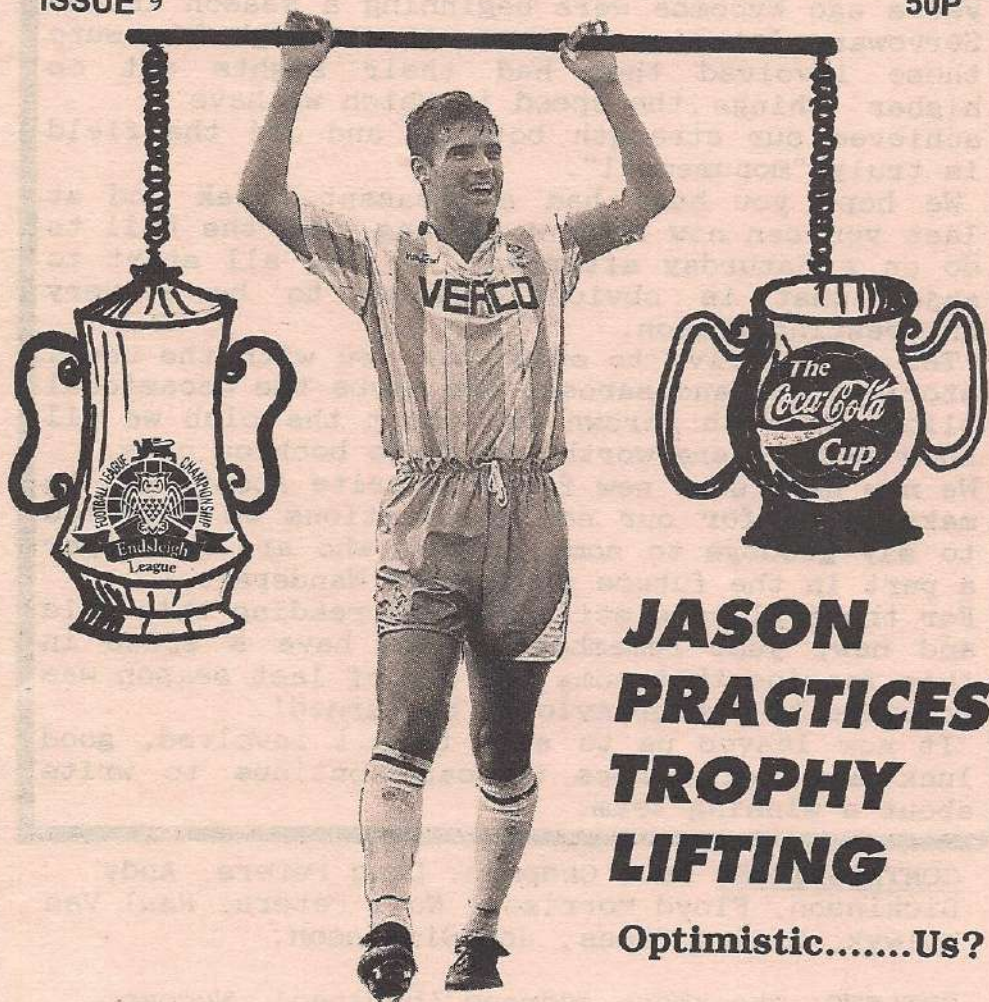


THE ADAMS FAMILY



ISSUE 9

50P



**JASON
PRACTICES
TROPHY
LIFTING**

Optimistic.....Us?

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

THE ADAMS FAMILY

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Welcome to the first TAF of the 93/94 season. Ten years ago Wycombe were beginning a season in the Servowarm Isthmian League and although I'm sure those involved then had their sights set on higher things, the speed in which we have achieved our strength both on and off the field is truly "monumental".

We hope you have had a pleasant break and at last you can now stop wondering what the hell to do on a Saturday afternoon. We can all start to enjoy what is obviously going to be a very interesting season.

TAF will strive to entertain you with the usual stories, wit and sarcasm and maybe the occasional slice of truth thrown in, about the club we all know on form are worthy of those bookies odds.

We now have some new faces to write about, but to make space for our new acquisitions we have had to say goodbye to some players who are no longer a part in the future of Wycombe Wanderers.

For those players still with us reading this, old and new, just remember we now have a space in this fanzine that come the end of last season was occupied by Trevor Aylott, be warned!.

It now leaves us to say, to all involved, good luck and let's hope we can continue to write about a winning team.

CONTRIBUTORS; Dave Chapman, Doug Peters, Andy Dickinson, Floyd Morrison, Neil Peters, Paul Van Walwyk, Claire Jones, Jon Dickinson.

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Never in my years supporting the Blues had I keenly awaited the start of this historic season. Obviously it had something to do with the prospect of a new league, new cup competitions and being the new play-thing for Matthew Lorenzo to patronise with that sneery "I support Liverpool and they'll always be bigger than you" voice. Unfortunately it was also to do with the dismal sporting summer we've had to endure. Of the 3 national sports, we reached a new low in international football, were trounced by an averagely skilled bunch of convict's descendants, a facial hair freak and a blond haired cheat who wears sun block when it's raining. As for the third, well R*gby disgraces itself by being what it is, a game for lads who like groping each other.

Anyway my programme of pre-season friendlies were interrupted by holidays (Heybridge, Southend and Portsmouth), a party (Worthing), fear of meeting Welsh coughdrop Aled Jones (Leek, Merthyr) and not knowing where the hell it is (Hednesford). Henceforth my first visit was to Ayelsbury, our one time rivals but now laughable nobodies. The driving rain, and lack of cover made for a pretty dismal evening out. The only highlights were a storming volley from old man Casey and the debut of a trialist so inept one had to question why he was playing football and not appearing on the "wannabees" section of TV classic "Pot Of Gold" as a comedian? The man in question, George Athanasiou, was introduced to us by the tannoy man as being able to play "As his international clearance came through today". At this point I visualised a silky European international controlling our midfield and leading us onwards and upwards into the promised land (second division). What I didn't envisage

was what I eventually saw, a balding Greek with the positional sense of a cub footballer and the passing ability, flair and skill of Carlton Palmer. International clearance... is that the new by-word for deportation?

The only other pre-season game witnessed by myself was Swindon, a fine performance and the basis of my exclusive prediction that Swindon will garner no more than 25 points this season.

On August 13th 1993 the Adams Family posse left Wycombe bound for Carlisle via Leeds. Even on this Friday afternoon we passed a few Wanderers supporters travelling up the motorways. One of the finest things on an away trip is passing, or in our case, being passed on the motorway by a car with scarves flying and horns blazing. It makes you feel like a troupe of intrepid explorers conquering the mysterious outposts of the land, well sort of anyway!

After arriving at Leeds (city of culture, apparently) we popped out to a local tavern and sat outside musing over what we could expect. None of us had a clue about team selection so we decided to phone the man in the know, Alan Hutchinson. It cost us one pound to hear him prattling on about Friday the thirteenth and how lucky/unlucky it was, and another pound to discover what was on the separate files of his Blues-Line. After three pounds Martin was just about to tell us what we needed to know, when for no reason at all we got switched to file three containing the directions to Leyton Orient. Cheers Al, keep up the good work mate.

Thankfully we arrived at Carlisle with plenty of time to spare, surprising considering every farmer in the North-West seemed to be driving their tractors up and down the A69 which goes from Leeds to the M6 (A road? more like a single track road). From here to outside the ground the rest of the journey was a mass of Wycombe fans, leading me to believe that Carlisle didn't have any supporters. We even met a Barnet fan who'd come along for the day. Quite why he wasn't watching his own team playing Hull I don't know, but it seemed rude to ask.

The whole game was superb, the chaps in green (I think it looks like a tea-towel) were magnificent, indeed for twenty minutes either side of half-time we ran the game. I was in heaven when we were 2-1 up but unfortunately it wasn't to be and 2-2 was a fine way to start our campaign in the third division.

The worst moment of the day was Carlisle equalising, sending the droves of brain-dead skinheads stood on the other side of the segregation up the fences, where they hung like the monkeys they succeeded in emulating. How I wished I'd arrived earlier and not had to stand near these halfwits. One particular ginger-haired amoeba brain stood staring at us through his droopy "not even a CSE to my name" eyes, for the entire game, never once watching his team.

Finally anyone missing the cheating, whingeing antics of our pal McKenna will have been heartened to see Carlisle's Rod Thomas, a firm favourite to land King Ken's vacant throne.

After all this, the Coca-Cola cup match against Leyton Orient seemed trivial in comparison, but a 2-0 victory over second division opposition is a majestic feat and true measure of how good our team is. A superb goal from Thommo, endless top saves from Paul Hyde and the sight of Tim Langford doing a Cousins fence assault(TM) in the last minute made for the finest away night since West Brom. For once the Blues had played superbly in a cup competition and won.

The home game against Chester was a true test of skill... for the supporter. Guile to swiftly avoid the legion of raffle ticket sellers, patience whilst queuing half an hour to get in and agility to pull one's season ticket out of the pocket whilst still holding on to a programme, Daily Star and a "Bulldog" tee-shirt bought on the industrial estate (actually that last bit is a lie on my behalf but I'm sure somebody bought one). This was a game we could have won 4-0 if we had taken all our chances but the nil could not have been achieved without the fine defending of Jason, Andy Kerr and "Sir" Matt Crossley. All in all it's been a dream start and

let's hope it continues, cheers to all concerned.

One final thought, how, in Sun Goals, did Dave Carroll get 7 and "Sir" Matt 6 out of ten. Even Dave's holy connections couldn't disguise he had a terrible game. My illusions are shattered, for years I have believed everything I've read in the Sun, who can I believe now?

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IN YOUR FACE

Okay, the footy season is in full swing and Winter is nigh upon us, so it's time for a moan. Firstly, just who is this dipstick of an announcer we've got down at Adams Park? In previous seasons the club has suffered from tannoy men who seemed to be quite genuine supporters, but who lacked a certain amount of charisma.

The current geezer has hit the other extreme - he is certainly very pleasant and fairly interesting to listen to, but he knows nothing about (a) WWFC or (b) football in general. Here are some of the gems that he has already come up with from our small handful of home games; he has told us to get our Wycombe merchandise from the "Corner Shop" after game, along with 10 B+H and a pack of Mr Kipling pies one presumes. Then at the Portsmouth game, he congratulated Pompey on promotion to the Premier League, whereas anyone with the slightest interest in soccer knows they were knocked out in the play-offs. Fortunately, the Portsmouth players warming up found this quite funny.

Finally he proceeded to call probably Portsmouth's most famous player Paul Walsh, as "Paul Welsh" for the whole game. This man is a plonker and any further gaffs could see TAF writers offering their services to the club free of charge.

LET'S KICK RACISM OUT OF FOOTBALL

As you may be aware, in this new season we will see a campaign led by John Fashanu to stamp out racism in football, a noble cause which we at T.A.F. have full support for. In the conference there was little sign of racist chanting from any set of supporters, especially us Wycombe Wanderers fans, which is something to be very proud of.

However, recently in the football league there has been a slight trend towards racism again which is why Fash. is starting this campaign. After the 70's and 80's racism has been quashed some-what from football but never truly eliminated. I fear that some of the teams we will be playing in Division Three do have some backward out-dated racist scum on their terraces, in fact last season I read an article in "When Saturday Comes" about the trauma a coloured Halifax fan faced at a game with C**. U**our lovable rivals. What we are trying to do in this article is urge you the supporters, to keep up the good attitude we have on this subject and not pick up any bad habits from rival fans, make a stand against racism in football by refusing to tolerate the ugliest side of our great game.

May we congratulate W.W.F.C. on taking part in the campaign even though they did not receive the information from the Racial Equality Council until rather late, hence the appearance in a tabloid rag listing us as one of 17 clubs refusing to lend their support. Finally, if for some unfortunate reason you hear a fellow supporter spewing racial abuse, tell them to SHUT-UP or go and support Col*****ter. All too often racist gangs have used football games as a stomping ground, don't let it happen at Wycombe Wanderers.

COMMERCIAL ZONE

With the blues gaining promotion and winning the F.A. trophy, one thing that was guaranteed pre-season was loads of new merchandise appearing in the club shop, as WWFC cashed in on their success. I was hesitant at first when the catalogue dropped through my letterbox, as I remembered the sponge hands that were so proudly flogged last April, but no such horrors were present here. All of the items of clothing seemed quite reasonable as far as football fashion goes, and the new scarf just says Wycombe Wanderers, the Tina Turner "simply the best" being banished, a move prompted by TAF. Also pleasing to see was that the shell suit had gone, a bold move by the club, that no-doubt upset young Keith Ryan.

However I do have two small niggles. Firstly, I was saddened to see that once again our sexist commercial team have indulged in the bulk purchase of ladies briefs, embossed with the pathetic "Score Draws" motif. So basically girls, wear a pair of these and you too could pull that dream steward - Number 24!. Secondly don't buy the tape that the lads recorded up at Abbey Road, on the grounds that it's absolute toss. Other than this buy until your hearts are content and your pockets are empty, and if you do fancy a bit of tacky merchandise, wander down to the street trader, who for seven quid will sell you a woeful design of a Bulldog waving a flag. after all we're all great fans of bulldogs?

I was heartily chuffed when I heard that the club were to hold the price on the matchday programme, as first impressions were that one pound twenty represents a pretty good bargain. All the features have been held from last year, and new ones have been added. Paul Franklin's column seems to be a worthy addition and gives us an insight into the training sessions, and I also liked the "close-up" column, which isn't quite as cliched as a player profile. However, as good as they are, do we really need columns by Goldsworthy and Hutchinson every week. I'm sure

everyone would prefer to see Martin's views regularly but maybe these two could rotate theirs. I'm not saying that either columns are tedious, they're a good read, it's just they seem to cover similar ground. Just a thought mind. Something I have taken offence to though are the mug-shots of a certain duo, namely messrs Wood and Finch, one of whom proudly displays a "syrup" even more obvious than furniture mogul Mr Fitzgerald's. Don't take it personally lads but you're hardly going to be parading down Milan catwalks with Cindy Crawford on your arm, then again nor are we but that's beside the point, We don't want photos of us in here. Goons aside though, they don't really spoil what promises to be a pretty decent read on the terraces, and I can't fault its excellent quality.

LAST LOCAL HERO

Whatever you may have read in this rag or anywhere else, take it from me, Mark West was/still is in a different class to most footballers on the field today. We all know of his fantastic record, 174 goals in 386 games, and as I write the wee man's future hangs in doubt. Could this be a case of the last of the local heroes??? If so here's a tribute to the man, and who knows in the year 2050 I may be the whinging old man in the crowd, the lone voice crying "Bring on the 'sty", for like those who witnessed the Worley era and the Bodger days, I witnessed the whole career of Mark West.

It was a cold and blustery December day when a young acne ridden Mark West signed on the dotted line in 1984. Little did he know that he was going to emerge in the Nineties as one of the most famous people ever to walk the streets of High Wycombe. However life wasn't always rosy in the early days. I recall the crowd turning on Mark when he went to pick up his winners medal in the Hitachi cup final, so it was a welcome turnaround when in the seasons to come Mark

established himself as THE finest striker in lower league football. The young Mark West was foul-mouthed, unkempt and prone to the odd scuffle, who can remember the Croydon Sports Arena when he threw a right hook at an opponent and nearly jeopardised his career? But the lad matured, and soon began to thrill the public. Obviously there are too many highlights to mention, but special memories for me include his late match winning brace against Kingstonian (my first ever pitch invasion), the four goals against Kettering, that goal at Wembley, and last seasons blast from the past, the brace at Dagenham+Redbridge. These memories will go to the grave with me, and I'm sure that everyone has their own special West memory. Mark West, the character, is also worth a mention. A skilled technician, Mark was reared on a diet of fishfingers (Findus) and Doughnuts (jam+cream) and still lives on these to this very day! Also, as a tribute, TAF wish to propose that the Stokenchurch tower that you pass on the A40 should be renamed The West Tower, and have a huge hologram of the man grinning down on weary travellers.

So one certainly hopes that Mark West will be around for a while longer, but with the likes of Bonnie and Tommo around we can hardly blame the man for wishing to do what he does best, play regular football. It will be a sad day though, and perhaps the club could pay for a top sculpturer to sculpt a commemorative bust of Mark which the players could parade around the ground before every home game. However whether we will see Westie this season remains to be seen, but keep that video "Mark West - The Lazarus Years" on hold just for a few more years yet. So all that's left to say is "All the best Mark", you certainly gave me and lots of others many joyous weekends.

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WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO?

THE LOAKES PARK CLOCK

Well, to tell the truth, half of it ended up in the hands of the Adams Family, but we lost it on our way through town. The great thing about the clock was that at half-time it had to be rewound by a small child with a large pole. At the 2nd Round F.A.Cup match with Chelmsford, fighting had raged all over the Hospital End where the clock was situated. However, it still had to be reset and the forlorn young lad was sent rather like Daniel to the Lions, to a surely sorry fate.

THE VOICE OF THE SHED

Throughout the barren years of the late Eighties the silence in the old cowshed was regularly punctured by the "wise" words of an old boy with no more than teeth. No-one really knew what the heck he was claiming, but he soon gained cult status. Who knows where he is now, and frankly, who cares?

PETER SUDDABY'S MANAGERIAL CAREER

When crap Wanderers manager Peter Suddaby was sacked, he tried to bolster his dented pride by claiming in the BFP that, and I quote, "I have had many other managerial offers and I'm considering my next move." Peter Suddaby.....it doesn't ring many bells in my brain when I think about football managers, perhaps he was talking about Pizza Hut.

THE GARY LESTER FAN CLUB

Towards the end of his reign, "hunky" Wycombe keeper Gary Lester was plagued by a harem of female groupies, who would stand behind his goal and make improper suggestions towards the great man. Of course, being a true professional, and possibly bent as a 9-bob-note, Gary ignored their lewd suggestions and concentrated on dropping every cross into his own net.

SUMMER DAZE

Don't you just hate the summer. Yeah yeah so you get nice weather (some of the time) and you go on holiday but you don't get any football.

Since the end of last season the only live football we've had to watch has been England. I say "football" but 11 goons running around in white shirts is hardly a typical example of our beloved national sport. A lucky draw with Poland was possibly excusable but Norway! How can a player of Des Walker's experience turn his back on a free-kick? As for their second goal it was nice to see so many challenges down our right flank and why did Chris Woods kneel down to pray just as the Norwegian striker shot?

As for the American cup there was no excuse for being humiliated by the U.S. Don't give me that bull about it being a long hard season. They are over-paid, pampered, professional athletes. I can think of 100 players who may not have the ability of the team that were sent out to America but would at least have a bit of pride in playing for their country. The games against Brazil and Germany were more promising, let's just hope we can deliver the goods in our remaining three World Cup qualifiers. If we don't make it to the finals, Taylor must go. He ruined last summer for me in Sweden. I don't want him to ruin next summer as well.

So, with no football in the offing, I licked my lips at the prospect of watching our second national sport, cricket (to any r*gby fans out there r*gby is not a national sport, it is just down right queer!). Despite the fact that I detest Merv Hughes as he is undoubtedly a prize



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★★



★★★

Hate Males; Shane Warne, Ian Healy, Sumo, Tim May, Brei

loon you can't but help admire his and the likes of Shane Warne's and David Boon's ability. The whole Aussie team are so easy to detest. Firstly and most obviously because they totally humiliated our boys, but also because they are probably the must uncool bunch of convict descendants ever to don the whites of a Test team.

Tim May is probably the queerest sportsman in the world (except all r*gby players). Surely these top cricket players have a bit of cash, so why can't he afford a jumper that fits him instead of wearing that baggy article which he obviously picked up at Oxfam? What about Brendan Julian? This greasy wombat looks like he's been dragged out of the bush. Merv Hughes is probably the most bad tempered, foulmouthed sportsman I've ever seen. His vocabulary consists of one phrase, "you bloody pommie bastard", which he can be seen mouthing at any English batsman that manages to avoid getting his head knocked off by a bouncer. As for Shane Warne what a dismal early eighties haircut. I don't know how the tabloids can dress him up in designer suits and claim that the women go mad for him. I bet he was an only child as, apart from Thomas Brodin (of Sweden and Parma), he is the most spoilt brat I have ever seen. Oh by the way, Shane, if you pitch the ball 500 yards outside the leg stump the batsman cannot be out for LBW. So how come whenever this happens do I see your smug round face appealing for a wicket? One more thing about the cricket, if David Speedie is Scottish how come he has been keeping wicket for the Aussies? (I've just read this article back to myself and I have to admit it is the most "sour grape" piece of writing I've ever read).



As I write this article I have one eye on the last day of the Athletics World Championships. Great to see the likes of Christie, Gunnell, Jackson, Regis and Jarrett do so well but one event has marred my enjoyment of this sporting feast, namely the 20 mile mince (sorry walk). Who actually walks like that in real life, mincing around wiggling their hips like Duncan Norvell? The only time you will catch me walking remotely like that is when I'm walking home late at night on my own and I can hear a bunch of hard lads walking close behind. Now I can't have these lads thinking I'm a poof by crossing the road, so, I walk at about 30 miles an hour then, as soon as I get round a corner and out of sight, I leg it.

Well we're back to the football season. Life is worth living, Saturdays have a meaning again, Monday mornings at work are almost bearable and I will be having at least 44 heart attacks before next May. VIVA FOOTBALL!



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NEW FACES

In the close season, the only news of your Club that truly interests fans is, of course, whether the sad old git who always gets his "Super Fan" quotes in the local rag has popped his clogs. No, of course, I mean the selling and buying that your Club has indulged in.

Martin has had a hard few weeks this summer, as the decisions of which players are suitable for contracts, whether full or part time, must have given him many headaches. So with the season upon us, it seems only 2 new players have entered the WWFC portfolio.

Come on down...DUNCAN HORTON! Welcome to Wycombe Dunc. The only money signing in the close season has shown already he's possibly the most natural left back that Wycombe has had for some time. In the pre-season games his distribution was good and tackling encouraging. Coming from Barnet, Dunc is obviously used to the 3rd Division. Appearing for Charlton and 200 appearances for NON-LEAGUE PART TIMERS, Welling, he should slot in very nicely. Let's hope the injury sustained during the Carlisle game from a slightly wayward challenge disappears and his season truly gets under way.

Hello to DAVID TITTERTON!! The right hand of fellowship is extended to an ex-Hereford player. An encouraging start for Dave as he immediately jumped, with both boots tightly laced, into the space Duncan vacated after our away day draw up North. Slightly short on pace and confidence, Dave will have to compete wholeheartedly or break Horton's legs to be completely sure of a regular first team place.

At the time of writing, we are aware that Martin has cheque book in hand, so if there are any new signings not mentioned above, good luck and enjoy your season.

Unfortunately, as with most new seasons, faces that have become pleasantly familiar, will no longer appear in our famous Blue quarters.

KIM CASEY (ahhhhhh) was a fine signing for Martin

back in January '92. He most certainly paid his way in the 2 seasons that he took part in. Uncle Kim has departed to finish (purely speculation) his career with Solihull Borough. Surely the most satisfying moments of his footballing life were shared among those at Adams Park. It's a shame to see him go, but I am sure that Solihull are more than happy with their new acquisition. Kim will be sadly missed. I'm not suggesting that he should remain in the team, but no longer will we see his stripy underpants on a Saturday afternoon, unless, of course, he gets Solihull a draw at Adams Park in the FA Cup (I think NOT). TY GOODEN is the player who scored possibly the finest goal ever witnessed at Adams Park on his debut. Sadly, it was one of the only goals that he accumulated for the Blues and he is no longer deemed a, "Gooden", by Martin.

ANTON VIRCAVS stepped into Big Glynn's boots last season and coped superbly. A player who was no stranger to Wycombe helped us with our's, and surely his, most successful season. I'm sure, if a younger man, Ant would have a good chance of a full term contract. He should be pleased with his performances last season and if he were to hang his boots up now, it would surely be the apex of his career. Cheers Anton! Pop in when you can.

GEOFF COOPER had his second period with Wycombe, performing well enough to gain a Trophy Final place. Going back to Barnet, Geoff is now a 2nd Division player, mainly due to lack of squad members at the Bees, but all the same, will, occasionally, get his cheesy grin on telly. If Wycombe's squad is hit by injury come March, don't be surprised to see Geoff turn up for a kick about. But please Geoff, don't be surprised to see your old mate, Duncan Horton, escorting you off the Park. Cheerio Geoffrey! See you on the box.

With a Mark West Tribute elsewhere in this issue, it only leaves us to say Goodbye to SUPERTREV!!! A man who will truly be missed by many faithful fans. Trevor Aylott seems to be a legend with many clubs for his outstanding skill

and workhorse, or should I say, SHIRE HORSE, approach. Ta ta Trev and how on Earth did you wangle your signature onto the Trophy Souvenir Scarf?



Dr. Willy Proctor

Hi there, I am pleased to have been asked by the editors, to continue my exclusive look into the rare and uncharted illnesses that surround our national game. This request has been a great boost to my professional confidence, which has been shattered during my recent "Gross malpractice" trial, in which I was found guilty on several counts. Still the govonor of Wandsworth is a decent chap, and he's lent me his typewriter, so I can still bring you this coloumn.

Mr Peter Neal of High Wycombe writes;

Doctor, I need help badly. During recent months I have become obsessed with Wycombe midfielder HAKAN HAYRETTIN. The mere mention of his name sends me into shivers of ecstasy and I am worried that when SIMON STAPLETON gets fit again, Hakan may lose his place in the side and leave Wycombe. I don't think I could go on if he left, please help

DR WILLIE REPLIES;

My my, this is a strange case, and one I don't believe I've encountered before. My advice is to try and stay calm. For instance if Hakan does a basic square ball, that leads you to call him the new Glen Hoddle, take hold of your matchday programme and read the "Welcome to our Sponsors" section, this should sedate you sufficiently and regular use of this technique should soon have you cured.

Mr. James Blarney writes;

I have recently decided to do my bit for WWFC and become a matchday steward. However when I try to sleep at night, I hear strange voices telling me that I am the Owner of WWFC and that I can instruct anyone entering it's boundaries to do as I say, even if they're not doing anything to concern me. Also, last night my wife slept in the spare room, as she says I constantly shout, "It's more than my jobsworth." whilst I am sleeping. Please Doctor, what is happening to me.

DR WILLIE REPLIES;

Oh dear, this is an common medical complaint that afflicts many people who chose to enter this line of work. Known in the medical profession as "Powerious trippicus", this case is incurable if not detected and treated at the yellow overcoat stage. My advice is to hand in that coat and your walkie-talkie before it is too late

Well thats it for this issue. Any medical questions should be sent to; HM Prison Wandsworth
c/o The Adams Family.

TEN MISSES

WHAT WE MISS ABOUT THE CONFERENCE

1) BEATING SLOUGH EVERY TIME : There is nothing quite like beating your local rivals, especially when the grudge goes back a few years and it's all the more gleeful when they can't take it.

2) HAVING THE TOP TEN LARGEST CROWDS: You know your doing well when your 10th best attendance is bigger than most of the other clubs top attendance.

3) LOCALITY OF AWAY MATCHES: Carlisle isn't what you call "local". Admittedly Gateshead was a trek, but most away matches were reachable after work. Even Nigel Mansell would have trouble getting to clubs like Chester after work!

4) WINNING EVERY WEEK: Well almost, but as regards the clubs we were playing last season, we are literally "out of their league".

5) CHANGING ENDS AT HALF TIME: Truly a Non-league phenomenon, due to all the security precautions you'll have trouble getting to the tea bar now, let alone behind the other goal at half time.

6)KEN McKENNA: You would think that Ken is the last person we would miss, but the antics of this hot headed loon kept us all amused in the bar for weeks after a game. The man we love to hate is yet another memory of a bygone age.

7)KIDDERMINSTER'S ANNOUNCER:No longer will the triumphs of World War 3 and the Thunderbirds theme tune be exalted in our presence. Hurry up and join us Kiddie, and bring your loony M.C with you.

8)CHEAP GATE PRICE: Well, your paper round's not going to pay for your weekly football now is it?

9)PROPER TEA: with the new corporate league comes the instant corporate tea. Gone are the days of the huge teapots found in the conference tea bars and in are little paper cups of powdered tasteless p*ss.

10)FA TROPHY FINAL. Lets face it, we're not going to be going to Wembley for some time, unless of course you're a fan of the king of lift music, Jean Michelle Jarre!

CLUB OF STIFFS

If there's a downside to promotion to the football league then surely it's the thought that hundreds of trainspotters will be descending on our hallowed ground over the next few months, under the guise of "The 92 Club". TAF have no respect for this organisation and feel that if you do have a desire to visit all the 92 grounds then by all means do it, but do it humbly. However if you do fancy being certified "a stiff" then I'm sure you'll find many comrades in this society. I listened into a couple at the Chester match, check this out :

" Well Nigel, here we are, Frank Adams Park. It's rather scenic, but I preferred The Shay, it just had that little bit of magic. Wycombe are still in essence a non-league outfit."

"Indeed, indeed. Actually Ralph I fancy checking out the pies, Darlington's are only 35p."

"Ok squire, buy us a curly wurly old bean, and I'll have a nice warm mug of bovril. 20p should cover it"

"Right you are chief"

At the counter:

"Sorry darling, we've only got a greasy burger and some Snickers, well Marathons actually, but they're all the same. There you go luv, thats three pound seventy."

"My word, this is a disgrace"

Well there you have it. Do these folks actually support a team? And if so why don't they stay there. Let's face it, football grounds are hardly architectural palaces, it's the footy played that counts. Most grounds are spider infested shacks made of rusting tin, with covered terracing littered with bird cack and dead rats. Adams Park is a duffle coat free zone, so clear off bores.

THE PRICE YOU PAY

As a friend of mine pointed out at the recent friendly encounter with Swindon, "Wycombe have gone up and so has everything else, mate." Yes the predicted astronomical price rises have exceeded all our expectations; to stand on three sides of the ground now costs a staggering six quid. Being a none too well endowed student myself, I thought this increase a little drastic for league and cup fixtures. When I found out that it also applied to our, "glamorous" pre-season friendlies I was shocked and a little saddened at the club's attitude, demanding such fees for basically trivial and unimportant matches - Local Hero's testimonial could possibly qualify as an exemption. What happened to the great value fiver for two match tickets that were sold for the ground's opening games with Forest and Southampton?

Yes, I admit that we have gone up and everything now costs more - wages, policing, safety, increased stewarding, better catering(no, stop laughing you cynics, it will happen one day!) etc, etc, although I would have thought the price may have gone down through bulk purchasing. Yes, overall costs have increased, but does it honestly justify a 33% increase in terrace prices (25% for those in the seats.)?

From the flippant tone of this rant, you will have guessed that I am not in favour of such robbery. I did expect an increase of perhaps 50 pence or a pound, but an extra quid and a half will certainly stretch some people's tolerance and more importantly, their finance.

In addition to admission prices, it now costs 10 pounds to join the Blues Club for the year, double last season's tariff; how silly, there was me thinking that inflation was at its lowest point for over 30 years. However, I am sure that the Club will convince us that this is the natural forces of supply and demand at work. Along with this season's coach fares likely to be in line with British Rail's, it seems that following your local team's fortunes is becoming an increasingly bourgeois' occupation.

Perhaps I am being a little harsh here, as there are some positive aspects to be seen. The new programme looks very impressive and it is very pleasant to read. When I saw its larger, full colour front cover, I was fully expecting to have to fork out 1.50 or 2 quid, but was pleasantly surprised that the price has been 'frozen' at 1.20. Mind you, it still took a Neanderthal seller well over a minute to conjour up 80p change from his well laden bag. Another plus point is the low prices for OAPs and Juniors. 3.50 seems a fairly reasonable standing levy for two age bands on limited incomes. I know that the Club offers discounts for the unemployed and those on income support, this is to be applauded, but why don't they go the whole hog and include us penniless students?

Now you'd obviously expect me to be in favour of

this as I fall into the latter category, but it ruddy works, I tell you! The system has been introduced at some clubs already and with no little success. At Morecombe, for example - not a student town at all - those in the scholarly habit were allowed in at half price, putting several hundred on the attendance. What about it Mr Beeks? It would certainly add to WWFC's reputation as an asset to the local community, and I am sure that the Club would not lose out financially from such a scheme - let's face it, there isn't an awful lot else to do in a town which now has an increased proportion of students since Wycombe College became a part of Brunel University.

Basically, I think it is unfair to let the loyal supporters have to take the brunt of the increased costs. Let's be honest, there are other methods of financing a Club which is now a very marketable commodity indeed. The new 'six figure' sponsorship deal with Davenport Vernon is a prime example of what can be achieved. I mean, Martin could, (if he wanted to, which is unlikely here) in theory, sell his brand new rocket fuelled Cavalier, which does about three times the national speed limit in second gear, and buy a decent left back or whatever with that!! I dare say the man has access to other automobiles.

While WWFC will undoubtedly make a lot of money from gate receipts during the first half of the season, they may find crowds just dwindling a little more than they did last season should we (perish the thought) find ourselves in 15th place in the 3rd division with a scintillating Thursday night in February fixture at home to Scarborough on the cards. A completely hyperthetical situation, I grant you, but at 6 pounds for a cold night out I could see gates dipping just the wrong side of 3000.

Does anyone else agree that the price increases are a little harsh, or am I moaning about nothing? Write to us here, whatever your opinion. Sermon over.

WHO'S CLUB IS IT ANYWAY?

Well here we are in the Third Division, with the same ground and an almost an identical team to that of last season. So why is it that when anyone mentions Wycombe Wanderers, they have to say "good set-up", "great facilities at the ground" or in one case "the best parking in the division". Does it matter? Wycombe Wanderers is a football team, they play football, or is this some Third Division tradition of not talking about the game. The idea of club officials praising each other on different aspects of the club infrastructure seems ridiculous, but that is what is coming out. Maybe it's just some set-up so Wycombe fans think that having a good carpark will make you go to all the matches, and forget how the home pre-season friendlies cost you six pounds! Talking of the pre-season games, news reached us of a rather disconcerting incident. Before the Swindon game, when the Blues Club applications were in progress, a small group of fans turned up at the Vere suite armed with their tenner and tried to get in. They were prevented from doing so by a certain steward with a power problem, and shall we say a distinct lack of hair. They were informed that they needed to bring last seasons membership card to re-apply. When he was questioned as to who and when this was decided by, he replied that he had just decided it! This was indeed news to the fans, who, had it not been for the sterling efforts of the commercial office staff in rectifying this power trip by a mere steward, would not have got into the blues club this season.

Stewards have an important role at the club, and we as fans are grateful, but you do not run the club! Wearing a yellow jacket does not turn you into some super administrator (except in your head), so you do your job and no more and respect will be given. Except of course, Mr. Jobsworth. Ever since I've been going to Wycombe games you seem to see your job as bossing the fans around and fulfilling you own ego, it will take a small miracle for you to get any respect, start with getting a life!



Forty years on. . . .

Steve Guppy is re-united with the trophies he helped Wycombe win in the 1993/94 season.