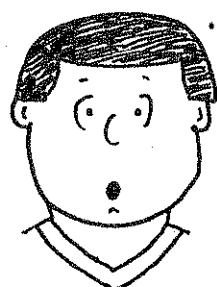
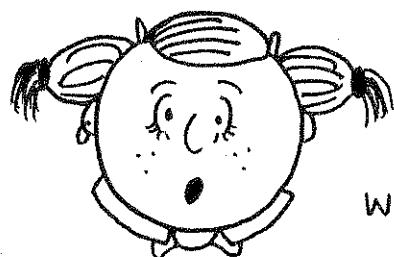


I WANNA GROW
UP IN A PLACE
WHERE PEOPLE
DON'T ...



...MUG
OTHER
PEOPLE!



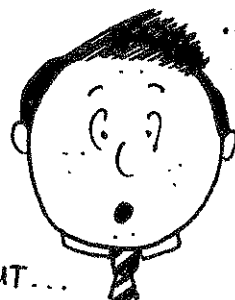
I WANNA
GROW UP IN
A PLACE
WHERE PEOPLE
DON'T ...



...SNIFF
GLUE!



I WANNA GROW
UP IN A PLACE
WHERE YOU
CAN TURN THE
TELLY ON WITHOUT...



... HUGH
JOHNS
POPPING
UP!

HUGH JOHNS PREVENTION YEAR

HUGH

TOGETHER WE'LL CRACK HIM.

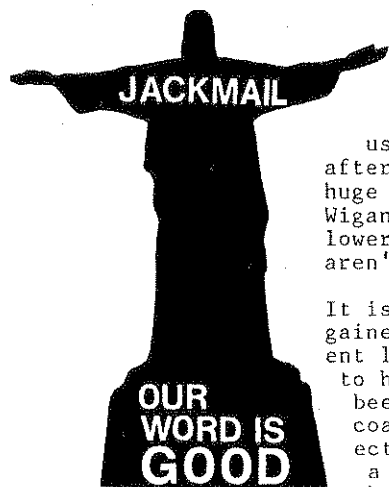
JACK

MAIL

NO.16 JUNE '91 50p



BACK IN EUROPE?



Swansea one Wigan six. Yes, there are times when your devotion to the club is put to the test. And well done to Wigan for outplaying, nay thrashing us on that April afternoon. But even in the aftermath of that dark day there's still a huge gap between ourselves and clubs like Wigan. For they are destined to years in the lower divisions. Swansea City, I am convinced, aren't. Confused? Let me elaborate...

It is now ten years to the month since we gained promotion to division one, so our current league position is a bitter pill for us to have to swallow. The last eight years have been a bumpy downward ride on the roller-coaster that is football. We've been subjected to some embarrassing defeats, and on a few occasions those embarrassing defeats have added up and developed into embarrassing seasons. But even in this eight year long tale of woe there's always been an exciting air of unpredictability at the

Vetch Field. A "not knowing what's around the next corner" feeling, and that gives you hope for the future. It's this that makes you feel, through all the bad times, glad to be a Swansea supporter. Unfortunately, under Terry Yorath we weren't going to turn any corners, and for the first time in that eight year period Swansea City threatened to become stagnant, one of those clubs that spends years in the wilderness of the lower divisions.

We've parted company with Yorath, and so I feel we're a great deal nearer to turning the corner.

Swansea magistrates' returned a not guilty verdict on Yorath when he appeared on a drink driving charge last month. Even though Police said he was "glazed and unsteady on his feet" when stopped in the city last Christmas. He would have been glazed, dazed, and very unsteady on his feet if any one of four thousand Jacks had got hold of him after that nine-match losing sequence. Yorath had become a liability. He joined us in 1986 as a managerial novice and put his all into the job as any young manager should. Then along came the Welsh job and he was a burden to us. I still can't believe we were gullible to take him back. Managing Wales was his interest, Swansea City were the mugs who he paid his bread and butter. A lovely set-up from Terry's point of view. Gushty. I feel compelled to wish him all the best as the interests

**HAVE U EVER WOKEN
UP THINKING "GOD
I'M GLAD
I'M NOT A WIGAN
FAN."**

of our national team are in his hands, but make no secret of the fact that we're all glad he's out of our hair. Terry Yorath's association with Swansea had become something of a saga, but I think we've seen the last of him now.

Frank Burrows was recognised as a passionate, committed manager in his days at Cardiff (we'll forgive him this little misdemeanour). He's arrived at the Vetch vowing to "work very hard for Swansea" and, barring any approaches from the Scottish Football Association when Andy Roxburgh packs his job in, if he can bring some of that commitment, along with his obvious ability, down here then we're going up next season. On the field, it was an inspirational decision to move Terry Connor into midfield. He's been played up front all season, and, whilst doing a useful job for us in that position, his true place is in the heart of midfield commanding our every move, dropping deeper to collect the ball and raid forward, and generally looking after the rest of the team. He was so influential at Fulham last month, we would have profited if he'd been used in midfield all season. Eagle-eyed 'Jackmail' readers may remember us saying in our issue 15 editorial that this might be a wise move - does this suggest Frankie has been reading up on our back issues and taking our advice?!

Although we haven't seen as many goals at the Vetch this season as we'd like to, there has been a marked improvement in the quality of goals scored, and one of the players responsible for this is Andrew Legg. He's struck a couple of sweet goals this season, none more so than the one against Stoke in March. Andrew's proving he's not such "dead" wood after all. A new manager often gives players whose careers have been faltering a new lease of life, so keep it up Leggo and make Yorath have to eat his words by picking you for the Welsh team.

On the subject of the Stoke game, it has to rank as one of the best performances by any team this season. Coming after a run of ten games without victory, to beat one of the divisions better teams in such style is a real show of character. Mark Harris' goal, together with Legg's strike were the sort of stuff we were accustomed to ten years ago. Chopper ran sixty yards to drill it past Peter Fox, one of the best keepers in the third. It was momentum as much as anything that carried him upfield, but a superb goal. Another goal which falls into the classic category was David Penney's against Preston. He's proved to be a wise capture, he's giving us the depth on the wing which allows Connor to drop back and do the supplying. He cost Oxford £175,000 from Derby, but has apparently been a disappointment. If the Swans can pick him up for around a hundred grand then it'll be an inspired move. It's going to be interesting to see if Doug Sharpe is prepared to flash his cash this summer.

DOUG'S ON THE MARCH

I can't help wondering whether Frank Burrows will have just a hint of dread when the month of March arrives next year. For this is the time when Doug Sharpe carries out his spring cleaning of the Vetch Field ranks, and if history is to repeat itself, then God help Burrows if things aren't going well, come March 1992. Doug's first decision as Chairman was to sack John Toshack; this came in March '84. He dismissed Ian Evans in the same month six years on; and axes Terry Yorath one year later. Can we expect our next dose of national publicity in March of next year? I sincerely hope not. Because each managerial change has been controversial in the extreme. But Doug wouldn't have it any other way - he thrives on controversy and doesn't do anything by the book. The March 1991 episode gained headline status on Radio One, but Swansea City are only ever in the headlines as a result of Sharpe's unconventional methods of running a football club. But as well as being unconventional, the way in which he chops and changes managers is grossly unprofessional. Sharpe claimed he asked Yorath to resign, Yorath alleged Sharpe had sacked him. I think somewhere down the line the thought of compensation was foremost in both men's minds. We'll never know what went on in Sharpe's office when the whole thing happened, but boy would I have loved to have been a fly on the wall! What I am trying to get at is, could the Chairman please try and conduct the affairs of our club with just a touch more professionalism, without this element of buffoonery? We're not questioning his decision, certainly not. Yorath had to go. He had lost all interest

in managing Swansea City, we were just a stepping stone for him, and I'm convinced he would have got us relegated. As for the appointment of Burrows, I confess to being a little sceptical at first, but he's staked his claim by halting an embarrassing run of nine defeats and motivating the team to three wins and a draw out of his first five league games in charge. He's brought with him a well-respected coach in Bobby Smith, and I feel if we can hold on to our main assets and add a couple of quality players to the team then promotion next term is a distinct possibility.

Another event which left a bad taste in the mouth was the handling of Tommy Hutchison. Sharpe claimed Tommy had not been "facing up to his responsibilities" (don't you just love these Sharpe quotes!?) T.H. had come out of retirement at the age of 43 to play for the team during that losing sequence, so I can't see how the Chairman can justify that statement. As well as this, Tommy has served the club for six years in various roles on and off the pitch, so is this any way to treat such a man, who has proved invaluable to Swansea City during his time here. As one of the last survivors from the dark days of '84/'85, the loss of Tommy Hutchison is something of an end of an era. Anyway, our loss is Merthyr's gain, so good luck T.H.

Other back-room changes at the Vetch in March saw Doug employ his son, Robin, in the 'Chief Executive' role. If young Rob's contribution to the programme (26 words on one count) is anything to go by, then we've got a real find!

TIME FOR A SHARPE EXIT?

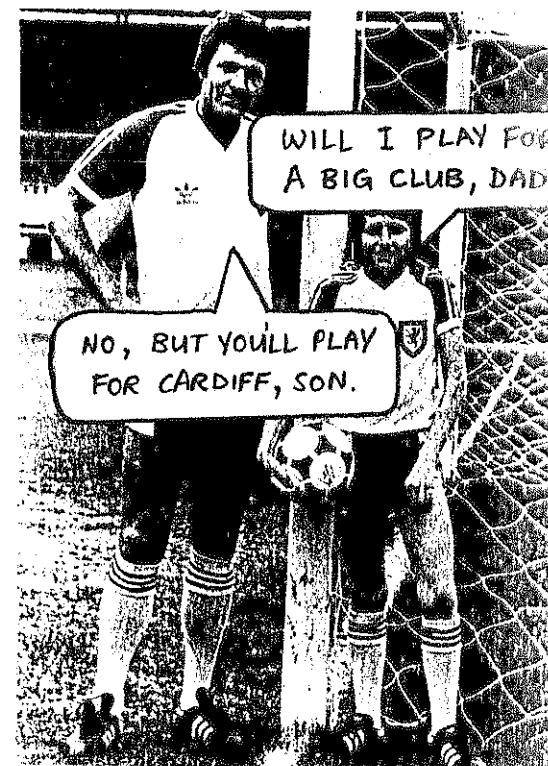
So Young Cameron,
You've joined Cardiff City
And the Press love you.
You look like your Dad,
Big John.
You even hang your kit on
The same peg in the changing
Room as he did.
And you play just like him too, I'm sure.
Banging them in from all angles.

But hold on
Has anybody actually seen
you play yet?
Because after all you
couldn't make the Swansea
team, could you?
Oops, I'm forgetting.
Who are we to judge you?
For you are 'Son of Tosh'
The second coming.
The Next Big Thing.

I bet you're dreading
the day when you get
found out.
Good luck 'Son of Tosh'.

You need it.

Ode to Cameron Toshack



SAFE EUROPEAN HOME

■ Never again will I leave these shores. That's the decision at least five Welsh fans have made in the wake of a disastrous trip to Brussels in March - and I'm one of them. Coming from someone who was involved in the Athens business in '89 you may be a little wary of my account, but believe me when I say that five of us arrested in Belgium were totally innocent.

I witnessed the louts running amok in Brussels Square on the Tuesday night, and they were justifiably deported - you can't behave like that in any country, especially Belgium and other central European countries. They just simply haven't forgotten Heyssel. We aren't Welsh when we're in these ignorant countries - we're English, and we are football hooligans. No matter how innocent and law-abiding people we are, it goes out the window in these countries. Myself and the four who were arrested with me hadn't looted, hadn't threatened, abused or attacked Belgians or caused damage. What we had done was flee from police horses who were bolting and threatening to trample all over us as we were being escorted to the Anderlecht Stadium just one hour before the kick-off. Police were grabbing the fleeing Welsh fans at random and throwing them into riot vans. "What have we done?" I'd enquire, "Nothing. You stay here until the trouble stops then we let you go to the game." Was the reply. Okay, sounds reasonable enough I thought, but soon the handcuffs were going on and we were embarking on a twelve-hour spell in a police cell.

8 a.m. Thursday, the game is long since finished and many Welsh fans will be heading home. We are desperately brassed off. The thought of simply being sent home is very appealing now, but the Belgian police have another trick up their sleeves - we are to spend another 24 hours in St.Gillis Prison. Now feeling frustrated, confused and desperate we are demanding a British Consul. We are denied this basic liberty. We spent those 24 hours in cells, then at 6 a.m. Friday we are informed that we will be taken to Brugges where we will get "liberty". So it's stage two of the magical mystery tour and a one hour drive to Dendermonde Prison, Brugges.

Here followed another period of uncertainty with some police saying we would be let out that afternoon, and others saying we would be kept for a week. So it's an hours wait a cell whilst they decided what to do with us. The little window on the cell is opened and a grinning policeman informs us, "this is worst prison in Belgium - we have rapists here, faggots, one Liverpool supporter." I'm just about cracking up when another appears, opens the door and declares "TO ENGLAND!". Much to our relief we're back in the van and headed for Ostend. However, our ferry and rail tickets, passports and baggage are still in our hotels in Brussels - this didn't concern the police though - they even took £23 out of the thirty quid I'd had on me when I was arrested to pay for new ferry tickets. This left us with about five pounds each to get from Dover to Cardiff in three cases, Dover to Bangor in another and dover to Port Talbot for yours truly!

The fact of the matter is that British football supporters are targets in these lawless foreign countries. When you end up spending 36 hours in a cell for doing nothing it's time to consider

whether it's worth following football abroad again. I sincerely hope that more Jacks will turn out for Wales in Germany later this year. But this Jack won't be there. ■

■ Apart from the period of Wednesday night - Friday morning, our stay in Brussels was thoroughly enjoyable and I'm pleased to report that at least some of the barriers between ourselves and other Welsh supporters have been broken down as we mixed with people from all over the principality. Acknowledgements are in order, so well done to the Jacks who were the first Taffs to set foot in Brussels on Sunday night - Tracy, Stacko, Jonesy, Crofty, Steve, Beefy (and his two toasties!), Dai, Millsy, Divy, Wallis and Gail. Not quite Stacko's ten thousand target but definitely a start. Hello to Prickett from Newport, Mark and Simon from Pontypool, Chris from Porthmadog, Ian, Haydn and Spencer and the sixty or so other Swansea fans who made the trip. And last but not least three Bluebirds (or should that be jailbirds?) Alan, Wokko and Macnamara.

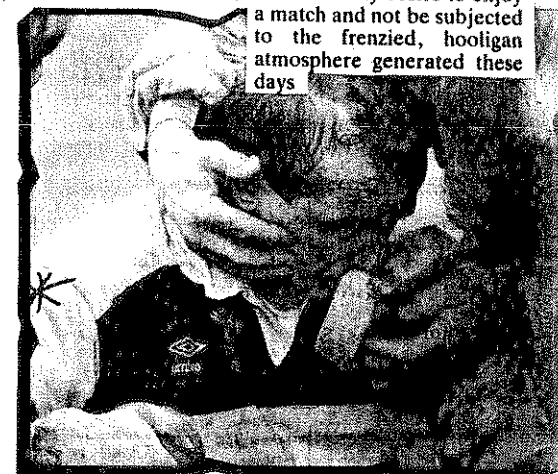
Not forgetting Thomas from Port Talbot, "Peeping" Thomas as he's now known, and Roy the "Blaengwynfi Jack." ■

This was clearly ignored given the deplorable highly dangerous 'tackle' (if that is what it was) on Newport full-back Mark Yendle. Quite frankly it was disgusting - outright tuggery from a player already disciplined once this season.

However, not content with inflicting such injury, the player was quoted in one Sunday newspaper: "If I was a dirty player intending to take Mark out of the game, he would not have left hospital."

Such an attitude is predictable but enough to sicken Newport supporters, Welsh rugby and any self-respecting Neath supporter. But no, still more insult as the player backed by his coach considers an appeal.

Secondly, I was not at the Gnoll at Saturday, largely as a result of my desire to enjoy a match and not be subjected to the frenzied, hooligan atmosphere generated these days



FLASHBACK TO The Gnoll last Saturday . . . treatment for Newport full-back Mark Yendle after the Phil Foden incident.

BLOODY FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS.

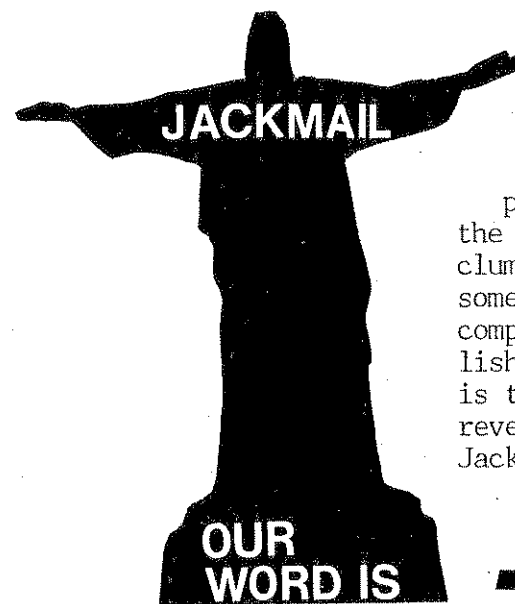
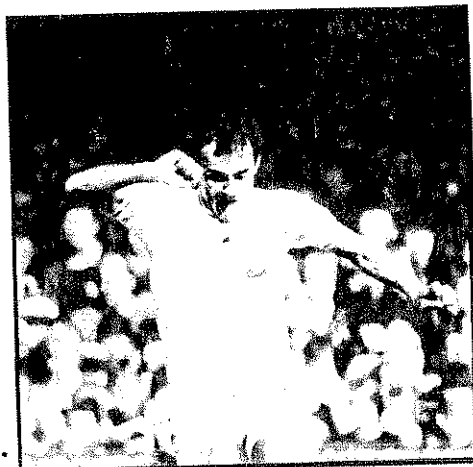
OH NO NOT ANOTHER

RAY KENNEDY STORY

Now you know us. We never turn up opportunity to give Ray Kennedy a ear-bashing. One such Kennedy Klanger which hasn't been mentioned in past Jackmail's is my personal memory of a meeting I had, by chance, with the Great Useless One in 1983. I'm standing outside the 'S.C.F.C.' gates before a Football Combination game with Leicester, collecting autographs, as I shamefully confess that's what I was into in those days (each to his own - Ed.).

Anyway, as the first team weren't in action, Ray turned up to spectate and duly obliged when I requested his signature. Nothing unusual about this, but to add more spice to the situation, to my amazement Ray is refused entry to the ground!! A trio of stewards hastily advising him not to go in because the Vetch Field was the subject of a Bomb-scare! Myself, and about five other fans are huddling around Ray, who simply smirks and brushes past three open-mouthed stewards, in awe of this act of bravery on Ray's part, and strides onto the pitch.

At the time I was unbiased towards Ray as I didn't realise he was going to be a total dick for us, but had I known he was going to lambast Tosh in a 'News of The World' exposé (remember 'TOSH WAS LIKE GESTAPO LEADER!') a year later, I would quite gladly have sacrificed a section of the Centre Stand if Ray had gone up in the blast as well! As it transpired, there was no bomb (surprise surprise), just another little Kennedy anecdote for the book.



Sometimes, although not very often, 'Jackmail' comes under fire from readers who take issue or object to something we've printed. A letter printed in the 'Going Underground' letters column in issue 15 has come in for some stick, with various readers complaining we shouldn't have published it. The letter in question is the one regarding a possible revenge attack in Brussels by some Jacks after Cardiff supporters

... **Bad?**

ripped down a Swansea flag in Luxembourg. These are two letters we received, both from Cardiff fans...

Dear Jackmail, After producing some damn fine issues why do you recently appear to be going out of your way to get yourself a bad name? What's all this nonsense I've been told regarding a fabricated letter (the letter was a genuine one sent anonymously) threatening a Brussels confrontation? Apparently Alun Evans wanted to see you sued for incitement after reading it. Bryn Dobson, O Bluebird of Happiness, Cardiff fanzine.

Dear Jackmail, I'm writing in response to your letter signed "Anon. Swansea" in the April issue, which concerned the tearing down of a Swansea flag in Luxembourg. It is the threatening tone of the letter and your response which concerns me. Whilst the general trend of football fans has been to move away from hooligan behaviour, Swansea seem to have just caught on to the idea. Your comments "no rabbit punches now lads" serves only to encourage the behaviour and is irresponsible. Andy Evans, CCFC 1927 Club, London.

Okay, so perhaps our response was a little bit tactless, but the idea of printing the letter was to bring to our readers awareness the moronic mentality of some Swansea followers -

WHATEVER HAPPENED

Ever wondered, during those long, dull periods when the Swans are conceding six goals, what happened to ex-Swans, those players who passed through our ranks in seasons gone by? No? Then don't bother reading on...

Alright, I confess. I'm a 'groundhopper'. Living, as I do, in "exile" in Gloucestershire, I don't get to see the Swans as often as I'd like, but my appetite for football is such that I'll watch it anywhere, anytime; thus my time is spent at various grounds locally, and wherever I happen to be. Even holidays are not exempt from this passion for the game, as will be revealed shortly. On my travels this season, it seems to have been difficult to avoid seeing Swansea veterans in various guises on various grounds...

I probably don't have to remind the faithful of Dudley Lewis' return to the Vetch last September with Huddersfield Town. I still wonder where Dudley's career went wrong; all those years ago, he seemed such a bright prospect, and I remember his first Welsh cap against the Brazilians at Ninian Park with pride. Still, that was then and this is now, and Dudley's future holds only the prospect of footballing backwaters.

Talking of which... My visit to Gloucester City for their F.A. Trophy Second Qualifying round match against Llanelli A.F.C. was a real eye-opener, in more ways than one. The lure was not only the



Gary "Go Ahead Punk, Slap My Head" Emmanuel.

fact that the Reds are my home-town club, but they are managed by the one-and-only Wyndham Evans (see Jackmail #15). The Llanelli team was astonishing; they've always had something of an unofficial reciprocal arrangement with the Swans, so that promising young Reds have ended up with the Swans, and our cast-offs have joined the Reds; but here was a team almost entirely comprised of men who had worn the white jersey, with varying degrees of pride and success. Goalkeeper Glan Letheran, a Llanelli boy, was perhaps the saddest casualty of the game on show; a promising career, seemingly enhanced by a move to Leeds United, came to nothing, and Vetch supporters will remember his horrendous mistakes and shattered confidence. Also on show that Saturday last October: Gary Emmanuel, Tony Cottey, Phil Fisher, Keri Andrews, Andrew Webber and Alan Waddle, who had two spells at the Vetch in the late Seventies and mid-Eighties. I have to say that the match was one of the worst it has ever been my misfortune to witness. Gloucester were bad but

Llanelli were worse, and they lost 3-0 in what the football press usually call a "bruising physical encounter." Hope it was a one-off!

The away trip to Shrewsbury last October yielded up another former Swan... this time a manager. John Bond was coaching the Shrews at the time, though he's back behind a desk now following Asa Hartford's delusions of managerial ability.

TO?



All you Jacks who made the trip to the Arms Park last October won't need reminding of what we lost when we let Dean Saunders go. Deano came into the Swans side at a very difficult time, and I'm glad that he's made it into the big time, as he was always a talented player. He was brilliant against the Belgians, and I can watch that video again and again...

The other international I made it to this season was the 'B' fixture against England at the Vetch, and again I won't need to remind the faithful of Sean McCarthy (local boy makes bad and goes to Plymouth) and Andrew 'Superstar' Melville. With hindsight, the move away was the best thing for Melville and the Swans, as he looked jaded and disinterested at the end of last season; but why Oxford, for Chrissakes?!? Did he feel compelled to visit Charlo's graveyard?

I mentioned holidays earlier; a brief sojourn in Yorkshire a couple of months ago gave me the chance to watch Scarborough take on Burnley in the fourth division promotion race (I must mention my wife Alison at this point, a wonderful and long-suffering woman!). The John Bond connection surfaced again, as there in the 'Boro dug-out was Ray McHale, who had a brief spell at the Vetch (but not brief enough - Ed.) in the Eighties as one of the battle-hardened veterans that Bond brought in to put the brakes on our slide down the league. Scarborough, a team sponsored by chips and vodka, conceded a goal in the fourth minute, Burnley adopted a sweeper system (??), and the match finished 1-0 to the Lancastrians.

I've saved the best till last. I'm standing on the compact terracing in front of the stand at Whaddon Road, home of Cheltenham Town in the GM Vauxhall Conference. It's a conference match against fellow relegation strugglers Yeovil Town, and as the teams run out, who is that I see wearing the Yeovil no.5 jersey? I check my programme for confirmation that I am not dreaming... it is none other than Nigel Stevenson, hero/villain of many a campaign during a decade at the Vetch Field. I hadn't realised he'd left Merthyr, but here he was, and I limbered up for some prime abuse, waiting for the opportunity to scream "Stevenson, you're like a duck!" in my time-honoured manner; I never got the opportunity, as 'Speedy' played a blinder against a poor Cheltenham side, and was unlucky not to get on the score sheet from a set-piece. Yeovil lost 1-0, but I couldn't fault Speedy. Five minutes from time, and Cheltenham decided to send on a substitute, and on came the familiar, rounded Phil Williams, still a Cult figure (I said 'cult', folks!) at the Vetch. Phil got stuck in straight away and got booked for his first challenge; comforting, in a way, don't you think?



The mean, moody Phil Williams.



**POLL
JAX
'91**

It's that time of year again when we call upon our readers to put their thinking caps on and provide us with the answers to our 1991 Poll. Your opinions will be gratefully received, and results will follow in issue 17 (start of season).

1. JACK OF THE YEAR.
2. YOUNG JACK OF THE YEAR/PROSPECT FOR THE 90's.
3. BEST GAME OF THE SEASON.
4. WORST GAME OF THE SEASON.
5. BEST GOAL OF THE SEASON.
6. MOST OBVIOUS CHOICE FOR CAPTAIN (Harris, Connor or Gilligan).
7. PLAYER YOU'D MOST LIKE TO SEE BACK AT THE VETCH (must still be playing).
8. BIGGEST CHANGE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE MADE AT THE CLUB.

Get your entries off to us by late July. Why not stick your answers to the poll in with your answers to our kit questionnaire on page 22, and save on postage? Handy or what???



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**BACK
ISSUES**

Back issues currently available are:-

- No.8 August 1989 - Euro Special Cover Dudley Lewis diary/The Doug Sharpe Years/Dundee/Class of '84/Adventures of Frank Burrows/Ante
- No.9 October 1989 - Athens Jail Cover Our Hell in Greece/Sleuth/Way Forward for Swansea/T-Shirts/Welsh journos/Are Programmes Shit?
- No.10 December 1989 - Scottish Signings Cover Saturdays Heroes/Commercial Breaks/The Board/Chopper Harris/Great British Constabs.
- No.11 February 1990 - Ian Rush Cover Anfield report/Vetch characters/Pantotime/Racism/Twerton Park Poem/Are Stewards brain-dead?
- No.12 April 1990 - Ian Evans Cover Joe Allon Interview/Ball Boy Bunglers/Halifax/Milk/Andy Leitch/Soccer Yobs?
- No.14 December 1990 - Weird Cover Night of the Dragon/Hooliganism/Attley/Ray Kennedy/Buzzcocks/Indecent Exposure/Gladys & Joyce
- No.15 April 1991 - Dog Cover European Preview/Adventures of Ashurst/Ante/Wyndham Evans/SuperTed/Sgorio/Wales 'B'/Drugs Scam
- All back issues 50p & s.a.e., Nos.1-7 and 13 sold out.

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The Comix Shoppe, Shoppers Walk Arcade, Swansea.
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S.C.F.C.

THE WAY

With the recent popularity of Swansea's black and white hooped shirt and the amount of Wales away tops being sported down the Vetch, we feel a look at our sporting attire over the past fifteen years is necessary. Tarzan of Oxford Street explains how Swansea City have long been footballing trendsetters...



Gary Moore strikes a pose in this 1978 shirt.

Promotion to division one was achieved in the famous Adidas "three stripes down the shoulder, v-neck" top. The home shirt was, of course, white, with the away being a navy blue body/sky blue arms effort. At the time Adidas was the gig name and they were marketing a t-shirt very similar to our away-shirt, minus the Swansea badge, which was on general sale in most sports shops. This design was ahead of its time in 1980 and if you hit the Kingsway on a Saturday night in an ordinary Adidas t-shirt your pulling chances were good, but in a genuine Swansea dark blue/light blue top your pulling power increased ten-fold (especially with gold chain hanging over the neck a la Leighton James). The Swans have never played in those colours since that day in Preston when we achieved the unthinkable.

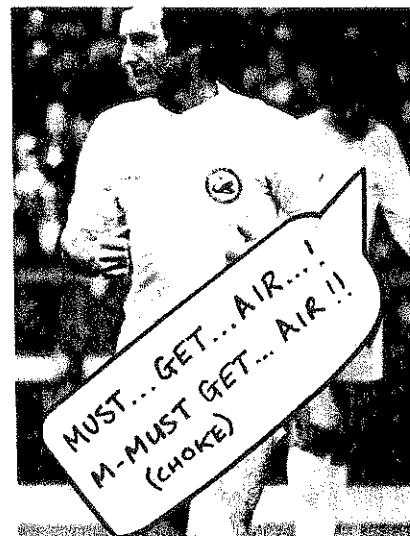
So what of our contemporaries then? Well, who can forget that classic little number the Welsh team of '79 were modelling. No, I'm not on about Joey Jones' jockstrap, but that 'odd' two yellow and green stripes down the chest with Admiral badges on flarey collars. I had one, and the badge flaked away after a couple of months.



Messrs Medwin, Toshack & Chapell in the Palace look.

My first Swansea shirt was a stylish 1978 Bukta item which had a crinkly trim running down the arms with lines of Bukta badges. I pulled that shirt on for school games lessons as a six year old, and sad to say, I'm damned if I know where that shirt is now. I loved its big black collars which typified the groovy moods of '78, and its rubbery badge a plain and simple floating Swan. (I wonder how many people prefer the floating Swan to today's both-wings-out Swan? Answers on a postcard please). The away strip of that era was a distinctive yellow shirt with distinctive red and blue diagonal stripe cutting across the chest, most people will associate this design with Crystal Palace. Another predominant feature of this shirt was its extremely tight v-neck collar, which, when worn by burly Jacks like Alan Waddle or Pat Lally, could seriously affect the respiratory system. This was a popular shirt though, and if the commercial department had it's head screwed on then they could cash in with a re-issue of this shirt.

we WORE

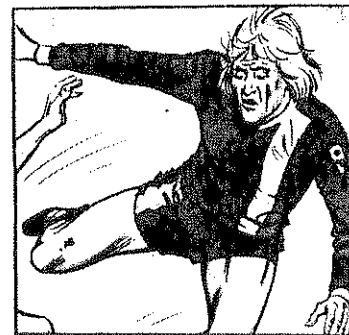


Danny Bartley in the infamously tight-necked top. Tommy Smith is passing out in the background.

You may remember Coventry City adopting this style in sky blue a few years later. Cardiff's offering was a sad Roy of the Rovers inspired blue shirt with a lone yellow and white stripe running down one side and crinkly umbro-badges down the arms. If this shirt was a building then Prince Charles would have probably called it an atrocious carbunkle. Definitely the work of a mad-man, he was promptly sacked by Umbro for his handywork.

The kit we wore to take on the might of the first division was introduced in the summer of 1981 and remained our attire until May 1984. Name a team (except Everton) and you can bet your bottom dollar we beat them in that famous, remarkably plain Patrick shirt. Everyone in my school had either the red or blue one, and I think I was the only kid to have the white one. Personally I only ever buy the white shirt because I feel it is the only shirt people can identify with Swansea City. Still, the change strips have always been equally, if not more popular on the Vetch terraces. By the end of the disastrous '83-'84 season we were glad to see the back of that shirt.

With the unwelcome arrival of the third division came the Hummel strip. Our first sponsored shirt and easily the most trendy item of sports clothing of its time. Never mind that we had a shite team, we had the ultimate fashion accessory on our backs. It had like two-tone white stripes which you noticed in the sun, and 'V's running down the arms and waist. Also the introduction of a new more intricate crest, the Swan with both wings out. Only Spurs and Norwich had this exciting new brand - we didn't play like Spurs, but we sure as damn it looked like them. It's just a shame we can only identify this shirt with doom and gloom.



Hard luck Roy, Cardiff have just copied your kit.

We suffered one relegation and a winding up order in it! I've still got mine tucked safely away in my cupboard for posterity. Although Hummel's designs have become a bit stagnant over the last couple of years we were glad to be trendsetters in their shirt back in '84.

For such a fashion-conscious club then, the 1986 kit was something of a backward step. Mainly because it was an Admiral product. Admiral made a surprise return to football-strip marketing after a six or seven year lay-off. We couldn't hid our horror at seeing this new top as Admiral in the '70s were to footie tops what Gola were to footie boots. You were a definite non-starter in the fashion stakes when you



Good player. Great shirt.

crest which definitely made it worth buying. But I'm not parting with twentyfour quid for the felt-badge effort. No sir.

pulled this one on. The designers at Admiral seem to be stuck in a time-warp, their latest efforts still resemble their late-seventies eyesores. Also, this shirt looked tight on absolutely anyone. Didn't anybody tell these people that the 'loose-fit' was all the rage? Alan Knill could have suffocated in it. Robbie James returned to the club on the solid assurance that they change the strip at the end of the season because it didn't conceal his beer gut. It holds some great memories for Swansea though. West Brom in the F.A. Cup, Northampton away to name but a few.

And what of today's offerings? The current white shirt will be two seasons old soon and up for change, but it's simple neat look is popular with the fans. Definitely one of Spall's better inventions. As is the Yellow top which was worn quite frequently last season - this never went on sale in the club shop for some strange reason. The 'zebra' look shirt is proving a big seller, although I wouldn't buy one because of its felt badge which will peel off in time. The first batch on sale in the club shop had a skilfully embroidered

Anyway, we've had our say, now you tell us your favourite Swansea City shirt. Choose from these categories.

- ☐ Yes, I think we should re-instate that Crystal Palace-style shirt, as modelled in the late seventies by Cally and Smithy.
- ☐ I just lurrred that Preston '81 shirt. It sure is the best.
- ☐ You can't beat the first division shirt. It made even Dudley Lewis look a hunk.
- ☐ The Hummel '84 shirt was ace. What more can I say?
- ☐ We may have been stuffed eight-nil in it, but today's shirt is still blimmin' smart.

Okay, and which colour would you like to see the Swans away strip? Go on, say,

Blue ☐ Red ☐ Yellow ☐ Dark Blue/
Light Blue ☐ Zebra ☐

Tick appropriate boxes and send to us. If you don't want to disfigure your lovely Jackmail then simply jot your opinions down on a scrap of paper. Results will follow in issue 17.

THE TRUTH ABOUT

"Why didn't you like this bloke?"

"He's a Swansea Jack."

"Well, look at another Swansea Jack here!"

This little interchange took place many years ago, when I was interviewing a witness at a Works, not a hundred miles west of here. I usually tried to be tactful (never knew when you'd need the witness' help again), but I couldn't help making that retort.

Is there any major ground as close to the sea as St. Helen's? Behind the Stand, on the Prom., is the little memorial to the famous dog.

In its context of describing Swansea people, I don't think I was familiar with the phrase more than thirty years ago; and for a long time after, I thought it originated in the animal's name. That is quite wrong.

"Swansea Jack" is short for "Swansea Jack Tars", which nickname goes back some hundred and fifty years. There were plenty of other sailors in the South Wales ports. Why were Swansea Jacks special?

Copper used to be mined in Cornwall. Then it had to be smelted. It took a hundred tons of coal to smelt one ton of copper. The nearest place with abundant coal, and an ample harbour? Swansea. So came the Vivians; and, in their wake, many Cornish folk, so that names like Treharne and Penhale seem almost Welsh.

The smelting process was set up in the Lower Swansea Valley. But the supply of Cornish copper began to fail. Swansea now had all the smelting facilities. Copper had to be obtained further afield. Chile, on the Pacific coast of South America (an "emergent" nation, we should now call it), had copious deposits. It needed manufactured goods badly; British coal desperately. So a traffic was established; coal from our Docks; copper back from Chile.

But there was a serious difficulty; Cape Horn, at the southern tip of South America, where the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans met. In those days, steam had not really begun to supplant sail in merchant shipping. From the western quarter, into which Chile bound ships had to sail, storms, fierce and terrible, blew.

I had an old relative who, as a mere boy, sailed before the mast in a Swansea crewed barque, skippered by his eldest brother. Attempting the fearsome Cape, their ship, heavy laden with Welsh coal, foundered, with some loss of life. Returning to Swansea, the same skipper and crew tried again: successfully. The young tyro was dreadfully seasick on the return voyage from Chile; but to his delighted surprise, they were round the Horn and back in the South Atlantic in a brace of shakes, such was the force of the gale behind them.

So that was why Swansea Jacks were special. But what about the dog?

Some eight years ago, I was writing here about Charity matches at St. Helen's, and made brief references to a big black dog, Swansea Jack. I remember him coming round the shops in the Uplands, when I was a boy living there. With his collecting box round his neck, quite unaccompanied, he would come, each Friday and Saturday, into the shop after another he would push his way, and patrol the pavements as well. Rattling the box, he would confront customers and would-be passers by; making such a racket that you had to pay up, out of sheer embarrassment if nothing else. He was also, of course, a tremendous life saver.

I described him, at the time, as a Retriever, but a little while later, one of our members, a vet., told me this was a wrong description. In fact, he was a much bigger dog, a Newfoundland (of which breed I'd never heard). As said my friend, these dogs had been carried aboard the Swansea ships I've mentioned. These ships, incidental were of two different types. Originally, clippers were used, and later, barques, which were larger vessels, up to 300 tonnage. At any rate, if a crew member fell overboard (not surprising in those terrible seas), in would jump the dog to rescue him.

This led me to visit the monument on the Prom., and sure enough, Swansea Jack is there described as a Retriever so not only I was wrong! Anyway, with my vague memories of Swansea Jack's size, I had always doubted whether a Retriever could save a full grown person.

A few years later, my doubts were resolved. One summer evening, on the Prom., a young chap appeared, lead an enormous black creature. Yes, said he, it was a Newfoundland. Very gentle and friendly the dog proved to be. His owner told me that there was still a few about in Swansea and district; adding that it cost £12 a week to feed this relative of Swansea Jack.

The monument says that Swansea Jack was only 7 when he died; but, on Swansea beach, he saved an incredible 27 humans; and two dogs! Only two dogs? There must have been a lot more, only they were too embarrassed to report it.

It's sad that "Swansea Jack" has often been used in a derogatory sense against us. But whether it describes sailors, or our wonderful dog, I'm proud to be called a "Swansea Jack".

And I bet you are too.

JACK

ENCYCLOPAEDIA **OF** EVERY THING **THAT'S EVER HAPPENED** part 297B(ii) Great Matches of the Past.

55 B.C. ENGLAND 0 ITALY 5

An Italian team, nicknamed 'The Roman Army' totally overrun the English. This, incidentally, was the last Italian team with an attacking policy.

1066 ENGLAND 0 FRANCE 2

Staged at the impressive 'Hastings Stadium', the French, who were quite remarkably all called Norman, notched a late winner when England couldn't play against the slope, and that was one in the eye for Harold, their player-manager. There was a programme printed for this event, commonly known as the Bayeux Tapestry. Programme dealers are very interested in spare copies of this publication.

1918 GERMANY 0 BRITAIN 1

A dour struggle in the mud with both sides forced to battle for every inch of the 'No Mans Land Ground'. Not a lot went on in the midfield, which had been reduced to a quagmire after a previous meeting at Christmas, when both sides fielded 23,000 men. Britain came away winners with the invention of the tank.



FAMOUS FACES IN
WORLD HISTORY :
A.Hitler

1944 GERMANY 1 BRITAIN 2

The much anticipated visit of a Britain team containing such stars as Churchill and Montgomery saw the Germans, still celebrating wins in Poland, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, France and Holland, launch an offensive to take an early lead. But manager Hitler made a tactical error when he stopped his men overrunning the British so early and allowed them back in. Receiving great support from the boys back home in a tough match with the ref allowing the Germans to get away with murder, Britain hit a late winner.

1945 JAPAN 0 USA 2

Audie Murphy played in starring role in the 1945 encounter and in the proceeding films, but it took two own goals from bumbling full-backs Hiroshima and Nagasaki to seal victory as Japan committed Hari-Kiri in defence.

1966 ENGLAND 4 WEST GERM. 2

Some people over the border consider this match vastly important but the English only won for three reasons:

- (i) They were playing at home.
- (ii) A dubious third goal.
- (iii) er... they were playing at home.

1977 England 0 Wales 1

1981 Wales 4 England 1 'Nuff said.

1981 PRESTON 1 SWANSEA 3

One of the great moments in World History, which should be brought to the attention of biased tabloid hacks who think Wolves are the only club to climb quickly up the league.

Swansea 5 Leeds 1; Swansea 2 Liverpool 0;
Swansea 2 Man.Utd 0; Arsenal 0 Swansea 2;
Swansea 1 Soton 0; Swansea 2 Spurs 1.

"A small selection of victorious battles from the campaign Division 1 1981/82"



1985 SWANSEA 0 BRISTOL CITY 0

"Never... in the field of human conflict... has so much been owed... by so manyto... Jimmy Rimmer." 10

FAMOUS FACES IN
WORLD HISTORY:
J.RIMMER

GO IN GUN DER GROUND

jackmail po box 24 port talbot sa13 1qn



Dear 'Jackmail', I must put pen to paper with regards the Frank Burrows issue. Now without appearing like a "Disgusted of Mumbles" type letter, I still feel I must condemn the fans on the North Bank who booed and jeered Burrows at the Grimsby game. I confess I was no fan of his in his Cardiff days, I detested the man actually, but to barrack someone solely on the grounds he was once associated with Cardiff City is not on (stop me if I'm beginning to sound a bit like E C Steward!). I know he got on everyone's wick with his emotional rantings from the dug-out on his visits here, but if he can bring some of that passion and commitment to Swansea then that can only be a good thing. Frank may have orchestrated our Littlewoods Cup exit and inflicted a couple of miserable defeats on us, but it was nothing personal. Yorath, on the other hand, must have genuinely hated Swansea as he walked out on us when we were on a roll, then had the nerve to slither back in and destroy us. If you managed to find it in your hearts to forgive and applaud Yorath, then surely we can raise a cheer for Frank. I'm not saying he's going to solve our problems, but he needs our support if he's going to make a go of it. The day he converts Hugh Johns into a Jack is the day he'll deserve some stick. Yours in the Black & White of Frankie Burrows' Army, Colin Booth, Clydach, Swansea.

Dear 'Jackmail', So Doug Sharpe, with the aid of club captain Jimmy Gilligan, decided to pick the team for the Grimsby game. I think I would trust a curry from a well-known recently-publicised Swansea curry house before I'd trust a Doug Sharpe team selection. Yours in bad 'taste', E. Harries, Mayhill, Swansea.

Dear 'Jackmail', I am one of a large number of people who rue the day 'Sportfolio' left our screens. Welsh football reporting, if not already in a rut then, has gone from bad to ... non-existence?? All we have now is the MTV Media Mafia (namely Bob Symonds and Hugh Johns) tearing into the Jacks every Monday night, regardless of whether we won on the previous Saturday. What have us viewers done to deserve this dastardly duo? At least Auntie Beeb used to whet our appetites on a Friday evening with 'folio. I've no complaints about BBC's sporting task force. Alan Wilkins and Peter Jackson, in all their smugness, remain neutral and unbiased, whilst I remember Bob Humphreys donning a Swansea City pullover on 'Sports News Wales' a few years back! If we go back even further I remember how I used to relish the very occasional 'Soccer Special' on a Sunday afternoon, a low budget footie programme with a dead corny theme tune which we

were served up in Wales. We could either watch highlights of three first division games on 'The Big Match' with Brian Moore, or half an hours coverage of some insignificant Cardiff fixture and whoever County were being beaten by. And if we were lucky, very lucky, short highlights of whichever top first division club the Swans were playing. Welsh media's slant towards Cardiff was evident in those days. There we were, contesting the league championship and the Bluebirds would be involved in some second division relegation dog-fight, but, sure as eggs, when it came on you'd see those immortal words 'WELSH SOCCER SPECIAL', the camera fixed on the Ninian Park Grandstand, then the naff music followed by 'CARDIFF CITY v CAMBRIDGE'. But at least we had some coverage in those days. I'd love to see a Sunday lunchtime regular with all the action from Swansea, Cardiff and Merthyr, perhaps devoting twenty minutes to each club. This might generate some interest among our armchair fans ('fan' in Merthyr's case) and be a positive move for Welsh football. Cheers, J. Goodall, Pontardulais.



armchair on a Wednesday night. Midweek Sport Special has just finished and you're staying up to watch Welsh Championship Boxing. You're eyes are starting to narrow as its half past

midnight, then, to your absolute amazement, horror even, you notice who the presenter is, for there slouched back in his ringside seat at the Newport Leisure Centre alongside Colin Jones is Hugh Johns!!!! Amazed? You could have knocked me over with a Swansea City Matchday Programme (and that's no mean feat considering how thin and flimsy they are!). Just answer me this - What the hell does Hugh Johns know about Boxing? I don't think he knows anything, but I'd be quite willing to teach him a thing or two about the sport, in the ring, gloves on of course! Honestly, Hugh must rank as one of the most nauseating people on British television. Right up there with Cilla, Jeremy Beadle and that Irish bloke off Coronation Street. I shall be writing to 'Points of View' about this. Yours, Nick, Mayals, Swansea.

Dear 'Jackmail', I bought issue 14 and just recently issue 15 from Spillers in Cardiff. In order to save me from embarrassment, I had to place the fanzine in between the pages of Penthouse in order to be able to read it on the bus home, in case any friends or relatives noticed me, and also to stop children pointing and giggling. I'm writing in reply to your reply to a letter you received from Intifada. For you to say that Cardiff City fans are jealous of Swansea City is really sad, but then that's your mentality for you. Really speaking the only emotion Cardiff fans have for Swansea City FC is hatred not jealousy. In the same context as I hate Maggie Thatcher and Gyles Brandreth, I dislike them but there is no way I am

jealous of them. I hope this cleared things up for you.
Yours in Blue,
Alan, Cardiff.

Jackmail Reply: Thanks Al, for putting the record straight. You hate us? Really?? Well I never knew that! To end this little debate I ask Swansea fans to send off for a copy of Intifada No.7 (40p plus s.a.e. from 14c Conway Road, Pontcanna, Cardiff CF1 9NT). Turn to page 26 for "Are You a Jack?" article, and decide for yourself whether it's the work of someone who tosses and turns in bed at night worrying about Swansea's status as top Welsh club.

Dear 'Jackmail', I hope you print this letter and I hope Vetch Field officials take note of my problem. I am 14 years old and therefore qualify to enter the Vetch at the juvenile rate. So why is it that game after game I'm quizzed about my age? On two occasions this season I've been refused entry through the juvenile turnstile. Are the Swans so hard up they have to resort to making under 16s pay £3.80? I can't afford to pay this and I've also seen other younger fans turned away because some turnstile attendant thinks they're over 16. Who needs this hassle when you're going to the game? Thanks,
Angry Young Fan, Burry Port.

Dear 'Jackmail', I'd like to voice my dismay at the news of Terry Connor's possible move to Bristol City. As if the arrival of Frank Burrows was not horrifying enough, for the 'Evening Post' to break the news of Connor's impending sale on the same day is surely the work of a sadist. I just

didn't feel like going down the Vetch for the Grimsby game after I'd read that paper. although I don't feel he's reached his peak at Swansea yet, he's been the one jewel-in-the-crown this season, and he re-paid every penny of his transfer fee in



Terry Connor. Either jumping for a high ball or someone's just placed a hot poker where the sun don't shine.

that memorable 2-0 triumph over Brum City. I fear we'll lose Terry this summer, but I plead with Burrows to think long and hard before accepting any offers. TERRY CONNOR CAN GET US OUT OF THIS DIVISION! The worse thing that can happen is for Gilligan to leave as well. I agree we're a crap team, but without these two we'd be right up the creek. Gilligan's performances this season have reminded me of Bob Latchford, always poaching about looking liable to net a couple. Jimmy's the first true goalscorer we've had since Latch, losing him would be suicide. Anyway, did anyone else notice David Hough sporting the

black arm-band at Barry in the semi? From my seat in the main stand I certainly did. Had someone died? I hastily checked the other players to see if they were all wearing one, but no, so I figured Duffer had been handed the captainship in Jimmy's absence. My initial reaction was one of shock and surprise, but then I cast my mind back to 86/87 when Dudley Lewis was made skipper. This extra responsibility brought the best out of him, and at times before his injury against Hull he was our most reliable player. Whether vice-captainship will make Duffer a better player is yet to be seen. I conclude my letter by saying that Burrows' first duty this Summer will be to bring a midfield anchorman to the Vetch. Someone with courage, guts and leadership qualities...anyone for Robbie??

Yours,
Glyn Baker, Treboeth, Swansea.

Dear 'Jackmail', Who is E.C. Steward, he of 'Jackmail' and 'Evening Post' letters page fame. Lordy, I wouldn't like to meet him down a dark alley with my "I hate Frank Burrows" t-shirt on.
Yours nervously,
An East Stander.

Dear 'Jackmail', Many thanks for Jackmail#15 and your letter. Also really, really sorry to hear of your hassle in Belgium; I feared the worst when I saw the bloody tabloids going on about "Welsh Riots", but I never thought you'd be unlucky enough to get banged up. I'd expected any trouble to occur between Swans and Cardiff yobbos, but all that newspaper crap about riots was unbel-

ievable. What happened? Who stitched who up? I'm working on a controversial article for a future 'Jackmail' regarding burying the hatchet (metaphorically speaking!) with Cardiff, as I'm sick and tired of the continual baiting that goes on between our two clubs. I've nothing against the derby match atmosphere, but the mindless violence and rivalry is getting a bit much, as is the Swans/Cardiff chanting that regularly spoils a unified Welsh support at internationals. I realise that such an article isn't going to be very popular, so I won't submit it unless you feel 'Jackmail' is an appropriate outlet for it. In these hard times of Welsh football, I believe the time has come to stand together. Talking of 'Jackmail', can I be a pain in the arse and point out a few inaccuracies in the piece on the 'B' international. The goal was scored by Paul Davis not Michael Thomas, and whoever your correspondent is, I suggest he sees an optician and/or gives up illegal drugs as Colin Pascoe wasn't playing! I was there (try keeping me away from a game against the English), sat amongst a good natured bunch of Wolves/Steve Bull fans (I didn't know there were any good-natured Wolves fans - Ed.), though the scum from Chelsea over to my right made me sick. As for Burrows...well, I cheered when the lizard Yorath went, though not at the way he went, in an embarrassing nationally-publicised debacle. But Burrows! Frank "go out there and be rally average, lads" Burrows!! Oh dear. Regards,
Jonathan Taylor, Tewkesbury, Glos.



Swansea's last

If ever a Swansea City player was worthy of the ultimate Welsh sporting accolade: To be immortalised in clay and become part of the Grogg collection, then that man is Bob Latchford. For here is the only truly ace goalscorer to play for a Welsh league club in the last twenty-five years...

'Big Bob', as well as being hung like Champion the Wonder Horse, came to the Vetch in the Summer of 1981 with an excellent footballing pedigree. Starting with his native Birmingham City as a bearded youngster he is still regarded as one of their favourite sons, second only in the St. Andrews Hall of Fame to Trevor Francis. An ex-Brum manager quoted in 1974, "Sell Latchford? I'd rather get the sack." The manager in question, Freddie Goodwin, was obviously

not a man of his word though as he did actually sell Bob four months later - I don't know whether he got the sack - but this didn't concern

bitter Brum fans, they simply wanted Goodwin beheaded and some very unsavoury deeds carried out on his private parts for this dreadful act of treason. The Blues fans had hoped that Bob and Trevor Francis would make Birmingham City F.C. the finest Black Country exponent since 'Crossroads', but it wasn't to be.

It was on to Goodison Park for Bob in a British record £350,000 transfer deal, and he soon started doing for Everton what a certain John Toshack was doing for their Merseyside rivals. Seven years and some truly memorable goals later after an accomplished career at Everton where he became the first divisions top scorer on more than one occasion, Big Bob was contemplating a move to Wales, and so the obvious move was to another blue-shirted team, but.... unfortunately for that blue-shirted Welsh team (I forget their name), Bob knew of only one team in the Principality, and keen to try out another colour scheme, decided to pull on the majestic white jersey of Swansea.

He endeared himself to the North Bank with a hat-trick on his debut. It was the first of a few trebles for Bob, but one of my favourite memories was a magic header at Maine Road in October 1982 against Manchester City. From the moment the ball left Bob's head, way out on the edge of the box, it was going only one way - in the net. Bob came up with a magnificent total of thirty-four goals in that relegation season. But in between that term and our lousiest season on record, 1983/84, he put in for a transfer. Some say it was a legacy of Toshack's ailing relationship with his squad, but Latch patched up his differences with the club, and being a true professional turned down approaches from Leicester and Chelsea, vowing he'd see out his career at Swansea.

Come early 1984 though, and our last remaining star was on his way. It was impossible for him to stay at the Vetch with the club in

Superstar

such a state, on and off the field. He was simply too good, even at the age of 33. Believe me, this was one hell of a crap side we had. Local league team Siliconix think they're bad, but they had nothing on this bunch. The class of '84 as they became known, just seven wins from forty-two games, and a points total of twenty-nine, our worst ever. Not even an Ian Evans team could have emulated that! Isn't it odd how the two managers who made such a hash of team affairs that term, Tosh and Doug Livermore, have managed Real Madrid and become assistant manager at Spurs respectively?

It wasn't the last we'd be seeing of Bob mind you, for he popped up against the Swans a few years on for Newport County, Lincoln and Merthyr, after spells at Coventry and a Dutch club. I find it really upsetting to see former heroes turning out for our rivals, they always seem to look sad and overweight, and it makes you wish for their sake they'd packed it in a few years earlier.

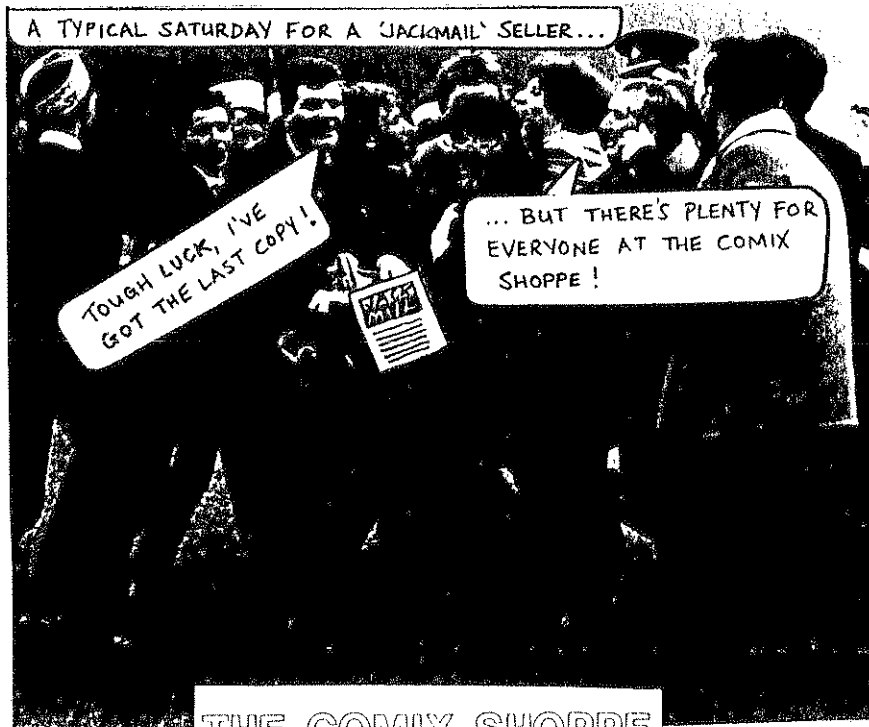
Had it not been for the financial state the club was in, I'm convinced he would have been happy to stay at Swansea and see his playing days out. As it was, he still stuck it out longer than Robbie, Leighton and Curt, and that, as well as his superb goals, is why he'll always be special to many Swans fans.

Bob Latchford. Swansea's last Superstar.

"it wasn't the last we'd see of Bob, he popped up for Newport looking sad and overweight."



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DO THE KRAZE



RON AND REG ARE FREE
AND WORKING FOR A SOUTH
WALES FOOTBALL CLUB.

These are worrying times for everyone. If it isn't the ozone layer then it's something else. The media warns us that AIDS is now a family problem bordering on plague proportions, and that one in three of us has got cancer. It's a comforting thought then, that only three thousand of us support Cardiff. Whilst all other diseases are on the increase, there's no chance of this affliction becoming an epidemic!

DARLING BUDS OF MAY - JACK STYLE

At last it's May, hip hip hooray
It's time to cheer up.
Wrexham, Wrexham here we come
We're going to win the cup.

We're still the best team in the land,
We proved it on our way.
By beating mighty Barry Town
And those giants Colwyn Bay.

Now we're off to Cardiff Arms
To give our lads a cheer.
And we'll have more fans inside the ground
Than Wales will have next year.

So let's bombard the Wrexham goal,
With shots like swerving scuds,
Then, I'm sure Frankie's boys
Will be our darling buds.

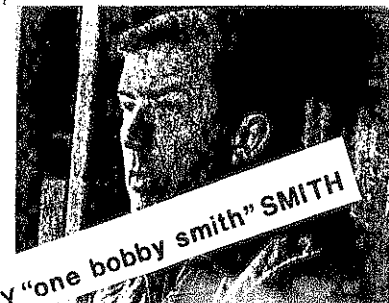
And when we raise that trophy high,
Which we will without a doubt,
Barcelona, A C Milan,
Here we come - Watch out!!!

May 19th 1991 - the day we're
crowned Champions of Wales.

P.O. BOX 24
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BOBBY "one bobby smith" SMITH