

THE 50p
**EASTEND
BOUNCE**

ONE YEAR ON - A SWEET, SWEET MEMORY



NEALE COOPER SUPERVISES AS 2 BURLY MEN RELIEVE
JOCKY SCOTT OF HIS OFFICIAL BLAZER AND TIE

**ANYONE KNOW THE WAY
TO STRANRAER?** ISSUE **2**
MAY 94

THE EAST END BOUNCE

16 Comiston Road, Edinburgh, EH10 5QE.

Made-up, written and/or plagiarised by Paul Bundy and Rohan Lightfoot. Aided and abetted by Parson, Gordon Robertson and Dave. Special thanks to Lynne and Stuart who made various bits possible. Also thanks to Iain Munro for the interview.

The usual disclaimer found in this type of publication applies, ie if there's something in it you don't like we'll pretend it was written by someone else and sent in. If there is anything, try and do better yourself - address at the top of the page, all correspondence welcome. Although everyone at the club agrees with everything we've written, we are totally independant from them and don't honestly think that any of you are stupid enough to need to have this pointed out.

There is, also, no link what so ever between us and the previous Parzines *Halbeath Road* and *Parallel Lines*, but the first person to send in a copy of issue 1 or 8 of *Halbeath Road* will receive a copy of *The Bounce* #3 in return.

Although written mostly in Edinburgh, *The Bounce* is printed in Dunfermline, unlike the programme, and all profits will be channelled back into the club either through player, ball or match sponsorship or, indirectly, across the bar in the Paragon.

Apart from the first couple of home games after an issue comes out (home games only as we're not prepared to give up our pre-match pints away as well), 'The Bounce' is available, while stocks last, at the following drinking establishmants-

The East Port Bar

The Old Inn

The Pitbauchlie

and also from

Hitz records in Bridge St, Our Price in the Kingsgate and The Sports Bookshop in Gilmour Place, near the Kings Theatre, in Edinburgh.

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EDITORIAL

This was supposed to be a really up-beat, goodbye to the First Division editorial, I guess it won't be now, instead - a hasty jumble of early morning thoughts too near a deadline. There were going to be lots of really smug bits in it, I was going to say how good it was to spoil Airdrie's little party last week and have a really good laugh at Falkirk. There's not been enough time to adapt everything to take last weekend's events into account, given that there is the slight chance we can still do it, I make no excuses for leaving the "We thought you were shite" article untouched. Regardless of what happens at East End and Kilbowie, I hope you enjoy at least some of this issue and continue to support us and the Pars next season. Proof that fanzines can do some good was shown just 1 week after issue 1 came out. Airdrie played Falkirk the next Saturday so we saw their coup on Scotsport, after our little piece highlighting the ridiculous nature of their goal nets, they then stopped tying them back. Issue 3 out at the start of next season, as ever, all contributions, criticism etc most welcome.

LAST WEEK

It certainly made a change to come away disappointed from an Airdrie game without raging madly about their cheating tactics and the willing compliance of the referee. Given that Mottram was once an Airdrie player, a man whose orange leanings and total ineptitude are legendary, he played it fairly enough. I only remember Airdrie claiming for 1 penalty, and any time wasting was minimal. We created enough chances in the first half to win 3 games against them, Scab had a good game but that's no excuse. Time and again this season we've just not been able to win the crunch games, despite often dominating them. In 11 games against Falkirk and Airdrie we've won only once against each of them. In situations like this it's always tempting to look back at specific incidents and blame the whole season on them. The Cooper incidents at Brockville in January and Broomfield in November, the goalkeeping in the first and last Falkirk games, Norrie's "off-side" goal at Cappielow a few weeks back coupled with Sandy Roy disallowing a perfectly good Stirling Albion equaliser against Falkirk two weeks ago. None of these make the slightest bit of difference, we recovered from them and had it all in our own hands, the inability to score and consolidate when having total control is what may ultimately cost us that Premier league place.

THIS WEEK

On an optimistic note, whenever Falkirk get back on top of the league, they have a tendency not to be able to hold it for long. They'll be feeling the nerves more than they have done all season, and Clydebank will take as much joy from throwing a spanner in their works as much as Airdrie have in ours. Those of you who think Hamilton caved in rather easily against Falkirk last week, even ignoring that their chairman had just moved to Brockville, might like to remember we were dependent on Munro doing us a favour against Kilmarnock at this stage last season. That's just paranoia, if Hamilton were ever capable of beating one of the better teams they wouldn't be a perpetual First Division side.

Next season probably sees the introduction of 3 points for a win. If it was in force at the moment we'd still be top. Have heard some dreadful rumours about the new away strip, the colours green and purple were mentioned, I do hope not. It's a bit late now but, what do you call a Falkirk director in a suit? The accused.

Come on ye Bankies...

PB

THE BOYS IN THE BLACK AND WHITE STUFF

Lex Baillie - Footballing equivalent of the Femi-dom. Looks big and silky but bloody awkward in practice, the only difference is his presence wouldn't stop you going down.

Mark Bowes - Last season's star. Series of injuries has taken him out of the limelight, not only lost his Pars place but his under-21 position to Jackie. Apart from the cash, his re-appearance will be the only up-side to Jackie's inevitable departure.

Neale Cooper - After a few doubts about whether he was still wanted, or until Bert realised how bad Baillie was, Cooper re-established himself as one of the most dependable players in the team. Luckily this was written before last Saturday.

Ivo den Bieman - His arrival once more gave us the honour of having the coolest name in Scottish football in the team. A deceptive brilliance in the way he manages to skin defenders, looks totally accidental but the frequency he does it would indicate otherwise. Guaranteed to create at least one golden opportunity per game.

Hamish French - Cool as a coom-ba-ya. Everything at East End may be black and white but there's always room for some gray. Often gets left up front when he'd be better of in midfield. The only Pars player to score a hat-trick in the 90s.

Lindsay Hamilton - Don't want to remind you about the last minute goal at Brockville and what difference that would make now. So I won't. Or the equaliser at East End.

Derek Laing - Radical haircut brought out the tougher player in him. Been missing through injury for a long time. Would win his place back easily after last week.

Norrie McCathie - Not the player we got from Cowden years ago. This one's a Psyborg that was being developed for the military in the Admitalty Research Establishment. Defence cuts halted the program before completion. The prototype was smuggled out by a Pars sympathiser boffin and completed using genetic material cloned from the real Norrie and Franco Baresi.

Jackie McNamarara - The player most likely to leave next season, if only to find a club with a decent man-of-the-match award, what does he do with all those bags? Would be good to see him in what he considers to be his proper position. I hope he stays, I've never seen a Pars player in a Scotland jersey before. Press reports always miss out the last "ra".

Derek McWilliams - Never quite managed to hold his place in the team, always better when trying to get it back. Both players he was swapped for are now back and automatic choices. A good player but I expected more.

Allan Moore - A bit too early to be over critical, has not justified his starting place at the expense of Ivo. Bert seems to rate him though, so judgement reserved.

George O'Boyle - Probably the most injury afflicted player in the history of the club, Jocky had the gall to blame last season's failure on his absence, as though there wasn't enough time to get a better replacement than Chalmers. When on form the most exciting player at East End for years, but you know all that anyway.

Stuart Petrie - Scored a superb goal from a short corner at Ayr United in a move not seen before or since, some might suggest trying it again. If nothing else, the goal against Brechin could justify his transfer fee. It has to be said though, the most outstanding feature of his first season here has been his tendency to hold his head in his hands when he should be running up the park avoiding big sloppy kisses of

congratulation from the rest of the team. (Written before Airdrie, a touch prophetic.)

Craig Robertson - Most essential player in the team at the moment. But we usually managed to get away with it when he was absent, until last week. Signed back from Aberdeen hopelessly unfit, Scott must have laughing his balls off when he sold him to Munro.

Raymond Sharp - "Who needs Cantona when we've got Raymond Sharp?". Hit the headlines at the start of the season for getting sent off twice in 6 minutes of play. The Brechin one was a complete mystery and the first booking against Airdrie was a bit soft. Since then though has matured more than in the previous 3 seasons combined, the influence of a good manager?

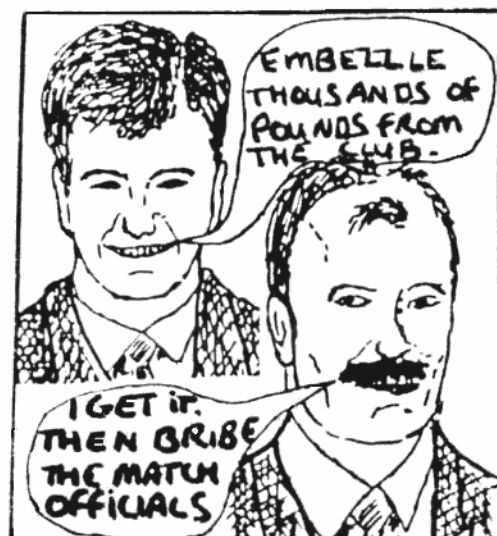
Chris Sinclair - A few years ago looked to be one of our most exciting prospects but never quite managed to hold his place. Scored in his only start this season. Would be good if he fulfills his potential while still with us.

Paul Smith - Mr consistency and commitment. Glad to have him back. First time round was good for taking-out goal keepers, no call for that now we have substitute keepers.

Andy Tod - Initial thoughts of him just being the tall guy to hoof high ball into were mis-proven. Confidence with the ball at his feet, eg Airdrie goal at East End, shows there's much more to him than that. Looks more convincing up front than in mid-field.

Ian Westwater - Most recent of "Jim's team" to return, if circumstances were different the omens would be good for another second coming, of a more messianic nature. (But it's no secret that Bert is really Jim in disguise). Westy's first game back at East End was obviously a bit too emotional for him.

DICK & BERT'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE



The Glory Days... and others

The end of the season, and what better opportunity to wander down memory lane and fill 2 or 3 pages with very little effort. So here's a look back at the last 17 last games of the season. Being a personal thing, I can't go on about the legendary 10-1 thumping of Partick Thistle in 1959 or the 5-1 demolition job on Celtic in '65. Instead, we start with the glamour of the 2nd Division.

1976-77 Dunfermline 3 Stranraer 0

Earlier in the season Stranraer were at the top of the league and I, in my naive way, regarded them and Stirling Albion with awe. Going into this game promotion was just about possible, in 3rd place, 2 points behind Alloa, we needed them to lose at home to Albion Rovers, us to win and our relative goal difference to improve by about 17. One or two up at half time we heard Alloa were 1 down, a second half goal blitz was all that stood between us and First Division football. "We're playing Hearts next year" To the tune of "You're going down again" was one of the more popular songs that day, as I imagine it might have been at Stranraer this season. In the end Alloa scrambled their point and we only won 3-0. Allan Evans scored them all and signed for Aston Villa not long after.

1977-78 Dunfermline 2 Falkirk 0

Promotion had been forgotten about a couple of weeks earlier, this was a re-arranged fixture postponed from a dreadful winter and played in mid-week. It was notable for a rare triumph of good over evil more than anything else. The win let us finish in 3rd place again.

1978-79 Dunfermline 1 Falkirk 1

Deja vu. Mid-week in the middle of summer due to winter postponements, the afflicted paying us a visit, depending on results another 3rd place for us. Berwick were already going up as champions, we were second, 2 points and an inferior goal difference ahead of Falkirk. They came needing a win, all we had to do was draw. A record second Division crowd of nearly 6,000 turned up for the ultimate show-down to the season. Things started badly with Big John Salton being injured off after only a few minutes. A typical and, given the circumstances, highly predictable scoreless first half followed. Ten minutes into the second, our worst nightmares came true, Falkirk took the lead. A momentary stunned silence, when the implications were considered, was followed by an incredible wall of sound, the earth trembled as the massed Pars fans screamed, shouted and sang the team on to the equaliser. Eventually it worked, Jim Scott fired in a shot which was handled in the box at the Cowden end. I remember looking straight to Andy Rowland, the penalty man in those days, who just started walking calmly down the park. No consultations, no arguments, no arsing about, he took the ball, put it on the spot and banged in into the net. "We're playing Hearts next year" was sung again, this time with justification. At the final whistle the pitch was invaded, as it always was in those days, and celebrations were held there for a while. Eventually, the crowd moved out into Halbeath Road and into town. At one point the crowd parted like the Red Sea to let an ambulance through. A couple of days later I found out this was rushing to East End as Jack Hart, the groundsman, had suffered a heart attack and subsequently died. As a personal favour to one of my friend's dads, Jack had given me and my friend a personal close-season tour of the ground. He was a nice old guy who wasn't too impressed with my attempts at keepie-upie with a medicine ball, or a football for that matter.

1979-80 Motherwell 1 Dunfermline 1

A middle of the bottom half of the first Division place had been secured by this point. In the previous game there, Sandy McNaughton earned us the same result with a last minute penalty, this time he did it with a real goal with 2 minutes to go.

1980-81 Dunfermline 0 Raith Rovers 1

A very safe 3rd bottom was secure by this point with little to play for but local pride. Rovers had narrowly missed out on promotion and played most of the game without a goalkeeper - we still couldn't score.

1981-82 Dunfermline 1 East Stirling 1

I think I missed this one, I certainly can't remember anything about it, but even if I could, what can you say about a one each draw with a relegated club from Falkirk? If we'd won, a glorious 8th place would have been ours, instead of 10th. That was a glorious enough record for Hibs to want Pat Stanton off us a few months later. I think he did as much there as at East End.

1982-83 St Johnstone 1 Dunfermline 0

We went into this game a fairly precariously 13th in the league, Saints were in a slightly more advantageous 1st place needing a win to be sure of the championship. A win here would save us from relegation, couldn't be more simple than that. However, we're talking biblical epics here, and it was time to sink as low as possible, remember where we came from, wallow in mud before bathing in milk. We needed someone to lead us out of the wilderness, we needed Jock Stein to return, but hey.....? we'd settle for Jim Leishman.

1983-84 Berwick Rangers 2 Dunfermline 0

The end of Jim's first season. The club had reached its nadir. In the last home game we stuffed Albion Rovers 5-0, signs of the recovery were showing, but not today.

1984-85 Dunfermline 2 Berwick Rangers 1

Shades of 76-7 with this one. 1 point behind Alloa, we were dependant on them dropping a point and us winning to go up. Slightly better odds than last time, but even without Jocky in charge it was expecting a bit much of the Lichties. Optimism and gullibility ran riot this day, Trevor Smith's 2nd penalty of the day put us 2-1 up with not long to go, news came through that the impossible was happening, Arbroath had equalised the earlier Alloa lead, if we could hold out we were there. The ritual pitch invasion followed the final whistle, unfortunately Jim was to come out and inform us that the impossible hadn't been happening and we were, in fact, to finish in 3rd place again.

1985-86 Stirling Albion 3 Dunfermline 2

Promotion was delayed only a year. This year we were to go up as champions for the first time in 60 years. Earlier this season we'd set a new club unbeaten record only to meet the Albion in the 18th game. The last game was to be party time. No.

1986-87 Montrose 1 Dunfermline 0

Promotion had been secured for the second time in 2 years by now. Morton were a point ahead and travelling to Broomfield, if results went the right way we'd be the first club ever to go up as champions 2 years running. Events in Lanarkshire went our way, not so in Angus. I wish I could comment on the game. My lift's parents had borrowed their car and didn't bring it back until well after 2, by the time everyone was picked up we finally hit the M90 at 2:35. After Dundee we went the Forfar road and met major roadworks. We arrived at Links Park just as everyone was leaving, the faces telling the final score before the radio.

1987-88 Celtic 1 Dunfermline 0

The culmination of a long and momentous season. With 3 from 12 going down and our experience at this level only historical, it surprised no one that we made the drop. After drawing the first 3 games we got our first Premier league win against Celtic, this in the days when they were more formidable than East Fife. Celtic were celebrating their centenary and winning the league, they'll probably celebrate their bi-centenary before another championship. Despite going down the Pars went in party mood. A banner there that day said "Jim - We'll be back. PS Happy birthday Celtic"

1988-89 Dunfermline 1 Meadowbank 1

A year later and that prediction was being put to the test. Another close fought campaign with Falkirk left us with the advantage at the last game (the plot has been changed a bit this year to make it that much more exciting, but the ending will be the same as ever). A single point would see us in the Premier again and, more importantly, avoid having to go to Douglas Park for about the 10th year running. The Cowden end was open to Pars fans and Meadowbank contributed 10s to crowd of over 12,000. A typically nervous affair, I can't remember too much about it before the feeling of complete emptiness and dread that swept over me as they went 1 up in the middle of the 2nd half. Real TV cameras were there for the 2nd week running, if we'd beaten Clyde the previous week we'd already be there. The whole of Scotland was focused on us, we had needed only 2 points from 2 home games against 2 shite teams and here we were, facing failure. That was before fate decide to play a hand, a crap pass wasn't cut out and John, John Super John ran on to it then slammed it home. Jim did his aeroplane impressions, Mel wasn't on holiday so got carried around the ground shoulder high and everyone laughed at Falkirk.

1989-90 Dunfermline 1 Hibs 1

First year back in the Premier, the sought after 9th, from a one time 1st, place was safe and 8th was there to aim for. Hibs were chasing a place in Europe which, as they couldn't even average a point a game, they hardly deserved. Ross Jack scored with an angelic wee back-heeler which, in the end, was enough to put the spotlight of European humiliation on someone else. This was to be Jim's last game in charge of the Pars. Everyone tipped us for the drop, we topped the league for a couple of days, got to the League Cup semi and Scottish Cup quarter final, were the 5th best supported club in Scotland, won at Parkhead, Easter Road and Tynecastle (twice). For a newly promoted team in the Premier you could say we did quite well. Obviously time for a change of manager.

1990-91 Dunfermline 1 Dundee United 0

This was the season Munro was establishing us as a something less than Motherwell or St Mirren type club. Talk of Europe at the start of the season had deteriorated to the board voting for the league of 12 nonsense. At the time relegation wasn't much of an issue, Hibs had that sewn up, but someone pulling the strings thought that a 17% chance of relegation gave us a better chance than 10%. Change was needed but not for the worse. As for the game, Davie Moyes used his head instead of his hand and scored the winner in the last minute. There were a few good points about this season, they pale when compared to the bad ones which had a devastating effect on the club. The 2 biggest ones came direct from the board ie "Jim, emasculate yourself and become court jester without portfolio", and, voting for reconstruction.

1991-92 St Mirren 3 Dunfermline 1

With both teams already relegated and playing their worst football ever, this game held the promise of attracting the lowest Premier league crowd of all time. I was wanting to be part of it but, due to a set of circumstances even more pathetic than with the Montrose game a few years earlier, I didn't quite make it.

1992-93 Dunfermline 1 Morton 2

This game saw the final act in the greatest capitulation of all time. At least there's something in common between the managerial careers of Scott and Alex Ferguson. Given we'd been recently been beaten at home by the likes of Cowden and Stirling, this result surprised no one. Two notable things things to say about this game: Lindsay Hamilton's performance as a linesman during the second half, holding the flag upside-down and shouting encouragement at the Pars players; and it was Jocky's last game.

That's the end of the seasons over. Expect an equally bland piece of writing about first games of the season in issue 3, out at the start of next season.

**FROM AUGUST
AT FOOTBALL GROUNDS EVERYWHERE**

A BRUTAL DEPICTION OF MODERN DAY VIOLENCE STARRING

Crawford Baptle as Mr White Duncan Ferguson as Mr Blue

Jimmy Sandison as Mr Blonde Hugh Burns as Mr Orange

John Hughes as Mr Brown Peter Grant as Mr Pink



"Not for the faint-hearted, will surely outrage the moral majority"

-The List

"Effective but simple idea"

-Scottish Football Today

"Dull, plodding and definately not one for the purists"

-Barry Norman

**reservoir
dogs**

The new film by the director of "Headless in Seattle"

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE SHITE

Jock Stein knew that great clubs were about more than just playing the game. Respect, pride, tradition, team spirit. It is vital to the whole nature of Dunfermline Athletic that 'the lads' play with dignity and good grace. There should be no reason to gloat. Self respect and sportsmanship should be second nature to them whether winning or losing. The honesty and professionalism of the Pars player will make them loved and appreciated throughout the land.

There is no need for a fanzine to be sporting or respectful though, so we have trawled through the press cuttings from the start of the season to give ourselves the chance of slagging everyone who didn't tip us for the top. We can gloat and smirk on the players' behalf and they can be generous in their success. So here are a few pre-season pearls of wisdom from the great and the good.

Peter Hetherston (*Sun*) believes "the title is on it's way to Airdrie." He had us fifth behind Airdrie, St Mirren, Falkirk and Clydebank. Obviously no has future as a manager.

Jimmy Nichol (*Scotland on Sunday*) "I would have made Airdrie my favorites." At least he'll get to play them next year. Obviously has no future as a manager.

John Watson (*The Press*) "...cannot see passed Airdrie or Falkirk". Et tu Johnnie, Shame on you, but we could forgive you for anything.

Ian Riach (*Sunday Express*) "Falkirk are favorites for the one promotion place." He must have seen how many of their matches Sandy Roy was refereeing.

Fraser Elder (*Sunday Mail*) "Falkirk and Airdrie are the pick of the bunch." The Mail also ran Iain Munro's highly accurate claim that 8 clubs could be close to the top of the table. Astute as ever Iain.

Alex Cameron (*Daily Record*) tipped us or Airdrie or St Mirren. Well done Alex, although hedging a bit. On hearing young Mr Cameron's tip a certain Mr Jeffries asked "If Dunfermline are favorites to win promotion, where does that leave us?" (This just after Davie Moyes had contrived to beat us at Brockville). The answer, getting beat at Stair Park again.

Steve Bruce (*The Courier*) thought we "...should remain in the First Division (too generous Steve), but don't put your mortgage on them for the title". Well if you had done you could now have 4 houses with the odds William Hill had. I hope he doesn't contribute to the financial pages as well.

The **Stirling Albion fanzine**, *Rave On*, had us fifth. Falkirk tipped to go up, the Beans to stay up. Oops. Written 3 games into the season we were actually well adrift from the top, in fact at the bottom, with no points, on our own. Given that, they suggested "...you never know...".

More recently, **Jimmy Sandison** (*Daily Record* 21st April) reckoned that Falkirk would shade it because they're slightly more skillful. Twat. Everything he knows about skill could be written in block capital with a magic marker on the back of a postage stamp.

So it's a huge kick up the arse to everyone who was wrong. I still can't believe so many people had Airdrie to go up, Jim Traynor must have greased a few palms. No doubt all the same divots will be tipping us to come straight back down, but that's OK because we'll have the enjoyment of rubbing their noses in it all over again next year. Together, "We thought you were shite...".

FLASHBACK

As a result of a rent in the space-time continuum, a stasis leak or some other warpage of the natural laws of physics that hasn't yet been explored by a low budget BBC sci-fi series, 'The Bounce' temporarily came into possession of an issue of the Pars programme from the year 2094. Unfortunately, this bizarre event only lasted long enough for us to read one page. The journey through time left the pages ruffled and open at the ever popular 'Flashback' spot, there follows a rough transcript of what will be written there. I hope the programme takes a fairly liberal view if we ever end up borrowing any of their photographs, or we're likely to be taking them to court, for plagiarism, in about a hundred years.

SIX YEARS AGO - May 2088

Celtic came down the Infra-ether highway to East End celebrating their bi-centennial and hoping to win their first league championship for 100 years. The last time they were champions, teams physically competed in the same arena on an organic substance called grass. In the days before *Virtual Grim-ality*, when participants and viewers had to leave their work stations and actually attend the matches to take part in them, Celtic were bigger than Dunderfermline. That seemed like much more than a century ago as the Pars virtually tore them apart limb from limb. The underground reality-zine "*The East End Ball*" lamented the disappearance of the now symbolic 'ball' from the game, but few could question its relevance in a game the Pars ran out worthy winners with an astonishing 30,000 points differential.

The European 'Golden Virtual Reality Body Suit' award was suspended for another year as, yet again, there were still no goals scored.

An Appeal on behalf of the

J E H A C K I E W I T N E S S E S

The Jehackie Witnesses are a small religious order formed just over a year ago. The founding fathers started the group to spread the word that the Lord is among us and performing miracles on a regular basis throughout the land. Though these have mostly been confined to Scotland, there have been reported sightings in Malta and, more recently, Austria.

In the last 9 months the Order has been doing good work at the sights of these miracles, in such infidel towns as Falkirk, Airdrie and Paisley. These occasions always in the presence of the prophet. Though super-human, it's unlikely he'll be able to give every person on earth a personal display of his powers. The problem, no...challenge, we're now facing is how to spread the word to the wider world.

What we want to do is send a mission to the dark continent. There's a convention of all the world's major religions taking place in the USA this summer. If we were able to send just 2 missionaries there to spread the word, it would be carried to all corners of the earth just weeks later. All we need is 2,000 pounds worth of hard currency, send all donations, no matter how large, to the usual 'Bounce' address.

The Scottish Media - A raving nutter writes

The Scottish media, most particularly the papers, treat the sports fan with contempt. Football fans suffer the most because football gets the most coverage. Trivial non-events are blown out of all proportion, as illustrated by Craig Chalmers' mystery injection during the Five Nations Championship. Speculation and fabrication is often reported as fact. A *Daily Record* headline during the Leishman saga had me doing a drunken jig around the pub, only to discover the next day that it was totally untrue. I learned my lesson that day.

I can understand papers have deadlines. Sometimes news can be a bit slow, but that does not excuse taking liberties with the loyalties of the fans. On occasions too numerous to mention I have opened a paper to see a photo of a Pars' player with a caption of a different name. How many papers recently covered the emergence of a bright new talent, the 'teenage Andy Todd'? How difficult can it be to check the spelling? Reporting facts is supposed to be their job after all. Scorers miraculously change from report to report. Sometimes reports bear no resemblance to the match I thought I attended.

Nobody expects journalists to be perfect. Even from the lofty heights of the press box vision can be obscured, but problems really begin when the 'big names' start to scale the lofty heights of the moral high ground as well. Slipping easily from arse-licking Walter Smith to sanctimoniously condemning the failings of the lesser lights, no-one personifies the hypocrisy and self-importance of these journo superstars as clearly as Gerry McNee. On Scotsport last week he lamented the relegation of three teams and the return to a league of 10. He wanted the Super League and no relegation for a few years. Right, there's a lot of logic in that one isn't there fattie? Why didn't you just say "I don't want a 10 team Premier League, I want a 10 team Super League. I don't want teams to be relegated, I want to pick what teams play each other". I suppose reporting on a 'Super' league he thinks that that epithet would rub off on him.

A Pars' fan recently wrote to the Sunday Smith He was questioning the poor coverage of the 3rd highest attended game in Scotland. a game with a bigger crowd than the "new firm" derby. A game with more fans at it than half the Premier games put together. *The Mail* writer, who apparently puts the boot in, implied that the match deserved no better coverage on account of not having Premier League status. Judging from Premier highlights I've seen this year I would have thought they'd be desperate to cover anything else as frequently as possible.

For these idiots, these pontificating, self-important egotists, life barely exists outside of Ibrox, let alone Glasgow. All they want to do is bask in the reflected glory of Super Arsehole or Mark Hately. Lower division clubs only enter the frame when there is an Old Firm connection. Compare the difference in coverage given last season to Rovers and Killie to that now with Bert Paton and Jim Jeffries managing the challenging teams.

If the Scottish press took its tongue out from between the collective buttocks of the Old Firm for at least 5 minutes, they might just discover that there are places where community and entertainment matter more than sectarianism and merchandising. They could come across places where a lifetime of service does not mean sportscars and a lucrative testimonial in return. They won't because they don't want to see that the game thrives because of smaller clubs not despite them. Cameron, McNee, Keevins and the rest are too busy patting themselves on the back to actually do their jobs.

The job of a journalist is to convey facts, not to turn yourself into some wittering

icon afloat on the hot air of a cult of personality. If the *Dunfermline Press* and *Courier* can do their work thoroughly and well without pictures of the writers and their witty catchphrases, why is the same not true further up the circulation ladder? If the editor of the *Sunday Mail* thinks anybody buys the paper because of Gerry McNee then he deserves his job even less than McNee does.

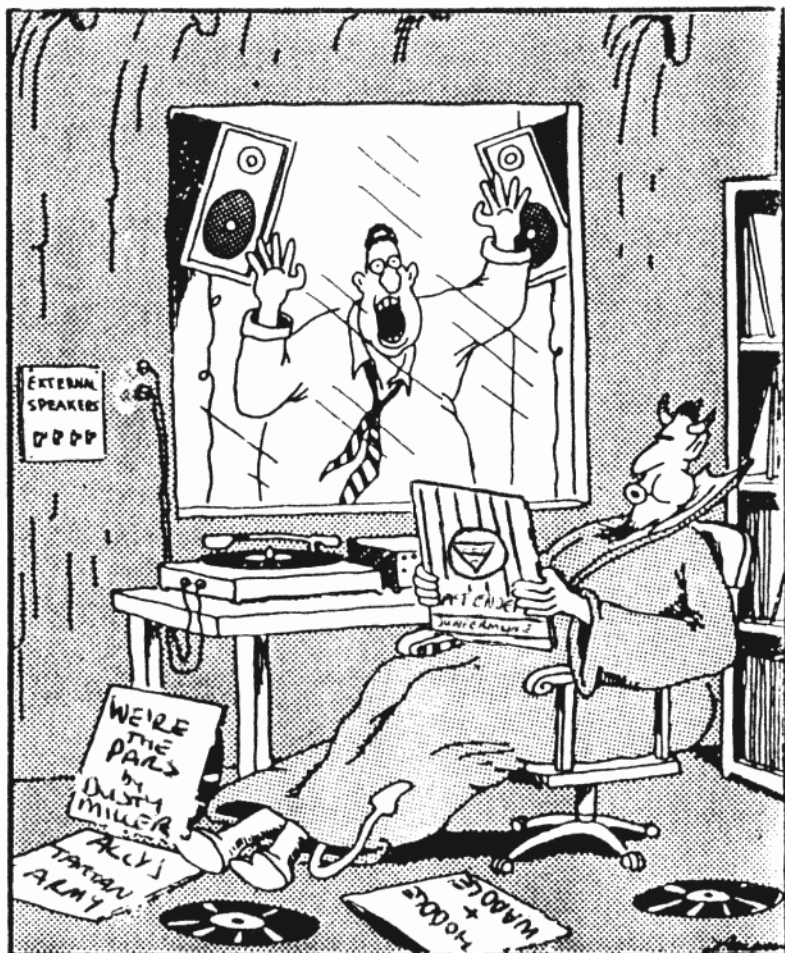
This diatribe is not sour grapes at a lack of coverage of the Pars. I would always want more, no matter how much there was. It's just a reaction against these over-inflated balloons who set themselves up as bigger than you and me and then don't have the decency to do their own jobs properly. They can't tell us we must meekly pay a tenner to sit through a crap game in a lego stand with no atmosphere and then be thankful for it. They can't tell us that everything outside the Premier is meaningless and unimportant. What do they know about your Saturdays? When did they even have to pay to watch a game? Most importantly, they can't speak for you or me without taking the trouble to find out what we want first. They do though, and we shouldn't let them get away with it unchallenged.

Name and Address Supplied

"Tel hasn't really picked me solely on football merits" says Jobby. "He felt it was vital to have at least one tone deaf player with no musical ability in the in the squad, in case he ever needed to release a dreadful 'Eng-ger-land' song at short notice. Hoddle & Waddle are both passed it and I was happy to fill the gap."

One thing for sure, you can't accuse Venables of being afraid to take a risk with an adventurous selection.

The Par Side



What eternity holds in store for the likes of Sandy Roy.

Working For The Yankee Dollar

Football fans and musib fans may be surprised by the inclusion of Richard Jobson in a recent England squad. Certainly the transition from ropey punk singer, male model and style guru to international footballer must have been a difficult one. We tracked him down for a chat on his selection.

Radio West Fife

Some time ago I discovered I was going to be going for an operation to remove a couple of wisdom teeth. This was going to entail spending Monday to Wednesday in hospital while the Ayr game was on the Tuesday, the day I was going under the knife. As I'd put the op off once already, due to work commitments, to do so again would only make me look like a big girl's blouse. Moral dilemma, miss the game or appear like a total poof?

On Monday 25th I checked into Queen Margaret's bolstered by a rumour that hospital radio did commentary on all home games. In the evening I started listening and within 5 minutes someone joined the DJ and they had a wee football talk, specifically the Ayr game and the relevance of the recent Morton game. Devil's advocate of a DJ liked to think we'd lost our bottle, the man disagreed, Ayr had packed the defence in the last 2 games and lost 10 goals in the process, not much would change for this game. Anyway, we'd be able to find out the next day from 7:15 onwards with live and exclusive full match commentary. All thoughts and worries of broken jaws, no solid food for a week and a numb tongue and lower lip for up to 6 weeks, as just prophesised by the consultant, were quickly put to the back of my mind.

On Tuesday, the evening visiting hour brought friends on their way to the game and the match programme. At 7:15 I started listening, the teams were announced with the surprise starts for George and Allan Moore. The commentary team was made up of Brenda, doing the Gordon McQueen bit of chipping in the odd pertinent insights into the proceedings, only her's were pertinent and insightful, and Ken.

At the start of the game Brenda was a wee bit worried of complacency in the team. Bert had mentioned the strength of our home record and she thought we may be depending too much on that reputation. Ken wasn't expecting another 6-1 or 4-0 but didn't think we'd have too much trouble. As he put it "All we need is 1 goal in the last minute".

The game started with Cammy Duncan appearing to be quite busy, with early saves from George and Andy. The wind was spoiling the game and the Pars were insisting on the high ball played quickly, the "hot potato" approach Stainrod was predicting before the game.

By half time I didn't think I was missing too much, the opinion was that Ivo was sorely missed and should come on for Allan Moore straight away with Petrie replacing Hamish as he wasn't having too great a game. We got a run down of the other games in Scotland, with the exception of updates of Falkirk score there was no interruptions from the studio during normal play. The Hun were getting beat and Eddie had scored his first goal so there were a couple of things to be happy about.

Early in the second half Hugh Burns joined McVicar in the book for time wasting, Ayr needed one point from the game and, despite what Stainrod said before and after, that's all it sounded like they were after.

Half way through, during a bout of sustained pressure, Colin McGlashan went down and the chants of "cheat, cheat" came over the crackly headset quite clearly.

Hamish scored after half an hour but our intrepid reporters couldn't decide if it was off-side, handball or yet another mystery from the depths of the referee's imagination.

In 83 minutes, just before the double substitution, Brenda describes us as a "soccer suicide squad in defence". The subs come on, Ivo for Moore and Petrie for

RADIO WAVES

Not getting to many away games this season, I've turned to the radio. This may seem relatively easy but the problems are immense.

The first problem is that Radio Scotland don't start the football until 3:30. Before that they cover other sports mostly, but they do go around the football grounds a few times. You have to judge when they're going round the grounds, or listen to how the women's cricket team is doing.

The next problem is during the commentary match and they tell you a goal has been scored in the Pars game. At this point they will either go over to the Pars match or, more likely, be interrupted by a Rangers' throw-in demanding full attention. If so, you are left knowing a goal has been scored but not by which team. You have to hope they remember to go back to the Pars match after the interruption. If they don't go back, this allows the tension to build a little nearer to the stage where you start throwing any heavy objects coming close to hand.

Eventually the reporter will return to give the score and the next hurdle arrives. For example the reporter will say "Morton 1". At this point before they give the Pars score your mind runs riot. For the way the reporter says "Morton 1", you will now be trying to predict the Pars score. That half second, before it's read out, lasts an eternity as the possibilities and consequences charge through your mind. You'll recognize the torment if you've ever listened to the classifieds. I imagine the anguish caused has kept many psychiatrists in work.

Maybe it would be easier going to the match?

DAVE

Or listen in hospital - Ed.

O'Boyle. George isn't happy and neither is Brenda, Hamish should have gone off. Straight away Ivo starts causing problems with his long throws, we win a couple of corners and Ayr are time wasting again. We're piling on the pressure and it's getting a wee bit nerve-racking back in ward 19. Just as I'm beginning to face the possibility of going a point behind Falkirk, Ken verges on the orgasmic as Hamish turns inside an Ayr defender and chips Duncan to give us both points.

From the restart Ayr are a bit more urgent in their play than they had been in the previous hour. The final whistle blows and some Ayr players protest that with all the time they'd wasted there should have been more added on at the end.

Ken, being an obvious gent, reminds Brenda that she would have taken Hamish off and, us, that he said at the start that all we needed was 1 goal in the last minute.

Well that's what's in store for you if you're ever stuck in Hospital when the Pars are at home. Not as good as being there but a good substitute and far better than the odd update during Jock Brown's commentary of the Rangers game. It was good to hear totally one-sided commentary by an obvious Pars fan, I suppose that's what it must be like every week for Rangers fans but it made a good change for me.

One of the things I liked the most was them not having the action replay of the commentator getting terribly excited. That may just have been because they don't have the technology or that the only thing to get excited about happened right at the death and there wasn't enough time to organise it. The explanation I prefer, though, is that they realise how crap it sounds and just settle for describing the goal in controlled terms with the benefit of hindsight, a sort of reverse angle slow-motion action replay.

Thanks to Barbie and Ken and everyone else for all you do. Hopefully I'll never have to listen to you again.

WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE EAST END BOUNCE no. 1

"Oooo...I'm not buying that."
"Oh I thought that was the programme?"
"Is it official?... Well I don't want that then."
"I suppose I'll have to, seeing as it's you"
"Pish!"
"Two please."
"I hope there's nothing scurrilous in it."
"It's about time the Pars had a fanzine again."
"Bastards!... You stole my name."

"A good read for 50p" - The Pars programme.
"...a good start which augers well for the future." - *Dead Ball*, a Hearts fanzine.
"Emm...my name's not Lightbody" - Rohan Lightfoot.
"Where's the little boys room?" - Richard Gough
"Where's ma heid? I'm gonna butt some cnut."
-Duncan Ferguson.

JOCKY -A TRIBUTE

Like everyone here at *The Bounce*, I'm sure you were delighted for Jocky Scott when he was appointed manager of Arbroath on 17th of January. His wealth of experience and immense ability had been sorely missed from the Scottish game. Arbroath reached new heights under Jocky, I'm sure it pained him to leave, but he'd taken them as far as he could. Currently out of work, I'm sure it won't be long before some other ambitious club come seeking his talents. Partly as tribute, partly to spread the word of his achievements, here's a complete record of his time in charge at Gayfield.

Jan 22 Alloa 1 Arbroath 2
26 Arbroath 0 Berwick 4
29 Arbroath 2 Dundee Utd 3 (Sc Cup)
Feb 2 Arbroath 1 East Stirling 1
5 Queen's Park 2 Arbroath 1
12 Arbroath 0 Stranraer 0
19 Stenhousemuir 2 Arbroath 0
26 Arbroath 0 Montrose 0
Mar 5 Forfar 3 Arbroath 2
12 Arbroath 0 Alloa 0
19 East Stirling 2 Arbroath 0
26 Arbroath 1 Meadowbank 1
Apr 4 Cowdenbeath 1 Arbroath 0
11 Arbroath 0 Queen of the South 3

The Par Side



Lindsay had misheard when Bert asked him for a clean sheet.

EUROPEAN ELECTIONS

Elections for the European Parliament take place next month. What do the parties have to offer? We put a question of the 4 parties contesting Fife and The Lothians to help you make your choice a little easier. We asked "what would you do, if elected, to get Dunfermline Athletic back into European competition?"

Not one of them appeared to have this in their manifestos, and none would say that they'd even considered that option. Should we not expect more from them?

CHEERIO, CHEERIO, CHEERIO

While we took time to look at the current players, we remembered there were some others not that long ago. For the purposes of nostalgia and comparisons with last year's team, here's a quick run down on who's no longer who.

Paul Chalmers - Apparently had a Scotland cap at some youth level. Must have bought it at the Barras. Always able to find some useful scoring opportunities, always able to miss them. It's a pity Hamilton didn't once play him against us to remind us just how hopeless he is.

Eddie Cunningham - One ray of sunshine during the dark days of relegation. Inexplicably inconsistent this season. Is actually an undercover reporter for 'The Bounce' finding out just how crap a manager Murdo is, will be back in uniform next season.

Billy Davies - Forgotten hero of 92/3. It was a shame to see him leave, but the wage bill must have heaved a sigh of relief. Has never beaten his brother in a match, which could have caused problems if Saints end up as our derby next year.

Roddy Grant - What was the story with him? Jocky Scott? The First Division? Didn't do a thing last season, now in the Premier he can practically score at will. Obviously capable of more than he gave us.

Mark Haro - Could throw the ball directly to the opposition from further away than any other player in Scotland. This overshadowed all his other talent, being tall.

John Hillcoat - How come all our keepers get dropped after we play Falkirk? Seemed brave and agile, will hopefully co-operate in our bid to reach the 100 mark.

Norman Kelly - Hard working. Always willing to tackle but seemed to take the phrase 'better late than never' too seriously. A prime example of Jocky's inability to give youth a chance.

Scott Leitch - Vast thighs. A player firmly in the 100% school. His perspiration has endeared him to the Jambos. A bit more inspiration would not go amiss. If we meet Hearts next year he's bound to score.

Pat McAllister - Falls into the 'who?' category. Had 1 sub appearance last year. Was apparently spotted in the East Port last year wearing a Celtic scarf. We don't need players who care more about what's happening in Glasgow than Fife.

Davie Moyes - Shortly after he was signed I overheard someone say that all the teams he was top scorer for got relegated. Not a good omen. It came true. Honest, passionate, committed and couldn't play a decent pass to save his life.

John Reilly - Has seen all the highs and lows. Or thought so until he became manager of Cowden. Probably the first and last time the transfer tribunal will be called into mediate between Cowden and East Fife. Completed the quartet of all 4 Fife clubs being managed by ex-Pars players.

Allan Preston - Great Free kick. Also scored one of the goals of the season away at Hamilton. Happy to see him arrive but, curiously, not too bothered to see him go.

Rab Shannon - Positive proof that Jocky Scott couldn't find his arse with both hands. A solid pro. How did he keep Jackie out of the team? At least we'll have someone to slag at Fir Park now that Cooper's gone.

Andy Williamson - Got a massive 6 starts last season from the ever innovative Mr Scott. Now plying his trade at East Fife. Only ever seemed to get a game when we played 9 across the back.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

This week we hear from Mohamed M Mohamed, once known in Dunfermline as Gordon Robertson, who lives in Saudi Arabia. A friend of the Saudi national national coach, he penned an entry in a Eurovision style contest to find their official World Cup song, "We're on the march with Allah's army" won't be heard at USA '94.

kindest facilitations to all my dear friends in that other great kingdom and in particular all those supporters of the mighty Dunfermline Athletic. You may think it strange that the name of Dunfermline has travelled so far, but it is not so. I was born and came of manhood there, a few years after leaving The High I went to work in Saudi. I've been here ever since, married a local girl, became a muslim and adopted the name of the Prophet.

I visit quite frequently, when I return I recount the new adventures of the "Black and White Minstrels" to all my brothers of Islam as we sit around the log fires under the wide open Arabian night skies. there is much admiration for the Pars and their exploits followed avidly.

During these visits I delight in the various social aspects of a Saturday afternoon. The habitual trip to the "Old Inn" at lunchtime, a fine, old traditional Scottish pub (of course these days, being a good muslim, I don't indulge in alcohol), and then turning up at Esat End just in time to miss the kick off. Always I would return to gasp in awe at the skills of Leonard, McNaughton, Donnelly, Morrison, the clinical goalkeeping of Dr Whyte, a bewildering array of Smiths (Trevor always being my favorite) and the incredible drinking exploits of McCathie and Watson (I can't condone this sort of behaviour but boys will be boys).

But in all years of going to East End, Stranraer, Stenhousemuir, Greenock, Paisley and all those other lovely places, the magic of one player in particular stands out. Lean, mean and moody. Graceful and athletic. Composure personified in front of goal. Cunning as a fox, strong as a bull. Faster than a speeding cheetah. Gazelle-like in his ability to leapoutstretched limbs. I expect you've guessed who I'm talking about here. A man whose portrait hangs beside that of King Fahd in many home here. A man whose influence I see in the Saudi domestic and national game every week. I am of course referring to Grant 'Shaggy' Jenkins. A man who could ghost past defenders as though they weren't there. A man of immense natural talent. A man who was just at home scoring with the head as he was volleying into the top corner from 35 yards. If only we had a few like him in the current national squad.

Unfortunately, I have only had the pleasure of seeing "General Paton's Barmy Army" on a couple of occasions. Let me say this was amongst some of the best football in many a season. How I have enjoyed the new breed at East End - O'Boyle, French, Tod et al have thrilled audiences up and down the kingdom of Saudi Arabia all season with their marvelous goal scoring exploits. The national squad have watched a video, provided by me, of clips of this season's goals to help in their preparation for the coming World Cup in the US.

I was there for Hogmanay and deeply disappointed not to see the meeting with Falkirk due to the weather. It was with much chagrin that I learned that Falkirk, of all teams, inflicted out first defeat for many moons. (It may interest you to know that in Arabic, "Fahlkerk" means "dirty camel's bottom" - need I say more.)

I leave you now, in the knowledge that the mighty Pars are once more restored to the top of the league. I look forward to returning, fresh from Saudi triumph in USA '94, to visit Ibrox, Tannadice, Tynecastle or the coldest football stadium in the world, that of Hibernian.

May Allah smile on the terraces of East End and the seed of your camel never run dry. Salam.

Mohamed M Mohamed

SANDY PICKS UP AWARD

You may remember from the 1st issue a competition looking for the "cheating bastard of the year". We failed to mention it was just for Pars fans so were obligated to count the mass of votes received from the Stirling area. This unexpected swing in the voting figures swung the award from Airdrie who, lets face it, can't win anything. Instead, the award goes to Sandy Roy, the referee on course to win a record number of Falkirk player of the year awards. The highlights of a tremendous season for Roy-

21st August Falkirk 2 Stirling Albion 0

Sent off 3 Albion players. One of them after consultation with linesman, the player in question had no idea what it was for.

18th January Falkirk 2 Dunfermline 0

At 1-0 gave the Pars equaliser, then, after consultation with linesman, sent Cooper off for off-the-ball incident. Then, after further consultation, disallowed the goal and brought play back to where the incident took place, despite the fact it had no bearing on play. Later in the game, didn't see Falkirk player kick the ball off the goal line directly into Westie's hands in a move that couldn't be construed as anything other than a pass-back. Then, in last minute, booked John Hughes only for kicking the ball away, not sending him off for the professional foul on the edge of the area as the Pars player was clean through.

30th April Stirling Albion 0 Falkirk 1

Disallowed a perfectly legitimate Stirling equaliser for an off-side only he saw.

Congratulations Roy, fans of Falkirk must only wish you could take charge of all their games. If they had an ounce of sense between them, the Scottish League might find the regularity with which Falkirk benefit in controversial circumstances when you're refereeing a trifle suspicious. I imagine you're safe from prosecution though.

WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!WIN!

Sad to say it but we've stooped to a cheap competition. "How low can you sink?" do you ask. We'll not as low as Scotsport Extra Time with their thinly disguised weekly Rangers competition. Recently at the end of a week thin on Rangers news we were asked about a Hun reserve player turning down a transfer to Hearts. Every week either the question or prize, or both, is related to them. We don't pretend to be concerned with any thing other than one club, unlike Extra Time which should cover the whole of Scotland, so here's a really difficult quiz about the Pars with a free issue of 'The Bounce' up for grabs.

- 1) Which is the highest scoring team in Britain?
- 2) Which team has the highest first division average attendance?
- 3) "BBC call dull tune, then I'm for felatio" is an anagram of who's name? 4) Which team's greatest rivals are being investigated for fraud?
- 5) Which team has an inexplicable nickname with golfing connotations?
- 6) What team has the only manager in Scotland who says "our" and not "wir"?

When you think you've worked out all the answers, send them in on a sheet of paper along with an article or cartoon or something vaguely Pars, football, Dunfermline or anything related and you could be receiving a free copy of the next issue. Address as on page 2, note that all winning entries will be published in a future issue.

Where were you Iain Munro?

Continuing our series where we ask latter day disciples for their thoughts and memories on hearing the news that Jim Leishman had been cast into the wilderness, we asked Iain Munro, Where were you?

"As you know it was a fairly protracted affair, it seemed to go on for ever. I had no finger nails left at the end of it. It was like waiting for christmas when you're 5 years old.

"I was in Ireland when I heard the news that it was definate. I was there on tour with the football club I was manager of, Dunfermline Athletic I went to the pub for a wee celebratory drink. As we had a game the next day the players were confined to the hotel, I'm sure they were with me in spirit though. In any event, I went out alone, with a huge grin on my face I wasn't the stereotype of the sad, pathetic individual with no friends who normally has to do his drinking alone, not at all. It was an exciting time for me, the next step up on the success ladder of life. On occassion I tried to make conversation with the local populace, partly to be sociable partly to share my excitement with others. The trouble was I was so excited, and with the drink, whenever I tried to say something the words came out too fast and high pitched. In a bid to explain away my speech I'd only get more flustered and sound more ridiculous. At first they were patient with me, soon though the ridicule started and I became the butt of all their jokes. With my big ears, nose and stupid grin, not to mention the drink redenned cheeks and squeaky voice, they were merciless in their leprechaun comparisons and other jibes. I've never been so humiliated in all my life, I couldn't bear it for long. The pub had an out-house so I made my escape on the pretence of going to the toilet.

"At one time I did have thoughts that I may act with a bit of dignity and refuse the post, demonstrating some solidarity with Jim, a bit like Joe Jordan earlier this season at Celtic. I knew he would refuse my charity and I would still be manager in my own right, but I would appear as a man of principles, I would be more acceptable to the fans and I would possibly command some respect from the players and general public.

"However, the unexpected ridicule I received at the hands of a bunch of complete strangers changed all that. I blamed Jim for what had happened and I would be bugged if I'd show any remorse for him. I was in too much of a state to let the fact that it was in my own interest to do so, or that it was my own conniving and egotism that got me there in the first place, to get in my way. The next day I wrote a letter of support for me, full of glowing praise for my tactical genius, my dispassionate clinical view of the game, how it was me who really managed the team anyway and that no one actually did like Jim, they only pretended to as they thought he was in charge. Then, under threat of a free transfer to Douglas Park, I made all the players sign it and faxed it off to East End."

Iain Munro is manager of Hamilton Accademicals.