

TT No.11: Keith Aslan - Saturday 19th August 2017; **IMMINGHAM TOWN** v Sleaford Sports Amateurs; Lincolnshire League; Kick-Off: 15.02; Result: 3-0; Admission: Free; Programme: ha! ha! Attendance: 76 (67 home, 3 away & 6 neutral)

The Immingham Town *Facebook* page was really promoting this one, first game on their new ground (or more accurately their new partly roped off pitch), with a programme and refreshments as part of the celebrations. This was just a tad inaccurate as there wasn't a programme or refreshments. This resulted in some unhappy hoppers, particularly the one who had phoned up a couple of days earlier to confirm the paper. An attempt was made to call the person from the ground (the culprit was apparently in Newcastle) but he wisely wasn't answering his phone. The club official we dealt with at the game was very apologetic and helpful. We gave him our names and addresses and he promised to send us a retrospective copy. He seemed pretty genuine but I shall wait and see if anything drops through my letterbox in the coming weeks. Their *Facebook* page stated the reason for lack of paper was due to 'problems'. Problem was the person putting the stuff on there didn't know what he was talking about. It also gave the attendance as 130, presumably when I did my headcount 54 people had gone off looking for the programme seller.

Immingham ain't the easiest place to visit. Quickest and simplest route is to get the excellent 'Trans Pennine Express' to Haborough then walk the two and a half miles into town. But with groundhoppers and exercise having a very distant relationship, Stallingborough, the next station along the line, offers a 20- minute bus service but only local trains stop there. I chose the walking option as my knee doctor keeps insisting it's good for me! Haborough is a very small village that only has a pub and a gun shop. Handy place to live if you want to shoot somebody but not so good if you run out of milk. If you don't mind getting to the ground early there is a regular bus into Immingham from here, regular as in one a day at 8 o'clock in the morning. Immingham itself is an unexpectedly pleasant place, it got a gold award last year for the Britain in Bloom competition and looks to be aiming for a repeat this year. It has loads of seats all over the place, all freshly painted black with none of them vandalised. Only one famous person has ever come from Immingham but as it's the Soham murderer Ian Huntley I don 't expect the local tourist board push it very strongly.

If you enjoy the aesthetics of a football ground then Immingham Town probably isn't for you, soulless just about sums it up. But it does have impressive brand-new changing rooms still with the lingering aroma of fresh paint. Mein host gave the hoppers a tour of the facilities but with everybody else from the north of England I had to explain what the showers were for. The team won the Supplementary Cup last season and for some unknown reason it was set up on a table in the middle of the changing rooms. Inspirational maybe? If so, it worked with a fairly straightforward win for the home team.

Not for the first time a big thank you to Stockport's finest for a lift out of town after the game. Now alas flying solo after his four- legged friend went to Doggy Heaven. I do miss him in the car jumping up on my knees and licking my face. It just isn't the same when Len does it.

04/20