

# Here's one to forget

## VIEW FROM THE STAND

By Ron Barnett



BY all accounts, Saturday's 1-1 draw at Shrewsbury was instantly forgettable, with only Keith Ryan's first goal since his comeback and the debut of Sieb Dykstra to remember.

But the goalkeeper's name makes a worrying anagram SAD RISKY BET.

Instead of travelling to Shrewsbury - like the team I have developed travel sickness after the Chesterfield and Peterborough fiascos - I had the dubious honour of laying a new carpet in my daughter's bedroom.

Now you may think this doesn't sound like much fun on a Saturday afternoon but I had the elevenSEVENTY commentary to keep me company. However, that was forgotten when I lifted the old carpet to discover a copy of the Sunday Express dated March 28, 1982.

Turning quickly to the sports pages, I found that Wycombe had drawn 0-0 at home to Bromley. It wasn't all bad though, because Slough had been stuffed 4-1 at Walthamstow.

The biggest surprise was to find Swansea in second place in the old Division One. Two other current Division Two sides were also doing well in the top flight with Notts County and Brighton both in mid-table.

## Home fans get away treatment

AS a paying supporter of Wycombe Wanderers FC, who stands in the Evans Halshaw Stand by gate No3, I am increasingly getting fed up with the treatment I and other fans are getting at the end of the matches, by being kept in while the away supporters are being let out.

At away grounds, it is always the away fans that are kept in afterwards. Why do Wycombe always have to be different? It is a long walk all the way around to catch our buses. It is not the first time I have missed the bus because it has gone. I trust this situation is going to change in the near future.

Steve Warwick  
The Avenue  
Princes Risborough

## LETTERS

# Smith should resign before he causes further damage

ALTHOUGH understanding and supporting Alan Parry's motives in expressing his opinions on the 'moaners and whingers' at Adams Park, I genuinely feel that he has missed the point of the criticism.

Having talked to many supporters and helpers, it is apparent that the thrust of this criticism does not concern our playing record under Alan Smith (which is actually perfectly acceptable), but the manner of our performances which reflect the problems he is causing behind the scenes.

It is evident in our play that Smith, in less than nine months in charge, has bankrupted the club of the passion and spirit which played such a large part in getting the club where it is today.

Furthermore, the way he is going, he will also manage the same feat in terms of the club's finances.

His opinion on the supporters is,

rather unfortunately for Smith, well-known - paraphrased for a family newspaper, I believe this to be: 'I don't care what the fans think, I run this club'.

This contempt for the paying public has never been better illustrated than by his handling of the Paul Hyde affair.

Despite being a regular supporter since 1965, I shall not be renewing my season ticket while Smith is in charge as I am not prepared to assist anybody in indulging his ego at the club's, and therefore my, expense.

It is devastating to witness current events at Adams Park and it can only be hoped that Smith will have the decency to hand in his resignation before the harm he is doing to the club is irreparable, but I somehow doubt it.

Kevin Bye  
Rudsworth Close  
Colnbrook  
Slough

# Is this football I see before me?

AS a supporter of Wycombe for more than 40 years of football and musical change, may I thank WWFC for such an interesting and entertaining evening against Brighton.

Trudging past the unending factories, straight from work myself, I spied the floodlights and forgot Chesterfield and Brentford and Westy. Then, amazingly, memories of great Wycombe sides came flooding back as I heard delightful sounds of 1940s dance music, closely followed by Gary Mitchell singing The Day of Jubilo. Next, an indistinct but clearly intelligent voice, informed us crudely of Mr Smith's latest blunder

(no Patterson). Then followed what I believe was a football match, in which I enjoyed thoroughly a good boo from the grandstand.

To cap it all, on my happy walk back I noticed, with joy, thousands of cowslips, presumably planted by Mr Austin, are burgeoning.

All we need now is a team made up from Lane End and Stokenchurch, retain the present colours, allow me to stand up, Hyde in goal, Westy, and Mr Goldsworthy in charge.

W J Willson  
Shaftesbury Street  
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