

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

This issue of *The East End Bounce* is brought to you by Paul Bundy, Rohan Lightfoot, Fu Manchu, Parson, Brandon Marlow, Cameron Kelton and Peter Nolovu. Issue Five should be out round about February, depending on what's happening with us in the Scottish Cup. As ever, we need contributions for the likes of Own Correspondent, memorable away trips and The Parshite Zone. That said, we're looking for any and everything, use your imagination.

Apologies for the slightly shorter version this time round, only with the last minute hiring of replacement equipment have we been able to get this out at all. Back to normal service or bigger next time.

As ever, thanks to the staff and management of the following pubs for their efforts and support in stocking *The Bounce*.

The Pitbauchlie

THE EAST PORT BAR

THE OLD INN

Other places that you could have bought this from include - WT Gough Newsagents in Rosyth, Hitz Records in Bridge St, Our Price in the Kingsgate, The Sports Book Shop in Gilmour Place and RS McColl in the St James Centre, both Edinburgh and in the Paragon on the day we come out.

Back Issues - There are a few copies of issues 2 & 3 available from the usual address, 50p each plus SAE. The Book Shop in Gilmour Place had a few issue ones a couple of weeks ago (as well as various Pars European programmes)

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11 Rowan Grove, Dunfermline, KY11 5QX.

There's certainly been a few changes since the last time I was pontificating here, we're top of the league and not second for one, we found a big smelly pile of shite and rubbed George O'Boyle's face in it for two, the transfer tribunal decided he was worth less than we paid for him 5 years previously for three, Sharpie and Sinky have moved on for four, Derek Fleming, who had a magic game against us when we beat Meadowbank earlier, and Marc Miller have joined us for five and we've beaten the Rovers home and away for six (points).

Despite all the good that's happened there's still a few things causing concern, why isn't Jim Will getting a game being the obvious one, if he's still injured he shouldn't be on the bench and if he isn't he should be on the pitch. If Bert doesn't think he's good enough to challenge Westie then why was he signed in the first place? It's not as though Westie is Mr Solid at the back. After last week's game at Starks it finally looks like Bert has realised the need for Robertson in midfield unless absolutely necessary, fair enough against Airdrie when there was no central defence he had to move back but he's far too slow for the position and far too essential in the centre. Andy Tod has never looked convincing in midfield and is a bit of a revelation at the back, now there's an option from moving Robbo when Norrie or Neale are out we can look forward to not losing games like that against Dundee in the B&Q. What we do when Robertson is out is another question.

For some people I'm sure the highlight of the season would be either stuffing St Johnstone or the Rovers, not me. My highlight was in the 2-2 Airdrie game. In the second half when Kenny Black went running into the box with no chance of catching the ball looking for nothing but the penalty. Westie came out for the ball, realised what was happening and pulled back well before contact, Black still went sprawling as though struck by a claymore at knee height. For half a second when McClusky ran towards the incident I thought they were getting their customary undeserved penalty, instead the yellow card came out and for the second time that day I thought I was seeing things. The first time was us getting a penalty against them, I honestly thought I'd never live to see that happen again. That and the second equaliser makes me think referees are finally covering Pars-Diamonds matches as any other one.

Despite some dreadful defending in the first half the game last week was a joy. It's a pity the media had to spoil it, STV called Kenny Ward "Mark" and then a "youngster", Ian Redford was on our side and The Daily Record even had Stuart Beedie back playing for us. I like the media showing a bit more interest but they could at least make half an effort to get their facts right.

On a final note I'd like to wish Rovers the best of luck against Celtic in the League Cup final later on this month. It's a frightening thought - them winning something - but I'll support anyone against the Old Firm, hell, I even wanted Airdrie to beat Rangers a couple of years back.

Let's all do...

Paul Bundy

THE PAR SIDE



Once again Stainrod was huge throughout.

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THE PARSHITE ZONE

Have you ever found yourself watching the Pars, either home or away, and started to wonder as to why you were there, with the normal train of thought being "What the fuck am I doing here?". Well, this means you have entered the Parshite Zone (cue eerie music) and you cannot escape. No matter how bad they are you are unable to leave the ground as you always have this bizarre and inexplicable belief that they can recover before the 90 minutes are up. It is all to no avail because when they are pish, they are unbelievably PISH!!!!

November 20 1982 is a date that will conjure up the ultimate nightmares for me, because this is the day Dunfermline transpired to produce their worst display ever, and I mean, EVER! It will come as no surprise to you that the world's only surviving Neanderthal man, Tom Forsyth, was the incumbent manager at the time. To state that I was a tad upset at their display that day is a major understatement. I was absolutely and totally furious, completely inconsolable and filled with thoughts of murder. Granted Dunfermline were sitting near the bottom of the 1st Division but Dumbarton (our opponents this fateful Saturday) were only six points ahead so, surely we would get a point if not two from this game.

The game kicked-off on time and the Sons did not look all that great but their two wingers were disturbingly fast and skillful, namely Raymond Blair on the right and John "hic!" Donnelly on the left, and it came as no surprise when Blair scored a cracker after about 15 minutes. Dumbarton had little in the way of constructive play for the rest of the first half, then again, Dunfermline were fairly shite too. Four minutes before half-time Donnelly, after some neat play, set up Stevenson who couldn't miss and the bastard didn't. 2-0 down at the interval and it wasn't over yet. There were still 45 minutes to go.

The second half started with the general consensus of the fans in my immediate area being that the scoreline was not a really fair reflection on the state of play as both sides were crap. Things were generally subdued until roughly half way through the second period when 2 Dumbarton players were sent-off for thoroughly uncompromising tackles. The words "bastards" and "dirty" sprung immediately to mind, surely now we were going to beat these west coast cheats, nevermind drawing with the swine. Twenty-five minutes of thud and blunder were to follow with the Pars throwing everything at Dumbarton's goal barring the ball. I lost count of the number of times that Dunfermline players got in each other's way in their increasingly frantic efforts to score. Surely they were bound to get a goal we all thought. 11 men against 9. Come on ye Pars.

On 89 minutes the unthinkable happened. Dumbarton had a quick break and Blair scored an amazing goal, his second and the Sons' third. Apart from the muffled cheers of a few Dumbarton fans going totally apeshit, there was a momentary silence among the 1200 Pars fans in attendance then the jeers and booing reverberated around East End and was still going on when the ref blew for full-time.

I had been totally silent as I was physically shaking with anger and continued to shake on my slow trudge round to the exit. My anger was so unequivocal that I never even heard the delightful sound of the Polka Dot Waltz over the tannoy. Outside the stadium, walking down the Halbeath Road, I exploded with rage. Both of my brothers who had been muttering their discontent to each other looked at me in a state of suspended belief. Their attempts to console me were a waste of time and the air was bluer than a complete set of Roy "Chubby" Brown videos. 10 buckets of freezing cold water would have failed to calm me down. It was at least 15 minutes before I was able to complete a coherent sentence without the f-word in it.

I said at the start of this article that this was the worst Pars performance ever but I have been to the Parshite Zone on several other occasions and I may share my experiences with you in future issues. I don't think they have been worse than this but that's just my opinion. I'm sure you have your own tales to tell so put pen to paper and relate these living nightmares to The East End Bounce.

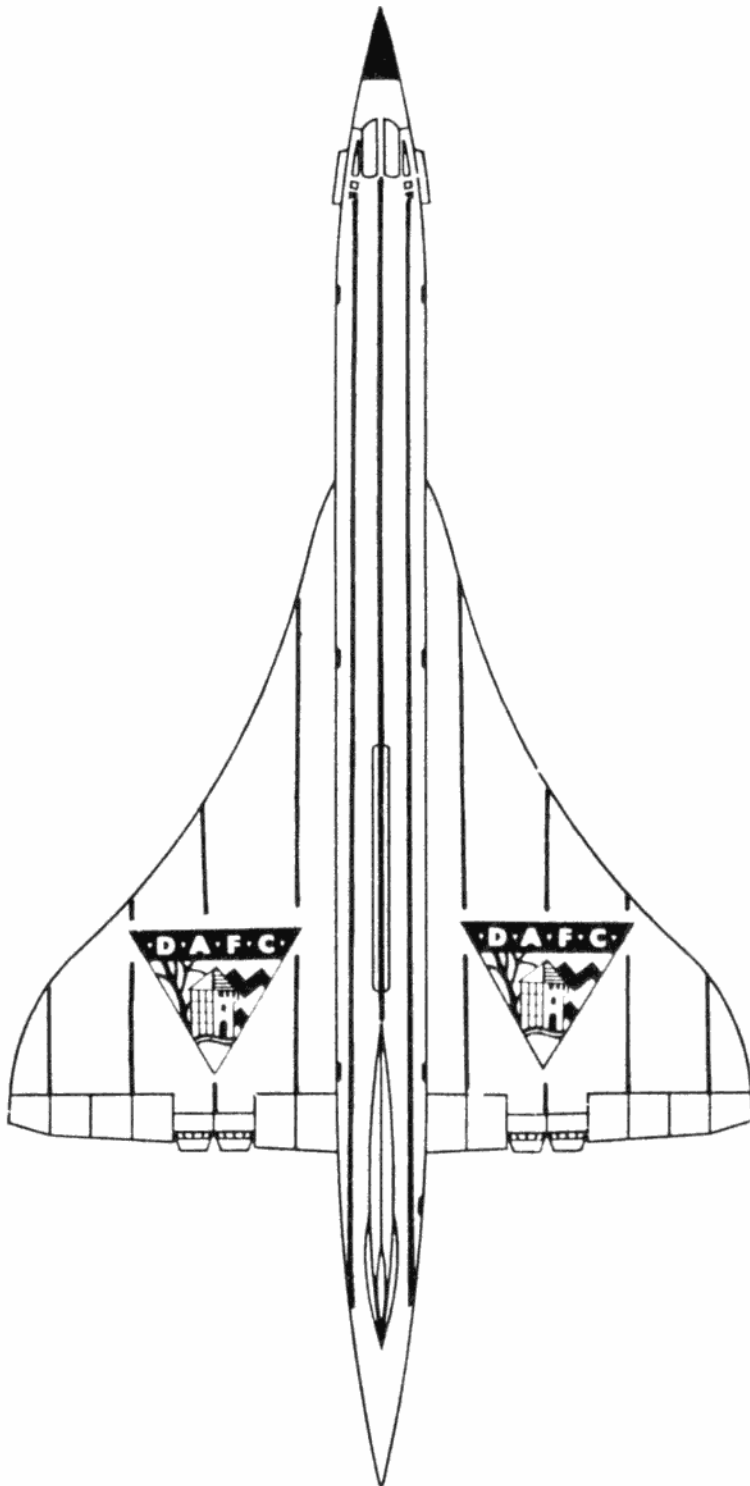
Fu Manchu.

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DINGPARS

Find the familiar phrase, saying or name in the diagram below.

Answer on an air-mail envelope.



THE PARABLE OF THE MAN FROM GOWKHALL

Why does Bert take his glasses off for the TV cameras? Is he worried that they might conceal his boyish good looks? Isn't it spooky that he hasn't aged at all since the sixties? Does anyone know if he happened to be born in a stable around about Christmas time? It would explain a lot.

George O'Boyle - Judas
Westie, Robbo & Ivo -

3 wise men

Jim Jeffries - King Herod

Jim Leishman - John the
Baptist

Crawford Baptie - A Donkey

Jackie, Dereks Fleming &

Laing - Heavenly Host

East End - the Promised Land

Preston North End - the last
temptation

Winning the League -

the second coming

The fans - 12,000 disciples

Hamish - A star in the North

Raith Rovers - sacrificial
lambs

Paul Smith - the prodigal son

Rorrie, Reale Cooper &

Stewart Petrie - Holy trinity

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WHY DO THEY DO THAT?

Wednesday saw the return of Desmond Lynam and his mind-numbingly banal television programme "How do they do that?". Known throughout the land for his laconic charm, mature good looks and witty ad-libs, British housewives pray for rain at Wimbledon so they can see more of him. Des is fronting a show using high-technology, library footage and dare-devil stunts to create the illusion of entertainment. Amazed at how non-descript tat of this sort clogs up prime time TV, we sent an investigative team to London to find out "how do they get away with that?", worryingly the answer they came up with was "Airdrie".

Despite not asking, Des refused to speak to them, unperturbed and, taking their cue from a hundred PI shows, our intrepid hounds went raking through the dustbins at Broadcasting House and came up with a crumpled, torn and coffee stained BBC memo. Through further research we've managed to put together the following theory.

Apparently during his time as Grandstand presenter Des became interested in Scottish football. It was around the time that Airdrie were close to promotion to the premier division. Captivated by the allure of this most charming of Scottish clubs, nestling as it does in the M8 riviera of Monklands district, Des decided to present a feature on the team. After all they were one of the last few exponents of the beautiful game north of the border.

Intrepid Dezza and his camera crew arrived in the area but immediately the council were opposing the filming unless they used local technicians, the Provost's son and nephew. This they refused to do but snuk back into Airdrie via a B-road to do their filming clandestinely. Unfortunately they hit further obstacles when they were chased out of town by the Orange Lodge who objected to the catholic soundman. It seemed as if the wonderful dream was over before it had begun, this all makes our theory seem a bit weak, apart from one crucial piece of evidence...the BBC memo.

Most of the text is obscured but we have managed to piece together a few coherent sentences and the last paragraph is intact. Here are a few snippets..."...no entertainment value whatsoever...payed in advance...seemed to enjoy it...nonsensical nursery rhyme chanting...come back week after week...no redeeming features". We can't be sure the words were Des's, but we think so, here's the concluding paragraph in full.

"In conclusion it appears we can broadcast a weekly programme with no content, talent or excitement and people will watch it simply because it is there. Even if we reuse old material nobody will notice. It seems that people quickly become immune to the realisation that they are watching rubbish. Some of them even manage to block out all of the worst moments, leaving themselves with the impresion that they have had a good time. It's better than we could ever have imagined. We can ask for a huge budget, create an experience with no worthwhile content and cream most of the cash off the top for ourselves. It can't fail."

It would appear to be proof of the huge influence that Airdrieonians Football Club unwittingly have on the cultural heritage of the nation. Their inspirational effect on Des has spread throughout the British media and their philosophy has shaped a new generation of television producers. It doesn't matter if it's dross, because everyone will have forgotten by next week anyway.

Think of Des, think of Bob Monkhouse, think of Paul Daniels...and blame it all on Airdrie.

Rohan Lightfoot

B&Q CUP, THE BIG ISSUE,

AIRDRIE AND SATANISM

The Big Issue has over the last 6 weeks been following the B&Q cup and spreading misfortune as it goes. The reporter, Keith Davidson, started with Ross County who were away to East Fife. County lost so in the next round it was East Fife against Cowden, Mark Yardley scored one of his hat-tricks and the reporter had to change teams again. Not unlike the

creature in 'The Hidden', he's moved from victim to victim, their fate sealed on first contact. Following Cowden into the hat they came out with ourselves, Cowden were dropped by the wayside at Central Park and the Jonah was in our midst for the semi against Dundee at East End. Whether his evil spell works outside of Fife is another question, but if I was an Airdrie fan I'd have the Pentagonam ready drawn and the baby prepared for a sacrifice and celebration on Sunday night.

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NORRIE M^cCATHIE

In recognition of Norrie's recent achievement of making his first 500 first team appearances for the Pars, and his 50th goal in the process, here's a personal account of his story as seen from the terraces by Fu Manchu.

Thirteen years ago the then Pars manager, Pat Stanton, signed Doug Considine for a then massive £35,000 from Aberdeen and what a big girl's blouse he turned out to be. At the same time Stanton arranged a swap deal with Cowdenbeath, they got Craig McFarlane and we signed Norman McCathie. History has obviously revealed who got the better deal as Big Craig followed the road to football oblivion and Norrie's still going strong having surpassed Brian Lara's famous innings of 501 with his first team appearances for Dunfermline Athletic. Lara may transpire to be a one-season wonder but Norrie is still turning in some of his best performances in a Pars shirt as our goals against column shows with clarity.

It is hard to believe now but Norrie was signed as a forward. I was at East End to witness his first game in a reserve match, where he played as centre-forward, and to state that he was garbage is flattering his debut performance. A couple of months later he made his first-team debut at Somerset Park against a strong Ayr United and turned in a quiet but solid performance as the Pars gained a 1-1 draw thanks to a Sandy McNaughton goal. (McNaughton was named man-of-the-match by Glen "Cavalcade" Michael in the Sunday Mason.) Norrie also played in the next match at home to St Johnstone which was memorable for one reason alone, as this was the game that that little piece of shit John Pelosi crippled Jim Brown with the most diabolical challenge I have ever witnessed at a football match.

Shortly after this McCathie made his first appearance as centre-half at Fir Park and, sad to say, he and most of his colleagues had a piss-poor game as Motherwell annihilated us by six goals to one. He was like the proverbial fish out of water. During this inaugural season however, he had a superb game in central midfield at Palmerston Park scoring the second and third goals in a memorable 3-2 win over Queen of the South. His second and decisive goal was an amazing forward run during which he powered his way past two defenders and slipped the ball under the advancing keeper sending the Pitbauchlie boys behind the goal into fits of ecstasy. One of my favourite away games.

Season 1982-3 was not a particularly pleasing one as the Pars were relegated and, to make matters worse, had employed Tom Forsyth as manager and what an unmitigated disaster he turned out to be. Nonetheless, the esteemed subject of this article had a fairly good season in what was a poor team, although they were to get even worse the following season. McCathie played in every game bar one, scored 5 goals, the team finished 10 in the second division. Tom Forsyth got a boot up his arse (good riddance) and a certain Jim Leishman installed in his place. I won't say any more about this season other than that Norrie was one of our best players.

Still playing as a midfielder at the start of 1984-5, Norrie scored four goals in the first six games of the season. His performances were showing the sort of consistency we have become used to, but later on in the season Leishman and the tactician, Gregor Abel, moved McCathie back to form an inspired defensive partnership with Dave Young. The goals against dried up considerably apart from a nightmarish and, ultimately, costly home defeat by Raith Rovers that probably cost us promotion.

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Season 1985-6 saw the start of a truly joyous time as a Pars fan and I missed half of the games due to my being placed in employment in the glorious Lake District. I had all the regulars in Tweedies in Grasmere almost as Dunfermline daft as myself as we celebrated victories such as 3-0 away to the mighty Albion Rovers (teletext is a wonderful invention). This was far and away Norrie's best season so far for the Pars as was shown in that in the two games he missed, the defence leaked seven goals. Three in a miserable 3-1 gubbing at Dumfries (a thoroughly depressing weekend for me as I'd managed to wangle the weekend off, staying in Carlisle on the Saturday night, my sorrows were well and truly drowned that evening). A 4-0 hammering by Meadowbank Thistle in their next fixture ensured that I gave Tweedies a wide berth for a few nights. McCathie returned from a suspension and immediately this coincided with a stunning eighteen goals without reply during the next five matches. This period of superb football was a major factor in Dunfermline winning the Second Division title and scoring 91 goals, Norrie getting eight of them.

Back up in the First Division and McCathie found himself having to forge a new partnership with Grant Reid, signed from Stenhousemuir, as Young was in a huff with the club. By mid-October things looked up with Davie Young sorting out his differences with Dunfermline and regaining his rightful place as centrehalf alongside Norrie who played in every league game in another memorable season for him and the Pars, a season which saw some of the players signing full-time contracts.

As well as playing in every league game Norrie also scored six goals, two of them still fresh in my memory. The first was a splendid winning header in a 2-1 victory over Dumbarton, all the more important because if they had won, the Sons would have leap-frogged us into first place in the Division. The other goal is even clearer in my mind, two weeks later at Cappielow



Dunfermline were 2-1 down and with one minute of play remaining I was traipsing out, shoulders hunched, muttering obscenities under my breath. A last minute all-out assault was mounted during which Norrie scored in-off the underside of the bar. The away end at Cappielow was awash with cries of joy and much dancing, not to mention a few gesticulations towards the Morton fans. Sweet dreams are made of this.

Season 1986-7 ended with the Pars in

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second place and a place in the Premier League for the first time in its history. Vast quantities of Guinness were consumed on the evening after the last game of the season, just imagine it, the Pars back in the top echelon of Scottish football.

The new season couldn't come quickly enough for the fans or the players and most the team were now full-time players. Davie Young was one of the exceptions and it came as no surprise when he was transferred early on, though not before scoring two, including our first, in our debut Premier League game. There was much chopping and changing in all departments of the team and Norrie was one of those to suffer, although only Craig Robertson played more first team games than him. Other central defensive colleagues included Vette "Shagger" Anderson, John Holt and Gary Riddell, who tragically died raising money for the Hillsborough appeal at an early age. Relegation was the price to pay for too many new faces but the Pars would return.

Back in the First Division Norrie suffered a bad injury in a pre-season Fife Cup tie and this cut his number of first team appearances quite drastically but the Pars carried on with another successful season. In January 1989 McCathie went on loan to Ayr United for two games which they lost 4-1 and 5-1, therefore, it came as no surprise when he returned to East End. On returning he was immediately put into the first team to partner Grant Tierney in defence, a success, apart from a horrendous gubbing at the hands of the bastards from Brockville, four-nil. It didn't matter though as the Pars went on to win the First Division title outright.

The season of 1989-90 remains my personal favourite of all and something of a rarity for McCathie as he failed to score a single league goal despite appearing in every game. Highlights include that night at Motherwell where a point was enough to put Dunfermline top of the Premier League, if only for 24 hours, and Norrie was captain that night. Kozma's superlative hat-trick against St. Mirren. The 2-0 win at Celtic Park when Norrie, Tierney and Big Doug Rougvie were truly immense in defence, this remains my favourite Pars match. Plus winning against the Jambos at Tynecastle twice. To reiterate, Norrie may not have scored but this was by far and away his best season in a Dunfermline shirt.

1990-1 started with the club in uproar as the board decided in their infinite wisdom to make Iain Munro manager and put Big Jim in charge of the lottery. Not the ideal start to another season in the Premier but for Norrie it was testimonial time with Newcastle United paying us a visit. The game finished 0-0 and was far from inspiring, it set the scene for the rest of the season and it was only league reconstruction that saved the Pars (Hibs surely - Ed.) from relegation. Having said that, Mr McCathie again played in all league games, scored one goal at



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Tynecastle, and once more satisfied his title as "Mr Consistency."

Relegation was to be the end result of season 1991-2 which saw the Pars just 90 minutes from a trophy, and a place in Europe, and the replacement of Munro with Jocky "Miserable Bastard" Scott. A dubious penalty award in the last few minutes of the Skol Cup semi-final against Airdrie set the game up for extra-time and, ultimately, a penalty shoot-out. At two each, ex-cult hero John Watson came up to take Airdrie's fifth penalty and Norrie whispered to Rhodes that Watson invariably blasted his kicks straight ahead. John duly obliged and Andy Rhodes stood his ground and pulled off the save. Then up stepped Norrie and slotted home the winner. Smiles all round from the Pars fans and scowls galore from the Airdrie boys with Sandison particularly unhappy. HA!

The Skol Cup final was a major disappointment though as Hibs won 2-0, they were fairly mediocre on the day and that put the Pars performance in perspective. Dunfermline ended back down in the First Division again and Norrie again played in virtually every match.

Season 1992-3 was a case of so-near-but-yet-so-far as third place wasn't good enough and Scott paid the price with the sack at the end of the season. Despite their good performances the team spirit was still somewhat unconvincing and the team lacked bottle at the end and neither Scott nor Walleye were able to motivate the team to gain promotion. On a personal note Norrie missed about a quarter of the season but still managed a couple of goals.

Last season was the Pars best since Jim Leishman was given the push and arguably McCathie's best yet in a Dunfermline shirt with eight more goals to add to his tally. He also only missed one game, that fateful penultimate game at Broomfield, and that through injury. If he'd have been fit things could have been so different. It was a record breaking season with 93 league goals for Dunfermline creating a new divisional record and also the highest number of wins in a First Division season. At the time of writing not only has Norrie surpassed 500 games



for the Pars he has also passed the 50 goals mark too, exceptional for a player who has spent most of his career in the centre of defence. I must also add that he is looking even better than he has looked at any time at East End and looks like, barring injury and/or suspension, he'll continue for a few more years at least. Here's to a championship winning season and many man-of-the-match awards to Norrie McCathie.

Fu Manchu.

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FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Following our plea in the last issue for new correspondents from around the globe who have The Pars at the centre of their thoughts, we're glad to hear from Cameron Kelton currently working in Zagreb for the UN.

First of all I'd like to offer my congratulations to the Pars for their excellent start to the season, it was disappointing to hear the B&Q result against Dundee but we're still top of the league and that's the main thing. I'm glad the team are keeping up the scoring rate, I had my doubts about how we'd cope without O'Boyle but they seem to be getting by with him elsewhere. The St Johnstone result a few weeks back was easily the highlight for me, I just wish I could have been there.

Following the Pars from Croatia isn't really that easy but isn't as hard as most people would imagine. First of all, it's no longer a war zone, there are soldiers with guns around but we're not in tin hats, listening to the BBC World Service for the results on crystal sets in basements either. There is the World Service but there's also satellite TV, don't tell Sky that as it's illegal to use the cards here, and most of the newspapers - though for The Dunfermline Press I'm dependent on relatives and the postal system is as slow and under-used as Milos Drizic.

Though not actually from Dunfermline I do have a strong connection with the town. My mother comes from there and after marrying moved to Edinburgh where I was born and grew up. Whilst all my school friends supported the local and Glasgow church teams, my allegiances were across the Forth. I was seven when Dunfermline beat Hearts in the Scottish Cup final in 1968 and from then on there was no doubting my allegiances. Due to work, study and romance I have spent much of the last 15 years far enough away from East End Park to need at least a day or two off work to see them on a weekend. Having said that I don't think I've seen them fewer than six times a season since then, with more than that in most, so that means at least 100 times as a long distance supporter.

Some games really stand out; I missed the famous 1-1 draw with Falkirk in 1979 which promoted us over them but, was at the Berwick Rangers (*already the 2nd Division champions if you're young enough to need reminding and want your credulity stretched - Ed*) game on the SUNDAY when we won 1-0 and set ourselves up as favorites for the 'final' against the Evil Ones; beating Airdrie 1-0 when they were top of the league and we were nowhere near, Ziggy with a superb 30 yard drive; a 3-3 game with Airdrie at East End when we were two down early on, John Salton getting a couple if I remember correctly; just getting beat at Ibrox in the last 10 minutes when we were about the worst team in the country; the 3-3 draw with Hibs in the first ever Premier game; gubbing Falkirk on Hogmanay; Celtic at Parkhead exactly a year later; and I could go on forever.

Others I would gladly forget, the semi against Rangers; losing another 5 at Dens Park after the good start in '88; the 4-0 at Falkirk in I think the worst performance I've ever seen; Rovers on New Years Day 1983; Cowdenbeath 18 months ago with the legendary Davie Moyes in the heart of defence - cunning as an ox, almost as fast but not as agile; and I could go on even longer.

Most Saturdays I toast the latest Pars success with a glass or few of the local foul-brew, I'll be back at Christmas/New Year for the Saints, Airdrie and Rovers games when I'll toast another nine points, and us virtually wrapping up the league, with some of the real stuff. Keep up the good work, see you all then.

Let's all do it once again...

Cameron Kelton

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B&Q CUP THIRD PLACE PLAY-OFF - 5 NOV 94

In keeping with the world's most prestigious sporting tournament, the World Cup, its second most prestigious has introduced a third place play-off. This year's losing semi-finalists are Dunfermline and Clydebank, here's how they got this far.

Dunfermline Athletic

This year saw, for the first time, the Pars making an effort in this competition. Two years ago there was the debacle up at Arbroath, by no means Jocky Scott's last one there, and last year that frightening visit to Brockville. Once again we fielded an understrengthed and experimental team and lost by three, at least at Arbroath we had the mild consolation of being fined by the Scottish League for not taking the competition seriously. This year we got a wee bit further and were even allowed to play a couple of games at home.

Brechin City 0 Dunfermline 2

A strange game this one with a rather lack lustre performance by the Pars. Norrie scored in the first half and though we never looked like getting beat it wasn't very comfortable. A crowd of less than 900 showed the game appealed to the fans as much as it did to the players. Marc Miller would have been playing for Brechin but I can't remember anyone standing out, except some ginger heided full back who received non-stop abuse.

It's a smart wee ground but one you can only really be condescending toward. It's got a big newish stand, which cost less than the grant they were given for it by the football trust, and which was the favoured viewing place of less than half the people who turned up. The other three sides aren't very deep and are close to the pitch, this leads to a certain intimacy. Apart from the occasional quality pass, watching this game wasn't too different an experience from what you get at Pitreavie.

There was one incident late in the second half which I don't think I'll ever forget. Standing at the right side of the pitch only a couple of feet from the corner flag a small group of us had a perfect view of the goal mouth action. Looking to wrap the game up Dunfermline were exerting a bit of sustained pressure, Petrie came running into the box from a centre right position with only the keeper to beat. The keeper, Petrie and the defender chasing him fell in a great big heap of arms and legs about 5 yards inside the penalty area, everyone was screaming for a penalty when the ball broke to Sinclair who had an open goal and all the time in the world. Sinky, summarising his entire career at East End, then rolled the ball past the far post. Being of a sporting nature and looking for an argument, I turned to my companions and offered the opinion that Petrie fell over his own feet. At this point the linesman, standing about three feet away, turned to us and said "No. It was a penalty all right. The ref was just playing the advantage." To stunned silence from the terrace he ran up the line as the by-kick was taken.

Dunfermline 4 Hamilton 2

The second round brought our old friend Iain Munro back to East End for the 6th time and for his 6th defeat since he was sacked 3 years earlier. We'd beaten them 4-0 only 2 weeks earlier and to expect another walk over was asking a bit much. At 2-0 in the first half it was maybe not looking that optimistic even if Hamilton were better than they were the previous time, but then

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it was time for one of Westie's recurring aberrations. After he made a neat diving save, the ball came to Bowes who calmly walked the ball out the crowded area, as the crowd dispersed the ball was played back to Westie who then passed across the open goal to Peter Duffield standing on the 18 yard line who did the inevitable. 2-1 and it finally looked like Hamilton would make a game of it. It was the kind of game I enjoy, one where we score a lot of goals but there's still always a hint of tension about the final outcome. We restored the two goal lead, they brought it back to one and finally we wrapped it up. A fair evening's entertainment.

Cowdenbeath 1 Dunfermline 3

The quarter finals took us to the ever improving Cowdenbeath. Their embarrassment of a football ground had a shiny new stand looking like a strawberry on a dod of dog shit. One problem with it was nobody was allowed to sit in it, this let us see the other one. There's a well established tradition of new stands having names, initials, club badges or even national flags depicted in them using different coloured seats. The significance of red seating with a small blue rectangle opposite a black one is completely lost on me. I can only assume their director forgot to give the installers his pattern or there wasn't quite enough left-overs of the one colour to be had on the cheap.

The game is probably best forgotten, another example of doing enough against inferior opposition in no style what-so-ever. The highlight of the evening was the two mascots playing at penalties and free-kicks during half-time.

Dunfermline 1 Dundee 2

Not a pleasant experience this one. Fingers can be pointed at different players for specific costly mistakes but ultimately it was the style of play that was at fault. Ten days earlier St Johnstone were taken to the cleaners by a superb Pars team playing a quality passing game in what, even after Starks Park, is the best performance of the season so far. The general tactic in this game was "let's see how many times we can hit Jim Duffy on the head with the ball". This reminded me of the Airdrie game at the end of last season with Robertson at centre half again, without him in midfield we're always going to lose it against a half decent team.

It took until we were two down and Norrie sent off before we really started playing, perhaps if Norrie had gone for the penalty we'd have had a fighting performance from the first half instead of only in the last 15 minutes. Other gripes of the day against the linesman, if you can call the referee's attention to Ivo shouting at you why can't you do the same when you see a deliberate handball?

Clydebank

Clydebank have appeared in every B&Q cup since its inception in 1990. This year they won a game or two before their semi-final against Airdrie.

Ferry, you've had lots of experience in the game, World Cups, Championships, Cup winners medals. Coming back to the Scottish game what do you think you can bring to the Bankies?



The East End Bounce

WHERE'S THE STORE WHERE THE CREATURES MEET?

Writing this a few weeks after the game at Love Street, going there again brought back memories of a previous trip at the end of season 91-2. Thinking about it now it looks like it was me who was the complete idiot, at the time though it was the imbeciles who populated Paisley who were the ones lacking even the slightest bit of intelligence.

I was going alone to the game, a combination of being a martyr, enforced absences at the previous 3 games, the others going to Recreation Park, with the rest of the Pars support apparently, and it quite possibly being our last ever appearance in the Premier led to this rather sad and doomed solo journey west. Passing through Kincardine I did fancy going to Alloa myself to see the Blue Brazil, but I knew I'd be seeing them gubbed enough times in the coming season so I chose to pass that dubious pleasure. The Blue BRAZIL??? Belize would be nearer the mark. I was a bit disappointed not to hear a chorus of 'In your Cowdenbeath favelas, you rake in the bucket for something to eat...' during the game at Central this month, but not at all surprised.

Another reason why I did not want to miss the game was that there was a great possibility that it was going to be the smallest Premier league gate ever, and I wanted to be at least 1% of that gate. Oh the honour and the glory, even if they were upping the admission prices it was still worth it. I entertained thoughts of retelling the story to knee-perched grandchildren in an auto-piloted-solar-powered-super-sonic hover-car en-route to away games in the San Siro and Bernabeu sometime in the distant future. Instead I'll settle for the reality of hunching over a type writer, exorcising my feelings of total incompetence in a dimly lit room under the anonymity of an implausible assumed identity.

The day started badly. I'd been doing temporary work in Edinburgh and the day before about 100 of us got laid off. As you can imagine the first several stops were all pubs. It didn't feel as though too much time had passed when I realised I'd well missed the last train back to Dunfermline and there was no danger of the lassie I had my blurred vision on accomodating me. In the end some kind sole said her flat-mate was away for the weekend and I was welcome to spend the night in her, box, room. This was fine until about 8 or 9 when nature started being most insistent about being answered. I awoke from a comatose state into a completely disorientated one, being a boxroom there was no natural light nor, from what I could tell, an unnatural light switch. I blundered about the room feeling around the walls for a door knocking all manner of things over in the process. This seemed to take forever and as my need got greater so my attempts to find a way out grew more frantic and the more damage I did. Eventually I managed to escape, it was only when I was out of the room that I realised that I didn't have a clue where I was, before that it was just like a dream. I left the door ajar so I could find my way back and went in search of the bathroom. The bathroom door was open so I managed to avoid walking in on anybody in their rooms, after that I went back to bed for a while and tried to work out where I was.

By the time I got up and dressed I'd brought back enough of the previous night's events and wasn't surprised to see the lady of the house on my way out. She knew nothing about football except that Dunfermline weren't very good and she'd seen us get beaten at Hampden earlier on that season. "Yeah, like every other Leither that's only ever seen Hibs once in their life", I thought but was too polite to say. She made me tea

The East End Bounce

and toast, I bade my thanks for the hospitality and slipped away before she could see the havoc I'd caused in her flatmate's room.

Back in Dunfermline I filled up with petrol and set off for Paisley. I'd been there several times before but never actually driven myself. How I'd go about finding the ground never even crossed my mind. Through Glasgow on the M8 I saw the turn off for Paisley, it was about 2PM and I imagined there would be time for a pint and look for some familiar faces. Writing two and a half years later I can't honestly account for the entire 90 minutes that followed, other than to say I was in my car in Paisley and its environs. I did go through the High Street on a couple of occasions, it was a boiling hot day, as evidenced by the locals displaying their new Rangers tops, and local traffic was out in force.

At one point I pulled up and asked someone for directions to the ground. I'm sure I said something along the lines of "Excuse me, could you tell how to get to Love Street please?". I did not say "Excuse me, could you give me a ridiculously long set of directions which, if I follow them exactly, will bring me back here in approximately half an hour?". My next plan was to stop at a petrol station and ask again. No helpful uniformed beaming assistant as you see in the adverts did I encounter here. Instead a fat 15 year old lassie in a shell suit, covered in plooks and stuffing her face with a Mars bar. Being in Paisley, a town with one football club, I thought asking where the football ground was was a fair question with one possible answer. "Which one?" came the reply. Well I suppose Ibrox isn't that far away and you can forgive a shell suit complete ignorance. On answering Love St she was no more helpful, knowing where it was but unable to give directions. New tact. "Have you got a map of Paisley I could look at so I can find it myself?". She had a map but didn't know where SHE was on it. I should have bought it and worked it out in the car but walked out feeling completely exasperated.

"After all this I bet we stuff the shite out of them" I thought. Back in the car I had obviously missed the kick off but had a fair idea of the direction I was headed, I wasn't too perturbed when they scored the first goal but when at about 25 past Fatboy got his second and I was still no nearer the game I gave up and went home. Final score 3-1.

Brandon Marlow

10 reasons why George O'Boyle was right to go to St Johnstone

by Peter Nalovu, Coventry

1. Enormous wages and a betting shop in the stadium to blow them all.
2. Being bottom of the 1st Division will help his international prospects.
3. Playing in a meccano set will be an exciting new experience
4. Fantastic service from Davie "international prospect" Irons.
5. John McLelland isn't manager anymore.
6. No fans will shout abuse (no fans at all).
7. Peter Davenport may tell a "when I was good story".
8. He'll get to meet that Sounness-bashing tea wifie.
9. He can spend Boxing day with his old mates and promptly get a good stuffing (sage and onion).
10. Loyalty lessons from Andy Rhodes, who incidentally is a fat flashy fuckpig.
11. They're not Falkirk.
12. I can't count, fuck, I just made it even worse.

The East End Bounce

DIDDY MAN

Glad to see Billy Dodds is on his way to relegating a third successive club, it's a shame he didn't stay with St Johnstone. We can only hope he goes on to play for Rangers or Falkirk next season.

BOUNCELINE

The Bounceline, as reported in the previous issue, has yet to pay out. It's early days though with six months of the season left. The best we've done so far is 4 1-1 draws a few weeks ago. The numbers are- 1-7-17-20-23-40-41-47-50-57.

SWEET FA

Following the World Cup there has been a glut of new football magazines, from the Yuppie 4-4-2, professional fanzines *C'mon Ref!* and *The Onion Bag* to the comic *Sweet FA*. Of the first three I've not seen *C'mon Ref!* and the other two seem quite worthy, SFA, on the other hand is the biggest piece of shite you'll find in print. Taking their cue very much from *Viz*, it has none of its endearing qualities and despite trying very hard is not the remotest bit funny. It is formula driven lacking both originality and the self awareness to realise how crap it is. Don't buy.

DUNDEE

Don't you just love it on a Saturday on the way out of a ground and you find out Dundee have scored in their game? You go to the pub later on and all the talk is about what new zany antics the players got up to to celebrate it. Everyone has their own suggestions and rumours start circulating, pub bores go to their games just so they can be first with the news, you just can't wait until Scotsport to find out for sure.

Oh how they've brought the fun and joy back to football with their poorly rehearsed and executed routines. The sooner they all get booked the better.

You may be interested in the attached flyer which was going around the pubs last weekend, as we're playing Hamilton at Firhill in the afternoon you could include it in a whole day out through there. The march assembles in George Square at 11:30, who knows, it could be your last chance to do this sort of thing.

To keep up a political balance, on the Sunday you could go up to an out of town shopping centre, buy some DIY equipment, lingerie and groceries. Once you get home, lock yourself in a room, construct a fantasy chamber, put on some tights, pop an orange in you mouth, strap yourself in and then wank yourself to death.

COALITION AGAINST THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE BILL

KILL THE BILL

WHAT THE BILL WILL DO

- MAKE PICKETING A CRIMINAL OFFENCE
- END THE RIGHT TO PEACEFUL PROTEST
- OUTLAW EVENTS SUCH AS PARTIES, RAVES AND FESTIVALS
- END THE RIGHT TO SILENCE IF YOU ARE ARRESTED
- MAKE IT AN OFFENCE FOR TRAVELLERS TO STAY ON "PRIVATE" LAND
- GIVE THE POLICE THE RIGHT TO STOP AND SEARCH YOU IN THE STREET WITHOUT JUST CAUSE
- GIVE LANDLORDS THE RIGHT TO EVICT SQUATTERS WITH JUST 24 HOURS NOTICE

The fight against the bill does not end when it is passed. This is just the start! Every protest, every strike, every rave will be a challenge to the law and a test of the police and court powers to impose it.

We can stop them daring to use their new powers

We beat the Poll Tax by organising nationwide against it and the final nail in the coffin was the Poll Tax Demo of Trafalgar Square. We can do the same to the bill.

Join the National Demo in Glasgow on November 12 when thousands will march to KILL THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE BILL.

NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION

GLASGOW-SATURDAY 12th NOVEMBER

COACHES LEAVE WATERLOO PLACE - 9.30am

TICKETS AND RESERVATIONS FROM 554-9209 or 337-2486 Backed by David Ashton (FBU), Nicky Wilson (NUM), John Watson (RMT), Mark Loftus (Charter 88), George Galloway MP, Desert Storm, Socialist Workers Party, Jamie Kelman and many others

The East End Bounce