

SPONSORS OF JIM BARRS, DEREK SWEETMAN AND GARRY ATTRELL

# BORN & BRED



ISSUE 9, 50P



BERKS AND BUCKS OFFICIALS MEET FOR SMITH TALKS



THE LONGEST RUNNING MAIDENHEAD UNITED FANZINE





## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to issue nine of Born & Bred, the fanzine devoted exclusively to the mighty Maidenhead United FC. All proceeds from this fanzine will go to the football club. This season we have already paid for the kit sponsorship of Garry Attrell, Jim Barrs and Derek Sweetman.

All correspondence will be considered for publication. All articles within reflect only the view of the author, and the right to reply is offered to all concerned. Our intention is to enlighten, not offend. Happy reading.

Keith Jackson, Editor

Back issues available: numbers 4,5,6,7 and a few of issues 2,3 & 8.

50p from Steve, or 75p from the address below (including p&p).

Copies of these and earlier issues may also be available from the club shop, which will also stock this issue as will the social club and Sportspages, the specialist sports book shop, 94-96 Charing Cross Road, London. Issue 1 is completely sold out.

Write to: BORN & BRED  
c/o 47 COURTLANDS  
MAIDENHEAD  
BERKSHIRE  
SL6 2PT

THIS EDITION OF BORN AND BRED WAS BOUGHT TO YOU BY.....

**THE FANZINE COLLECTIVE**  
KEITH JACKSON, STEVE JINMAN,  
MARK LEONARD & MURDO McLEOD

with a little help from:  
PHIL ADKINS, ROGER COOMBS, MARK SMITH & BOB POPEJOY

## EDDIE TORIAL

Bringing out issue 9 for a meaningless midweek game away from home may seem a little strange. The reasons behind doing this are numerous, first, with the amount of matches played since issue 8, carrying it over into next season would have meant somewhere in the region of 20 matches to report on, what with pre season friendlies, and the usual 2 games a week for the first couple of months. Secondly, quite a lot can happen close season. Undoubtedly, this is the season that promised so much and delivered so little. The play on the field has been disappointing to say the least, and reflected by that is the attendances the club have been getting. No four figure attendance this year, mainly due to the fact that we played Aldershot on a Tuesday, even the attendance against Marlow was much lower than the gate at their place. In the ten years following Maidenhead, this is the first time attendances have been taken out of the matchday programme. Why? Because they have been so low, the club couldn't attract advertisers and sponsors if they knew some of the crowds we were getting. We used to be the best supported club in the division, and now I'd imagine only Leyton, Barton and Barking are getting lower crowds than us. The only way crowds are going to come back is if we start winning, and with the current set up, that seems unlikely to happen.

Another reason for the fanzine coming out tonight was that we couldn't let a game with Abingdon go by without *something* happening. Surely no one will be able to forget their goalkeeper congratulating Mickey Creighton on Maidenhead's fourth over Easter. Sheep shaggers? I never heard anybody chanting sheep shaggers during that game. Perhaps Mickey's actions offended the goalie a little? Perhaps he has a secret life which he thought was going to be revealed that day? Something made the keeper snap, and rest assured, we will do our best to find out exactly what their goalie gets up to in his spare time.

Did anyone notice that the Maidenhead Advertiser on Friday 26th April wrote that Marlow's victory at Ruislip brushed off any lingering threat of relegation the club may have? Funny, a couple of months ago they had a whole page devoted to the promotion run in, and detailed all of Marlow's promotion rivals. How quickly things change

COME ON YOU STRIPES!!!

Keith Jackson

## YORK ROAD REPORTS

### Part 1

MAGPIES 2 (Harrison 2 (1 pen)) Aylesbury United 2 aet (B&B Cup SF)  
 A paltry paying attendance of just 133 watched the most incident packed game of the season. Ranging from the barbaric to the farcical. Those -aying customers certainly got their moneys worth. Maidenhead began brightly taking the game to their Premier league opposition, flying full back Tyrone Houston missing a golden one on one opportunity early on. Having survived this early scare however Ducks keeper fatty Phillips was not so lucky just before half time when he was beaten from a long range free kick struck with chilling accuracy by Mark Harrison. These might not seem too embarrassing on first reflection, however Harrison hit the dead ball from inside his own half. From this moment of pure farce the game then descended into the gutter when Garry Attrell was put out of the game at half time when an Aylesbury decided to null the threat of Maidenhead's star right winger. Gary Smith was immediately substituted by Aylesbury.

The ducks then took control over a Magpies team still reeling from the shock of losing one of their team mates in such a fashion. Aylesbury soon equalised but were hit when keeper Gary Phillips had to go off with a severely bruised ego. His outfield replacement quickly made an impact on the game when he brought down Paul Dadson in a one on one goalscoring opportunity. The referee strangely interpreted this as only a yellow card offence but justice was done when Mark Harrison comfortably tucked the resulting penalty away. Unfortunately the Ducks did not lose any of the momentum gained from the boost they received during half time and equalised for the second time.

Extra time brought another golden chance for both teams the Aylesbury keeper being thwarted from the penalty spot by his opposite number supr Trevor Roffey and Paul Dadson hitting the ball just wide in the dying seconds. A great game of football for the neutral which sadly left a nasty atmosphere around the ground as Premier Division Aylesbury decided to stop their first division rivals by any means necessary.



Sarge and Crocko play spot the ball. Photo: Mark Leonard

### Wokingham 1 MAGPIES 1 (Norman)

Coming between the two semi-final games this league match was a bit of a non event. Maidenhead took the lead through the persistent running of Alec Norman whose endeavours led to him having to go off with an injury to join the already substituted Garry Attrell in the dressing room.

After the interval Wokingham came back well and eventually overhauled the Magpies with two second half goals. Further incidents were provided only by the Maidenhead supporters who this week had forsaken the car for British Rail. Star of the show was Brian McKendrick who regaled the other passengers with the full repertoire of Partick Thistle songs and somehow arrived home with a spade and two bags of compost!

### Aylesbury 4 MAGPIES 0 (B&B Cup SF Rep)

Aylesbury gratefully accepted their second and wholly undeserved bite of the cherry by comfortably strolling into the Berks & Bucks Cup Final. Their victory was totally hollow however as it was played at the moral vacuum of Aylesbury's ground. Shockingly Aylesbury decided to field the same eleven as played at York Road thus condoning the actions of a thug who if he wants to practise mindless violence in the name of sport should go and join his local Rugby club. Entertainment was provided by Trevor Kingham decorated the Aylesbury ground with his unique brand of Advertiser wallpaper. The game was the last chance of any cup success but then again is anything associated with the feeble minded and weak willed Berks & Bucks executive committee worth winning?



Garry Attrell: Aylesbury congratulated him on his fine performance the way they saw fit. Photo: Mark Leonard

### MAGPIES 1 (Dadson) Wembley 0

A workmanlike (i.e. scarcely rivetting to watch) performance from united garnered three points from relegation candidates Wembley who this year fully obliged in donating a full six points to our cause after last season's form book wrecking 5-0 victory. The goal came from a well worked move which was finished by Paul Dadson. This goal consolidated Paul's position at the top of the goal scoring charts a worthy achievement when you consider that Paul only made his comeback in November after a year long lay off. Lookslike he could have a bottle of brandy to consume during the close season.

Steve Jinman

### MAGPIES 1 (Small) UXBRIDGE 2

In the corresponding game last year Nick Riberio scored a hatrick as the Magpies cruised to an easy 3-0 victory, but a more stern test was faced this term. Uxbridge have managed to keep a top half position for most of the season, a credit to manager George Talbot who has created a half decent team from a bunch of crap players. George has been at Uxbridge for seven seasons now. Surely it must be time for him to move on, as Uxbridge are a typical 'content with what we've got, thanks very much' club. Average gates of less than 100, a 'B' graded ground in the middle of nowhere, no ambition, the only thing the club are interested in is not being relegated. Here are Maidenhead, a town centre ground, 'A' graded, a good catchment area, a solid club structure off the field, and there is George, a relatively local man with a good knowledge of local players stuck at a club with no ambition. As Logic might say, hmmm.

Anyway, another dull midweek, end of season game played in front of a piss poor crowd, a fine Steve Small strike salvaging at least something for the Magpies. Uxbridge looked like the team who wanted three points; Uxbridge were the team who got three points.

Keith Jackson

YORK ROAD REPORTS

LEYTON PENNANT 5 MAIDENHEAD 1 (Norman)

This game was so dire, words fail me. Not one of the classic Magpies performances, on a pitch that was not unlike Blackpool beach, in a ground that made Braywick Park look like the San Siro. Really, trying to find the bar at Leyton is just like the bit in *Spinal Tap* where the band are trying to get to the stage from the labyrinth of corridors that lie beneath.

The match can be described as thus: Leyton went 2-1 up, Alec Norman pulled one back, they scored a very dodgy penalty, and then got 2 more. Abysmal. However, not to be outdone, the travelling Magpies decided to challenge the Leyton Pikeys to a game of 5-a-side on one of the adjacent pitches. A fine goal from the boy Adkins, his second of the season (remember Marlow away, anyone?), led to one of their players retiring early, claiming he had been hit in the stomach by the ball. The injured player then burst into tears, and went home for his tea. A topsy turvy game was eventually one 5-3, although the Magpies had a number of missed chances to make it more (including myself, spooning a Jinman cross over the wall from all of 2 yards), but man of the match was most definitely Dave Harrison's ex, Mary the Sheep. Some fine goalkeeping was followed by a diving header to clinch the fifth and final goal, before the travelling Magpies fans made the long journey home round the M25.

FANZINE  
PLAYER  
OF THE YEAR

Who will be the first winner of this prestigious award? The judges will be meeting in the Anchor 2001, to decide who will receive it at the annual dinner

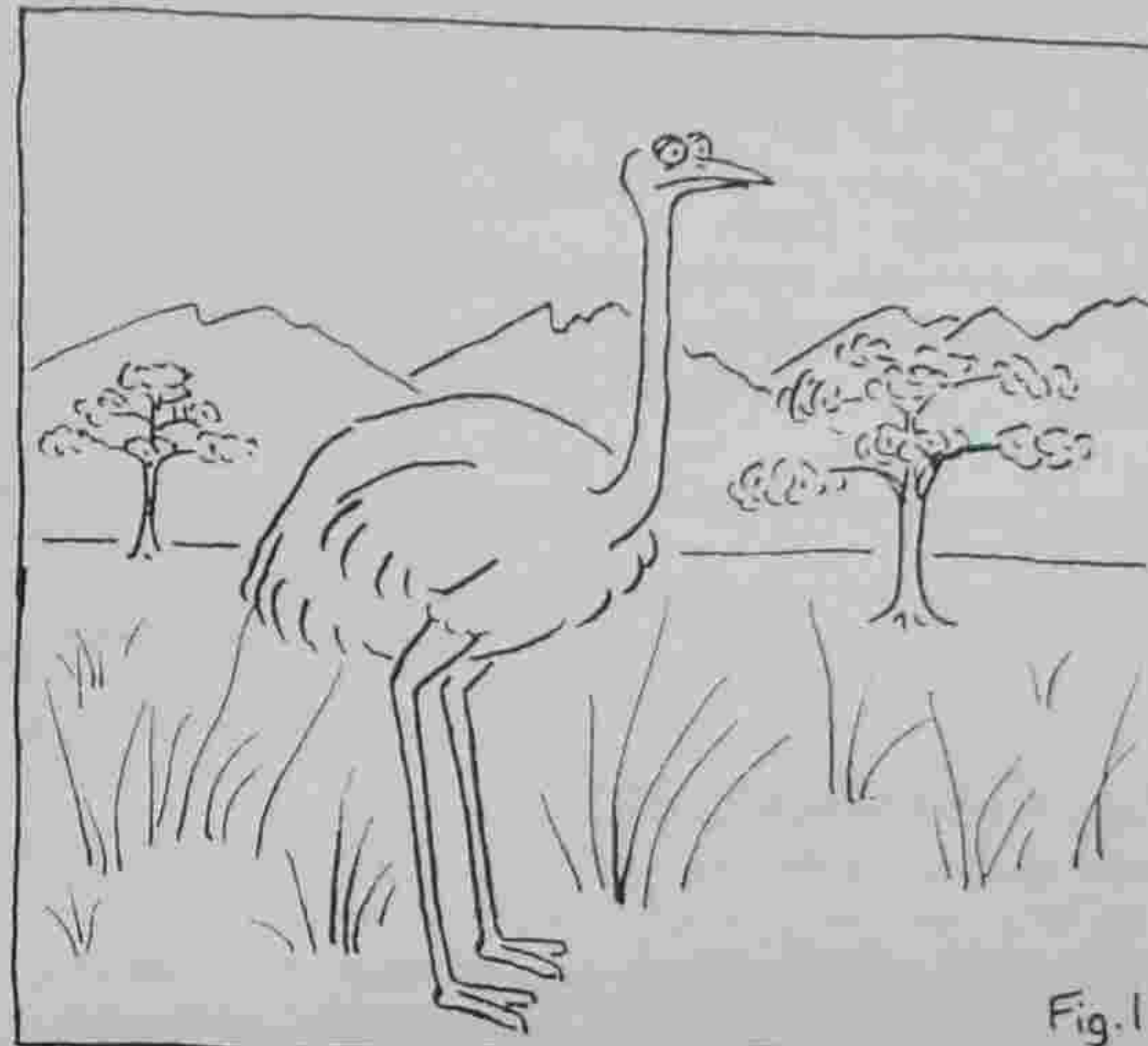


Fig. 1



Fig 2

PECKING ORDERS  
(a twitcher's guide to the diverse wildfowl to be spotted at York Road)

The Ostrich (Fig. 1) - This magnificent creature's reputation has long suffered from the widespread and fallacious belief that at the first sign of danger, it would bury its head in the sand. From observation it is clear that an ostrich will stand up for itself and its chicks, repelling predators with a well-aimed kick of a muscular leg. This mistaken idea that the ostrich is a coward may have arisen from a striking similarity to the Berks and Bucks Official (Fig. 2) - This pathetic creature, rather than make use of its considerable muscle, will stick its head into the sand at the merest sniff of controversy. When the adult, or "senior" Official, known also as a BERK, has to take care of a single (foul-smelling) egg, or BUCK, it is at a loss what to do. In a desperate attempt to avoid having to take responsibility, it can be observed to place the egg in a duck's nest and turn its back on it, leaving it to ducks or magpies to deal with. Ornithologists refer to this behaviour as "Ducking the Issue" or "Passing the Buck".

## KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

Isn't it just typical, just as the players get used to the now traditional, post goal pitch invasions, the main offenders remain on the terraces. Take the Aylesbury game for example, after scoring the penalty, Mark Harrison and Paul Dadson stood looking at us from the penalty spot as if to say, "Come on then, Come and get us!", but only Keith made it onto the grass (but not the pitch).

The reason for this sudden change in behaviour - Parole.

Certain members of the faithful have been causing trouble at too many games.

Excessive abuse at Marlow, Staines Oxford and Basingstoke to name but a few, goal scoring at Marlow, and Old Git confrontations at Oxford have all led to 'Best behaviour at all times' attitudes from us.

Don't worry though, these probationary periods never last long, normally only until the next trip away in 'Logic Taxis'.

So be warned, We Will Be Back!!

## That Man Talks Bollocks!

Have you wondered what happened to that top article 'THAT MAN TALKS BOLLOCKS' lately?

Well, apart from the fact that I have been the ultimate lazy bastard over the last few months, the piece seems to have reappeared under another title in another publication.

Tim Cook's weekly column in the Maidenhead Advertiser has lessened the need to produce 'THAT MAN TALKS BOLLOCKS'.

How he manages to talk such crap every week I don't know!

So Mr Cook, It's official. YOU TALK BOLLOCKS.

P.A.

## WHERE HAS ALL THE MONEY GONE?

### PARSONS IS A THIEVING BASTARD, AND COOMBS COVERS UP SCANDAL.

Shocking news reached Born & Bred mansions last week that a great deal of money has gone missing, and Parsons is to blame. It is disgusting that someone put in a position of trust can sink to such sickening levels.

Cub Scout, Steven Parsons, 9, of Bradley Gardens, West Ealing, London W13 has been accused of stealing £5 from a pensioners purse whilst on a 'bob-a-job' scheme operated by Ealing IV Cub Scout group. Scoutmaster Martin Coombs, said "Surely this is some mistake. I have known Parsons for years, and he would never do anything like this."

At time of going to press, it was unsure whether Parsons spent the money on football stickers or sweets, but it will be a long time before WE ever trust a cub scout again.

## DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME?

It may be hard to believe when you see me propped up by a pitch barrier in Bedfordshire, dressed in a kilt and chanting "WE HATE JIMMY HILL, HE'S A PUIF, HE'S A PUIF!" at the top of my voice, but at the beginning of this decade, I wasn't a football fan at all. Not that I didn't like football - it's just that the idea of actually attending a game really didn't tempt me, when compared with a comfortable seat in front of Match of the Day; besides, football fans were scary, violent people, and in those days I was far too quiet and timid for such company.

And it was in this mild-mannered guise that I went for the First Time to support the Magpies... what a difference some beer makes (as the saying goes)! But wait... from my distant past, I recall an earlier baptism, a false dawn: It was the spring of 1974, I was barely nine years old, my brother, seven, and my sister had only been born a matter of weeks ago. My dad, under pressure from mum to "give me a break and go and do something with the kids", took my brother and me to York Road to watch Maidenhead United, which must have been a bitter disappointment to mum, as she probably had in mind for us something rather more permanent...

I quiz my dad about the match and all he can do is reminisce about the days when his father used to take him to watch Chelsea (yawn), so some detective work is required. It soon becomes clear, with the help of Mark Smith's excellent book, that on 12 April 1974, in our first season in the Isthmian League, I was at the game against Carshalton Athletic. We won 2-1 courtesy of goals by Roy Davies and Dave Woolley, but most of the afternoon's events were lost on me. I had never even seen a football match before - we first got a telly that summer for the World Cup finals - but one impression has survived the journey through the mists of time: watching from in front of the Shelf, I seem to have been surrounded by an intimidatingly large number (1) of people, who were astonishingly excited and noisy.

Such an experience might have become addictive, but my dad's apathy meant that we never returned, so I got no closer than continuing to look up the results in the Maidenhead Advertiser, except that I took a walk down the drive over Christmas of 1986 to cast a wistful eye over the scorched place where the Grandstand had once stood.

Back in Maidenhead in 1990, after 3 years of student exile, our record-breaking start to the season had caught the imagination even of such armchair fans as me, and it only took a little urging from a work colleague before I made my long-overdue return. 3 November 1990, Magpies v Chertsey Town, in front of a crowd of over 300: Benny Laryea's 13th. goal of the season, poached in the 6-yard box before half-time, rescued a less-than-convincing performance, and it also had a profound long-term effect on me: I felt a rush of delirious happiness, and spent the rest of the game craving more - for better or worse, something in me had changed for ever; I was hooked, there was no turning back.

Since that First Time there have been many other "firsts": the first agonising taste of defeat, just a fortnight later (against Hampton, cruelly in injury time), my first away game (Newbury the following week, another defeat)... after my first season came the first long summer of football deprivation and withdrawal symptoms. The following year at Horsham in the F.A. Cup, awash in a tide of joy as we scored our late equaliser, I lost all restraint for the first time and joined the wild celebrations spilling onto the pitch. Such restraint as I had is probably still roaming Horsham's Queen Street ground like a ghost, for I have never been quite the same since...

MARK LEONARD

### THAT WAS THE SEASON THAT WAS

As the 95/96 season draws to a close, one must sit back and reflect upon the many joyful memories which will be stored in my mind for many years to come. That, just like the season, was utter bollocks.

Pre season, the Advertiser spent a great deal of time building up to the anticipated promotion challenge, and did their best to ensure that our 125th season would be one to remember. It certainly has been a season to remember, the season that promised so much and delivered so little.

Things went wrong from day one. Losing at home to Barking on the opening day of the season brought reality crashing down to York Road with an almighty thump. There are Barking, perennial strugglers, everyone's favourites to go down, and they win at York Road 2-0. "We played some good football" people said. "We played them off the park in the first half" people said. We failed to score I said. We lost 2-0 I said. Two proven strikers were signed close season, McKinnon and Tate, and after the first four games, they hadn't managed a goal between them. McKinnon finally found form at home to Whyteleafe, scoring twice in a 2-1 win. Indeed, if his season hadn't been dogged by injury, and perhaps a lack of confidence(?), he may well have been on 20 or so goals come May. Tate on the other hand, was a complete and utter disaster. If a player of Tate's (past) ability can perform well at so many other clubs, how come he managed only 1 goal in 15 appearances at York Road?

Two complete annihilations in both FA competitions against Thame were unacceptable. The FA cup defeat made many people seriously think why they should bother watching the team; by full time of the FA Trophy game, no-one cared. A 'run' in the County Cup, with a single goal victory over division 2 Bracknell and a 2-0 win at an abysmal Windsor side set the Magpies on their way to a superb performance against Aylesbury in the semi final. We all know the outcome of that tie, and it's an episode we'd all rather forget.

It wasn't all doom and gloom; a fine 4-1 victory against Marlow, one time promotion candidates (were the Advertiser actually serious about this??), surely performance of the season in the 2-2 draw with Billericay, and a win at Aldershot always helps to boost morale. A couple of new faces for the new year also improved performances, with Garry Attrell and Steve Croxford completely transforming the way the team play. Prior to Attrell's arrival, the Magpies had won 2, drawn 2, and lost 6 of their previous 10 games. After he signed, we won 6, drew 3, and lost only 1 of our next 10, the defeat coming at home to Leyton Pennant, who had won their previous 9, or something. Many people will put all the praise on Attrell, but Croxford certainly can't be ignored. A superb performance at Oxford, and solid defensive displays for the last 7 or 8 games means that a side without Croxford would look seriously depleted. In fact, most of the defence have played superb. Kevin Brown must seriously be a contender for player of the season, along with Tyrone and Mark Harrison. It's ironic that our two best goals this season were scored by defenders, being Kevin's at Thame and Mark's very long distance goal against Aylesbury. Whilst praising the defence, you certainly can't ignore Trevor Roffey, undoubtedly the best 'keeper in the division. Honourable mentions must also go to Tim Cook, who has had some superb games this season, and also to younger brother Ben. Lets hope he stays at the club.

Paul Dadson has come back from injury well, the horrific broken leg sustained at home to Ruislip last year putting him out of first team action until November. Paul has been with the club over 4 years now, and is truly a loyal club servant, something which should not be taken for granted. Players of Paul's ability and loyalty aren't just hard to find at this level of football, they don't really exist. An individual of Paul's calibre would be virtually irreplaceable.

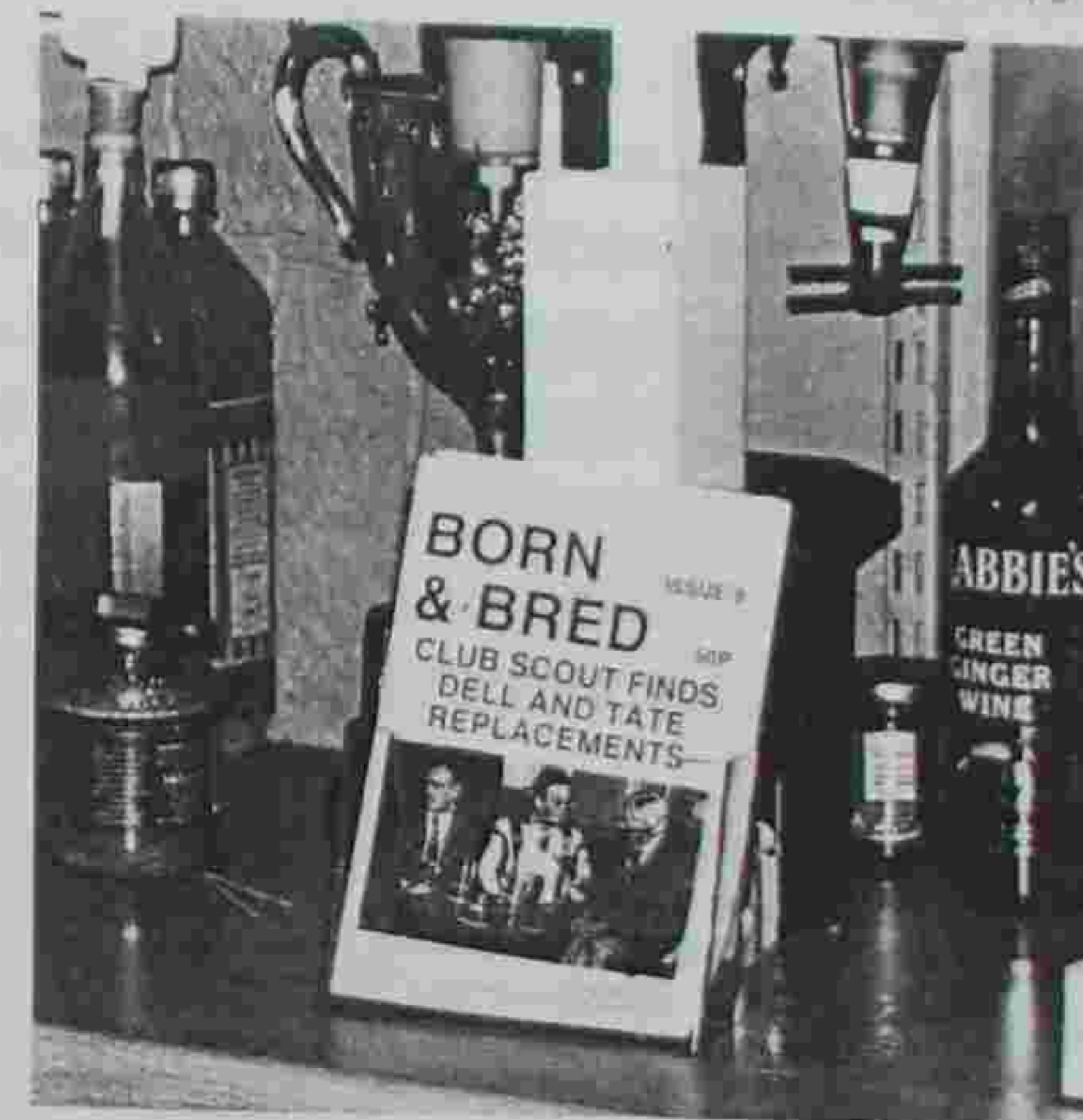
Two players deserve special mentions. First, Andy Smith. Last season's player of the year has had a superb season yet again. To think a player of Andy's age can still go out and look 10 years younger is excellent. He never gives less than 100%, and lets hope we can still get another couple of seasons out of him, and you know that he will always play upto his own high standards. Lastly, I would like to praise my own personal player of the season. Alec Norman's efforts this season have been second to none. A glance through the man of the match awards shows that Alec has won it only once, against Leyton Pennant. I thought his performance at home to Billericay was out of this world, and a similar performance occurred at Wembley back in December. Alec is still young, and hopefully will stay with the club, as I believe he will turn into a terrace legend. Alec is an extremely gifted player and a credit to the club.

I believe that next season, the club can mount a serious promotion bid. We already have a solid defence, midfielders such as Steve Small show promise, but a out and out striker would certainly be more than welcome. Motivation has been a key issue in Maidenhead's failure to do well, and hopefully this issue should be resolved for a serious bid next time around.

Keith Jackson

### NEWS ... NEWS ... NEWS ... NEWS PLUSH NEW STAND UNVEILED AT YORK ROAD

The continuing effort to enhance the facilities at York Road took a major step forward recently with the official opening of the Phil Adkins Stand. This magnificent Perspex cantilever structure is the envy of many supposedly superior clubs. Obtained as a result of a donation by the eponymous benefactor, the new stand offers far superior accommodation to the old "shelf", and superb visibility. Access is via the Social Club bar at a cost of 50 pence, and includes a free copy of Born and Bred.



### ODE TO AYLESBURY

TO BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF 'BONNIE AND CLYDE'

AY-LES-BUR-Y  
A BUNCH OF LOUSY PLAYERS  
TRIED TO WIN THE BERKS  
AND BUCKS THROUGH THUGG-ERY

GARRY ATTRELL  
TRIED TO TAKE THEM ALONE  
THEY LEFT HIM LYING IN A POOL OF BLOOD  
AND LAUGHED ABOUT IT ALL THE WAY HOME

Roger Coombs

# YOU'RE EVEN WORSE THAN MAIDENHEAD!

## BORN & BRED CELEBRATE FOOTBALLS WORST SIDE

As many of you are well aware, this season has been a major disappointment on the field. A low league placing, embarrassing cup exits against Thame, but spare a thought for Poole Town, strugglers in the Beazer Homes League Division One South. Prior to their game with Bashley on April 6th, the Daily Mirror did a 2 page spread on the plight of poor Poole this season. Thirty nine matches played, thirty nine matches lost. We all know that the Beazer Homes League is of a poorer standard to the Icis, just look at Wealdstone. After years of criticising the Icis league for being of a poor standard, and then claiming they will waltz through it, they can't even get promoted from division 3!!!! But for Poole, this season has been an absolute disaster. Can you really imagine losing 5-0 and 3-0 in your two league games with Fareham? Losing 5-0 at Hungerford? But it's not all gloom and doom.....just as they were about to enter the Guinness Book of Records for the longest losing streak (currently held by Stockport United since 1977) they went and got a point in a 0-0 draw with Bashley. In recognition of Poole's fine achievements, here is the cutting from the Mirror that day detailing all of Poole's results this season:

### THEIR RECORD

THIS is Poole's rotten run of results this year in cup and league:

Ashford away: Lost 1-0  
Newport home: Lost 5-0  
Hungerford away: Lost 5-0  
Fleet Town away: Lost 2-1  
Fisher Utd away: Lost 4-0  
Newport away: Lost 1-0  
Clevedon home: Lost 3-0  
Witney home: Lost 3-1

Salisbury away: Lost 5-0  
Erith and Belvedere away: Lost 1-1  
Chertsey away: Lost 9-0  
Salisbury home: Lost 6-0  
Fareham home: Lost 3-0  
Weston super Mare away: Lost 3-0  
Weymouth away: Lost 5-1  
Cinderford away: Lost 7-1

Sittingbourne home: Lost 5-0  
Waterlooville away: Lost 8-1  
Witney away: Lost 2-0  
Fleet Town home: Lost 3-0  
Braintree away: Lost 7-1  
Fareham away: Lost 5-0  
Weston super Mare home: Lost 8-1  
Weymouth home: Lost 4-2

Forest Green home: Lost 2-1  
Bashley away: Lost 2-0  
Margate away: Lost 6-0  
Havant home: Lost 3-0  
Sittingbourne away: Lost 8-1  
Havant away: Lost 7-1  
Ashford home: Lost 4-0  
Cinderford home: Lost 4-0

Clevedon away: Lost 3-0  
Fisher Utd home: Lost 1-0  
Waterlooville home: Lost 4-0  
Tonbridge Angels home: Lost 1-0  
Yate home: Lost 4-0  
Forest Green away: Lost 6-0  
Tonbridge Angels away: Lost 5-0

#### GOOD QUOTES OF THE SEASON

Trevor Kingham, saying of one committee member, "the nearest he ever got to a woman was when his mother gave birth to him". For legal reasons, the committee member won't be named. *"Doctor Snuggles, King of the animal world..."*

#### GOOD QUOTES OF THE SEASON

The Barton tannoy announcer, who stated "The winning raffle tickets are blue 767, blue 734, and blue 802". All Maidenhead fans were sold pink tickets numbered 1-90.

#### GOOD QUOTES OF THE SEASON

The Marlow 'fan', who, while his side were 3-1 down at York Road, came into The Bell Street end, confronted Murdo, and barked "You got a lot ov marf, ain't ya? Wot you gonna do abart it?". How did he know? Had he been to York Road before?

Nice to see that the Magpies got a mention in the Reading v Wokingham Berks & Bucks Semi Final programme

**A**ylesbury United await the winners of tonight's game after their replay victory over Maidenhead United when feathers flew in a 'battle of the birds' semi-final shrouded in controversy.

The Magpies were leading the first match 1-0 at halftime before an alleged off-the-pitch incident saw former Aylesbury star Garry Attrell taken to hospital suffering from concussion.

The York Road clash eventually ended at 2-2 and Maidenhead, claiming they'd been "cheated" of victory, at one stage threatened to boycott the replay.

Copies of the Maidenhead Advertiser's front page bearing the headline 'Cup Tie Ends In Soccer Shame' were plastered all over Aylesbury's ground by angry Magpie fans, but that didn't prevent the Ducks swanning to a 4-0 victory with two goals from Michael Danzey, and one each from Steve Smart and Mark Browes.

#### MAGPIES 4 (Harrison, McKinnon, Creighton 2) ABINGDON 0

At last!!! The Magpies beat Abingdon!! Actually, the result rather flattered the Magpies. Far be it for me to criticise a 4-0 win, but three of the goals came in the last 12 minutes, and were all scored by substitutes. A fine header by Paul McKinnon, looking more like the player we thought he was (a superb performance at Bognor followed a fortnight later), and two goals by super-sub Mickey Creighton, who received, much to the annoyance of the Abingdon 'keeper, an *incentive* to score. A bung at York Road? Bribery? Match rigging scandals? No, nothing of the sort. Mickey, should he put the ball in the net, was set to 'score' in more ways than one. A promise of a hot date with Mary, our inflatable (sex?) toy. So enthralled was Mickey at not getting one, but two goals, he decided to start his date slightly earlier than scheduled. As the Advertiser wrote, 'The least said bout this the better. So it wont get another mention. Oh, go on then....'

Mickey, after scoring Maidenhead's fourth and final goal, decided to pick an inflatable sheep from the spectators in the canal end, and ran up field simulating sexual intercourse with it much to the annoyance of the Abingdon 'keeper. Whether or not the Abingdon goalie mistook Mickey's new found love for his own sexual partner back in Oxfordshire is not yet known, but he did attempt to hurl the ball at Creighton, which hit Tim Cook. Cookie tried to calm the situation, which ended with a yellow card for the goalie, and Creighton got off Scot free (although the sheep was quoted as saying she was 'worn out but happy, and MORE than satisfied').

Why the goalie continued to argue with people in the Canal end remains a mystery, and he was eventually escorted off the field by his own players. One of the most bizarre incidents I have ever seen on a football field, and Colin Fleet (Abingdon's number 1) must surely rate as the biggest clown of the season. We all had a good laugh at him, as we did at Abingdon's substitute that day, the Afro-Scottish Jermain McSparran.

Keith Jackson



#### ALDERSHOT 0 MAGPIES 1 (Croxford)

Maidenhead's 1-0 win at Aldershot almost guaranteed another season in division 1 for the 'sleeping giants', as yet again, we pay party poopers in their promotion challenge. You may recall last season, Chertsey pipped them on goal difference. Last season we drew 2-2 at home to Aldershot, and beat them 3-1 at their place. If you also recall, we lost 3-0 at Chertsey, and 8-2 at home!

Aldershot's failure to beat us in any of the 4 league fixtures thus far must make us something of a bogey side for them.

A Croxford header in the first half ensured that Maidenhead got their first away league win of 1996, and only the third of the season. It wasn't much of a game really, and a disappointing crowd (by Aldershot's standards) of less than 2,000 turned up. Still, it's always nice to go there and win, this kind of made up for the 3-1 defeat in some Mickey Mouse cup competition back in December.

Leaving the ground, some Magpies fans were called 'Berkshire Scum' by some wanky Aldershot fella. Whatever can they mean?

Keith Jackson

#### BERKHAMSTED 2 MAGPIES 2 (Norman, Owen Goals)

A second trip of the season to Broadwater saw the pitch slightly 'firmer' than on our last aborted visit (i.e. rock-hard instead of ankle deep in mud). Add to that a very short and narrow playing area, with more bobbles than a pullover enduring its fact, I have yet to see a decent game of football in any of our recent visits.

Berkhamsted were my (not so) hot tips for certain relegation at the start of the season. That shows how poor my judgement is! Mind you, at least they're now below us in the table and I certainly feel a damn sight more vindicated than I did back at the end of 1995, when the buggers were second in the table! They are now finally eleven prior to this.

The Magpies started the stronger and Alec's near post flick-on evaded everyone, including Mr Teflonhands in the Berko goal (who had a truly awful game and would only just about scrape into my Sunday team) to give us an early lead. However, the game soon degenerated into the usual Broadwater pattern of overhit passes, pitch-length clearances and both sides adopting an interesting headless chicken formation.

It may well have been one of the numerous sky-high clearances inadvertently hitting a floodlight pylon which caused all eight (yes, that many!) of the lights along only one side of the ground to fail. The home officials offered the equally plausible, but less adventurous excuse that they had had the lights checked and serviced earlier that day. The observant among us noted that the club is sponsored by an electrical firm. A new form of cynical gamesmanship from Berkhamsted possibly sending the Magpies' already fixture-congested season into overdrive, or just plain sloppy workmanship from an underpaid, overworked spark? You decide.

After a lengthy delay to allow everyone in attendance to let their boredom thresholds reach new heights, during which it was noted that there was an amazing ratio of two stewards per one home fan, two of the lights flickered back to life, convincing the referee that the game should continue, despite the intense gloom along one side of the pitch.

It seems highly likely the home side use this lights on-off equation for training, as they adapted much better and soon found themselves 2-1 up. Twenty minutes later, and only two minutes before half-time, Mr Referee suddenly decided that he was no longer happy with the light, or lack of it (a rarity! A ref. who was prepared to re-appraise a situation and actually reconsider a decision. Others, take note!).

Further delays ensued while the Berkhamsted chairman/secretary/groundsman (oh no, that's wrong, they don't have one/gateman/teaboy/only bloke who seems to do anything there turned his hand to floodlight repairs. At least this allowed Jim Barrs to add to his 'Comedy Corner' repertoire by telling the crowd about the time he was at the Palladium when the lights went out. A large group of Japanese tourists in the audience, keen to see the entire show, all stood in unison waving their hands in the air. A bemused local enquired what they were trying to achieve, to be told that, 'many hands make light work' - 'Thankyouverymuchindeed!'

Half-time was taken after 43 minutes of play, and all the lights eventually came back on. With a full lighting complement, we soon equalised with a goal via our one and only throw-in tactic, the Tim Cook ball launch into the area. That all of our opponents haven't completely sussed this very tired routine out yet is inexplicable. That a defender felt the need to divert the ball into his own goal without anyone even threatening vaguely or having touched the ball is astounding, but it capped a farcical evening's football.

There were only a few further brief interruptions due to Berkhamsted losing their only two match balls (great planning, really, when there will always be a fair chance that one will end up either in the canal behind one end or halfway to Glasgow, courtesy of the 19:57 service from Euston passing behind the other goal). At the ridiculous time of 10.05, the final whistle went, thus denying the comedy pool team valuable practise of their trick (a.k.a. crap) shots on Berko's great v-f-m tables. Double bugger!

Oh yes, another thing: if anyone ever decides to write a book about stadium names, try and give Berkhamsted a mention. Broadwater? Do me as favour! That was where the Tottenham riots occurred amid an intimidating backdrop of fire, passion and the thronging masses, none of which were much in evidence here. After this fiasco, perhaps the Stadium of Darkness would be more apt. They could even consider exchange visits with Benfica...

M.H.



#### MAGPIES 3 (Harrison, Smith, Creighton) BARTON 4

Don't let the scoreline fool you into thinking that this was a great game because it wasn't, especially when you consider Barton's appalling record of a single league win and three measly draws out of seventeen games away from the sloping marshland they call 'home'.

To be honest I could be forgiven for thinking we had won 3-1 as I missed the first few minutes of each half, during which Barton netted three goals. It would appear some of our players did likewise, such was the apparent ease with which our extremely poor visitors managed to score.

In all fairness we did have the better of the game both territorially and in terms of chances, but that isn't much of a statement to make when we were playing a team battling for their first division lives and whose main attributes owed more to fight than flair.

'Highlights' of the game came in the form of yet another excellently executed penalty from Mr Dead Ball expert himself, Mark Harrison, and Andy Smith's wonderful and mazy run and fine finish a la Ricky Villa in the '82 Cup Final, which perfectly encapsulated what a great season the Cox Green reject has had.

Oh yes, I suppose (in the finest traditions of balanced journalism) I should also begrudgingly pay tribute to Barton's 90th minute piledriver that gave Trevor no chance.

So, 8 goals and 6 points donated to the Barton Rovers relegation escape fund and I could be forgiven for thinking that perhaps our players were so impressed by the supporters 'Tartan at Barton' that they want a repeat next season. We'll see.

The now customary Saturday evening entertainment came in the form of a two pronged attack involving not only top class comedy pool (something Sky would do well to sign up as they bloody well have the rights to everything else), but also a re-enactment of the Harry Enfield University of Real Life 'My home is my home' sketch, which culminated in one participants suggestion to partner Paul McKinnon with no, not Yosemite Sam, nor a Tazo of Bugs Bunny playing the drums, but none other than Foghorn Leghorn!

Don't you think the Tazo collecting fixation thing is getting just a *little* out of hand Keith?.....a classic warning about the dangers of alcohol if ever one was needed. (*Lies All lies. Keith*)

Murdo McLeod

#### BOGNOR 0 MAGPIES 0

Bugger off to all you lentil bahji eating rasta dreadlocked army fatigued save the trees eco-hippies ramming your 'no more roads' message down everyones throats and piss off back to Glastonbury taking your ambulances-converted into homes with you. There, I've said it.

I bet none of them have ever had to make the arduous journey down the long and winding road to Bognor on a Monday night because if they had they would soon be advocating new ten lane super-highways by the dozen. I think two hours each way covering about 120 miles in the process speaks for itself.

Having not travelled on the team coach all season and not being arsed to drive (nor actually have the car for the night for that matter!) we - the fanzine crew - felt like a change. Five minutes with the coach driver from Hell and a return journey involving some crap 'Stars on 45' totally unoriginal artists tape blaring over the coach stereo, followed by a 'Frank Carson Live.....And Singing!' tape reminded us just why we normally make our own way to the game.

Bognor away as an evening fixture holds none of the attraction of our recent Saturday visits have, primarily as it denies us the chance to renew our acquaintance with Billy Butlin together with an extended stay in the warm company of the locals. (The exception to this were the annoying little shits behind the goal. Don't they have schools in Sussex?) A further combination of a poor Magpies fans turnout and an end of season 'nothing' game made for a very eerie feel to the whole evening. Even the local mad woman (and every good club should have one) wasn't bawling her eyes out, which was a first.

After the previous games pitiful defensive performance I should pay tribute to our boys excellent rear guard action which professionally stifled the best footballing side in the division. When I get a chance I shall thank all 10 of them personally.

Murdo McLeod

#### ON THE ROAD AGAIN

As the season draws to a close, and once again another 9 months worth of dust falls upon the Maidenhead United trophy cabinet, it is time to reflect on what has made this season so memorable... those away trips! Ah yes, Barton, Staines, Heybridge, who could forget Marlow, Basingstoke... lets begin. The first away trip took us the short distance to Marlow. A fine summer's day meant that many Maidenhead fans took the day off work to spend the afternoon partaking in the traditional Magpies awayday custom of visiting pubs. I couldn't get the time off work, so unfortunately missed most of it, and it was only until I reached The Plough about 20 minutes before kick off, I realised what I had missed. There for all the passing motorists to see was the entire wall of the pub covered by the flag, and dozens of Maidenhead fans staggering around the garden, singing the praises of the Magpies. The post match sorrow drowning session was conducted in The Ship in town, no-one wanting to give Marlow a penny of their beer money. The following Saturday took us to Thame in the FA Cup, a rather non event as far as the usual beer fuelled mayhem goes, which didn't really return until the FA Trophy game at Fareham. A 4-2 victory, a Colin Tate goal, a twelve minute rendition of 'Johnny Watt's black and white army', and a bunch of morbidly obese home fans. After the game, not for the only time this season, the Maidenhead faithful were asked to leave the bar as there was a private party going on. We eventually wandered into the board room, and from there into Southampton, where a curry was enjoyed at the wonderful Raj Duth. On the way there, the Logic mobile mysteriously gained a second steering wheel, and Murdo was heard to be making 'VROOM!VROOM!' noises all the way down the A27.

The following Tuesday took us to Heybridge Swifts. The post match celebrations going on well into the night, and actually into the small hours of Wednesday morning, before we were finally ejected from the bar and headed back on the 2 hour journey home. From there, it was the memorable trip to Staines. Fancy dress was the order of the day, Seventies style, simply to fit in with the lovely surroundings there. Logic won the prize for Jarvis Cocker impersonations, although in dress only. His singing is restricted to St Luke's Church.

Next was Uxbridge, an instantly forgettable evening, with sparklers on the terrace, and fireworks in the bar afterwards. All in all, an evening to forget, just like the next trip to Thame in the league, although a superb 5-2 victory made the trip worthwhile. After Thame was perhaps the best away day of the season, to that wonderful place, well, to that place of wonderful people, Barton, Tartan at Barton was the order of the day, for no reason other than that it rhymes. Murdo and Logic came in full regalia, Logic taking some offence to the fact that none of the bar staff wanted to look up *his* kilt. Many a Fullers Bitter was drunk at Barton, and it was 7.15 before I realised I had to be at Wembley Arena by 8.00 to see Blur. Murdo (who soberly endured this beer-fest) came up with the goods, and I am quite sure to this day that Logic still isn't sure whether or not Steve, Phil and himself recreated the 1966 World Cup Final in the Wembley Stadium car park. This was also the game of the infamous Reading Station episode, one not to be repeated, and never to be mentioned again.

Aldershot were next on the agenda for the MAFIA (Maidenhead's Alcoholic Fans In Action), but the Aldershot bar is akin to an air-raid shelter, you even get the effects of bombs dropping when the trains pass. A poor show, but it was a midweek game in freezing snow, so most people were more concerned with getting home without being snowed in than staying drinking. The next away was midweek at Wembley, what made this memorable was not the drinking, but the fact that Logic managed to direct me down a road, which, he claimed, was an A road, that had speed bumps. What an idiot. I missed the next away, Chesham, but all the Magpies boys were back in action at Whyteleafe. The best attended away game of the season with the exception of Marlow saw the Born & Bred crew on fine form, particularly Phil, who took great pleasure in fooling the locals with his cigarette machine switching off trick. One thick Whyteleafe fan wasted £7.50, and still didn't click.

The annual tediously dull affair at Barking was followed by yet another disappointing off field performance at Tooting, but the discovery of what is regarded now as fans beer of the season, Spunky Cream Flow, (sorry, *Worthington's* Cream Flow) at Basingstoke the following week made up for that. A fine drinking session, a punch in the mouth for Phil from Paul Dadson during the pitch invasion after the second equaliser all made for a good day out. Windsor were next, but to drink in their bar would be heresy, punishable only by death. What was next...? Oh yes, OXFORD.....

Arriving in Thame very early on in the day, the crew deciding to stop off at the best clubhouse in the league, we saw myself showing why I could never become a bank robber (I got locked in the cashpoint booth), and a fine discussion about 1930's architecture in the West London suburbs at the Hogshead pub. When the club house finally opened, the Double J comedy pool team showed a combination of Murdo, Phil and Logic: how to really play. Many beers later, we set off for Oxford at 2.15, just in time for a pint of Varsity in their club house, and then back to Thame on the way home. A fine performance off the field by all concerned, even if Murdo did make it back to the Maidenhead clubhouse, but not actually through the door. Surely, three clubhouses in one day must be some kind of record, if you're not some sad groundhopper of course.

The fine Oxford performance was matched, nay bettered at Wokingham the following week. Meeting at the station (no-one was willing to drive to this), the usual mob were swelled, quite literally, by Brian McKendrick and Roy Bannister. After a beer stop, and a few pints at the Monk's Retreat in Reading (XB at £1.30 a pint!!!) we

headed back to the station, and made our way to Wokingham, surely the only Icis League side to have a beer named after the club, and a self service bar. Yes, by about 7.30, the bar staff were nowhere to be seen, and one of the crew was seen to help himself to two pints of Tetley's from behind the bar. As you can imagine, there was plenty of singing on the train from Wokingham to Reading (via a pub, natch), but after even more beer at Reading station, where the Magpies fans caused havoc stopping escalators and arguing with snack bar staff, amazingly, none present can recall the journey from Reading back home. Some of the fans even made it into the Anchor with their pre match Burger King hats on, and how one fan arrived home with a garden spade, some flowerpots and a bag of fertiliser remains a mystery to this day.

After Wokingham, the grudge match at Aylesbury. It was great to see such a mess made by the Maidenhead fans, with copies of the Advertiser front page plastered around the ground, and the rest of the paper finding it's way on the pitch. One Aylesbury fan was overheard by Micky Creighton, sitting in the stand, claiming that the mess had been made on purpose. Glad to see that their supporters are as braindead as a certain Aylesbury player who we shall call G Smith. No, that's too obvious, err... Gary S will do.

Next was Leyton, crap ground, crap bar, crap performance, crap roadworks on the North Circular...was someone trying to tell us something? Who knows. An uneventful trip to the 'mighty' (hah!!) Aldershot was followed by Berkhamstead, new winner for worst ground in the league. The place is just a dump. Small, characterless, bad facilities, broken floodlights, at one stage they only had two footballs!

Away from home, the drunken visions of a Saturday night have been far more enjoyable than many of the matches, and will provide many a years misty eyed reflection over a pint or six in the Anchor.

*Keith Jackson*

### NEVER SAY DIE

A GREAT LITTLE CLUB WHERE WE HAVE LOTS OF FUN  
YOU'LL NOTICE WE'RE STILL IN DIVISION ONE  
THOUGH WE SELDOM WIN  
BOY WE NEVER GIVE IN  
MAIDENHEAD FIGHTS FOR ALL IT'S WORTH

WE'VE GOT THE GUTS HERE  
BUT NEVER THE LUCK HERE  
AT MAIDENHEAD  
WE'RE NOT VERY FLASH  
AND WE HAVEN'T THE CASH  
HERE AT MAIDENHEAD  
WE'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS  
AND IN EASIER WAYS  
HERE AT MAIDENHEAD

WE'LL CONTINUE TO TRY  
AND WE'LL NEVER SAY DIE  
HERE AT MAIDENHEAD

WE GO ON THE PARK AND WE'RE FULL OF HOPE  
AND SOME DAYS IT SEEMS THAT WE JUST CANT COPE  
UNITED AT LAST  
WE CAN LIVE ON OUR PAST  
MAIDENHEAD FIGHTS FOR ALL IT'S WORTH  
WE'VE GOT THE GUTS....

x2

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA AT MAIDENHEAD  
x3

*Thanks to Hartlepool United FC*

### ' . . . . OF THE SEASON '

It comes to that time of the year again when we all think about the highlights of the seson past. This year has not seen many great times on the pitch (apart from hopefully finishing above the scum from Marlow), but here are just a few points to refresh your memory.

#### BEST AWAY GAME

Nothing for us to cheer about on the pitch from the players, but the supporters victory over the pikeys at Leyton Pennant salvaged some honour, with the inflatable sheep scoring our winning goal. Squad:- Jackson K, MacLeod, Adkins, Jinman, Payne, Sheep.

#### BEST HOME GAME

It must be th 4-1 stuffing of Marlow by the Maidenhead Scum Dogs in January.

#### BEST GOAL

A tight one here between Mark Harrisons shot from inside our own half in the controversial B & B game against Aylesbury, and Phil Adkins strike at Marlow with a balloon

#### SIGNING OF THE SEASON

A three horse race (well 2 donkeys and a stallion) between Tony Dell, Colin Tate and Garry Attrell. (Tough choice!!).

#### FLAG OF THE SEASON

Murdo has surpassed himself this time. 65ft of black and white stripes. One Aldershot fan suggested he stuffed it up his arse, the only place large enough would actually be his mouth!

#### HAIRCUT OF THE SEASON

The now patented 'Garry Attrell', which is rapidly catching on on the terraces.

#### GOAL CELEBRATION OF THE DECADE

No doubt that Micky Creighton and the sheep-shagging exhibition against Abingdon, Although their 'Keeper wouldn't agree!

**BARMAN OF THE YEAR**

It has to go to Ray (Mr Elvis) Dawson. If you don't why, then stay behind after a game until about 11.30pm to find out. (Mine's a light and Dawson!)

**PISS UP OF THE YEAR**

Where do I start?

Marlow - An all dayer culminating in balloon goalscoring

Fareham - Stealing traffic cones, curry in Southampton

Heybridge - Long trip home followed by work in morning, but still in the bar at gone 11pm

Barton - The tarran army drinking on the terraces, unable to suss out the fag machine and one of us nearly missing a Blur gig.

Whyteleafe - More fag machine japes (if you turn them off, people lose their money) and ending up at a relatives party with transvestites and mad Spaniards

Etc, Etc, Etc..... Basically all games are piss ups.

**WANKERS OF THE YEAR**

Everyone at Aylesbury, Oxford and Marlow. And ,of course, Mr K Merchant, the ref at Staines.

**REFEREE OF THE YEAR**

Charlie (Fat Chas) Brakspear- he never stops smiling, or that one who looks like Rowan Atkinson (thankyou Barclaycard).

These are just a few of my personal highpoints, there are far too many more to mention, but stick around for next year, I am sure the best is yet to come

P.A.

COMPETITION TIME

"Born & Bred" offer a galaxy of wonderful prizes to the first person who can describe the Maidenhead performance(s) listed using the correct descriptive word from the group provided. Match all 20 correctly and the world is your oyster; beware the two red herrings!

<u>date of game</u>	<u>opposition and venue</u>	<u>comp</u>	<u>your description of our performance</u>
19.1.93	Wokingham Town	H B&B	_____
4.12.93	Ruislip Manor	A Lge	_____
18.1.94	Saffron Walden Town	A LC	_____
29.3.94	Abingdon Town	A Lge	_____
5.4.94	Windsor & Eton	A Lge	_____
17.9.94	Fareham Town	H FAT	_____
15.10.94	Berkhamsted Town	H Lge	_____
21.1.95	Chertsey Town	H Lge	_____
28.1.95	Aldershot Town	A Lge	_____
4.2.95	Abingdon Town	H Lge	_____
18.2.95	Wembley	H Lge	_____
22.4.95	Barking	A Lge	_____
19.8.95	Barking	H Lge	_____
26.8.95	Thame United	A <sup>h</sup> FAC	_____
28.10.95	Berkhamsted Town	H Lge	_____
4.11.95	Thame United	H FAT	_____
2.12.95	Barton Rovers	A Lge	_____
19.3.96	Aylesbury United	H B&B	_____
26.3.96	Aylesbury United	A B&B	_____
6.4.96	Leyton Pennant	A Lge	_____
20.4.96	Barton Rovers	H Lge	_____

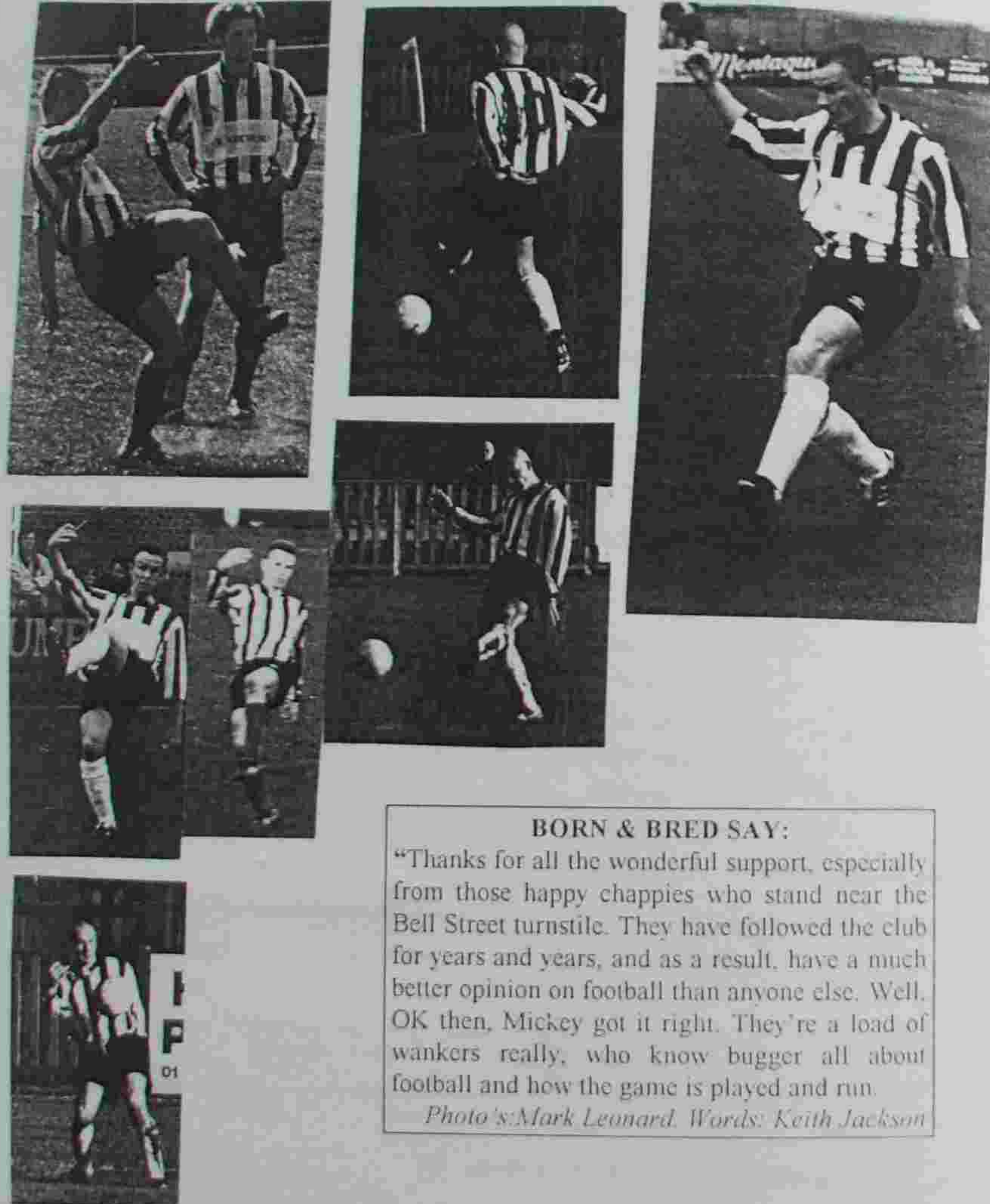
Choose your answers from these words

CLUELESS	DIABOLICAL	HUMILIATING	UNBELIEVABLE	SHIT	DREADFUL
HOPELESS	PISS-POOR	EMBARRASSING	MAGNIFICENT	DIRE	TERRIBLE
PATHETIC	CRIMINAL	APPALLING	HEINOUS	CRAP	DISMAL
ABYSMAL	ATROCIOUS	WOEFUL			

Tie-breaker: In the unlikely case of more than one person getting every answer correct, please complete these tie-breakers:

- |   |                       |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1. Name the Manager in charge of the team throughout the time that these performances were given? | A John Watt           |
|   | B John Dempsey        |
| 2. Describe accurately the Berks & Bucks FA?  | A Useless tossers     |
|   | B Incompetent wankers |
| 3. Describe Marlow's chances of gaining promotion?  | A Non-existent        |
|   | B Non-existent        |

MICKEY CREIGHTON THANKS THE OLD GITS FOR A SEASON OF LOYAL SUPPORT WITH A SERIES OF RATHER APT HAND SIGNALS



**BORN & BRED SAY:**

"Thanks for all the wonderful support, especially from those happy chappies who stand near the Bell Street turnstile. They have followed the club for years and years, and as a result, have a much better opinion on football than anyone else. Well, OK then, Mickey got it right. They're a load of wankers really, who know bugger all about football and how the game is played and run.

*Photo's: Mark Leonard. Words: Keith Jackson*

**FREE GIFT TIME!!!!**

Born & Bred pays homage to that fine hostelery The Anchor and introduce the Anchor Beermat Collection. Simply cut out, and place your drink on your chosen mugshot. Coming soon to add to your collection....Old Bastard With Dog, Hackney Cable Network, and the Bloke With A Knife Who Accuses You Of Sleeping With His Wife In 1967.



**INSTRCUTIONS:**

1. Cut around dotted line.
2. Stick to a piece of card.
3. Get yourself a beer, a glass of wine, or maybe even a cup of coffee.
4. Place chosen drink on mat.
5. Alternatively, follow steps 1-2, then throw it away.

## BACK PAGE UNITED



Photo: Phil Adkins

Maidenhead officials were said to be overjoyed last night when news broke that BBC 2 were about to screen a documentary about the club. TV travel man Alan Wicker will present the show, detailing the many far off and exotic locations that the club travel to. Our photo shows Alan signing the contract for the series at Basingstoke. "I've been to places such as Burkina Faso and Namibia, but I have never in my life experienced such a run down shanty town like Tooting. Filming the series has been a real eye opener", Mr Wicker commented.

They think it's all over.....it is now! Another season ends as does this issue. We'll be back again next year, and hope that you will too. BYEEEEEE!!!!