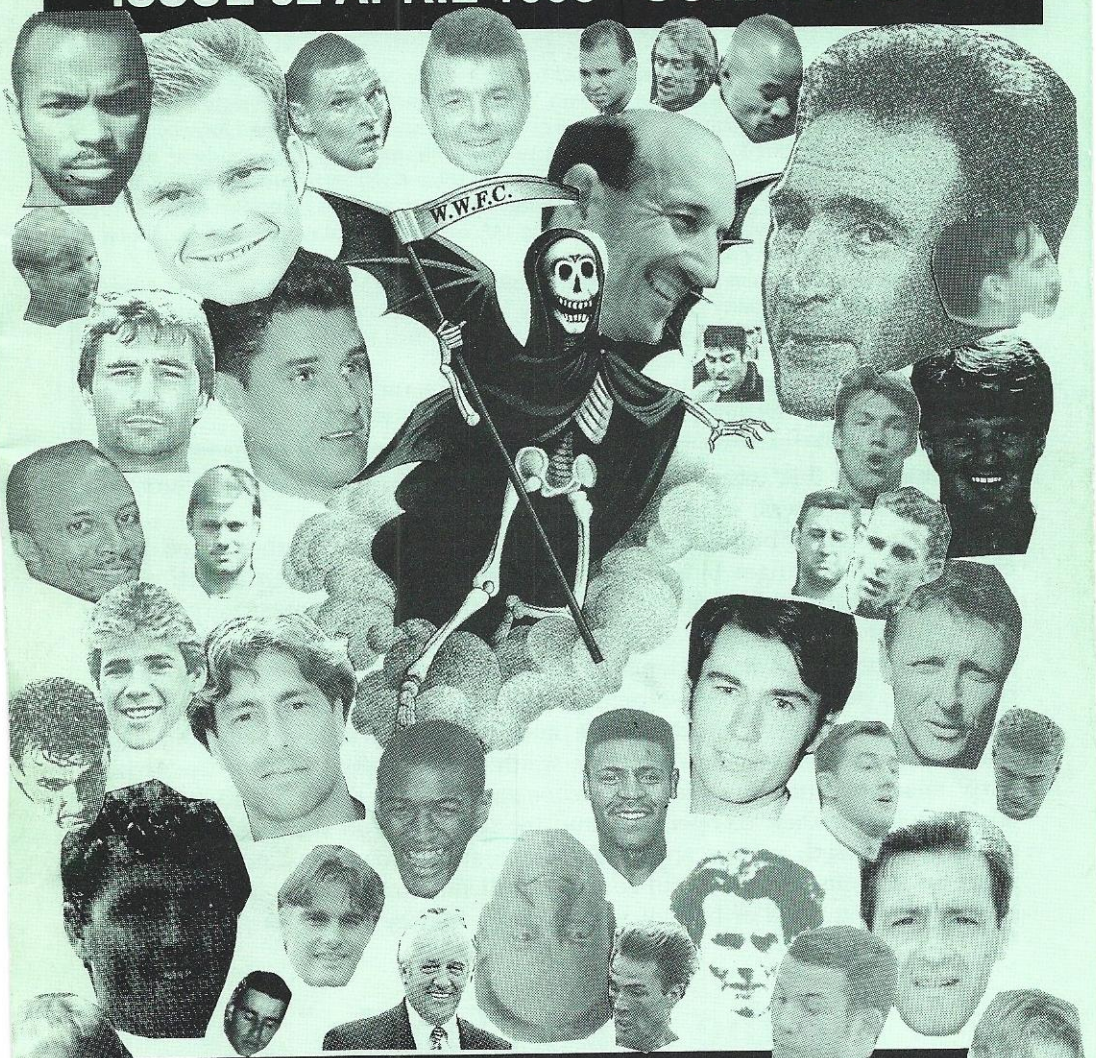
THE ADAMS FAMILY

THE FINAL ISSUE OF WYCOMBE'S NUMBER ONE FANZINE

ISSUE 32 APRIL 1998 - SORRY IT'S £1



BIGGEST EVER ISSUE

the adams family
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About seven years ago, a group of us sat in the Clayton Arms in Lane End, and talked about setting up a Wycombe Wanderers fanzine. After a year of talk, we finally got round to producing issue one of The Adams Family. This first issue was 16 pages of poorly photocopied inanity, which was handed out free before the 3-0 victory over Slough Town on January 1st 1992.

Six years and 32 issues later we have decided to call it a day. Since announcing this decision, many people have asked why we are stopping. What they don't seem to appreciate is the time and effort that goes into each issue (a certain ex-club secretary certainly doesn't anyway). One time Wanderers fanzine Roo-barb Roo-barb is proof of this, managing just one issue before folding. New fanzine One-One (should that be Nil-Nil these days) may fare better, but they might want to sell their product in a more prominent position, as we've never seen them.

Although we have had a great deal of fun writing TAF, we just feel that enough is enough, and it's now time to hang up our word processors.

This special farewell edition looks back over the highs and lows of the previous six years. Never ones to miss the opportunity for easy page filling, we have each selected our favourite article to be reproduced for posterity. If there are any you'd have liked to have seen, it's a bit late to write in now!

The Adams Family would like to thank all our readers, guest contributors, and of course Wycombe Wanderers for giving us such great subject matter to write about.

contributors to this issue: dave chapman, andy dickinson, doug peters, jon dickinson, neil peters, stuart murphy, floyd foreman

thank you to contributors from the past: paul vw, bob, heather, max, nigel, chris w, tony b, ginger bird, and anyone else we've forgotten about; all the people at catford copy centre - unfailingly brilliant at all times; gary and the crew at that most essential of booze shops wycombe wines, jeff at scorpion records, sportspages in london and manchester; bucks free press (especially claire nash, pete lansley, dave peters) for nearly every picture used in the last six years, plus steve 'holsta' walke and stuart brown for their assistance; martin o'neill for his leadership; alan smith for a different kind of leadership; chris' snack bar for tea, coffee, and triple sausage dog rolls on cold saturdays; all at wwisc for their co-operation and for selling taf on the weeks when we couldn't be arsed; adams apple, bluey the swan, mark austin, and graham peart for all being the beautiful source of ridicule that you are; all the players, past or present, good or bad, of wwfc; **finally Mickey Nuttell = guru.**

the adams family

brambleside - chiltern avenue - castle street - st andrews - inkerman - sibley

TAF's Alternative Stats Page

Well here they are the final showings in the first and last TAF Man of the Match awards. As we can see it was a close thing with no-one player really showing stunning form throughout the season. Lets hope that next season sees a bit more consistency from a few of our stars, which will help us to reach the upper echelons. So well done Messrs Stallard and McGavin, and full marks to Steve Brown for picking up a mere 12 bookings! Keep it up lad.

Bristol Rovers (A) L 1-2 **Mo Harkin** - Came on and looked sheer class

Gillingham (H) W 1-0 **Keith Ryan** - Kicked off the Smilie regime with the captains armband and a superb goal.

York (H) W 1-0 **Dave Carroll** - Like a fine vintage the lad Carroll seems to be getting better with age and pulled the strings in this victory.

Luton (A) D 0-0 **Martin Taylor** - In a tedious encounter Taylor made a few first-rate stops.

Plymouth (H) W 5-1 **Dave Carroll** - Brilliant throughout and capped performance with his first of the season.

Wrexham (A) L 0-2 **Mo Harkin** - Totally at ease with the ball at his feet, Mo was the silkiest player on the park.

Bristol City (H) L 1-2 **Keith Scott** - The big man looked fitter and healtheir than he has all season and won nearly every header going.

Bournemouth (A) D 0-0 **Jason Cousins** - Strong and perceptive in the centre-back position, potentially his best role.

Grimsby (H) D 1-1 **Jason Cousins** - Once again Jason was in top form winning numerous headers and tackles and generally winding up the opposition.

Oldham (A) W 1-0 **Mark Stallard** - A shock victory from this man's strike

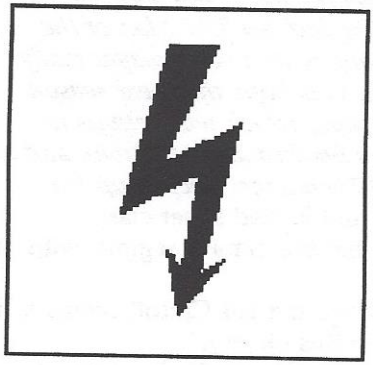
Millwall (H) D 0-0 **Jason Kavanagh** - Hard graft as ever from the young man.



Hall of Fame

Steve McGavin	6 MOM
Steve Brown	6 MOM
Mark Stallard	5 MOM
Paul McCarthy	4 MOM
Dave Carroll	4 MOM
Mo Harkin	4 MOM
Keith Ryan	3 MOM
Keith Scott	3 MOM
Jason Cousins	3 MOM
John Cornforth	2 MOM
Nicky Mohan	2 MOM
Martin Taylor	1 MOM
Michael Forsyth	1 MOM
Alan Beeton	1 MOM
Michael Simpson	1 MOM
Jason Kavanagh	1 MOM

THE LIVEWIRES



Name	Yellow	Red
Steve Brown	12	0
Paul McCarthy	7	1
Jason Cousins	7	0
Nicky Mohan	6	0
Michael Forsyth	5	0
Jason Kavanagh	5	0
Keith Scott	4	0
John Cornforth	4	1
Mark Stallard	3	1
Micky Simpson	3	1
Keith Ryan	3	0
Alan Beeton	3	0
Steve McGavin	2	0
Dave Carroll	2	0
Martin Taylor	1	1
Mo Harkin	1	0

The Paul Read fair play awards



I am pleased to be sponsoring this very important part of the fanzine because I can never condone a player getting booked and unlike that flame haired hooligan Carroll, I like to play the game by the LAWS. It is little surprise therefore that in my 20+ outings for Wycombe this season I can now hold my hands up and say "Hey I'm card clean". So I thus award myself this great accolade and set myself up us a role-model for all young kids.

THE NETBUSTERS..

Mark Stallard	17 Strikes
Keith Scott	11 Strikes
John Cornforth	7 Strikes
Steve McGavin	4 Strikes
Paul Read	4 Strikes
Keith Ryan	4 Strikes
Mo Harkin	4 Strikes
Steve Brown	3 Strikes
Jason Kavanagh	1 Strike
Paul McCarthy	1 Strike
Dave Carroll	1 Strike



A fond farewell from the campest GP in England

DR WILLY PROCTOR



"I'm in the mood for Easter everywhere", do you remember that song? I believe it was sung by one of those raunchy black singers in the 70's. Talking of which I enjoyed a thoroughly pleasant night out the other night at the Reading Hexagon, watching none other than Errol "you sexy thing" Brown doing his thang. Yes, I actually got tickets courtesy of my bosom buddy Steve Brown, who has family connections with Errol...cheers Steve. The support act were a couple of strapping lads called Coffee and Cream, and I'll tell you something, later that night one of the lead singers, Bertie, came back to my pad where *coffee* was served followed by lashings of *cream*!

Anyway back to the football, and SHOCK, HORROR, I couldn't believe what I was hearing when the boys said they were giving up the fanzine. I mean not only is it informative and pleasurable to read, but it's given me the opportunity to meet many of my admirers through your letters that I get courtesy of the PO Box. If it hadn't been for my regular column, I would never have got to meet the likes of Bonnie Langford, Titty Titterton and the strapping Bobby Officer. Still as they say its the end of an era and who knows, maybe the next wave of WWFC fanzines will call on my services, for as the comic genius John Inman often said.....I'M FREE.

As for life at WWFC, well it seems as though they have forgotten about me ever since I was caught peeking through the keyhole while Mo Harkin was showering. I was merely checking whether or not I had left my Imperial Leather shower gel on the bench but Richard Hill didn't think so and gave me a calamitous thrashing. So that seems to be that.

However my hopes are high for employment in this new Smilie regime. Neil and myself go back a long way when I used to share lodgings with his fellow Chelsea team-mate John Bumstead. Smilie, Bummie and myself used to go into London most weekends, often having a quiet meal then going on to a 'show', and those were great days indeed.

Neil was always a hit in the clubs with his tight perm and even tighter leather breeks, while myself and Bummie were more discreet, choosing to wear feather boa's, sleeveless PVC tops and the like. The Seventies, what a decade that was. I actually believe that fashion was it its height then. Roy Wood, Elton, Rod Stewart and Suzi Quatro - these were just a handful of performers who oozed sheer class and I doubt if we'll ever see their likes again.

Anyhow I'm now reaching my climax, and it's time to bid you all a fond farewell. So take care of yourselves, and remember, don't do anything I wouldn't.....*Love Willy*

Five Of The Finest

It's that time of year again when we review which players have really cut the mustard this season. In previous years we have picked who we believe to be the five top players over the course of the season. This year however we have picked the five players who have won the most Adams Family Man Of The Match awards. First up is.....

STEVE MCGAVIN - No doubt there will be a few raised eyebrows at Steve being joint top of the pile. While he may have been out of sorts and out injured in recent months, his mid season performances earned him six Man Of The Match Awards. Don't forget his assist and sublime strike against Luton (h), or being one of too few who played well in the arse that was Basingstoke in the FA Cup, not to mention his shinning performance at home to Bournemouth . Seeing as the Blues are no attacking force away from home it is hardly surprising Steve's best performances have been at Adams Park. If he could turn it on away like he did at home to Bristol Rovers, Watford and Blackpool we may be pushing a play-off place. I personally think he is Wycombe's most gifted player, I just wish he'd do it more often.

STEVE BROWN - Yes, despite being mates with Judas Bell, we love him, and so I suspect, do most of you. Another player whose form has dipped of late but could you imagine not having him. It is a mark of Brownie's consistency that when we've played badly he usually looks our best player. Five of his six Man Of The Match awards were granted for battling performances against Fulham (a), Northampton (twice) Wrexham (h) and Southend (a). His sixth award was picked up for his fine performance 'betwixt sticks' up at Chesterfield. It has been reported in the Bucks Free Press that he has been trying to push a claim for a Jamaican World Cup place. While this may be a pipe dream, at least if he doesn't play in France '98 AC Milan won't get to hear about him. This is the second year running Steve has made our top five and let's face it, would YOU tell him he's not as good as any other player at the club?

MARK STALLARD - Wycombe's top scorer has five Man Of The Match awards to his name. Large sections of the crowd got on his back during the early months of '98 and with good cause. After a blistering start to the campaign his form dropped dramatically, culminating in a pitiful performance at Luton. However, since his brace against Plymouth he is starting to look back to his best. After the comedy double act of De Souza and Williams it is a treat to see a Wycombe forward who can hold the ball up and relieve the pressure on the defence. The way he can carry four defenders on his back and still shield the ball reminds me of Mark Hughes. His five awards came for goals against Blackpool (a), Southend (h), Brentford (a), Walsall (h) and Oldham (a). His hat-trick and all round performance against Walsall was a good as I have ever seen from a Wycombe striker. Many dull Sundays have been enlivened by staring at the

'Top Scorers' table in the Sunday papers and seeing a Wycombe player's name. Keep it up lad and thanks for choosing us instead of Preston.

PAUL McCARTHY - 'The Dog' has been a giant at the back again this season. His omission from the team when fit baffles me. He's currently recovering from an operation but I sincerely hope he returns to the team once fully fit. This may be hard on the likes of Mohan who has played well recently but I always feel more comfortable with Macca at the back. He is an expert at reading the game and is one of the best tacklers I've seen. You never see him just dive in, he always stays on his feet and times his tackles to perfection. He usually comes away with the ball at his feet and always looks to play it rather than lump it. His four Man Of The Match awards were won for fine performances against Burnley (a), Grimsby (a), Brentford (h) and Burnley (h). The home match against Burnley was probably McCarthy's best performance in a Wycombe shirt which was capped off with a rare goal. Top Dog.

DAVE CARROLL - Altogether now 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus'. There was a time in the dim and distant past when Davey Carroll didn't play for Wycombe. He's probably been with Wycombe now for longer than half the supporters. Wycombe without Dave Carroll would be like Terry without June. Every season I think he won't last the pace and every season he proves me wrong His switch to the middle of the park has given him a more creative role but he's also turned into something of a tough tackling hard man. Those of you who watched him in his Loakes Park days wouldn't recognise him as the same player. In his testimonial year he has won four Man Of The Match awards against York (a), Oldham (h) York (h) and for his outstanding performance against Plymouth at home. Davey, we love you.

Although not making our final selection special mention must go to the likes of Keith Scott, Keith Ryan, Mo Harkin and Jason Cousins who each won three awards. Jason Cousins' Wycombe career looked all but over a few months ago but he has returned with typical fighting spirit and should now stay at the club. Scotty's season has been a bit stop start while Keith Ryan surely would have made the top five if he'd been fit all season. Praise is also due to Jason Kavanagh. Jason didn't win a single award from us, mainly due to the fact that he hasn't had one particularly outstanding game all season. However, he hasn't had a bad patch either and has played consistently at right back and out of position at left back.

The final league table of Man Of The Match awards is printed on the TAF Alternative Stats Page.

It will be interesting to see how our top five compares with the BFP Player Of The Season award. I suspect it may well be different but that award goes to the one outstanding player of the season and to be honest I don't think we've had one.

O'Neills Signings A-Z
Part Four (The End)



Well soldiers, with this being the last ever TAF to sit in your grubby little paws, I have had to produce a rapid round up of the final handful of O'Neill's 'contract signings'. If you can remember we ranked players out of five in 4 categories: Skills, Style, Fan Popularity and Aid to the Cause and had got up to Bonnie Langford. If you can forgive me I've kept the marking system, but moved around the format to fit in the remaining 17 buggers. So here goes....

Steve McGavin: (1995 -) When the lad pasty joined us from Birmingham there was a strange feeling amongst the supporters. Here was a man who, had terrorised us from his non-league days with the scum. People forgot that McDoughnut aside, Col.U had some very skilful players, and like Charlton's current star Mark Kinsella, McGavin is one of the silkiest footballers in the Nationwide Leagues. On top of his skills, the man is fairly cool, his haircut has inspired many an indie kid, and he has managed to turn Wycombe into a force to be reckoned with. **Skills.....5 Style.....3 Fan.P.....5 ATC.....4 TOTAL 17 POINTS**

Chuck Moussadik: (1989-1995) Entertaining second choice keeper who managed a mere handful of games in over five seasons but managed to retain a high profile due to his comedy name. A showman between the sticks, who will also be remembered for an appalling impersonation of Martin O'Neill which had Alan Hutchinson close to laundering his breeks (So what's new? - ed). A total celebrity, but for what exactly??? **Skills.....3 Style.....3 Fan.P.....4 ATC.....2 TOTAL 12 POINTS**

Mick Nuttell: (1990-1992) A man who needs no introduction to TAF readers, and who is probably the epitome of the 80's lower league footballer (the naff haircut, the bad fashions, and the cheesy grin). Believe me, if Roy Race came to life from his comic strip he would be Micky Nuttell. 13 quality goals in 20+ appearances and all for the measly sum of £15,000. The name Nuttell now equals a benchmark for quality entertainment. **Skills.....2 Style.....5! Fan.P.....4 ATC.....3 TOTAL 14 POINTS**

Gary Patterson: (1994-1997) Another big favourite of ours, mainly because we sponsored the man for two years - only to be snubbed when he couldn't be arsed to show up at the end of last seasons sponsorship prize-giving baloney. Patto had his moments and is now one of the key figures in the Kingstonian revolution with Big Tel and Sir Matt. **Skills.....3 Style.....4 Fan.P.....3 ATC.....3 TOTAL 13 POINTS**

Josh Price: (1990-91) If ever there was a truly duff signing in O'Neills reign, it could well be this fellow. Although as far as I'm aware no cash was paid for him and he remained a fringe player, no-one can disguise the fact that he was a bloated goon cashing in on his brothers small success. What got me was the fact that he actually looked gutted when he was left out of the Wembley 13! Just think, a small percentage of your gate money went into this man's bank account, an arrestable offence surely....
Skills.....1 Style.....2 Fan.P.....1 ATC.....1 TOTAL 5 POINTS

Trevor Roffey: (1991-92) Just when you thought it couldn't possibly get worse.....it surely does. This "grinning spanner" hung around for the best part of a season, trying his hardest to get a game between the sticks and even claiming to some people that he was better than Hydie. A very oily individual, TAF were more than happy to see the back of him. **Skills.....1 Style.....1 Fan.P.....1 ATC.....0 TOTAL 3 POINTS**

Cyrille Regis: (1994-95) A genuine legend who was lured down to Wycombe by our fine manager and went on to thrill the Wycombe public with his displays up front with fellow guru Garner. An intelligent man on and off the park, Cyrille would be a big hit with the fans as manager if Smilie was deemed not up to the task (which he clearly is however). Cyrille remains an exciting player at one of the most exciting times in the clubs history. **Skills.....4 Style.....4 Fan.P.....5 ATC.....4 TOTAL 17 POINTS**

Nicky Reid: (1994-95) A diminutive midfielder who played some absolute blinders for Wycombe, none more so than his debut vs Bury and his displays in the play-offs that saw us get promoted. However he then failed to get a regular place in the side and left the following season. All in all a decent workhorse with a dodgy tash.
Skills.....3 Style.....2 Fan.P.....3 ATC.....4 TOTAL 12 POINTS

Keith Ryan: (1990 -) Nothing short of a gentleman and loyal servant to the club who offered him the chance of quality football. Now worth at least half a million, he remains one of our biggest assets and has completed the transition from rookie striker to good all-round midfielder to world-class defender. Keith has never been known to grumble about his lot, despite almost destroying his career with 2 horrific injuries, so we at TAF salute him despite the fact that he goes to Club Eden.
Skills.....4 Style.....4 Fan.P.....5 ATC.....5 TOTAL 18 POINTS

Keith Scott: (1991-93 / 1997 -) Another hero who returned to his spiritual roots and has seen an upturn in his fortunes in the last couple of months after suffering from various injuries, irate fans, blood disorders and lazyitis in the last few years. Keith Scott circa 1992 was the real article, a huge bustling striker with subtle pace and great finishing skills and he remains a great striker and an equally fine signing.
Skills.....3 Style.....3 Fan.P.....5 ATC.....5 TOTAL 16 POINTS

Jason Soloman: (1995-96) When O'Neill signed Jason he was being hyped as "the next Paul Ince" throughout Hertfordshire and despite playing like a donkey for Watford, O'Neill got a bit excited and got him on a 18 month contract when he was released. From this point on Jason always flattered to deceive and looked like a very average midfield player until the day he left the club.
Skills.....3 Style.....2 Fan.P.....2 ATC.....2 TOTAL 9 POINTS

David Titterton: (1993-95) Old soapy never really got a long enough run in the team to show his true skills, as he was either overweight or injured for the best part of his stay at Adams Park. That's not to detract from the fact that on his day he was one of the best left sided defenders the club has had in the last decade; hard, strong and with good distribution. The man will always be remembered for his fine displays in the promotion winning season.
Skills.....3 Style.....3 Fan.P.....4 ATC.....3 TOTAL 13 POINTS

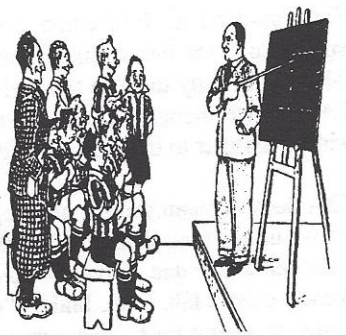
Steve Thompson: (1992-95) When this West country bumpkin joined us from then-rivals Slough Town, it was for me one of the turning points which led to Wycombe's ascendancy into the big time. The gormless directors actually went out of their way to lure this non-league legend to Adams Park, offering him a top-notch package that he couldn't refuse....yes, this was when we had a half-decent budget. And for a couple of years Thommo was class, his silky play often unlocking the meanest of defences. Whether he replicated the stunning form that he showed for Slough is open to debate, but as Wycombe have always been low on true flair players in recent years, squaddie Steve's stay was generally one of great joy. The only flaw came when he went out on the town with Tony Hemmings, had one to many scrumpy's and got into a fracas with a rozzer. O'Neill was so horrified at this debacle that he transfer listed both of them and it wasn't long before both were out on their ears.
Skills.....5 Style.....2 Fan.P.....4 ATC.....4 TOTAL 15 POINTS

Lee Turnbull: (1994-95) Another bizarre signing, one got the impression that O'Neill was trying to beef up the squad with a hard man when this stocky Northerner arrived at the park. Able to play in any position through the centre of the park, Lee had little finesse in any of these roles, as he lumbered around the park unable to do anything but the basic soccer skills that you would see on a Sunday down on the rye. Obviously he must have had some skill as we managed to get some kind of fee for him from Scunthorpe, but as far as signings went....poor old Bully was one of the worst.
Skills.....2 Style.....3 Fan.P.....2 ATC.....1 TOTAL 8 POINTS

Steve Walford: (1990-92) Veteran left-back and mate of O'Neill's who managed to turn in a handful of fine performances in the first Trophy winning season, only to lose out on the glory to medal-grabber Cashie. Always game for a bit of banter with the crowd, he will always be fondly remembered by all. By no means a legend at WWFC, but a fairly cool geezer all the same.
Skills.....3 Style.....3 Fan.P.....4 ATC.....2 TOTAL 12 POINTS

Steve Whitby: (1990-91) Carrot-follicled right-back, who joined the Blues along with cousin Keith Ryan at the start of the 1990 season. At that stage Steve was probably the most promising of the pair, a tough tackling defender who was comfortable with the ball and had good distribution skills. After being dropped near the end of the season, the lad went off to Slough on a free, and while his career has nose-dived ever since, his cousin Ryan has turned into one of our true stars. Funny old game...
Skills.....3 Style.....3 Fan.P.....3 ATC.....1 TOTAL 10 POINTS

THE FINAL ANALYSIS



So the players we've warmed to over the O'Neill period are many. Terry Evans, Terry Howard, Keith Scott and Steve Brown.....these have been some of the players who have provided us with top quality entertainment during the last few years. But even these four are not deemed worthy of entering the "Top Five" of signings made by the mercurial Irishman, which are as follows.....

1. **Keith Ryan** - The pick of the bunch, an inspired buy, still with potential.
2. **Simon Garner** - Super Si wooed the fans with his pure class.
3. **Paul Hyde** - A bargain 10k spent by O'Neill, axed disgracefully by Smith.
4. **Steve McGavin** - The silky magician, a mastermind behind many wins.
5. **Cyrille Regis** - An enigmatic giant of a man and inspiration to players and fans.

As for the worst five, these have been easy to find. Forget the mediocre Turnbull's and Covington's of the O'Neill reign, as these two were gems compared with these five jokers, who in order of complete and utter crapness are listed in full glory for all to see below....

1. **Trevor Aylott** - No surprises here, as this man was a disgrace to behold.
2. **Trevor Roffey** - Ego-charged pile of utter toss.
3. **Steve Blatherwick** - bald, bloated and bilious. A wreck of a man.
4. **Paul Barrowcliffe** - Foppish fool, who couldn't help but fall on his arse.
5. **Josh Price** - Outlandishly greasy oik, with the agility of a constipated ape.

- -

"DEAR IVOR..."



THE COLUMN THAT 'DISHES IT' STRAIGHT TO THE MAN AT THE TOP

How could we let TAF come to the end of its natural shelf-life without another batch of 'suggestions for improvements' at the Club we all know and love? We've not had space (ahem!) recently to fit in the veritable phalanxes of letters for this popular letters page in TAF, so we thought it only fitting to squeeeeeze in a few more before lapsing off in a wistful manner to that great sports bookshop in the sky....

That doesn't mean you should stop sending in your observations of constructive criticism, for we understand from a very reliable source that Mr. Beeks casts his watchful eye over *each and every one* of them - don't forget, you're the customer and without you the Club doesn't exist, blah, blah, blah. True, the quality of the 'end product' would have Gerald Ratner reaching for his thesaurus on occasion to finds words more pernicious than "crap", but that shouldn't prevent you from insisting on a little quality control about the rest of the place.

Dear Ivor,
I've been following the Blues home and away for longer than I care to remember and never miss a match. However, it has come to my attention that we hardly ever seem to win away from home these days - just five victories in two seasons has seen our away support dwindle to us hardy few with Motts Travel season tickets and little else to do on a Saturday. Why not tell the team to win a few away games for a change and bring the noisy away support of a few seasons ago back? Or introduce free away travel for away games? We all know you're absolutely loaded, mate! Come on, dig your hand deep, you tight-wad!
Mr Lou Surr
(P.S. Did I overcook it a bit towards the end, there?)

Dear Ivor,
I just wanted to let you know that I think you do a great job and everything, however I think the way you let managers go these days after keeping them for barely a year or so doesn't give them a chance to prove themselves properly. You really ought to give them a fair crack of the whip before either sacking them or allowing them to swan off to earn a small fortune elsewhere. Why not put them on a good eight-year no-walk deal with a package that they can't turn down? This seems much fairer than the uncertainty suffered currently from season to season. Please do this, go on, I implore you....

Mr Neal Smiley
Timbuctoo

Dear Ivor
It strikes me that the club hasn't had a decent left-footed left back at Adams Park since that money grabbing git Mickey Bell sodded off. Here's an answer to the problem of who to play in this (historically it would appear) 'troublesome' role - **buy another left-back**. This is such a simple solution, Mr Beeks, I can't believe you haven't thought of it before! Do we get a tenner (each) for this letter?
Messrs. Alan Forsyth, Jason Beeton & Michael Kavanagh

Dear Ivor
Diamond geezer that you are, Ivor old sport, I know you'll adopt this brilliant idea. Raise the atmosphere at Adams Park by several thousand decibels by reintroducing corporal punishment for anybody not making enough noise - this could be upgraded to capital for persistent non-offenders. We all know that most of the stewards are frustrated security guards that don't see enough action, so they would be ideally positioned to carry out the beatings. It would also make interesting viewing for the rest of us - quite often a good deal more fascinating that what's happening on the pitch, I'll wager! Any mute people or those with severe sore throats could bring dustbin lids and sticks, or perhaps learn to play a noisy musical instrument, just like at primary school.
Harold Steptoe
(Servispak Stand season ticket holder)

Dear Ivor,
Resign as Chairman and let someone else (like me) have a go. I have the club interests more at heart than you ever will, you evil despot. In fact, it was entirely down to me that the club is as well positioned as it is, as you and the fans well know.
A..Smith
London SW6

Dear Ivor,
Have you considered the impressive savings that could be made by having a virtual soccer team instead of the temperamental humans you currently pay vast amounts of money to? For the price of a few PCs with some natty software (which I could get you a pretty good deal on), you could found this world's first computerised soccer league. The fans would still pay to watch, but from the comfort of their own homes, and having seen how dull a place Wycombe is to live in, there must be stacks of geeks around absolutely fantastic at computer games who could control the players - they can't all be drug addicts or alcoholics, or can they? Just find a few like-minded clubs and off you go. What about the ground you ask? Well, turn it into an ice hockey stadium - much more exciting than soccer, fewer players to pay and it gives you 'carte blanche' to beat the crap out of each other - would suit some of your more physical guys down to the ground. Have a nice day!
B.Gates
Seattle

The voice of footballing reason in a young hoodlum's world.....

REG TIMBERLAKE'S MEMOIRS



So, here I am once more for what looks like the last ruddy time. What is the world coming to, when these spineless whippersnappers from the Adams Family decide to terminate our gentleman's contract early? I mean to say, they're giving it all up after a mere 32 issues - whatever happened to staying power and bloody endurance? What would have happened if the Readers' Digest had decided to jack it in after 32 issues? ***(we wouldn't get a Brazilian Rainforest of junk mail each month telling us how lucky we are to be sent a 'gold' coin, that's what - Ed.)*** There would have been damned uproar, I can tell you. Kids these days get bored too easily, make no mistake - they want it all given to them on a plate, and a gold-leaf one at that! When I were a lad, the leafy hills of this fair county provided all the excitement we needed - scaling trees, knocking off horse chestnuts, spinning hoops and, if we were lucky, some of us had push-bikes. That would keep us occupied all summer, and winter if the snow were under 2ft deep, and that's another thing - the bloody climatic system in this country's not what it used to be. Back in the first half of this century you knew where you were with the seasons - it'd be snowing in winter and hot in summer, with a bit of sunshine and rain in between. Now look at it, arse about face with tropical winters and bloody blizzards in April - madness. I expect new Labour's to blame for this jiggery-pokery.

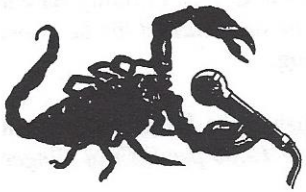
Any road, back to football - where was I - yes, the 1930/31 season was especially memorable for me - we had our best season for years, finishing third in the Isthmian League - that's what the Vauxhall Victor, Deo-doorer, Rye Mans (sic) League used to be called before these greed obsessed fat-cat organisations decided they had enough cash lying around to indulge in that sickening fad known as 'corporate sponsorship'. It wasn't that long ago they called this 'slipping a backhander' - now they try and cover it up by pretending these outfits have some sort of interest in the game, what rubbish. Mind you, good car the Vauxhall Victor - never had any problems with the one I owned, unlike all this foreign rubbish everywhere now, falling apart at the seams and leaving you stranded. I've heard the AA don't come out to Japanese cars these days ***(that's because they don't break down - Ed.)*** unlike my Vauxhall which they came out to without hesitation several times each month, now that's service for you!

I'm straying from the beaten path again, yes, 1930/31 when only the mighty Wimbledon and Dulwich Hamlet finished above us and when I had me best season on the pitch to date, only two goals mind, but I were setting them up every match for our two wizard centre-forwards, Brown and Vernon, on a plate. Ay, it were like clockwork - if I'd been in one of those ridiculous fantasy football teams that my grandsons keep on playing, I'd have been up there with Michael Owen, cheeky bloody bugger, for all the assists I had. Look at those two clubs now - Wimbledon, who play proper football for real men, now riding high in the country's top echelons, and the sorry figure cut by Dulwich Hamlet, who started playing 'modern' football with "free expression", whatever that's all about, and look where they are! Bloody rubbish - wasting all that space in their ground to house 230 fans. Money - that's what's ruined today's game, when we played as amateurs, it meant that - for the love of it. If we played baloney on a Saturday, the manager would have us in on Monday reseeding the pitch - give the groundsman a morning off. Then it would be up and down Tom Bert's Hill a dozen times with a sack of coal on our backs. If we'd had a good cup run, some local businessman might put aside a few guineas behind the bar for a round of light and bitters for the team, but that was where it stopped! Nor did he expect any favours in return neither - he was only too pleased to show his gratitude for the extra publicity we were bringing to this fine town.

Still, I'm not one to gripe, so I'll bid you all farewell until some other fly-by-night periodical tries to secure my services - bye for now,

Reg Timberlake Esq.

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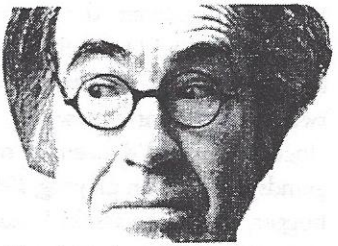
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SEYMOURS SUPER FACTS



How's it hangin' brudders? Seymour's back in the hood with a brand new flava, so get down on it, I'm a bad ass raver. Those fly geezers at "The Family" have invited me back for their last issue. "Try and be a bit less old fashioned" they said. So I've spent the last few weeks hanging around the Bus Station learning how to talk "Street".....Boyzzzz.

Yeah, Seymour's coming at ya, I'm gonna get ya,
With my facts I ain't tripping ya. So come on you honeys, get real near,
I've got lots of facts I know that you wanna hear.
Seymour is fresh, yeah he's back from the dead.
So here are some facts that have gotta be read.

- The Scottish cup was withheld in 1909 because the two matches between Celtic and Rangers ended in draws which caused a riot between spectators - *Yeah man, those cool Scotch cats are crazzzeeee man.*

- When Scotland met England in 1903 at Crystal Palace they wore a kit of primrose and white hoops - *Did I say those Jocks were cool? No way man, they're square dudes.*

- The fastest ever league goal was scored by Jim Fryatt in 1964. He took just four seconds to score for Bradford Park Avenue against Tranmere Rovers - *My main man Jim, he's a fast mutha crusher.*

-The father of the great Stanley Matthews was a boxer known as "The Fighting Barber Of Hanley" - *Listen up bros. That barber was so quick he once turned his bedroom light off and was in his bed before the room got dark....Dang.*

- Alan Ball was the first player to move between English clubs for £100,00 when Blackpool sold him to Everton in 1964 - *That works out at £5,00 per inch of Ginger Cringe.*

In 1888 the English cup winners, West Bromwich Albion, played the Scottish cup winners Renton, for the title "Champions of the World". Renton won. - *Real Madrid, AC Milan, Ajax, River Plate.... Renton. Just trips off the tongue don't it.*

Well now it's time for me to stop jammin'
The Adams Family are no longer slammin'
Those boys made you laugh and they made you cry,
Now it's time for them to say.....
"Get the @*$# outta dodge."

OPEN LETTER TO A FINANCIAL DIRECTOR

Recently that most irritating of men, Graham Peart, ran an article in Blues News about "disappearing fans" querying why any right thinking individual would want to stay away from Adams Park.

Whilst clearly not a right thinking individual, I am potentially qualified to answer this conundrum as a former TAF scribe who wandered from the path and away from the light.

Having followed the Chairboys home and away (well invariably they were christened Choirboys in away programs) for a number of seasons, the decision to forsake a true love was not taken lightly.

I could have whined that further price increases were to blame, but that would only be true in part. Although I'm sure I could put together a rather fancy graph showing how the admission price outstripped inflation for a number of years.

I could have moaned that the quality of football seemed inversely proportional to the price it cost to get in, but you don't stop supporting a team just because they go through a ropy spell (unless you "follow" Man U).

I could have whinged that the slog from a distant housing estate, scaling hills that would make Chris Bonnington queasy, didn't really induce me to make the effort for cold and windy matches, but isn't that the charm of our game ?

I could have complained that the opportunity to meet before and after a game in a pleasant, warm environment was lacking to all but the most privileged. Well actually I will moan about this as any pre-match beers had to be enjoyed a few miles away, thus necessitating the need for an SAS style operation to arrive in Sands with enough time to find a parking space, but not so long that you'd have pneumonia when the teams appeared.

It wasn't any of the reasons listed, it wasn't crappy kits, opinionated loud-mouthed, bigoted supporters, revolting food, dodgy managers or supporters more timid than timiddy Tim McTimid, winner of the town's timid competition.

If the truth be told it was a combination of all those factors. There are those who would argue that these are all aspects that colour our national game and give it it's unique flavour.

Well if that's the truth, the colour is brown and the taste is most assuredly of the poo variety.

THE SELECTOR

The Selector comes to the end of its short life in association with Wycombe's number one fanzine, but we can't let those black and white clad ska revivalists in Camden leave without a nod of appreciation for their stunning efforts this season. After a somewhat ropy start to proceedings back in August, the lads have come good with an uncannily accurate set of predictions for future Wycombe games. With just one match left this season, and that a meaningless affair at Walsall's airfix stadium, we can but review The Selector's last batch of premonitions conjured up from the beige (except for the slightly darker coffee cup stains) BBC MicroComputer otherwise gathering dust in their NW1 flat on Kentish Town Road.

Let's hope that The Selector finds another outlet to ply their wares through, otherwise a season on the Butlins circuit beckons for them - "N-duh, n-duh, on my radio..."



No less than twelve results are up for analysis, covering our excursion to Preston back in late February right up to last Saturday's display against Millwall. The long and short of it is that The Selector has finished with a healthy-ish **33.3%** success for these games, totalling out at a respectable **27%** for the season as a whole. Which proves that, er, this is a thoroughly valid way of filling up space in a season's issues of TAF and hardly a sure-fire way of making you rich - but did we ever say otherwise?

GROUNDSMAN'S TIPS



AS RECOMMENDED BY...

Alan Titchmarsh



"Whenever it comes to repainting the penalty spots, try and leave it till matchday and use 36-hour old porridge - just the right consistency for ensuring the ball will stick. Can be a career-threatening scam though if you forget to tell *your* team about it - heh, heh! Cheers!"

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...go

join us in a **retrospective** glance back through the annuls of **the adams family.** at just over six years of age, **taf** has clocked up **32** issues and almost as **many readers.** so **come on** in and close the door (it's draughty by the fire) as we **look back** through **the glory** and wonder of wycombe's no1 fanzine, **the adams family**

'Hi there!
I've totally freaked out at the news that the chaps at TAF have withdrawn from the world of publishing. Without their help, I'd still be a menace to society - so it is with a tear in my eye that I pen my intro to this retrospective of all their fine work.
They have broken my heart, but every one of the scoundrels will be welcome for life at my, ahem, surgery!
Turraahh for ever?'



Dr Willie Proctor

MEDICINE TO THE STARS

your adams family contributors...

'Name them and shame them, shout Tony Blair and Jack Straw'. Who exactly? 'The anti-social element that tears at the fabric of our society'. Ok then, prepare to meet in all their gorgeous glory, The Adams Family



Douglas 'Cruel' Peters is the hatchet man of TAF. Unkind to everyone, Scouts and club mascots are the most prominent targets of his invective. He doesn't suffer fools gladly, which makes it difficult when he sits in the Servispak stand surrounded by them. Be sure of this - a badly thought out comment WILL lead to that sinister glare! He is also one of TAF's many popstars, twanging the axe with Gatsby.



***Johnny 'Thrash' Dickinson** is TAF's undercover reporter. It is he who stalks the streets photographing players entering the much fabled portals of Feathers in Desborough Road. Despite the vast sums this prolific individual rakes in from his TAF involvement, he still finds time to work with the needy in Berkshire. Another TAF rock star, he was once likened to Fergal Sharkey by Boston United fans!*



Paul 'Hertz' Van Walwyk, as he doesn't like to be known, was in the starting line-up of TAF but retired to supervise the sort of mad children you see washing windscreens at the Euston Underpass. His antiquated PC was the dynamic force behind early TAF's, and is one of the main reasons you can hardly read them! A former pop guru, his finest hour was singing 'Shelter' by The Alarm in Wycombe's Flint Cottage.



***Andy 'Bumsweat' Dickinson** is the least popular member of TAF, because he is always moaning about deadlines and having to do all the work. Despite being a student, he manages to attend matches thanks to the generosity of The Wycombe Star, who furnish him with free tickets in return for, 'A load of rubbish every week!' Another former musician, he played a three string bass quite badly.*



Dave 'Chas' Chapman, is the only classically trained musician of TAF, but can only be regarded as an ex-popstar if you count his seminal outfit, The Pyjamaheads - a kind of prototype Hanson. Dave is the contributor who uses words that don't exist, and is the man to expose if all you subscibers don't recieve your outstanding subscription money. Always up for a challenge Dave would gladly fight Mike Tyson, but only if you suggested he was bottling it!



***Neil 'Tropical' Peters** has made a heroic rise from his humble start as a Banardo's boy. He is now a veritable giant in the publishing industry, and has also appeared on the popular TV soap Eastenders! A powerhouse behind the drumkit, Neil has an irrational dislike of pigeons, and has been known to brew his own fine wines. Neil maintains a magnificent fish tank and keeps a simply sensational cellar!*



Floyd 'Rutger' Foreman will go down in TAF history for being the voice behind Jack Silverworth, the club secretary who liked a tipple or six. Floyd was so traumatised by the subsequent witch-hunt and Alan Smith's long ball game, that he ran off to Australia to find a new audience for his protest songs. He once presented a radio show after which he handed over to Radio 1's Zoe Ball!



***Stuart 'There's No Limit' Murphy,** was the original voice behind Terrace Tattle. One of the original TAF line-up, Stu was famed for breaking the sound-barrier on the way to away games in one of his many 'sporty numbers'! A spell of hangovers saw the lad retire from Adams Park service, and he was last seen supporting St Albans City. Stuart is also the only member of TAF to have been on a Club 18-30 holiday!*



Phil 'Three Quid' Bird has only written one article for TAF, but his ginger locks have helped to sell the fanzine on many occasions. Phil also appeared on Eastenders wearing a Wycombe Wanderers shirt, and was furnished with cash to buy a new one by the late Roger Vere. He has also played in many a pub rock band, and wielded the axe for Billy & the Bonquas. A succesful businessman, Phil lives in London's trendy Crouch End and sneers at the poor!



The Players and TAF.....

When writing a fanzine it's never best to get too chummy with any of the players. I mean Brian McGorry might well have been a cracking lad and all that, but the fact was that he was a shite footballer and we couldn't possibly have said otherwise. Mind you who's to say that the soul/funk crazy footballers of today would want to hang out with a bunch of sarcastic indie freaks like ourselves. I personally would rather have a night out with the Dimbleby brothers than hang out with the 'rank bints' of Club Eden, the kind of gaff where you're likely to get garrotted by some small-town Joe Pesci for treading on his sad brogues.

However I digress, my point being that one thing players do like is to read about themselves. And on the whole the fanzine gives a truer impression of the fans thoughts and feelings rather than the safe and often sycophantic programme contributors. In the O'Neill days players such as Matt Crossley, Paul Hyde and Jason Cousins revelled in the true and false banter that the fanzine generated and we know for a fact that one of the early TAF 'plays' was read aloud in the dressing room by Sir Matt before an important cup game to calm the players nerves down, which was quite flattering at the time. Likewise crazy Euro Sicb Dykstra was said to have loved the photo of his head stuck onto Chewbacca's in a Star Wars picture so much, that he blew it up and framed it for his bedroom wall - strange but true.

Having said this, players who have actually stopped off at the stall and bought a copy of TAF are few and far between. Special mention here must go to Steve Brown though, who often pulls over in one of his flash motors, and shouts "give us a copy lads". Steve used to bring in fellow cohorts Micky Bell, Chuck Moussadik and Haky Hayrettin, who also did the honours of demanding a few copies free of charge. However the gormless Bell once refused to hand out copies of TAF to players in the bar after the game, probably knowing already that he was going to diddle Wycombe out of a mountain of cash and inspire our hatred.

Other notable buyers of TAF were mates Terry Howard and Mig Desouza, who once walked down to the stall to purchase the copy that had an article condemning the treatment of Howard by Alan Smith. "Lets see what you've written about that wanker" beamed Howard, while Desouza just said "nice article lads". Another keen purchaser was John Williams, who once spotted me in the car park with a handful of copies and came running over. Having slagged the man off in the last few issues I began to worry somewhat for my personal safety, however John was courteous and polite.

- How much are they mate?
- 60p mate
- I've only got a quid
- Oh that'll do. By the way you've got a good write up this time

- Oh cheers. I don't care anyway cos its all good stuff mate.

What a true pro! He knew we were just in it for a laugh, telling it like it is and all that. He didn't even want any change - top man. What's more even Dave Farrell was happily grinning away despite the houndings that we constantly gave him.

The same which can't be said for the carrot headed reserve player Terry Skiverton. The ginger tosspot once got so offended by an article taking the razz out of his hair, that he was trying to act hard in the bar and had to be restrained by fellow team-mates. A month later, TAF, always keen to bring peace to any situation, offered the man a free copy of the next issue, but the copper-topped nerd gave us his best hard man stare and growled "nah I don't want it." Oh well you can't please everyone can you?

Two lads who were avid readers were one-time cover stars Steve Guppy and Andy Kerr. Mr Kerr told us that he liked to keep a few in the bog, which was hopefully no reflection on the quality of the read, while Mr Guppy informed us that he had a stack of them under his bed - a worrying thought indeed! Long serving Keith Ryan has also been known to get into the odd copy. Although when I once bumped into him in a pub in Wycombe and told him that fellow writer Doug Peters was the main man behind the pathetic one-edition-only "Roo-barb Roo-barb", lovely chap Keith showed a different side to his character. Storming over to Doug he promptly got him in a life-threatening neck-lock and said "Its not funny mate. That article you wrote about me being a stripper upset my friends and family." I quickly intervened before the evening turned sour and explained that I was winding him up and that we actually wrote TAF. Keith then turned lovely man again and said "oh yeah, that's a good read, but what's all this crap about me wearing shell-suits?" All in good jest I can assure you Keith.



So that's about it really. Its good that players read the fanzine as they get to know what some of the fans are really thinking. I mean I can remember chatting to Lee Turnbull once in a local pub and when he asked me how I thought he'd been playing I actually said "yeah, really good mate." I knew, and he probably knew too, that I was lying and for me that's the good thing about a fanzine. You can vent your real frustrations and anger in a way that you can never really do to someone's face. And before someone says that such a principle reeks of cowardice, the flip side is that when things are going well you can use it to heap praise onto individuals - something else that most of us find difficult to do face-to-face. So I hope that someone takes over where TAF left off - it would be a shame if WWFC got too cosy and self-contented. So we throw down the gauntlet to the One-One's and WWISC's of this club to take up the mantle where ourselves and our fellow inspirations Chairboys Gas have gone before and keep the fanzine spirit going.

'all i know about gateshead fans is that they are fat greasy spoons'

'gary smith, always hard but fair' - yeah right!

'mickey bell, rot in hell' - taf on judas

let us hope that like many poets he tops himself a la keats whilst stil young' - taf on the blue bard

'what's next? tattoos on players arses' - reg timberlake on sponsorship

'people who miss penalties from five yards are not great sports, they are useless' - taf on half-time entertainment

'i kid you not, we were playing for penalties' - taf on basingstoke

'the floor was soon a rolling sea of urine' - taf on the bognor coach

'designed by a five year old going awol with a crayon '- taf on wycombe merchandising

'he wasn't slow, more stop dead' - martin o'neill on trevor aylott

'i didn't get into football as a result of some mutated river fowl prancing around on a pitch' - taf on bluey the swan

'austin has his nose shoved so far up a certain part of a sponsors anatomy he must find it difficult to breathe' - taf on austin b.a.

'brownie is ince, without the whining' - taf on hardmen

THE ADAMS FAMILY

Wonder Years

It's six years since TAF first reared our collectively ugly head. Like all good drug dealers 'The first one was free'. Once we had got you hooked we upped the dosage and increased the price. Now it's time for you to let go. You can survive without us and so can the club...or can they? Is it mere fluke that the club's most successful season has coincided with the publication of their best fanzine. I'll state the facts, you decide.

ISSUE 1 - Jan. '92: Launched before the 3-0 New Years' day defeat of Slough Town. The Blues were second in the Conference at the time with three games in hand. It was already a two horse race with only Farnborough (?) just about hanging on to our coat tails.

ISSUE 2 -March '92: By the now the Blues were still six points off Col Utd but with four games in hand. Having beaten Bath City 2-0 in the third round of the FA Trophy we were looking to progress to the semis. An easy looking quarter final at home to Conference newcomers Witton Albion was on the horizon. With the Blues through to the final of the Bob Lord Trophy (Conference League Cup) we were now chasing silverware on three fronts.

ISSUE 3 - April '92: With two games to go promotion was still a possibility. A non-league treble was no longer on having being beaten at home in the FA Trophy by Witton Albion. We bagged the Bob Lord Trophy with a 2-1 win over Runcorn but no-one really cared. The championship went to the last game and despite avenging our cup exit by beating Witton Albion 6-0 on the final day Colchester's 4-0 win over Barrow meant we lost out on goal difference by one goal. The only consolation being we didn't have to visit the hell hole that is Colchester's Layer Road in the league the following season. I tell you, the stench of their bogs is so bad it could knock a buzzard off a shit truck from fifty yards.

ISSUE 4 -Sept. '92: Despite attempts by the club to enter the league by the back door to take the place of bankrupt Maidstone we started the season as hot favourites for the Conference. By the end of September we had dropped only two points in ten games and were flying at the top of the table.

ISSUE 5 - Dec. '92: By the time we played hosts to West Bromwich Albion in the second round of the FA Cup we were thirteen points

clear of second placed Slough. A fantastic 2-2 draw with Albion, shown live on Sky maintained an unbeaten home record that stretched back to March. A late Bob Taylor winner at the Hawthorns ended the FA Cup adventure but those watching on Sky were left in no doubt as to who would be joining the football league come the end of the season.

ISSUE 6 - Feb. '93: Despite Slough narrowing the gap to nine points the Blues had still only lost three games from 25 and had scored 66 goals. Cheltenham, Morecambe and Bromsgrove had been dispatched in the FA Trophy and Verco had been commissioned to design a new trophy cabinet.

ISSUE 7 - April '93: By the middle of the month the Blues were champions and still had the FA Trophy final to come after the return of Keith Scott and a Matt Crossley brace had seen off Sutton Utd in the semis. The league cup final (now renamed the Drinkwise Cup) was lost after extra time to Norhtwich Victoria but no-one really cared.
We were finally a league club and were much stronger than we had been twelve months previously.

ISSUE 8 - May '93: Champioli, Champioli. A carnival atmosphere at Wembley saw the double clinched with a stunning 4-1 victory over a shell-shocked Runcorn. The Blues were now ready for the league. Anxious summer months were spent worrying over whether Martin O' Neill would stay as manager. He did and we took our place in the new 3rd division.

ISSUE 9 - August '93: In their wisdom, the league made the Wanderers play their first league game away to Carlisle. Over 2,00 Blues fans saw us fight out a 2-2 draw. A win over 2nd division Leyton Orient in our first Coca Cola Cup tie added to the sense of adventure.

ISSUE 10 - Nov. '93: Sitting 5th in the league the Blues suffered the highs of beating Coventry 4-2 in the Coca Cola cup only to lose 5-4 on aggregate and the low of suffering our first league defeat losing 5-2 at home to .....Colchester (boooooooo).

ISSUE 11 - Dec. '93: Wycombe had risen to 4th in the table and had progressed to the FA Cup third round after a Tony Hemmings strike knocked out 2nd Division Cambridge. Norwich City - fresh from Euro excursions - were waiting for us in round three.

ISSUE 12 - Jan. '94: Three fanzines in three months. That's how exiting this season was becoming. A disappointing 2-0 defeat by Northwich allowed us to concentrate on the league. By February we were sitting pretty in second place.

ISSUE 13 - March '94: After 34 games we were still 2nd and just one point behind the leaders, Chester City. A 3-2 aggregate defeat by

Swansea in the southern final of the Autoglass Cup denied us a cup final appearance at Wembley.

ISSUE 14 - April '94: Having slipped to third by 22 April we had three games left to ensure automatic promotion. Shrewsbury, Chester and Crewe went up. We had to settle for the play-offs. Simon Garner led the way as we overcame Carlisle and there nutty fans in the semis. In the final a second half performance of total football saw us hammer Preston 4-2 and we'd won promotion in our first year.

ISSUE 15 - Sept. '94: Again Martin stayed put as we entered the 2nd division. An early exit in the Coca Cola to Brighton but a famous victory over Birmingham at St. Andrews put us in the top 5.

ISSUE 16 - Feb. '95: A lack of fanzine activity for 5 months but the Blues were still fourth in the table. Another 2-0 defeat in the FA Cup third round, this time to West Ham left us with only promotion to think about.

ISSUE 17 - April/May '95: We blew it. Despite finishing sixth it wasn't enough to make the play-offs. Even worse, Martin O'Neill decided to take over at Norwich. The end of an era.

ISSUE 18 - August '95: Former Crystal Palace boss Alan Smith takes over. He promised to modernise the club and make it more professional. Only three league wins by the end of September and we started to get a bit suspicious.

ISSUE 19 - Oct. '95: Despite only winning two games in October the Blues were proving hard to beat and were 7th come the end of the month.

ISSUE 20 - Dec. '95/Jan '96: Still difficult to beat but equally difficult to lose to and the first grumblings started on the terraces. Ninth in the table and out of the FA Cup thanks to Gillingham, Smith's promises were starting to look hollow.

ISSUE 21 - March/April '96: The Blues had slipped to 12th having won only 5 league games since the turn of the year. For the first time since we'd moved to Adams Park our season was over by March,

ISSUE 22 - April/May '96: The only excitement at the club by now was the construction of the new Woodlands Stand. Despite a final day thrashing of Carlisle, Smith was by now very unpopular with the fans and rumour had it, the players. If only he had held his hand up occasionally to take responsibility for crap results.

ISSUE 23 - Aug. '93: By 28 September Wycombe hadn't won a single league match. The opening of the new stand and a 2-1 aggregate defeat of Reading in the Coca Cola cup being the only plus points. The 6-3 defeat away to Peterborough was the final straw and Smith's "love affair" with the club was over.

ISSUE 24 - Oct./Nov. '96: Caretaker boss Neil Smillie secured our first league win over fellow strugglers Rotherham. Aston Villa coach John Gregory took over as manager and continued the good work. Although results were indifferent the performances had improved beyond measure. An FA Cup first round victory over old enemy Colchester cheered the fans no end. Barnet were dispatched in front of Sky's cameras in the next round.

ISSUE 25 - Dec. '96/ Jan. '97: Yet another 2-0 defeat in the FA Cup third round at home to Bradford City and the Blues were still in trouble. The only good news being ex-Wanderers jail bird Simon Garner's release from prison for failing to pay alimony.

ISSUE 26 - Feb./March '97: The Blues embarked on a stunning home run. However, the inability to play away from home meant we were still treading water in the relegation places.

ISSUE 27 - May '97: A timely away win at Notts County courtesy of goals from Brown and McGavin followed by a 5-0 drubbing of Burnley and a point at home to Bournemouth meant we were safe despite losing at Stockport. The season was rounded off with two great goals over Bristol City.

ISSUE 28 - Aug. '97: Player of the year Mickey Bell repays the fans by sodding off to Bristol City. Keith Scott returned to the club and with Mark Stallard scoring from all angles the season started promisingly enough. Ex-Premiership 'keeper Martin Taylor joined following a loan period the previous season but a 2-1 defeat away at Watford started a freefall down the table.

ISSUE 29 - Nov. '97: Inconsistency sets in and the club suffer humiliation at the hands of Rymans league strugglers Basingstoke Town in the FA Cup. Having already been knocked out of the Coca Cola cup by Fulham the best Wycombe fans could hope for by the end of the season was a relegation dog-fight.

ISSUE 30 - Jan. '98: The players oblige and the club spends the next few months hovering just above the drop zone. Again, our home form is excellent but we just can't win away.

ISSUE 31 - March '98: John Gregory leaves to take over at Villa. Neil Smillie takes over the reigns again in a semi/permanent position and we pull ourselves to safety. The Adams Family announce we will quit at the end of the season. The publishing world is shocked and the people of Wycombe show grief that surpasses even the bull-shit tears surrounding Diana, Princess of blah blah's funeral.

So there you have it. The Adams Family Wonder Years. Can the club survive with out us? Only time will tell.

'clough & taylor? more like the chuckle brothers' - taf on smith & kemp

'colchester's tony english and martin grainger were beaten up by ronnie & reggie - corbett & dwight that is' - taf on the scum

i wish adams park was a woman, because women don't have an adams apple' - taf on our brass band

'what's wrong with a solid pat on the back, or even a hands free "well played sir?' - taf on football celebrations

suddenly you think of westies tash, brian lee's head and your evening turns into something of a flop' - taf on wycombe knickers

'football needs characters' - alan smith in taf

'in alan smith we've got one of the best managers around today' - taf gets it wrong

'a game for lads who like groping each other' - taf on rugby

'can you think of anything worse than some loon blowing 'the yellow rose of texas' in your ear for 90 minutes?' - taf on alan parry's terrace band

AS THE FAT LADY SINGS

With so many different supporters, staff and players reading TAF over the years we thought we would ask a few from past and present to voice their true opinion on the worlds greatest fanzine.

A small list of questions were drawn up and off in the post they went to a selected few. Sadly, but as usual with TAF only a few of you buggers could be arsed to reply so we are now left with a article that could have been a true insight on the clubs feelings past and present on TAF but is actually a garbled bit of nonsense that pompously fills a page by rambling on for ever.

Never the less the great Steve Guppy did reply by phone and during a very pleasant chat told us what he thought of the Premiership, Europe and wages as well as his personal view of TAF so where better place to start than with the living legend that is .....

STEVE GUPPY:- "I've always been a fan of The Adams Family and that's probably because it was always relatively kind to me. I was left to one side of the mickey taking which is a bit lucky really. I have bought copies of the fanzine since leaving the club and still find it enjoyable to read although the names have changed the gags haven't."

"My favourite memory of TAF was the front cover you did with an alien passing for Steve Brown. I thought that was classic but I'm not quite sure Steve thought it was very funny".

"I think TAF approached most it's articles light heartedly. It was never to scathing about anyone and never seemed to be to malicious."

"Compared to other fanzines I have seen it is one of the best. Port Vale had a good one but TAF it is definitely up with the best".

"It will be missed. It was a big part of Wycombe Wanderers when I was there. Players really did enjoy it and it's a shame it's finishing. Is there going to be anything to replace it?"

KEITH SCOTT:- "TAF is a very funny fanzine which I have enjoyed reading, but I fell sometimes with players you have been below the belt in your remarks and although you aim to be funny sometimes you are cruel".

"My favourite memory of TAF is the Xmas play with Dave Carroll in the lead part. We were in the conference at the time, very funny".

"I don't think you can really compare the fanzine to other clubs because every fanzine is unique to themselves".

"At the end of the day you should be happy with what you and the fanzine has achieved and although a little near the mark sometimes a job well done. Please let us know what will replace it, thanks and well done".

STEVE BROWN:- "I have always bought a copy of your fanzine, bar once when you gave me a copy free after one rather rude article from the previous mag."

"My favourite memory is when I have been able to look through and not see my name".

"I have seen better fanzines and I have seen worse but the difference is I'm not in any of the other ones".

"My final comment - Any chance of a testimonial".

DAVE PETERS (BFP Sports editor) "I think the fanzine is rather like the club, inconsistent. It has some excellent articles but like most fanzines that have been around for years it has the inevitable tired features. But it's good value and has a good name".

"My favourite memory is the most recent front cover with Dave Carroll threatening to break a kids leg if he doesn't lend him a tenner. Makes me chuckle every time I think about it."

"Compared to other fanzines TAF is like the Wanderers, comfortably mid-table".

"It will be missed and I think fans should launch a campaign to save it. Fanzines have played an important part in the giving supporters a voice in the game and it will be a pity if this particular part in Wanderers history dies".

So there you go, a very little bit of proof that people within the club did genuinely enjoy TAF over the years. During the past glory years of Guppy, O'Neill, Garner and West it was far easier to write better things about players, officials and fans. The atmosphere within the club was electric and Wycombe were on the up. Players like Micky Nuttall made headlines for us. Garner was a writers dream and Creaser and Kerr a double act. With those players a fanzine can not fail. As time drifts by it has become hard to present new and original article in each issue and with poor responses from outside sources it is a struggle to fill each issue with quality stuff. It is a shame not more people responded to the above questionnaire but that's the way it goes. I hope this Jerry Springer like epitaph has indeed pompously filled the page and remember look after yourselves but most of all look after each other, xxxx.

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so let us introduce to you, the very first thing you saw,
of Wycombe Wanderers fantastic TAF'

TAF GOLD

In the time-honoured tradition of all great entrepreneurs, we here at TAF recognise that most of the best ideas in life can be reconstituted, repackaged and remarketed to satisfy even the most demanding of modern fads and lusts for originality. You might look at the following as a cheap 'series of repeats' - we prefer to view it as *the* definitive set of digitally remastered classics, brought bang up-to-date for '98 with all the black-and-white fuzzy bits (the typos) smoothed over (spell-checked) and coloured in, and all the politcally incorrect terminology left right where it damned well is.

All of TAF's regulars have gone through their extensive literary portfolios to bring back for you people their finest moments in 'noir-blanc' with this golden selection of their fave old articles. So, it's time to hang a left down Memory Lane and let nostalgia do its wistful thing... our rehash starts off with a gem of an piece originally scribed back in February '93 by Dave Chapman, in fledgling Issue 6 (that one with a dodgy swan logo on the cover). Feet up, pipe lit and cognac poured - OK, we're ready to go.

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

We here at TAF like to get to the bottom of issues that really concern you, the supporters. So here we present an in-depth study on the main reason why Wycombe Wanderers F.C. have always trod a little cautiously in the transfer market - what could be depicted as the "naff barnet factor".

Back in the 40s and 50s hairstyle was not a problem. All players, indeed all males blessed in the follicle department, were obliged to sport the near compulsory 'short back and sides' with a good slap of Brylcreem to keep it all down. The arrival of the Beatles in the 60s certainly spawned a few 'Mersey Moptops', but nothing too outrageous cropped(!) up, and even looking back to your old 1970s nostalgia soccer vids, shapeless scruffy hairdos with preposterous sideburns were the order of the day for practically everyone from Malcolm Allison to Robin Friday.

It was only with the advent of the breakaway punk and New Romantic movements in the late 70s and early 80s that the split finally occurred. Encouraged by the likes of local synth boffin Howard Jones, players started experimenting with new lengths, styles and colours of hair, and the football ground soon became a veritable catwalk for crap barnets of all types. However, having been a Wycombe fan for many seasons, I'm glad to report that the Club has always clamped down on sub-standard hairdressing, and this is one of the reasons why the club is so well respected outside of its direct fan base. The following list should leave you in no doubt:-



1. **KEVIN COLLINS.** It always baffled me why Kev ever even came into consideration for selection in the days of his flowing Terry McDermott perm - he would wander aimlessly around in midfield looking for a purpose in the game. Kev, however, found a new lease of life when management forced him to 'lop it off'. The man started taking people on, even scoring occasionally and finally won the captain's armband for a short while. However, when the full scope of his misdemeanours became apparent to certain members of the board, Kevin was no less than evicted to Australia midway through the 1986-87 season.

2. **BARRY SILKMAN.** A name to conjour up all manner of memories, Barry arrived in a blaze of glory during Wycombe's record-breaking 1986-87 season in the Vauxhall Opel League. Undoubtedly a man of valuable football league experience and outrageous talent, Barry never fitted in well with the other Wycombe players, his appearance being better suited to that of a casino owner in Ibiza than a non-league footballer. After a handful of inspired appearances he was sadly forced to pursue the remainder of his playing career elsewhere, his lavish perm in close pursuit.

3. **RICK COLLIER.** Concrete proof that beards and football don't mix. In his one and only appearance for Wycombe at Croydon's ridiculously monickered 'Sports Arena', this loan keeper made one unforgiveable cock-up of a straightforward cross to allow the Sarf Lahnduners to score the game's only goal. Mild-mannered Mark West then contrived to get himself sent off rather than continue playing with this clown. We all felt for him.

4. **MIKE BRADY.** Wycombe's forays that have delved into the glut of talent existing outside of these fair shores has to date been limited and generally unsuccessful. One exception to that rule was the fab Yank striker John Kerr, of whom Mike Brady was supposedly a 'mate'. That must have been the only reason he ever got a trial at Wycombe, because he certainly didn't resemble a footballer in any way except for an horrific

tight perm atop his bonce. Perhaps judging him on two appearances is a little harsh, but if you can't impress against Marlow in the ruddy B&B Cup *and* you look like a cross between Kevin Keegan (in his prime) and Mick Robinson from Magpie, then I'm afraid there's little hope for you. We couldn't get him back Stateside quick enough.

5. **SEAN NORMAN.** One of the few genuine left-backs that Wycombe have had in recent decades, Sean was a popular and regular member of the first team for some time, until one appalling 'coiffeurial' gaff at the end of the 1989 season. Away at Sutton, he decided fetchingly to sport what can only be described as 'custard curls'. They were nothing like the peroxide efforts as favoured by Messrs Gascoigne and Draper, no, these were definitely 'sunflower yellow'. From a distance (in our case the Sutton cowshed) it looked as though a giant caterpillar with chronic jaundice had settled on Sean's head. He was obviously demoted to the subs bench straight off, but in fact never played again. Despite two subsequent and very convincing attempts to resign for the Blues, the board stood firm and the poor lad's career was allowed to fester at the likes of Chesham United. We can forgive, Sean, but hardly forget...

6. **NICKY EVANS.** Whatever you may have read about the controversial figure of Evans in books, magazines, the media, the hype simply was not true. Nicky was of course signed for a considerable fee (by non-league standards) from, appropriately enough, Barnet against the wishes of many club officials at Loakes Park. Until the arrival of Brian 'Baywatch' McGorry, he was the ultimate footballing beach bum and his glowing tan was for all to witness even on the coldest winter evening - this proving to be a constant source of embarrassment for the pallid Dave Carroll. Even worse, he possessed a rather naff dishwater blonde bouffant which never seemed to go down well. The club fobbed off the press with tales of Nicky's harsh luck with injuries, but in fact he was locked in the physio room and tortured by directors until his golden locks reverted back to their natural hue. They never did of course and Nicky was sent packing back whence he came.

7. **DAVE CARROLL.** A current example of a player who has cropped for the better. When Davey arrived from Ruislip Manor in 1988, he looked for all the world like the type of bloke who would read gas meters for a living - unkempt collar-length wave-up, wispy 'tache and a chirpy cockney lilt. However, when management forced him to "get with it or get out", Dave duly obliged. Gone was the blond 'tache, along with a good three inches from his tussled barnet, and while he still retains a natural curl and an uncanny resemblance to images of the good Lord on earth, Donkey Dave (as he was then known) blossomed into a thoroughbred on the pitch and simultaneously a big hit with the ladies off it.

That seems to cover the main culprits of this remarkable phenomenon, but to bring us right up-to-date, a few omissions and some more recent examples that may have slipped your mind. The highlights king **Roy Fairchild**, a striker so crap he suffered the indignation of a free transfer to Flackwell Heath. **Pete Johnson** - an impressive left-back who did well on loan for us in the early 90s, but who refused to cut off his curly 'rats-tail' and was promptly sent back up the A1. Then who could ever forget **Trevor Aylott**, a striker so bad even Flackwell wouldn't have him - his follicle shortcomings were hidden by a horrible headband which reminded us too much of Steve Foster, as if we needed any other reason to get shot of him!

We shouldn't ignore the steady trickle of gingas at the club, none of whom, although perfectly respectable players, has ever made a sustainable mark. Of the three that spring to mind, **Adrian Mann, Terry Skiverton** and **Steve Whitby**, only the latter made any lasting impact before being disgracefully shunted off to Slough Town with Premiership clubs queueing up, gagging to buy him. Mann was a top-notch striker but far too orange for the Wycombe Hair Police, and Terry Skiverton only made life harder for himself by insisting to us that he was a 'strawberry blonde' and not the carrot-top we could all see he was. In a major strop, he left the club for lowly non-league climbs, blaming us at TAF for his ostricision by other players, but we were doing him a favour really by helping him to come to terms with his rank gingerness. He's a much more settled character now, we understand. It remains to be seen how long current contender **Paul Read** will stay the course.

Future Wycombe stars - you have been warned!





Looking Better for 1998???
Dave Carroll (above) and Rick Collier (!)

MORE TAF GOLD

Probably one of the funniest pieces ever written in TAF was the epic article "Behind the Fanzine Scene" by Jack Silverworth which appeared in issue 12. Intentionally written as a warm parody of programme contributor and long-serving secretary John Goldsworthy's "Behind the Scenes" column it created mass hysteria amongst the club hierarchy which culminated in risible scenes in the weeks that followed.
John Goldsworthy missed the point by a mile. He wrote some illiterate garbage in his next column basically waffling about how pathetic we were and then actually pulled his regular page three article from the programme because he believed it "paramountly obvious" that the supporters didn't want to read it.. Never in the history of football has a bit of horse-play been so misconstrued. More hysterics followed when TAF received a missive from the pompous turkey and general club-lackey Adrian Wood, who probably thinks the pinnacle of humour is watching countless episodes of Last of the Summer Wine. He wrote saying that, "*I doubt if I can persuade him (Goldsworthy) to write again; people will see that their favourite article is missing; programme sales will go down; the club will lose money - is that what you really want?*" On the Martin Luther King scale of diplomacy this letter scored 0 out of 10, but we weren't going to be bullied by this worm and steadfastly refused to apologise. Whether programme sales did actually go down is unlikely, but if they did it was probably more to do with the fact that our programme has long been one of the poorest reads in the league. Factually good, yes, but painfully tedious also.
Anyhow here is the classic article in full for you to savour and while reading it, make up your own minds as to whether it was really worth all that fuss.

Behind the Fanzine Scene

by Jack Silverworth

It's late Sunday night, and now that I've watched all the sport possible on SKY I feel ready to pen my first notes as secretary of The Adams Family. However, I must just finish off the rest of my case of Belgium red. (5 minutes later.) Ahhh that's better, I do recommend that stuff, twenty quid for ten bottles from Buttocks Up and Ready, although I do of course get a sizeable discount in there. Where was I now, oh yes I was about to sample a bottle or two of Australian white (fiver a go) and scribble down my much warranted thoughts and opinions.

Did you all see the game tonight on SKY, oh sorry I forgot most of you probably didn't, as only a chosen few have the luxury of Satellite T.V. Cracking game though, unfortunately I missed the final score as I had to get to the "offie" to stock up for tonight. Anyway, on with the show.

I decided to go up to Lincoln last Saturday to watch our beloved Blues take on what's-his-names' old team. As I stepped out of my front door to leave my chest tightened, hands went all clammy, legs wobbled and I broke into a feverish sweat.... There it was, I was in love, my gleaming Citroen sat majestically in the drive. I rushed up to it, fell on my knees and started uncontrollably kissing every square inch of my polished beauty. You really must buy one of these fine chariots, oh my, just thinking about it makes my feel trembly, I'd better open another bottle for medicinal purposes, what's this one, American wine or something, mmm tastes good, right back to the story. Once I'd regained control of myself I climbed into the trusty Citroen. The computer told me that taking into consideration my weight, the weight of my liquid refreshments, wind speed and direction, the average number of vehicles on the road at this time of day, and the road conditions, the journey would take four hours eleven minutes and thirty eight seconds, with a fuel consumption rather similar to mine.

The game was a hard fought one but not as good as the games they show on SKY. Thingy-bob scored a hatrick for Wycombe, not bad for a new player, one of the best buys Jim Kelman ever made. But we got the three points, as I also did on my driving licence whilst driving back. The auto-cruise was set too high for the local police forces' liking. That's the great thing about the Citroen, it's not afraid to take risks. What a wonderful piece of French engineering, oh dear, I'm sweating again, where's the bottle of American brown wine gone, hang on that's not wine, it's whiskey, I'm halfway through my second bottle and I've only just noticed. The wife will go mad if she sees this, I'd better hide it and get a proper bottle of wine, she doesn't mind that.

Where did I get to, oh yes, guess who paid me a visit yesterday, none other that the lucky tabby cat. It's the last time he'll be around through because his luck finally ran out. I shot the mongrel what he shat on my precious Citroen and the same punishment will be dished out on any other creature who dares to desecrate my pride and joy.

Anyhow, I must get some sleep so I'll sign off, I've a big day ahead tomorrow talking to people about football and wine. Talking of football, have I mentioned it at all in this article, oh yes I included it whilst referring to the merits of SKY T.V. Thanks to T.A.F. for giving me this treasured space in which to ramble, I'm sure you've found it highly interesting. See you next time and may I recommend this fine bottle of white as a night cap, it's called, (if I can read the label) I think it's American again as the label reads Texas D.I.Y. Meths, oh God surely not, I didn't realise, never mind it tastes just fine, I must try some other brands and let you know my opinion.

Footnote: *Jack Silverworth was so distressed by the reception that he got to this article that he never wrote again. He ran off to a seaside shack in Devon and slowly got drawn into a seedy world of heroin and shady dealing, even selling his beloved Citroen to fund his dirty habits. He was last seen in Teignmouth mumbling to himself about 'wreaking vengeance on that man Wood' whilst swigging from a bottle of Do It All White Spirits, his current favourite.*

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Dear Sir/Madam

I am writing this to complain about the article headed "Behind the Fanzine Scene" which appeared in the last edition of "The Adams Family."

Of all the pages/articles in our official matchday programme, "Behind the Scenes" is by far the most popular - this is why I have requested the writer to continue in the same format during my time as Programme Editor. I thought the piece by "Jack Silverwirth" was a pathetic take-off and as I'm sure you will have now realised - I presume you purchased and read the Mansfield edition - has certainly upset the writer. I doubt if I can persuade him to write again; people will see that their favourite article is missing; programme sales will go down; the club will lose money - is that what you want?

I suggest that to rectify the situation, you write a sincere apology NOW to the writer and also publish that in your next edition. In that way perhaps the Status Quo will be restored before the Darlington game.

Cedric E. Wood
Programme Editor

Cult hero's of our time... No 1 Micky Nuttell

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

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

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

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

****

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



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

SEGREGATION

There seems to be a lot of whinging on the terraces at Wycombe. Most of it directed at the team and management. Fair enough, we`re not having a particularly great season and if you pay your money you have a right to an opinion. However, at the recent Swindon game I had the misfortune to stand in front of the biggest bunch of moaning minnies in the Shire. First we were moaned at for being too tall! Then it was smoking. I know most non-smokers don`t like standing next to someone with a fag or pipe. Ask me politely and I`ll either stop or at least try to blow the smoke in the opposite direction. However, I was prodded in the ribs and told "Oi, keep your smoke away no one wants it you know". I had just spent 45 minutes suffering the most constant witless ramblings of this bloke and his mates so I politely said "I don`t want to listen to you for the whole match but I have to". This prompted his little gang to rant for the rest of the game about the state of the nation, the privatisation of the railways, the National Lottery etc. From what I could gather I`m held personally responsible for the hole in the ozone layer. Sorry!

As it seems we can`t all stand on the terraces as one big happy family like they did in the 1940`s and 50`s, passing small children to the front, I think it`s time for segregation at Adams Park. I have sent the club my recommendations for the seating arrangements in the new stand. Although I haven't received a reply yet I fully expect them to be incorporated in the construction.

My idea is for the two tiers to each be split into four sections.

The lower tier will be split as into the following:

Block A: Shortarses: Anyone under 5` 8" can sit here without some inconsiderate beanpole who purposefully grew over 6` sitting in front of them. Each row from the front backwards will be graded so the short-shortarses sit at the front and the not-so-short-shortarses at the back. There will be a life size cut-out of Bluey the Swan at the turnstile of Block A with a message saying "If your head touches my wing you`re in the wrong block".

Block B: Kids: If you are under the age of eight and want to spend the whole game playing "Ting-Tang-Tallyo" or "Catch" you can do so without adults constantly tripping over you.

Block C: Anti-smoking lobby: Each seat will have an oxygen mask hanging over it like in an aeroplane. You will be able to watch the game safe in the knowledge that no one is polluting *your* air. Then when the game is finished you can drive home, filling the air with Carbon-Monoxide, get home and spray your pits with your CFC filled aerosol deodorant.

Block D: Know nothing about football: Yes, all the Elton Welsby clones who piss everyone off by talking rubbish, can piss each other off instead. As this section is in the lower tier the players should be able to hear your advice and act on it. Then we`ll have the best ground in the ICIS League.

The upper tier will be segregated as follows:

Block E: Lanky buggers: Sit where you want and don`t worry about the threat of being moaned at for being too tall. If you want to be tall then be tall with pride. You can even throw things at the Ginster Midgets below you.

Block F: The Radio Gang: You can hold your tinny tranny to your ear and find out how the rugby or athletics are going. Then, when you have some news and shout out "Huzzah, England have won the rugby" everyone sat round you will actually care and thank you.

Block G: Singing Section: They are introducing this idea at Highbury and it`s sure to catch on. If you want to sing, bang a drum or blow your air-horn you can do so in the atmosphere of a European Cup Final. With a chorus in the middle of the stand soon everyone will be stamping their feet and catawauling.

Block H: Free for all: This section will be reserved for shortarse smokers who listen to the radio while blowing an air-horn. Or, alternatively, lanky kids who hate smoking and know nothing about football.

So there you have it. The first segregated home stand. Of course we could all just put up with each others habits and quirks. After all we are supposed to be on the same side.

Career Opportunities

"I hate the army and hate the RAF" rasped young Joseph Strummer in the above titled song on the Clash's debut LP. No doubt it was an anarchic call in its day, but little did the young punk realise that he was putting himself out of the running for the Wycombe Wanderers job for ever. After all, such utterances don't make for positive points when it's associate director John Goldsworthy's turn to peruse one's Curriculum Vitae.

By the same token Alan Shit (oops) should have ruled himself out of another football job for ever, after the dismal fare he dealt out at Wycombe. But football doesn't work like that - ladies and gents I give you Mr Alan Ball, Mr Trevor Francis, Mr James Kelman - catch the drift, I think so!

But Franny Lee has found his doormat in Steve Coppell, so unless Slough Town are salivating for the return of Kempy, and Smith fancies doing a Bruce Rioch, there may be the need for a career change. As we now live in the days of 'The Jobseekers Allowance', Alan will only have six months before his benefit is cruelly means-tested, and that Jag isn't going to go down too well with the DSS assessors. Added to the fact that all true Wycombe fans will be falling over themselves to report the popular ex-gaffer to Peter Lilley's otherwise odious Benefit Grass Line, TAF has come up with some independent careers advice for the self crowned 'Lovely Man' of football.

The world of Politics

As ex-skipper Terry Howard has already suggested, Alan could be a top politician, with his outstanding ability to evade even the most simple question. Anyone who doubts this only has to think back to his supporters forum at the Trades and Social, when constant questions about quartered shirts were

replied with comments concerning the quality of the materials lining. Alan showed his true mastery in the art of communication on London Tonight, on arriving at college in London the next day I encountered various tear stained individuals wailing, 'But he's so nice, how could you people be so nasty to him'. They saw him as Mother Theresa, we saw him as Michael Portillo without hair. Sadly all the communication skills in the world can't get round 4 points in 9 games and attendances of 3,500.

However it goes without saying that Alan would need to find a London seat to contest, as people from outside the capital clearly cannot relate to his metropolitan suavery.

The world of Insurance

Another area Alan may wish to try his luck is in the world of insurance. Companies are bound to be impressed by his skills of appearing trustworthy whilst not having a clue what he's doing. However Alan could really come into his own dealing with phone claims. Companies will be aware that Alan finds it impossible to admit to anything being his fault, if he can transfer this skill to cover the firm he works for, they may never have to pay out on a claim, resulting in big profits.

Picture the scene.....

A Branch of Lloyds Bank

Hello Mr Smith, I'm phoning to inform your organisation that we were robbed last night. All the doors were correctly locked and the alarms worked, but the thieves still escaped from the police.

Alan Smith

So what do you want me to do about it

A Branch of Lloyds Bank

Well can I make a claim

Alan Smith

Of course not, who on earth would think a bank was a safe place to keep money. As I'm sure I've told you before - all criminals know that money is kept at banks, that's why I told you to store it in a copper trunk attached to the Thames flood barrier. You clearly cannot take on board simple common sense instructions. Goodbye.

The world of Traffic Warden's

What sort of individual would want to be one of these. Hated by nearly all motorists, and many pedestrians, who realise that these people are amongst the most petty minded, authoritarian pillocks on the planet (along with most Stewards!). We believe that Alan is ideally suited to this job. Why? Compare these lists....

Unpopular things Alan did

Released Paul Hyde, Terry Howard & Simon Garner
Slagged off Martin O'Neill
Had a big say in getting us clad in yukky kits
Made us watch useless long ball football
Reduced us from a proud team to a shambling relegation wreck

Bought Brian McGorry / Never sold Brian McGorry
Paid David Kemp wages
Popular things Alan did
Er, does getting sacked count for this list
So there you have it, a man who is desperate to be reviled, hence a man desperate to be a Traffic Warden! So where does the pettiness come into it? Taking Terry Evans off at Peterborough when everyone was crap - Alan Smith's own little spin on a well known story involving Gary Lineker, Graham Taylor & the other Alan Smith!

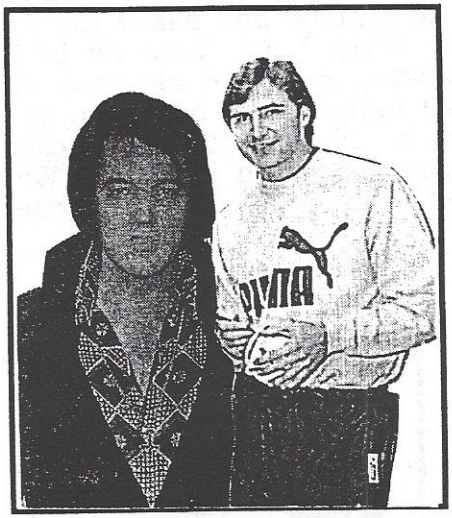
The world of Vaudeville theatre

Here is surely where both Smith and Kemp should find work in plentiful supply. Forming a double act, their experiences in football should provide the inspiration for a varied and side splitting set....

Smith: Good evening ladies and gents
Kemp: I say Alan, how do you get out of the second division?
Smith: I don't know David, how do you get out of the second division?
Kemp: I don't know, I thought you did
Smith: Well I don't - still we got bloody well paid for it
Kemp: Boom Boom!
Smith: Anyway moving on, I think David's got a little song for us on his banjo
Kemp: I certainly have Alan, and it's called "Why we're such great pal's". OK here we go ladies and gents (Hoe down style)
'I was up at Slough Town and you were down at Palace,
And when we got together there wasn't any malice,
We got the call from Wycombe and came down very fast
But deep inside I think we knew the job would never last'
Backing singers: (Swoonsome style)
'Oh why do you say that Kempy, the fans thought you were it
It was only after 15 months they realised you were....
Kemp: Oh pardon Madame!
Audience: Ha Ha ha
Kemp: (slowly) We sold their favourite players when they were rude to us,
And when we signed up Mark Foran the fans made such a fuss,
They booed us all the season, and oh they did complain,
And all because we only knew how to play the long ball game!'
Thank you very much
Smith: What do you mean 'only knew the long ball game' You know full well I employ tactics far in advance of all modern coaching
Kemp: Boom Boom!
Smith: No I do, honest, my tactics are famed throughout the land for their progressive nature
Kemp: I thank you!
Audience: Ho Ho Ho Ho Ha Ha
Smith: Stop laughing, you must take me seriously
Kemp: Ladies and gents Alan's on form tonight is he not?
Audience: Oh yes, get him on the Royal Variety show, he's the new Joe Pasquale. What a fantastic act indeed.

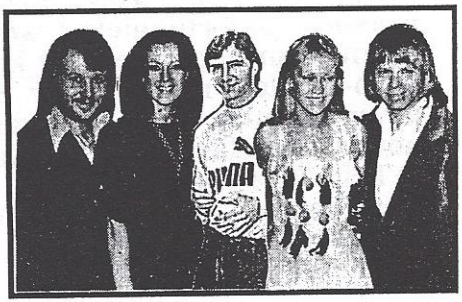
TERRY & CO.

At a recent Adams Family bash at the London Hilton I was talking to Eric Cantona when Terry Evans came over and started to converse with the French star in his own tongue. Although surprised I found out that Terry had known Eric for a number of years and indeed leads a life out of football in the circle of the high society, and has the pics to prove it. Below are some of Terry's favourite pictures and Terry himself takes you through each one with obvious fondness.



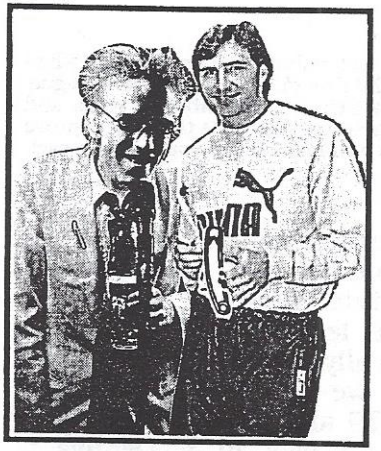
Cor blimey I remember this one. I was about 18 when I met Elvis and a little nervous, but he made me feel at total ease. I hadn't really hung out much then but we got on so well. It was late 76 and I was travelling in Texas. I was in a Dennys Diner when he just walked straight in. This was actually taken on his camera but he sent me the picture at once. It is important to say, Elvis never did drugs because winners don't.

Oh the memories, I really did like this bunch. This is one of the only pics I could use for this rag. It was taken on holiday in the West country. Benny was so funny, the girls cooked very well and always had the caravan clean and tidy.



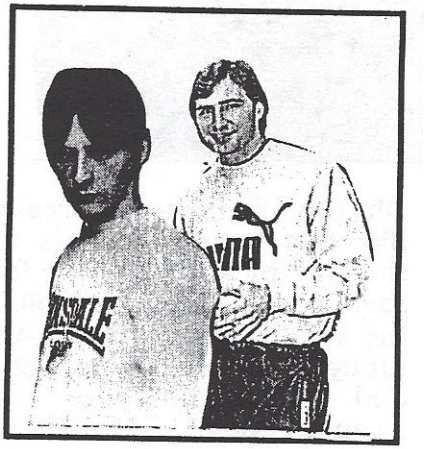


I had known John through the Maharishi Yogi and we always kept in touch, that's why I was Sean's Godfather. John is sadly missed in the Evans household. We jammed occasionally and I like to think I inspired him a little. Yoko was strange but I just ignored her. Those rumours you still hear about John and I are all false but we were very close. Rest in peace John.



In 79 I went a bit off the rails and fell In love with punk. I still play those records and remember what I can. Johnny Rotton rung me up one night in a hell of a mood and asked me to pop over. When I got there he had caught a safety pin from his nose in his mohair jumper, I un hooked it for him and he cheered up. You can actually see the pin in my hand. We still meet and laugh about those times.

Paul and Johnny never really got on but I thought they were both alright. Paul's still big in the music biz and always asks my opinion. We spent late 79 watching gigs and writing together. Unfortunately I went a bit mad and damaged my knees pogo-ing too much. They have never been the same since and I now wear elasticated bandages to help. These were donated, one from Johny and one from Paul.





The biggest thing I had in common with Paul was politics. Ever since the Tories stopped free milk in schools' they lost my vote. Just think how Davey Carroll would now look like had he been given his daily pint. This picture was taken round at my gaff, just when Tony was deciding to run for Labour leadership. I advised him to run and it was I who announced that he would to the press. I was very honoured. Tony knows some great jokes about Margaret Thatcher but you will have to use your imagination. That's it from me so remember this, always keep a camera ready.

The Complete Works of The Adams Family



taf 1
released - sept 92
best bit - the cover
worst bit - handwritten articles



taf 2
released - march 92
best bit - anything you could read
worst bit - everything else



taf 3
released - april 92
best bit - undercover photos shaming whinging fans
worst bit -handwriting on back-page



taf 4
released - sept 92
best bit - sheer quality printing
worst bit - all rather dull



taf 5
released - dec 92
best bit - the andy kerr cover
worst bit - caption falling off simon hutchinson picture, rendering the joke useless



taf 6
released - feb 93
best bit - first glossy cover
worst bit - the swan picture on the cover, after picture failure



taf 7
released - april 93
best bit - dennis greene's stand up comedy exposé
worst bit - nothing at all



taf 8
released - may 93
best bit - colour cover for wembley
worst bit - contained picture of macclesfield greaser, peter wragg



taf 9
released - sept 93
best bit - ageing steve guppy pic
worst bit - pictures of shane warne & merv hughes



taf 10
released - nov 93
best bit - martin looking suave on the cover
worst bit - dr proctor's seedy behaviour



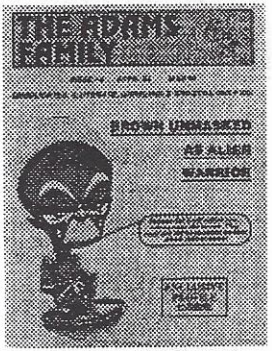
taf 11
released - dec 93
best bit - rhyming paul hyde with kiddies slide for rhyming soccer stars
worst bit - letter from a sad birmingham fan



taf 12
released - jan 94
best bits - guppy kissing kerr on the cover, the legendary jack silverworth incident
worst bit - picture of jug eared striker lee hodges



taf 13
released - march 94
best bit - the row over jack silverworth
worst bit - new printer out of focus



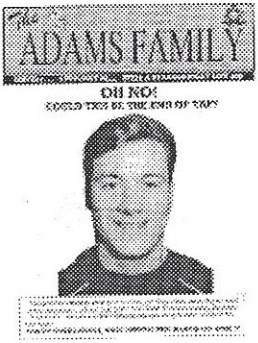
taf 14
released - april 94
best bit - steve brown as the mekon on the front cover
worst bit - picture of alan titchmarsh



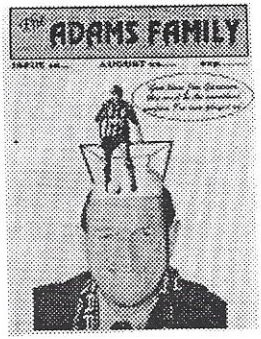
taf 15
released - sept 94
best bit - article on the blues pager
worst bit - the return of groundies tips



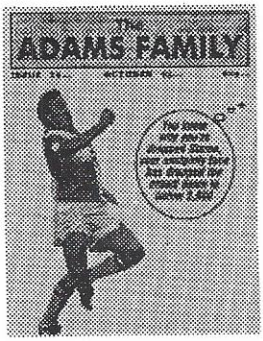
taf 16
released - feb 95
best bits - tel evans in pictures, regis interview, garner obsessions



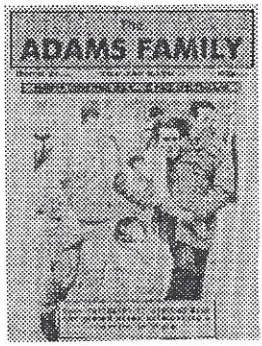
taf 17
released - april 95
best bit - jason solly - stereo thief
worst bit - claiming solly was better than thommo and reid



taf 18
released - august 95
best bit - adverse advert
worst bit - smudger on the cover



taf 19
released - october 95
best bits - eric hall's head being used as a bog-brush, rhyming desouza with your local boozer
worst bit - pic of ron barnett



taf 20
released - dec 95
best bit - alan smith talking arse
worst bit - us believing it



taf 21
released - march 96
best bit - interview with mad midfielder andy graham
worst bit - the departure of Hydey



taf 22
released - april 96
best bit - sieb dykstra as chewbacca from star wars
worst bit - letter from a euro!

taf 23
released - august 96
best bit - much abuse of smiffy
worst bit - garner & howard gone

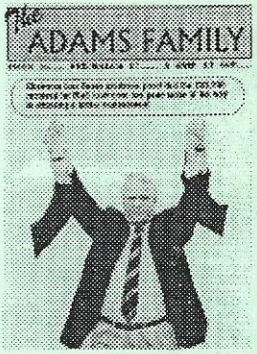


taf 24
released - nov 96
best bits - mickey nuttel's catalogue pose on the cover, smith and kemp souvenir poster
worst bit - mig desouza, apparently in feathers lingerie store in desborough road





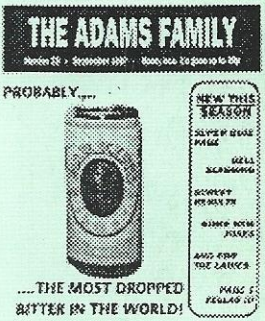
taf 25
released - dec 96
best bit - the campaign to release simon garner from h.m. kirkham
worst bit - they let him out before our release date!



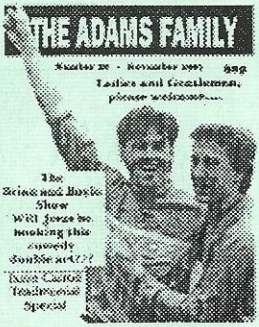
taf 26
released - feb 97
best bit - abusing adams apple
worst bit - seymour crumbleberry's outrageous lying



taf 27
released - may 97
best bits - elvis saving wycombe from relegation, the evil two headed alan smith, the cornforth conditioner
worst bit - pic of mcgorry



taf 28
released - sept 97
best bits - biggest ever issue, parkin's bitter
worst bit - barry silkman's perm



taf 29
released - nov 97
best bit - 'brian day' at york city
worst bit - pages being out of order



taf 30
released - jan 98
best bits - dual front cover, reg timberlake profile
worst bit - the selector, a hopeless pundit indeed

taf 31
released - march 98
best bits - dave on the cover, rag timberlake's xenophobia
worst bit - picture of alan smith

taf 32
released - april 98
best bits - ?
worst bit - you used to love it, but it's all over now