

The East End Bounce

AUGUST 1994

ULSTER LOYALTY

**IVO ON HIS NEW
POSITION**



SOD THE LOT
OF YOU



"Recht achter? Ik liever
onder dienst zijn."

**INSIDE - NEW PLANS TO RAISE
£2,000,000 FOR THE PARS; TAYLOR;
SCOTLAND; THE SAME JOKES AS LAST
TIME AND MUCH, MUCH LESS.**

OUTSIDE - JIM FARRY.



WHO? WHEN? WHERE?

This issue of *The East End Bounce* is brought to you by Paul Bundy, Rohan Lightfoot, Parson, Gordon Robertson, Keith E Wright, International Correspondent and Gypsy Rosa Silverware. Issue four should be in the shops, pubs, streets and buckets sometime before the end of the year. As ever, all contributions gladly welcome, please note the new address on the opposite page. If anything's been sent to the old one since the beginning of August it hasn't been forwarded.

Special thanks to the staff and management of the following pubs who sell *The Bounce* for no apparent reason other than that they must be nice people.

THE OLD INN

The Pitbauchlie

THE EAST PORT BAR

The Paragon Club

Other places that you could have bought this from include - Hitz Records in Bridge St, Our Price in the Kingsgate, The Sports Book Shop in Gilmour Place, Edinburgh and RS McColl in the St James Centre, Edinburgh.

To put people off asking for subscription rates - it's £100 and that gets you every subsequent issue, sent first class, for life. If we fold after this issue - tough.

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11 Rowan Grove, Dunfermline, KY11 5QX.

Hello and welcome to the first issue of a new season, I hope you find at least some of it worth your 50p. Before I launch into the ill-informed opinionated drivel that's essential in this kind of thing, a couple of bits of news. First of all, the change of address, following the trend of the major newspapers we've moved out from the city centre to a new purpose build dockside development in the heart of Pitcorthie. I trust you'll appreciate the improvement in quality this change has allowed. Second, following our promise at the end of last season to put the profits back into the club, we are now officially sponsors of Ivo den Bieman. I'm not entirely certain what this means but my suggestion that Ivo keep a stack of copies down his shorts so that he can sell a couple whenever he comes to take a shy, wasn't the sort of idea Audrey Kelly had in mind when she agreed to our sponsorship. One thing it does mean is I get his shirt at the end of the season, I just hope he stakes his claim on a more glamorous number than '2' by May.

Your Stars by Parlinda

In an effort to enhance our predictions for the outcome of this year's First Division we have enlisted the help of Parlinda, ace stargazer and general old fat cow, to find out what the heavens hold in store for each of the teams. With painstaking research into the birth dates, drinking habits and sexual perversions of every player, manager and chairman in Division One, we have managed to select a representative starsign for each club. Starting with Dunfermline, here's what the hacket old slag had to say-

Dunfermline Athletic

Leo



"You are strong, fast, brave and feared by everyone. You look glamorous and enjoy tearing your competitors to pieces. You will win everything this year and everyone will love you. Your lucky number is six which will be the average number of goals you score per game. Your lucky colours are black, white, red, green and purple. You will have good fortune when wearing any of these."

SO FAR SO GOOD ENOUGH

Two games into the season, both pretty tricky ones away from home, and we're second top, already making distance between us and Saints. If we beat Rovers and Dundee don't get all the points at McDiarmid, we will go top. All's looking reasonably well but it's still a long way from the team of last season. We played better in the 3 games that we lost at the start last year than the opening ones this time round. If we're going to be slow starters again this season it's good that we don't have ten or 15 points, as it would be this year, to make up when we do hit some form.

Very impressed with Jackie in midfield, though I don't quite see the point of playing Ivo at right back when there's two Scotland under-21 caps in that position on the field. At least until Sharpie's fit again, we'd look a lot better in defence with Mark Bowes at right back, Jackie at left and Ivo where he belongs.

Kenny Ward's looking the part, Jim Will looked confident enough in the brief spell he had against Bolton, hopefully his impending return have a beneficial effect on Westie's form. What we've seen of Mark McCulloch gives promise for the future, time will tell.

GEORGE O'BOYLE

Really disappointed with George O'Boyle. After 5 years when the club and everyone else has stood by him through injury after injury, it was

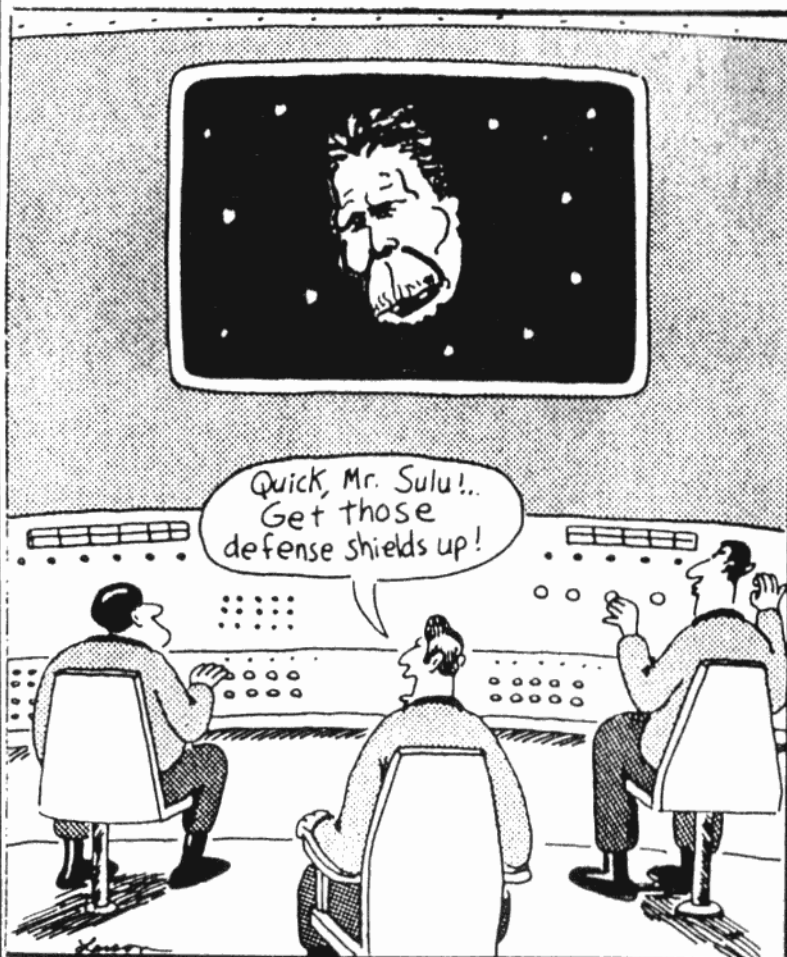
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disappointing that he left in the way he did. It came as no surprise him leaving, at the end of last season there were definite possibilities of losing George, Jackie and Craig Robertson. Of the three I'm happiest keeping the two we did, losing O'Boyle would have been acceptable but a combination of things leave a bitter taste. First, the lack of loyalty in turning his back on the club and us after all that has happened. Fair enough he has family and has to look out for himself, but he's said himself the money difference wasn't that much, that 'not that much' is the price of George O'Boyle. Second, who he's gone to. After setting himself above the rest of the Pars squad and obviously having international and personal ambitions, that he go to our main rivals this season and stay in the First Division shows what he thinks of us, that money is the only thing that counts and his ego is bigger than his ambition. He was always going to leave at some point, I just hoped he'd go up in the world. Thirdly, and this isn't really his fault, is the insulting valuation put on him by Saints. If they think he's worth £50,000 they should be paying him accordingly. If he's getting paid anywhere near what Billy Dodds was getting then he should be valued at £800,000.

MEADOWBANK NO MORE

Unless we have the good fortune of getting them in one of the other cups, the League Cup game against Meadowbank the other week will be our last against them ever. Next year, as Livingston, they are going to be a different club owned by the same guy. Football clubs are not about business, they generate a lot of business yes, but that is secondary, that comes from the passion and commitment from the people who follow it. I don't do this to make money, if I did I'd start a Rangers fanzine because it'd make more money. Similarly, when you take over a football club it should be in the interest of that club, not your stock. A club in a purpose built modern hell-hole of a stadium in Livingston will probably do better than Meadowbank, that's not the point. Livingston will be the same team at a different club, I have no affinity to St Johnstone, yet they have half a Pars team. I won't miss Meadowbank at all, but it's happening to them and it could happen to us. How would you feel about supporting Glenrothes? It brings to mind the story of the old woman moaning that things

THE PAR SIDE



The crew of the Starship Enterprise encounters the floating head of Davie Dodds

aren't as good as they were in her day, she's "had this broom for 40 years and in that time only changed the brush three times and the handle twice".

EUROPE

Another really dismal start to Scotland's club sides' campaign in Europe. Aberdeen out on away-goals and Rangers on the lost-at-home-and-away rule it makes us look like a right bunch of Cowdenbeaths. As far as Rangers are concerned, I'm glad they're out. The 'good for Scottish football' argument doesn't hold any water unless you're a Rangers supporter who sees them as a surrogate Scotland. They've bought most of the Scotland team and brought them down to club football level, Rangers not getting £10M to spend outwith the Scottish game is the best thing that's happened to it this season.

AWAY STRIP

Am I the only one who doesn't like the new away strip? Even Jimmy Hill likes it, if you've got a strong stomach, look at 4-2-4, or similar, there's a picture of him wearing one.

Let's all do...

Paul Bundy

DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE FOOTBALL PLAYER

Following the unfortunate demise of the Colombian, Escobar, after his country's World Cup disaster, my mind drifted sadistically towards which players deserved a similar fate following Scotland's World Cup debacles.

You all no doubt have your own personal choices, however I have no doubt that the following will meet with universal approval.

1974 -It has to be Billy Bremner. Not just for that miss against Brazil (even Petrie would have scored) but also for his single handed attempts to undermine the authority of Willie Ormond as team manager. Redemption should not be granted for his attempts to kill Keegan in the charity shield.

1978 -Where to start? Perhaps Ally McLeod? What about Don Masson? Maybe Willie Johnson. No, honourable candidates though they are, it has to be Alan Rough for having the worst of the squad's appalling bunch of permed hairstyles.

1982 -In one of our better World Cups the candidate must be Alan Hansen. In one of the matches where he could not find an excuse to call-off, Hansen decided to rugby tackle Willie Miller and thus gifted the Soviets the goal which eliminated Scotland from the tournament.

1986 -This is probably Scotland's most uneventful Mondial but not without its low points. Steve Nichol is the proud receiver of the Golden Bullet award for his miss against Uruguay. Nichol, like Hanson, was prone to call-offs for internationals he didn't fancy. However, he was fit enough to miss this sitter. Eight yards out with the keeper stranded, anything other than a gentle sidefoot tap would have resulted in a goal and qualification for phase two. Guess what Steve did next?

1990 -The man charged with bringing European football standards down to Scottish levels is the final targetman. By managing to convince the players that Costa Rica were world beaters, the confused team turned in the worst performance ever. Reverting to our natural game we hammered Sweden 2-1. Only a draw was needed against a very poor Brazil team to qualify. It's likely that Brazil will score at some stage, therefore, it is essential that we score against them. Roxburgh decided to play for 0-0 and the inevitable happened.

1998 -Andy Tod for his missed penalty in the final shoot-out against Italy. Go ahead punk, make my day. Just kidding, Jim Will saved both Italian efforts that were on target so it didn't matter anyway.

Huge Keevins

GOUGH - THE TRUTH

Richard Gough has received a large amount of abuse over the last 12 months over his [REDACTED]. Recently he ran into one of the Ibrox team mates as he was leaving a restaurant. Their parting remarks were, Gough- "See you later, [REDACTED]". Durrant- "In a while [REDACTED]".

Your Stars by Parlinda

Hibernian

Sagittarius



"Your luck comes in bi-annual cycles. Unfortunately for you you are mid-cycle and can't expect too much good fortune. Beware dark-and-light strangers in the very near future. Your reputation as being the most inhospitable hosts in the world will back fire on you. Next year, when fortune favours you again, you can look forward to promotion, or at least a run in the B&Q Cup."

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TINKER TAYLOR SOLD US LIE

For all the good it'll do, here's another tirade against the greatest threat to Scottish football since Ally McLeod. Totally disjointed and only occasionally grammatically correct, it roughly gets across what I feel on the subject. At the moment the only way we can avoid having to become all seated in three years time is to get relegated, even then it would only put it off for a couple of years. So in the vague hope that the thousand or so of you who read this are all Jim Farry and are in a mood to be swayed, here goes...

CROWDED HOUSE

The first thing we always hear about when Taylor or ground 'improvements' are mentioned is safety. This is spouted at every available opportunity. I'm not saying we should have unsafe grounds but they're being slightly disingenuous here. East End has a safety certificate stating how many people are allowed into the ground. This has always been the case, if it didn't all home games would be behind closed doors. Every year this is reviewed and every year it is renewed, if usually with a reduced capacity. If the police are saying year after year that it is safe to have anything up to 21,000 fans in, how can it suddenly become unsafe overnight?

THE PERFECT DISASTER

The Taylor Report was written in the aftermath of the Hillsborough disaster which killed 96 Liverpool fans. There were many recommendations in the report, the most notable one was concerning all seated stadia. These were hailed as the panacea to all football's ills. They would make football matches safe again after a series of catastrophes at games involving English clubs. In all truth it was nothing of the sort. The Taylor Report was purely political and nothing else. The Tory party does not like football, forget Major and Mellor and their PR visit to Stamford Bridge, and they were looking to bring it into line. Having just failed in their attempt with the identity card scheme, justly kicked out for its infringements on civil liberties and the total unworkability of it, they needed some other way to destroy the most working-class, community orientated institution in the country. The Hillsborough disaster could not have happened at a better time, nor used more cynically, for the hidden agenda of this government.

CRASH TEST DUMMIES

After Heysel, Manchester airport, Zeebrugge, Valley Parade, Kingscross, Piper Alpha and then Hillsborough, Lockerbie, Clapham and a host of motorway pileups, the second half of the eighties showed that Britain in general, and football in particular, hold great potential for large scale sudden unexpected death. With the exception of Piper, most people have been in the circumstances where these have happened. Apart from bringing the gory detail of these events, sometimes live, into our livingrooms, they were very effective reminders of how fragile our own lives are because the people doing the dying were just like us. The fears brought about by these events are then exploited by those with ulterior motives, presented with a backdrop of death and despair the great unthinking British Public accept it as gospel. In the Hillsborough case though, it's taking a tragedy, avoiding the facts, jumping to spurious conclusions and then feigning a ludicrous set of rules that most of the people they're supposed to help are bitterly opposed to.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

All I want when I go to a football match, leaving the actual game aside, is to have a good time, meet up with friends, have a reasonable choice of edible foodstuffs if I'm hungry (properly cooked and hot when appropriate); the opportunity to go for a piss without wading through other people's; to be able to do so without having to get the 20 people between me and the aisle to get up out of their seats and in the way of the folk behind them each time; to be able to have a conversation with someone not directly adjacent to me; to have a good shout, sing and jump about if I want; to do all this under cover; and to not have my personal safety ever cross my mind. All of this at East End I already have. The Cowden end should be covered to offer that

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facility to the fans of the one or two clubs who actually have more fans than can fit in the covered section of the away end. That is about the only major work needed here. It would be good to not have pillars but at the moment it's easy enough to see round them. The same cannot be said of most other grounds we'll be visiting this year, if the Taylor Report means we can watch the Pars stuff the Jambos in Edinburgh without getting soaked in the process, either in the toilets or on the terracing, then there is some good to come from it. (Just as a wee aside, has anyone told the architects of these new stands that rain in Scotland hardly, if ever, falls perpendicular to a football pitch? So many of these new 'covered' stands seem to offer very little resistance to rain slanting even slightly off the vertical.) At the moment, though, it also means wasting hundreds of thousands of pounds to remove most of the atmosphere from most of our games and replace it with all the awkwardness of sitting in a tiny bucket seat with no room for your legs. Not to mention not being able to speak to different people throughout the game and avoid anyone I may want to avoid, (hell, I mean mingling), and not standing up and down to let others in and out for about half an hour each game. I've seen more people nearly come to blows over this and the over-excitablw-twat-who-always-sits-in-front-of-the-miserable-bugger-and-jumps-to-his-feet-everytime-the-ball-crosses-into-the-St Mirren-half than anything else in the last 3 years.

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN

Rangers, as I'm sure you know, have a virtually all seated stadium. On their own accord they set about constructing it in the 70s, this was prompted by their own disaster in 1971. The fact everyone always conveniently avoids when holding this up as an example is that it had nothing to do with terracing or lack of seats. It happened as hundreds of fans going down the steps on their way out turned to go back in on hearing the cheer from a last minute Rangers equaliser and meeting fans coming the other way at the final whistle. So what have Rangers got now? A big stupid boxy looking ground with an eyesore of a seating plan and which played a large part in Scotland's absence from the States this summer. Is it any safer than, say, Parkhead the last time we were there? Possibly, but if I was in a 45,000 crowd that had to exit a ground in an emergency, I'd rather not have rows of knee-high seats with a gap of about 6 inches between them to navigate in order to do so. Does it cut down on trouble? Except our first Premier game there when I was forced to pay well over the odds to sit on the *steps* in the old stand, I've never been to that place without me or someone near being hit by bits of proddie-pie, bigot-burger or fuck-the-pope-pakora thrown from the top tier of the Broomloan Road stand. Despite police, stewards and security cameras, have any of the Celtic fans who periodically trash the place ever been arrested or brought to trial? If our national 'flagship' of stadia can't keep fans under control how can they possibly put it forward as the answer to the crowd control problems? A problem which, incidentally, has already been as solved as it's going to get. A couple of other examples- Pittodrie in the league cup 2 years ago is the only ground I've ever been hit by a coin at; the worst trouble at a Scottish game last year was the Clydebank-Dundee cup tie at Kilbowie; the worst trouble at any game in Britain was the play-off at Millwall's New Den; minor scuffles and repeated ejections at Meadowbank during the last months of last season. Is there something all these places have in common?

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG

The Taylor report is a complete fallacy. It doesn't remove any violence from football grounds that banning drink and adequate Policing and stewarding doesn't do already, it would not have prevented Hillsborough, there would only have been fewer who died with ticket stubs as the Police would still have opened the gates, and it has no bearing on any other disaster. It doesn't even apply to Scotland. Jim Farry, WHO?, has decided that it has to be fully implemented in Scotland though. Official policy from Westminster is weakening a little, but Farry is the government here and he won't back down. "It would be unfair on the clubs who have already spent money on improving their grounds if everyone else now gets away with it", is the typical response to suggestions that the rules be relaxed. Right. If only the hanging lobby had thought of that one when they were abolishing it, "We can't stop hanging people, it would be unfair on those we've hung already". Hang Jim Farry, say I.

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MAIR MONEY THAN BA'S

When I was a kiddie, in the dark days before I became a football junkie, a transfer was a crappy wee thing you got in the newsagent. You stuck it on your arm while you were in the bath and pretended it was a tattoo. If you were really stupid you could put one on your face in the hope your mum would keep you off school. This could lead to a nasty ordeal with a brillo pad and some Vim. Nobody tried it twice. Alas, those innocent days are gone and the term transfer has a different meaning for most of us.

The first big money transfer was in 1905. Alf Common went from Sunderland to Middlesbrough for £1,000. The £10,000 mark was passed in 1928, David Jack went from Bolton to Arsenal. In 1966 Allan Ball left Blackpool for Everton for £110,000. The £1M barrier was broken in 1979 and more recently Drunken Duncan Ferguson was priced at £4M, while Jack Walker has just emptied another Swiss bank account for Chris Sutton. Is it really possible that one player can be worth more than the whole Pars squad and East End put together?

Quite apart that he should only be getting a game for the Barlinnie special unit, how can the 'lanky loonie' be worth £4M? He has next to no international experience, hardly any in Europe and he couldn't even score against us in the League Cup last year with the benefit of a two goal start to take the pressure off. If Duncan Ferguson is worth £4M then I'm worth £500,000 and my granny a few grand due to her depth of experience and organisational ability.

Chris Sutton is as bad (although I bear him no grudge as he doesn't play for the Hun). Nevertheless, he hasn't got any international pedigree beyond a few games for the second team. So, why the need to set the chequebook on fire?

There is a theory that men who drive big cars have small willies. Jocky Scott drives a Jag, 'nuff said. The spiral of mad transfer fees is obviously a symptom of the same disease. A lot of the fat old cigar smoking club chairmen are worried about being a let down when they get it up. "Wait 'til you see the size of the cheque I wrote for the new striker darlin'" etc. These tired old duffers are just trying to conjure up the opportunity to tap some poor teenage secretary on the shoulder and say "I bet you've never seen one as big as this before luv". It's pitiful isn't it?

So the next time you see a news conference on the telly at which an over-rated and under-talented footballer is paraded before the press like a side of beef at an auction, don't concentrate on the player. Don't gasp at the vast sum of money changing hands. Don't even worry about how the rest of Scottish football can possibly keep up. Just look at the elderly git sitting at the table with a big smile on his face and remember...big cheque book, no willie.

Your Stars by Parlinda

Saint Johnstone

Scorpio



"Your expensive purchases from Dunfermline will have a sting in the tail as you struggle to pay their wages when nobody comes to see you play, mind you, you won't have win bonuses to worry about. Unlucky number is four, which is the number of times you'll get beaten by the Pars, colour is royal blue - betrayal."

So farewell then,
Lex Baillie.

Playing Football,
That was your art
Allegedly.

More hair than Neale Cooper
But not as much as Norrie,
You left to join the Polis
I'm not remotely sorry.

The Pars 1 The Polis 0

RL Thribb, age 26 1/4

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WEST COAST MEDIA BIAS - SCOTCHING THE MYTH

There's a long held belief amongst football fans of teams from the east of Scotland that the Scottish media, mostly based in Glasgow, is pre-occupied with the clubs from in and around Glasgow. Rangers and Celtic with the hours of air time and column-miles dedicated to them each week lend some weight to that argument but even the fans of these clubs like to think the media has it in for them.

Contrary to popular belief and all the evidence there is no west Coast bias in the Scottish media though. Bert Paton, in the Clyde program, expressed his anger with this supposed bias, in doing he was the second Pars' fan in a week to publicly do so. After the Airdrie game, Phil McFadden called Scotsport's typically bland phone-in to express annoyance at the policing at Broomfield the day before. The main point was anger at the pitch invasion that disrupted the game when we were pressing for an equaliser of major importance. Anger at the lack of stewarding that allowed this to happen and, in passing, a shot at the media for virtually ignoring the whole incident (given the highly charged emotions of the Pars support watching our season fall apart, there was the potential for the biggest pitch battle since Hampden in 1980). Phil mentioned west coast bias and raised the ire of Hugh Keevins who, avoiding commenting on the main point of the call, latched on to the sideswipe about him and his profession not reporting the event he phoned in about. Hugh then destroyed the popular eastern myth about a western bias. With true insight and a demonstration of a great mind at work, he threw light on the mysterious world of innovative logical thought that Plato, Socrates and Hobbs could have learned from, never mind the rest of us. With the following 18 sentences he made us all rethink our prejudices and rewrote the syllabi of every major school of philosophy in the world, he said "There. Is. No. West. Coast. Media. Bias. Dunfermline's. Greatest. Ever. Manager. Jock. Stein. Came. From. The. West. Coast."

So now you know. While we're on the subject, if you got the Bolton/West Ham programme and were wondering who the arse was who praised a drug free, fit Maradonna enlivening the World Cup on the morning news broke of his latest form of cheating, it was the man himself. Hugh. Keevins.

Your Stars by Parlinda

Raith Rovers

Capricorn



"You are a goat. You could have played for a decent club but you didn't, because you have no imagination. Your lucky number is 10, which is how many of your team would like to play for someone else."

FARRY'S



PHILOSOPHY



The East End Bounce

THE IN LANARKSHIRE

BIG "HELPING THE HELP THEI

Following on from the successes in Edinburgh, Glasgow and elsewhere in Scotland, the Big Issue is launching in Lanarkshire where there has been a sharp rise in homelessness in the last few months.

In May 2 families in the area were put out in the street. This put somewhere in the region of 500-1000 poor lost souls with no place to call home on a Saturday afternoon (estimates vary as a substantial number of these are known to have a place in Glasgow where they'd much rather be anyway but often can't get in due to overcrowding).

Fortunately we can report all is not gloom and doom. One of the parties has been offered temporary accommodation in a homeless hostel in Maryhill, the other has moved

into the new house of a recently homeless neighbour. This apparent act of kindness is very heartening in this day and age and despite this doubling up, overcrowding is not expected to pose too much of a problem. This is partly due to the small number who would actually come on a regular basis anyway, coupled with the extraordinary high cost being asked.

It's symptomatic of the current society this government has created, that those most at risk from being lost to the game, by their involvement with such a crap team, are then charged 25% more than everyone else.

It's good to see the people in charge of Broadwood stadium are doing all they can to make Airdrie feel at home. Moving to a strange place where you don't have any friends can always be quite traumatic, so it's very thoughtful of them to have ridiculous "we-haven't-a-clue-why-you-tie-the-goal-nets-back-but-everyone-else-is-doing-it-so-we-will-too" nets like they had at Broomfield complete with metal stanchions still in place.

The Big Issue

We'd like to thank the Big Issue for providing us with yet another idea with which to pathetically try and slag off some of our rivals. We don't intend to make light of homelessness and would urge everyone reading this to buy a copy whenever possible. At 50p it's better value for money, is a better read and, ultimately, supports a better cause than ourselves.

There, that should keep the PC brigade off our backs.

Your Stars by Parlinda

Airdrieonians

Pisces



"There's definately something fishy about you lot, probably due to the number of dubious penalties you get, though I predict this seam of good fortune may have been mined to an end. Pisceans are naturally cheating bastards and you lot are no exceptions, don't allow being the most expensive team to watch make you think you're in any way superior - your particular variety of sea life are bottom-feeders. Your lucky number is zero, which is the number of fans you'll have after a season of travelling to Cumbernauld."

G I S S U E

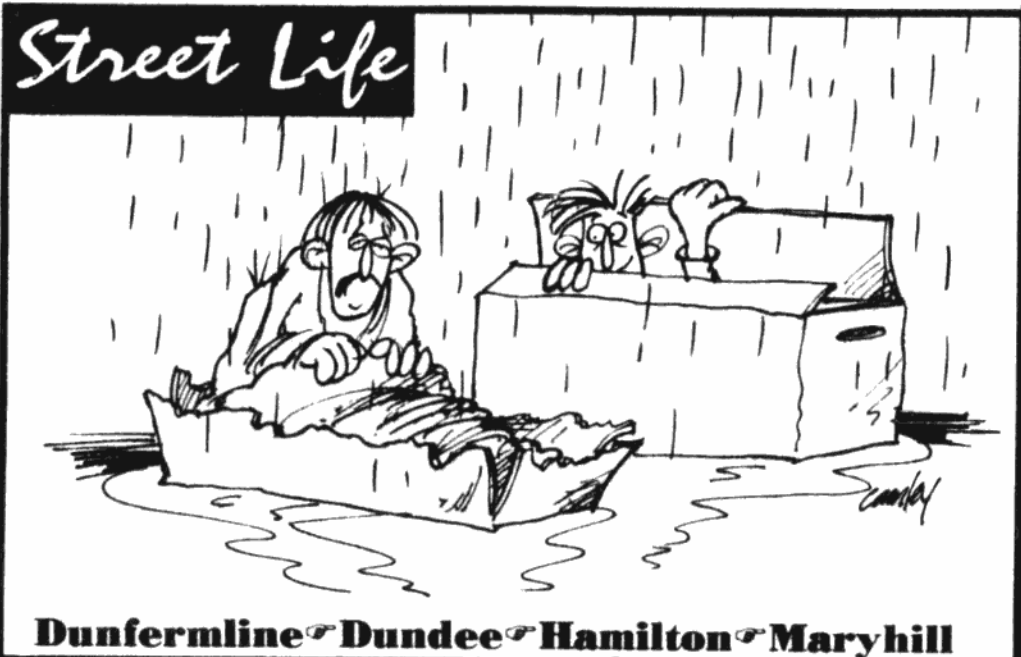
HOPELESS MSELVES"

ACCIES NAME CHANGE

a second after the inter-
Hamilton Accashit
Atheltic for six at Doug
in a one-sided affair
1-0

In keeping with the
trade descriptions
act, Hamilton have
changed their name,
as reported by *Scotland on Sunday* on
7th August. "It was inevitable," says
Accies boss Munro, "we're shite".

Street Life



Dunfermline • Dundee • Hamilton • Maryhill

CITY LIGHTS

Your Stars by Parlinda

Hamilton Accies

Gemini



"You are a team of 2 faced bastards.
You won't know whether you are com-
ing or going due to having no ground.
The few who remain loyal will call for
the heads of your leaders, listen to
them and throw the towel in, nobody
likes you. You will win nothing but you
can't have everything - a clue would be
a good start but you don't even have
that. In keeping with this you have no
lucky colour or number. Colour to avoid
green, that of grass. Luckily you won't
see any of that at Firhill after Septem-
ber. Number to avoid 2, as in 2nd Di-
vision, but you won't."

down and out
had a good job, got near the top
couldn't go on, soon had to stop
did all I could, to further career
then came a point 'down hill from here'
went west with some others, the tired and old
to the middle of no-where, out in the cold
over the years, toiling and striving
achieved minor success, ducking and diving
got some new players, but mostly old crocks
cheats, liars and a diamond-in-the-dirt-box
after further decline, out on the street
with no where to play, we couldn't be beat
but then came a club, from a lower division
with a bigger support and greater ambition
staying with the council, they took me in
it did me no good, I still couldn't win
now all I can do, is moan about syne
and what I do best, wasting more time

A McDonald

In the first of what could be a regular feature but will more than likely disappear after a couple of outings, here are the recollections of Gordon Robertson of a trip to Stranraer 10 years ago. As usual we give an open invite for contributions telling your own stories of memorable away trips.

STAIRING AT THE RUDE BOYS

These were the good old days. The days when an away game wasn't simply a half hour trip to Edinburgh or a jaunt up to Perth or across to Glasgow. We were in the privileged position being able to travel North on league business to Montrose, Brechin, Arbroath and all points south to Berwick, Dumfries and the giddy heights of an away match at Stair Park, Stranraer.

One particular Saturday springs to mind as being one of those memorable away trips when all the elements conspire, not just to throw a spanner in the works, but a complete toolkit. That we eventually made it to Stranraer was a minor miracle (although on the Pars performance for 89 of the 90 minutes there were times when lying unconscious in the tangled wreckage of a multiple pile-up seemed a preferable alternative).

At the time I was the proud owner of a bright yellow 2CV. What a machine. Those beautiful sleek curves, the purr of the engine (almost as powerful as mother's sewing machine) and of course the 'piece de resistance', the fold back roof. On the down side it had no stereo, so we had to make do with a portable radio/cassette and lots of batteries. Most of the time though this was completely fruitless as the previously mentioned purr tended to drown out whatever sweet sounds we tried to play. On the plus side, it also drowned out the wit and wisdom of the Radio Scotland sports crew. (We always had to sit in the car with the engine switched off to get the results after an away game.)

Anyway, I digress, back to the day in question. This particular away squad comprised of four plucky individuals. Myself as captain and midfield general, steering the team towards our desired goal, a talented if unpredictable back two who started the day off slowly but came in with a strong finish, and our lone striker, a man who gave it his all straight from the kick-off (an early morning trip to Haddows) and who only faded right at the end.

Any hopes of folding back the roof and enjoying the solar warmth were dashed hours before kick-off. The day dawned dull and miserable. With a bit of luck it might it might not rain, but Lady Luck was elsewhere today. So off we went, ghetto-blasting Echo and the Bunnymen, the back two saving their carry-outs for later in the day but the man up front cracking open the first of many. All seemed to be going well at this stage, we could almost hear the music, the rain was holding off and our pre-match predictions (unbiased of course) had the tele-printer spelling out the number of Pars goals. Five minutes later it was pouring down and we discovered someone had forgotten the map. I strongly argued against the theory that the driver is responsible for bringing a map, and refuted any allegations from my colleagues that I couldn't track an elephant in the snow.

So, basically we got lost somewhere between the Kincardine Bridge and our destination. I'm afraid I can't be more specific than that. The weather was determined to redefine the term "pissing down", a state of affairs the French obviously hadn't considered when designing the roof of my fine automobile. The water wasn't exactly pouring in, but it was certainly noticeable. Some time later, due to my much maligned navigational skills I'm sure, we found ourselves on the A77 and heading south. The afternoon wasn't getting any younger however and we still had a fair bit to go. Driving conditions were not exactly ideal but I had to put my foot down if we weren't going to miss kick-off (again).

We made up a bit of time and for once on an away trip decided we were not running too late. Over the years of watching the Pars we had become used to optical illusions, John Watson's former hair style for example, and so a detour to the famous Electric Brae seemed like a good idea. Perhaps due to the drink, perhaps not, one of the team refused to believe what he was

seeing. After one or two drives up and down, up and up, down and down or whatever the hell you do there, he got out the car and insisted on jogging alongside the car on the grounds he could then tell whether he was going up or down. After about seven more reversals and several startled motorists he finally conceded the point. That time consuming diversion out the way, onwards to Stranraer.

It was around this time the driver's side windscreen wiper fell off. This seemed to cause great mirth among my compatriots. The back two were by this time some way down the slippery slope to inebriation whilst our front man was pretty much pissed, having consumed a good many cans of Mr McEwan's best Export. I pulled in to the side of the road and we all jumped out to search for the missing article. The offending appendage

having been successfully retrieved and restored to its usual position we set off once more, now with a real need for speed. Five minutes and five miles down the road the lads were once again scouring the roadsides of Ayrshire for a small, thin piece of metal and rubber. I lost count of the number of times we had to stop after that. Needless to say we missed the kick-off by a fair bit but we were consoled by the fact that we missed nothing resembling a football match.

The details of the game are best forgotten, let's just say both teams were shite and we were a goal down going into the last couple of minutes. We had shuffled our way to the exit, our long coats and scarves pulled even tighter to ward off the elements. I had reached the stage of begging the referee to blow the whistle, just to end our agony when some rude, fat young tyke looked up at me, saw the black and white scarf, laughed in my face and said "You've had a wasted journey, I bet you wished you'd stayed at home". Just as I failed to come up with a witty retort, I glanced back towards the match just in time to see the ball hitting the back of the Stranraer net. I leapt into the air with the other Pars' fans nearby and "accidentally" smacked yon sallow youth on the side of the head with my elbow. "Not at all," I shouted at him, "I've had a great day". He rubbed the side of his face and scowled back.

It was a moral victory if nothing else. If we'd been beaten after the way we'd battled to get to the match the drive home would have been unbearable. As it was, we treated ourselves to huge fish suppers from a local chippy, the lads replenished their stocks of export, the rain stopped and we were on our way home. My last memory of that day, before several thousand brain cells were drowned in an alcoholic excess, was that of roaring along Netherton Broad street towards the Brig Tavern (in the days when it was more than just a roundabout). The back two had gone through some sort of Jekyll & Hyde transformation and decided that if they opened the rear doors simultaneously we would take off. Our lone striker had sunk into some sort of twilight zone and it looked like his fish supper would be seeing the light of day again in the near future.

As we skidded to a halt on the gravel of the Brig's car park, the figure beside me became a blur of motion, swinging open the door, leaping from his seat in a single bound and spilling out the contents of his guts. Meanwhile, my backseat passengers/flight attendants rolled out into the evening air and stumbled towards the best ale house in town. I turned off the engine, comforted my sick friend, then headed towards the first of many beers.

Gordon Robertson

Your Stars by Parlinda

Stranraer



Virgo

"You are pure and innocent and you'll beat Airdrie in all four league encounters by virtue of dubious penalty awards.

Be prepared for a lot of patronising talk from the media, losing alot and even longer journeys north in 12 months time.

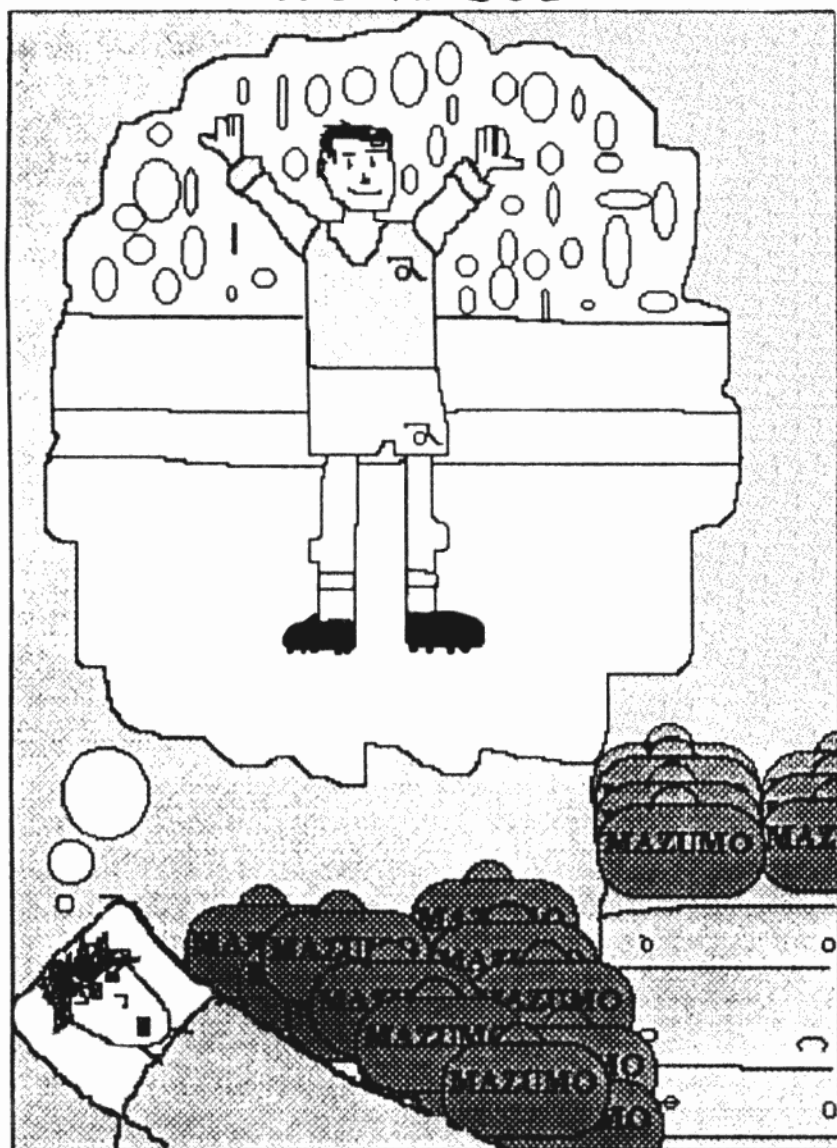
Your lucky number is 500 miles which is nearly how far away you are, where are you anyway?"

WE STILL HATE JIMMY HILL

The memory of the World Cup has faded in the fear and anticipation of a new season. Thousands of pale Scots fans watched the competition sitting in their front rooms, instead of their usual vantage point of a huge fountain, full of beer, somewhere within the borders of the host nation. We were sorry that we were absent, but many of us were also slightly relieved that we didn't have to suffer the shame of a serious gubbing at the hands of Saudi Arabia. However, for anyone out there who is suffering withdrawal symptoms from a lack of tartan and flags with 'Bannockburn' written across them, the wait is over. In less than two weeks time Scotland play their first qualifying game for the European Championships in 1996. Oh Jesus.

Scotland's first game is on 7th September, away to Finland. Greece, Russia, San Marino and the Faroe Islands complete the group. This is not a group to set the teeth a-chattering or the knees a-knocking, even by Scottish standards. Finland finished 2nd bottom of their qualifying group and Greece managed to concede 15 goals in their last 4 games whilst scoring none themselves. Of course, Craig Brown has been quick to say that their results aren't a true reflection of their ability. Bollocks.

THE PAR SIDE



In a recurring nightmare, Jackie appears before a large crowd in a ridiculous costume

If Scotland can't get to the European Championship from this group we may as well give up completely. The fixture list has been reduced this year and Hampden will be back in operation. We are running out of excuses for failure. As long as Craig Brown has the sense to keep Dave McPherson out of the squad there should be no worries.

If you're looking to top up the tan over the winter and spring, you can pencil in trips to Greece in December and San Marino in April, but there's probably not much call for the factor 6 for a trip to Russia in March. On the home front the Faroe Islands ought to get taken to the cleaners in October as long as Andy Tod gets a game. If Craig persists in picking any of Rangers' Scottish forwards we may well struggle. The visit of Russia in November could be tricky if they continue to show the form they showed while beating Cameroon 6-1. We'll just have to hope they keep falling out with each other in the meantime. Not exactly unlikely.

All in all Scotland are in with a great chance of getting to England in 1996. If we fuck it up this time we'll *really* only have ourselves to blame. So unpack the tartan tammy from the loft, start saving for the price of a pint in Finland and teach yourself Russian for "We hate Jimmy Hill, he's a poof, he's a poof..."

The East End Bounce

THE MAN WITH TWO BRIANS

While watching Scotland's recent trouncings at the hands of Holland all suddenly became clear as to why the decline of our national team.

Too many domestic games perhaps? The triumph of the physical elements over skill? Poor management? All possible reasons, however, the real answer lies with the names on the team sheet, or rather, one particular name on the team sheet.

A scanning of the capped players list in the Wee Red Book will show that no Brians had played for the tartan terrors until 1987. (I know some smart arse out there will tell me that the B Yorkson who got one cap against N Ireland in 1931 was a Brian, if so the fact he only got one cap proves my case). Suddenly a glut of Brians appeared, namely McClair, Gunn and Irvine.

Other countries produce Brians of the stature of Roy, Laudrup and Robson. The name Brian in Scotland conjures up images of the seasoned club professional. Tragically Roxburgh and Brown favour this type of player. Messrs Hamilton, Grant and Martin must be waiting by their phones.

Of the Brians tried so far, McClair finally managed to score for his country in his 300th

cap with a shot against the Russians which was heading for Gothenburg harbour before taking a massive deflection. Gunn was responsible for the two goals in his debut against the mighty Egypt in 1990 and for the needless penalty against Switzerland which eliminated Scotland from this year's World Cup. Irvine, a steady defender, was allowed to take the field against Holland in in May at Hampden. As if to confirm the point, the aforementioned Roy ran rings round him.

The moral of this story? A successful Scottish team needs players called Archie, Jimmy, Davie or Kenny, but please no BRIANS!

International Correspondent

Your Stars by Parlinda

St Mirren



Aquarius

"Aquarius the water carrier. Barry Lavety pleads water retention but he's just fat. You are a bladder and a leaky one at that. Lucky-number ones, which you're full of, also number twos."

Bollocks

Bollocks, as I'm sure you're all blissfully unaware, is the fanzine of Wellwood Thistle. We had decided not to bother with fanzine reviews in the Bounce, they just turn into mutual appreciation societies between their editors, but just this once we'll make an exception.

I got my hands on two Bollocks, the first two, from the end of last year, I couldn't say if there's been any more. At 20p they're even cheaper and nastier than ourselves, hand written, photocopied and hastily bound together, it makes us look quite professional (even if we are photocopied and stapled together on Saturday morning).

There's not much in them, they somehow run to an odd number of pages, but what there is is pretty good, apart from an unhealthy preoccupation with Portsmouth FC. Highlights from the first 2 as follows - "we're sick of people moaning about abuse from the sidelines, if you don't like to be shouted at, DON'T PLAY FUCKING FOOTBALL", and the attached which we're printing without permission as there's no address, and they probably pinched it in the first place.

OLD LADIES

*If you don't pay your
gas bill this winter*

YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON

The Gas Board

We'll get our fucking bit - don't you worry

The East End Bounce

Edinburgh Festival

This year sees the welcome return of one of the most popular shows of all time. It last made an appearance during the 1989 Festival, now five years and one day on we have the chance to see it all over again. Most of the cast have changed, as has the principal director, but the 2 companies putting on this show are essentially the same, even though both have had their trials and tribulations in the intervening years. As with the show in 1989 it is on for one night only, so be sure and not miss it.

With so much going on in Edinburgh it's not surprising some of the venues are not up to scratch. Unfortunately, this will be taking place at one of the worst in the entire country with a great many patrons being forced to sit outside, in the rain if need be. Don't let this put you off though, it promises to be one of the most exciting performances of the whole year, not just the festival. Arrive early and make sure of a good seat.

Following a trend in theatrical naming conventions, the title won't be decided until after the show, but it is thought it will be along the lines of the last one "Hibernian 1 - Dunfermline 3".

Working title "Hibs v Dunfermline" is on for one night only at Easter Road at 7:30 on Tuesday 30th August. Tickets at the door.

Your Stars by Parlinda

Clydebank

Libra



"The scales suit the Bankies, because they always manage to off-set good performances against the top teams by losing to shite (and the Pars). Your lucky number is three, which is how many feet over the by-line the ball was last season when Sharpie crossed it for a goal."

CONGRATULATIONS NORRIE

We'd like to offer congratulations to Norrie in passing the 500 mark for the Pars. We were going to have a special retrospective and tribute to him, but we found out that the programme were planning the same thing and didn't want to show them up by doing a better job. A certain oriental master criminal, of previous Pars fanzine fame, missing a vague deadline has nothing to do with it.

Also on, but not Tuesday as he's playing. Can it really be?

IVOR DEMBINA Comedy Stand Up Jewish
Comedy (11.55pm) 33-Pleasance L11

Over the summer, we at The Bounce have been inundated with letters from mystics and travelling types prophesising all sorts of good fortune and occasionally bad. You've already seen the future with Parlinda, here we bring you some corroboration and some insights to the mysterious world of fortune telling. Rosa wrote to us at the start of the summer which is why some of her examples may appear like old news, in fact it is just an indication of her powers that she is being proven correct.

Being a gypsy with an amazing capacity to see into the future, I feel it is only right that I share my skills with my fellow Pars fans - especially at this time with everyone looking to the start of a new season. Follow these simple rules and you will be able to decide in advance whether it is wise to travel 100 odd miles to Stranraer in the pouring rain or, alternatively, to stock up on booze in preparation for an end of season promotion party. It also comes in handy for your pools coupon.

Get hold of a crystal ball, if this proves elusive, a regulation leather one will do. Stare in to the depths of the ball, let your mind go blank and, if you've been eating the right kind of mushrooms, you should start seeing visions. Read as much into everything as possible. After all, an image of a glass of coke could be another way of saying that the Pars are going to win the Coca-Cola Cup.

The following are some possible interpretations to help explain the visions that appear from the depths of your mitre.

- £ signs appearing before your eyes are only to be expected. Gate prices are to rise at East End.
- A tall dark handsome stranger implies Ivo is in for a good season.
- Images of falling diamonds mean there is a good thrashing of Airdrie to look forward to.
- Visions of deep, lush green indicate the groundsman will have done a good job over the close season.
- Finally, if you hear the pitter-patter of tiny feet, it means wee George is on his way out.

Gypsy Rosa Silverware.

The East End Bounce

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Having more or less exhausted my supply of world-wide contacts with Pars fans in the first two issues, this month's contribution comes from nearer home and nearer reality. Keith E Wright is not a Hibe bastard but a native Fifer and Pars fan who, for his own safety, lives in Aberdeenshire in an attempt to avoid the fatwa placed on all Hibs League Cup '91 players by Mohamed M Mohamed, last issue's correspondent and famed Pars fundamentalist. In this article Keith answers the question, where were you?

I don't remember where I was when Kennedy was killed, although I have a strong suspicion that what ever I was up to would involve nappies, bottles or sleeping - those were the days! However I do remember where I was when I heard that Elvis Presley had died (playing cards with the family). I also know where I was when I first heard that John Lennon had died - but I thought that was some sort of joke because of the dubious quality of his latest album and I had to be shown a newspaper before I believed it (*an event which, it has to be said, somehow overshadowed the day's far more important news of Harry Melrose getting the heave from East End -Ed*). And I know where I was when I first heard that Jim Leishman was sacked - which was probably 2 days after most other Dunfermline fans.

I was in holiday in Greece, on the Ionian island of Levkas. I had deliberately booked my holiday for a time after the world cup finals, and was enjoying myself in temperatures of 90°. It was a package holiday with a somewhat mixed bunch. There was a couple of Scots, one welshwoman and about 15 English. After taking great delight in explaining to the assembled Englishmen how happy 90% of Scots were to see England go out of the world cup, and that we only wished it could have happened sooner, we began to talk of our club sides. "Jim Leishman", I said confidently, "is a Dunfermline man through and through. He has a great rapport with the crowd, has taken the club from the bottom of the 2nd to the top of the Premier and got them to cup semi and quarter finals. He has a job for life if he wants it, and because he loves the club so much he won't leave. He will be our manager for a long time to come." As it turns out I was wrong in virtually every respect.

A couple of days later, I was walking down the Hellas Road looking to buy an English language newspaper. The closest thing they had was The Daily Record so I bought it. The front page had a small box saying something like "Football Shock - Jim ousted!". I was surprised to hear that Jim McLean had had had to leave Dundee Utd but, he was a miserable old grouch he was probably asking for it. I turned to the sports pages to see why he'd been chucked out only to be left standing in shock in the middle of a dusty street in a small Greek town shouting "this can't be happening". It had never occurred to me that the headline might have been referring to Jim Leishman. The board of Dunfermline Athletic very nearly received a series of very irate, but pretty, postcards protesting the decision, but in the end I waited until I got home to pen a letter of protest and phoned in to complain.

The rest, as they say, is history. You better watch your back Bert. If you get promotion your job could be on the line. You never know with this crowd.

Keith E Wright

URGENT REQUEST. If you have any friends, relatives debtors etc who've emigrated, been deported, are fleeing extradition warrants or just generally living abroad, please buy another copy of this issue and send it to them with a request to do a wee article about supporting the Pars in Paraguay, running a bus from Bosnia, deifying Dunfermline in Dehli, adoring the Athletic from Adelaide or...or...you get the drift. They will receive nothing for their efforts except a free copy sent surface mail and a slagging from their friends if they ever return to Fife.

The East End Bounce

LETTERS

BOUNCE

Sir,

I was in a newsagent's the other week, buying a paper funnily enough. Anyway, you know how sometimes when not really looking at something a word or name jumps out at you because it has some special significance? The number of times I've seen the name 'French' and my mind's immediately leapt to thinking about the Pars goal scoring genius, the only time I've ever bought the Financial Times was catching the headline 'French in European £Million Deal' while running through the bus station.

However, I digress, I was in a papershop. Picking up my paper I made for the counter while my eyes glanced over the magazine racks. Nearing the counter I smiled and established eye-contact with the rather attractive young lady behind the counter, just as I was doing that, something I half saw registered in my consciousness and I came to an immediate halt, turned back to the racks and found myself staring at very large-breasted woman almost wearing a wet T-shirt. Being on the top shelf, the woman on the cover, and being surrounded by the more familiar amateur gynaecology titles, I didn't need to buy it to discover that 'Bounce' is quite a different publication from yours.

Anyway, I asked the girl if that was a fanzine, she obviously didn't know what 'fanzine' meant because she went absolutely scarlet and eventually said "I suppose you could call it that".

I must admit, I briefly thought you'd gone all glossy and glamorous. That's my story and I'm sticking by it.

Name and Address Supplied

Your Stars by Parlinda

Dundee
Cancer



"You have a strong shell but no backbone. You live near a drain and thrive on sewage. Watch out for greyhound shit as you walk to work. Your lucky colour is brown and so is your number. You smell like a kennel on a hot day."

TARTAN TAT

Sir,

What is this about Rod Stewart? Just 'cos he's really famous and can afford to fly to Scotland games when were in the World Cup or have some other really big game he's "Scotland's greatest football fan". What a load of pish. If any of the rest of us had half the money he did we'd be at all Scotland's games.

He's not even really Scottish. He was born in London and any hereditary claim he has must have been relinquished by now as he can't have spent more than 2 days a year on average here in his entire life. What is he then? Just a piece of tartan tat, playing up his twee Scottish image for the benefit of corporate America and his own personal fortune. Does Scotland ever benefit from any of this?

C McGregor, Inverkeithing

PS His songs are shite too.

Your Stars by Parlinda

Ayr United

Taurus



"Taurus is the bull, which certainly describes Simon Stainrod as he's always talking shit. Taureans are strong and reliable. They're also slow, stupid and crap at football. Your lucky number is two, which is a fair estimate of the number of Sam McGivern's brain cells."

BROAD-DAYLIGHT-ROBBERY-WOOD

Sir,

I'm writing about the prices for the Airdrie game at the start of the season. £8 for a First Division match is just ridiculous. It is too much for a Premier game let alone Airdrie.

Are these prices set by Airdrie or the council? Do Airdrie fans have to pay £8 to go in their end as well? It wouldn't surprise me if it was less for them. If they are paying the same as us they'll have even fewer supporters come the end of the season. And if they are, its surprising they only sold 16 season tickets, or maybe that's not so surprising after all.

L McDonald, Dunfermline

The East End Bounce

2 MILLION REASONS TO BUY THE EAST END BOUNCE

Ever keen to do what we can to help the Pars both on the park and with the financial troubles off of it, we at *The Bounce* have thought long and hard about how we can best do this. The obvious answer was to try and raise as much money as possible with the least amount of effort. To this end we are now trying to raise anything up to £2,000,000 a week until the end of the season. If this scheme fully realises its potential, by May we will have raised something in the region of £75M.

This figure may seem unrealistically high, that's because it is. In all truth we only expect to net £2-3M over the course of this season, but even at that it should be enough to set us up for another crack at the Premier League.

How do we do it? Simple. We take some of the profits from the money you've spent in buying *The Bounce*, send it off to a pools company and, when it's our turn, they give us over £2M. Over 90% of all money received in this way will be paid into the club in one form or another. The other 10% will be retained for administration purposes and, unashamedly, funding my new extravagant lifestyle.

You too can join in the fun. We're publishing the match numbers of 'The Bounce Line', so that at home, or on your way back from the match, you can check up to see if we'll be buying Andy Cole next Wednesday.

The scheme has been running for 2 weeks already but with little success. On week one we scored only 14 points, this went up to 16 last Saturday with that very handsome chappie, Paul Chalmers, scoring for Hamilton in one of 2 jackpot draws. If we keep improving at this rate it will only take another 4 weeks before we hit the magical 24 point mark and we become the most famous fanzine in the world. The numbers to look out for are - 1, 7, 17, 20, 23, 40, 41, 47, 50 and 57.

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

This issue's competition is slightly harder than the last one. So hard in fact, we're offering the huge prize of the next 5 issues of *The Bounce*. All you have to do is be the first person drawn from my Pars tummy with the answer to this question.

Q- What is the significance of the number 56060 to the Pars?

If you think you know the answer, jot it down and send it to the address on page 2. Closing date is a couple of days before the next issue comes out. As that could be any time between now and Christmas, best do it as soon as possible.

The East End Bounce

Where Were You Jim Farry?

This week we thought it was about time this feature brought you the wisdom of someone who knows something about football. Someone to share their thoughts and memories on the summer of madness 4 years ago when it was deemed necessary to replace Jim Leishman with a garden gnome as manager of Dunfermline Athletic. Unfortunately, this wasn't possible and despite having 3 months to organise something we haven't managed to speak to anyone remotely connected with the game. We did try to speak to the guy in charge of the SFA to get an insight into the type of really stupid decision making, inept top-heavy beurocracy and men-in-suits-with-huge-egos-running-a-game-they-



know-nothing-about syndrome that was at the root of our investigation. Sadly, though, he wouldn't speak to us and we got no further than his secretary. She was a rather unattractive sort, much over-weight and had more hair on her face than on her head. I can only assume she was hired by the boss's wife or is in her position by dint of some bizarre nepotistic obligation because she certainly wasn't hired on ability, knowledge of football, common decency or being remotely in touch with reality. Despite her delusions of grandeur, an annoying nasally voice and knowing little of the game - and as we couldn't get anybody else - we asked Jim Farry, where were you?

"Where was I when, sorry?"

"Who's Jim Leishman?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand the question. I'm just a secretary, I don't really know anything about football. We're an association we just..."

"I'm sorry, I'm not really allowed to tell you what we do, but we are important. There's all sorts of people here, you've probably never heard of them but they get to travel all over the world first class and get paid loads, just to watch football. I can say that if you want to play football you have to ask us first and if you don't fill in the proper forms and write to us years in advance we won't let you. Our main priority is protecting the Scottish game, and we can best do that by not letting people in Scotland see how the game can be played better by others.

"Anyway I've got to go now, that workman across the road has his break in a minute and it's a nice hot sunny day so he might get his top off again.

"Hope you find that bloke you were looking for, what did you say he did again?"

The East End Bounce