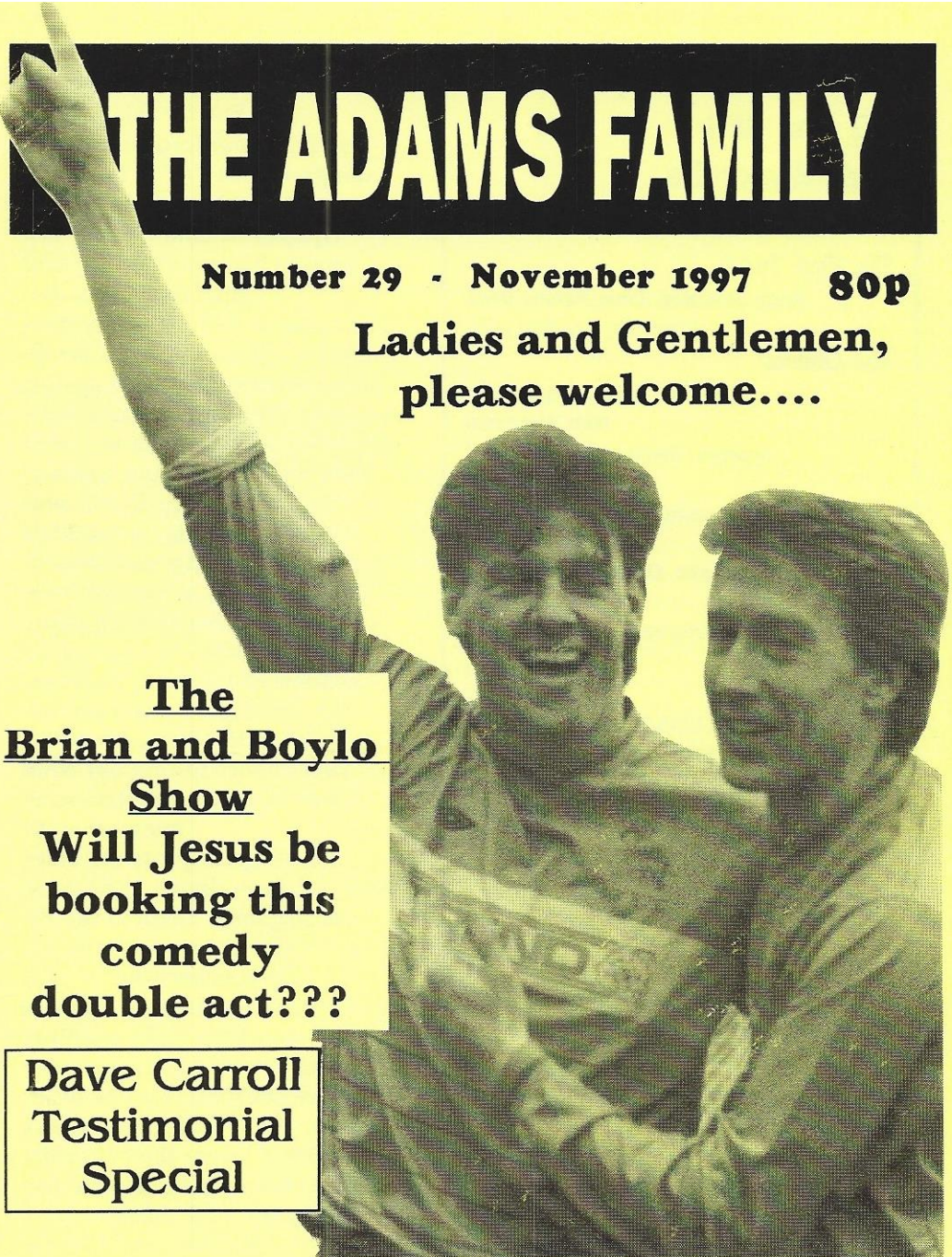




THE ADAMS FAMILY

Number 29 - November 1997 80p

Ladies and Gentlemen,
please welcome....

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Brian and Boylo
Show**

**Will Jesus be
booking this
comedy
double act???**

**Dave Carroll
Testimonial
Special**

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The Cover Stars

Mark Boyland & Brian Greenaway (1988)

Welcome punters to issue 29 of
The Adams Family - our second
of five for this season.

Firstly, please forgive us if the
design of this TAF is not up to
its usual standard - major
equipment failure at the last
minute has resulted in a mad
rush to get this out.

This issue of TAF rightfully pays
extensive tribute to Dave Carroll,
whose testimonial match against
Leicester City should prove to be
one of the highlights of the year.

With the likes of Glyn Creaser,
Paul Hyde, Terry Evans and,
dear lord, Westie - a nostalgic
evening is certainly guaranteed.

Our quiz page in the last issue
seemed to have confused many
of you, with not one correct
crossword received. However
the answers can be found on
page 16 of this issue, so now's
your chance to find out what
that Slough supporters song
minus X was!!

As we go to press the blues
have just been drawn at home to
Basingstoke Town in the FA
Cup 1st round - so dig those FA

Cup vouchers out of your
purses and wallets, and prepare
for a long night queuing!

Also in this TAF, the share
structure question rears its head:
we ask why do all footy players
love David Jason: the extremely
unsuccessful predict-a-score has
another try: and ladies, there's
another Page 7 Fella!

Thanks for your favourable
reaction to the last issue - we
hope you enjoy this one.

(Not) Terrace Tattle...♦♦♦

Well, we had to change the name sooner or later. It's been just over a year since this columnist actually stood at Adams Park (with the exception of that dreadful England Under-21 match against Moldova). Trouble is, none of the new names we've toyed with roll off the tongue in the same reassuring manner of the old one. So for this issue I've come up with this compromise - which ably demonstrates the pitiful depths of creativity one plumbs to at 4am on a Sunday morn.

But of course, on our travels, even sad old sell-outs like myself are forced onto crumbling terraces - and never more joyfully than at Gillingham in the pissing rain.

I can remember three genuinely suicidal moments in my Wanderers supporting career, and none of them involve Alan Smith either! One was losing the B&B final to Aylesbury the day after being relegated from the Conference (then sponsored by fashion gurus, Gola); Two was watching the Metropolitan Police expose Jim Kelman's pitiful tactics in the FA Trophy; three was the day when Noel Ashford buggered off to Maidstone and John Goldsworthy tried to claim in his programme column it didn't matter.

Watching us lose to Gillingham in front of that appalling sixties look-a-like new stand, is the all new fourth moment. Without a coat or stout footwear, I watched from a facility-free terrace, complete with roofless toilets and the worlds worst teabar, and was saved only by a bin bag. To top it all, Wanderers were absolutely appalling, as they always are at Priestfield. Indeed, if Gillingham and us remain in the same division I am determined never to set foot in the place again.

One place I shall definitely be making the pilgrimage to is York City, for what has been declared by this fanzine, 'Brian Day'. With the sending off of Martin Taylor against Chesterfield, it means that legendary custodian Brian has a chance to taste first team action again. As his Wycombe career has been, shall we say, none too successful, Brian has become a cult-figure. And what better way to celebrate that fact than to make Saturday 8th of November 'Brian Day'!

To help make Brian Day a success, all supporters should bray 'Briiiiaaannn' at every opportunity; and perhaps someone should bring a freshly laundered double duvet cover, to conjure up the spirit of a clean sheet. Whatever happens Brian Day is not to be confused with some sort of tribute to Queen axeman Brian May - no permy wigs please.

It was bizarre to hear of the impending departure of a player I always thought was the manager's favourite - namely Mr Cornforth. After John Gregory's quote in the BFP about not

wanting to sell any of his squad it seemed even stranger to read on 'Ch@irboys on the net' that Corny was going back over the Severn Bridge. But when it became clear that the next instalment of his staggered transfer fee was almost due - it all seemed less surprising. Two conclusions can be drawn from this; the first being that Wycombe truly are frighteningly broke, the second being that Gregory realised that Corny just wasn't working in this WWFC line-up. The manager hinted in the BFP that McGavin and Corny in harness upset the balance of the team, and when you consider that much the same thing was said about Corny and Simpson earlier this season, it doesn't take a genius to spot who facilitates the 'snap' in that game of cards.

Either way, I personally think it's for the best. Perhaps at some point in his career he was the messiah we were all primed to expect, but putting aside his performances against Fulham and Southend in the league, my lasting memory will be of a ponderous midfielder, who for all his often accurate passing, was a acute disappointment.

Indeed since another return from Steve McGavin, the Wanderers play has livened up no end. In my opinion, McGavin is the true messiah at WWFC - and that includes Dave Carroll. It's not only the way that McGavin can rip apart another team's game plan, it's the way he can bring to life the corpse like bodies of fellow players. Literally every player in the team seems to play better in harness with McPasty when he is on form - and before the Carroll fan club gets too upset, I should state that it's an absolute treat to see both men back in the Wanderers midfield again - bringing the best out in each other.

The only cloud on McGavin's horizon is that of consistency. True, can be anonymous sometimes, but even on his quiet days he is every bit as good as Cornforth. It's worth considering that if Steve performed as consistently as he did in the second half against Bristol Rovers, it would be highly unlikely if he remained outside the premier league. And knowing our luck there would probably be a clause in his contract that allowed his departure for 10 grand!

One man who would certainly fetch a bob or two more than that is super striker Mark Stallard, whose 10 league goals in 14 games have certainly silenced the odd few cynics who had labelled him a lazy sod. Indeed he has placed Mr Scott well and truly in the shade, which may well be a good thing. For although Scotty's season has been wracked with ill luck, when the big man regains fitness I'm sure with his ego he'll be gagging to close the gap.

Finally, isn't it heartening to see the skills of Mo Harkin getting a decent run out in the first team. The genuine thrill that swept the terrace when he scored down at Fulham in the Coca-Cola cup is matched whenever he steps on the field of play. After years of youth teamers who look (understandably) scared to death, it's great to see a player who genuinely believes he should be in the starting line-up. And with the rather thin make up of our squad, it's definitely a very good thing that he and Alan Beeton have proved already that they can be trusted.

Finally, we have been blessed by a new DJ at Adams Park, and hopefully he'll be able to secure the odd new release now that he's on top money at Wanderers. Still he's not played 'Simply the Best' yet, so it can't be all bad.

Martin O'Neill - who always preferred the Nigel Havers vehicle 'Don't Wait Up' - tried to loosen the grip of then enforcer Gary Smith, by refusing him a new contract. But an alliance of Robson, Butcher, Jason and Wanderers chairman Ivor Beeks saw O'Neill over-ruled - a decision that Wanderers have never fully recovered from.

Has there ever been any dissent at Wycombe?

After Gary Smith was forced out, O'Neill tried a subtler approach that started to pay dividends. However after Wanderers defender Andy Kerr stated in public a preference for Thames Television's 'Minder', Jason flew into a tempestuous rage and after secret negotiations with Beeks in his trailer on the set of Yorkshire Television's 'Darling Buds of May', Barnet enforcer Tony 'the twister' Sorrell was dispatched to Adams Park, and swiftly crushed the revolt. Shortly afterwards, Kerr was dispatched to Enfield, where a mystery injury forced him onto 1170am - a broken man.

What about in the Premiership then. Are their players affected?

Secret documents witnessed by OF&H's insiders have revealed that the punch-up between Newcastle stars David Batty and Graham Le Saux, was motivated by Jason and Robson. Batty, more of an 'Open All Hours' man, in which Jason plays second fiddle to Ronnie Barker, was attacked by OF&H's lover Le Saux, after the Yorkshireman discovered the cunning Guardian reading persona Le Saux had forged was in fact a cover for his secret work as the England team 'enforcer'.

Le Saux, an enforcer. Isn't he a bit lightweight?

In the England set up, money rather than fear is the carrot for the donkey. Le Saux seemed the subtlest choice for Jason and his cronies, and his silvery tongue could easily win round gormless individuals such as the Neville brothers.

Why does Jason feel he needs a special England enforcer - aren't the individual club ones enough?

No. In order to mystifyingly win BAFTA awards and such like, Jason needs the publicity that comes from being mentioned by the England team. Players' win bonuses are dwarfed by the fees they can earn by promoting Jason. Our research has shown that a England player mentioning Jason or OF&H's in either The Sun or The Mirror can receive up to £50,000. There are already rumours circulating that should England win the World Cup, captain Paul Ince will dedicate the triumph to Jason and the cast of OF&H's - earning around 2 million pounds.

Still, Jason isn't getting any younger. Can we look forward to a day when English football is free of this odious shadow?

It seems doubtful but there is always hope. Players who are disposed to not favour OF&H's are still struggling to break into the game. Remember what happened to Gary Patterson after he stated in TAF that he would watch 'Knowing Me Knowing You' instead of OF&H's. Suppressed medical evidence shows that Jason had planted one of the new breed of sneak enforcer's (believed to be David Farrell) to drug Patto's Guinness that he regularly supped. Farrell has since been rewarded with a new, lucrative contract at Peterborough, whilst Patterson's career has stalled at ICIS league Kingstonian. Until this sort of imbalance is corrected, young players will continue to turn towards the dark cult of Jasonism.

It's yer money Dave's after.... baby!

Ten seasons ago a frail looking winger, who kept falling over and giving the ball away, made it into the Wycombe first team. Now, as a seasoned pro, Deadly Davey Carroll is in his testimonial season which few players have deserved more.

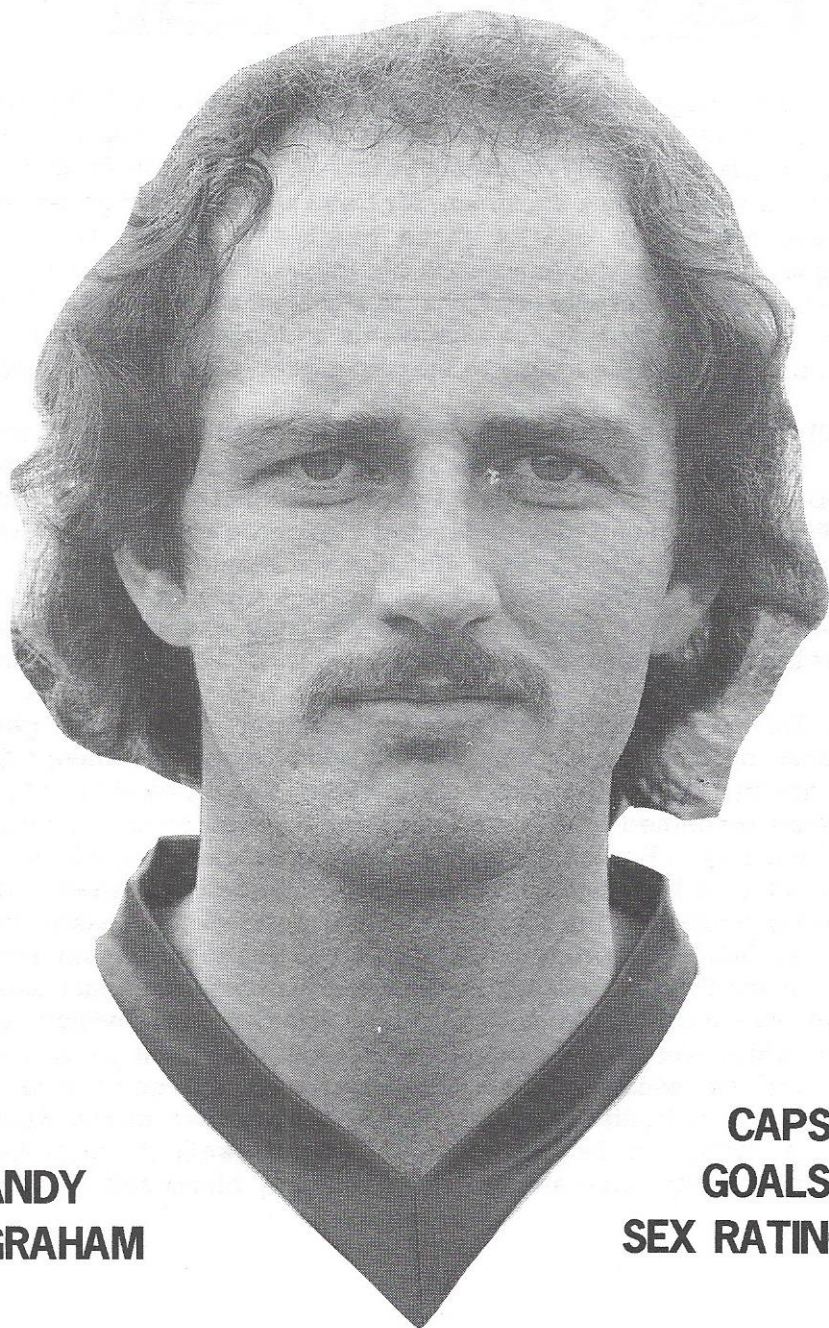
Football is a short career and with the exception of the top Premier league players, most footballers will not earn enough to live on when they leave the game. When a player dedicates the best part of his career the club generally reward them with a testimonial season to provide a nest-egg. Some players deserve it purely due to loyalty and good service but others are only 'A One Club Man' because no one else wants them.

I will fully support 'Jesus' this season as I will Sir Matt Crossley who is to have his turn next year. These two players have served Wycombe for ten years and in that time have helped the club to where they are now. I think they thoroughly deserve 'a nice little earner'. However, fans should never be taken for granted in such matters.

About three seasons ago Tony Adams, a man adored by Arsenal fans, had a testimonial match and only 17,000 fans turned up. Ian Wright slammed the fans for shunning the clubs most successful ever captain. However, the truth was, the game was played at the end of the season against Crystal Palace. Not exactly a top box office draw, especially when you consider they had already played twice in the league and Coca Cola cup. Fans don't have bottomless pockets and if they are being asked to cough up £20, they deserve something better than a friendly with Crystal Palace. I went to Paul Merson's testimonial a couple of years ago. This was a friendly exhibition match with each team containing such guest stars as Hoddle, Waddle, (**'Darling, I Love You!' - ed**) Gascoigne, Le Tissier and Charlie Nicholas, and it was a fantastic game to watch. This is the sort of friendly people want to see. If the club can put in the effort of organizing a decent exhibition match, as Wycombe have done for Dave Carroll, supporters will be happy to pay up. I expect there will be a big crowd for the Leicester match but what if the match was arranged to be against Chesham or Tottenham reserves. Could the supporters really be expected to come in their thousands.

Testimonials were introduced in the days of the maximum wage and provided long serving players with a bit of comfort. Do the likes of Alan Shearer really need financial help. With top flight football costing an arm and a leg to watch, can asking fans to show their appreciation of someone who earns in a week what they earn in a year by paying out yet more money be justified?. Testimonials are still valid in the lower divisions and if fans are given value for money, as well as a chance to support a favourite player, they have the potential to be great nights out.

PAGE SEVEN FELLA



**ANDY
GRAHAM**

**CAPS - 72
GOALS - 24
SEX RATING - 3**

DAVE CARROLL - THE **FIRST NINE YEARS**

Dave Carroll - winger extraordinaire, goalscoring maestro, loving head of an ever increasing family, tousle-haired, flip-flop wearing loon, and top all round legendary Wycombe geezer. We can even forgive the fact that he is technically a Scotsman, for Dave will certainly go down in Wanderers history as one of those humble, bargain buys from non-league obscurity who has raised his game at whatever level he's played at. From Conference, to Div.3, to Div.2, what has enabled Dave to keep his regular place in the team is his undoubted devotion to the Wycombe cause, and the ability to 'step up a gear' when needed most.

It's a well-worn phrase, I know, but loyalty is indeed rare in professional football. The lure of big bucks, the Bosman transfer ruling, the fact that Wycombe is the UK's least hottest spot for nightlife - all contributory factors I'm sure for many players leaving Wycombe to pursue a career further up the soccer hierarchy. Not that we blame any of them for doing it, especially if they decide to come back (nice one, Scotty), but Dave's contribution to Wycombe has been truly exceptional, as the Club has hit the most successful period of its history since his arrival.

But as Dave's hopefully never-to-be-forgotten testimonial game approaches on November 12th, can anybody remember Dave's first appearance in a Wycombe shirt back in 1988? The game stood out for me because it seemed odd that a team from Sweden should choose to come all the way to England to play a non-league team with a Saturday off. The rationale became clear when some hopelessly knowledgeable Euro-soccer anorak in the back of the old cowshed at Loakes Park (R.I.P.) was heard wittering on to his bored mate about the entire structure of the Swedish football league, and that this was in fact part of their mid-season break. Small details - this Swedish third division team (from memory) were totally outplayed by our first team (plus a few guests), and we walloped them 7-0. However, the game saw the introduction of a trialist from that hot-bed of soccer talent, Ruislip Manor - a young midfielder, sporting a natty (well, it might have seemed natty then) 'tache and collar length curly blond hair. It would

be an exaggeration to say that Dave tore them apart with his skilful wing play, but he certainly looked pretty useful and scored at least two goal that game.

Dave soon crept into the first team and won respect from all quarters with his consistency and ability to avoid injury for most of the time. Versatility has also been a Carroll key card - anywhere down the right-hand side suits him best, but Dave operates of course equally well in central midfield, and has a good enough eye for goal to justify his inclusion as an out-and-out striker. Dave's biggest strength is for me his elusiveness - he very rarely loses the ball, and has a knack of throwing off defenders with a wily turn and shimmy. Never lightening quick, nor possessing the world's fiercest shot, Dave has regularly scored 10+ goals per season since he joined Wycombe - many of them spectacular winners, and of course he's picked up the Player of the Season award with embarrassing ease on several occasions. The man some of us affectionately called "Donkey Dave" in his early years, has certainly matured into a thoroughbred stallion.

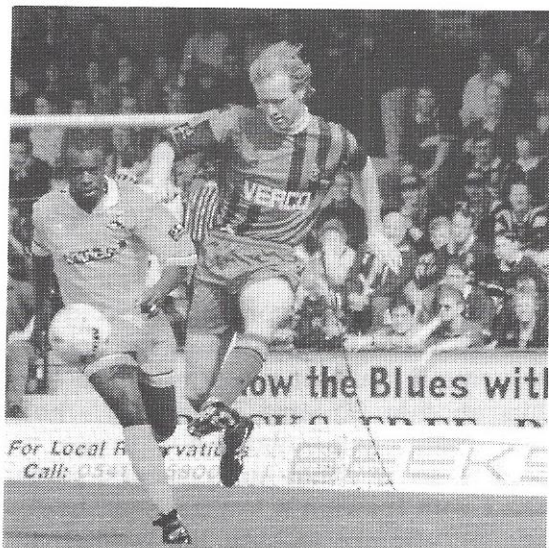
With this consistency of performance, it seems surprising that bigger clubs have not paid more attention to Dave - I guess he's the sort of player that doesn't really catch the eye if you just see him on the one occasion (unless of course he hits another 30 yard screamer) - he's hard-working and skilful, but not really flamboyant, nor prone to disturbing the referee's breast pocket, so he could just pass you by in some games. He was briefly linked with Ipswich a few seasons back, and Martin O'Neill certainly made no attempt to hide his interest in Dave when he departed for pastures new.

However, Dave has stuck with the club that gave him his first big break all those years ago, and his remarkable record of 443 starts and 86 goals is to be rewarded with a coming together of many of Wycombe's stars who have enabled the successes of recent years - a top night of hero worship in store for all. Miss it and be the subject of ridicule for many years to come.

Perhaps we shouldn't be talking about memories when we all hope Dave will be about for several seasons more, however, I don't think any of us will see a better performance - both team-wise and individual - than the Play-Off Final versus Preston, where Dave graced the hallowed grass with two of Wembley's finest ever goals. On a final point, we

were all relieved to see that Dave eventually discarded those 'Billy's Boots' style plimsoll's that he seemed to have favoured for the previous seven seasons, for a pair of proper boots, with studs, laces and all. Perhaps Alan Smith finally gave him that pay rise that Martin had promised for so long, or did someone dare to utter to the Messiah that he looked a bit of a plonker every time he fell on his arse? Who knows.

All the best from TAF, Dave!



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THE DIARY.....



It's good to see that 1170 have pulled out the stops with the return of big match coverage on the wireless, and its about ruddy time too. This service is the only time that most people turn on this woeful local radio station. How about also bringing back SPORTSLINE, which used to go out once a week on an evening night. Once again it would be giving the people what they want, which certainly isn't endless hours of appalling 80's soft rock by bands like Toto and Heart.

On the subject of 1170 and apparently there was afternoon cheer for a certain Brian Parkin during the recent away loss at Chesterfield. Our Brian was co-commentating with Alan Hutch when Martin Taylor got sent off for handball. Rumour has it he went off the rails as he sensed his chance for a first-team comeback. "Send him off ref....." he shouted down the mic in a frenzy, "That is a blatant professional foul!". Actually the above is a load of rubbish, as I'm told that Brian, although obviously chuffed, was every part the gent, sympathising with Taylor. What a pro!

The 'Gasheads' who infiltrated the Wycombe end at the recent home game against Rovers provided another kick in the teeth for the club, who are trying to lure families back to the game. Although there was no pirate aggro as such, it shows that charging more for away fans and seating what was a perfectly decent terrace has turned out to be a pretty foolish move. The potential for trouble to happen when playing big clubs is rife and something needs to be done soon as no-one associated with Wycombe wants this scenario.

Finally, with the Republic of Ireland so close to going to next years World Cup in France, there's surely one man who must be gutted that his talents have so far been overlooked in the recent squad. Paul McCarthy has been Wycombe's most consistent player so far this season, and he remains the one good thing to come out of the much maligned reign of Alan Smith.

"The Dog" as we have affectionately nicknamed him at TAF has taken over the captaincy with everything the fans wanted. When Evans' got shown the door last season, some fans were sceptical that Macca would cut it as the key central defender at Wycombe. However he has shown that as well as possessing Guts, determination, and strength, he can also pass the ball well and reads the game like no other centre-back I've known since supporting Wycombe. Therefore we are keeping our eyes on the Eire situation. If they do qualify, TAF's next issue will be a PICK THIS MAN special. A signed petition will be on the TAF stall and will be winging its way out to the gaffer Mick McCarthy. All Paul has to do is keep up the fine work in the centre of defence, or we'll scrap it!

• *Jesus' testimonial tantrums*

When you've played for Wycombe Wanderers as long as Dave Carroll has (and rest assured, our 'Thanks for the Memories' researcher is working on that one!), the trouble is you've played with just too many players. With only one match of ninety minutes, quite a few of your old colleagues are likely to get disappointed, and possibly a tad arsey. In fact there's no probably about it, and Dave's going to have a tough time sorting it out. Would you want to be in his sandals when Davey Farrell finds out his wing slot has gone to Glyn Creaser? No way Jose!

So here's a preview of what might (or might not) happen 'backstage' on the big night.

It is the day of the big match, and Alan Parry is continuing his personal crusade to broker a sell out crowd by haranguing a confused crowd of pensioners in Wycombe Bus Station.

ALAN PARRY: I'll tell you now, you might well have fought in the war for this country, but Davey Carroll's fought for you on the far flung fields of Carlisle and Runcorn. What takes more bottle eh? Five years Sir, that's all you fought for, Davey's been fighting for almost ten. I tell you, you're a shyter in comparison - medals for nothing I'll tell you.

OLD BOY: What the buggerin' 'ell are you jabberin' on about? I knows my 'istory, and there aint bin no campaigns against jerry's and jap's on the fields 'o Runcorn.

AP: No, your right Sir - just greater campaigns. The GM Vauxhall Conference, The Football League Third division. Remember Davey's goal against Preston in the play-off's - forget your Remembrance Sunday's, there ought to be a Remembrance Saturday where people don tousel wigs, pull their teeth out, starve their legs....

Parry collapses to his knees. the strain of the great orator.

AP: In respect to Davey Carroll!!!

OLD BOY: You talkin' 'bout a footballer? Why you great wazzock, they gets paid about 97 thousand a week. I read all about it in my number one Sun, whose owner Mr Murdoch works only for fresh air an' the good of the nation!

AP: Don't be daft man, with Graham Peart on the board they're lucky if they get luncheon vouchers.

OLD BOY: Give me one good reason why I should be wastin' good money what I could be spendin' on Farm Stores luncheon meat and Battenburg, to feather the nest of one 'o them flash Harry's?

AP: Right, gotcha there! The feathers in Davey's nest are wearing thin due to his ever expanding family of kids - kids that he's having so they can get out into the world, earn a decent living, and pay good taxes to keep you lot in Angel Cake and two wheeler tartan shopping trollies! I mean what if they cut child benefit? The man'll be shafted you mark my words.....

Meanwhile at Adams Park, preparations for the after match buffet are taking place. In the kitchen, Alan Beeton and Michael Simpson are cooking up a rare selection of pastries - savoury and sweet.

ALAN BEETON: A little more sauce on that one Mich.... No, No! What are you doing with those Anchovies - they should be folded in with the roux sauce, not placed in the fruit flan!

MICHAEL SIMPSON: Sorry.

Beeton tosses his head in a fit of pique, muttering dark statements about amateurs. Meanwhile Corny and McGavin appear in the kitchen.

JOHN CORNFORTH: Do you want a hand taking that stuff out?

STEVE MCGAVIN: Yeah, me and Corny'll lay it out really nice for you - save you a bit of time an all that.

AB: Thanks guys. You know I'm so behind what with this little oaf - I'll tell you, he's no Ainsley. Can't even tell the difference between plain and self-raising flour without looking at the packet!

CORNY: Well how else do you?

Beeton snorts with derision.

AB: The molecular structure and texture, fools! Good grief it's so obvious.

S McG: Anyway, we'll take this lot out now.

AB: Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.

CORNY: What?

AB: Never display savoury food without the two essentials - cling film to keep it fresh, and doilies for aesthetic effect. Oooh yes, and wash your hands too, you don't know where they've been.

Corny and McGavin take the food out into the Vere Suite, lay it out, lock the door and hand the key back to Alan Beeton.

S McG: Why have you locked the room Alan?

AB: Isn't that obvious looking at your physiques. No wonder Mr Smith had no time for you.

Corny and McGavin leave, rubbing their hands with delight, for whilst laying out the food they have unlocked the back door to the Vere Suite, and are thus looking forward to a grand scoff.

CORNY: I tell you Mac, there's a rare pile of treats in there. It's, it's..... almost.... it's a veritable brothel of food! With as many second helpings as you like.

McGavin is trembling with anticipation as Corny pushes open the rear door. It's all clear as the duo creep towards the laden tables. The muffled rages of Alan Beeton can be heard from the kitchen.

AB: You bloody short-arsed fool. Salad cream on a strawberry flan!

MS: I thought it was whipping cream - sorry.

S McG: What you going for Corny, I'm starting with a pie

CORNY: Straight to the cakes for me lad!

Just as they reach the table and start lifting the cling-film, a bullet of pure energy bursts from behind the fruit machine. Flying towards Corny, it scythes through his legs, sending him crashing over the bar. Then it calmly walks up to McGavin and head butts him.

IT is Steve Brown.

STEVE BROWN: I'm telling you now, no-one wants people coming through the back door and taking food off their table. You've gotta protect what's yours, and if you give me a booking for that then you're a fool. If you give people an inch they take a yard, that's why my motto's Shut 'em Down!

Alan Beeton rushes in from the kitchen, and sees Corny strewn across the bar

AB: Oh my God, what's happened.

CORNY: Brownies caught us nicking, We're sorry man, but all them pies, y'know. And I think I've broken my leg.

AB: You.... Do you think I care about you? Look what you've done to the floral display. I try my best to make things look nice....

Beeton bursts into tears and is comforted by Simpson. McGavin is out cold, but Corny has had the good fortune to land under the Guinness tap, which is free-flowing into his mouth. Brown is hiding behind the fruit machine again.

It is an hour and a half before kick-off. The new DJ is playing his Raiders of the Pop Charts 1989 record again, and Dave Carroll is welcoming his guests.

DAVE CARROLL: John! Lovely to see you mate, are you able to kick it these days?

JOHN GRANVILLE: No. But I've still got the 60 yard throw.

Suddenly there is a smash of glass and the cracking of wood. It can only be crazy Euro Sieb Dykstra. But who is he fighting with?

SIEB DYKSTRA: No. It is you who will be on the bench, for I am a crazy Scottish premier star, and you play for the East London Shit.

MYSTERY MAN: 'Ere fuck off pal. I was 'ere longer than you, I played with flu once, an' if you don't give me them fuckin' gloves you bouffanted Wookie, I'll 'ave ya, my brother'll 'ave ya, and my fuckin' ma'll 'ave ya too!

SD: Fool, I have learnt my techniques from the top SAS men in crazy Croatia - I fight you like a dog, London tramp man!

DC: Sieb, Hydrie (for it is he), nice to see you lads.

PAUL HYDE: Tell 'im I'm playing Dave.

DC: Er...

SD: No, Dave, I must play - for I have stolen, at great personal risk, a Navy nuclear submarine from Dundee and have piloted it to Marlow just so I could keep goal. The military is after me, and they are crazy - but not as crazy as the EUROMAN!!!!

DC: Actually lads, lovely to see you and all that, but I didn't know either of you were definitely coming. So I've asked Brian to keep goal.

PH: What, that bloke who Smiffy thought was better than us?

DC: Yeah, well you lot all get a regular game these days, and Brian doesn't so I felt a bit sorry for him.

PH: Really?

DC: I've also got a pony on my lot to lose 10-0. 33-1 at Ladbrokes. Ah here comes Brian with the after match lagers.

BRIAN PARKIN: Alright lads. Dave where do you want these....ahhhhhhhhhh

Before Dave can answer tragedy strikes.

DC: Brian, are you alright.... Brian!

BP: I think I've bust me foot, oh why do I drop everything!

PH: Right, I can play then!

SD: No. It must be me!

GRANVILLE: Well, I don't mind sitting out.

ALAN HUTCHINSON: What a pro, and a true gentleman too! Great character in the dressing room etc etc....

As the argument reaches epic proportions, Martin O'Neill arrives with his Leicester team.

MARTIN O'NEILL: Has anyone seen Tony Gubba - balding little f.... ah Davey, how's it going lad?

DC: Badly, I've got two nutters tearing lumps off each other because they can't both keep goal. Actually could you play one of them.

M O'N: Ah well actually Dave, you know I'd love to, but the ego of these premier stars. Kasey wouldn't take kindly to being dropped.

O'Neill is visibly shaking, sweating profusely. His appearance reminds Carroll of their past relationship.

DC: Why are we discussing this? You will play Paul and I will play Sieb, and that's an end to the matter.

M O'N: *(On his knees)* Whatever you say Jesus, you know how your words can harm me!

PH: Nice one Dave, sometimes words are better than violence.

SD: Ha, big soft woman-man. You eat fondant fancies for tea!

PH: Oi, I'll fuckin' 'ave you for that.

And rather predictably the fight erupts again, while Alan Hutchinson (also rather predictably) cowers behind a settee, broadcasting the fight live on Ringing the Blues.

Meanwhile, Simon Garner has called an impromptu press conference in the Centre Spot.

SIMON GARNER: Y'see, what I object to about this testimonial malarky is it's all extra games. I think when you've played 46 games in a season you've bloody well done enough. I don't agree with testimonials at all.

JOURNALIST: So what are you doing here then.

SG: Well there's a fuckin' bar for starters... eh, where are you all going?

The 'massed' ranks of the press corps have all legged it en masse at the sound of vociferous chanting coming from the car-park. Women are screaming, men are salivating, all are chanting 'Local Hero'. Mark West has entered the building.

DAVE CARROLL: I think you'd best get up on the roof and address them before they break down the doors. You truly are a local hero aren't you.

MARK WEST: Huh Huh!

Westie climbs onto the roof to a huge cheer. It's as if the Spice Girls have popped up of the roof of HMV Oxford street.

MW: Alright? I just wanted to say.....

The crowd is silent in hushed reverence.

MW: The secret of life is fish fingers and beans. And jam and cream doughnuts.

The crowd look puzzled for a few seconds, then it disperses, filled with sadness at the remembrance of that appalling video 'Local Hero'.

MW: I think I've blown it.

At last the match has started, and in a gesture designed to show off the true family man side of Dave Carroll, his four year old kid has started as centre forward - partnering Simon Garner.

SG: Here y'ar kid, slot it past Hydie, he's a load of crap anyway. D'you want a fag an all?

Davey's kid picks up the ball and runs towards Hyde. With a proud tear in his eye Carroll watches as his young charge shapes to shoot, when.....

JASON COUSINS: AAARRRRGGGGGHHH!!

Horror abounds as Dave's sprog flies through the air on the receiving end of a Cousins special. Sadly the child lands on Hyde.

PAUL HYDE: Oi, get off me, D'you want some then. 'Ere Jase, he's just called you morris dancer! Just as it looks like a major law breaking offence is about to occur, Hyde is KO'd by one fatal swing of Mrs Carroll's handbag.

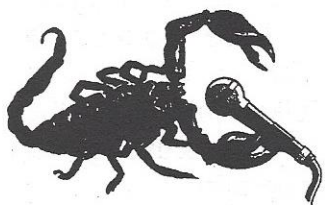
Mrs C: Get off him you lunatic, come on David we're going home.

DC: But it's my big night, I can't go now.

Mrs C: Well you damn well are. It's been a fiasco from the word go at this place. All those ruined Sunday roasts when the manager has you in for Sunday training. Alan Smith round for dinner every week 'cos you were the only player who wouldn't tell him where to stick his packages. And now this - come on.

And so the testimonial ends on a sad note, as Dave is led by his ear from the field of play.

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Space filling with the Spell Checker

Long-term TAF readers will probably remember when we made you weep with laughter by letting our spell checker get to work on the names of Wanderers stars. Well, in the spirit of TFI Friday - if it aint broke, flog it to death - and so here we go again with just some of the new players **John Gregory** (or should we say disco mutha **John Gyratory**), has bought to the club.

At the time of compiling this list there are rumours that **John Cornforth** is on his way, and the spell checker knows why. We all know that Corny is a tad lardy and unfit, but the monicker of **John Coronaries** suggests that it might be worth Corny retiring to run a pub. Cut down on them pies laddie!

Young **Michael Simpson** seems a fairly inoffensive character, but by night he operates as a misogynist gangster rap artist, under his pseudonym **Macho Sampling**. Meanwhile young **Maurice Harkin** has surprisingly sided against the liberal PC movement, starting a campaign to **Moralise Hurting** - join the Italian Police matey!

Wanderers fans realise that **Michael Forsyth** is a sturdy linchpin in the central defence - but did you know that he once sold flowers? However to avoid being categorised as a limp-wristed Inman-ite, Forsyth worked out at the Gym, and became a **Macho Florist**.

Martin Taylor and **Alan Beeton** haven't been colleagues for very long, but already they have formed a partnership to rival Messrs. Will Smith & Tommy Lee Jones. The custodian is a **Martian Teller**, informing the authorities of alien invasion using his detective guile, while Beeton is the hard man of the operation, indulging in a spot of **Alien Booting**.

Should **Mark Stallard** ever leave the world of football, he could always play a sinister villain in WWF wrestling. Why? Just check out his new handle - **Dark Sluggard!**

Finally we come to ladies favourite **Jason Kavanagh**, whose spell check alternative name is **Basin Shavings**. And if you can make anything out of that then you're a better man than I.

Puzzle (half) Page

win + win + win + win + win + win + win

Despite receiving tens of entries for the super cross-word competition in the last issue, not one entry contained the correct answers (which are printed on page 32 of this issue). That means we've still got last season's video prize up for grabs.

All you have to do to win is answer the following questions. The first letter of each answer spell a famous ex Wycombe player. Once you have worked out that player's name, add his christian name, and send your entry to us at the usual address. All entries to be received by 30 Nov 1997.

1) Who scored the first ever goal at Adams Park (surname)?

2) Who plays at 'The Manor Ground'?

3) Who did Wycombe beat in the 1993 FA Trophy final?

4) Who scored Notts Forest's winner against Wycombe in last year's Coca Cola cup (surname)?

5) Which bleached bouffanted tart bled Wycombe dry then buggered off to Barnet for a testimonial (surname)?

6) One time rivals with a 'famous' sloping pitch?

How easy do we have to make it? The video could be yours so get your thinking caps on.

KIDDIES CORNER:

Hey kids, why not fill the rest of this page for us by doing a drawing of your favourite Wycombe player. (Yeah, very subtle mate... CUT - ed).

TAF WORLD - It's a large world afer all

Not content with dominating local newspapers, local radio, and national magazines, the dauntingly intelligent minds of TAF are now displayed on ITV Teletext Page 175 - from Thursday Noon until Friday Noon.

It's all part of Teletext's improving coverage of Nationwide League football, which utilises the regional broadcasting that makes up the ITV network. Throughout the rest of the week there are statistics pages, club focuses, and an appalling column by Tommy Docherty where the Doc attempts (with no success) to prove he is a Nationwide afficianado.

TAF's Alternative Stats Page

The thought of a crate of Butlins Lager has obviously got young Mark Stallard frothing at the mouth as he chalks up a staggering 4 Man of the match awards since our last issue. Our tips for the next chart are a new entry for Dave Carroll and a surge by a newly revived McPasty.

Blackpool (a) W 4-2: **Mark Stallard** - For two goals and his leading of the line.

Fulham (a) D 3-3: **Mo Harkin** - For a stunning full debut and equally superb strike.

Fulham (h) W 2-0: **John Cornforth** - For midfield mastery and a fine 20 yarder - in the face of some stern criticism.

Southend (h) W 4-1: **Mark Stallard** - For continuing his goal spree.

Watford (a) L 1-2: **Alan Beeton** - The young lad hardly put a foot wrong in the second half, showing his potential.

Carlisle (h) L 1-4: **Jason Cousins** - He came on as sub and played ok. However, unlike most of the zombies out there, he actually TRIED.

Brentford (a) D 1-1: **Mark Stallard** - For another classy strike and solid all round performance.

Preston (h) D 0-0: **Keith Ryan** - Leader of the rear-guard action, after McCarthy's dismissal.

Burnley (a) D 2-2: **Paul McCarthy** - Solid as a rock and the best of the bunch.

Gillingham (a) L 0-1: **Nicky Mohan** - Once again a centre back gets the award. All three were excellent in the face of some witless performances.

Bristol Rovers (h) W 1-0: **Steve McGavin** - The boy Pasty came on and transformed the game. A true talent.

Walsall (h) W 4-2: **Mark Stallard** - A superb hatrick and great all-round play.

Chesterfield (a) L 0-1: **Steve Brown** - After Taylor's sending off, Brown showed his versatility by keeping us in the game with a string of quality saves.



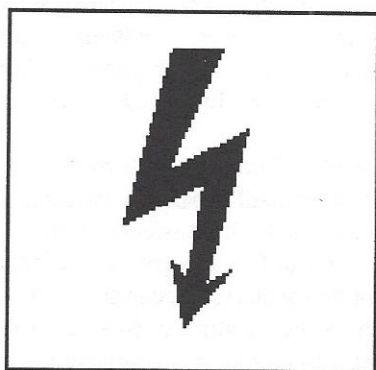
TAF M.O.M AWARDS

Hall of Fame

Mark Stallard	4 MOM
Steve Brown	3 MOM
Keith Scott	1 MOM
Mo Harkin	1 MOM
John Cornforth	1 MOM
Alan Beeton	1 MOM
Jason Cousins	1 MOM
Keith Ryan	1 MOM
Nicky Mohan	1 MOM
Paul McCarthy	1 MOM
Steve McGavin	1 MOM

Plenty of action going on in the Livewire League, as Gregory's hard men fight for the tag of the "hardest man in South Bucks". Steve Brown is still comfortably top, but a rabid "mad dog" McCarthy is looking well positioned after a few recent bouts. Still he did used to hang out with Roy Keane....

THE LIVEWIRES



<u>Name</u>	<u>Yellow</u>	<u>Red</u>
Steve Brown	5	0
Paul McCarthy	3	1
John Cornforth	3	0
Micky Simpson	2	0
Michael Forsyth	2	0
Nicky Mohan	2	0
Mark Stallard	2	0
Keith Ryan	2	0
Martin Taylor	0	1
Steve McGavin	1	0
Alan Beeton	1	0
Keith Scott	1	0
Jason Cousins	1	0
Jason Kavanagh	1	0

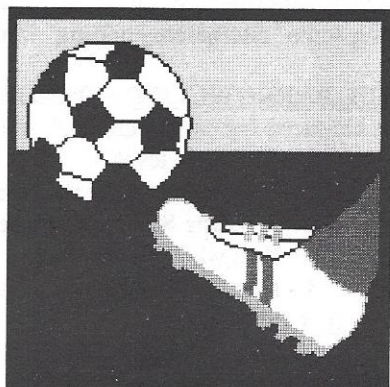
The Dave Carroll fair play awards



" I'm delighted to be given this opportunity by The Adams Family to have my say on matters of fair play. In my many seasons at Wycombe I have seldom picked up a yellow card, and NEVER a red. So I would like to congratulate Maurice Harkin as my fair player of the month. He has proved to the manager and the fans that he has the temperament to go a long way.....well done Mo!"

The NETBUSTERS..

Mark Stallard	10 Strikes
John Cornforth	5 Strikes
Keith Scott	4 Strikes
Paul Read	4 Strikes
Jason Kavanagh	1 Strike
Mo Harkin	1 Strike
Keith Ryan	1 Strike





O'Neill's Signings - "A - Z"

A lot of hype has been made over Martin O'Neill's signings at Leicester City in the past two seasons. Classy players such as Izzett, Guppy, Elliott, Keller and Savage have seen their fortunes turn dramatically under O'Neill's tutelage. The journey which sees obscure lower league/reserve players blossom into Premiership stars is not a common one in these times of big spending coupled with the influx of foreign imports. However our old manager is one of the few men who has achieved it successfully.

This got me thinking about O'Neill's signings at Wycombe. Were they well researched inspired purchases or pot luck joke-buys straight out of football's bargain basement? Here in the first part of a complete A-Z we investigate those O'Neill transfers in full.

I thought for a bit of a laugh I'd give them ratings from 0-5 in four categories. The first is for **Skills** - Was he a player with talent, or an absolute carthorse? Secondly, **Style** - Did the man cut it off the pitch as well as on it? An important feature in these days of "Marketing Matters". Thirdly, **Fan Popularity** - Was he a folk hero, or a complete loser. Fourthly, did he **Aid The Cause (ATC)** - Did he net any crucial goals or was he a complete nonentity doing more harm to the club than good? Finally, I'll have an (inspired) bash at a "where are they now" type scenario at the end of each profile. And who would have guessed that first up is....

TREVOR AYLOTT: (1992-93)

A joke of a man who joined WWFC on loan at the end of season 1992-93 in the absence of Keith Scott. Laughed at by players, fans and O'Neill himself, his cult status as being totally shite will live forever.

Skills 0 - What skills?

Style 2 - Gets the points purely for that headband.

Fan.P 1 - One mark for undoubted cult value.

ATC 0 - He almost cost us the league.

TOTAL 3 POINTS

Where is he now? After leaving the Wanderers Trevor got a licence to juggle in Covent Garden. Unfortunately for Trev his licence was revoked, after he was allegedly spotted doing some "alternative juggling" in the Mens room at the nearby 'Punch and Judy' pub.

PAUL BARROWCLIFF: (1992-93)

Freckle-faced fop, who went back into non-league with Stevenage, after failing to make the grade at first team level.

Skills 2 - Not much to offer in seven appearances.

Style 1 - A boring Steve Davis type image.

Fan.P 0 - Paul who? Exactly.

ATC 1 - Didn't disgrace anyone really.

TOTAL 4 POINTS

Where is he now? Paul did sign for a lower league club in the summer, but he was such a nonentity I've forgotten.

STEVE BLATHERWICK: (1993-94)

Lumbering great donkey of a centre back who played a couple of league games on loan from Notts Forest. He managed to get sent off in one of them

Skills 1 - Your average Foran-type centre-back.

Style 1 - Ugly Scottish Skinhead.

Fan.P 1 - Didn't get much of a chance.

ATC 0 - Very poor. He got sent off in one game and played crap in another.

TOTAL 3 POINTS

Where is he now? Not at Forest anymore, but he is getting sent off for another team 'cos I saw him take someone out on Endsleigh League Extra the other night.

STEVE BROWN: (1993/4 -)

Hurrah - someone good at last. Still a current first teamer, you don't get them much harder than Brownie. One of O'Neill's best signings for the club, like a quality wine, Steve gets better (and nuttier) with age.

Skills 4 - Mostly combative, but some good passing movements.

Style 4 - Man about town, cheeky chap, and he reads TAF (bonus point).

Fan.P 4 - A couple of knockers, but most people love him.

ATC 4 - Many solid performances over the last few seasons. One minus point for poor disciplinary record.

TOTAL 15 POINTS

Where is he now? Alive and Kicking at Adams Park.

PAUL BUCKLE: (1992-3)

Diminutive midfield midget who played three games for the blues. He returned to the capital league team last season. Another loan signing by O'Neill.

Skills 3 - Seemed to have a decent technique.

Style 2 - Your average footballing "Steak and Chips" man.

Fan.P 1 - The lad didn't have much of a chance to bond with the fans.

ATC 1 - He did nothing wrong, but wasn't good enough to get a contract.

TOTAL 7 POINTS

Where is he now? Hanging out with the scum at Col.U.

KIM CASEY: (1991-3)

Something of a non-league legend who signed for the Wanderers in 1991. Despite looking like Dave Carroll's stiff older brother, the man netted his fair share of goals in two seasons, before returning to non league pastures.

Skills 4 - A damn good player, 20 goals in 40 starts proved that.

Style 1 - Not a cool man.

Fan.P 3 - Didn't have them gagging, as there were so many other stars in the team.

ATC 3 - Scored some priceless goals at the start of the championship winning season

TOTAL 11 POINTS

Where is he now? Trading stocks and shares in the city. Probably.

STUART CASH: (1990-1)

Toothless left back who came on a lengthy loan from Nottingham Forest and undoubtedly played a major part in the FA Trophy winning side. However he didn't sign on for the blues in the following summer preferring to grab his medal and run.

Skills 3 - He looked pretty classy throughout his spell.

Style 2 - The mutant brother of Alec Stewart.

Fan.P 2 - The front page Midweek photo won them over, the medal grabbing didn't.

ATC 3 - Helped us out during a dodgy spell.

TOTAL 10 POINTS

Where is he now? Cash's infatuation with precious jewels saw him move to a squat Brighton, where he can often be seen combing the beach with his metal detector.

TONY CLARKE (1993-97)

A former youth player who made his debut as a 17 year old, but failed to live up to his early potential and was released by Gregory last summer. He always looked a bit lightweight and lacked pace for a striker

Skills 2 - Occasionally did the business in the capital league.

Style 1 - No... Very much your man at C&A.

Fan.P 2 - He did have a few admirers who'd shout, "Give bloody Clarky a chance"

ATC 1 - Poor old Tony appeared in more team photos than in first team games.

TOTAL 6 POINTS

Where is he now? Young Anthony has probably decided to go to college and take a diploma in Leisure Studies, and he's no doubt a star performer for his local Sunday league outfit.

GEOFF COOPER (1991-93)

Cheeky cockney chap who had a couple of loan spells under O'Neill, filling that often dubious left-back position. Geoff even managed to get his hands on a pair of medals in the 92/93 double winning side.

Skills 3 - A decent array of defending and attacking skills.

Style 2 - A Capital Radio DJ in the making.

Fan.P 3 - Always game for a laugh with the boys on the woodlands terrace.

ATC 3 - Helped the club and himself to a share of the prime non-league spoils.

TOTAL 11 POINTS

Where is he now? Clubbing it with the ladies in London's hottest night-spots. Or perhaps at The Orchard, Holmer Green.

JASON COUSINS (1991 -)

Well-loved hard man who has been a model of consistency throughout the last few seasons, never giving anything less than his best. Hopefully Jase still has plenty to offer.

Skills 3 - Tough tackling, stout passing defender.

Style 4 - No worries about Jase, whose film star looks have sent some lasses giddy.

Fan.P 5 - After some great seasons Jase has become a true Wycombe favourite.

ATC 4 - Has always done the business when it mattered.

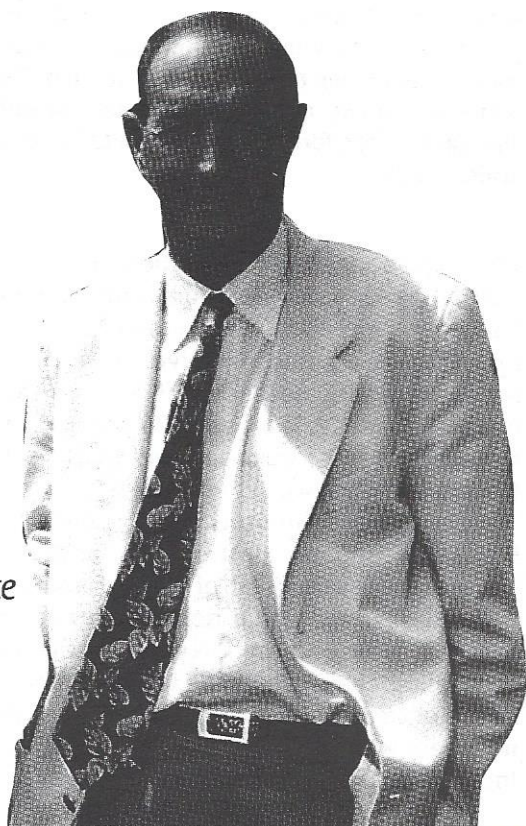
TOTAL 16 POINTS

Where are they now? The man recently signed a new contract, taking him up to 1999.

RAY RETURNS THE FAVOUR



Alan Smith, new youth coach at Fulham - all the best from all your close friends and admirers at Wycombe Wanderers FC. **Next issue** - we congratulate daddy's boy Matt Smith on his new appointment (probably)!



THE TAF TALKING POINT

I remember last season when rumours were abound that top corporate bod Dick Branson was about to take over from King Ivor as chairman, smashing our current share system. I had mixed feelings about the whole deal. Part of me thought that the money would be brilliant as suddenly the Wanderers would be out there spending money willy nilly. However the other part of me envisaged us ending up with a team of couldn't-give-a-toss old pro's just here for a good time. And here lies the dilemma - would you be thrilled if your team, like Fulham, splashed out over a million for a player like Paul Peschisolido, an average forward who is probably little better than Steve McGavin? Personally I get rather more thrilled at the prospect of seeing young players like Mark Stallard, Mo Harkin and Alan Beeton turn into world class gurus, something that probably wouldn't happen with a big spender at the helm.

Sure, some money is essential. It pains me to see that Gregory is unable to buy any more players this season unless he sells someone. Unfortunately this is the downside to our current structure, and occasionally, as like the appalling TV charities Telethon and Children in Need, we appear to be grovelling to the public to make donations. I mean are we really that poor???

Still at the present time I think we should stick with our current structure. It's served us well in recent years, and saved us ending up with bloated overpaid primadonas. But you'd have to be a fool to think that it can stay this way forever. If the Wanderers do harbour ambitions of making it to the top flight, then wages will soon rise over and above the money accumulated on the turnstiles, bars, clubshop etc. making change inevitable. Therefore my advice would be to enjoy the current system and its benefits while you can.

JD

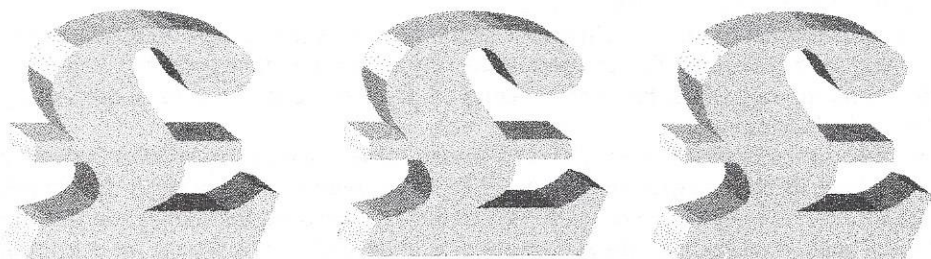
Wycombe's unique constitution has so far worked well for the club. The board have steered the club from non-league to Division 2 and from Loakes Park to Adams Park. Last season they found the money necessary to keep us up. Should we find ourselves in the same position again I'm not so sure the funds would be available. This is not the fault of the board, for it is no mean feat to run a club the size of Wycombe and keep out of the red. We all like to moan about price increases and Mark Austin's corporate whoring, but without them we simply would not survive.

The one quick solution is a rich sugar daddy who pumps money into the club. However, anyone putting up large sums of money would want major involvement, some sort of return, and quick success. As soon as results start going the wrong way a rich investor could either pull out or start wielding the axe. I believe John Gregory is the right man for the job but would a controlling chairman agree if we slipped down the table. There is a worrying trend of managers being sacked and much of this is down to rich board members wanting instant success for their money.

Imagine what would happen to Fulham if Mohammed Al Fayed decide he

wanted a new hobby and pulled out. The club have just brought Paul Peschisolido for £1.2 million and Ian Selley for £500,000. If the club's financier calls it a day who is going to pick up the wage bill for such players. Middlesbrough haven't had much success with an incredibly expensive team and a huge wage bill that could be the ruin of the club. If they fail to get promoted in the next couple of years they will be committed to massive wages, while not generating the sort of money required to sustain them. I would like Wycombe to have a backer who makes a gift, expects little involvement, and has realistic targets for the club. Unfortunately fairy god-mothers like that don't exactly grow on trees.

DP



The share structure at Wycombe harks back of course to our good old non-League roots, which none of us will certainly ever forget, nor should ever be ashamed of I hope. However, progress doesn't come without change, and it certainly seems time to consider giving a less inward-looking method of what is essentially 'business ownership/management' a chance. It won't be without a battle, I'm sure - people resent change and it's like privatisation or selling the family silver - going back is impossible. What Wycombe of course must ensure is that the Club goes to the *right* person - somebody with cash to inject into the Club, but who also has 100% the interests of the Club at heart - a life long millionaire fan would be nice!

I wonder if Ivor Beeks himself has considered taking a personal controlling interest in Wycombe? I don't know how rich he actually is, but judging by the size of his property near Speen and the glut of 'Beeks Homes' boards around Bucks, he could well have the Bugs Bunny to be a serious contender. But will it happen at all? Like Britain's entry to EMU, I feel it won't take place overnight. One share, one vote means that there are many potential traditionalists who might rather keep their stake in the Club. However, if a juicy enough carrot is dangled, the windfall payment to share holders could be too large to resist! Talk of converting shareholders to so called 'Club Members' would, I fear, not be sufficient.

Seeing as my knowledge of business extends to a B-Tec First Certificate in Business Studies from Bucks College, and the (very) occasional read of Mark Austin's stimulating 'Marketing Matters' - I'm probably not best placed to comment on such a matter. Then again my experience of football only extends to being picked last at school, and I comment on that quite regularly so here goes.

Of course, all this share talk is the by-product of us not being able to compete financially with the likes of Fulham, but I ask you this question. Would you want a Mohammed Al-Fayed type as chairman of this football club?

Cast your minds back to the awful scene when Al-Fayed asked a Fulham fan why he was wearing one of their old shirts and not the new one. Instead of telling the millionaire entrepreneur to f*** off and mind his own business, the fan was forced by the presence of the ever fawning media to sheepishly grin whilst promising to buy a new one soon. If Al-Fayed had any of this famous 'rapport with the ordinary fan' we keep hearing about he wouldn't have asked such an embarrassing question.

You could kiss goodbye to John Gregory as well - he simply isn't a big enough celebrity. The boys and girls at London Tonight and in the City of London have probably never heard of him - and so he would be swiftly removed for Paul Gascoigne or someone equally unsuitable, but famous.

And of course, like other great 'friend of the fan' types such as Cap'n Bob Maxwell, when football loses its charm again, or a bigger club becomes available, the sugar daddy will exit stage left, taking his money with him. Which leaves your once again dependent club stuck with the inflated wages of all the ageing stars, who needed compensating for dropping into division two.

I wouldn't rule out a change forever, but for the time being I'll adapt the hippy car sticker of the seventies and say, 'Egotistical philanthropists - No Thanks!'

AD



**IT'S NOT DARREN DAY..... OR BRIAN
MAY..... 'COS SATURDAY NOVEMBER 8TH
IS NOW.....**

BRIAN DAY!

**Come celebrate the return of Brian to first team
action at York City's Bootham Crescent**

kick off 3pm.

Bring a clean sheet! (optional)

THE SELECTOR

Last issue, you may recall the start of a new predict-a-score feature in TAF, which was at best going to be a bit of a space-filler for our bumper Issue 28, but which looks like becoming a regular feature due to the general lack of contributors for this issue - c'est la vie, my leettle Breetish chums. Having said that, Coronation Street was only set to run for 13 weeks when it originally came out, so here's to TAF running into the 2030s!



Back to The Selector - a mysterious group of characters dressed in only black and white who, using a complex set of algorithmic equations plus the best music that early '80s Camden can offer, attempt to assist travelling supporters, club management and the eager yet clueless betting punter alike, with what they think the result and score of Wycombe's matches will be. Trouble is, they've been way out so far - more useless than the Clive Sinclair "Book of Product Marketing", although a good deal cheaper. It seems there's been a flaw with manipulating the data for the equations, so looks like

the technology is going to get the blame - easier to prove than human error and a good excuse to get rid of that old C64.

Yes, the tally to date has been little short of dire. Starting from Fulham at home, we have played eleven matches since, although for the purposes of this exercise ten, due to the recent rearrangement of the Walsall home game. Of these **ten**, we got the result correct in **two** (count 'em!), the score correct in **none**, although we were one goal out in three of the other eight. To be *really* sad, we're actually going to keep a score (as a percentage) this season to see just how close (*more like distant - Ed.*) we get in matches between each issue of TAF. Scoring will be as follows:

- ◆ Score correct - 100%
- ◆ Result correct and **either** one goal out **or** correct margin of victory/defeat - 75%
- ◆ Result correct - 50%
- ◆ One goal away from correct score (regardless of result) - 25%
- ◆ Anything else - 0%

Based on the above number-juggling, we managed a puny (make that 'pony') **17.5%** accuracy rate for September and October's matches having got the result right for Southend (h) and Bristol R (h), as well as being just a goal out against Brentford (a) and Preston (h) - you'd be better off rolling

a dice quite frankly, counting a "6" as nought - try it, if you're totally bored and have no life to speak of.....

Anyhow, those men of intrigue and mystery have come up with the following predictions for the matches to December 26th. Use in earnest at your peril!

LUTON (H) 1/11/97 - Strike a light, Duck, it's freezing cold and November's on us already - a good time of year if you're Martin Taylor or John Corny, less pleasant for stick-insects like Dave Carroll. Luton, by their own under-achieving standards, have had a ropy start to the season. At time of writing, zero away wins, and just a goal a game scored. Will that inspire the Wycombe boys? Nothing so logical. **Final Score: 1-1**

PLYMOUTH (A) 4/11/97 - Have we ever actually won a game at Plymouth - like, ever? I don't remember ever doing so, although never actually having ever been tends to obscure the memory of matches you've never actually been to, especially when you've never actually been there - yourself. Confused? So will all the Wycombe fans be who do actually go there, when those present witness a late Argyle winner - oh, arse!

Final Score: 1-2

YORK CITY (A) 8/11/97 - Hmm, here's another below average team who seem to pull out all the stops out when playing us - gits, why can't you just give us a chance? Well, we won't need it this time, because the lads will take Bootham Crescent by storm and handsomely trounce the Munster Men two without reply. So there.

Final Score: 2-0

FA CUP (I) 15/11/97 - "Ah, the romance of the cup" - a phrase rarely heard uttered by Football League managers on Cup First Round day, when the prospect of a 370 mile round trip to Alnwick Town, through driving sleet and winds strong enough to repoint the Pennines, to play on a pitch resembling the bottom of a recently drained reservoir, doesn't exactly stir the passions. As the draw has yet to be made, we'll try and predict that as well - what exemplary public service!

Cardiff City (H)

Final Score: 2-1

WREXHAM (H) 18/11/97 - Another midweek home thrashing for Wycombe fans to savour, against "the best team in Wales" - a statement which holds about as much water as, "the best sit-com Sue Pollard has ever been in." Another season of mid-table averageness, plus the odd good cup run beckons once again for Wrexham.

Final Score: 4-1

BRISTOL CITY (A) 22/11/97 - The one every Wycombe fan wants to see

Mickey Bell miss two penalties in, score an o.g. off his butt-cheek, get sent off for something he didn't do and then injure himself jogging off the pitch. Fantasy football perhaps? A dour goalless affair is probably nearer the mark.

Final Score: 0-0

BOURNEMOUTH (H) 29/11/97 - Matches with Bournemouth are usually entertaining affairs and the Cherries have had a good start to the season. As usual, the Blues will raise their game for the better teams and win by the odd goal in five, we expect.

Final Score: 3-2

GRIMSBY TOWN (A) 2/12/97 - Nothing like the appeal of a midweek trip in December to Cleethorpes to warm the *cockles* of a Chairboy's heart. (*Hali*)but will the lads make it a worthwhile jaunt? *Net blubbering* likely as a distinctly *fishy* performance from the Blues will leave us stranded like a *beached whale* in Humberside. If only Steve *Guppy* (*stoppit, stoppit, you're killing me!!* - *A reader*) were back.....

Final Score: 0-2



FA CUP (II) 6/12/97 - Long range forecasting in football is like any other type - prone to the erroneous cumulative effects of guesswork and optimistic extrapolations. Nevertheless, it's going to take a bit more than some statistical baloney and a few long words to put The Selector off.

KIDDERMINSTER (A)

Final Score: 3-3

KIDDERMINSTER (H) Replay

Final Score: 3-1

OLDHAM (H) 13/12/97 - As alluded to last issue, the Blues have an excellent record against 'new' Football League teams (from our perspective), so expect this to continue against the Latics, who, let's face it, never recovered a few seasons ago from the dual striking loss of Roger 'Marijuana' Palmer and Frankie Bunn. Another fine Wycombe win beckons.

Final Score: 1-0

MILLWALL (A) 20/12/97 - Remember last season's display in Sarf East Landun? No - we'd rather forget it as well. This season's fare will be a lot better, as the Blues scrap for a well deserved draw. New Den - New Wycombe - No Desouza. Or Cheesewright for that matter.

Final Score: 1-1

"There's Only One David Jason!"

If there's one subject that's guaranteed to crop up in any correspondence between yourselves and ourselves, it's that reliable old request, 'Why don't you have more player profiles?'

Well isn't that blatantly obvious? When has anything of even the vaguest interest ever cropped up in a player profile? When has controversy ever raised its ugly but much needed face? And more importantly - when has any footballer not selected 'Only Fools and Horses' as their favourite TV programme?

Now before we continue, I should declare an almost irrational hatred of David Jason - a hatred that stemmed from being forced to watch the tragic 'Open All Hours'. This objectionable series - built around a shopkeeper who stuttered whenever he saw anything that vaguely resembled a pair of breasts, and used the word melon a lot (ha ha) - is the prime reason for my hatred - along with the execrable catchphrase 'Lovely Juubley'.

Sure, Fools and Horses isn't the worst TV Programme ever, but why on earth does every player from aging professional to youthful diamond select it as the greatest?

Below, our team of academic experts will attempt, through a question and answer forum, to 'deconstruct' the society entrenched myths that influence the thought selection process of today's professional footballers - or something like that anyway.....

Why do they all love 'Only Fools & Horses'?

As football became big business during the eighties, the traditional working class male supporter became more and more marginalised, and the professional footballer became more and more affluent - much to the chagrin of the working class supporter. In 1986 England captain Bryan 'captain marvel' Robson realised that the average professional was losing touch with his roots and thus the average supporter. In between flashing his tackle around at the Orchard Nightclub and popping the joints of his shoulder, Robson, in a secret missive to all professional footballers, instructed players to list OF&H's as their favourite programme so that supporters would think that despite their vast wages, they had a feeling for the common man, realistically represented by David Jason et al.

Hmm, OK. But how do you explain today's young stars still loving a programme that is well past its sell-by date?

Robson marshalled a posse of senior professionals (led by Terry 'bled for his country' Butcher, to enforce the ruling. Butcher, aided and abetted by money supplied by Jason, recruited 'hard man' players, to ensure that youth team players toed the line. This still goes on today throughout English football.

Most Wycombe players seem to have been influenced - do you know who the first Wycombe 'enforcer' was?

On moving to Adams Park, it was well known in certain circles that

PROFIT-TEASING, SPACE- SQUEEZING, PEART- PLEASING CAPITALISM

The trouble with most stewards at football matches the country over is that they're mostly just ordinary fans like you or I. OK, so they may have had a little coaching to show what the drill is for a fire or mass evacuation, but do they really have any clout? This lack of any effective authority at the ground was made only too apparent in the recent Bristol Rovers home game. Paul Lewis of Chairboys On The Net gives his views on the affair.

A number of Wycombe supporters were rightly furious that several Bristol Rovers fans were allowed relatively easy access to the Valley End terrace during the recent game at Adams Park. Stewards were verbally criticised and at least one Wycombe supporter was reported to have found their way to Chairman Ivor Beeks' seat in the Directors' area to voice their disgust.

The confrontation occurred when the Hillbottom Road end, allocated for away fans and with a capacity of a little over a thousand, was deemed 'full' (*even though I could see more than enough empty seats for them myself - Ed.*) close to kick-off. The Rovers fans then had the option of queuing again for a £14 ticket and one more time to enter the Main Stand area, or of walking to the opposite end of the ground and paying £9 on the gate with very little delay. A group of between 20 and 30 Rovers fans took the latter option, and who's to say Wycombe fans wouldn't have chosen the same method given a similar situation at an away ground?



Thankfully, the whole episode passed off without serious trouble despite baiting by both sets of fans and no police presence at the game. Despite polite insistence from stewards in the Valley End to find space elsewhere, the Rovers fans refused to budge. They were eventually moved into the Main Stand area, but not before

half-time, by which point many Wycombe fans, especially the younger children and women at the front, had already had their afternoon spoiled.

This latest fiasco fuels the arguments against both the anti-away fan pricing policy at Wycombe and the decision to have virtually no police presence at ordinary league matches. The lack of capacity for large numbers of away fans following the seating of the Hillbottom Road end in the summer of 1996 has compromised the safety of some fans at the expense of blatant profiteering by WWFC Ltd. Wycombe fans will remember similar chaotic scenes from the games with Fulham this season, as well as Reading (Coca-Cola Cup), Watford and Plymouth last year.

Following this latest affair, it's surely only a matter of time before there is a serious incident to report? It's all very well the Club saying that more money is made when the away following is less than a thousand, but for the occasions when demand exceeds this, the aggravation and the need for a better ticketing allocation system counteracts the financial advantage, but more importantly, it puts supporters at risk for no valid reason. Chairboys On The Net (e-mail: chairboys@compuserve.com) and TAF would be interested to hear your views on the subject, and first hand accounts of this and similar situations to date.



THE PRIME CAUSE OF ALL THE AGGRO

PUNTERS PAGE

This issue's randomly selected top punter is.....

Name:

Peter Jameson.

Age:

26

Wycombe fan since:

My first game was in the mid seventies. We beat Leytonstone something like 4-3 and I only saw one goal. I've been a regular fan for about ten years.

Favourite ever Wycombe player:

Steve Guppy. the man is the best crosser of a ball I've seen.

Worst Ever Player:

Trevor Aylott, utter shite (enough said).

How can the matchday programme be improved:

For starters I'd get rid of those photo's of the author of each page. Secondly, I'd give 'Marketing Matters' the boot and just leave it as a blank page. That would still be better than Mark Austin's ramblings.

Which Wycombe player would you prefer to share a pint with in the pub:

Paul Read because he's a ginger so I'd look good next to him and pull loads of birds.

If you could re-name The Centre Spot what would you call it:

"The Parkin Arms". It could be a Brian theme pub with plastic pint glasses and a rubber floor.

What would you like to see on sale in the Club Shop:

Porn please.

A fight breaks out between John Gregory and Richard Hill - who wins:

Hill looks harder but I reckon he's a bit soft at heart. Gregory looks a bit handy and his tactical know-how should see him win on points.

Corny - messiah or muppet:

A muppet with occasional messiah-onic qualities.

We've drawn Basingstoke in the FA cup first round - what's the score:

We must beat them but I can see a dreadfully dull game which we win two nil. The second goal will be scored with about three minutes to go. Mark Austin's pants will be filling if we lose this one.

The new DJ, what's your opinion:

Arse, arse and treble arse. The man is ignorant about football and plays the most god-awful music I've ever heard. Has he bought any records since 1982?

....AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Reading some Wycombe reports these days makes me wonder if (a) the reporters actually go to the games, or (b) those concerned have a optical prescription for permanent rose-tinted glasses! The local press aside, I have come across two match reports this season, which, had we actually played well in and/or won, would surely have seen the scribes in question get so overcome with emotion that the report would have never emerged!

The two games I'm thinking of were the Carlisle home debacle and the desperately unthrilling display in incessant drizzle at Gillingham. As far as I'm concerned, the former was our worst display of the season so far (and a deserved stuffing), the latter quite the most tedious game I've seen in many moons, and hardly the improvement over last season that so many claimed it was! For the neutral, the Gillingham game was a total dirge and consisted of Wycombe defending gamely for most of the time, but spurning the best actual chances themselves (of course), and then waiting for the even more inevitable Gillingham winner - although they were playing every bit as crap as us, you just knew they would sneak one somewhere. All in all, a damned depressing afternoon.



Those of you with an e-mail address may well be on Nick W's "Wycombe Wanderers Mail Account" (send a note to: wwfcinfo@planet7.demon.co.uk for details) - a generally excellent service automatically sending out match reports of each game, as well as any other important Chairboys news. I have to take him to task with his report of the Gillingham game, however, which was magnamous on Wycombe's behalf to say the least! OK - we got slashed on all afternoon and it's a non-view from that 'quaint' away terrace, but does anyone who went agree with: "Gillingham missed numerous chances on goal, the main culprit being striker Akinbiyi missing some sitters...." er - like when? Taylor made very few saves, and Akinbiyi was by far their most dangerous player anyway. Later, though, he mentions that: "Not all bad news, Wycombe played hard and were unlucky." On what front, exactly? Apart from Stallard hitting the post, we looked as dangerous as a Neil Morrissey chat-up line, and based on quality and amount of possession, we should have been stuffed. We

did not "play hard", although the fact that our brave soldiers kept running for a full 90 minutes in all that horrible rain does deserve some mention of praise - yes, well done, Wycombe!

Worse than that was the report on the official Club Internet pages, the informative but uninspiring "Wycombe Wanderers Football Club Official Web Site" (<http://www.wycombewanderers.co.uk>), which gives news and information from the club, and is handy if you forgot to buy a programme from the previous home game, because that is largely what it's based around.



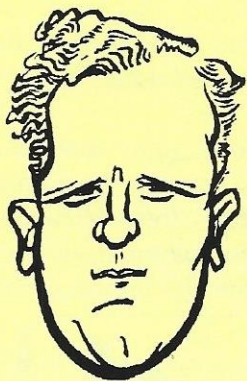
For the Carlisle game, in which we performed every bit as badly as in many games last season, the Club seemed to skirt around the fact that we were atrocious in all departments (except penalty conversion) and focused on our first defeat at home since Boxing Day 1996. ".....Carlisle United, who parted company with their manager during the week, managed to score 2 goals in each half to stun the 6,018 crowd." Yes, they 'managed' it all by themselves - without any help from our non-existent defence or uncreative attacks. "In the second half, Wanderers were the more dominant of the two sides but were unable to find a way through the resilient Carlisle defence." Sorry - you were at a different match, perhaps in a parallel universe to ours, because I don't remember Wycombe dominating anything apart from the referee's notebook.

This leads us on to the whole subject of reporting in general - should it be a factual account of the game as it really happened, or do reporters, based on the premise that a good deal of them may have some allegiance to Wycombe anyway, have a duty to 'sell' the Club up a bit? For certain, the Wycombe Official Web Site is bound to be a bit biased in order to show potential visitors that Adams Park is the best place to come and watch football, however the cheery, happy-go-lucky nature of match analyses leaves a little to be desired. It is simply misleading to gloss over the fact that we played like a team destined for relegation - propaganda that Goebbels would have been proud of!



Reg Timberlake's

Memoirs



Bloody Hell, It's been getting a bit chilly lately. The other evening at the Walsall game I wore a sweater for the first time this season. I'd have been all right in my shirt sleeves, but my old dear reckoned I'd catch a chill.....daft bint, there's no pleasing them is there? It got me thinking though, about my championship winning season in 1930/31, where we played games in all sorts of conditions.

One Saturday morning I woke up with 12 feet snow drifts barricading me into my humble cottage. We didn't have any of this flash teletext communication lark in those days, so I got my arse out of the sack and got my kit bag ready. It took me two hours to walk to Loakes Park as the snow was coming up to my bloody brass monkeys. I didn't care though because I was a Wycombe boy through and through and I knew the rest of the team were. Anyhow, I got to the ground and all the lads were there shovelling snow off the pitch - just in time for kick off.....Now I'll ask you - would you see that today? Can you imagine those lard arses Cornforth and Taylor with their best shovel out, doing their bit for the club. No - and even those YTS mascots don't know what to do with a pitch fork, they just stand around tapping the turf at half time. What are you waiting for you peasants, Father bloody Christmas? Also, how many of you saw that Chelsea game the other night? A sprinkle of frost on the pitch and the manager gets his knickers in a twist. Our boys in 1930 would have played through an avalanche, and win or lose, we'd have ended up with a smile on our faces. Whatever's happened to the fun in football?

Anyhow, onto other matters. Football is a game for men, we all know that. So how do you think I felt when I heard that the changing rooms at Adams Park have a, wait for it, shower room!!!! Worse still, its not just one shower, but a load of them all in the same room. Jesus, whatever next! If any of my team stood around dangling their private parts in my face I'd have had punched their lights out. Back at Loakes Park we only had one shower, which you used if you'd accidentally fallen in some cow's shite. This only came about because a local farmer used his cows to keep the grass in trim.

No, I was never a shower man. I think that it's all part of this new football poofter image that's all the fashion in this day and age. Funnily enough I'm worried about my grandson at the moment. My good lady wife's just bought him some "Team England" aftershave for his birthday which makes him smell like a girl. She says he's just growing up, but I ask you - whatever next, he'll be wearing an earring I suspect. I'm telling you its a sick world we live in when a man has to look like a woman. And as for me personally, well I'd bring back the damn birch, that'll teach them. Until next time.....*REG TIMBERLAKE*