

THE ADAMS FAMILY

THE PREMIER FANZINE
OF WYCOMBE WANDERERS FC

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80 PENCE

**"Listen, lend us that tenner
or I'll do the other one!"**



Is Dave's gambling out of control???

THE ADAMS FAMILY

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Yes, it's true. You join us for the penultimate issue of Wycombe's number one fanzine, now that a retirement date has been fixed. But stop crying - no really - for TAF won't be leaving without a bang. In short, our next issue is going to be the mother of all Wycombe fanzines - yes, even better than Rhubarb Rhubarb and Britain's first ever invisible fanzine, One-One!

So, if you've constantly put off the chance of TAF literary fame, it's time to get cracking with that article you've always wanted to do. Get it down and send it to us on one of our many mediums and we'll go out with a bang!

Cheers for your support once again, and please someone, fill the hole once we're gone.

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The Logbook

26/12/97

In front of **Graham Taylor's** gormless army, Wanderers triumph 0-0 in a match that confirms that either serious gate fiddling goes on at Wycombe or the club gives away rather too many complimentarys. And if the latter is correct, isn't that rather bad financial business **Mr Peart**? Also, the **Wanderers In Stand** (like it!) clubshop seems to have suffered at the hands of ram-raiders (**Cornforth's** mates from Swansea perhaps?) **Tim Arnold's** name is called over the PA, but the mystery is not solved. Rumours abound the **Vere Suite** that **Arnold & Austin (BA)** have been spotted hanging around an Easyjet check-in desk at **Gatwick** wearing Wanderers Bronx hats and **Bluey Breakthrough** t-shirts. Meanwhile in the very same bar, manager **Mick 'The so called Fish'** closes early without resorting to his usual dinner dance bullshit. Sadly Wanderers dump the entertaining kids penalty competition in favour of a very dull 10 minute advert for a **local motor dealer**. But good lord, the next event is rumoured to involve 'the kiddies friend' **Ronald McDonald** taking part in a penalty shoot-out with **Bluey the Swan**. Quite how the atrocious clown (Ronald that is) manages to be the friend of the children when he pays their mothers and fathers a pittance to work in his 'resteraunts' is quite beyond us if not to Wycombe Wanderers. **TAF** is referred to by at least 4 punters before the game as 'the official fanzine'. Ta very much - we should think so too!

27/12/97

It's a busy day at the sales as consumers besiege even the crap stores of Wycombe in their thousands. Sadly, it seems that Nick Faldo endorsed **Mizuno** fashion is not top of the pops with the Buckinghamshire public, as **Wanderers in Town** remains embarrassingly empty. No doubt **Mark Austin** will soon appear helping the **BFP** to

prolong its tedious **Positive Parking** whining by claiming the shop to be its latest victim.

28/12/97

Wycombe fans certainly do love to be beside the seaside after the blues win 2-1 at **Southend**. **Martin Taylor** is delighted to find a goalkeeper other than **Jim Stannard** who is lardier than himself. The man? **Neville Southall**! Sadly though, a torrential downpour stops your super-fit **TAF** crew from an 'end of the pier and back' race. **Paul Read** returns from the dead and plays as if.... er, dead? A glum looking **Jason Cousins** is spotted trawling the terrace, *sans* sprog & missus - and at half time is seen slumped against a brick wall affecting what can only be described as an imitation of Shakin Stevens' pose on the front of his 80's classic 'This Ole House' (ahem). Only two Wycombe fans have the shame to be seen wearing '**Santa is a Wanderers Fan**' hats. You can probably guess who they are - the only two adults in Blighty who still believe **Santa** exists!

2/01/98

John Gregory sentences the public to another blank Saturday by refusing to entertain **York City** on the 3rd. It's all to give his players an extended break though, and nothing to do with the fact that **York** are quite good at the moment, and we'd rather knacker them out with a long midweek trip instead. **Mark Austin** attempts to reveal why the **Watford** gate was so low in the **BFP**, but with 8,700 tickets issued and 600 of those staying at home, it's still beyond **TAF** where exactly those extra 1,900 would have been situated. Still in the **BFP**, **Gregory** demonstrates great sensitivity when questioned about his £500 fine by the **FA**. 'I've seen rapists get less than what I've been fined', opined the gaffer, delighting women everywhere with his enlightened views.

3/01/98

That free Saturday turns out to be a blessing as Blighty suffers torrential rain and howling winds. **Stevenage Borough** fans suffer the grimmest conditions on **Swindon's** infernal away end, but are cheered by a rocket strike from none other than the next Paul Ince, **Jason 'Solly'**

Soloman! High winds inspire **Tel Evans'** Kingstonian to a 5-0 victory, with disabled badge holder **Matt Crossley** helping himself to a rare strike. Elsewhere, **TAF** twin team **Dorchester Town** triumph 3-0 in front of 800 gagging bumpkins, and rise to 3rd place in the **Doc Martens League Premier**. Meanwhile Wanderers midfielder **Michael Simpson** is featured in the medical section of the **Sunday People** suffering from a rare disorder that **TAF** has never heard of. However our resident quack **Dr Willie Proctor** says, 'Sokaadysmal is unusual in professional footballers, but our last two sufferers **Jason Soloman** and **Brian McGorry** have recovered enough to withstand the rigours of the non-league game.' **Dr Proctor** says that the medical world is split as to wheether or not the disease is contagious, but confirms **Corny** and **Paul Read** have been sent for tests, '...just in case.'

10/1/98

Wanderers do the double against **Wigan**, by playing like insipid pillocks. But worse still is **Ronald McDonald's** half-time shoot-out appearance. Even worse than **TAF** previously imagined, the red-haired turd attempted high comedy but ended up patronising kids and boring the crowd to death. Next to Ronald's dismal clowning, **Bluey** gained his/her first cred points from us by saving shots with his/her ample beer gut!

13/1/98

The last place you'd expect a cash till shortage would be in loaded **Fulham**, but your **TAF** contributor missed the first 15 minutes trying to find one, only to discover one right next to the tube station he had started from! Hence, no comment can be made on the apparantly dodgy **Fulham** opener, but joy was returned to the hardy travellers when **Henman Harkin** equalised. Sadly cup glory was thwarted by **Martin Taylor's Ronald McDonald** impersonations. A note to **Mr Fayed** - stop giving free tickets away to local schools. Our man was approached by no less than three juvenilles trying to tout their free tickets for outrageous sums (well, five pounds). Hurry up with those curfews **Mr Straw** before society implodes!

14/1/98

Ex-Wanderer **Stewart Castledine** appears again on Channel 4's **Under the Moon**, and mentions **Simon Garner's** split short shame at **Bradford City** in the early days of the **Smith** reign, as one of his funniest moments on the football field.

17/1/98

No midget touts today at Fulham, but criminal activity abounds as **Alan Smith** fills his programme page with all manner of untruths about the great players he signed for Wycombe. Sadly, all those he mentioned were signed by **Steve Walford** the tab puffing genius left-back. Thankfully the blues ruin the balding toss-pot's day by holding firm for a creditable 0-0. Wycombe based listeners to **1170am** hear cult hero **Alan Hutchinson** laying into the **Smithster** with some grade 'A' abuse - top man!

20/1/98

Cup glory remains in the offing as Wanderers progress nearer towards the chance of meeting **Milton Keynes Borough** at **Flackwell Heath's** palatial stadium after brushing aside **Bracknell Town**. Of course, now that **Milton Keynes** is a Unitary Authority with autonomy from **Buckinghamshire**, there are rumours that the 'boro may have already been kicked out of the tournament. **Bucks County Council** were stumped, and the **Berks & Bucks FA** were unavailable for comment on such a controversial issue.

24/1/98

The day begins with the surreal sight of **Jason 'Ince' Soloman** on **Football Focus** being compared to another England midfielder - this time **David Batty**. **TAF** is moved to remark that a hybrid of these two would hardly be eking out a living as a data-inputter on £4 an hour with **Blue Arrow** and playing in the **Conference**!

The **BFP** reveals that a 'discarded' Wanderers youth player is about to fetch £75,000 for **Farnborough**. **TAF** lays odds that you'll never hear of the man again. Tragically, no matter how much **Paul Read** and **Dave Peters** of the **BFP** campaign, the ginger striker fails again to get another chance, as **Gregory** sticks with junior choice **Henman Harkin**, who scores again, along with **Mark Stallard** who breaks his lengthy goal drought. Also, midfielder **Michael**

Simpson proves his bout of **Sokkadysmal** has been well treated by **Dr Proctor**, after a corking display against **Blackpool**.

Alan Hutchinson reaches deity levels as the decent version of the half-time entertainment returns. Obviously carried away by the kids antics, the purveyor of **Mr & Mrs** style crystal decanters caterwauls with some gusto a tunesless 'Happy Birthday' tribute to shamed groundsman **Jim Gardener**. Possibly the worst singing at **Adams Park** since local **Elvis** nostalgia parody **Billy Bonqua** sang his on pitch song about people from **Halifax** coming down to see Wycombe in division three!

27/11/98

Secretary **John Reardon** appeals in the **Midweek** for the return of a missing number 5 shirt after a charity football match. **TAF** says 'Watch out watch out, **Pete Lansley's** about!'

30/11/98

Living legend **Jason Cousins** puts in for a transfer request after being left to the terraces in recent weeks. However, unlike certain former stars he shows a great slice of dignity - but **Gregory** states it's not all over yet for one of our Conference survivors. A sunny day in Wycombe clearly riles ginger topped **Paul Read**. Clearly amazed that his double strike in the **B&B** hasn't led to: A) First team recall B) England B squad admission C) Multi-million tug-of-war between **Manchester United** and **Inter Milan** - the low octane, better than Bergkamp striker hints he may have to look elsewhere. **TAF** suggests the many sides in the **Wycombe Combination** as a good starting point. **Dave Peters** reveals that ex-Eastender **Sophie Lawrence** has turned into a journo for quality weekly **The News of the World**. The worst actor to appear on the 'Mockney' soap since the bloke who played Turkish cafe proprietor **Ali Osman** (Sample dialogue: 'Sue, Mehmet, Sue!') apparantly begged to cover Wycombe in her aim to cover the **World Cup** in France. **TAF** wishes this talented individual all the very best.

31/11/98

Wanderers gain a creditable 0-0 at in form **Carlisle**, but **Mickey Simpson** is sent off. Elsewhere tragedy strikes as ex-keeper **Paul Hyde** breaks his leg playing for **Leyton**

Orient. Amazingly the injury stems from a 50-50 challenge between the gravel throated custodian and ex Wanderers 'Wing Wizard' **John Williams**. Then the referee allows play to continue and **Exeter** score a goal while **Hyde** lies stricken on the edge of the box. **TAF** wonders, with the greatest respect, what hurt West London's hardest man most - the busted leg or losing a 50-50 challenge? Recover soon old boy.

2/2/98

It's **Groundhog day!** But nothing happens.

3/2/98

Having spent most of the last two years jumping off the Wanderers bandwagon, a **BFP** journo attempts to jump back on by filling his page in the **Midweek** with the **Henman Harkin** observation. The only **BFP** journo you'll see at **Adams Park** outside of cup finals and promotion deciders is **Dave Peters** and he's a bloody **Exeter** fan! **TAF** is just sour 'cos we noticed it first but will publish it last - bastards!

4/2/98

As the media goes **Stevenage** crazy, housewives, students, the unemployed, and company executives are treated to **Simon Stapleton** dropping a bread roll on **ITN's** lunchtime news. Sadly their two Mars Bars and a can of coke striker (yeah right, **Barry Fry** would want at least ten of them) is injured, and **Jason 'Ince Batty Robson McMahon Chopper Harris Vinny Jones Deadhardbastardhaveyerlegsoff'** **Soloman** is banned. Owing to the latter's suspension, the **Newcastle Health Trust** is able to cancel plans to fly **specialist American doctors** in to help with the expected carnage.

Meanwhile, **Adams Park** comes within 400 yards of TV fame when **Channel 4's Mark Thomas Comedy Product** visits Wanderers sponsors **Monsanto**, armed with a **cow**, a **Vietnam Veteran**, and a **Texan farmer!**

7/02/98

Brentford turn up at **Adams Park** with all the ambition of Wycombe when they're away from home. In short, such is the level of on pitch thrills that counting the cows/sheep/prairie buffalo on the other side of the valley proves to be infinitely more rewarding.

10/02/98

Wanderers news remains thin on the ground. Just what will they put in thrilling new publication **'The Quarterman'**? Adverts one suspects. **Mark Austin** claims in **Blues News** that Wanderers need a publication that enables them to communicate with the fans - good to see you've finally admitted the programme & the afore mentioned publication are just tedious ad rags Mark!

Rumours sweep the stands at **Northampton** that **John Gregory** is **George Graham** as **Wycombe** treat the faithful to another dose of negativity, ending in a 2-0 defeat. The highlight of the match is provided at half-time when a **deeply sad pair of costumed individuals** play out a low budget penalty pantomime that makes **Wycombe's Ronald & Bluey** effort look positively inspired. But don't worry - it's all for charity, and thus its inherent shittiness is forgiven!

12/02/98

The **Walthamstow Guardian** reveals that **Leyton Orient** have banned injured keeper **Paul Hyde** from attending this Saturday's match, imploring him to rest at home.

13/02/98

Steve Brown is blamed by **John Gregory** for the defeat at **Northampton**, after his disparaging remarks on **Ringin' the Blues** about the **Cobblers** being, ahem, a load of cobblerers are used to inspire the midlanders. And there was us thinking it had something to do with abysmal tactics!

14/02/98

It's welcome home as **Paul Hyde** is spotted resting in the bar before the game! Blimey, Wanderers fans find life almost relaxing as their team coasts to a 2-0 lead over in-form **Burnley**. **Wycombe Hospital** receives a number of phone calls from concerned fans with mobile phones that **Keith Scott** is actually about to die from a lack of fitness, and an **RSPCA** van is turned away by a beady eyed steward. Despite a late revival **Wycombe** hold on for a notable result (in other words, a win). Shockingly, **Gregory** chooses **Valentines day** to end his love affair with bloated ball juggler **John Cornforth** - sending the Welsh wizard/wazzock off to **Fry** land to join medically diagnosed bed wetter **Dave Farrell** and **Miguel DeLoser**.

20/02/98

The **BFP** reveals that **Keith Ryan** has signed one of **John Gregory's** new 'Pay as You Play' contracts. Bearing in mind **Rhino's** injury problems it makes his loyalty even more touching. **TAF** believes the concept of these new contracts are admirable, but suspects that there will be even fewer new signings at **Wycombe** - if that's possible! Just imagine if these sort of contracts were already in place - **Brian Parkin** would probably be reduced to selling lucky heather in **Wycombe bus garage**, and grabbing a cuppa in that lovely cafe every other day as a treat! **Gregory** also informs **Carroll & Brown**, two individuals who have proved their loyalty to the **Wycombe** cause some million times over, that if they don't like the new contracts they can clear off - to be replaced by who exactly John?

Grown adults cry in pain as they contemplate the horror of aging perm merchant **Jeremy Goss** signing for **Wycombe**. Please **Ivor**, make the bad man go away!

21/02/98

TAF misses the away draw at **Preston** to produce this rag you hold in your hands, and are thus left with **Alan 'It's in - no it isn't' Hutchinson** on 1170am for solace. **Mr H** livened (?) up a dull first half by using the airwaves as a Wanderers marketing device, much to the joy of Messrs. **Peart & Austin** no doubt. **Paul Read** co-commentates after another dropping and uses the word 'gaffer' over 50 times in 90 minutes, breaking all known records. **Hutch** trails exciting new publication **'The Quarterman'** (everything that should be in the programme but isn't because of adverts) by claiming that it will be better than **Blues News**. So would Nuclear destruction be mate, but it doesn't actually mean it's what the public want!

Deciding that **'The Quarterman'** sounds more like a magazine for American Footballers or patrons of certain dodgy branches of Freemasonry, **TAF** decides to retire from the world of publishing at the end of this season. Thus, should **WWFC** want to take our name for their magazine, a cheque for £500 payable to **Dave Chapman** will suffice. You can rest assured that absolutely none of this money will find its way to a charity!

PAGE SEVEN FELLA



TAF's Alternative Stats Page

Well not the most fruitful period in the clubs history, but at least we're getting closer to the comfort zone. What has become obvious though is that the player of the season award is looking so far to be a four-horse race. For sheer consistency my bet is on Paul McCarthy, but there's still plenty of games left for "out of ammo" goal-machine Scotty and Jesus "flip-flops in front of goal" Carroll to come back into the reckoning. Come on and play for pride!

Watford (H) D 0-0 **Steve McGavin** - Showed Turnip-head's lumpen oafs a thing or two about skilful football.

Southend (A) W 2-1 **Michael Forsyth** - Brucie is honoured at last for his uncompromising defending, coupled with some unusually fine distribution.

Wigan (H) L 1-2 **Keith Ryan** - Covered for all Mohan's gaffs, and in turn kept the scoreline respectable with some high-class defending.

Fulham (A) L 1-3 **Mo Harkin** - Wycombe's own 'Henman' look-alike scored again at the cottage and looked generally fleet of foot during this cup defeat.

Fulham (A) D 0-0 **Michael Simpson** - A McGavin-esque career revival performance from the midland midget, out-tackling even Steve Brown!

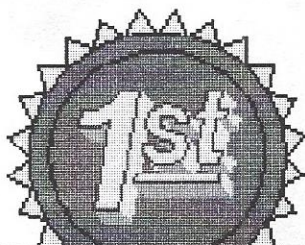
Blackpool (H) W 2-1 **Steve McGavin** - Ran the show between midfield and the front-line. Expect Alan Smith to claim the credit for this fine performance.

Carlisle (A) D 0-0 **Nicky Mohan** - Cor blimey, our Nick actually looked like a decent centre-back. A hint of things to come perhaps?

Brentford (H) D 0-0 **Paul McCarthy** - Macca was solid as a rock in defence. Passing, heading, tackling, dribbling.....the man has it all.

Northampton (A) L 0-2 **Steve Brown** - One of a few players whose commitment couldn't be faulted as he wound up his one-time supporters.

Burnley (H) W 2-1 **Paul McCarthy** - An example in faultless defending with a vital goal to boot. Why is this man not in the Eire squad?



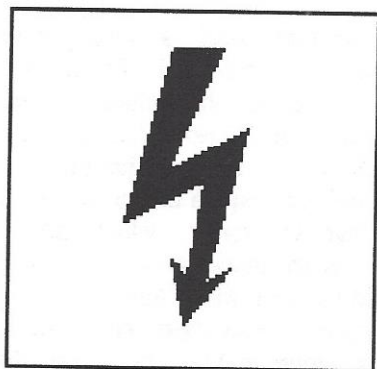
TAF Man of the Match AWARDS

Hall of Fame

Steve McGavin	6 MOM
Steve Brown	6 MOM
Mark Stallard	4 MOM
Paul McCarthy	4 MOM
Keith Scott	2 MOM
Dave Carroll	2 MOM
John Cornforth	2 MOM
Keith Ryan	2 MOM
Mo Harkin	2 MOM
Nicky Mohan	2 MOM
Jason Cousins	1 MOM
Martin Taylor	1 MOM
Michael Forsyth	1 MOM
Alan Beeton	1 MOM
Michael Simpson	1 MOM

Oh dear. Just as Brownie gets congratulated on his clean play, out come the cards willy-nilly for the lad. Still at least Nicky Mohan has managed to clean up his act a bit, the burly stopper moving two places down the chart....

THE LIVEWIRES



<u>Name</u>	<u>Yellow</u>	<u>Red</u>
Steve Brown	10	0
Paul McCarthy	6	1
Nicky Mohan	6	0
Jason Cousins	6	0
Michael Forsyth	5	0
Jason Kavanagh	4	0
John Cornforth	3	1
Micky Simpson	3	1
Keith Ryan	3	0
Mark Stallard	3	0
Keith Scott	3	0
Steve McGavin	2	0
Alan Beeton	2	0
Martin Taylor	1	1
Dave Carroll	1	0
Mo Harkin	1	0

The Dave Carroll fair play awards



It is somewhat ironic that I should be doing this column in the month when I received a £500 fine and a one match ban for comments made to a referee. (Too bloody right pal, you're fired. If you can't set an example to the kids of today and players of tomorrow, then we'll have to scrap this section. You should be ashamed man.....fuming ed)

THE NETBUSTERS..

Mark Stallard	14 Strikes
Keith Scott	9 Strikes
John Cornforth	7 Strikes
Steve McGavin	4 Strikes
Paul Read	4 Strikes
Mo Harkin	3 Strikes
Steve Brown	2 Strikes
Jason Kavanagh	1 Strike
Keith Ryan	1 Strike
Paul McCarthy	1 Strike



O'Neills Signings A-Z

Part Three



In part three of this series we find ourselves looking at the players Martin O'Neill signed with letters G-L. For interests of space and time I have decided to not include the loan signings such as Perm-headed Pete Johnson, Jug-eared Lee Hodges and dustman David Scope etc. So you'll have to make

up your own minds about their respective talents. A quick re-cap on how it works: the players are given a score out of five in four categories, which are as follows....**Skills**...pretty self-explanatory this one, was the player blessed with god-like attributes or was he a total ass(hole)? **Style**...did he cause Mark Austin to fill his trunks with picture and poster sales or was he a greasy pike? **Fan Popularity**...Did we love him or hate him? **ATC (Aid The Cause)**...Was it more or less down to him that WWFC is where it is today? Step forth king of comedy Mr Dennis Greene

DENNIS GREENE: (1991-93)

Pacey striker who on his day was one of the best strikers in the league but on another day showed definite Sunday football traits. A young cockney Simon Garner clone, Dennis was certainly partial to plenty of cigarettes and alcohol and nubile girls which may have led to his downfall.....I mean what happened to the man.

Skills 3 - Scored goals from all angles and at all ranges...well 13 anyway.

Style 4 - Cocky but affable with it. Loved to celebrate with panache.

Fan.P 3 - His off-pitch comedy performances lent him some notoriety.

ATC 2 - Scored some decent goals in the season we got pipped by Col.U

TOTAL 12 POINTS

Where is he now? Probably peddling filthy videos in some seedy soho store while he waits for his big break into the world of comedy.

HAKAN HAYRETTIN: (1993-94)

Tough tackling Turk who was always keen to mix it with the opposing midfielders. He will surely go down in Wanderers folk-lore for his 40-yard screamer away at Preston.

Skills 3 - Decent distribution and tackling masked a lack of pace.

Style 3 - Craig Charles look-alike, with a hint of Jason Soloman.

Fan.P 3 - Always tried hard which goes down a treat with us bumpkins.

ATC 2 - Never really got a long run in the team to do the business.

TOTAL 11 POINTS

Where is he now? Haky is turning out for some non-league outfit, and works part-time in the Fish and Chip 'restaurant' outside Kings Cross station.

TONY HEMMINGS: (1993-94)

Extremely quick winger/forward who was devastating at times and could have surely played at a higher level if he was more applied and consistent. His downfall came when he was caught pissed behind the wheel and decided to have a fight in some stinging nettles with the rozzer trying to arrest him. Oh dear.....Martin O'Neill was not best-pleased.

Skills 4 - His dazzling pace often hoodwinked ropery conference centre-backs.

Style 4 - Smooth criminal Hemmo jazzed up a few promotional items.

Fan.P 3 - Most fans kept the faith, but quite a few gave him the "lazy bastard" tag.

ATC 3 - Scored some important goals, none better than the brace against Crewe.

TOTAL 14 POINTS

Where is he now? Sitting on the subs bench at Hednesford Town and selling dodgy motors part-time.

DUNCAN HORTON: (1993-94)

Not to be confused with the maniac who used to manage Huddersfield Town, Duncan was a solid defender who would play well and then be cursed with all manner of injuries.

Skills 3 - No frills, but all the basics for a defender.

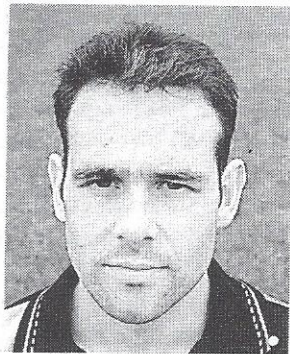
Style 3 - Pleasant young man who you could take home to your granny.

Fan.P 2 - Never really got anyone too excited.

ATC 2 - Did a decent enough job for half a season in division three.

TOTAL 10 POINTS

Where is he now? Duncan is working in "Suits You" in Watford, where he is often seen in uncompromising positions with his length of tape.



DUNCAN HORTON

TERRY HOWARD: (1995-96)

Ex-Chelsea player who slotted comfortably into Wycombe's defence and played a season of quality football. His consistency saw him come third in the player of the year awards. Good enough for most managers you would think, but not for the mighty Alan Smith. Like Paul Hyde, Terry had got on the wrong side of the bionic eye and was sent packing. His loss unsettled the defence and it wasn't long after that the smithmeister was sent packing.

Skills 4 - Terry was a rare central defender as he was truly comfortable on the ball.

Style 3 - Fox Mulder with a hint of Tony from Eastenders.

Fan.P 4 - Tel was popular, but this increased further when he fell out with Smith.

ATC 3 - Looked a quality act in a team half-packed with loons.

TOTAL 14 POINTS

Where is he now? Last I saw of Terry he was playing part-time for Woking and working at Smithfield Market shovelling prawns into plastic bags. However I believe he is currently at Yeovil, where he hangs out in Wessex taverns getting bladdered on cheap cider.

SIMON HUTCHINSON: (1990-95)

Young Manc lad who hung around for five seasons without actually achieving too much. Was often overshadowed by the blossoming Guppy on the left flank and the nonchalant flip-floppery of Carroll, who kept him out of the side. Will be remembered for one moment of outrage when he allegedly trashed Cheltenham's away dressing room after being sent off there.

Skills 3 - A great right peg, but what happened to the left one? Cut inside son!

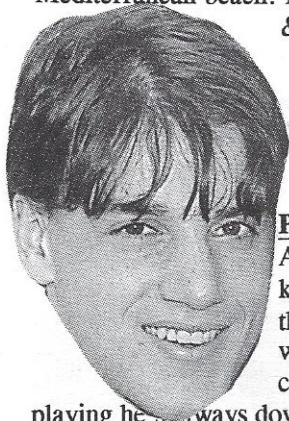
Style 4 - Fairly marketable young lad despite a few horrific barnets.

Fan.P 2 - Frustrated us on the whole.

ATC 3 - Had a few absolute blinders, notably in the victorious Runcorn thrashing.

TOTAL 12 POINTS

Where is he now? Probably 'cheesing it up' with some ladieeeeezzzz on a Mediterranean beach. Either that or 'drugging it up' in Moss Side with close pals Bez & Shaun Ryder.



SIMON HUTCHINSON

PAUL HYDE: (1991-96)

A bargain at £10,000 from Hayes Paul was an outstanding keeper who provided the backbone to our non-league feats in the early part of this decade. Paul was shown scant reward when Alan Smith basically sacked him after falling out over contract talks. Gone but not forgotten, seeing as if he's not

playing he's always down at Adams Park.... In the bar of course!

Skills 4 - Never the complete article, but the best non-league keeper by miles.

Style 3 - Paul always looked a bit uncomfortable posing in Austin's catalogue.

Fan.P 5 - As Kevin Keegan would say, "Paul is a man's man". Truly a legend.

ATC 5 - OK the odd howler, but a string of great performances on the whole.

TOTAL 17 POINTS

Where is he now? Nursing a broken leg after a one-on-one with John "the sprinting but lazy-as-shite Postman" Williams.

TIM LANGFORD (1993-95)

Minuscule striker who was a proven goalscorer for Telford before signing for Wycombe. He had a canny knack of finding the net, especially away from home where he scored nearly all of his 18 goals. How John Gregory would gag for a player who could do that for us now.

Skills 3 - Control let him down at times, but he had pace and an eye for goal.

Style 2 - Tried his hand at catalogue modelling with little success.

Fan.P 4 - "Yay, I likes old bonnie", could often be heard on the woodlands terrace.

ATC 3 - Tim usually did the biz when it counted which was good enough for us.

TOTAL 11 POINTS

Where is he now? Back at Telford, where he doesn't seem to be bursting the net too often.

GREAT MATCHES OF YESTERYEAR

FA TROPHY 3RD ROUND LEEK TOWN 1986



The idiom 'epic saga' is perhaps an overused one in this day and age. Any tediously long novel by Jilly Cooper and her ilk that gets converted into a TV mini-series tends to get labelled with such a tag, but it takes much more than that to earn your 'saga' stripes in my book. The 'Leek Town Saga', as it became known shortly after it had finally come to an end, was an epoch-making set of four games - four games which, I might suggest, no less than changed the history of Wycombe Wanderers as we know it. Now *that* qualifies on both the 'epic' and the 'saga' status. Here's the TAF account of what actually happened....

Some brief background: Wycombe were struggling that season (1985/86), their first in the 'Gola League', which was what the Conference was called before it could afford a sponsor with a turnover of more than £75,000 p.a., lying 17th in the table but with the prospect of a quarter final meeting in the FA Trophy against Kettering if they could brush aside Leek in the third round. A fiendishly cold winter had seen the match postponed until one bitter Wednesday evening in February which, from memory, was even colder than the previous Saturday's called off match. With snow having fallen at the weekend, it had partially thawed and then re-frozen to leave the Loakes Park terraces treacherous to stand on and the pitch resembling a badly tarmacked car-park. 417 senseless souls decided that paying £1.50 (or whatever it was in those glorious Thatcherite days) was a better idea than staying inside in the warm. Had these people no life?

Leek Town, of the North-West Counties League at that time, had scrapped their way through from the qualifying rounds, and should have been the symbolic 'lambs to the slaughter' for Wycombe - if only. Bob Dell put us 1-0 up with a penalty, and the game nearly got called off as shivering Wycombe fans decided to both keep warm and simultaneously amuse themselves by pelting the Leek 'keeper with ice bombs. However, Leek equalised before

half-time and although Simon 'Druggy' Read restored the lead in the second half, Leek levelled once more to the delight of their utterly deranged posse of twelve fans (you could count them), who I remember well included two mad old women with twenty foot long scarves that they quite clearly had knitted themselves. I mean, Leek must be one dump of a town to want to travel to High Wycombe of all places on a Wednesday night.

So that was the first episode over - little did we realise that we were less than a quarter of the way through the titanic battle. Due to continued meteorological conditions that would have had even polar bears checking out special offers on Berghaus fleece jackets, the first replay back in Staffordshire didn't take place until three weeks later. Being a keen schoolkid in my O-level year at school, and with pecuniary funds somewhat lacking to fund a coach trip up north of a weekday evening, I was totally reliant on John Goldsworthy's local Bluesline for news of our progress. It was about 2:30 a.m. when the message got updated. The feeling I got when I heard "Leek 5....." was only surpassed by riding the Pepsi Max Big One at Blackpool for that sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach, but was then followed, in my bleary-eyed state, by first incredulity and then overwhelming joy when ".....Wycombe 5" came through loud and clear.

Yes, unbelievably, Wycombe had scored five goals away from home - it transpired that with the game 2-2 after normal time there followed something of a free for all in extra-time with possibly rush goalies or such like to try and end the whole affair before the Third Ice Age kicked in for real. Having got over that shock, the powers that be at the FA decided to pick a neutral venue for the second replay. Worcester City's spacious (if not strictly half-way between Wycombe and Leek) ground was to be the setting the following Monday. This I *had* to see and so with cash scrimped together and coach ticket purchased, me and some schoolmates got some cheap cider in (you were allowed alcohol on coaches in those days) and journeyed up along with about 150 others, I seem to recall.

What happened that evening remains something of blur, partly due to the intake of the aforementioned stiff apple juice, and partly due to the fact that I could scarcely believe what I was seeing before my eyes. Perhaps any clear-headed individuals who attended the game could correct me on some of the finer points, but I do recall Neal Stanley giving us a first half lead with a fine run and finish from the left wing. Later that half (or was it second half?) Leek's 'keeper Mark Deaville came flying out to collect a through ball

which clueless Wycombe midfielder Jo Blochel had no hope of reaching. However, being a lardy sort of chap, stopping quickly was always going to be a struggle for Jozef, who decided to follow through on the ball by kicking the goalie somewhere approaching where he was holding the ball. Pandemonium then ensued as Deaville decided that no Polish immigrant was going to make *him* feel like a down-trodden Communist, and promptly decked the Wanderer with a handy right hook. Some Wycombe fans - I would say about seven but it was probably two - then saw this as a catalyst to run on the pitch and assault the keeper on behalf of the poleaxed Blochel. Although not wishing to condone violence at football, this was more than a little amusing and the fans in question picked the perfect game to try out their own brand of Old Testament justice, as about three stewards were in total evidence at the ground.

After tempers had calmed down again to a fraction *under* boiling point, the ref decided to send Deaville off - right decision. So Leek were now a goal behind, down to ten men and with their striker in goal (who it turns out is quite useful). So what happens next? You guessed it - Leek break away from the restart and score. And can Wycombe score again? Does Alan Smith have any mates in Bucks.?

ANOTHER WESTIE WINNER



Something (like me mum, probably) told me to stay away from the *third* replay later that same week, however I sensed a mysterious inner peace within, as the lads took to the field at Worcester again, and it didn't surprise me to learn courtesy of Mr Goldsworthy that evening that Westie's solitary goal had settled yet another close encounter. So how did this collection of games shape Wycombe's future? Well, it's my belief that Wycombe were so mentally drained after the Leek Town Saga that it totally threw their season off kilter - it was to be their last win away from Loakes Park that season in any competition and the remaining fifteen league games yielded just seven points, which saw the Blues relegated on goal difference. So, no Leek Town - then no record Isthmian League win, no Jim Kelman, Martin O'Neill, no FA Trophy finals, no football league place, no Division Two, no Alan Smith, no relegation battles, endless 0-0 draws - God, I hate Leek Town.....

Marketing Matters

"Money makes the world go round, the world go round, the world go round" as Lisa Minelli so campily told us in 'Cabaret'. Now I'm sure Stephen Hawking could go on for hours about what really makes the world go round but we really don't care. Money, that's what people want. Especially businessmen and what's one of the fastest growing businesses? Football, that's right, the humble working man's games is now big, big business. The clubs at the top aren't football clubs any more, they're corporations that just happen to pay their staff telephone number salaries.

Now how do you keep ahead of the competition? You have to react to market forces, you have to change your culture to fit into the world around you. Chairmen at the top clubs have been looking into ways to re-market their clubs to make money, big money, even more money than they are making now.

Recent research by The Adams Family, ever the investigative journalists, has uncovered some startling changes that will happen over the next few years in the Premier League.

Lots of companies re-market and re-package themselves and Manchester United are no exception. From the start of 1998/99 season they will be known as 'The Manchester & London Football Club'. This is to reflect the fact that most of their fans live in the South East. Their southern based fans will no longer have to put up with abuse for not living in Manchester and will actually be able to claim they support their local team. As a result 'The Manchester & London Football Club Mega-Stores' will shortly be opening at Lakeside Thurrock, Brent Cross, Harlequins Watford and The Chilterns Shopping Centre in Wycombe.

Cheslea will be going a step further by merging with multinational fast food giants McDonalds and will be renamed McChelsea. Unfortunately for Cheslea fans the club colours will change to Yellow and Red with red and white stripey socks. The players will be forced to wear red noses and wigs. A Chelsea spokesman told us 'We believe we will be able to offer quality fast food and entertainment in one family package while having the financial backing of a multinational company to ensure we can continue to buy quality players like Justin Flo'.

Liverpool are to join forces with their sponsors Carlsberg. New television adverts will show clips of Liverpool blowing numerous chances to win a major trophy followed by their new logo 'Liverpool, major title contenders.....Probably, unless we stuff it up again'.

West Ham, currently the only Premier League team without a sponsor have revealed why. They are currently in secret talks with Newcastle United. It is believed the North Eastern giants will sign a £3m deal to sponsor the Irons over the next three years. Sir John Hall has stated he believes this is the way forward and it will be beneficial to both clubs. West Ham will receive more money than previous sponsors BAC Windows ever actually made in a year and he goes on to say "We have seen how Manchester United have made their appeal nationwide. Here at Newcastle we are trying the same thing. Manchester United have already swallowed up a large percentage of the market. However, the East End has traditionally been a strong hold for West Ham. By having 'Newcastle United' emblazoned across every other shirt in East London we believe we will steal a large number of clients". The Adams Family contacted West Ham and received a fax from their Press Office which simply read "That's rubbish, cock".

We decided to see if modern marketing techniques could be applied to smaller Premier League and Nationwide League clubs.

I've got a mate with a B-TEC First Level in Business Studies and he has formed an Adams Family Think Tank to help smaller clubs compete with the larger PLC's.

Our idea was to concentrate on the name of the club portraying their image. Fulham for example doesn't say a lot as a company name. However, if they were to change their name to reflect where they are going they could be renamed as Toy Box FC because that's straight where they are going once Al Fayed has got bored with them.

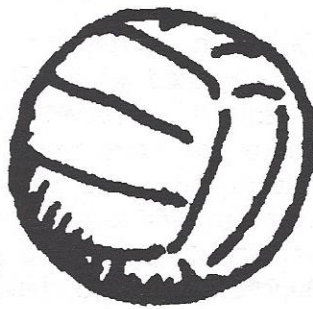
Crystal Palace have little future but they do have some sort of past. They could be renamed Shysters Palace as a punishment for accepting Alan Smith's resignation.

Brighton & Hove Albion don't have a local enough identity at the moment and could rename themselves 'The Brighton & Hove Albion Globe Trotters' They might even pick up a few basketball fans and let's face it, if you're stupid enough to think basketball's a good spectator sport you might just fall for it.

So there you have it. The future of English football as big business. Those clubs that don't get their act together will either go bust or will be bought out by bigger clubs who want more fans.

We tried to contact the Blues to see what their business strategy was. We were told we could speak to Graham Peart but to be honest, we just couldn't be arsed. Rumours that Alan Parry wants to rename the club 'Wimbledon' are yet to be confirmed.

THE DIARY.....



Brownie for France '98 - the saga continues???

Whether or not the lad makes it in the Jamaica World Cup squad is open to debate seeing as every player under the sun is currently having a crack at it. But after his goal-scoring feats in recent weeks surely its worth someone having a look. Maybe Johnny.G can put in a good word? But whatever happens for Steve, he has made a fairly dour season entertaining with his rich source of quotes and controversy in the BFP. As for the "storm in a teacup" story about him verbally putting down Northampton, I thought that it was a bit of harmless talk in which he tried to add some spice to the fixture. One thing's for certain, if some of the other players showed the same heart and commitment on a matchday as Brownie, we'd undoubtedly be higher in the league than we are.



Half-Time from Hell

This diary has mixed feelings about some of the recent half-time entertainment we've been 'treated' to at recent home and away games. The young kids taking penalties have certainly been a success, but what in earth's name was that tosspot Ronald McDonald up to when he had a penalty competition with our very own "Bluey the Swan". He just stood there rooted to the spot while bewildered kids kicked balls past him. Either he'd just laundered his breeches, or he'd been accepting one too many favours in the boiler room before the match. Horrendous.

Worse was to come however for those who made the painful trip to Northampton. Not only did Wycombe play some atrocious football, but the half-time entertainment was the poorest I've ever seen. A grown man with a lump of felt stuck on his back paraded around the pitch as "Colin the Camel" whilst his colleague was dressed up in a costume that just about resembled Mr Blobby, that hilarious Noel Edmonds devised

character. You may well ask why? Well, all I know is that it was something to do with "charity". The PA announcer screamed the word 'Charity' about 50 times in five minutes, while schoolkids shook buckets in your face and made you feel like Fred West if you didn't contribute. All in all a poor evening out.

News from Dorchester

Diary regulars will be well aware that TAF are all closet Dorchester fans, so you'll be pleased to know that the boys are still hanging in there near top of the Dr Martens Premier league (4th position). I believe that they're still in the league cup as well, although we'll have to confirm that in the next issue. Dave Carroll's twin brother Steve Richardson is still hitting the net with regular aplomb and we see that crowds are reaching the 700 mark. In need of a bit of cheer, the TAF editorial team made a trip down there a few weeks ago and bumped into the legendary "King of Wessex" Alan Titchmarsh. He told Wycombe fans that their prayers and support were greatly appreciated and then proceeded to invite us to a late-night gathering in his potting shed. Which in our best interests we declined.

Matt Crossley - Goal Machine??

Whilst we're talking non-league, Blues' fans will be delighted to know that the three old boys Evans, Patterson and Sir Matt Crossley have been on top form recently for Kingstonian who are currently sitting in second place in the Ryman's Premier. Nothing strange about that you would think, but has anyone been witnessing the goalscoring feats of Sir Matt in recent weeks? Barely a week goes by without the name Crossley appearing on the scoresheet and all this from a man who approximately averaged a goal every 80 games for Wycombe. Watch the next issue for further news

Wanderers IN Town

Wanderers players have been descending into the shopping Mecca that is High Wycombe in recent weeks. Steve McGavin was seen in "Michaels Second Fish Bar" off Bowerdean Road asking the owner how he got the batter to taste so fine. After a brief discussion he then offered the proprietor a signed photo in exchange for a few of his recipes and left the shop with his hands full of frozen pukka pies.

Talking of foodstuffs, young Alan Beeton was spotted hanging around in the front of the Octagon looking a bit sheepish to say the least. When the coast was clear he was seen rummaging around the 'kiddies boots' section in Mothercare and then was deep in discussion with the manager about the price of a 'traditional rocking horse'. When we later collared a red-faced Alan upstairs in Carpenter's Court he told us, "I was merely buying some presents for Keith Ryan's daughter, now let me finish my Otis Spunkmeyer muffin!" Mmmm, could a young Beeton be on the way?

FINALLY FAREWELL ALL YOU GOOD, GOOD PEOPLE

As you will no doubt be aware this is the penultimate 'zine and here we have the last proper diary, as in the next issue I will be bringing you a "Best of...." feature that will look back on all the truths and lies over the last thirty-odd issues. You'll just have to read 'Blues News' and the imminent 'Quarterman' if you want to read the REAL news about WWFC.



it's a wonderful world

*TAF's imagines World History in the hands of
respected archivist & footy manager Alan Smith*

'It is pleasing to know that despite our past differences, both The Adams Family and you, the supporter of Wycombe Wanderers Football club, can realise the importance a grasp of History plays in the development of a well rounded package, er I mean person. Sadly, teachers have to spend most of their time preventing 3 year old toddlers dealing Crack and watching 'Sex 'n' Wrecks' film Crash. Therefore today's youngsters have a poor grasp on history, and the heroic figures who made our world a better place in which to live.

"We learn from our past mistakes" is a quote that I invented some time ago, and it stands true to this day. So sit back and learn with this handy guide to World History which looks at some of my favourite historical personalities.

Margaret Thatcher (1925-)

An old friend of mine and Ray Wilkins'. I was born next door her Father's greengrocers and we have been close ever since. I was the prime mover behind the abolition of Free School Milk in the 70's that she presided over. As a keen nutritionist I said to Margaret over a leek stew in the Dulwich Diner, 'We must find a way of introducing a pasta diet in our schools.' She agreed, but as cash was short we decided to pay for the pasta by withdrawing the milk. Anyone who has studied the internal organs of man as I have will know that pasta is at least 23.3% more likely to produce a super fit footballer with no brain or skill. But the trendy lefty teachers blockaded the schools and poured our pasta down the drains without parents finding out. This is why the common sewer rat is now virtually indestructible! I have never revealed this fact before for fear of being called a liar, but now you can see what I was up against in trying to create a nutritionally advanced country.

Throughout her 16 year leadership I came up with all the popular ideas, and although I hate to talk about it, she'd be furious if I didn't tell you how I found the IRA bomb at the Grand in Brighton, and saved her and Den by dragging it to a safer place.

Sadly wouldn't take my advice about the Poll Tax. 'Marge,' I said ' It's a shoddy package.' But she ignored me and that was the end of her career.

On the day she resigned, she called begging me to carry on our partnership by standing for the leadership. It would have been the first time a non-MP had stood for the position, but sadly I was too busy at Palace 'discovering' Stan Collymore by selling him to Southend for £60,000.

In short, a lovely lady who lacked the necessary PR skills to be as great as me.

Clive Sinclair (1940-)

An old friend of mine, but not Ray Wilkins'. I met Clive when I was teaching advanced electronics at a Croydon night-school, and I could tell he had talent when he invented a seven tune musical doorbell out of a cigarette packet, some frozen peas and a Curly Wurly.

As I was too busy producing the England football team of the future, I gave Clive my invention that I called the Smith XZ Sequence. He renamed it the Sinclair ZX Spectrum and never looked back. I also got him a Knighthood, which I secured during one of my private visits to Marge at Number 10.

But it all turned pear shaped for Clive when I offered him the rights to my new invention called 'Personal Pasta Plus'. In short, it was a machine that could cook a healthy pasta based dish in 20 seconds from the scrapings of any High Street pavement. Clive turned it down, preferring to concentrate on his first solo invention - the C5 car. It was a woeful error and thus instead of being a feted friend of the hungry he is now seen as a joke inventor.

In short, a lovely man who lacked the business know-how to become as great as me.

Elvis Presley (1935-77)

A great (but sadly late) friend of mine and no-one elses. I met Elvis when I was the owner of Sun Studios in Memphis. Elvis lived just down the road and used to come and play with my dog outside the studios.

One day the dog (Kempy was his name) was howling all afternoon and I came out to see what the matter was. 'Don't worry Mr Smith' said the young Elvis, 'Your dog's gotta thorn in his paw, I've taken it out now.' But the dog kept howling and Elvis got rather upset with his four legged friend. Walking away he turned on the dog shouting, 'You 'aint nothing but a hound, dog. You just cry all the time.' With tears streaming from his eyes Elvis added, 'Well now Kempy, you 'aint no friend of mine'.

Smiling, I worked through the night with my old friends B.B. King and Chuck Berry at Sun Studios on some Rock 'n' Roll tunes. As usual we were jamming, and once I had finished teaching them how to play the guitar, I paraphrased Elvis' retort to my dog over a few chords. B.B. though it was superb and wanted the song for himself, but as a champion of youth I presented the song to young Elvis Presley.

He never looked back, and although I had to return to Britain in the late 50's to help Sir Alf to prepare for '66, I continued to send songs to Elvis via the wonder of air mail. Who'd have believed that I wrote 'Heartbreak Hotel' after being gazumped by Richard Branson while trying to buy the Nautical Jaunt B&B in Southend, or 'Love Me Tender' whilst staring at my reflection in the Blackgang Chine Hall of Mirrors on the Isle of Wight.

I'm sad to say I lost touch with Elvis when his manager whisked him off to Las Vegas. I advised against it, as it is very difficult to get fresh pasta in the middle of the desert, and Elvis went on waste his career eating burgers and chips. A salutary tale for any young footballer.

In short, a lovely man who rejected a sensible diet - with adverse results, that caused a great legend to become a tainted joke.

Neil Armstrong (1930-)

Another great American friend of mine. I first met Neil when I took him for his Pilot's licence test in Ohio. Afterwards we went for a beer and he communicated to me that he was looking for a job. He was a likable lad, despite being deaf and dumb, and so I wangled him a job at NASA, brewing tea for the scientists.

Imagine my surprise when some years later on the 19th July 1969, his mother phoned me up to say that young Neil was going to the moon tomorrow and was embarrassed because he wouldn't be able to talk to the American public once there. I asked her if she had a portable tape recorder. Thankfully she had, and I told her to hold it up to the phone.

'That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind', I shouted down the phone, and instructed Neil's mum to tell him through the wonder of sign language (which I invented by the way) to press the play button when alighting from the Apollo spaceship.

Amazingly he remembered the lot, and it was a proud moment when those legendary words crackled over the airwaves. Who would have believed that they were simply an observation off the top of my head as I sat in Tulse Hill eating a tasty pasta and Tuna bake?

After that, Neil's career went downhill somewhat and he ended up as a hermit, embarrassed by his muteness. I offered him some integrated football and language lessons down at Palace, but he wasn't interested.

In short, a lovely man who was too proud for his own good.

Next Issue

Alan chronicles the events that have shaped contemporary Europe

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Punters page



Name: Gary James

Age: 25

Wycombe fan since: The first game I went to was a 4-0 victory over Stafford Rangers at Loakes Park. I think it was a cup game. I've been a regular since we moved to Adams Park.

Favourite Wycombe player? Favourite ever player would be Steve Guppy, I thought he was exceptional and it's great to see he got in the England B squad. Of the current team I'd have to go for Steve Brown. He always gives his all and I'm not sure everyone in the team has done that this season.

Worst Wycombe player? There's only one Trevor Aylott

How do you rate this season? Better than last season. I just get really frustrated that we've been so inconsistent. One week we look like we could beat anyone then the following week we are absolutely dire. Hopefully we're on an upward curve and next season will be better.

Which 2 Div. Player would you

like us to buy? Boli from Walsall. We could do with his pace up front and he looked a difference class when we played them earlier in the season.

Would we benefit from a rich backer? Obviously the money would be great as we could buy a few decent players. However, if they then pulled out we would be up the creek without a paddle. It could be damaging in the long run.

Do you miss 'Adams Apple'? Were they that awful band? I think we've had a better season this year without them playing. That really was a crap idea wasn't it.

Is going to the Wanderers value for money? It can be but it does rather depend on whether we win. I suppose if we lose but it's a good game you can't complain too much. If it's a dreadful game but we still win you don't really go home moaning that you spent twelve quid.

What would you like to see on sale

in the club shop? Full size Bluey the Swan outfits. They'd sell like hot cakes 'coz we all love Bluey don't we.

Finally, will England win the World Cup? I think we'll make the semis but the recent Chile game was a warning not to get carried away. I think we can win it but there are three or four teams that can.

the 80's vs the 90's

Maggie Philbin versus Zoe Ball, Goths versus Indie kids, Pigeon Street versus Tellytubbies, big dole queues versus fiddled dole queues - the arguments are endless between these two adjacent but distinct era's. (Really - **ed**) (Yes! - **writer**) (Oh, alright then - **ed**). As a conductor of the contemporary (©Any academic writing in 4-4-2 magazine) the arguments have stretched onto the pitch as well, and never more so than at Wycombe Wanderers.

As our meteoric rise from non-league to the Premier league lies waiting for further instructions, we are constantly told how much better it is these days. But has this lazy generalisation ever stood up to the rigours of science. Not on your arse pal!

So with the assistance of Nobel™ Award Nominated scientist and sports psychologist Dr Willie Proctor, we shall now attempt to prove whether or not the current WWFC side is ANY BETTER than the lot from ten years hence. Of course this is a little unfair as the current XI are full time pro's and therefore at an advantage - well supposedly - so some adjustments will be made to the marks.

For analysis purposes the current Wanderers team is taken from the match against Blackpool 24/1/98 and the past team from the nearest possible match exactly 10 years hence - namely the 5-3 victory against Cheltenham on 16/01/88 that ushered in the career of Mr Jim Kelman. It should be noted that Mr K was using the now discredited 4-4-2 system as opposed to Mr Gregory's 3-5-2, but we'll bullshit our way around it don't you fret!

Only when the survey is complete will we know the real truth - so let the battle commence!

Martin Taylor vs Gary Lester

Only one real similarity - Gary was crap at crosses as well. Nearing the end of his reign at Wycombe, Gary was frankly shell-shocked by the previous catastrophic results under Peter Suddaby and was soon replaced by Johnny Granville. Taylor is undoubtedly the better shotstopper, but Gary was never baited as 'A fat bastard' by away fans, due to his trim figure and the fact that there were never enough at the games to get a chant going! So a narrow victory for Taylor, thanks to Gary being deducted one point for having a tight perm.

Now (7) Then (5)

David Kerslake vs Kirk Corbin

One of the current stars of Wycombe faces one of the gentlemen of the past. Kerslake may be faster and more attacking, but few can match the stern tackling that was juxtaposed with the fair play Kirk Corbin was famed for. Dave has settled in well, but has won nothing for the blues yet - Kirk however, captained the side to a Battle of Britain Cup victory over the RAF in front of 72 fans.

Now 8 Then 7

Jason Kavanagh versus Sean Norman

Young Jason has improved no end this season, but he is not left footed unlike ex favourite Sean who was a rare cash signing in the days when Wycombe had an even tighter board of directors (yes, it's true!). On his day Sean was the match of any modern wing-back, but there were other days which resulted in him playing for Chesham United and supplementing his pitiful wage by working in Currys on Frogmoor. Thus it is a draw after Sean loses his left foot bonus point for hair crimes committed at Sutton United. Scored a penalty in this match.

Now 7 Then 7

Paul McCarthy versus Kevin Day

No real contest here. The Irish brawler would beat Kev's malnourished office worker physique into a pulp, and display a good deal more skill into the bargain. Only in the side thanks to the sheer uselessness of Nigel Gray, Kev was an embarrassment then and remains one today, letting down the past lads.

Now 8 Then 4

Michael Forsyth versus Keith Barrett

Brucie may be a calming presence in the midst of the 90's defence, but he can never hope to emulate former England semi-pro captain Keith, who was the only man in football to sport a 'tache that was suave. Keith was rarely injured, where as Brucie picks up a few knocks - and although Bruce is harder, Keith offset this with diplomacy and tact. Keith scored in this match too!

Now 7 Then 9

Keith Ryan versus Martin Woodall

Both lads were uncompromising figures in the centre of midfield, but Martin had the superior distribution skills. But he only turned out a few times for Wycombe before clearing off to Australia, no doubt returning to bore folk senseless with his tales of the cool drug dealer he lived with whilst travelling! Place this desertion alongside Keith's career revival and Martin's chronic acne and you get the following score.

Now 8 Then 5

Dave Carroll versus Andy Graham

The genius, arthritic, scary guruness of Andy Graham against Jesus Carroll is a contest almost too close to call. It could be argued that Dave was bought in to replace Andy who had left just a short time previously, and the similarities are endless except that Dave is slightly better looking. However, Andy repaid society for inflicting his unpleasant fizzog on them, by teaching youngsters the importance of history in state schools. Dave merely encourages the young to gamble on rubbish greyhounds and thus.....

Now 8 Then 9

Mo Harkin versus Brian Greenaway

It is good to see Mo delivering the goods for Wycombe at such a young age, but he must keep it up. TAF cover star Brian, a senior player at Wycombe, was never a favourite but was effective at times out on the wing. He didn't last long in the blue shirt and soon collapsed into Isthmian league ignominy. As Maurice looks unlikely to go the same way the scores are.....

Now 7 Then 5

Mickey Simpson versus Kevin Durham

Although Mick has revived his career recently, he will have to do a lot more to be remembered as fondly as the late Kevin Durham. A midfielder of raw skill, Durham was part brilliance, part petulance, part idle. A rare icon of skill in the Suddaby era, antics as diverse as scoring many a top goal and flicking the V's at his own supporters at Boston United make Kev a legend. Was signed by Portly Fry at Barnet, but sadly died of a heart attack just before the start of his debut professional season.

Now 6 Then 9

Steve McGavin versus Mark Boyland

Asides Noel Ashford on his day, there is probably no-one in Wycombe history to match the skills of McGavin, but the presence of Boyland has oft been underrated. Signed in the depths of despair (for a fee - a shock occurrence in these days), his goals played a major part in saving Wycombe from the drop. Although superb now, McGavin was a barrel of arse when he signed - if Boyland had been as useless as McGavin was when he first turned up, Wycombe might now be languishing alongside Marlow in Ryman division three. Think about it!

Now 8 Then 8

Mark Stallard versus Mark West

People believe that John Gregory invented the doughnut as a training device, but Westie aficionados will remember the 'Local Hero' revealing his penchant for Jam & Cream Doughnuts before that legendary Wembley Trophy performance. Stallard may be the man at the moment, but the 'Sty' was just starting to assert himself as the striker of choice for the next few seasons. While Stallard scored in this fixture, Westie bagged two, scientifically underlining his superiority. Finally, West is the only Wanderers player to have released his own video. Beat that Mr Stallard! Only Keith Scott has come close, with the 'Beam us up Scottie' video.

Now 7 Then 10

Final Score NOW 81 THEN 78

So there it is, in a match today at Adams Park, the current XI would turn out narrow winners, but our experiment doesn't allow for the fact that the past team actually managed to win the odd game away from home. Therefore they could be expected to win more away fixtures, and if the Conference rules of the day that gave only 2 points for a home win as opposed to 3 for an away win were applied, who knows (and frankly, who cares ~~ed~~) what might have happened.



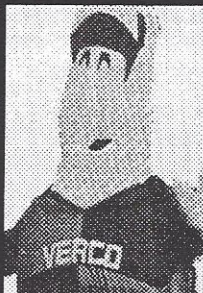
+



X



minus



After 31 glorious issues, your number one Wycombe Wanderers fanzine has decided to pack itself off to a secure nursing home, before chronic incontinence sets in.

But not before signing off with a spectacular final edition that will be bigger than ever before, and will contain a retrospective of the six golden years since The Adams Family became more famous than Bodger Horseman himself.

So if you have any endearing memories of TAF that you'd like to share with us, now's the time. Send your musings to the usual address now - it's your last chance for fame and, ahem, fortune!

you may still love us...

= **THE
ADAMS FAMILY**

but it's all over now

THE SELECTOR

The magical world of soothsaying, fortune-telling and 'mind-power over matter' might be a load of mumbo-jumbo to you lot, but those of you who do believe in psychokinesis, please raise my right hand now - thank you, at least some of you take this seriously. Onto this month's premonitions - is The Selector just taking the slash out of us, or does he really know what's going on before it has happened? Well, from just 17.5% accuracy in TAF 29, we rose majestically to 22.2% for TAF 30, now we've gone just damned crazy with a whopping 35% success rate for the ten games from Millwall (a) to Burnley (h) - that's almost as good as some of my O-level marks.

For those of you who've forgotten, we score ourselves something like this, so you can work it out for yourselves if you don't believe us:

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

So, after initial problems getting their mathematical formulae correct and a reputable Class B (nothing too mind-blowing) supplier sorted out, The Selector has started to come up with the goods. Call us hedonistic crazy guys if you will, but we're expecting a better than 50% score for matches from Preston away (actually predicted in TAF 30) to the season end. Go tell 'em, Mr. S.

GILLINGHAM (H) 28/2/98

Why do I unnaturally detest these gippos from England's so-called 'garden', as much as I do? Apart from the fact that they play dull football, always beat us, have a crap ground, a talented (if somewhat jammy) striker who ought to be playing for a Premiership Club and are spawnier than a box of frogs, I mean? Can't think of anything really - they're gonna win again, aren't they? Plums. **Final Score: 0-1**

YORK CITY (H) 3/3/98

Oh, yes - two home matches in three days and another chance to flog this old (if not quite dead) horse some more. The fanzine, I was talking about, not York City. Oh well, while we're at it, we might as well....

revenge for yet another Bootham Crescent defeat (despite Brian's gallant efforts in goal) earlier this season will be sweetly savoured.

Final Score: 2-0

LUTON TOWN (A) 7/3/98

All the odds point to a Wycombe victory - a fine performance there last season, Luton with a worse home record than my Sunday League team (very, very poor indeed, trust me), gasping for survival. In fact, perfect factors to ensure Wycombe *don't* win really - you know us, harder to predict than the Second Coming.

Final Score: 0-0

PLYMOUTH ARGYLE (H) 14/3/98

Another club (like Gillingham) who we seem to have trouble disposing of satisfactorily either at home or away. As with Luton, another team scrubbing around the bottom of the table looking for enough points to "pull off a Coventry" (a phrase now officially recognised in the FA Coaching Manual, so frequently does it happen); as with Luton, a team we could p**s all over if our strikers were on the same vitamins as Paul Read; as with Luton, another point where three should be had.

Final Score: 1-1

WREXHAM (A) 21/3/98

They've got a top-notch keeper and a three-sided ground - sounds like a Frank Sidebottom taunt. Another defeat in Wales? By the grace of Dai Station and Jones the Steam, no, I tell you! Three goals as well?!?! Postposterous behaviour, sort it out, Gregory.

Final Score: 3-1

BRISTOL CITY (H) 28/3/98

Here's a prediction you might find hard to swallow - Bristol City will *not* go up automatically, mark my words. Both Northampton and Oldham will catch and pass them. With Mickey "\$\$\$ in your eyes" Bell wearing a few extra pairs of y-fronts under his shorts for a less than hospitable welcome back to AP, City will look well under par against a rejuvenated Wanderers. Home banker, slip an Ayrton on it.

Final Score: 2-0

AFC BOURNEMOUTH (A) 4/4/98

As we enter the last month of the season, what better way could there be than popping down to the Costa Del Atlantica to spend a spring afternoon? Well, picking a game where your team wins for a start. Our season long inability to remember how to play well for anything longer than a 90 minute stretch will see us throw away a lead against our fellow mid-table plodders from Dorset. Quick joke: How do

Bournemouth fans get home after a game? Boscombe. (Say it, think about it, get an atlas if necessary, don't blame us....) **Final Score: 2-4**

GRIMSBY TOWN (H) 10/4/98

Wycombe performed particularly well in salvaging a point at Blundell Park earlier in the season - and GT will have to do much the same at our place. Play-offs will remain elusive for both clubs though with undecided results like there (*like, when were they ever in reach for us???* - Ed.) **Final Score: 2-2**

OLDHAM ATHLETIC (A) 13/4/98

OK, I've said Oldham are going to storm through and overturn Bristol City, however that doesn't mean Oldham's near perfect home record can't be upset by Gregory's boys in a stirring performance in Lancashire. Just a temporary blip for Oldham, mind. **Final Score: 1-1**

MILLWALL (H) 18/4/98

Millwall always look dodgy until it comes to playing us. However, another disappointing season for the South East Londoners coupled with a fairly shocking away record should provide a good end to the season for the Blues - true mid-table mediocrity is our end-of-season fillip, come on lads, you've got so much to play for! **Final Score: 2-1**

CHESTERFIELD (H) 25/4/98

After last season's excitement for Derbyshire's (second) finest, this season has been duller than a Blake Carrington after dinner speech. In fact, we'll be shouting, "breathe, damn you," Dynasty-stylee, to try and awaken the comatose 22. We'll scramble the solitary goal from somewhere but will barely deserve the three points. **Final Score: 1-0**

WALSALL (A) 2/5/98

Last game, but still no win at Walsall. I think Wycombe players reckon they're at Scunthorpe (or perhaps a concentration camp) whenever we play at Bescot and play like third division tosswits. Tommy Cooper would've loved it, "Scunny, Walsall - Walsall, Scunny, hur-hur-hur". For those of you wondering what the hell we're going on about and have not been privileged to go to England's least sexy place (excluding Wycombe, naturellement), Scunthorpe's ground is *identical* to Walsall's apart from colour of seating. Bovis must have picked up a job lot of shite stands from Eastern Europe or something. What am I going on about? Sour grapes, that's what... **Final Score: 0-2**

QUIZ PAGE

Welcome to the last ever quiz page. Last issue's competition produced the biggest number of correct entries to date. Congratulations must go to Steve Roberts of Wood Green London who won the star prize.

As this is the last quiz we will be running we have decided to make it a bit more interesting. This issue's prize will be a Wanderers shirt, hopefully signed by the whole team. First complete the childish easy wordsearch. Then, in no more than fifty words, describe the funniest thing you have seen at a football ground. A panel of TAF judges will decide the winner. The winning story will be printed in the next issue.

When sending in your answer please remember to state your shirt size. Please note, the judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding their decision.

DELANEY
WEST
GUPPY
HORSEMAN
BIRDSEYE
BOYLAND
HEMMINGS
WORLEY
THOMPSON
GARNER
GRANVILLE
JACOBS
BORG
CREASER
LAMBERT

A	D	R	G	J	R	S	E	T	P	F	E	B
I	G	N	P	O	D	N	A	L	Y	O	B	J
R	S	U	Y	R	E	S	A	E	R	C	K	T
E	O	O	P	G	J	M	P	Z	G	D	V	H
W	A	G	F	P	B	V	H	J	A	M	N	O
L	Y	R	G	E	Y	E	S	D	R	I	B	M
L	E	A	R	S	E	D	J	K	N	N	L	P
Y	L	N	S	J	N	D	D	G	E	A	C	S
D	R	V	T	F	A	B	B	H	R	M	F	O
N	O	I	M	S	L	C	H	B	V	E	C	N
G	W	L	R	I	E	S	O	G	F	S	G	G
K	O	L	H	H	D	W	O	B	R	R	P	P
L	B	E	D	S	E	E	D	F	S	O	K	L
W	G	V	S	G	N	I	M	M	E	H	B	J
W	E	R	T	G	H	J	U	K	D	S	L	C

WELCOME TO... Your guide to Wycombe's new signings.

Ummm, oh, there haven't been any. Oh well, maybe next season.

"ASK ALAN..."

ALL YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS SOLVED BY THE MAN WHO (THINKS HE) KNOWS EVERYTHING

Dear Alan,

I'm bored off me thruppennies, me. Our kid and me have got this group like - I rip off Beatles tunes and Neil Young guitar solos and our kid just stands there and whines in this particularly annoying Manc style. Everyone seems to love us, our records sell millions, we've got posh birds and all the drink and drugs we want. But I'm still bored - what am I doing wrong?

Noel G, Manchester

Alan writes: "Well, Noel, as it was me that discovered the Beatles as well as Buddy Holly, the Rezillos, Kylie and Mozart, I'm particularly well qualified to help you here. The problem is there is too much variety in your music and you have far too much personality on stage - what you need is a new manager and I will be happy to offer my services and help turn you into an entertaining package. We can make a start by getting the whole band to wear these lovely new striped shirts....."

Dear Alan,

My life is so empty. Once I was a great fascist dictator who ruled the nation with a rod of iron and spread fear and loathing wherever I went. Now I'm a sad old bat who just sits at home, necking whisky, dribbling and muttering to myself, and amusing my senile husband. How can I return to my former glory?

Margaret T, Grantham

Alan writes: "Margaret - you really do sound like my kind of woman and I have very fond memories of the entertaining package you provided for the working people of our great nation. There is no such thing as 'society', and in my book there is no such thing as

football either. Let's get together and start a dating agency for people of similar persuasion.

By the way, it was me that invented the wholly fair poll tax, pit closures, the anti-union legislation, the criminal justice bill, the Falklands War, test cricket blah blah gibber blah drone and it was me wot won it blah blah froth froth bark...."

Dear Alan

I'm at me wits end, like. I'm managing this footy team with all these great players (and a great history!), but we just can't seem to win anything. We try to play lovely 'pass and move' football and sometimes it works, but mostly it doesn't. Loads of people are dissing me for it, and if I don't get it right soon, I could be for the old Spanish archer. Please share with me your vast knowledge of the game and tell me what to do?

Roy E., Merseyside

Alan writes: "Oh dear, Roy. This is a common problem experienced by managers who are less experienced and knowledgable than myself. They think they can provide the supporter with an entertaining package by having skilful footballers and by passing the ball around on the ground.

The first thing you must do is get rid of any players who are better known and better looking than you, then you have to find some ugly sods who will do everything you say and get them to belt the ball up in the air and chase after it. Soon your package will become more entertaining than you could ever imagine. And you mustn't let unfounded criticism divert you from your chosen path towards entertaining packagedom - just remember, if anything goes wrong, it's not your fault but the players' fault and the fans' fault and the stewards' fault and the tea lady's fault and the programme sellers' fault and Graham Kelly's fault, rant drivel whitter.....

By the way, it was me who discovered Kevin Keegan, John Toshack, Tommy Smith, Ian St. John and the Liver Birds (which I wrote as well)."

Dear Alan,

A few years ago I was the world's number one chess player, but I seem to be struggling with my game at the moment. Even bloody computers beat me now! Things just don't seem to work out the way I plan them, and I'm very worried that I'll soon become a forgotten has-been. Can you share your encyclopaedic understanding of match strategy with me and save my career?

Garry K., Moscow

Alan writes: "Garry - I think there are a number of problems you need to address here in order to turn your brand of chess into the entertaining package that the chess supporter and their family demand, but fortunately for you my knowledge of every subject knows no bounds and I think I can help you out here.

The first problem is your propensity to lose - nobody likes losers (not that I'd know anything about that) but you can counteract any clever computers that might pose a threat by simplifying installing a powerful computer chip in your brain so that a stalemate will ensue in all games. The second area for concern is those squares on the board - they're far too old fashioned and traditional and not at all what the modern chess public require. How about replacing the dark ones with stripes and maybe introducing a bit of red into the mix?

Then we come to the chess pieces themselves. Oh dear, oh dear - there's far too many fancy playmakers there, you need to get rid of those queens, bishops, rooks and knights and replace them all with pawns, which are very efficient and will gladly carry out the instructions you give them with the minimum of fuss. I'd also consider replacing your smart king at the back with two shabbier ones which you should switch between each game to confuse the opposition. Finally, you need to rethink the tactical side of the game - forget about the open middle part of the board and just make long moves to the two pawns up front, making sure that these two have nothing to do with each other or any of your other pieces.

By the way, I discovered Capobianco Alekhine, Boris Spassky, Siegmund Freud and Microsoft."

Dear Alan,

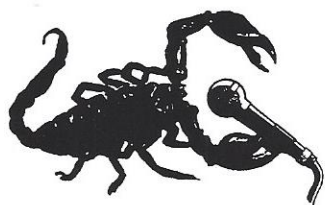
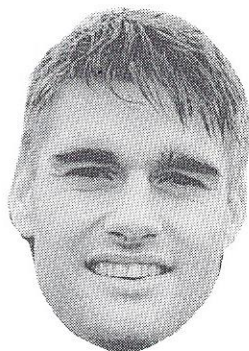
I'm feeling terribly depressed, nobody seems to like me and now they're all ganging up on me and blaming me for everything. What can I do?

Saddam H., Baghdad

Alan Writes: "Yes, this is a common problem amongst us paranoid egomaniacs but actually the solution is simple enough - all you have to do is remember that everyone else is wrong and you are right and make sure you keep thinking of new people to blame it on. To be perfectly frank, I think your problem is that you are not quite paranoid and egomaniacal enough - just try being more like me and soon you will be providing your devoted public with the entertaining political package they elected you for."

By the way it was me who discovered chemical weapons, Oswald Mosley and RADAR."

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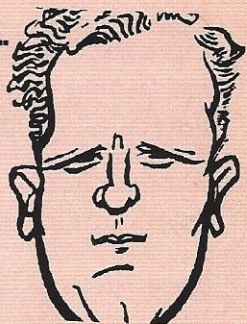
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Scourge of the modern man, the voice of reason....

The Reg Timberlake Football Column



Ever since I started this column, the world of football has got madder every week, and it's about time someone got a bloody grip on things. Take that Gordon Strachan for starters, an absolute undignified disgrace every week. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not anti-Scottish, but these are dark days indeed when we allow them to become managers. Why? Well in my day the Scotsman knew his place, and that was as the groundsman if he was damn lucky enough to be employed! Can we seriously expect the products of a nation that thought it could keep out the English by erecting a 3 foot high garden fence to manage our football teams?

No, I'm not keen on foreign managers, and that's why I stopped coming to Wycombe when they appointed that Irishman. There are certain races that simply don't have the common sense to handle positions of power. For example, if the English hadn't gone over to Ireland with the idealistically pure intention of educating this simple race (a fact that is glossed over by trendy teachers these days, with their talk of potato shortages), the likes of Gerry Adams would be farming cabbages and not looking shifty on my TV screen for starters. And O'Neill probably would have been building useful highways and canals instead of ruining this once great football club.

Now there are those who might claim that the winning spell under O'Neill was good for the club - but it bloody well wasn't. For starters they moved out of the town in search of success, and lost their roots. They might as well be called Sands Town now for all the resemblance they have to the team I proudly turned out for. And none of the players live anywhere near the club. If I was the manager, I'd pick only lads born and bred in Buckinghamshire and of Bucks parentage. That way they would all be on the same wavelength - for it is almost impossible for the Northerner and the Southerner to communicate, due to the Northerner's consistently incorrect use of the Queen's (God bless her and her mother) English.

Lord only knows what it's like in a dressing room with real foreigners, babbling excitedly as they always do. Just think, one of them might be a bloody shirtlifter and you'd never be able to tell because you don't know the Italian for "I'm Free" or "Ooh You Are Awful" or whatever. You'd be doing your best to make them feel welcome whilst demanding quite rightly that they learn the ways of the British, while all the time the perfumed ponces could be planning a raid on your nether regions. Sick!

That's why I was delighted that my old hunting partner Ken Bates sacked that Dutch manager of his. Everyone knows that the Dutch are lax when it comes to the evils of drugs, and if a man can't have the decency to get a short back and sides before taking the job of an Englishman, then he's clearly up to no-good. Hopefully the BBC will take Ken's lead and boot him off the telly too! There's no need to talk of sexy football - well, not outside of a working man's club anyway. Sadly, women are allowed to watch TV these days, and thus they need protecting from such repugnant smut.

And finally he had to steal the job of an English actor by doing adverts for those pedlars of foreign muck Pizza Hut. Firstly, we don't want Pizza over here, and if the Zola's and Mussolini's of the world don't like fish & chips they can bugger off back home as far as I'm concerned. I for one didn't face up to Gianfranco Eye-Tie to see our kids corrupted by the sick innuendo of tasty Sicilians and their wicked corners!