

INTERVIEW



After leaving Cambridge, Baillie received numerous offers including the job of player/manager at Sligo Rovers, but was persuaded by Martin O'Neill to come to Wycombe Wanderers. "I was staggered at the amount of money they'd offered me to play. It was a wage. Wycombe frightened me really. I thought, 'My God, I don't want this. They're going to be a League club next year.' And I don't think I would have got in the side to be honest. They're a good team. I had to tell Martin O'Neill very quickly. I let them down, but my heart just wasn't in it." This month, after turning out for Eynesbury Rovers for this season, Baillie will start a new life in Cumbria when he finally joins the police. After constantly being faced with the question, 'Why did you leave?' it will be a relief to become anonymous again.

"You look back and think, 'What have I done?' You've had opportunities to go to college, or to do home studies. All paid for - or most of it - by the PFA. And I've done hardly anything. I've tried things, and the reason I probably stopped trying was because football interferes with everything you do. There's a cup replay, so you miss your college that week. The club asks you to do some PR work and you've missed another week. I saw a guy - Lindsay Smith - who used to play here, and he's pottering around driving a van. I thought, that's very ordinary. But I'm an ordinary bloke, I'm going to do an ordinary job. Why shouldn't I?"

Breaking the Abbey Habit

At the time, it warranted a cursory mention in the national press. Colin Baillie, the Cambridge United midfielder, had quit the game at twenty-eight because, it said, he'd had enough of John Beck. And then silence: to all intents and purposes, Baillie had disappeared. Bill Brewster decided to track him down...

The Adams Family, Wycombe Wanderers - A reasonable start for one of the newer fanzines. Wycombe may be the biggest non-League club around, but the articles in The Adams Family manage to generate a kind of humility, which is in stark contrast to the cockiness of Colchester supporters and probably explains why Wycombe have earned themselves more respect from the average non-League supporter than the Essex club were able to manage.

The Adams Family is well written in parts and features some good ideas, including a suggestion to make Ulrika Jonsson president of the Football League - I don't think we'd need much persuading on that one though, and to be perfectly honest even 'Mad Adolf', the baby-eating Rottweiler with bad breath and an acute wind problem, would probably receive more support than the present incumbent.

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