

The **ADAMS FAMILY**

ISSUE 19...

OCTOBER 95...

60p...



*You know
why you're
dropped Simon,
your unsightly face
has dropped the
crowd down to
below 5,000*

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The **ADAMS FAMILY**

P.O. BOX 394, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS HP13 6HT

Hello folks, and welcome to issue number nineteen of T.A.F.

"A bizarre kind of start" has been the general feeling on Wycombe's progress thus far. The signs of a damn good outfit are certainly there, yet several disappointing performances have been witnessed by the Blues faithful in the seasons opening exchanges. Lets hope that these are mere teething problems, and that we soon fulfil our definite potential.

As I pen these notes it seems as there's a lot going into this issue, so I hope you find something that tickles your fancy bits. If not, then drop us a line. You know the address. Any articles/snippets or letters are always graciously received.

Off the pitch your regular TAF scribes have been in action in recent weeks, so I'll give everyone a well deserved plug. Dave Chapman has written a lot of info in the recent Collins "Football Fans Guide", whilst Jon Dickinson has written a three page article in "Survival Of The Fattest" a book containing alternative reviews of last season. (see reviews for details. plug, plug). Doug Peters waxed lyrically on Radio Berkshire on behalf of the fanzine, whilst Andy Dickinson and Neil Peters' weekly accounts in the Wycombe Star have given the paper a "cult edge"....or so I'm told! Finally cheerio to regular contributor Floyd who's going to tour the world and convert fans to the mighty force that is...you've guessed it, WWFC. Enjoy your read...

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**Cheers to the Bucks Free Press for the pic's and Catford
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TERRACE TATTLE

Its time to call in Arthur C Clark, or the mystery solving powers of sinister wife swapping TV smoothie Michael Aspel. Its time to employ the analysing powers of chat show greats such as Oprah, Ricki Lake and Vanessa (OK maybe not that last one). Its time for supermarket thief Richard Madeley to stroke his chin and look pained. Its time for questions in the house of commons. In fact its time for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the second to send a telegram to Adams Park bearing royal greetings and an enquiry along the lines of "Where the bloody hell is Simon Garner?"

'The Godfather' impressed me coming off the bench at the start of the season and when he replaced poor old Steve McGavin and grabbed a superb goal against Peterborough it looked, for the time being, that he'd be around.

Unfortunately, especially for the bloke on the Valley End who'd just unveiled his personalised 'Super Simon Garner inflatable cigarette, the main man was relegated to the bench and subsequently hasn't been seen since.

In my opinion Wycombe's forward line is currently crying out for someone with a bit of guile and wit at the moment. You can't fault Desouza at all, consider some of the dreadful

service he's had to put up with and it's amazing how many goals he has bagged.

Yes, a bit of subtle craftsmanship is what we need and I'm sure I don't need to point out to yourselves that with "big" Johnnie Williams we sure as hell aren't getting it! Whilst I felt a little sorry for the lad as sections of the crowd at Maine Road decided to let the guv'nor know that he appears to have shelled out for a top of the range Ferrari but in fact has got something about as classy as a six pack of Ferrero Rocche's (Ooh ambassador you are spoiling us mmm yeah right) I can't help thinking that maybe he could help himself by at least looking vaguely interested.

Of course we all know what a pile of pants Steve Brown was when he came here, and many of us remember the abuse he was getting from certain sections of the crowd. We at TAF stuck up for the lad because throughout this testing period you could tell that he was desperately trying his best. John Williams doesn't look as if he cares at the moment so we shall have to reserve judgement.

But in the meantime Mr. Smith lets at least have old Nick O'Teen himself on the bench, if not on the pitch, from the start. OK so he may not be able to run up and down Marlow Hill all day

like your modern day professional (Automaton) footballer, but the best teams always have a bit of class to sit alongside the workhorses and straight line speed specialists. Its all very well being a sprinter but it's only really useful if you can take the ball with you at the same time.

Anyway it's about time we rounded up some of the other incidents of the past month or so. Like the first Cuckoo heralds the beginning of spring so it seems the rasping cry of a greasy cockney always heralds the start of our season. Yes it was Leyton Orient again in the first round of the Coca Cola cup and a chance to meet the somewhat loony turnstile operators of Brisbane Road. You may remember that on a previous visit a member of TAF exclusively revealed that he was told by the turnstile operator to "Squeeze round the side 'cos the gate's stuck", yeah like it had nothing to do with the fact that the turnstile wasn't counting all the people coming in, hence cash in pocket for the operator.

This time there was no such seedy business, but all the same a bizarre conversation. If anyone knows what this means please write in.

Turnstile Operator: Earrh Yearrh 'ang on a tick chief I'll be wiv yuh.

Me: Er just the one please.

T.O: Whassatt Charlie, how many I got 26 Harry's 'ere, wont be a sec. Yeah young ladies frew the side gate, 'alf price.

Me: Yeah just the one please

T.O: Arrhh chief thas 7 Harry's, cheers mate thas 3 Harry's change

Me: Merci

T.O: Fackin' 'arrys

Ok so the last two lines are lies but the rest is a genuine transcript of the conversation. Please if anyone knows what a "Harry" is I'd love to know.

Will there be another day like Bradford away this season, I doubt it. I think we were all just hoping to get out of there with a draw but to win in such a manner was a moment to savour. Even more so for your TAF posse who were visiting a Bradford publican who used to run the old White Lion in Crendon Street in the days when wise old men, underage drinkers and top local criminals rubbed shoulders in this timewarp of a pub. Indeed the very pub that the 1st issue of TAF was mooted in the days before it became a "theme pub" with late licence, Sky TV, "saucy dancers" and regular Friday night glassings.

Anyway he has a pub in his native Bradford and so we found ourselves on the way to the match with a load of Bradford fans.

There was a scary moment when

we found ourselves in a pub with a lunchtime disco, a strategically placed chair that suggested the word stripper, a male/female ratio of 99 to 1 and the sort of blokes who'd call you a long haired poof for having anything longer than a grade 3 skinhead; but after escaping the day was plain sailing. The Bradford crew couldn't believe how good we were, we naturally assured them that it wasn't always like that, but I did think that we'd sorted out most of our problems.

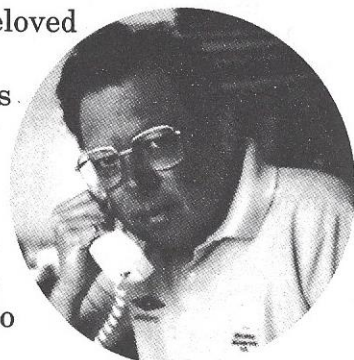
Unfortunately that hasn't proved to be the case and other than the tremendous display against Manchester City (I'll leave you to decide which leg I'm talking about) it's been a pretty testing time watching Wycombe, whose football has left a great deal to be desired.

Anyway we should soon be able to work out whether Wycombe are capable of doing anything this season. If someone other than Desouza can come up with a few goals we might. Otherwise it could be a long old season.

PS Would anyone be interested in having a sweepstake on the amount of times Alan Smith mentions in his programme notes that the football club is trying to create an entertaining package for the fan. I'm plumping for twenty.

PROGRAMME SHOCKERS

Do you remember last season when our beloved W.W.F.C. Official Matchday Programme decided to revamp it's design and provide us with a small picture of the master behind the article? Nice touch really but have you checked out this seasons' crop of introductory photos, our saintly informants look positively sinister. Take nice man Alan Hutchinson for example, the man appears to have been caught halfway through a "sqidgey" call with Princess Diana rather than giving one of his fine reports on the latest Wanderers news.



'Phone Pest'

Worse was to come in the shape of Mr Finch's 'passport photo from hell'. Far from appearing to be a mine of useful information, his picture at best depicts an anorak with a keen interest in trains and visiting every football ground in the league, at worst a Dennis Nielson style mass murderer. We all know that nothing could be further from the truth but what about the away fans? Remember that young children also read the programme.



'Train-Spotter'



"Close but the pain's a bit higher up luv"

Whilst on the subject of the young and impressionable, surely this picture on the left which appeared in a recent W.W.F.C. programme is nothing short of downright irresponsible. I mean fancy publishing a photo of one of our top stars captain Terry Howard being groped whilst wearing Gary Glitter style shiny underpants. This is nothing short of common smut, please W.W.F.C. Official programme, clean up your act and get some decent pics of your top journo's.

Here 'FORAN' eternity

"Mmmurk Dfurram", squeaked our helium-inspired tannoy man (whatever happened to him?) at the start of the season, when MIMurk (OK, real name Mark Foran) signed for us on loan from Harry Bassett's squad of cultured stars. "Oh good!", we thought, "Another decent centre half until Tel Evans sorts his internal piping out."

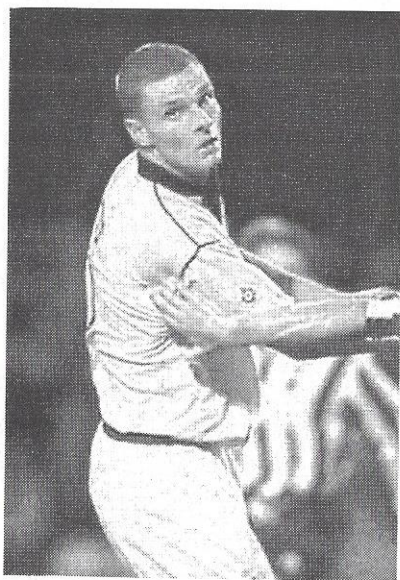
I'm glad Foran has gone back to inflict psychological harm to Bramall Lane regulars for 2 reasons. One, he was the largest barrel of rhino-cack I've seen in 10 seasons of supporting Wycombe, and two, now he's gone, we can write all manner of offensive things about him. It makes you wonder if anybody actually ever saw young Mark play before taking on responsibility for his 7 games in a Wycombe shirt? More disturbing still, some kindly-meaning old P.E. teacher obviously got it into a junior Foran's skull that there existed a future in the game for this unco-ordinated oaf. He is the one we should be blaming, although I fail to see Alan Smith's logic at all in playing Foran, when an apparently fully fit Terry Howard, an ex-England Youth International, with more talent in his toe-nail than Foran's entire body, sat idly collecting splinters up his arse.

I mean, what exactly could he do WELL? Erm, well, he could head it alright sometimes if nobody was near him. What couldn't he do? Well, how long do you folks have? We could list them but we'd rather keep TAF paperback for this issue. Basically, he was incapable (during his spell with us at any rate) of running fast, kicking the ball any distance under pressure except skywards, passing (fullstop), tackling, controlling a moving object (be it player, ball or his own limbs), OK - I think the message is clear enough, he was a mate of David Kemp's from Slough, who quite frankly was of lower non-league ability, not Division 2 of the Football League.

TAF got gutted when Mark signed for another month, although a large part of South Yorkshire must have felt their anti-hero was

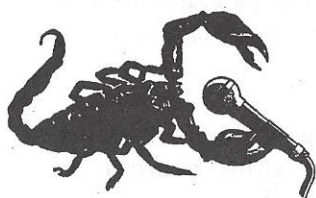
on the way out at the time. Fortunately for Blues' sakes, Cousins and Crossley returned from injury to send the razor-shorn (but never razor-sharp) Foran back whence he came.

Perhaps we'll look back on him fondly as some sort of Nigel Taylor cult figure, when we sneak into Division 1 come next May on the last day of the season, but I doubt it, for cult figures in football usually show rare flashes of brilliance every now and then to atone for their general shiteness, but alas, from Marky boy, the best one could expect was a rare flash of indifference. Adieu, Mark, and may our paths only cross in this year's F.A. Cup.



“**** MISSED AGAIN”

MARK TURNS TO HIS P.E .TEACHER FOR HELP



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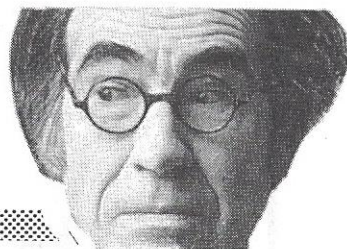
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SEYMOUR'S SUPER FACTS



Forgive me if this page is a bit tear stained but I have just been informed by those heathens that write the Adams Family that this will be my last column as apparently I'm a boring old stiff and they are fed up with seeing my miserable boring face hanging around the place. I'm not sure what they mean but as it's my last ever "Super Facts" I've decided to save up all my favourite tit bits of information for you. So, for the last time (sniff), here goes,

Did you know that goal nets were first used in a North V South match at Nottingham on 7th January 1891.

Would you believe that the smallest league player ever, Fred Le May who played for Thames, Clapton Orient and Watford in the 1930s, was only five feet tall.

Almost unbelievable but in the 1880s Queens Park had an unbeaten run of seven years and didn't concede a single goal in that time.

Did you know that it wasn't until the end of the 1911/12 season that goalkeepers were not allowed to handle the ball outside the area. Maybe someone should tell Tim Flowers the rules have changed.

It's a spooky coincidence but in 1971 Stirling Albion, who play at Annfield Park were managed by Bob Shankly whose brother Bill was the manager at the other Anfield (Liverpool).

In the history of the Football League the roll call of players has included: Charlie Chaplin (Wolves), Bernard Shaw (Sheffield United), Bob Hope (West Brom), Winston Churchill (Chelsea), Trevor Howard (Bournemouth) and Badden Powell (Birmingham).

So here it is my last ever fact. Once upon a time, those smart young men up in Chesterfield (I bet they would have appreciated me) use to display their patriotism by wearing Union Jack shirts.

So my friends my time has come. Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.



*Steve Brown
arriving for the
match*

SKULDUGGERY

Hey punters ! Ever fancied becoming a member of your caring, smashing, democratically correct football club ? Well if the answer's YES then you'd better get your act together before the board of directors attempt to pass an amendment to the Articles of Association restricting your right to do so.

But how would I become a member, you ask. Well, as Michael Caine once said, "Not a lot of people know that." and how right he would be.

The deal is that after holding a season ticket for a total of 3 seasons you have the right to become a member, thus enabling you to go to A.G.M's, read baffling financial statements and ask any questions you fancy.

Now rule 2 of the Articles of Association states, and I quote; *"The number of members with which the company proposes to be registered is Five Hundred, but the directors may from time to time register an increase of members"*.

So far so good. Basically there are a lot fewer members than 500 so there's plenty of room yet and if it does get full up those friendly directors will just "register an increase" won't they ? Errr no they won't actually, in fact they want to do the precise opposite and restrict it to 250 members, or any number they like provided it isn't lower than the current number of members. Now they can only do this by passing a special resolution which is precisely what they are going to attempt on the 23rd of October.

That's funny, you think, I don't remember reading that in the 'Around the park' section of the programme; I don't remember them putting that announcement over the tannoy. No you wouldn't because it hasn't been. This is a matter for members, not those who may like to be in the future.

The board's reason / excuse for this is that it would improve the stability of the club but I can't see how.

Companies like British Telecom have thousands of shareholders and they're hardly the most volatile company in the world.

Basically the way I see it is the club that boasts of it's democratic tradition is saying to it's supporters that they are not worthy of being a part of that democracy, ie they don't want you in their little gang.

Frankly the board of directors are attempting to kick supporters of Wycombe Wanderers in the teeth and I would appeal to all existing members to vote against this resolution.

After all, would you like to have been denied the position you are in now ? Why are they doing this ? Do they really think that the new wave of support wants to kick them out as soon as possible. If someone suggested that they'd be laughed out of town by other members, after all in terms of getting the club success the directors parts in this have been faultless.

Whilst this is all perfectly above board you can't help but find it a bit unfair; also a bit sad. If the board think we supporters are idiots then they should say so and stop pretending that they value us.

LETTERS

Dear TAF,

I am writing you this letter following our home match with Leyton Orient in the Coca-Cola Cup. I should write to the club or the programme but there's no point as they would just ignore it. I know it's a bit of an old chesnut but I would like to complain about Stewards.

After the Orient game I fancied popping into the Blue's club for a swift pint with my mates. Now although I've been a member for the last three years I didn't bother renewing my membership frankly I thinks it's disgusting charging £15 for the honour of standing up in a bar.

As I wasn't a member I thought I'd wait until everyone had gone in and see if there was any room. There was only a small crowd at the Orient game and thirty minutes after the game the bar was only half full. I went up to the door an explained to the Steward that I wasn't a member but all my mates were inside and would it be possible for me to go in as there was plenty of room. I was flatly refused and told "No entry, this is a members' only bar". After a bit of less than friendly banter I had to leave and walk home.

I'm not complaining about not being let in as fair enough, everyone else had paid so why shouldn't I? What really bugged me was the Steward's attitude. He just stood in the doorway with his arms crossed, staring straight ahead repeating the same line over and over again. He didn't even look at me. I just wonder what a steward's brief is before each game. Is it to be helpful and courteous to the paying customer or is it to be obnoxious and arrogant and to inflate their egos while playing the role of jobsworth. Why can't these people learn a bit of humility, get a sense of humour and if it's not too much to ask, some manners.

Rob Dance
Booker.

Well Rob, this isn't the first letter we've had concerning our less than wonderful boys in orange, and I've no doubt that it won't be the last. I'm concerned that some of them think that they have the same rights as the police, and I suggest that they think about their attitude before they mouth off at the wrong man. With the wrong words to the wrong fans, they could find themselves with a potential riot on their hands, which would be a devastating blow to the good image that Adams Park has now built up.

Dear TAF

I hope you will print my comments in this letter, as I can see no other outlet for them, bar possibly the WWISC. Sounds serious? Well, not really, but I'd just like to stick a big two fingers up to Ron Barnett who does the weekly column in the BFP. I don't know if anyone can recall his column in the 29th September edition, but quite frankly I've never read such trash. He does a survey on who the favourite Wycombe players are....for the ladies. Ah, yes, us girls all go to the football to ogle at the players. We don't watch the football, as our eyes are glued on the players legs and bums. Get a life Ron, surely there must be more to talk about than having to resort to this kind of codswallop. I'm also disappointed that Sports Editor Claire Nash printed this column.

Now you probably think I'm some radical feminist. Not at all. I think Gary Patterson is a bit of a sexpot, but this is irrelevant. I go to Wycombe to watch the football. I suggest that Mr Barnett uses his column to write about it.

Zoe White
Chesham

Couldn't agree more with you. You would have thought a quality local rag like the BFP could come up with something a bit better than this cliched, sexist rubbish. Maybe it's Big Fat Ron's dream to write for Cosmopolitan, or maybe take a shower with the Wycombe youth team and play spot the submarine.

RON



Before:
Humble terrace fan.

RON



After:
Multi media celebrity

Cult hero's of our time...

No 1 Micky Nuttall

It was in the chilly month of January 1991 that Wycombe Wanderers became not just a town, but the capital of style. There was stalwart Davey Carroll and his heavenly golden curls (he should certainly grow them back) and Andy Robinson's "Elvis gone wrong" modern-art bouffant which graced (or should I say greased?) the portals of Wembley in the following months. And finally there was one man, a man who always knew how to look the part.....step forward 22-year old Mick Nuttall....cult hero.

Micky didn't just sign on the dotted line and coyly race off to view prospective living quarters like most players. He demanded a BFP photo shoot, having come all the way from Cheltenham, in his pin striped suit from "Fosters", and a pair of new Clarks tasselled slippers. Whats more, he sported a haircut that could only be bettered at the time by Capital Radio DJ, Pat Sharp. It was a monstrous, highlighted, spiky creation which defied Newton's very laws of gravity. The resulting Fridays Bucks Free Press was a stunning treat, Nuttall posing, draped over an advertising board with a smile cheesier than anything Take That could produce. Unfortunately I lost my copy, (stolen by the fashion police - ed.) but would willingly pay the sum of £10 to anyone who could produce me a mint issue of that sports page.

Ok so Nuttall was cool - there was no doubting this fact - but what about the mans soccer skill? Well, after a great start with two goals in his first two full games, he finished the season on a low, which included a mark of 3/10 in Shoot for his display away to Sutton in the GMVC, possibly one of the worst displays in a Wycombe shirt ever known. However, as with all cult heroes, with the lows come the highs. Micky scored 5 times in the first four games of the 91/92 season, including a scintillating hatrick against Altrincham. In the team that day were Cousins, Carroll, Hyde and Stapleton. I overheard Paul Hyde, in the bar of course, after the game saying it was the finest striking display he had witnessed in his entire life. "This boy's got a huge future" he exclaimed. Oh yes, Nuttall had the world at his feet. Fate dealt its grim hand again however in the form of a cruel blow to Mick days later, when he was sent off for elbowing a Macclesfield player, a foul which some say was far worse than the Fashanu/Mabbutt debacle a couple of years back. Boulderdash! Micky was always clean, and a shining example to the legions of kids that adored him. Their adoration was short-lived

however. The arrival of lard-magnet/folk hero Keith Scott meant that Nuttell's Wycombe career ended, his record standing as a paltry 29 appearances, masking a mighty 13 goals. He was surely off to Manchester United, good luck to the man. But no, Boston came in with a late bid, and being a Boston lad, Micky shunned United for a return to his roots. Now that's what I call loyalty. On reflection I think Micky must have a top executive job, as shockingly he has never signed forms for a professional club. Either that, or he simply has too great a passion for the non-league scene, one which he feels he'd be a traitor to break.

I had a dream last night that Alan Smith purchased Micky Nuttell for £200,000 from Rushden and Diamonds (where I last saw his name) and he partnered De Souza up front in this seasons play-off final. It was 1-0 to the Wanderers, Nuttell bagging the injury time winner with a stunning volley, then running over to me screaming "I love you Wycombe" whilst clutching his badge tightly as if he was pulling out Roy McDonough's heart. It wasn't a dream it was a vision. Mick Nuttell to resign for WWFC.....I bet the photographers are lining the streets already.



Mick discovers how much you can save by buying your polonecks from Burtons

FINE TACKLE: Well, what an interesting start to the season. Bradford City was an excellent match for all who made the visit, but the real entertainment was to be found on the Wycombe bench. Super Simon Garner's shorts split in the first half, revealing ample meat and two veg to the disgusted kids in the family paddock. Having noticed the aforementioned obscenity, Garner was summoned to the bench where little Thommo was promptly made to get his shorts off and give them to Garner. Despite protesting, Steve duly obliged and was made to sit out the next few minutes in a skimpy g-string. Steve commented that it was the only tackle Bradford players saw that afternoon. Charming fellow.

RADIO WYCOMBE: I thought it might be about time that we gave Alan Hutchinson a slap on the back. A bit contradictory I know, but his 1170 show "Sportsline" on Thursdays (7-8pm) really does have the potential to be a good forum for Blues supporters. With Keith Scott, and David Kemp as guests in recent weeks it's a shame that there aren't any more punters phoning up with their views. I know that Alan likes to continually name drop about all the celebs that he's met and interviewed, but Alan's a devout TAF reader and has proved that he can certainly take a gag a lot better than some. Check him out this Thursday and witness a real King of the airwaves which isn't hard on 1170 in all fairness.

TWO SHORT PLANKS: Wycombe's turnstile operators have been receiving praise in recent months. The queues have disappeared, and I even heard a mumbled "thanks" a couple of weeks ago! Compared with those at Maine Road our lads and lasses are veritable brainboxes. Take for instance the man in the bright yellow mac which read "official Steward", whom I asked "Where do Wycombe fans enter the ground?" I expected a gate number or a general direction, but no, this bloke was thicker than Chris Eubank. "Through one of the turnstiles," he chirped. Really mate, and there was me thinking I might have to climb over their spanking new stand. Worse came when I located the one turnstile for Wycombe fans. Having waited ten minutes in a queue of 20 people I soon realised why. The old geezer doing the cash was fumbling around with change, whilst eating a pie! "Eight quid" he shouted at me whilst gobbing mouldy crust and kidney all over my Wycombe top. Peasants!

OI POSTIE: Final mention goes to Johnny Williams who looked cak footed that night and received some abuse from sections of the crowd. Yesterday he scored a corker against Burnley, and perhaps this could settle the big man down. Smith seems to favour at least one big man up front i.e. last seasons Preece and Dowie, so come on John boy, as a former postman surely you can continue to deliver the goods! (Right your fired - ed).

STANDPOINT: Supporters club

Here we go again ! Yes the great Wycombe Wanderers propaganda waggon has had the tyres pumped up, been pumped full of fuel and is heading to a club publication near you.

We at the Adams Family have an idea of what this feels like after our little altercation with then secretary John Goldsworthy. Not only do you get scolded like a naughty school kid but the club then use all the means at their disposal to keep ramming their point home.

And usually it's not very clever, often based on the maxim that dissent against your club is some sort of sin, and most people of average intelligence can see it for what it is.

If you've read either of Mark Austin's articles regarding the amalgamation of the Independent Supporters Club and the Official Supporters Club you should have felt two things. One you could feel offended that he appears to think that you the reader are some kind of lame brain with his unsubtle rhetoric, or two you could laugh like a drain at the thought that Mr. Austin actually expects you to believe some of the things he says.

Lets remember WWFC only set up their official supporters club after the Independents had got theirs going. I don't remember anyone at the football club busting a gut to accommodate a supporters club until they got one that they couldn't control.

Probably the funniest, or saddest quote in the article is the one about the players deep desire to see the Independents come into the fold. Are we seriously expected to believe that every member of our playing staff can't sleep at night with the worry of playing for a team with two supporters clubs; do they break down and weep at training over the issue. Somehow I think not and there's no shame in that.

Our players are employed by the club and naturally while they are here they will have an affinity with the club. However, should someone come in with an offer of bigger money in general they will go. There's nothing wrong with that, it's their job and we would all probably do the same.

Mr. Austin admits that if the Independents don't want to merge then it's up to them, but then he trots out that age old footballing cliché about disregarding the wishes of "The very people they claim to support."

And that is without doubt the most offensive part of the article. How dare someone who is a paid official of the club, whom I very much doubt pays his £7 at the turnstile lecture people that do **every week**. Mr. Austin should realise that people who join supporters clubs are generally people who will be at Adams Park even if Wycombe are

bottom of the league, but then he probably does and henceforth knows he can get away with having digs at loyal supporters who just want to do their own thing. I'm sure you'd never catch him talking in this manner to the Mums, Dads and 2.4 kids WWFC falls over itself to accommodate.

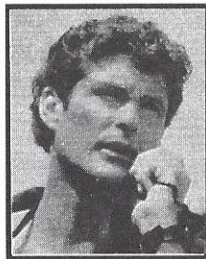
There are some benefits from the official supporters that are quite useful such as 2nd priority booking (not much need though at the moment) and free entry to the Capital League, but other than that the main difference is that the club can be safe in the knowledge that those who are in office will probably do as they're told, swallowing fully the 'loyalty to your club' line.

IN THE CLUB

With a new manager comes new ideas, and for new ideas, new players are needed. TAF have always welcomed new members to the squad with open arms. In fact the club itself have often asked us to take the new lads out, show them around a bit and it's more than usual for us to go and get them fitted up for a kit. The new players in the fold are here to stay, some have made immediate impressions, others still need to find their feet (and the ball). So with no further ado let's have a big Adams Family welcome for:-

Mitch McGorry.

Mitch was Wycombe's first purchase of the season and as transfers go quite cheap. He came on a free from Peterborough as he was out of contract. The story goes that Mitch wasn't happy being so far from the sea. This would upset him and the club were finding it increasingly hard to get him out the bath before the game to go out and perform. Peterborough had spent £60,000 on his move from Bournemouth where as well as playing well for this seaside club, he also helped them with a bit of talent spotting, strangely enough on the beach. Ex-life guard McGorry, welcome.



Talent spoter Mitch

David Farrell

Davie-boy as he prefers to be called, joined Wycombe from Premiership lightweights Aston Villa for £100,000. He played a number of games for the club but with the brilliance of players like Steve Staunton (?) found it hard to keep a safe place in the side. Davie-boy is a gifted player in a similar mould to Steve Guppy and Wycombe's own Micky Bell. TAF tip, keep your head up son and you will do alright.

Jason Rowbotham

No fee as yet for this young lad, a tribunal with Raith Rovers awaits to decide a price so let's hope it works out well for the Blues. It seems this chap is famed for scoring the goal that put Celtic out of last year's Scottish Coca-Cola Cup. He can obviously play under pressure. Playing at right back, it seemed Mr. Cousins would have a job to get back in the side yet with Sir Matt's sock injury (it can happen to anyone), Cousins has managed to play along side Rowbotham, and let's be honest, they have done quite well. Good on yer, mate!

John Williams

John changed his name from 'Nancy Williams' to John through deed poll, to share his name with his long term idol the ex-Sky guitarist. John as we all know won the Saint and Greavsie fastest player award a few seasons ago. TAF believe he has been quoted as saying that he would "rather be remembered for his football", well, that's not about to happen at Wycombe, but if you can get through the sticky patch, it may just come good.

DEAR IVOR



Yes readers "Dear Ivor" is back. This is your hot line to the Chairman and believe us, he really does listen to your views and act on them. Anyone can write to "Dear Ivor" but remember, no moaning minnies. If you have a complaint it's up to you to come up with a solution.

Our post bag has been bursting at the seams with suggestions for Mr Beeks, here's a selection of the best.

Dear Ivor, After all the kerfuffle over planning permission for the new stand I thought of a great solution to stop any future problems. Seeing as you are a Justice of the Peace why don't you wangle your way onto the Local Council Planning Committee. Then we could build a 20,000 all seater stadium in the middle of the Rye. It would be ideal. It's on a main road and we could concrete over the Abbey School grounds as a car park. You'll get my vote in local elections.

Dear Ivor, It seems to me that football clubs always have to shell out loads of dosh to the fuzz for policing footy matches. Me and my mates were chatting about this down our local juicer in Castlefield and we would be more than happy to take over the security at Adams Park. No one would mess with us and only two of us have got any "previous form". I'll be sending "Ver Lads" round soon to "discuss" our terms.

Dear Ivor, If we have to have a Family Stand where only kids and their parents can sit why can't we have a "Kid Free Zone" on the terraces? Then me and my mates can watch the game in peace without having some snotty nosed kid running round our legs playing chase. Also, when we get to the ground early to get a crash barrier to lean on we won't be made to feel guilty when some bloke turns up bang on 3:00 and we refuse to give him our space so "the kiddies can sit on the barrier".

Dear Ivor, people sometimes complain about the lack of atmosphere at Adams Park but I think I've come up with a great solution. When we played up at Maine Road the other week the City fans were whipped up into a veritable frenzy by a silver bearded old lady ringing a large handbell. I've had a word with my Gran and she's willing to do it for £20 a game.

Dear Ivor, I have a suggestion to improve the atmosphere at Adams Park. You probably couldn't hear it from the plush Directors' Box at Maine Road but they had some mad old biddy ringing this bloody great handbell all through the game. I would just like to suggest that handbell ringing is banned at Adams Park. This could prevent any ugly scenes as at City even the most docile, god-fearing Wycombe fan was chanting "Your Bells Going Up your Arse" at this irritating old hag.

Well Mr Beeks, the fans have spoken and now you know what they think. We all expect quick results and despite Alan Parry's efforts to introduce the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra to the terraces I really do hope you ban handbells.

**T.A.F. INTERNATIONAL**

As you well know football is not just a British sport, it's a world wide game, so in an effort to take our humble fanzine into new wider areas we decided that one of our scribes would have to make the ultimate sacrifice in the name of 'Fanzine Journalism'. The unlucky candidate would have to give up watching the Blues for the rest of the season and go on an all paid for fact-finding trip around the globe. This immense burden has unfortunately landed upon my shoulders as I drew the short straw, my brief is to report on the 'art of football, its development and social importance in South-east Asia and Australia'.

I'm sure you all agree that this is a superb way to utilise the T.A.F. funds, re-investing in an educational expedition, but I am fairly gutted when I think about the great events I'll miss. Like Keith Ryan's comeback for example, while you're all revelling in this momentous occasion I'll probably be sweating it out on a Balinese beach desperately trying to tune into the BBC World Service. Whilst you all witness the blues at logger-heads with Rotherham United for the classic New Years Day clash, the thought of being stuck on top of a big red rock in the middle of Oz is quite heart-breaking. Still, I shall stop my whining and take my mission like a man, expect my first report in the next issue of T.A.F., just don't let anyone say that we are not committed enough to stretch the boundaries to give you our best.

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BOOK REVIEW

In the monopolistic market status that this fanzine currently finds itself in, we are fortunate enough to be blessed with scores of desperate writers wanting us either to contribute to a book, to plug one, or usually both.

Sifting through the plethora of wood pulp over the summer break, TAF came across 2 in particular which caught the eye, and could well turn out to be handy stocking-fillers come late December. On commission? Us?? Don't you believe it.....

"FOOTBALL FAN'S GUIDE" (by Janet Williams & Mark Johnson)

This book is precisely what it says it is - an indispensable study of all 92 FA Carling Premiership and Endsleigh Insurance League clubs, supplying either the devoted away fan or the inquisitive neutral with everything to ensure that he/she:-

- (a) Gets to the ground.
- (b) Can park near the ground
- (c) Can find somewhere (safe) to eat/drink without being brutalised by local Neanderthals
- (d) Has enough ££££s to get into the ground
- (e) Knows what to expect once in there.

Written in an easy-going and sometimes irreverent manner, the meticulous alphabetical listings of each club are broken up with nifty road and ground maps, indicating visitors' turnstiles with ground allocations. Most clubs even qualify for partly amusing cartoons;

whilst the Wycombe one wasn't up to much, some are quite droll. Also interesting are the horse's mouth (or should that be horse's arse?) description of each ground's toilets - comment on the Gents' at Brighton brought back less than fond memories of some of the lowlier non-league grounds that Wycombe used to visit a few seasons back - you'll know what I mean if you've checked out the Goldstone Ground.

Further useful info. is provided on decent local boozers where away fans are allowed in, places where eating fodder can be purchased, and each ground is also given a safety factor. Darlington's fanzine says "Crowd trouble? The trouble is finding the crowd.....". However, they must have picked a midweek Mace Supermarkets Trophy match to assess Carlisle Utd., describing Brunton Park as "safe inside and immediately around the ground, as all the trouble-makers were long since banned." Yeah, right, so all those deranged skinheads at the play-offs were just kids playing tag with us, or did I hallucinate on the cocktail of mind-warping drugs I took that day?

All told, this book is the ultimate "indispensable guide" for all fans following a team away from home - never again will you have to rely on half-baked programme directions, or having to ask incoherent local car-park attendants for the way to the ground, when he's never been there in his life.

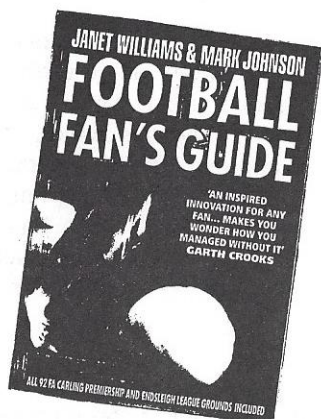
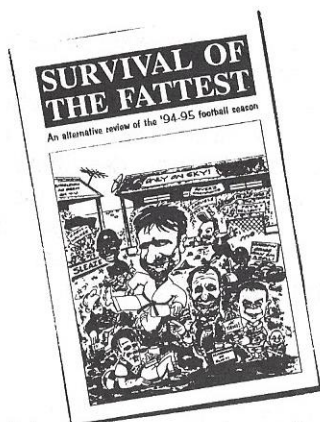
"Football Fan's Guide" is published by Harper Collins, is 288 pages long, and costs £8.99. It's available now from all good bookshops, and quite possibly some bad ones. Get it, or be eternally sorry!

"SURVIVAL OF THE FATTEST" (by David Jenkins & Judy Holly)

A cacophony of different writing styles, journalistic bravado/bullshit, plus the odd spelling mistake, collide together to form a mutant alternative review of the '94-'95 footy season. Covering most of the UK's (inc. Scotland) league clubs, it provides each 'zine with between 2 and 4 pages to summarise their season in a proverbial nutshell, in addition to printing the cover of each mag and providing a bit of background on each publication.

The overall style is much as you would imagine - insincere, facetious, disrespectful, board-hating, ground-loathing, rival-despising, but always humorous and most find something positive to say about their teams. Everyone from Arsenal's glossy, tax-paying "The Gooner", to Scarborough's lowly "Singing In The Shed" is covered, so whatever level of soccer mediocrity you wish to read about, it's all here - "the ultimate 'bog read'", as it so succinctly says on the back.

Apart from the TAF entry (naturellement!), watch out for mentions of The Chairboys in "The Abbey Rabbit" (Cambridge Utd.), "Exiled" and "Not The 8502" (both Bournemouth), "The Oatcake" (Stoke City - just about Keith Scott but still worth a read and a smirk), "Tiger Rag" (Hull City), "Leyton Orientear" (guess who? - re Terry Howard's half-time P45), and West Ham's "On The Terraces" and "Over Land & Sea".



A splendid read (in several small doses) - the seasonal anecdotal precis spill the beans on many a power-wielding chairman, erratic manager and corrupt goalie, and shed light on the real reasons why players leave, get dropped etc.. Choice: either purchase 112 fanzines (at an approximate cost of £90), or shell out a paltry £9.99 for this 358 page summary.

"Survival Of The Fattest" is published by Red Card Publishing, and is available from WH Smiths, Sportspages, Dillons and Waterstones, or directly on 01233-211819.



Robbie Williams ex of Take That fame seems to have set a new phenomenon among the rich and famous when he appeared in the Bucks Free Press recently sporting a Wycombe Wanderers top. The club shop has recently been inundated with orders from all walks of show-biz life clamouring for the latest 'in thing'. Billy Idol (pictured allegedly receiving a heavy breathing call from Alan Hutchinson) is the latest fashion victim, and said of his WWFC shirt "Yeah, alright, forget Adidas and Fred Perry shirts, this s**t is hot property".

BILLINGHAMS BLUNDER....news on the stand

When I sat down to write this piece for TAF, I realised how little I actually knew and that a bit of research was in order. It's not that I was totally unaware of the proposals for the new stand, purely the fact that I could not be bothered to follow the whole fiasco.

I'm 26 years old, male and love football, in my narrow minded view Wycombe want/need a new stand. Cool - let them have one. I'm sure the local residents would say something to me about how I would feel different if I lived near the ground, well - OK, but I don't and am never likely to - after all what idiot would live near a football ground anyway? For those who lived in Sands long before the unsightly grass-filled stadium was a twinkle in Mr. Beeks' and friends' eye - bummer.

I'm truly sorry if this attitude really upsets anyone, but as I'm never likely to sit on any committee, let alone one that effects your life, please allow me my view.

During my top journalistic research, I found a letter that appeared in the BFP from chairman of the Sands residents' association, Nigel Phillips. Nige states how the residents have to plan their lives around WWFC. I do sympathise with this but so do I. i.e. What time to get there, do I have a burger or a hot dog, what to wear, whether to have a drink afterwards and so on. In fact, it is a real pain.

Anyway, what's the problem with popping out shopping between 3pm and 4.45pm? I bet you could find a parking space in town because everyone else is parked outside your house. You could be back indoors with a cuppa just in time for the footy results. Then as 6000 people walk or crawl pass your house in a car, you would be the envy of all.

One story I heard concerning the council over the application for a training pitch was how a female councillor said, "Well, if you had two games going on at once, you'll have twice the traffic." - Get a life Mrs. As we all know, the acceptance of the new stand isn't strictly to boost the capacity but to comply with regulations on seating. Although this rule gives Wycombe a number of months to reach the standards set, now is as good a time as any.

I believe the council have been a right load of pony over this issue.

The councillors were voted in by us Joe public so why did they spend so long to give us what we want? If I was in their position, I would wear a light and dark quartered suit, anything to get in with the voters.

The one name that has been a bit naughty in this affair is that of

Mr. Stephen Billingham from Lib/Dem. Steve had made and viewed an inaccurate model of the new stand which upset not only the club but political opposition as well, nice one. Well, Mr. Billingham, if you find next year your job has been slightly affected, just pop your model down to Ivor, you may be able to earn some much needed cash designing the other three sides.

Something totally great about the new stand is the amount of disabled seats that will be available. We all know that you'll never get 150 wheelchair-bound fans at the blues but it does mean these paying customers will be able to sit with family and friends whereas before, the small dugout put aside for this use only housed about 6 chairs and one accompanying friend each. This new move must be most welcome by those who will use it.

My final word on this stand battle is directed at the picture in the BFP of the council committee and groupies ias they viewed Adams Park from the opposite hill. The photo shows 20 people looking at the stadium helping them to visualise the new stand. One councillor however was not looking to do his job but used this opportunity to turn around and grin at the camera. May I remind you councillor BOB BARBER, you are a councillor not a local celebrity.



Bob Barber, not earning his crust

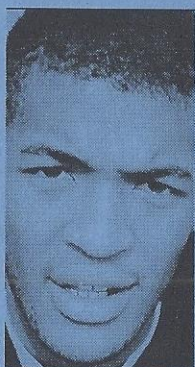
RHYMING SOCCER STARS



**Paul
Hardyman**



**Dodgy Old
Cardigan**



**Steve
Brown**



Nutty Clown

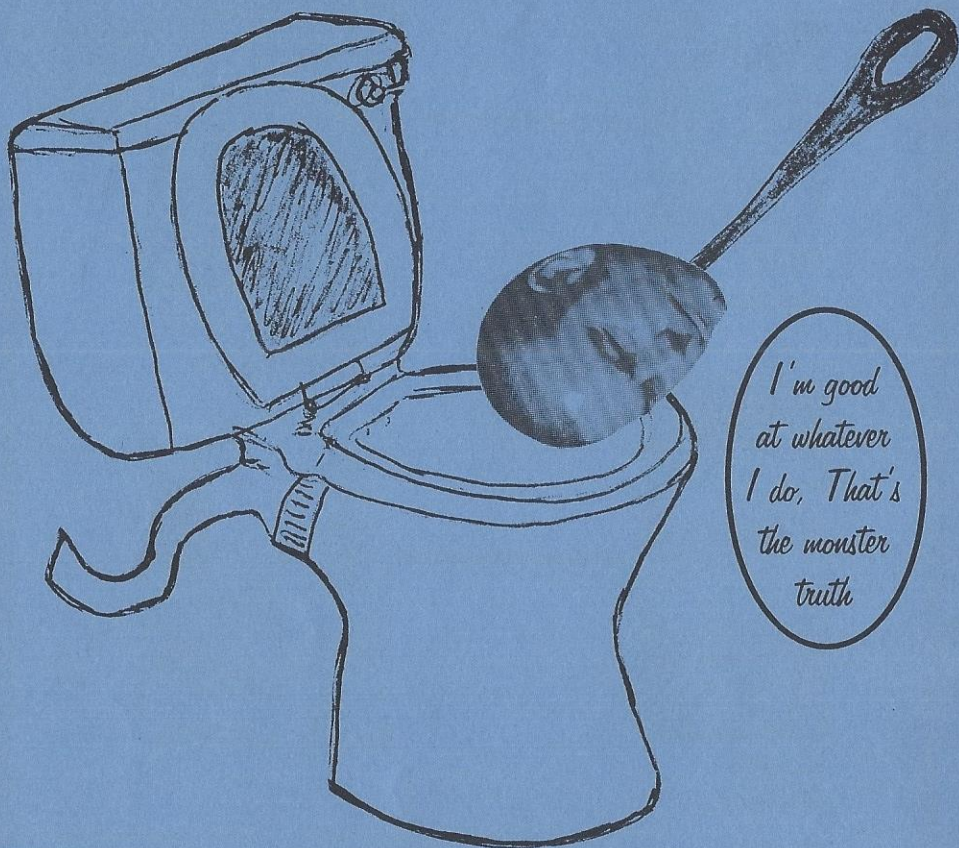


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101 USES FOR ERIC HALL



STOP PRESS

TAF can exclusively reveal that they are the proud sponsors of Oasis loving Gary Patterson. After much negotiation the midfield star will be sponsored by the fanzine for the rest of the season. TAF are very pleased with their latest purchase and full details will be released in the next issue. Gaz was unable to comment on his stroke of luck but an insider said "Gary's chuffed to bits, he had declined all other offers hoping TAF would step in". Gary's duties will include regular dinner parties for his sponsors as well as an on the street advertising campaign in fancy dress to promote this three figured venture. Gaz you've been warned.