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## TIGHT B+++++DS!

WARNING: THIS PUBLICATION CONTAINS MATERIAL WHICH SOME PEOPLE MAY FIND OFFENSIVE.

£1



## EDITORIAL

Firstly, thank you for purchasing this publication. You have just donated a further pound towards the "Sponsor A Brick" campaign.

As you are no doubt well aware, Maidenhead United have been instructed to erect a six foot high wall along the length of the railway embankment in order to comply with ground improvement regulations laid down by the Football Association. If this wall is not built then the F.A have the power to shut York Road. This of course we do not wish to happen.

The cost of this wall has been estimated at 3,000 pounds - thus the launching of the campaign

With this campaign in mind we decided to do something "different" to help the club reach its goal. You may be excused for thinking the club are "in on the act". But we can categorically assure you that they are not. We are just two supporters who took it upon ourselves to our bit.

Within these pages we have taken quite a few "shots" at various members of the club from the Chairman right down to the occasional dog (canine of course!) that attend York Road. To this we hold our hands up and apologise. No offence was intended.

This publication is a simple light hearted look at Maidenhead United Football Club through the eyes of two supporters who have a somewhat warped sence of humour.

In no way are our views the views of the club or committee (although what they think in private is another matter). If anyone feels they have been misrepresented and would like the right to reply - TOUGH TITTY - you shouldn't have read the publication in the first place.

S. B

T. K

**WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THE READ!!**

## COMMERCIAL CHAT .....

I am sure you are all well aware of the problems the club are having in coming up with a major sponsor.

In view of this the club are pleased to announce a new scheme which we hope will include many of our younger supporters in raising much needed finance. Throughout history it has been the simplest ideas that have been the best. Ours is no exception.

We thought long and hard before embarking on this project because we strongly felt that the youngsters should get involved. After all, if the younger supporters don't make an effort to help the club then in years to come they won't be able to bring their grandchildren to York Road, as it wont be there!

The scheme it self needs little explaining really, we've called it "Rob A Bank For Maidenhead". To assist with the planning needed we've enlisted the help of Ronnie Biggs, the Great Train Robber. Ronnie will be on hand 24 hours a day to take your calls and give you all the help he can.

Please remember, this scheme is for the youngsters only. So no help from Mums and Dads please....

If in the unlikely event you are caught by the Police don't worry, here at Maidenhead United we have our own free legal advisory service! All you have to do is ring the club and say "I've been nabbed.... Getcha arse down here and get me outta jail" We promise our man will be at the Station as soon as we can get him out of the pub and sobered up.

So, C'mon kids..... get robbin' !!!

\* \* \* \* \*

## BRICK WALL.....

The recent announcement by Arsenal Football Club to offer debentures to help finance the construction of a new stand situated on the North Bank, led us to coming up with our own plan to help construct the wall along the railway embankment.

In future, to gain entry for all home matches the admission price of 2.50p will remain, but you will be expected to hand over a brick!

When the wall is completed, for a fee, we'll allow you to paint whatever you like on the railway side of the wall.

As an example:- Maybe you've just discovered your wife is having an affair with the milkman! So, how about writing "Sharon's a slag" on the wall? Or maybe you've got something to advertise? eg:- "How d'you fancy a real slow massage?" Just think of the thousands of people who'll read it as they travel to and from Paddington....!

**PLEASE NOTE...** 0898 numbers should be accompanied by the respective telephone charges



## MAIL BAG

Dear S. M,

I feel compelled to write to you following the disgraceful scenes I witnessed when the final whistle blew at the F. A. Cup replay against Horsham. Never before have I seen such objectionable behaviour here at York Road. Horsham supporters were singing and dancing! And their players had the audacity to join in!

I strongly feel that the presence of the Australian T. V. cameras had a lot to do with this. And that if this is going to be the shape of things to come then I suggest in future Maidenhead refuse to allow T. V. cameras, whether they be from Australia, LWT or Outer bloody Mongolia, the permission to film home matches. Like the majority of supporters at York Road I come for the peace and quiet away from the 'naggin' dragon' in doors. I don't mind us losing - in fact this season I've got used to it - But if Maidenhead emulate Horshams reaction to winning in front of the cameras then I for one want no part of it.

**DISGUSTED FROM NORFOLK RD.**

ED..... Firstly, let me put your mind at rest. We contacted every T.V company in the country. And we were told unanimously that no British T. V. company planned on visiting York Road this season, next season, or come to that, any season.... As for foriegn T.V. stations.... We don't know.

Regarding your observations of the Horsham supporters, we whole heartily agree with you about this sort of behaviour being unacceptable. The staff at S. M. have always felt that York Road is the ideal place to bring your children for a good laugh. Our typist says that York Road is the best place to bring the insomniac infant. Apparently, ten minutes of Maidenhead football is enough to ensure a peaceful night for parents. If this situation ever changes then you can rest assured that we will take the necessary actions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear S. M,

Thank you, thank you, thank you, for having the courage to produce your publication. I'm sure every Maidenhead supporter will be delighted that, at last, someone has had the initiative to start a fanzine. Maybe **WE**, the fans, might now be able to have a say in what goes on at the club.

Anyway, the reason I'm putting pen to paper is because, during the 30 years I've been a keen Maidenhead supporter I've only missed a handful of home games. Over these years I've calculated that I've spent over a thousand pounds on raffle tickets. Amazingly I have never won a prize!

Am I the unluckiest person in the world? Or is the raffle a fiddle.

**MR LOSER, 13, HOPELESS ST.**

ED..... After reading your letter I asked everyone in the office if they, or anyone they knew, had ever won a raffle prize at York Road. They in turn asked their friends the same question. No one to our knowledge has EVER won a raffle prize! We calculated a total of twenty five thousand pounds has been spent among our friends on raffle tickets. Why hasn't there been a winner? We asked a club spokesman to explain.....

"It's no good asking me, pal. I've never won either..... Your best bet is to ask the guy who runs it. Why don't you try ringing him at home? You'll get him on Adelaide 9994686. Don't forget they're eighteen hours behind.....!"

Dear S. M,

To me, one of the great mysteries of Maidenhead United is: Who is the man who makes the announcements over the tannoy system?

You get the impression when listening to him that he's a right charmer. A ladies man. Smooth and sophisticated - you know the type, a right flashy sod who drives an XR3i and has always got a blonde in tow.

On second thoughts..... Please let it remain a secret. I'd hate to have my theories dashed by finding out that he's a pot bellied, spooty, Reliant Robin owner.

**MR I. P. DAILY. M / head.**

ED..... What announcer???

+ + + + +

Dear S. M,

I'm only 5 years old so my big brother helped me write this letter.

I'm a bit of a slow learner so my daddy felt that to help me pick up a few new words he'd take me along to York Road to watch a football match. I really enjoyed myself.

When we got home my mummy let me stay up and watch the football highlights on telly as a special treat for behaving so well at the match. To show her the extent of my new vocabulary I decided to show off. Every time a player was fouled I cried, "Get up you f++++g w++++r you're not hurt!" And when the goalie took a goal-kick I'd cry, "You.....'re shit."

On spotting the referee I exclaimed, "Who's the bastard in black....." And when a player missed an open goal I burst into song, "Score in a brothel.....You couldn't score in a brothel.."

Needless to say, Mummy flipped her lid. Beat me black and blue and vowed that was the last time I was ever going to a football match. I'm only glad she didn't find out that Daddy let me eat a WHOLE Mars bar! She would have gone really mad then!

**A. TIDDLER FROM HOLYPORT.**

ED..... Are you sure???? A whole Mars bar!

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Dear M. S,

I'm writing to ask if you know if there is a place in your football team for me. At present (when my dickhead of a step-father lets me) I play for a team called the Alter Boys. My position is centre forward. I'm told I'm fairly good. The other week I nearly scored a hatrick.....

**NICKY TILSLEY,  
CORONATION STREET,  
WEATHERFIELD,  
YORKSHIRE.**

ED..... Maidenhead United are definately in the need of a centre forward.



Dear S. M,  
 I don't usually write to your sort of publication, but after attending the game against Bashley at York Road I felt I had to let people know the dangers they could run in to when visiting Maidenhead.  
 Being a non-league football follower I have visited many clubs over the years. But never before have I had to endure the treatment I recieved at York Road. Here is my account of what happened:

On arriving at the ground I was immediately accosted by an impatient gateman who said to me menacingly, "Let's have your dosh then."  
 Being a little taken back by his aggressive attitude, I inadvertently handed him only two of the three pound coins I had ready.  
 "And the rest, you tight fisted git! .... We ain't a charity y'know."  
 "Sorry, my mistake," I said to him, as I quickly fumbled in my pocket for the extra coin.

"Yeah,.... That's what they all say."  
 It wasn't until I had entered the ground that I realized he hadn't given me my change. I was just about to return when a lady shoved a programme under my nose.  
 "Only 50p, luv. Go on 'ave one." Not having much choice in the matter I bought one. Safe at last, I thought to myself. Yes, safe for all of thirty seconds....!  
 "Wanna buy a raffle ticket, guv? They're only a quid a strip!" A gruff male voice said. Bravely I declined.  
 "What's up with you, eh..... mate? Short arms and long pockets? We're only talking 'bout a bleedin' quid."  
 By now I was surrounded by the other raffle ticket sellers! Reluctantly I handed over a pound.  
 "Wanna 'nother strip, guv? It'll double ya chances....."  
 I ran.....

Needing a drink I headed for the clubhouse. For the first time that night I happily handed over my money and took a large mouthful of beer. A lady sitting in the corner of the bar smiled at me. I smiled back.

"Which letters do you want?"  
 "Pardon..!!!" I exclaimed.  
 "Letters," she said, impatiently. "They're only five for a pound."  
 I was a little hesitant, "Well..... I.....I don't know."  
 "There's a choice of twenty six."  
 Bloody hell, I thought. Not even Boots carries that sort of stock. There was no point in beating round the bush so I told her straight. "I've had a vesectomy."  
 "What!!!!!"  
 "A vesectomy..... I've had one."  
 There was a moments embarrassed silence. I decided it was best to retreat to a seat. I'd only been seated a minute or so when a shifty looking character approached me.  
 Smiling, he said, "How d'ya fancy a rub?"  
 After spraying what was left of my pint halfway across the room he added, "Give us a pound and you can have a complete strip!"  
 That was it. Enough was enough. I hit him.  
 "What the bloody 'ell d'ya do that for? I was only trying to sell ya some lottery tickets!"

Needless to say, I bought a fivers worth ....  
 Never before have I been so relieved to leave a football ground. In the space of 15mins I was virtually mugged three times, offered an assortment of condoms and mistook an innocent ticket seller as a perv. What sort of football club do Maidenhead run!! As for that nights game..... I've contacted the Trading Standards.....

**A DISGRUNTLED MAN FROM WYCOMBE**

PLEAS FROM THE CHAIRMAN.....

The Chairman has asked us to point out that anyone who purchases a replica Maidenhead United shirt from him, at the exceptionally good price of twenty pounds, will not be forced to play if they wear the shirt to a match.

The Chairman added, "There's enough people walking around York Road in the Maidenhead kit doing buggar all as it is!"



A PLEA TO THE FANS

Would the supporters behind the Maidenhead goal who persist in chanting "You're shit!....." Everytime Peter Rackley takes a goal kick, please desist from doing so... He's not THAT good!

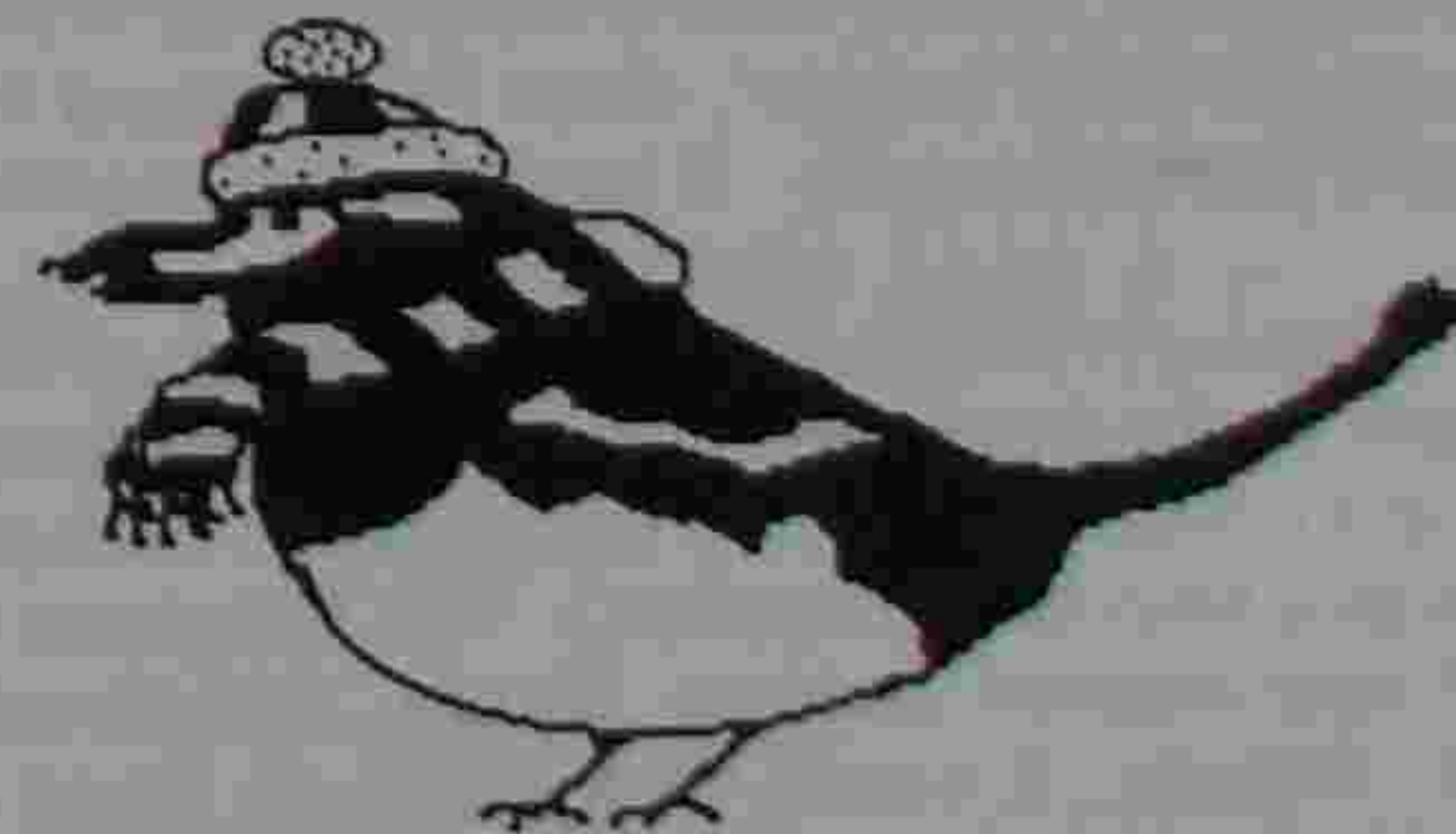
TROPHIES DESPERATELY NEEDED.....!

At a recent committee meeting it was decided to completely refurbish the Social Club. It was also decided to hang a trophy cabinet behind the bar so that we can impress visiting supporters with our collection of trophies.

To enable us to do this we require your help. Please can you bring any old trophies, that are gathering dust at home, to the club so that we can fill the cabinet. If the trophy is engraved then please get it removed. Better still, why not get it re-engraved "Presented to Maidenhead United"

If you havn't got a trophy buy one. Preferably a big one. And don't forget to get it engraved.

If you havn't a trophy at home and cannot afford one please consider stealing one. We offer a financial reward if the trophy is big enough. The reward will be double if the trophy is stolen from Slough Town or Windsor and Eton



VIDEOS ON SALE!!!!

This season Maidenhead Utd will be compiling a video featuring their greatest victories at York Road. It is hoped the finished video will last over 2mins. The cost will be only twelve pounds. Order TODAY!!!!!!





## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

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Do you remember the good old days when the only thing hanging below a player's knees were his shorts? And the disgusting habit of kissing before, during and after scoring was strictly taboo? And the cost of a pint and a bag of crisps was 4d?

If so, then you might recall Maidenhead's stalwart goalkeeper of that time, Arthur Diver, who was affectionately known by the York Road fraternity as "Muff".

During his career at Maidenhead Muff won nineteen medals, twelve of these being winners medals. In one remarkable season Muff helped Maidenhead win the prestigious "Great Western Championship" as well helping them reach three cup finals. Unfortunately two of these finals were lost but they did win the highly acclaimed Neale Cup.

It is highly unlikely (considering the average stay of a Maidenhead player is only about two years) that this tally of medals will ever be repeated. Because of this remarkable achievement, we decided to ask Muff to join our team of feature writers. He (much to our now regret) accepted.

**EDITORS NOTE:** Although we like Arthur ( God! My nose just grew an inch! ) we would like to point out that Arthur is somewhat strange compared to other 79 year olds. To say he is spritely, outgoing, zany, witty, straight to the point or sane would be an understatement.

### ARTHUR 'MUFF' DIVER REPORTS.....

Hello, hello, Arthur is back, Arthur is back..... Back from where? I hear you ask. Back from 31 years in the bloody wilderness, that's where. I've also just returned home after a short stay in St Mark's - and they said I'd never walk out of there alive. Baa.....

Let me explain: It all started one evening as Edna, my good lady wife, and I, settled down for a relaxing evening at home. Edna, who was suffering from a heavy cold, was on the settee sucking a Fisherman's friend, whilst I was thumbing disconsolately through a copy of "HOW to LUV", which I'd borrowed from the local library in the mistaken belief that it was a sex-guide. It turned out to be Volume 6 of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.....

Anyway, there we was on the settee when we were interrupted by the sound of a knock on the front door. This might sound funny, but hearing a knock on the front door always brings a lump to my throat (unlike the lead singer of the Nolan Sisters who always brings a lump to my trousers). This is because it was after such a knock that we found our now adopted daughter, Sandra, abandoned on our front door step in a make shift cot. Actually, it wasn't on the step we found her but halfway down the garden path. The garden path leads out towards the.....( please get on with it - ED)

Well, the knock on the door turned out to be a travelling salesman. Would I, he inquired, be interested in buying one of the toilet brushes he was selling? He went on to say that they came in two colours; Sudden Sunset or Hawaiian Twilight Pink. Well, let it never be said that Arthur "Muff" Diver is not willing to try anything once ( as a certain 17 year old 'hostess' in Soho will confirm - ha, ha! ).

Anyway, I bought one of him, used it for a week and, to be honest, didn't get on with it at all. Call me old-fashioned if you like, but now I'm fully recovered and out of hospital, I'm going back to using Andrex.....( Arthur! Will you please get on with your bloody report. Why don't you make a prediction for the season? - ED )

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Talking about predictions; as usual, both myself and Edna, took our two weeks holiday in Blackpool ( unfortunately at the same time, ha, ha ) and one of the things we did was to visit a clairvoyant. I'm not sure what she predicted for Edna but she's been doing rather a lot of window shopping lately - at Mothercare.....

There was only one question I could ask, wasn't there: By how far were Maidenhead going to win the Diadora League Division one?

Gazing into her crystal ball the clairvoyant started to smile. And then she laughed hysterically, "Maidenhead United," she cackled. "They're going to get relegated."

Well, I was so upset at this, and her obvious pleasure at our fate, that I couldn't control myself. I hit her. The next thing I know the police were there and I was arrested.

The upshot of it all, is that I've got to go to court next week. The charge? Striking a happy medium.

That aside, (Here we go again - a yawning ED ) Blackpool was lovely. Although our holiday got off to a bad start when we arrived at our Bed and Breakfast accomodation. We'd not booked anywhere and went on spec. It didn't take us long to find a place with a 'vacancies' sign outside. I hammered on the door and the Landlady stuck her head out of an upstairs window.

"I'd like to stay here," I shouted up.

"Okay," she said, shrugging. "Stay there then..."

Eventually we got in - and wished we hadn't bothered. The room had a jucuzzi, sauna and swimming pool - all contained in the walls! There was also a notice, signed by the Landlady, which read: All guests must be in bed before 1 am. It took us a week to find out it meant one a.m! And as for breakfast..... That consisted of a kipper nailed to the door, and all the guests had a slice of bread to wipe on it! Luckily the kipper wasn't a Finnan - no, it was a flick'un.

Apart from the accomodation and getting arrested we had a very good time. Now, let's get down to my views on football at York Road.....

UNFORTUNATELY THAT'S ALL WE'VE GOT ROOM FOR IN THIS EDITION... ALTHOUGH YOU CAN READ ARTHUR'S REPORT ON THE F.A CUP TIE AT HORSHAM LATER ON...

+ + +

### ARTHUR'S TEN FAVOURITE THINGS ABOUT M. U. F. C

1. Peace and tranquility.
2. Plenty of space on the terraces.
3. No queues to get in.
4. No queues to get out.
5. One match program covers the whole season.
6. No problem in finding an empty seat.
7. Individual barman for every customer.
8. A refuge from Eastenders on a Tuesday night.
9. Changing ends at half time without bumping into anyone.
10. Always being issued with card No 001 when joining the supporters club.



## FILMING AT YORK ROAD

Does anyone out there remember a film that was made eight or nine years ago which starred Ian McShane as a drunk, ex legendary footballer? No?..... Then let me remind you. It was called "Yesterdays hero".  
Anyway, just recently we managed to get our hands on the Screenplay. As you will see the first scene makes interesting reading.

1. EXTERIOR. NON-LEAGUE FOOTBALL GROUND. DAY. 1.

We view the ground from a high position (possibly a crane-shot). Below us we see two rain-drenched football teams slogging it out within the empty ground. The atmosphere portrayed should be one of bleakness, no-hope, depression. The ground they are playing in should also portray an air of doom.

PAN out to reveal a crumbling ground. A ground that hasn't seen a lick of paint in years. A ground which looks derelict.

CUT TO:

The scene was filmed at York Road! Nothing ever changes...

### A SHORT FROM THE COURTS...

A man was summoned to appear before Maidenhead Magistrates to face charges concerning his overly support of Maidenhead United. Apparently he has attended every game this season.

When he appeared before the magistrates he was wearing a black suit and a shagging Magpies tie. Asked what he had to say in his defence, he claimed, "I'm a loyal supporter".

After a short recess the Magistrates deferred judgement on the case until they received a full psychiatric report from Broadmoor.

### SHOULD MAIDENHEAD USE RE-CYCLED PAPER?

The trend these days is to use re-cycled paper for everything. With this in mind we conducted a poll as to whether Maidenhead should use re-cycled paper for their match programmes. After conducting the poll among the "Faithful followers" we came to the opinion that the general concensus was - "There's enough crap in it already".

## WHAT A GOOD IDEA.....

In these days of ever increasing admission prices the customer doesn't always feel he's had value for money. Maidenhead, being a progressive club, are only too aware of this fact. In line with our policy of offering value for money the club has decided to revise the admission prices.

As from January 1st the entrance charges will be set and collected AFTER the final whistle. And the amount collected will be determined by the result. The following charges have been agreed upon and set:

Result	Price
WIN	5.00
DRAW	2.50
LOSE	A REFUND OF 5.00

Please endeavor to have the correct money ready as no change will be given.

To compensate the club for the refunds in the event of a defeat, the players will be directly responsible for the total amount refunded.

Assuming our present home form continues I think you'll agree we are offering a good deal. We'll be the only club in the area where you can watch a match, have a couple of pints and STILL go home with more money in your pocket than what you set out with!!!

## DID YOU KNOW.....?

Did you know that on an average match day Maidenhead lose as many as six balls over the wall at the Spiritulist Church end of the ground. This isn't including the footballs that sail over the Bell Street stand toward the train station.

Now that the nights have drawn in these balls are now proving difficult to find. To alleviate this problem a Professor at Birmingham University has come up with an ingenious idea. The footballs we use will now be fitted with a micro-recorder sewn inside the laminate cover which protects the bladder.

Any stray footballs crossing the boundaries of the ground will automatically activate the micro-recorder. This in turn will relay a message at 90 decibels. The message will be: - "I'm over here you silly bastard!" - and will be repeated every 10sec\* until the ball is found and the micro-recorder reset. For security reasons only Chris Greening will know where the on/off switch is located.

We hope that this new innovation will dispell suspicions people might have had in the past about balls belonging to us being sold at church fetes and local boot sales.



## TRICK RACEY INVESTIGATES.

\*\*\*\*\*

After witnessing the lack-lustre York Road performance against Tooting and Mitchem, a young lad approached me and asked, "S'cuse mate, ya don't 'appen to know what Benny takes before a match, d'ya?"

"Sorry, I don't. Why do you ask?" I replied.

"'Cos whatever it is I don't bleedin' want none!"

His reply got me thinking... So far this season we haven't won at home, yet are undefeated away. Why??? Is it something in the Maidenhead tea? Don't the players like York Road? Are they receiving some sort of stimulant that can only be administered when they play away?

In an endeavour to find out we hired Trick Racey the famous Private Detective. Here is his account of the investigation.....

After two weeks of fruitless questioning it was becoming obvious this case was getting nowhere. I knew my last hope of solving the mystery was to get myself on the Team coach for an away match. Just how I was going to achieve this I wasn't yet sure.

That night I decided to see if I could glean any information from the vice-presidents. From reading the previous week's match programme I discovered they had their own drinking club. Very impressive!!! All I had to now was find it!

Two hours, three pubs and six pints later I finally learnt the truth - There was no drinking club! But the vice-presidents DID hang out at a pub called the Anchor. I was also told that if I visited this hostillery I would probably find them. These guys virtually lived there!

What my informant didn't tell me, was that I should have swallowed a bottle of Hedex before entering the pub. The atmosphere was smokey, the jukebox was loud and the clientel roudous. Situated at the end of the bar were the men I sought. I quickly ordered a drink and settled down for some serious eavesdropping. By the end of the evening I had gathered some vital information, some bad, some hopeful. The bad news, was that the vice-presidents weren't allowed on the team coach anymore, thus my idea of kidnapping one and masquerading in his guise was no longer a viable solution. The hopeful news came when someone joked, "Not even the bleedin' Queen could get a seat on the coach now!" To which someone quickly replied, "She might if she sponsored a player's socks."

As the saying goes:- Many a true word is said in jest. Maybe, just maybe, this was the leverage I required.

Two days later, after ringing the club and expressing my desire to sponsor a player's socks, I was granted a meeting with the Chairman. I was to meet him at his social office.... Once again I found myself in the smokey atmosphere of the Anchor..

First impressions are usually said to be deceiving. This was certainly true upon meeting the Chairman. His shifty eyes, mustachioed upper lip and Latin American complexion made me wonder if he'd feel more at home in Mexico, sitting on the back of a lame donkey dressed in a poncho and sombrero, instead of the formal suit, tie and pocket watch he was wearing. But, as I said. First impressions can be deceiving, because the Chairman turned out to be pretty amicable.

And he was delighted to receive my five pound sponsorship money for a player's socks. In fact he was so delighted he used the five pounds to buy me a drink!

Not being a person to beat about the bush (and seeing it was nearly closing time) I decided to ask the vital question. "Well, Jim. Now that I've got a vested interest in the club, howabout me travelling on the Team coach on Saturday?"

"Ooh! I don't know about that?"

"How much did you say it was to sponsor a players shirt?"

"Well, if you put it like that, Trick..... The coach leaves at 12 noon.

I arrived at the ground early. The coach wasn't leaving for Horsham for another half-hour. That gave me plenty of time to make a thorough search of the kit bags already loaded on board. The driver, players, manager and the committee members were, I was reliably informed, taking pre-match luncheon at various Ale Houses around Maidenhead.

Although the search didn't throw any light on the mystery I did find some odd objects amongst the luggage. The notable ones were :- An expensive set of Clairrol hair tongs in a bag marked "Benny's... Keep out". A suitcase full of football boots marked "Frannies dodgy gear." A book on eternal youth belonging to someone called Noddy and a vanity case with a gold embossed logo which read "I love to love myself". In it was a large bottle of 'Magic Hair Grow'. Upon further scrutiny I discovered this case belonged to some girl called "Swannie".

When it was time to leave, the Chairman orchestrated the seating on the coach. It was very noticable how he kept the committee and players apart. Could this mean something? Or was it that they just didn't like each other.

I studied the faces on the coach closely. To me they ALL looked suspicious. I knew that during the journey I'd have to remain alert. I could sense something was going to happen.

I was seated next to the Chairman's wife, a raven haired lady with a 24 carot smile. And I mean a 24 carot smile. She had more gold in her teeth than Elizabeth Taylor wears on her fingers! This lady used Cartier's for her remedial dental work!!

When we reached Horsham I was a disappointed man... Nothing had happened!! The whole bloody lot of them had behaved exemplary!

On exiting the coach I herded with the rest of the committee for the nearest pub. The manager told the players they were free to roam the town for 45 minutes. Although he did point out that they weren't to visit; pubs, masseurs, men's public toilets and Early Learning Centres. He emphasised the Early Learning Centres with a pointed finger. I later learnt this was because they were buggars to get off of the train sets...

Not being a football fan (I don't even know the rules) I found the game boring and couldn't understand why everyone around me was getting so excited. At one stage I heard the Chairman shout at the top of his voice, "C'mon Benny... Pull your bloody socks up..."

"Why," I asked him. "Is his sponsor here too?"

With fifteen minutes remaining the Maidenhead people around me were dour faced. Apparently, Maidenhead were losing. It was about this time that I noticed a raincoated committee man hand a small white bag to the Maidenhead Trainer. Ah!! Now we're getting somewhere! I could feel my veins filling with adrenelin. It was a feeling I was familiar with. A feeling that came when I was near to solving a case.

During the last quarter of an hour it was apparent my theories were right.



Everytime a Maidenhead player went down injured the trainer would run on to treat him. To the untrained eye the on-field physiotherapy looked above board and proper. But my trained eyes couldn't fail to notice the surreptitious slight of hand movements. Little brown objects were being placed in the players mouths. These little objects had a remarkable effect on the players. Seconds after being placed in their mouths they made amazing recoveries. Not only were they better but they had new found energy. One of the players, not long after receiving one of the stimulants, kicked the ball in to the net. Everyone around me was going wild. God knows why? The net had only stopped a small spotty kid getting a mouthful of leather.... It was then that I noticed that the maidenhead crowd were also sucking on the small objects. No wonder they were hyperactive!!! Now I knew Maidenheads away secret I had to find out what the stimulant was. Was it illegal? Did it have side effects? Had I discovered a drugs ring? Would the little pills improve my sex life. If so, where could I get some? Maybe I'd find out on the trip home.

On the trip home I kept a carefull watch on the raincoated committee man. He was stocky with dyed black, unkempt hair. To tell you the truth his hair was beginning to drive me crazy. He had a stray lock which continually fell about his nose, which caused the raincoated committee man to blow it back in place every now and again. If it wasn't for the fact that I'm allergic to lice I would have lent him my comb.

Twenty minutes out of Horsham the raincoated man produced the white coloured bag and began to make his way to the back of the coach where he started to offer the players the stimulants. After all the players had accepted a pill he continued toward the front of the coach offering the bag to all.

Eventually he reached me. I was about to find out the great mystery. The raincoated man proffered the bag to me. "Would you like one?"

Not wishing to sound over eager I acted hesitantly. "Ummmm... Arghhh... Ummm"

"There very nice, y know..."

"Ummm...errrr..."

"I ain't gonna stand 'ere for bleedin' ever"

"Do you mind?"

"Mind what?"

"If I try one."

The man in the raincoat turned to the Chairman on my right. "Where'd you get this divot from, Jim?" He turned back to me. "Course I don't bloody mind. Wouldn't 'ave asked you if I didn't. Would I."

I took one. "Thank you.. Mr..errrr"

"Payne. Stanley Payne. My friends call my Stan."

I popped the pill in my mouth. The taste hit me instantly.. Aniseed!!! The bloody things were aniseed!!! God !!!! I can't stand aniseed!!! How the bloody hell can the Maidenhead players get a kick out of aniseed? Personally I'd rather suck a...

ED... Well, er ... er... I thought Private Detectives were REAL men. At least you solved the mystery. Or did you? Aniseed???? And as for your preference of what you like to suck. I prefer Extra Strong Mints, not Jelly babies. But that aside, many thanks Trick

## BLACKMAIL CORNER



THIS COMPROMISING PICTURE WAS TAKEN ON THE RECENT TRIP TO BASHLEY BY OUR UNDERCOVER CAMERAMAN.

Many of you who made the trip to Bashley for the recent F.A Cup qualifier will have come back with many happy memories of your day out. However one person in particular, who travelled on the team coach, has a secret to hide!

We'll give you no clues as to who the person in question is, other than to say that the occupants of the coach only became aware of his mysterious absence one hour into the return journey home.

Following a lengthy investigation it was found that the missing person in his own words had "missed the coach". When the coach returned to pick him up he could offer no explanation as to why he was wearing his underpants **outside** his trousers!

This person was also photographed!! Unless this person places a large bundle of notes in old fivers in an old brown paper bag and hands it over to the Sponsor a Brick Campaign by next friday night then we'll remove the white patch and reveal his identity.

\* \* \* \* \*

### RATS.....

It has come to our attention that a number of supporters are relieving themselves in the bushes on the railway embankment.

Please can you stop this practise immediately!! The rats are complaining.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MESSY BUSINESS.....

In an effort to "clean up the game", the club have requested that anyone who brings their dog to matches to refrain from allowing them to shit on the pitch during the 90 minutes of play. The Manager points out "I've enough shit to deal with in the dressing room."



# JUST WHO IS TELLING THE TRUTH?

Have you noticed the supporters at York Road aimlessly wandering around in a state of confusion?

Reproduced below are the two conflicting reports which have caused this confusion.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN AWAY PROGRAMME - BASHLEY (F.A. CUP)

## MAIDENHEAD UNITED - A HISTORY

Maidenhead's origins date back to 1869 with the founding of Maidenhead F.C. In those early days the Club played on the banks of the River Thames and, apart from friendlies, only played in the FA Cup. In fact, Maidenhead were one of the founder members of the FA Cup and have played in each year of the competition ever since.

This report was taken from the programme produced by Bashley for the F.A. cup tie. As you can see, Maidenhead claim in their History circular to have competed in the F.A. cup every year since its conception.

## BUT..... MARLOW SAY DIFFERENT!

### Blues were among the originals

Marlow and neighbours Maidenhead United are founder members of the FA Cup, both having competed in the first ever competition in the 1871-72 season.

Marlow and Maidenhead were among the 15 original entries in the competition and played each other in the first round, Maidenhead winning the tie 2-0 before losing 3-0 to Crystal Palace in the second round.

Great Marlow, as the club were known in the early days of the competition, contributed towards the original cup which cost £25.

They reached the semi finals of the competition in 1882 before losing to eventual winners Old Etonians, and have been involved in the FA Cup every year since its inception, but Maidenhead did not enter in the 1876/77 season, deciding that the cost of entry was too high - leaving Marlow as the only team to have entered the competition every year.

MAIDENHEAD ADVERTISER

NOV 1st 1991

This recent report from the Maidenhead Advertiser claims different.....

FACT OR FICTION?

## JUST WHO IS TELLING THE TRUTH?

If it is Maidenhead then may we suggest you change your history circular and stop lying to the general public.

## SOMEONE IS LYING!

.....



auntie Jane's problem page

Dear Auntie Jane,

Toward the end of our cup match against Bashley I received a rather nasty knock on my ankle. As usual the trainer came running on with his wet sponge and bucket. Also, as usual, he proceeded to put the sponge down my shorts. I'm not complaining about this treatment as it brings considerable relief! What I am complaining about is the length of the trainers nails. I've tried to broach the subject with the trainer but he rebuffs me by saying his nails are perfectly alright as he has them manicured every week. Please can you help me as I'm at my wits end. I've also got a sore srotum!

Name and address withheld

JANE SAYS: Well Gary, this is obviously a rather sore point. But did you know that under new F.A. guidelines, trainers are supposed to wear a protective sheath when handling open wounds. So my advice to you is; go out and buy him some marigolds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Auntie Jane,

I recently read in a national Sunday Newspaper that a dildo was a girls bestfriend. Next week it's my wife's birthday so I thought I'd buy her one. For two weeks now I've been searching high and low but to no avail. Please could you recomend a jeweler who stocks them.

P.S What sort of diamond are they?

F. NAME. SLOUGH

JANE SAYS: Usually a rough one!

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Auntie Jane,

Since joining the club at the start of the season I am increasingly getting a complex about the size of my wanger. It hasn't really ever bothered before as I'm a firm believer in quality not quantity. I know my wanger is short and stubby (2in by 2in) but I find my new nickname a constant reminder of this.

TUNA CAN WILLY.

JANE SAYS: Sticks and stones.....

\* \* \* \* \*

Daer Auntie Jane,

I've just discovered that my wife is having an affair with our dentist. What should I do?

JANE SAYS: Sounds to me like he inspected her root canal and just kept heading south. As for what to do..... I'd change your dentist.





"YOU SAID NOTHING ABOUT POSITIONAL PRACTICE IN THE ADVERT, MR GOODWIN!"

### STAR INTERVIEW

It was sheer luck bumping into Gary Hall as he entered the ground before a recent home match. I seized this opportunity to interview him for this edition.

ED: "Hi, Gary."

GARY: "Hi, mate."

ED: "Good luck today, Gary."

GARY: "Thanks, Mate."

Next issue I hope to interview Steve Croxford to discuss his views on the destruction of the ozone layer by the high balls lofted out of defence.

### "SO, YOU WANT TO WORK FOR THE DAILY SLIME" A SPORTS REPORTER'S FIRST DAY ON THE JOB

"Hello son, my name's Turd A. Turd. So you're new to this game then, eh? Never mind, we'll soon have you spreading shit with the best of them. First things first, we'll have to give you a pen-name, something like Sewage? No? What about Silage or Stench or maybe even Fred Honest?"

"What's wrong with using my real name, Mr Turd?"

"Real name!!!!" Real names are boring. No buggar wants to read a report written by A. Smith, do they? No, a pen name is essential. But let's leave it for now, we can always dream up a name later. Do you smoke?"

"No I....."

"You do now! Here, have this pack of Woodbines. Right, let's get down to business. There's three things you must remember in this job. Number one: People aren't interested in stories, it's headlines they want. So make them as big as possible. Preferably about a foot high and oozing with alliteration - something like 'STRIKER STEVE'S SAUCY SESSIONS WITH SEX SIREN SCHOOLGIRL', or, 'CHITCH THE CHIHUAHUA CHEWED MY CHOPPER' SAYS CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE'. Number two: Never reveal your sources. It may prove a little difficult trying to explain how you made it all up. Number three: Always be on the lookout for a headline. Take the other day for example.... I got on a train at Paddington and who should be sitting next to me, but Ron Atkinson. No story here you may say, but wait.... A woman is sitting opposite him! Well.... you didn't have to be a Mastermind finalist to work out what was going on there? So there was my headline; **ROMEO RON'S RAILWAY ROMP WITH RANDY ROHDA FROM READING, 'BIG RON CAN PULL INTER-MY-CITY ANYTIME' SAYS 125 GIRL.** The fact that the woman sitting opposite him was eighty-two, wasn't called Rohda and didn't come from Reading was irrelevant. Are you getting the idea? Right, I'll give you a situation and let's see what you can come up with. You walk into a Cafe and see a well known soccer player sitting in the corner, reading a book and drinking a cup of coffee. What do you conclude from this?"

"He likes literature and is thirsty, Mr Turd."

"No! No! No! He's reading a book right? Who reads books nowadays? Poofs of course! Only poofs like books and writing and stuff. So he's obviously a poof. He's also drinking a cup of coffee, what does that tell you? It tells you he's been out on the binge the night before and is trying to sober up. So there's your headline, **SOCCER STAR IN NIGHT OF NAUGHTINESS WITH NICE NIGEL.** See, it's easy when you know how."

"But aren't we telling lies?"

"Of course not! It's called using your journalistic license."

"But we could be ruining there life's?"

"Look, son... If I didn't do this shit then it would be MY life in ruins....! Who'd pay the mortgage on my luxury penthouse flat? Who'd pay my bar-tab? Who'd pay for the petrol in my Merc? Who'd pay for my mobile-phone? And, who'd pay my auferell! It's a dog eat dog world and if you think you can't hack it then you best piss off to a paper like the Maidenhead Advertiser."

"Maidenhead who?"

"That's what I mean..... Think you're cut out for it?"

"When do I start?"

"Right now! We're off to the pub for a competition to see who can dream up the best headline beginning with .. **TERRY'S TODGER.....** Wanna light for that Woodbine?"



# HORSHAM 1 MAIDENHEAD 1

## ARTHUR "MUFF" DIVER'S F. A CUP REPORT

Bloody hell, what a night! In the pub until eleven and then on to a party until five. After two hours kip it's in the car for the trip to Horsham (I'm a slow driver). I have to confess that I wasn't really in a fit state to drive. How unfit? Well, When I got in the car I panicked because someone had stolen the steering wheel and dashboard! It was my good lady wife, Edna, who pointed out I was sitting in the back seat.....

I hadn't meant to have too much to drink the night before. Who doesn't? Just a swift pint or two down the pub and back home for an early night. I knew it was going to be one of those nights as soon as I entered the public bar of the "Three Jolly Rapiers" and heard someone shout out: "Three thousand, five hundred and eighty," I looked over to the dartboard and saw that someone had thrown a hedgehog at it!.....

If only I'd gone home when this bloke came up beside me at the bar and ordered a pint of water with a dash of lime..... I casually remarked to him that it was a rather strange drink to order in a pub. I couldn't get away from him quick enough when he replied that I too would drink this drink if I had what he'd got. Gulping on my drink I nervously asked him, "what have you got?"

"Fourpence....." he replied.....

And then somehow I found myself at a party. Who's party? God knows... But we had a great game of Jockey's Knock. It's a bit like Postman's, only there's more horseplay.....

And so it was, that Edna and I, found ourselves driving on the A24 to Horsham. I had a splitting headache, furry tongue and was feeling as sick as a Crystal Palace supporter on his way back from Anfield.

All Edna could say was; "Serve's ya right".

Because I was, you know..... Sshhhhhshhhshhh, over the limit. I drove extra carefully - not once did I change gear! This unfortunately meant that we arrived at the ground a little later than we planned. In fact a lot later than we planned. When we entered the ground it was ominously quiet. Either Maidenhead were ten nil up or the game had finished.

We were met by two drunks staggering out of the bar who informed us that the referee was a cheat. If he wasn't, then he must've bought his stopwatch from Ratners..... Confused, we entered the bar.

All I did was cheer! There was no need for the barstaff to give me and Edna a personal escort to our car! If someone had told us that the folk at Horsham were so unsporting then Edna and I would never have gone. Bloody hell, what would they have done if we'd won?????

ED. Who's bloody idea was it to hire Arthur for the feature match report?

STAFF. YOURS.....!!!!!!!

## REAL MEANINGS.....

Have you ever noticed when reading 'Player Profiles' in match programmes, that the same phrases are repeated from club to club? Here is a rundown of these phrases with their REAL meanings.....

- "Inspirational" ----- A player who shouts a lot.
- "Good in midfield or attack" ----- Useless in defence.
- "Former ( name of club ) player" --- Second hand player.
- "A managers dream" ----- Buys all the drinks after a game.
- "Long serving" ----- No other club wants him.
- "The lad's fearless" ----- He's thick.
- "He's a midfield dynamo" ----- He runs a lot.
- "Target man" ----- Striker who hardly ever scores.
- "Good at finding space" ----- Doesn't like tackling.
- "Temperamental" ----- 50% temper and 50% mental.
- "Much travelled" ----- Awkward sod to manage.
- "One man team" ----- His passing is so crap he prefers not to.
- "Attacking fullback" ----- Psychopath who has a phobia against defenders.
- "Two footed player" ----- Crap with both feet.
- "Playmaker" ----- His day job is as a Theatre Producer.
- "Free role player" ----- Never does what he's told.
- "Bargain buy" or "Versatile" --- He's usually the substitute.
- "Great club man" ----- Signed a long contract with the previous manager.
- "A local lad" ----- Only playing because his father is a Director.
- "Good utility man" ----- Good with his hands.
- "Stalwart" ----- Over 35.
- "Athletic" ----- Can fall over gracefully.
- "Great reader of the game" --- Has all the back copies of Shoot.



## MAIDENHEAD JOINING SUPER-LEAGUE ??

Recently we managed to get (by way of a man wearing a dirty raincoat) a copy of a highly confidential, TOP SECRET letter from Maidenhead's Chairman to Mr Kelly. In the letter the Chairman asks Mr Kelly to consider Maidenhead United as a possible Super-League team. Printed below are the contents of the letter:

Dear dear dear dear DEAR Mr "wonderful" Kelly,  
Please please please pretty please  
would you consider an application by Maidenhead United to join your Super "duper"  
League. We would be very very very very - lick your arse a thousand times - grateful if  
you accept our application.  
Yours with a million kisses

Mr Kelly's reply (also given to us by a man in a dirty raincoat) reads:

Dear grovelling peasant,  
I Mr Kelly says not on your nelly.

He then goes on to state ten reasons why Maidenhead aren't suitable for the Super-league.

1. Not enough Maidenhead players hold an equity card enabling them to act in front of the T.V cameras.
2. The club's boardroom is of insufficient size to cater for my 200 hangers-on.
3. Your club does not have a Pinini family stand.
4. Much too much grass on your pitch.
5. Your payment to my private bank account bounced.
6. The Chairman is not photogenic enough. (It has also come to my attention that the Chairman can only juggle the ball in the air for 5secs instead of the statutory 30secs.
7. Maidenhead's refusal to bid for Gazza. (once again a breach of F.A rules).
8. Insufficient luxury executive boxes to accommodate my many friends and so-called TV stars
9. No chin-rest facility for Jimmy Hill in the commentary box. Come to that... No commentary box!
10. No "We luv Mr Kelly" stickers on the entrance gates.

## A FINAL WORD

These days it would be a rare sight to see a team of sportsmen, or in fact an individual, actively participating in any level of sport not wearing some form of kit item covered in corporate sponsorship logos.

This type of sponsorship is not restricted just to the "big names" in sport. You only have to take a stroll in your local park on a Sunday morning to find Pub Teams running around the football pitches with company names splattered across their chests.

As a town, Maidenhead has attracted many leaders in commerce and industry into its fold. A number of these companies have also moved their headquarters here. Despite this, Maidenhead's premier football team - Maidenhead United, have found it impossible to attract a major commercial sponsor.

This situation would be understandable if Maidenhead United had a bad reputation. But they haven't.

The reputation of their supporters and their conduct is second to none. The Chairman, Directors, Committee and Players have worked hard to promote all that is good in the game.

Maidenhead United is very much a family club. A club the community can be proud of. A club where you can take the wife and children to watch an honest game of football without subjecting them to violence or foul language. In fact it is the type of football club you'd expect to see companies queueing up to be associated with it!!

*S.B & T.K*

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

We hope you enjoyed reading this publication as much as we enjoyed putting it together. No doubt your moaning about the countless number of spelling mistakes and the punctuation. Don't blame us, blame our six year old typist!

Our goal is to sell a hundred copies, thus raising a hundred pounds toward the cost of the wall. Your buying this copy has made one step nearer.....

PLEASE DON'T HAND THIS TO YOUR FRIENDS. MAKE THEM BUY ONE.



**ALL IN ALL  
IT'S JUST ANOTHER  
BRICK  
IN THE WALL!**