

The East End Bounce

MARCH 1995



**NEALE COOPER WAKES WITH A SCREAM FROM
ANOTHER ST MIRREN EQUALISER NIGHTMARE**

LEISHMAN INTERVIEW 50p

WHO? WHEN? WHERE?

Slightly later than intended but here we are, and with the four pages we didn't give you last time. This issue of *The East End Bounce* is brought to you by Paul Bundy, Gordon Robertson, Rohan Lightfoot, George Bridges, Don Mathieson, David Gordon and Parson. Thanks to The Absolute Game for the pic of Leish with an axe, we were supposed to ask but didn't have time, cheers TAG, trust you don't mind. Issue Six will be out for the Clydebank game at the end of the season. As ever, we need contributions for the likes of Own Correspondent, memorable away trips, The Parshite Zone and anything else you can think of. Available from-

THE EAST PORT BAR

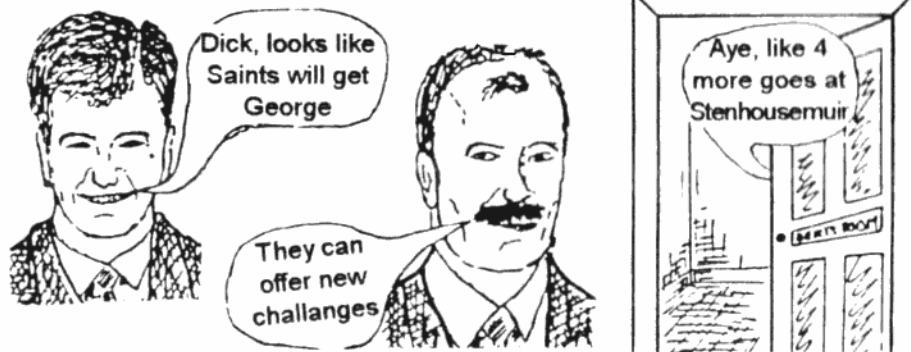
THE OLD INN

The Pitbauchlie

Other outlets: WT Gough Newsagents, Queensferry Road, Rosyth; Hitz Records, Bridge St; Our Price, The Kingsgate; The Sports Book Shop, Gilmour Place, Edinburgh; RS McColl, St James Centre, Edinburgh, Strathclyde Programme Shop, Robertson St, Glasgow; Sportspages, that street with all the bookshops in it, London and mail order from 'Zine Scene, 71 Dean Park, Livingston.

Back issues: All issues available again, 50p each, plus stamped addressed envelope, or any three for pound, but you'll need a bigger stamp.

DICK & BERT'S
EXCELLENT
ADVENTURE



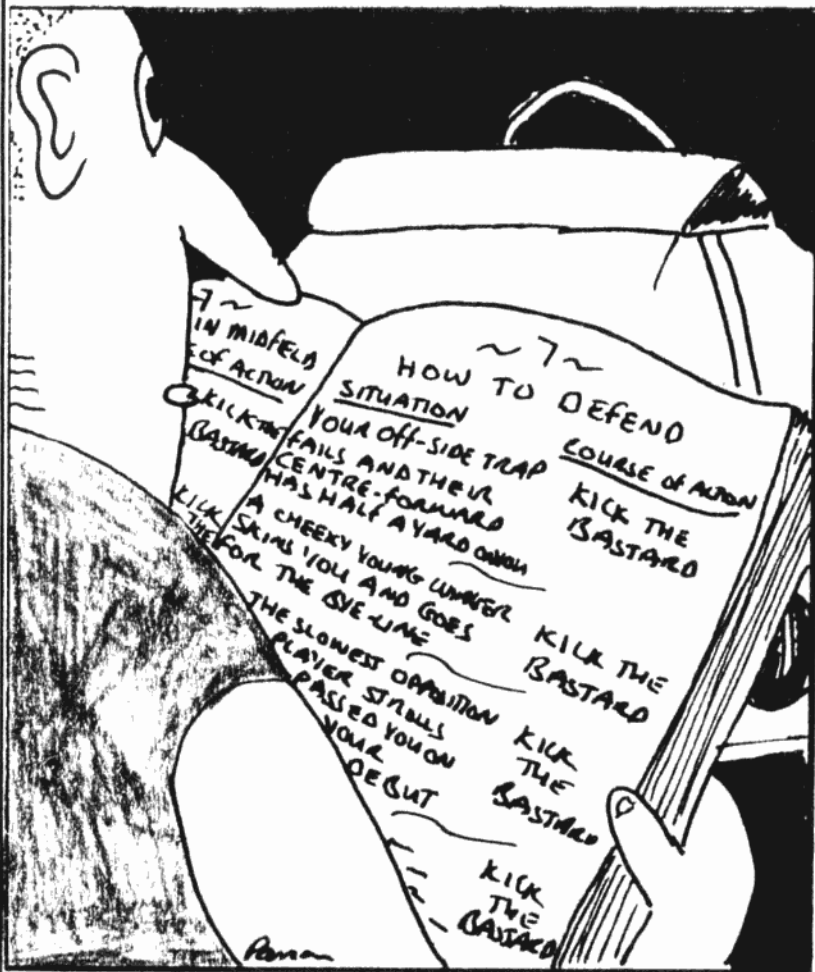
The East End Bounce

The East End Bounce

11 Rowan Grove, Dunfermline, KY11 5QX.

The previous issue to this heralded in our extremely dodgy spell, at that point we we're top of league having just stuffed the Rovers and it didn't look like we could do much wrong. Now that the team are top of the league again and getting the results, if not the performances, let's hope this issue won't have a similiar effect. With Smudge, Petrie and Ivo out through suspension, and possibly Hamish with an injury, we could well be in for our usual makeshift struggle against St Johnstone. Time and again the wrong people have been played to cover absent colleagues. If everyone else at Broadwood wasn't playing like a sack of tatties, it would be tempting to lay the blame for that one on repeating the mistake of playing Ivo at right back. What is wrong with Mark Bowes? Bert said about a month ago he was available for selection again, he's a ready made replacement for Jackie. One thing I can readily agree with Bert about is that the Airdrie game was the worst performance since he took over. Last week down at Ayr was hardly vintage but at least we took the points. Allan Moore had his best game yet and it looks like Bert could be right about him, playing against his old club this week I would hope to see an even better display. The best team performance of the season so far was the previous time Saints

THE PAR SIDE



From an early age, David Sinclair avidly studied 'The Theory of Football', especially the chapter by Graeme

Souness

came here, we need to see that more often, especially in the big games.

With 10 games to go it looks quite possible that there could be 4 or 5 teams in with a shout on the last day. We play Rovers and Airdrie in the two games before that, so our contention or otherwise will be down to keeping our cool under pressure, something we've frequently not done. If you like precedents and omens, in the last two seasons the champions' last game of the season was against Clydebank, guess who we're playing?

A couple of things that you may see mentioned later in the issue. Sandy Roy has not been given one single Falkirk game to referee this season, do the Scottish League know something we've suspected all along?

Why does East End always run out of pies before half time? Is it so that fans who've been queuing for 10 minutes will buy a burger for twice as much to make their wait worthwhile? The sooner the caterers stopped conning us or get kicked out the better.

Raith Rovers, loathe or despise them, you've got to hand it to them for restoring hope for the rest of Scottish Football.

Let's all do...

Paul Bundy

The East End Bounce

PROMOTING PROMOTION

This is 1995. The age of the business man. Even the NHS has discovered market forces, competition and value for money. On the cusp of a new century we are entering a new technological explosion. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the areas of leisure and entertainment. New technology is changing, even dictating, the way we live our lives. Our working environments have already been overrun with computers and miles of cabling and our homes are about to follow suit. Our kids already know more about computers than we ever will and spend hours each day Sonicing or Marioing or whatever it is they do, and soon we will have ready access to dozens of TV stations via satellite and cable networks, including lots and lots of football.

All well and good you say. Nothing wrong with lots of footie on the telly. I could almost agree with you. Think of it this way though. Why on earth would your casual football fan, and I mean the sort of person who maybe goes to East End a dozen or so times a season, want to go and stand on the terraces on a cold, wet Saturday afternoon to watch the Pars when he has already seen the best Europe has to offer live on his own TV, in the comfort of his front room with a nice, cold beer or two to keep him company. From his point of view there's no comparison. There will always be diehard fans like you and I who will watch the Pars week in week out no matter what, and at least the team is keeping those others interested (this season) in their bid for promotion.

So attendances aren't too bad just now, but the future doesn't bode that well. There is a downward trend in football gates in general and East End is no exception. This brings me to the point of this article (just in case you were beginning to wonder). What is the club doing to attract fans onto the terraces and into the stand? How is the club going to retain the support it already has and attract new fans in the face of the increasing competition from televised football and other forms of entertainment? Now, more than ever, the club has to realise that it has to compete for our six quid on Saturday afternoons. It's not good enough to hope that fans will simply turn up to watch the Pars and it's not good enough to rely on our scant press coverage to promote the fact that DAFC actually exists. No, the club cannot afford this complacency and has to be much more pro-active in promoting the club in what could well be a promotion season.

Perhaps the boardroom brigade could learn a thing or two from English second division side Birmingham. In the last year or so they have put a lot of time, effort and cash into promoting their club. Every time someone walks into the club shop their name and address is taken down and added to the club files. Birmingham now boasts a mailing list of 18,000 fans. They regularly do promotions such as cutting admission prices and write to every person on their mailing list (obviously using some of the afore-mentioned computer technology) to inform them, at the same time urging them to bring a friend to the game. They have a 'be a born-again Blues fan' campaign, and have spent thousands of pounds advertising in the local press, on radio and on the sides of buses. In short they're treating their club like a business and the entire local community as potential customers/fans. Instead of sitting back and hoping people turn up on a Saturday afternoon they are actively encouraging them to do so. It's paying off too with attendances regularly surpassing those of Premier League clubs two divisions higher.

No doubt our club will plead lack of money to undertake such ventures, or is it just lack of imagination. In business you have to spend money to make money. A football club's main source of revenue is the paying punter. Get more of them through the turnstiles and you make more money. Of course larger crowds can only benefit the players aswell, spurring them on to greater achievements. There is enormous scope for those in power at East End to be innovative in the promotion of the club throughout Dunfermline and Fife. They have to adopt a more professional

approach to the job of getting bums on seats (as someone once put it) and ensure that the next generation of potential fans is not lost before they have even tasted the joy, sorrow, elation, despondency and the tremendous feelings of belonging and camaraderie that we all get on the terraces at East End.

Gordon Robertson

Crap Chants of Yesteryear
Anything with "EE-I-ADIO"
Crap Chants of Today
"FU, FUC, FUCK, Fuck-off"

The East End Bounce

A GRAND DAY OUT

It was not a vintage Saturday by any standards and certainly not by the standards recently set by the Pars. It began with a hangover and a phonecall from work asking me to go in and sort out some computer problem. It ended with a relative drubbing at the hands of Hamilton Accies of all people. No part of the day was a success. The worst of it took place at Firhill and I won't be going back.

Having been rudely awoken from my lager slumber I trudged through the rain to get a bus to work and got soaked. I got to work, sorted out the problem, had an argument with my boss, dried out, caught the bus home and duly got soaked again. I was still hungover, but now I felt ill as well. I thought some old sliced sausage and half a tin cold baked beans might help. They didn't...obviously.

My lift, Lynne, arrived to head through to Glasgow. I opted to drive to take my mind off my grumbling guts. The M8 was the M8. Dull, wet and unscenic but at least we didn't crash. Radio Scotland talked about 9 goals in our last two games. I felt a bit better.

Driving past the big gas tank on the way into Glasgow the windscreen wiper broke. I could still see but only if I leaned to my left and looked out of the passenger half of the screen and as long as we didn't have to turn right. We pulled off the road to fix the wiper. We couldn't. We also got lost because we had taken the first exit to repair the wiper and neither of us had been to Firhill for our thrills before.

Lynne said she was going to spend the night with her sister in Glasgow after the match. No problem said I, at least I'd have the result to cheer me up on the way home. Predictions for the game? I went for a modest 7-0 victory. I'm so humble.

Finally we located Firhill with an hour to spare. We found a pub only to be latched onto by Rab C Nesbitt's big brother. If that wasn't bad enough he turned out to be a Hun called Billy (there's a surprise) who took the piss out of us for having silly names (guilty your honour) and then tried to get a kiss off Lynne as we left. Oh well, we knew the Pars would make up for it.

A slightly steep £7 got us into a ground with less atmosphere than a Sunday school bible class and a seat so far from the pitch that a guy two rows back collapsed with oxygen deprivation.

Then the game started. We looked slow and square at the back. We looked complacent and we looked like we thought turning up would guarantee a victory. They looked off-side for the first goal and bloody lucky for the second. They also looked like they wanted to win a lot more. Stewart Petrie scored and after jumping up and down for a minute I prophetically said "We'll be OK if it's 2-1 at half time; but only if it's 2-1 not 3-1." Fifteen seconds later we fucked it up again.

After waiting 20 minutes to take a piss in the excellent facilities (NOT) I settled down to a second half we dominated but never really looked like scoring two goals in. I was too depressed to go for a beer afterwards and to round-off a great day the other windscreen wiper broke on the way to the station and the train was delayed. Thank-you God. What are you? A Falkirk fan?

None of the catalogue of misery above will stop me returning to Firhill. There is another reason I won't be going back. I've noticed a worrying trend. We always struggle at these crappy all-seater grounds. Squeezed one passed Clyde last year. Losing both away games to Stirling Albion. Two 0-0 draws at Airdrie this season and now the ignominious defeat by Munro. Is it because of the lack of passion and atmosphere at these grounds? Does the screaming mob at East End really make the difference? Maybe it does, but that's not even the worst bit.

The real reason I don't want to go back to Firhill is because I don't go to football to spectate. Firhill is like watching a game on telly for all the involvement you feel. I don't just want to watch a game, I want to hear it and taste it and even smell it. (Deep heat is powerful stuff if you're near the touchline.) I want to consume a game and be consumed by it. I want to participate, to play a part in the team's victory, to scream and shout and hear the screams and shouts of everyone around me. It just doesn't happen at Firhill sitting in the Gods, or at Forthbank or McDiarmid or Broadwood. It's the reason, probably the only reason I might stop following the Pars if we go up. Even worse, it's the reason I might even stop going to East End when they eventually, inevitably, turn it into an all seated cemetery.

If I only want to watch a game I can turn on the telly nearly any night of the week but I want more than that when I follow the Pars, and soon I'll lose it forever. Talk about a shit day out.

Rohan Lightfoot

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EXCLUSIVE

A couple of months ago, Airdrie were talking about facing the possibility of going part-time as nobody supports them. We can exclusively reveal that Lex Baillie has not approached that club with a view to putting in the odd appearance between his times on the beat. Bang goes the chance of using the headline 'As happy as a pig in shit'.

ASSOCIATION OF SPORTS HISTORIANS

"Today in Britain there are thousands of people interested in the history of sport. There are countless others who each year publish work or carry out research into numerous aspects of sporting history. But, as yet, there has been no single body which could bring them all together in one organisation for their mutual benefit."

So begins the introduction to ASH, which aims to do just that. They produce a quarterly news letter and have an annual convention in London. They have a large sports library with fanzines forming a major part of it. Such recognition of supporters' opinions is a welcome development.

Membership, £10, and further information from - The Secretary, ASH, 4 Hollington Court, Chislehurst, Kent, BR7 5AJ.

Crap Chants of Yesteryear

"Whose that man with the helmet on?
Dixon, Dixon
Whose that man with the helmet on?
Dixon of Dock Green"

To the tune of 'The Camptown Ladies'

WORLD NEWS

Contrary to a recent news report, which we believe to be a typographical error, we can set all your minds at ease and assure you that Yassir Arafat has not joined reformed 70's pop giants ELO

DINGPARS

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



WHO ATE ALL THE PIES?

2:50 ON A TYPICAL MATCH DAY AT EAST END



2:55

PIES
70P



BURGERS
£1.50

SORRY, NONE LEFT.
YOU CAN HAVE A BURGER

The East End Bounce

Jim Leishman

A few weeks ago, the Sunday after the most recent game against Hamilton, two of your favorite fanzine people met with Kelty's most famous son in Dunfermline's Pitbauchlie hotel. This is an account of that meeting.

I arrived a couple of minutes late, Jim and Rohan were already there. The meeting had been set up during the week for about mid-day on Sunday in the Pitbauchlie. When I phoned at 10 AM to confirm things it took a brief encounter with Jim's legendary motivating skills to get my arse in gear and the belief I could do this, in spite the worst hangover in living memory. Jim wanted to meet at 11, that didn't sound at all possible to me, he suggested 11:30, I acquiesced, you could be forgiven for not realising who was doing whom the favour.

The night before had been set aside for formulating some questions and planning the interview, needless to say this didn't happen and when we turned up the conversation took its own course, through various interruptions we chatted for about an hour.

More than anyone Jim Leishman is the living embodiment of Dunfermline Athletic. There are many of us who see the team more often, the club's had better players than him and there's been at least one better manager than him, but ask anyone whom they most associate with the club, and the answer will be Jim Leishman. From skiving off school to watch them in the 60s to scoring the winner in 1972 on the last occasion we beat Rangers at Ibrox; from taking over a side destined for the bottom of the Second Division to going top of the Premier League in '89, Jim has done more with and for the club than any of the fans, players and board could ever hope of doing.

Opposition fans, some comment in the media and even the odd Pars supporter frequently moan about us living in the past and always going on about the '60s. It's hard to imagine the club's achievements over the last 10 years without the arrival of Leishman, and it's harder to imagine his achievements without having the successes of Jock Stein, Willie Cunningham, George Farm and their teams to draw inspiration from. He says of his arrival "When I took over at East End I couldn't believe it, all the photo's of these teams were in the cupboards out of the road. We got them dusted down and put up in Eagle Glen and the ground. It was crazy, it was a fantastic part of the club's history, '60, '61 right through to '69. To keep it in the cupboards was daft".

Most players, at any club, won't have supported that team before going there and, especially for clubs like Dunfermline, having that tangible link with past glories can only instil pride in the jersey, bring them into the community of the club and make that club mean more to them than just a step up or down the ladder. It was Jim's love of the club and his knack of passing this on to the players that dragged the Pars back out of the utter mediocrity everyone had come to take for granted. "I had a great time at Dunfermline. To get the manager's job was unbelievable for me. If it was only for a day it wouldn't have



Jim in a Dennis the Menace wig

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mattered, it was fantastic, to get written up beside Jock Stein."

Jim had seen it, had lived it, believed it. With much less money than Stanton and Forsyth before him, he was able to do it. Unlike his full-time predecessors, he had ambition for the club, not just himself, "It was exciting in the Second Division. We were winning all the time and winning the games quite convincingly. There's good memories of days out at Stranraer, Montrose, Arbroath...you're away all day...but there's only one place to be, you've got to be up with the big boys. That's where you set your records and set your standards, up there beating Rangers and Celtic".

After promotion to the First Division in 1986 the team was to do it again the following season, going into the last game of the season we had a chance of becoming the first team ever to go up as champions in consecutive years. "That was one of the saddest days of my life, not being able to achieve that. We just never looked like scoring, on the one hand it was great getting to the Premier League for the first time, fantastic, but on the other it was sad as well. So much history was attached to it. Dunfermline, the first club to achieve that in Scottish football, we had to win." In the end we got beaten 1-0 by one of the relegated teams, Montrose, but had won promotion by that point anyway. Standards and records were set, Rangers and Celtic were dispatched and relegation duly followed.

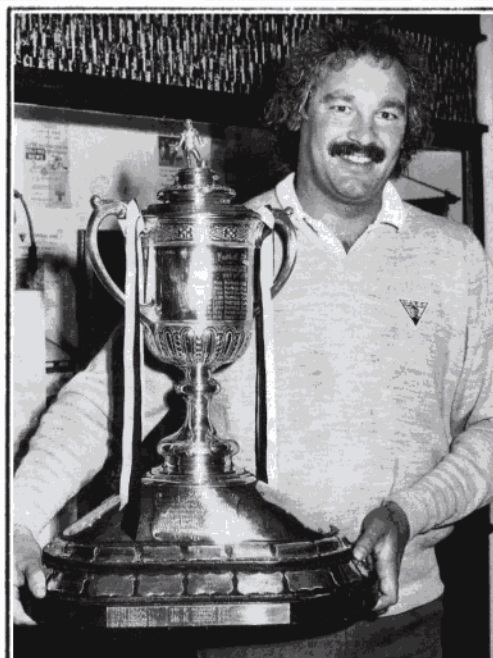
The next year "when we went back up, we were stronger, more street wise," and then "top of the Premier League, how many people can say that? For three days, top of the Premier league". Add to that the furthest we'd been in the Scottish Cup for 16 years and the first semi-final appearance for 20, things hadn't looked so good since the days when Jim was signed as a youngster.

Just then it all went so horribly wrong. Though in a much better state now than at any point since then, the club has still to fully recover. When we're back in the Premier and close-season talk of Europe has at least a slight air of plausibility about it; when we're once more one of the top five attractions in the Scottish game and, ideally, actually win something; then, and only then, can the club say it's moved forward from 1990.

On the subject he says, "I'll remember my good days at Dunfermline and I'll remember with pride what I achieved. I've nothing to be ashamed of at Dunfermline. I had some sad times, I mentioned one earlier, not winning that game at Montrose and, eh...resigning/getting the sack was really, really heartbreaking and I'll remember that all my life".

Any regrets? "Not at the particular time. I felt it was really wrong what was going on and how it was done. There's a lot more to it, but how it was done was wrong...that's what made up my mind." Unfortunately at this point we had one of our interruptions and the conversation went a different way afterwards. Later on though we came back to it.

"I feel a lot of people have taken away what we did achieve in my time, especially early on. We went from the depths of the Second Division right through to the Premier in two or three years without any other [whispered noun that didn't come out on the tape but ended in 'er']. Just Gregor Abel and I, Right up there to the Premier League for the first time in the club's history. I think now people underestimate that, and that's sad, no just for me but for the people that helped. I mentioned Davie Moyes, the first Davie Moyes: the brick-layer; and Gary Thomson, Bobby Forest, Bobby Robertson, Westie, Davie Young, Norrie, Big John Watson, Jim Bowie, Grant Jenkins...all they boys. They deserve a big credit in the club's history. Only the second guys to win the championship, 1926 and 1986.



No manager's come closer to the cup since '68

"That's the hardest part, feeling that a lot of the achievement has been taken away. I'll never let anybody forget what the players achieved in my time."

Since his time we've had a succession of managers. With Jim playing the diplomat and us not being adversarial interviewers desperate to get a sensational quote, Iain Munro never came up at all, unless the previously mentioned whisper was a jibe at him. One laugh-a-minute successor did though, "Jocky Scott, no matter what anybody says about him, is a true professional. He's really 100% and everybody's got to give 100%. Jocky wouldn't give an inch to anybody and that's maybe his downfall. It was needing another side of the management technique to bring out the best in players.

"The players froze on too many occasions, I didn't see them too many times, but they seemed not to be enjoying it, the pressure was getting to them. It was a different type of game last year, they started playing more attractive football and from that you get a confidence. When you've got confidence you go and play to the best of your abilities and that's what they did last year.

"They brought in guys that played for the team, I played with Dick Campbell, I played with Bertie as well. When I first signed as a youngster Bert Paton was at Dunfermline. Dick came later on, from Dundee United, or Cowdenbeath I think it was. Local boys and they've got a lot of pride and a lot of passion for Dunfermline and that's what's needed. I think there are a lot of similarities between Bert Paton and myself, how we handle the job and that's the best way to do it. Bertie will go and meet the fans and it's important to speak to them. He can talk about the good times, that it's not just about money, it's about playing for this jersey and that's important."

"The fans crucified me that day...they thought they were being sold down the river and that's something I'd never do."

One person, generally regarded as being instrumental in Jim's departure, cropped up when Rohan asked about Milos Drizic. Who knows whether Jim actually bears no-one any malice at all, only ever sees the good in people or just won't demean himself by getting involved in mud slinging like so many others would, but he was quite enthusiastic about Blair Morgan. "Blair Morgan has contacts with Denis Roach, that's why Blair's left the club just now, he's going to become an agent. It was Denis Roach, he [Drizic] was one of his stable, same as Istvan Kozma. That's how we found out, through Blair Morgan."

Continuing about Drizic, "His record at Red Star as a midfielder was fantastic. He scored so many goals, but he just couldn't adjust to the way we play. He was a bit of a luxury, he took too many risks." Did he have him on a trial? "No, we just brought him across, took a chance. I never worked with him. I saw him in Norrie McCathie's testimonial, that was the only time and that was early on, I couldn't comment on what he did after that."

He's full of praise for Norrie's part in the re-birth of the club, "I think the best thing I ever did was move him from midfield to a central defender. Norrie McCathie and Davie Young, that was the start of the Dunfermline's good period, they really complemented each other".

We mentioned the optimism at the club and among the supporters for the coming season. "I was looking forward to it, and getting Ian McCall back. I don't think he did so well in his second spell. I first signed him for £7,000 from Queen's Park, at the end of it it was really sad to see him go. The fans crucified me that day, up at Dundee. They really destroyed me, I got a shock. I can understand, in a smaller way, how Kevin Keegan felt, it was the same thing. My mother had to leave the ground at half-time, the abuse - no at her, at me - she couldn't stand it." He feels the fans thought they were being sold down the river, which he denies he'd ever do, "...but £200,000, what a deal it was when you look back. We signed Billy Kirkwood, John Holt and Mark Smith, Mark Smith we got our money back and a wee bit extra."

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Going back to his generous nature, he was much more philosophical about George O'Boyle leaving than ourselves and the rest of the Pars support, we describe his reception at East End in October as the worst anyone has ever had, worse even than Munro on his re-appearances. "I was disappointed in George O'Boyle leaving. On his form he was a good finisher and Dunfermline gave George a good living and stuck by him when he was injured. But life goes on, he'll be upset on the day but gets on with it. That's what football's all about, same with myself, I've got to get on with it now."

His thoughts on other members of his teams that have returned. "Paul Smith, great player. Very under-rated first time he was here. I played him as a striker and he didn't score for weeks and weeks, 17 games. Paul Smith, George O'Boyle and Stewart Petrie all did the same, that's unbelievable.

"Every time we played Raith Rovers he [Smith] scored a goal, he'd score the winner or something like that. When he became available [from Motherwell] I thought he'd make a good signing, he's a great boy to have in the team, I'm glad he came back. Craig Robertson as well. It's always difficult coming back into a team. After Craig getting sold to Aberdeen for £175,000, it was hard for him. There they were talking about Europe, Rangers, Celtic every week, beating them. Playing with really top-class players then coming back down here and trying to motivate yourself."

He wasn't exactly fit when he returned though, was he? "No, he wasn't properly fit when he came back but this season you're getting the best from him. The last couple of seasons he's started to perform a lot better. When he first came, £25,000 from Raith Rovers, he scored 14 goals - the top in the Premier for a midfielder that season. A good professional Craig, an intelligent boy and he handles his life really well." He starts laughing, "maybe he likes too many hamburger and cheese rolls, that's his biggest problem. A good lad."

Inevitably we talk about Kozma. John Watson was probably his best signing, given how much he cost and what he did for the club, but Kozma was the best player he signed. His hat-trick against St Mirren was one of the best he's ever seen, the goals all being so different. I mention that if Stewart Petrie, the week before and also against St Mirren, had scored a third that it would have rivalled Kozma's. I'm told "No, shut up, dinnae be stupid". I stand by it though, Kozma's second goal, playing it wide to Ross Jack then running through the middle for the return and some excellent clinical finishing was superb. The

"I'll go on the terracing...and shout abuse at Paul Smith and Craig Robertson"

third was even better, picking the ball up just inside their half, strolling forward a couple of strides and then launching it into the top corner was the best example of that type of goal I'd ever seen live, truly world class. But his first one was a tap in that even I would have scored. Petrie's long shot stands out with its guile rather than its force, and his second was every bit as good as Istvan's, even if it was reliant on some truly inept defending. That said, he didn't make the hat trick so we'll never know if the goal he didn't

score was better than Kozma's tap in.

On the subject of Rovers winning the League Cup he's most magnanimous, describing it as "fantastic" and Jimmy Nichol as "the most successful Fife manager since Jock Stein. Jimmy gives the impression of the happy Irishman but he has his tough streak." Naturally he would have preferred it if it had been us but admits we had our chance and blew it, the worst of two poor teams on that occasion. The only time he's seen the Pars this season was against the Rovers in the re-arranged New Year game, he takes their YTS at Lauder and bet them all £1 we'd win that day...he lost £31. "I felt great when I went in and had a good night at the Raith Rovers game. To see a lot of people I'd not seen for ages, it was nice to speak to them. It's nice to get invited into the Jock Stein Lounge, it was great to be there, the result wasn't and losing £31 didn't help." When he



A training session at Montrose

says he "can't blame Hamish" for the penalty miss he's being more charitable than I was at the time.

Though he takes the Rovers YTS boys, he's not allowed to take Dunfermline's. "I can understand that. I think they maybe felt I'd put pressure on them. There's no way that would happen but they're not wanting people to think 'Hey! There might be a place here.' But if that's the way it's got to be that's the way it's got to be. I'll go and see Dunfermline when I can and enjoy it, but I'll go on the terracing if I'm not invited into hospitality, and shout abuse at Paul Smith, and Craig Robertson...I'll shout abuse at him."

On another side of the game Jim was asked by former Pars and Scotland player Allan Evans to do some scouting for Leicester, and not just the youngsters, apparently they were interested in Peter Grant for some reason. Jim declined the offer but was chuffed that he asked. Evans is now back at Villa with Brian Little and is making something of a name for himself in management.

It's mentioned that since the 60's the only successful, or even popular, managers we've had have all been ex-players with the club: Harry Melrose, Jim and now, hopefully, Bert. He thinks Bert has a job for as long as he wants but when,

at some point, Bert does move on he feels this ought to be a consideration when choosing a replacement. When that time comes would he apply? He laughs as he says "Again?" There's a pause and he continues "No, unfortunately my time at Dunfermline is over." Later he adds "There's no way I'll criticise anyone at the club, Dunfermline made Jim Leishman. The club's always bigger than the person, they made me. I was proud to be there and it was a pleasure.

"Two or three mistakes along the way, a couple of bad signings...", for example? "...Emm...", he pauses for a while and continues, "boys who didn't fulfil their potential. They'll blame me, say that I didn't give them a fair chance. Eric Ferguson could have done better."

He's glad the team are doing well, they're "Starting to click, back on the rails at the right time. All teams have their bad spells and we've had ours."

On the subject of fanzines he believes a lot of good can come from them. Some in the past have been too negative and nothing but slagging magazines. "If you've got something to say, and feel strongly about it you should say it. But you can also be constructive in your criticisms." If we're positive a lot of constructive things can come from it, "the board will say they don't read it but even if they don't, they'll hear what's been said on any particular subject". In that respect I hope he's right, as a Pars fan I can never get enough to read about them, even if it's exactly the same match report in different papers I'll read them both. No matter how aloof many chairmen like to appear, they can't be impervious to the thoughts and feelings of the fans, especially at clubs like Dunfermline. Whether it be from fanzines, meeting folk in the Paragon or any of the pubs we congregate in, not understanding the feeling of the popular support is what got us in to this hole that, nearly five years later, we're not even half way out of yet.

With an appointment in 20 minutes, Jim has one last message for the Pars fans, "The King is not dead".

Paul Bundy

The East End Bounce

FANTASY FOOTBALL

Jumping pathetically on the bandwagon of a craze that's been sweeping the country for the last couple of years, we thought for about half a minute for a variation on the theme and came up with this. Like the TV version, numerous celebs talk a load of shite while chatting about their selections and how they're doing. There follows week by week summaries of what we think would have happened, usually with a guest and what they probably would have said.

THE RULES

Each player starts with £100 and has to bet on the game their team is in, win draw or lose, correct score, half-time/full-time split or whatever. They bet as much or almost as little as they please, minimum stake £10, no maximum and, best of all, no tax. Losing everything incurs instant disqualification on the grounds of knowing bugger-all about football. Odds are as on whatever coupon we were filling in that week.

WEEK 1 - 25/26/27/30 November

Some of the opening week's predictions, it's obvious Gerry McNee is being as brash and obnoxious as ever, Willie Miller favouring caution in both his selection and his wager.

Hugh Keevins - £50 on Celtic to win Coaca-Cola Cup at 8/15 (drew 2-2, lost 6-5 on penalties)

Sandy Roy - £20 Falkirk home win v's Dundee United at 5/4 (lost 3-1)

Gerry McNee - £100 Rangers home win v's Aberdeen at 8/15 (won 1-0)

Willie Miller - £10 Aberdeen to lose at Ibrox

Jocky Scott - £50 on 0-0 between Hibs and Celtic in mid-week(1-1)

WEEK 2 - 3/4 December

This week's special guest - **Hugh Keevins**. FFO- A bad start Hugh? "Yes obviously, but not just for my sake.

This is just the sort of disaster Scottish football's been courting for years. People scorned me for the way I derided and ignored the lower divisions, even calling for clubs to be merged or disbanded completely. I've always said they were holding our football back and this proves it conclusively. Raith Rovers had only one thing on their minds, preventing one of Scotland's biggest club from winning a trophy they so richly deserved and thus from competing on the European stage. What hope can there be for Scottish football when all these meaningless clubs are allowed to get in the way of Rangers and Celtic? If teams like Raith and Falkirk keep knocking the Old Firm out, people in places like Kirkcaldy will flock away from the Glasgow clubs to their own, and where will our game be then?

"As for this week I'll have to play safe, the draw odds aren't that good but this is the Premier League, so I'll put the lot on."

WEEK 3 - 10 December

Special Guest **Willie Miller**. FFO- You're not having a very good start Willie? losing at home to Killie last week, one you would have thought you could win, What went wrong?

"Well, not that bad a start. My bet worked when we played Rangers. You might think it wrong to bet against your own team but you can't compete with Rangers. Kilmarnock, well you can't expect us to

ALL FIXED-ODDS

be able to compete against these big west coast teams, even at home. After all, it was only 30 years ago they won the league. People are too quick to criticise, it's ridiculous anyone should think I should lose my job after not being able to beat Kilmarnock."

WEEK 4 - 26 December

Special guest **Gerry McNee**. FFFO - You seem to be doing well Gerry.

"Yes absolutely, and I can exclusively reveal the headlines of all the papers on Monday. "Great Dane" and "Prince of Denmark" will dominate the Scottish coverage while "Loan Ranger" will figure prominently on the English scene. I'll say this just once, I was talking to Walter Smith today and, while I was talking to Walter Smith, Walter Smith told me some astonishing news about Rangers Football Club which will astonish every football fan in Scotland...."



WEEK 5 - 31 December

The standings, including Hogmanay's games, follows in the table below. As you can see, McNee is running away with it, a few predictable draws have put Keevins back up there, while Scott and Roy have yet to win.

1st	Gerry McNee	£2398.44
2nd	Hugh Keevins	£ 511.25
3rd	Willie Miller	£ 88.87
4th	Jocky Scott	£ 40.00
4th	Sandy Roy	£ 40.00

WEEK 6 - 2/4 JANUARY

Special guest **Sandy Roy**. FFFO - Some not bad results for the Bairns so far Roy, given they should be in the First Division, but you haven't won with them yet? What's gone wrong or are you just being over optimistic?

Certificate of Birth

Name and Surname	When and Where Born	Name of Father	Name of Mother
<i>Alexander McArthur Roy</i>	<i>31st August 1948 Aberdeen</i>	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Sandra Roy</i>

"It's not over optimism, blind loyalty is nearer the mark, you can't bet against your own team. There were a couple of games I thought would be draws, but what if we'd won? I'd feel pretty stupid not having put my money where my mouth was. Anyway, I'll have the lot on them just as soon as the Scottish League puts me down to referee one of their games, for some reason I've not had one to do yet this season. If only I could get Falkirk games with the regularity I did last season we'd be challenging Rangers just now, they always get their own referees, why can't Falkirk?"

Note: Gerry McNee has been disqualified after losing his entire stake in the Old Firm derby.

WEEK 7 - 7/8 January

Special Guest **Jocky Scott**. FFO - You're pretty hopeless aren't you Jocky? It's easy to see why you bet on 0-0, but that's 6 games in a row now where there's been a goal in a Hibs match, is that a record? "Probably, but you can't expect it to last for too much longer. [continued on page..] Ah! think not, joke's worn thin enough, Ed

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

This month we hear from Don Mathieson in Canada. Don has issues sent out to him by fellow Par Alistair Barr and is writing in response to our appeal in the August issue for new correspondents. As promised, there's a copy of this winging its way across the Atlantic as today's game gets underway, with any luck it'll go straight there and not via the Phillipines as Don's letter did. Congratulations to Don on being the first person in the entire history of the Universe to go to there and not trot out the tired old 'Drink Canada Dry' joke.

I've been a Pars' fan for 30 years, but unfortunately the last 3 years have been spent in Canada - I did manage one game last season (4-0 v Brechin). The Pars are still very utmost in my mind and hearing their result each Saturday is a priority, we get the results 9:15 in the morning (handy for the fixed-odds - ed).

I've got good tons of good memories and players I could mention like John Kilgannon, Jackie Sinclair, Alex Edwards, Alex Ferguson, Hugh Maxwell (remember his misses more than his goals), Bert Paton, Pat Gardner and all the '68 team. To cut a long story short here is a list of my 2 best teams with all the best players-

E. Martin

W. Callaghan

J. Fraser

R. Barry

J. Lunn

A. Smith

P. Donnelly

H. Robertson

A. Edwards

G. McLean

A. Ferguson

I. Kozma

J. Watson

J. Bowie

S. Beedie

I. McCall

C. Robertson

J. Leishman

J. Salton

N. McCathie

B. Robertson

A. Rhodes

Memories include watching the big screen at East End in the winter of 1968 as The Pars beat West Brom 1-0 at the Hawthorns. Or the day we went up to Brechin and Alistair and I sneaked in through the famous hedge and this old guy with a spade threw us out. More recently, all the promotions in the Leishman era - these were the happiest times I feel at East End. Stuffing Hibs after extra-time at Easter Road in the League Cup quarter final a few years back was a very proud moment. And how about beating the Souness influenced Rangers 2-0 in the Scottish Cup - remember Mark Smith (whatever happened to him?) lobbing (?) Chris Woods from right in front of the home support and big John's diving header finished them off - pity about the TV that day though, did Souness ever pay the bill? And last but not least, Istvan Kozma's hat-trick v's St Mirren a few years back - the best one I've ever seen.

The saddest time - John Lunn's untimely death and the day Jim got the boot. Not until Bert Paton took over has the club got going again, it seems to be a happy place once more.

All the best

Don Mathieson

PS Nothing like a good day out in Kirkcaldy - plenty of pubs, good fun and an easy 3 points

The East End Bounce

Interesting teams Don, the first one's a bit before my time and I only ever saw Leishman in a Cowden strip but the rest of that team is still fresh in the memory. P. Donnelly, if it's the one I'm thinking of, would look more at home in your second team, but perhaps you think that highly of him to include him in more exalted company. Paul Donnelly and Jim Bowie are two of my favorites but neither ever seemed to be played as often as they should, or as often as most folk on the terraces would have liked. John Salton would be in my team as well but I probably would have had Shuggie Whyte in goal, but then you can't possibly do these things without remembering so many players you wouldn't want to leave out.

As ever, we throw open a door of opportunity, to those ex-pat Pars living it up in foreign fleshpots, for instant success, fame and the chance to be mobbed by fanzine groupies on their return. Just tell us your story, send it off and your life will never be the same again. ED

EVER PULLED A PAR?

We're always on the look out for new contributors and new angles on writing about the Pars. We've also always thought it'd be good to have the child-bearing half of the species giving their view of things. Come on girls, there's plenty enough of you out there on a Saturday and a good few of you part with your 50p whenever we can be arsed getting one of these things out. So, to help us make them bigger and get them out more often (oo-er, bit of innuendo...seldom fails), put pen to paper and let's hear from you. Don't be put off if you think you won't be any good at it, that hasn't stopped any of us.

To get the ball rolling, we'd like to hear of your experiences on and after the dance floors on a Saturday night with Pars stars past and present. Not blow-by-blow accounts of course, and graphic photo evidence isn't required. Just basic salacious gossip, which ones try the corny 'I'm so-and-so the footballer, any chance of a shag?' type lines. Which ones does it work for and why? Who're the 6-times-a-night-ers, whose used the '...this has never happened before...I don't know what's wrong...maybe it's just stress' excuse. Did the players have trouble scoring in Jocky Scott's day? Were they totally inadequate in Iain Munro's? Where they as prolific off the field as they were on it last season?

Alternatively, how about a beauty contest? Whose the hunkiest, wettest-panty inducing Pars player at the moment? Nominate your top three, the winner gets a Derek McWilliams mask to help avoid your desperate clutches as a prize.

You get the general idea, anonymity can be preserved if required, we'll consult our legal department before we go to press with anything and hopefully the players will see the funny side. Don't be constrained by these suggestions, they're just things with which we'd be uncomfortable doing ourselves. We'd genuinely love to hear from you, as Pars' fans in the first place but we'd also like the female perspective. No prizes, as it's just for fun and we're cheapskates, just a freebie copy.



The East End Bounce

Joyless Kilmarnock Blues

In another in our series of memorable away trips, Gordon Robertson goes to Rugby Park. Similiar contributions always wanted.

A midweek trip to Kilmarnock on a freezing cold day in the early 80s. It doesn't actually grab the imagination but someone has to go. Anyway, this particular Wednesday was one of those pristine winter evenings. A biting sharp coldness, cloudless sky and crystal moon and stars.

I took a back seat position on this occasion and set off across the Forth with three other hardy individuals into the unknown. I don't know about nowadays but 10 odd years ago the beginning of the A71 was cunningly hidden. It looked simple enough on the map, but stick four guys in a car, some of whom, it has to be said, had been partaking in intoxicating liquor, and it's a whole new ballgame. I've lost count of the number of wrong turns, missed signposts, doubling backs and just plain lost in the middle of nowheres that I've been involved in throughout my years watching the Pars, but it's certainly close to last season's goals for tally.

Anyway, a series of lucky guesses later and we're on the A71 and heading West. Everything was grand, the lads were in a confident frame of mind and in time honoured tradition one of our number even had his scarf hanging out the back window. Unfortunately, he was soon to lose this beloved article when he opened the window too dispose of a fag end. The careless individual had omitted to tie the end of the scarf to something inside the car.

That mishap aside we were looking forward to a quick and painless journey to Killie. The A71 seemed to be pretty quiet and there are certainly didn't seem to be any other Pars fans on the road. The next vehicle we saw wasn't on they road either. Somewhere between Mid-Calder and Wishaw we came across a small family saloon of some description upside-down at the bottom of a roadside embankment. All the lights were on, all the doors open, but the car was deserted. Not a soul in sight. We had pulled over onto the verge and were tentatively looking for any signs of life, when another car screeched to a halt behind us and its huge bearded driver leapt out, dressed from head to toe in black and looking like something from the Hammer House of Horror. "Any deid boadies?" he growled at us while bounding down toward the upturned car. We were rather taken aback at his compassionate and sensitive nature, and hadn't come up with a word between us before he re-emerged on the roadside with "There's naebody doon there", jumped back in his motor and sped off.

The rest of the journey to Rugby Park was filled with numerous witticisms at the expense of our hairy acquaintance and the bizarre incident by the roadside. To this day I don't know who, why, how or when the accident happened, but can only hope that if it was fellow Pars fans they got to the match safely.

To be honest I can't actually remember much about the game. We either drew or lost, I know we didn't win. The most memorable aspect of our hour and as half on the terraces was the steward standing nearby who reminded us on numerous occasions that Rugby Park was a Premier League ground. No matter that Killie were in the First Division, the important factor here is that it is a Premier League stadium. All our attempts to convince the man in the yellow jacket that it doesn't matter how good the ground is if the team are shite fell on deaf ears. He was obstinate. He spent much of the game pointing out the Premier League terracing (this pre-Taylor of course), the Premier League crush barriers, the Premier League turnstiles, the Premier League floodlights etc etc while we pointed out the First Division football team. Anyway, we parted on fairly amicable terms after the final whistle, our friend pointing us in the direction of the Premier League exits.

The winter chill had really set in by 9:30 and the few flurries of snow during the match looked in danger of turning into something worse. Sure enough, a few miles outside Kilmarnock and we were in the middle of a blizzard. Now the A71 isn't a great road at the best of times, but with visibility almost zero and under-tyre conditions treacherous things weren't really looking too great. However, we progresses safely enough for sometime until we reached a downward sloping 'S' bend. There were several inches of icy snow on the road by this time and the merest

The East End Bounce

touch on the brakes by our gallant driver sent us skidding downhill on the wrong side of the road. As luck would have it, a set of headlights appeared from round the bend in front of us, and, even luckier, they were attached to a rather large articulated lorry. The next few seconds were a blur of spinning wheels and flashing lights which culminated, miraculously, with us on the right (left) side of the road totally unscathed. Our driver received hearty congratulations from us all, our adrenalin levels subsided, and we proceeded onwards.

By a unanimous verdict we decided the A71 was for us no longer and took the next exit towards the M8. The conditions weren't any better but at least it was wide and straight. Of course this wouldn't help if the car broke down. It did. Myself and another were volunteered to go for help, and trudged off through the almost knee-deep snow, freezing wind and nil visibility until we came upon an emergency phone. We had just got through to the AA or whoever and were giving them the details when our chums appeared through the swirling snow, lights flashing and horn blaring. The car had decided it would like to complete the journey after all. We jumped back inside and eventually arrived back in Dunfermline without further incident.

It was one of those away trips where the fact we were attending a football match was almost coincidental. Needless to say, subsequent trips to Rugby Park have proved somewhat less eventful (*but then you weren't with us on the way there in August '92, when the car went airborne, did a few pirouettes, crashed through a fence and spent the rest of the day in a tattie field - Ed*). Of course Killie now do have a Premier League team to match their ground, this season at least, and I look forward to travelling there next season if they can avoid the drop.

Gordon Robertson

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

In a very poor attempt to pretend that the Bounce is not just your average footie fanzine we sent our roving reporter out and about over the festive season to attend some of the top class pantos on offer throughout Scotland. Here is his unbiased, critical appraisal of those shows featuring men who regularly pull on their wives' fishnets, apply liberal amounts of makeup and ponce about for an hour and a half, occasionally falling over to the groans and guffaws of the paying public. This is obviously a regular sight for Falkirk fans, but for the rest of us it means Panto Season. Let's take a look at what was on offer around the country starring some wonderful Scottish football celebrities and Simon Stainrod.

SLEEPING BEAUTY starring Davie Dodds. In this adaptation of the famous tale our Davie is stuck in the Rangers dugout fast asleep until someone wakes him with a kiss. Pleasant dreams Davie

ALADDIN starring George O'Boyle. A sad tale of a young Irishman who is granted a wish by the genie of the lamp. He wishes for fame, fortune and an international call-up. By a bizarre twist of fate he ends up in Perth, getting B-international caps and will be playing First Division football again next season (when not injured).

BABIES IN THE WOOD starring Falkirk F.C. As a special Christmas bonus Falkirk manager Jim Jeffries has sent the squad on an Outward Bounds team building weekend. They have to use teamwork, skill and intelligence to navigate their way out of some trees. J.J. has been forced to replenish his decimated squad by signing players from Motherwell and most recently Maurice Johnstone from Hearts. Apparently Bill McMurder advised Mo to sign for the Babies because there are now lots of spare tracksuits at Brockville.

CINDERELLA starring Simon Stainrod. Can Simon, in the title role, get back to Somerset Park before he turns into a big, fat horrible pumpkin? Oops, too late!

SNOW WHITE starring our very own Neale Cooper. A real fairy tale this one in which our Neale wins the Scottish footballers' fair play award for his exemplary behaviour on the park. After all we all know what a paragon of virtue he really is. Oh no he isn't. Oh yes he is. Look out he's behind you. etc. etc.

Gordon Robertson

The East End Bounce

SUPERSTITION

"What have Airdrie, Derek's long johns and Tunisia got in common?"
Well, we'll see.

Sitting, as one does, in the Commercial Inn in Dunfermline before the last game of last season, home to Clyde, the real reason for the lack of promotion that season became blindingly obvious. I was up for the annual pilgrimage, expecting to be celebrating a heroic achievement. It was not to be, but at least I found the explanation for the inexplicable disaster.

It was the fault of Derek's long johns.
How can this be, you ask.
Here's the evidence.

As we remember well, Dunfermline had a fairly poor start to the season. The weather was warm and our Derek attended all the matches in summer kit: boxer shorts and flannel trousers. But as the cool breezes swept up the Firth of Forth Derek wisely decided to don his winter gear - a pair of serious long johns in true Victorian style - to keep his parts warm between cups of Bovril.

From this moment on, friends, the Pars rained goals in at our opponents end, points accumulated, we topped the table, were the highest scorers in Britain and the Premier League beckoned.

Nemesis was not far off, however, in the shape of the family. A package holiday to Tunisia had been arranged for the fortnight which included the decisive encounter with Airdrie.

Derek could find no way out of this engagement, his need to be there was no match for determined spouse or accompanying in-laws. Desperate to ensure the Pars victory that would see the championship ours, he had only two options. One was to find a volunteer from his mates to wear the lucky long johns at the match. This, not surprisingly perhaps, found little response from the fellow drinkers in the Commercial. The other was to TAKE THEM TO TUNISIA WITH HIM.

Braving the sneers of inquisitive customs officers, Derek duly packed said thermal underwear along with sun-barrier cream and Ray-banns.

The day of the match arrived, and the sun beat down mercilessly on the Tunisian pool side. As 3 PM struck, Derek furtively crept up to the hotel bedroom, donned woolly one-piece and sat in the armchair. The temperature climbed above 30 centigrade and sweat poured from our hero's every gland. Time crept agonisingly by until 5 PM he could wait no longer and placed a long distance call home to Dunfermline to hear the devastating news. The Pars had lost 1-0, the own goal and catalogue of misses only emphasising the scale of the catastrophe. Miserable and defeated, the rest of the holiday was ruined for Derek.

Returning to a chastened East End Park the following week, Derek stubbornly in the heat of May went to the last game in long johns. A 5-0 victory was but a mocking reminder of what could have been. The damage had been done and the absent long johns had sealed the Pars' fate.

With another close finish in prospect for this season, this cautionary tale should be taken to heart by all superstitious Pars fans.

George Bridges, A Par from afar.

✓ SAINT 'n' ?
GREAVSIE

HERE'S AN EARLY RESULT
JUST IN GREAVSIE.
STIRLING 13 BOROUGHMUIR

COR! SAINT. WHAT DO
I KEEP SAYING ABOUT
SCOTTISH GOALKEEPERS?
CAN THAT FOOTBALL?

The East End Bounce

WEEGIE BORED

With relief at the thought that we might not be on a slide (!), following the 6-0 win over Ayr, I relaxed and pondered the permutations of a fertile mind, a world weary car and two free Saturdays. The 17th saw the Weegie Par and his similarly Easternly challenged Arab set off for Cliftonswill with no utterable belief that it would have coped the morning monsoon. A necessity to see a match at this terminal outpost the only force. At Strathclyde Park at 2:02 an announcement of the fixture's demise is made on the radio. Never mind, Shitty here we come! To the uninitiated this is the affectionate name given to East Stirlingshire by the barmy band of bevviers who have a penchant for total football.

The event was a Scottish Cup tie with New Firm rivals Stennybottom at Oh....Ochilview. A failure to enter the child gate did not dampen the awe at the surreal sight of the entire BBC OBU including J Brown, perched above the sodden pitch; a change of heart by the ignoramuses? By half-time they would have been screaming for the comfort of Ibrox (along with the players) as a horizontal tap had been turned on. The game became a farce and when Mathieson put Stenny in the lead nobody cared as the game was minutes from abandonment. But it didn't and by the time they realised, the 'Shire were 3-0 down and sunk. Of joy was seeing Godfrey stroll through (ney!) and the shire boys (producers of the superb Who is Dougie Henry?) upstaging their moribund adversaries by having a bloody good time, singing such ditties as 'when the shire go up to lift the Scottish Cup, we'll all be dead' (there's a good reason 'Muir weren't singing that one, Ed).

A remedy was much sought for the sickness suffered the morning after the shambles at McDiarmid Park. What better than a day out in ye stereotypical English town of Carlisle, play ground of Michael Knighton, who were playing Bury in a Division 3 top of the table clash. Walking down Warwick street to the ground I found myself alongside a family draped in Union Jacks and sporting skinheads (the men at least), but most striking was the only act of graffiti near the ground - 'Celtic Soccer Crew', couldn't figure that one out. The club shop was a house in itself and was well stocked, goodies including a video of 93/94 season's highlight (East End take note) and a bizarre club T-shirt which proclaimed 'No defeat, No surrender, Know football, No trouble'. The home strip was akin to Stranraer's plus red and white 'paint' blotches, and the away one was a mish-mash of red, green and white, not unlike ours in style.

Knighton has plans for the total demolition and rebuilding of Brunton Park but for the time it's a joy/midden. The stand is set far back, topping a large terracing with the Popular End covered by three joined, hut shaped roofs and the other open. The floodlights were aligned on narrow, pointed at the top, cone shaped pylons. Upon being frisked and then using the Broomfield style bogs (the excitement), I settled at the Bury corner of the ground. It was with shock that I found Bury playing in our away strip.....well, I had the home one on. The standard of play was crap, even Sharpie must stroll through this division and Carlisle triumphed 3-0 against the 'best' defence in Britain. What was striking about the afternoon was the liberal attitude of the authorities. The ground filled up to capacity then the gates were shut, there were no gangways (not unlike Brockville then, Ed) and fans were perched on walls and fences.

Upon scoring a Carlisle fan climbed on the Bury wall and celebrated - the result? Not even a talking to from the adjacent police and stewards. Scuffles broke out in the Bury section but everything was defused with the aid of a hand-held surveillance camera. By the second half the police were partaking in much mirth between the opposing supporters, this didn't stop me being hit by a coin. The point being though that the degree of stand-off by the police prevented the mutation in atmosphere that was incited by the antics at Perth the previous day. Carlisle clearly had some problems with the fans safety, I thought the day was an education and an awakening to the zealously of the Taylor Report's implementation in Scotland.

David Noble

The East End Bounce

SCOTTISH FOOTBALL QUOTATIONS by KENNY MacDONALD

No folks, not a book review, but half a page of blatantly copying someone else's work, not unlike Kenny MacDonald himself, and no, we're not toiling to fill the pages in our new expanded format. This is just to serve as a taster of one of our prizes in our quiz, opposite, and having paid £7 for the thing we're going to get some mileage out of it.

Q: Were you happy at the prospect of coming to Links Park?

A: I was sweating with excitement. It didn't take me long to say 'yes' to the move, even though I'd never heard of Montrose.

Q: What was your first impression?

A: I thought I'd come to a chicken factory. It was also reminiscent of a Chinese women's volleyball team.

Ivo, May '91

John said, 'None of the players at Firhill have got everything. If they had, they wouldn't be at Firhill'.

Roddy Grant on John Lambie

I can't say anything about the match officials otherwise I wouldn't play or manage in Scotland again.

Souness after going out of the cup at East End.

I apologies to the supporters, my family and the players' families for our performance.

Tony Fitzpatrick after getting gubbed 5-1 off the Pars.

He could start an argument in an empty house.

Jimmy Nicol on Tommy Docherty.

We banned him for life in 1987 and he turned up for the next game with a ladder, propped it against a boundary wall, climbed up, and started bawling and shouting again.

Hamilton official on legendary fan 'Fergie'

Most players hate fanzines. They tend to be critical of players and the way the game is run. Professional players are very wary of anything that makes fun of them. They can be absurdly loyal to the good image of the game.

Pat Nevin, '88

What do you call a donkey with three tits?



Joe Jordan

The East End Bounce

WIN!

PRIZE QUIZ-WIN IVO'S SHIRT

First prize - 2 tickets for May's Rovers game

Second prize - a copy of Scottish Football Quotations by Kenny MacDonald

Third prize - Jocky Scott's moustache, you must collect it yourself

Bonus Prize - score full marks and win the Ivo den Bieman's signed Pars top

Bonus Prize 2 - Next 5 issues free to a random entrant, regardless of score

Most, but not all, answers can be found in the books that came out about 10 years ago and the various Pars fanzines from the last 7 years. Correspondence welcome but editor's decision final.

- 1 According to early SFA records, what colour knickers did the first Dunfermline teams play in?(1)
- 2 Name the Pars players of the 50s and 60s who fathered Parlets Chris, Willie and Colin? (3)
- 3 Which future Pars player played at Valley Parade the day of the Bradford disaster? (1)
- 4 In the game that Bert broke his leg, which future Pars hero scored 2 of United's goals? (1)
- 5 Which Pars player scored his first goal for the club a week before he joined?(1)
- 7 Who scored the winning goal last time we won at Ibrox?(1)
- 8 Name four teams Mike Leonard scored hat-tricks against? (4)
- 9 Who was known as 'The Wee Flash' and 'The Flash' (1)
- 10 For which two clubs that Dunfermline have met in European competition has Istvan Kozma played? (2)
- 11 How big was our cut of the gate money in the Fairs Cup replay against Valencia in Portugal? (1)
- 12 Which two teams were beaten on the way both times we won the Scottish Cup?(2)
- 13 In 1986, which team did the Pars play in a pre-season friendly match of 3 1/2 hour thirds in Glenrothes? (1)
- 14 The chant "You're on the Park again, you're on the park again" started at which Falkirk game? (1)
- 15 Who scored the penalty in the 1979 decider against Falkirk? (1)
- 16 Which player would often miss training when it was frosty because he was out gritting the roads? (1)
- 17 Montrose have their 3rd successive ex-Pars player as manager, name them (3)
- 18 Which company were first to have their name on the shirts as sponsors? (1)
- 19 In 78-9 the programme changed to an all black cover for 3 games, name the opposition in each case. (3)
- 20 What was the sequel to Par Trek? (1)
- 21 Which Ranger, after pathetic banana and "ooo-ooo-ing" incidents, was the main subject in the anti-racism piece in the first issue of *Walking Down the Halbeath Road*? (1)
- 22 What's the connection between 56,060 and DAFC? (1)
- 23 Which current Pars player's namesake owns Al Bundy's shoe shop in *Married With Children*? (1)
- 24 Name the only band to have mentioned a past or present Pars manager in a recorded song? Just in case there's others we're not aware of, it's the band who had the following lyrics in another song-

"I dream of occasional fanzine mentions,

I've been to one too many, David Lynch conventions,

I play postal chess...with a man who doesn't know me,

And I've got a better frown than Tony Iommi." (3, 1 each for the manager, band & song)

ANSWERS TO THE USUAL ADDRESS BY 15 APRIL. IT'S WORTH A GO GIVEN OUR USUAL RESPONSE, EVEN IF YOU ONLY KNOW TWO ANSWERS YOU'LL PROBABLY WIN SOMETHING

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EX-PARS PLAYER BRINGS CUP TO FIFE

Sunday 27th November 1994. Christ how this day is going to haunt us for the rest of eternity. I quite honestly and genuinely started today wanting the Rovers to win, they're Fifers after all, not the Old Firm, the underdogs and the First Division against the all-wonderful-and-only-thing-worth-reporting Premier League. Not only that, there was also the continuation of Celtic's trophyless years to consider, having one successful club from Glasgow is bad enough but it's better than two, we always hear that Scottish football needs a strong Celtic to challenge Rangers - wrong! It needs a strong club from anywhere else to challenge Glasgow, unless you're tied up in the futile west coast proddy-catholic ethos that's plagued Scottish football there's no difference between the two. Rovers are hardly going to be the saviours of our game but if they continue the decline of Celtic some good may come of it. I was prepared to put up with the inevitable media teeth-gnashing over "what's become of this once great club", the concentration on where they went wrong and the patronising shite slopped on ex-Ranger Jimmy Nicholl's Raith Rovers, but I was ignoring the reality of being a Pars' fan for the greater good of Scottish football. Now that it's actually happened I'm less than happy.

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL

The day started off quietly, recovering from the 13 hour Guinness and Export fuelled train trip to and from Stranraer, nothing was done until about 2:45 when a virtually empty pub in Leith was chosen as the viewing position. Shortly in to the game it was apparent that the two other folk watching the game were Tims, at least for the day. They oaed and aaahhed at the various hopeless half chances Celtic created, we were up on the chairs going bananas when Crawford showed the defence for a complete bunch of numpties. Cameron was busy earning himself a likely transfer to a good team and Sinclair was hoping the touring South Africans were watching. Rovers didn't weather the storm very well and eventually lost the equaliser at a time they weren't in the game at all. At that point I was disappointed but accepted it as inevitable. Celtic were looking as though they could walk it but they had the handicap of Mickey Galloway to cope with, come half time it was still 1-1. Cut to the pundits' banal chat with Dougie Donnelly. Who were they? Craig Brewster, ex-Raith Rovers, and Ally McCoist of...err...em...the Old Firm. What on earth was he doing there?

THEM

In the second half Rovers looked much more composed than they did in the later stages of the first, still for at least the first half hour of it they seldom made much impression on the shoddy Celtic defence. In the closing stages they were definitely the better team and were seriously unfortunate to lose a goal when they did, I wasn't too disappointed this time as I was beginning to think seriously of the consequences of Rovers winning. I wasn't happy, just not pissed off. That said I was up on my chair again a minute later cheering as though I'd been born in the wrong part of Fife. They could have won it in the last couple of minutes but we were destined for extra time. Meanwhile, the sponsors had erected giant video screens in 2 of the big stupid looking empty corners that Ibrox has, these had the team listings on show during play, most fortunate as I'm sure 90% of the Rovers fans would have had difficulty identifying more than 2 of their players.

THE DEAD ZONE

Extra time came and went then after that came, what we're told are, the dreaded penalty kicks. Truth be told everybody loves them except the teams involved. At 4-4 Gordon Marshall would have saved at least half of them if he thought he could, instead of being content to throw himself to the ground in an effort to make it look like he could care less, Scott Thompson in between times was hopelessly scoobied by all of them. McInnespie made it 5-4 to Raith and Galloway stepped up for Celtic, memories of Anton Rogan in '90 came flooding back and it looked certain this duffer would follow suit, a poor penalty and a Marshall-type attempt at a save led in to sudden death. Rowbotham duly scored for the Rovers and Paul McStay stepped up for the Tims. Of all people surely he would score! Like Platini in Mexico, Waddle in '90 and Baggio last summer, it took the so called star of the team to take the blame for everyone else on his shoulders and not do what

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should come easily to any professional footballer. Delight at this point was followed, two minutes later, by sitting on a bar stool, head in my hands almost as miserable as the Bhoys behind me.

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Four months, and a home defeat by them, later my mood towards it has changed considerably. In fact it had changed by the morning after. All the reasons I mentioned at the start for wanting them to win still stood, the worst thing was having to put up with the never-ending 'Dancing in the Streets of...' comments. Much as I hate them, I hate Rangers, Celtic and the whole Old Firm obsessed media even more. The success of Rovers in this competition and the hopeful success of, in descending order, Stenhousemuir, Rovers or Airdrie, will help to weaken the symbiotic relationship between the media and Old Firm. Unlike the real news, the sports news' remit is not to report news, it's to report things, anything at all, about the clubs that are most popular. If the real news worked on the same basis as the sports news in Scotland we would never have heard of Lockerbie but every day the Daily Record headline would be along the lines of 'Terror of Govan Boy Falling off Bicycle'. The, ahem, 'quality press' is no different when it comes to sport. The headline will be smaller and less sensational, but the in-depth story half a week after the event will still be about the 10 year-old weegie wrapping his mountain-bike round a lamp-post. Market forces are the only thing that count, newspapers have only one consideration-selling papers. Sod relevance or any degree of probability, as long as it mentions Rangers or Celtic it will sell copy. Much as they moan about the state and quality of Scottish football, they're totally unwilling to accept their own complicity in making the situation we have now. 'We need a strong Celtic to challenge Rangers' is the only answer they have to our football's ills.

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED

How much healthier would Dunfermline, Rovers, Falkirk, Kilmarnock, Airdrie, the Edinburgh clubs and every other club in Scotland be if the media didn't collude with the Old Firm to draw as many as possible of those clubs' natural fans away from them and into the 'greatest derby in the world' mentality. If school kids could read about their local teams in the national press they're much more likely to accept them as equals to all the others in the league, but if all they can read about is Rangers, they'll believe that's all there is and have the accompanying feel-good factor of 'supporting' a winning team.

Paul Bundy



IVO'S BELLY

Fans of Ivo and indie-girly-guitar-pop sensations Belly may be interested in an import EP doing the rounds. There's a Hendrix song from a tribute album and one of three versions of 'It's not Unusual' is Ivo's mix. A man of many talents.

Great Chants of Yesteryear

"Hark! now hear, the Athletic sing
A King was born today
And man will live, forever more
Because of Jim Bowie"

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Thanks to Pars hero for a day, Eric Ferguson, for sending us this **Scottish Football Today** questionnaire. Unfortunately he was unable to return it before bugging off to Australia. Is it any wonder the mag went bust?

PLAYER PROFILE

Follow the instructions carefully

- 1 - Fill in your personal details on the first line and other info on any other dotted lines as you come across them.
- 2 - Tick one box in each question only.
- 3 - Don't tick any other boxes.
- 4 - If you don't understand a question, tick any box - this isn't an exam, there are no wrong answers and nobody really gives a toss anyway.
- 5 - For questions with a "/" in them, score out the bit that doesn't apply.

Name - Age - Current Club - Previous Club -

1 - Biggest influence on career?

- a) Father/Parents
 b) at previous/present club
 c) Buckfast

7 - What would you be doing if you weren't in football?

- a) Playing another sport -
 b) A pop star
 c) On the dole

2 - Thing like most about football?

- a) Winning
 b) 's patter in the changing-room, he cracks me up.
 c) The birds on Saturday night

8 - What kind of car do you drive?

- a) XR2i
 b) 205 GTi
 c) Eh!...I don't. I lost my licence last week for drink driving

3 - Thing hate most about football?

- a) Losing
 b) Injuries
 c) Cheats

9 - Favorite food?

- a) Spaghetti
 b) Lasagne
 c) Pasta

4 - Favorite player when growing up?

- a) Kenny Dalglish
 b) Kenny Dalglish
 c) Kenny Dalglish

10 - Favorite pop group/star?

- a) Simply Red
 b) Dire Straits
 c) Luther van Dross/any dross

5 - Ambition in the game?

- a) Play for Scotland/national team
 b) To win things
 c) No

11 - Favorite subject at school?

- a) Football
 b) Metalwork
 c) Woodwork

6 - Team supported as a boy?

- a) Rangers/Celtic
 b) Big English club -
 c) Whoever I'm playing for now, honest!

12 - How do you relax away from football?

- a) Play golf/squash/other.....
 b) TV/videos/computer games
 c) Read a book....naah! Just kidding