

The East End Bounce

MAY 1995



Jackie, fancy coming to the pub to watch the cup final?

No, I'm getting a carry-out and watching it with John Davies

50p

WHO? WHEN? WHERE?

This issue of *The East End Bounce* is brought to you by Paul Bundy, Rohan Lightfoot, Huge Keevins, Brandon Marlow, The Toun Ultra, Parson and Jonathan Richardson. Thanks to Goggs, Lynne, Stuart, Terry and Ivo without whom it wouldn't be possible. Due to various commitments, *The Bounce* will become slightly more erratic in its appearances next season, keep the contributions for the likes of Own Correspondent, memorable away trips, etc and anything else you can think of coming though as they will be used. The postal strike and holiday Monday may have delayed any late contributions, if we haven't published something, that's why, not because it was crap or anything. 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, Charing Cross Road, London and mail order from 'Zine Scene, 71 Dean Park, Linlithgow.

Back copies: Issues 1-5 all available, 50p each, plus SAE, or any three for £1.

DICK & BERT'S
EXCELLENT
ADVENTURE



The East End Bounce

The East End Bounce

11 Rowan Grove, Dunfermline, KY11 5QX.

You could be forgiven for thinking the the Pars have had a really crap season and been playing out the last couple of months with meaningless mid-table fixtures. We just don't rate a mention in some papers, on Saturday much was made of Rovers being able to win the league and how wonderful Jimmy Nicholl is, very little that we could virtually do the same. Even now, going into the last game against a team we've beaten six times in a row *The Scotsman* has Dundee as favorites for the play-off with "only the most optimistic of Pars fans" believing we'll finish in the top two. Graham Spiers, in *Scotland on Sunday*, glorifies Raith for having an away strip like Barcelona and belittles ours with a comment about Plymouth Argyle. I can't remember him ever making the same analogy whenever Hibs borrowed it, and why Barcelona and not Crystal Palace? Forget all the positive reasons, I hope Rovers get stuffed and lose everything on goal-difference to Dundee and ourselves and all these pompous arseholes have to eat their words.

As it stands, all six permutations of the top three clubs are still possible, all we can do is win today and hope for Rovers to get beaten by Hamilton, Dundee won't beat Stranraer by six let alone by six more than we beat the Bankies. I've written to Iain Munro offering gallons of whisky to his players if they can do the business for us, he's let us down the previous two years in late games against Killie and Falkirk, here's hoping for third time lucky. If we do end up in the play-offs I dread to think that we lose them. Every year we come closer and closer and they find new ways of keeping us out of the Premier. If it was three points for a win last year we'd have gone up, if it was two points for a win this year Rovers would have to win today and Dundee would be out of it.

If it does come to the play-offs I don't want Aberdeen, they've come into some form and the media is so firmly entrenched behind them we'd have some problems given the current half-team we're playing with. We could beat United and Hearts, suddenly coming into it, won't know what's hit them.

I'm amazed they've decided the Premier League team will play at home in the first leg, my well-founded paranoia in these things made me sure the League would fix things against the First Division team.

Anyone who had any doubts about STV only being interested in Old Firm football surely had them quashed last weekend. On the biggest Saturday of the season they decided it was a non-event. All because Sky had beaten them to their favourite game and if they had a Scotsport programme they wouldn't have been able to watch it. What would McNee have written about in the *Ranger* on Monday then, eh?

Let's all do...

Paul Bundy



"Oh no! He's playing that clown Paterson again."

The East End Bounce

FourFourTwo

What do *FourFourTwo*, the English football mag with a tokenist view of Scottish football, and *Scottish Football Today*, the defunct Daily Record-esque comic that lived up to its name but in its last issue ran a major feature on a Welshman playing in England, have in common? Probably a few things but from *The Bounce*'s point of view, they both took up our time seeking free copies and something interesting to write about, with the promise a free copy when the article came out. Did we ever get one? Has anyone stopped laughing at G O'Bshite's succesful career move.

On to the FFT article in question. I don't know where it started, but I've seen it in the national and local press, the assertion that Stuart Petrie will become '*the first Pars player since John Watson in 1984/85 to score over 20 goals a season*'. What ever happened to Ross Jack? I'm surely not the only one who still remembers the 21 he scored when we were in the Premier. Besides, it was '85/6 Watson got his 31. Lazy journalism methinks. Perhaps some journalists would benefit from doing a bit more research than having a cursory glance at the last couple of weeks' press clippings.

It gets worse though. A picture of Paul Mathers, two other Dundee players and about six inches worth of a Pars player's sleeves from the 3-2 game in February, appears with a caption



Dunfermline's trip to Hampden in 1991 to collect loser's medals was the saving grace (no, really) of an otherwise disappointing season

about the Skol Cup final in 1991. Guido is van *den* Kamp and, it's official, Jackie's got an extra 'ra'. If you remember our player profiles from the end of last season, we had Jackie down as McNamarara because of the way his name does quite fit into the songs we sing about him, and finished the piece off with "Press reports always miss out the last 'ra'". That was before FFT and they don't, their intrepid reporter, Olivia Blair, obviously read at least one of the freebies she blagged off us. It was she who, in the previous issue, had Super Arsehole scoring a hat-trick against Celtic in the 1986 Aberdeen-Hearts cup final.

Overall it's probably the best mainstream football magazine about, but there were a couple of other things in that, April's, issue that pissed me off.

First, the leading article is entitled '*The 100 greatest players of all time*', they worked-out who these were by asking over 126 people who their 5 '*favourite*' players are. They've asked for *favourite* rather than who they thought were the *greatest*, which would

have made more sense and doubtless explains the results. Of the 100, no fewer than 40 are English, fairly high proportion of greatness for the one country, of all those who've won the world cup, not to have been able to do it abroad. Ten of them are Scottish which is similarly out of proportion (the cynic in me wonders if Davie Cooper would have made it if he died a wee bit sooner). Of those 10, only Jim Baxter is pictured in a Scotland strip, obviously because they wouldn't have one of him in an English club's colours. In fact, of the 18 non-English players pictured who played some club football in England, only five weren't shown in their Football

The East End Bounce

League/FA costumes. Obviously got to keep the England interest as high as possibly given about 60 infidels got through the net. Of those polled, 17 had their selections featured. The seven non-Anglos could come up with only two votes for Englishmen between them, the 10 English men had 16. This may seem all rather petty and like an exercise in paranoid-anglophobia, it is an English magazine after all and at least 95% of those asked must have been English, so the results aren't a surprise. They could have called it something else though.

Second, is the editor, Paul Simpson, serious when he claims that the riot in Dublin '*... is not soccer's shame. It's Britain's.*' Ignoring (well almost) the annoying use of 'soccer' by someone who should really know better, the use of Britain to spread the blame of a purely English problem onto the rest of us is another side of the same ignorant English imperialist mentality that sends their scum across Europe destroying everything they can. They ruled half the world then lost it, now all that remains of their empire are the wild and savage Celtic bits on the fringes; and they've had them so long, subjugated and colonised them so well they're really just greater England. The elitist term 'England' is used like their Sunday best: only for church, weddings and great occasions when the true blooded can feel proud of their achievements and heritage. 'Britain' is second best, used to hide behind when England's done something bad or wants to be part of the success of one the other parts. Simpson isn't to blame. It's ingrained, from their education system, families, papers, TV and radio to their Queen of England. They don't know they're doing it and are too bloody stupid and wrapped up in their own feelings of superiority to even think about it.

Paul Bundy

POST SCRIPT - Since writing the above, they've written to us and numerous other fanzines to try and get us to do their jobs for them. Too bloody lazy to do it themselves, they want 'a witty paragraph' about pies. Oh yes, let's leave all the important issues aside and patronise the fanzines by giving the impression the only thing wrong with the game is the mingin' pies. If you think you can write 1-200 amusing words about pies for them, you're too late. They also want pics of any special fancy dress celebrations taking place for the last game of the season. The deadline for these? Monday 15 May. Pretty difficult unless you've got your own developing-lab and private helicopter to get them down to London tomorrow.

MEMORY LANE



Ian Durrant, Jimmy Nichol, Charlie Nicholas and Tommy Burns at the 1989 League Cup Semi-Final draw.

The East End Bounce

DEEPDALE RUDGE

A couple of things about Sharpie. First from Jonathan Richardson who does 'Deepdale Rudge', one of Preston's fanzines (they play at Deepdale and once had a player called Dale Rudge, hence the name, probably). The second is by Edna Spellswrongly, and is quite unashamedly stolen from their Boxing Day programme, also sent up by Jonathan. As you can see, Sharpie's telling everyone down there we got promoted last year and not that he crippled two Aidrie players within five minutes of kick-off.

Sharp joined at an unfortunate time. North end were in the middle of a run of seven consecutive defeats and team performances were very poor. This was mainly due to the manager, John Beck, a Hitler type figure who demanded the team played a strict long-ball game. Beck must have signed around 40 players in his two years at Preston and Sharp was one of the last of quite a few 'big money' signings (big money for a third division club), and so arrived without much attention because a left-back wasn't really going to help the team's problems.

Sharp's debut came in a pathetic 3-1 defeat at Hartlepool but I couldn't really comment on his performance that day, although defeat was never his fault. A few games later, Beck was dismissed but it was in one of his last games in charge that Sharp, like many players, probably most made a name for himself. The occasion was the FA Cup tie versus arch rivals Blackpool, in front of a sell-out 15,000 crowd and the Sky cameras who featured the game live. The passion on the terraces was transferred to the players on the pitch and North End won 1-0. I particularly remember Sharp playing with loads of passion that night and he appeared well chuffed at the final whistle.

He immediately became a regular at left-back but never really stood out. He's yet to score a goal but he did hit the bar with a 30-yarder at Walsall. I think it is due to his lack of imagination in going forward that he has found himself in the reserves in recent weeks, his place being taken by our other left-back Terry Fleming who, unfortunately for Ray, has found a rich vein of form.

It may sound a bit depressing for Sharp, being stuck in the reserves of a Third Division English side, but Preston isn't a bad place to be at. We are one of the larger lower division clubs with average crowds of nearly 10,000 and manage a couple of thousand at reserve games. In the summer work starts on ground redevelopment which will see the new stadium capacity rise to around 27,000 (a move that I don't particularly agree with but that's another story). Also, if all goes well in the play-offs, Sharp could be walking out to 40-50,000 at Wembley (touch wood).

Another thing you may like to know about Ray Sharp is that, as long with David Moyes, they must have the worst hair-cuts at the club. Moyes' is irretrievable but I think Sharp should get rid of his side-parting by shaving it all off - it would certainly give him a lot more character.

On the subject of Moyes, he is the current club captain and also has some coaching role - I don't know what he coaches though. I don't like to slag-off players but he is remarkably over-rated here at Preston, a complete and utter donkey, his tag of 'Captain Fantastic' is unwarranted. At times, due to his experience, he can do a decent job but he's so inelegant, no class at all. However, off the pitch he seems a decent bloke and he seems to like Preston so I'll leave it at that.

I'll finish by saying I hope it all works out for Ray Sharp at Preston and I wish Dunfermline luck in your own promotion push - maybe we'll clash in Europe in a few years time!

Jonathan Richardson



Away from the macho Scottish game, Moyes and Sharpie come out

The East End Bounce

NEW SIGNING

by Enda Brady

RAYMOND SHARP

It's a long way from Dunfermline to Deepdale, but North End's dynamic new defender has settled in superbly. ENDA BRADY talks to Raymond Sharp. With 180 appearances for Dunfermline and three under-21 caps for Scotland to his credit, Raymond Sharp arrived at Deepdale in an £80,000 deal in October. The 25 year old left-back has made the Preston No.3 shirt his own and is very pleased with the move across the border.

He says: "The atmosphere is amazing here. When we lost seven games on the trot, the fans really got behind us. That was something special. They are so patient and loyal... they really are a great bunch. We've got our act together in the last few matches and I think our performances have improved. It all started with the cup tie against Blackpool."

Raymond played a pivotal part in Dunfermline's promotion winning side last season and is hoping for lightning to strike twice. He says: "I had thought that the highlight of my career was going up with Dunfermline. That was before coming to PNE. The Blackpool game was scary! The whole day from start to finish was incredible. I'll never forget the noise. It gives you a great feeling of pride when you can reward the fans by getting the right result in such an important derby."

Playing in the heart of defence doesn't give you many opportunities to score, though Raymond did manage to hammer home two long-range efforts last year. In 1990-91



he was called up to play for the Scottish under-21 side. He says: "That caught me completely by surprise. It was a great honour to play for my country. I was in the team for the matches against Switzerland, Norway and Bulgaria. Playing alongside the cream of Scotland was a brilliant experience."

"I always wanted to be a footballer. At 11 years of age, I was playing for a boys team called Gairdoch in Stirling. A scout from Dunfermline spotted me and I signed for them when I was 12. I made my first team debut at 19 years of age."

Away from football, Raymond has always had an interest in cars. He says: "I used to be really into cars and once built a mini from scratch. David Moyes gives me a lot of stick about that!"

"I realise I'm very lucky to be out there playing. As a child I admired Kenny Dalglish and Gordon McQueen. They were my heroes when I was growing up. Andrei Kanchelskis is a favourite of mine at the moment. He is such a strong and speedy player - I would love to play against him!"

With Raymond's terrier like tack-

ling, I'm sure United's dazzling winger wouldn't relish the thought of trying to stop Preston's "Flying Scotsman!"

FACTFILE

Name: Raymond Sharp

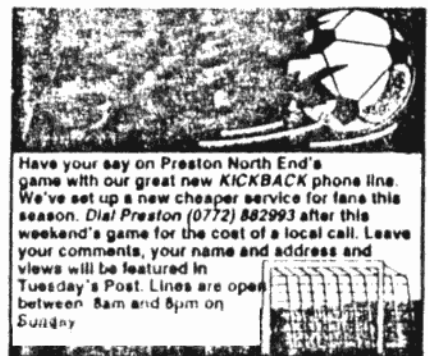
Date of Birth: November 16th 1969, Stirling

Previous Clubs:

Dunfermline, Stenhousemuir (loan).

Height: 5 ft 11".

Weight: 12 st 4 lbs.



Have your say on Preston North End's game with our great new KICKBACK phone line. We've set up a new cheaper service for fans this season. Dial Preston (0772) 882993 after this weekend's game for the cost of a local call. Leave your comments, your name and address and views will be featured in Tuesday's Post. Lines are open between 8am and 8pm on Sunday.

The East End Bounce

DAVIE COOPER

Had he lived, Davie Cooper would be playing his last competitive match today at East End. I've no intention of launching into a eulogy, I admired his talent and he was a better than average TV presenter, but dislike of his arrogance was only slowly being eroded by constantly beating his team. Instead, a couple of anecdotes, which say something about the man, from the last time he appeared at East End.

Before the game, we were selling the November issue in Halbeath Road as usual. A woman came up and, buying one, explained that she was actually a Motherwell fan but had come here just to see Davie Cooper. Motherwell were playing at Tynecastle that day, but she'd rather travel further just to watch him.

Later on, during the game, when play had stopped for some reason, he was right in front of the choir and received the customary 'You fat bastard' chants. Unphased, he looked round at the crowd, laughed and, pointing at the rather portly linesman, mouthed 'do you mean him?'



Davie Cooper, on his last appearance at East End, and Derek Fleming.

GOING GREEK

As I'm sure you're all aware Rangers got beaten by AEK Athens in the preliminary round of the European Cup. As with everything Rangers do, the before, during and after of this demanded, and got, virtual blanket media coverage. Keevins, in one of his pieces, mentioned that Rangers ran the risk of getting knocked out by "two vowels and a consonant". Just a passing comment, pretty meaningless and not worth mentioning you may think. However, in the course of the month around then, he used his marvellously insightful metaphors on at least two further occasions, again at the end of the year in his round-up of 1994, and then yet again about a month ago in one of his 'the-state-of-our-game' diatribes. He can't honestly think it's funny, insulting - pointing out that their nationality is a synonym for anal sex would do a better job - or remotely pertinent. I dread to think what state he'll think Scottish football's in if one of our Euro representatives draws Panathinaikos, Norwegian team Hamerkameratene or the Finns Oulun Tyovaen Palloilijat.

Still on Rangers being the Burntisland Shipyard of European football when it comes round to frequency in getting past the preliminary or first round. Gerry McNee set himself apart from every British commentator ever by insisting that the Greeks were called Ayek Athens. I know nothing about Greek football apart from the fact that a few years ago the trains went on strike at mid-day, to stop them being trashed by their hooligans, and I ended up having to walk half the way to Athens. Maybe the A stands for Ayek, maybe the locals do use the initials AEK as an acronym, maybe McNee's just an arse who wanted to appear knowledgeable by confidently and unashamedly using a word he made up. How long would he last in English football? "... and Quipper are on the offensive ...". I hope he doesn't do the European Cup final, I couldn't live with "Ack Milan versus Two-consonants-and-a-repeated-vowel".

The East End Bounce

Airdrieonians

After reading Airdrie's *Only the Lonely* over the course of the season there's a thing or two worth commenting on here. In the first issue of the season there's an article about Gus Caesar, in it the writer gives Airdrie a mighty self-satisfied pat on the back for their signing of black players like Gus, Wes Reid and Fashanu. It's pointed out that the Pars and Hibs haven't any black players and are thus 'provincial' in attitude. This was just before Kevin Harper started making a name for himself and so we can spare Hibs the racist implications, that leaves ourselves. I can't argue that we haven't got any black players, though George O'Boyle was always black enough for opposition fans to shower racist abuse at him, but that's not the point.

There are not many black players in Scotland and, like the vast majority of clubs, we haven't bought any of the few who've moved from one to another. Airdrie have trawled through the lower leagues in England for cheap and free players to suit their style of football, we haven't. The fact that the players we didn't buy and never looked at, or for, weren't black or white or disabled is of no significance whatsoever. Of the 28 players who've turned out for the first team this season, all bar three came up through the ranks or were signed from another Scottish club, two of the others were Scots returning home, that leaves Paul Fenwick and he came looking for us.

There's an implication that clubs should sign black players for the very sake of it. The words 'patronising' and 'tokenism' spring very readily to mind, it must be hard enough for black players in Scotland with out them having to feel they're only getting a game because some politically-correct self-righteous arse-piece has decided that it would be good PR. What next? An out-and-out homosexual? Tories? Vegetarians? Women? Being in the public eye, football teams must represent all aspects of society?

The ironic thing about it is that Airdrie have in their midst the most openly fascist fans in the country. At about five to three before the recent game at East End, there was a crowd of about 20 of them "Sieg heiling" down Halbeath Road, they did it during the game and also at Broomfield earlier in the season. Perhaps OTL's efforts would be better spent sorting out their own lot before trying to earn PC points off of us.

There's been a huge amount of pleasure to draw from their dwindling crowds this season, the pathetic support they took to their semi-finals has compensated for their successes. OTL has tried to analyse this at times. They suggest that the reason there was only about a thousand at their B&Q semi was that Man U were on TV the following night. This has to be the worst, most clutching at straws argument I've ever heard, even ignoring the 7000 who turned up the same night for our game, what does it say about the perceived loyalty of their fans? It seems obvious that charging £8, later dropped to £7, to sit in the freezing cold on the moon has something to do with it. Not that that explains the handful they took to League and Scottish Cup semis.

I would question some of their declared home attendances. Broadwood is supposed to hold about 6500, at the last two games we played there their side looked at to be at least 2/3 to 3/4 full while seats on ours were difficult to find. The declared attendances of 3,252 and 4,397 test credulity a wee bit, they've knocked at least a thousand off each and more for the Hogmanay game. The unfortunate side of this is that it draws into question the reality of them only getting 811 at home to Stranraer a few weeks ago.

After the last couple of games at Broadwood I was beginning to think all the edge had gone out of our encounters. In retrospect, that thought was down to the effect of the two games at the wind-tunnel in Cumbernauld, the hate-fest at East End a few weeks ago clearly showed that nothing's changed. Forget all the money and the prestige, not having to play Airdrie is the biggest reward for getting into the Premier, on the other hand that would make it even more ignominious when they knock us out of the cup again.

They have a feature called 'Enemies of OTL', Jackie hasn't been the subject of it yet but it can only be a matter of time. I'm sure he's quaking in his boots.

If anyone's interested, try the non-local outlets listed on page 2 or write to- OTL, 8 Staffa Drive, Airdrie. ML6 8NG. 80p plus SAE.

Paul Bundy

The East End Bounce

OPTIMISM

At the time of writing all it looks like all we have to do is beat Clydebank by less than six fewer than Dundee beat Stranraer to be at least in the play-off. On the bold assumption that we can win the play-off, how are we going to cope up there?

In Guido, Bert's got the best keeper we've had for years, occasionally looks a wee bit lost but he wouldn't be a Pars keeper if he was perfect. For back-up I wouldn't like to rely for too long on Westie, he's done a lot for the club in his time but I'm sure he'll admit he has had a few too many howlers since he returned.

At first the defence was my biggest worry. Norrie's had a good spell of late but did go for quite a while in mid-season when he really looked out his depth. He's done this before and come back for a great season but I find it hard to believe he can make the move up to the Premier in his stride again. Neale Cooper is a bit injury prone but if fully fit should be up to it for the next year or so. Andy Tod is the saviour. With a full pre-season behind him and a change of position, moving him to defence has been inspirational. He's one of a few who show really good promise for the future. Paul Fenwick we haven't seen enough of yet, time will tell and if he is any good, him and Tody could well provide a long lasting central defence to build a successful team around.

With Jackie the only worries are about keeping him, he's improved from last season and is much hungrier when he comes forward. At least another season in a team where he works well and shines with players he has an understanding with is what we want. His bargaining position with any new club will be improved if he goes already having some Premier experience behind him. There's been no speculation about him recently so hopefully that's good news, but probably doesn't really mean anything. Derek Fleming is one of Bert's best buys and with a pre-season hopefully won't have too much trouble making the step up. With the four of them we could have one of the youngest, most mobile and skillful defences in the country. Mark Bowes, if he has a future at the club, could come in at right and move Jackie into mid-field.

Paul Smith and Craig Robertson are probably both sound for a season or two. If they were one person he'd be one of the best mid-fielders in the country. The other half, the one with Robertson's pace and enthusiasm and Smith's subtlety and imagination, we could probably sell to Drinkell at Stirling Albion. Marc Millar looks like he could be a really good player if he was fitter, showed an interest more often and had a better understanding with his team-mates. One of a few players I'm hoping a full-time pre-season with the club will have a similar affect on as with Tody and Petrie. Ivo, on his day, linking with Jackie and charging down the wing, beguiling defenders as he goes ought to cause a few problems and create goals. Hopefully Kenny Ward will be back and playing as well as he did this season. Like a lot of the players he's nearing the end of his career but his skill and experience would be useful in the Premier. Andy Hawkins and Mark McCulloch both look out their depth in the First but Mark has improved a lot since his early appearances, time will tell.

Stewart Petrie will be the main hope for goals, can he go from the Second to the First to the Premier in successive seasons? I don't see why not, especially if he can get a control on his back-chat and a better idea of the off-side law as well as some one-on-one practice. Greg Shaw has more in him than he's given us, he'd obviously not played for a while before coming to us but there are times he looks like he's never played at all. Hamish is sorely missed at the moment and his presence up front or in mid-field will be essential. It's a wonder we're still in a position for promotion, we probably could have won the league by now if we hadn't lost him when we did. Allan Moore has looked really skillful at times but tends to lose the ball rather easily, possibly slight reticence at getting stuck in properly after coming back from injury, who knows? He certainly looks more effective playing wide than through the middle.

Well there you have it. With a couple of new signings to increase strength in depth and a bit of freshness, we could be able to use next season to start building a decent team around the younger players. On the other hand, if the club has to sell the younger players in order buy some experienced heads to ensure survival we're in for a pretty dismal time.

Paul Bundy

The East End Bounce

what is your favourite Scottish ground for watching football?

Ibrox 46%

8% Parkhead	3% Easter Road
8% Pittodrie	2% Bayview
6% Hampden	2% Somerset Park
5% Tannadice	1% Firhill
3% Rugby Park	1% Dens Park
1% Dunfermline	12% Don't Know

Daily Record 3/2/95. It seems like we're so obscure no one knows where we play.



FUN CLUB MASCOT

Playing Ayr United away in February, we were treated to the delightful half-time entertainment of three pandas making complete arses of themselves. I remember thinking, "Thank Christ we don't have to put up with this pathetic carry-on at East End."

What do we find the very next week in *The Press*? The club are looking for ideas for their very own embarrassing and derisible costume for some poor injured, YTS or suspended player to dress-up in. What can we expect? Something either black and white or with a par connection or both. What's the betting on a parrot, *Parsley the Lion* (copyright problems - ed) or even a parsnip. Or, on the black and white front, a badger, penguin or zebra. The prospects don't really bare thinking about.

All manner of new commercial activity now opens up apparently. I can see Sky TV paying the club to have Bert and Dick, dressed in a cow costume, open their new subscriber centre. Hey, they might even get to start the lottery one day, I can hardly wait.

First Division League Table Against Dunfermline Athletic

	Pld	W	D	L	F	A	Pts	<i>Pars</i>	Gl.Df.	Av Att.	<i>v's Pars</i>
Dundee	4	1	2	1	8	8	5	5	0	3725	5340
St Johnstone	4	1	2	1	5	7	5	5	-2	3842	5565
Airdrie	4	0	4	0	2	2	4	4	0	1919	3676
Raith Rovers	4	1	1	2	3	6	4	7	-3	*4053	*7483
St Mirren	4	0	3	1	4	5	3	7	-1	2705	3191
Hamilton Accies	4	1	0	3	5	10	3	9	-5	1346	1723
Stranraer	4	0	1	3	1	5	1	10	-4	1108	1335
Ayr United	4	0	1	3	1	11	1	10	-10	2025	2243
Clydebank	3	0	0	3	2	7	0	9	-5	1141	1707

NOTES: Points we took off them in italics.

*Using 9000 as quoted in the papers.

As you can see, no one has got the better of us over the course of the season so we should be promoted regardless of what happens at East End and Firhill today. We would be top of the league as we beat Dundee on away goals and St Johnstone on goal difference.

COMPARISONS

Pars average home gate 5513

average away 3585

average all First Division 2732

excluding those at East End 2433

6279 needed today for 100K total.

The East End Bounce

Ivo den Biemen

Big, Dutch and Good-Looking

In a recent article in 'The Sun' Ivo referred to himself as "...big, Dutch and good-looking." As usual 'The Sun' was twisting his words to suit their version of the story, a state of affairs that confirmed Ivo's opinion of journalists. However, the fact remains that he is big, Dutch and good-looking. He is also honest, intelligent, down-to-earth and friendly. I enjoyed meeting him and I look forward to buying him a beer to celebrate The Pars' promotion to the Premier League.

We met Ivo in the Pitbauchlie Hotel the day after the Rovers game, partly for Paul to collect his Pars top in return for the player sponsorship, and partly for this. The game itself hadn't been up to much and Ivo seemed to lay most of the blame for this on a collective fear of losing, nevertheless he remained optimistic about our chances of going up. We didn't have a long list of questions, preferring to let the conversation ramble along. We managed to cover quite a lot of ground over an hour and a half, which I'll try and make some sense of below.

Ivo spent his childhood in a village in Holland where his dad was a flower-grower. He acknowledges that had he stayed there he wouldn't have been a professional footballer. He didn't have ambitions as a youngster to become a footballer, because the entry level for kids in Holland is far higher than that in Scotland. Throughout the conversation we often came back to this difference in approach to football and life in general between the two countries. It is clearly something that Ivo feels pretty strongly about.

In Holland, only the best young players get taken on by clubs. This means that they all have a real opportunity to 'make it' as professionals. Youngsters are left in school whenever possible so that "...if they don't make it in football they can still make it somewhere else." Young boys at Ajax are helped with their schooling by the club, but more importantly they are "...stimulated to work at it." The contrast with Scotland is harsh. In Ivo's words "...the big clubs snap up the kids and ruin them with YTS. They take them out of school, so what chance have they got? You give them hope that they can make it in professional football and after two years you take it away and totally destroy them."

It's an unpleasant view of Scottish football's treatment of youth. Ivo is clearly proud of the Dutch approach and very grateful to his father for making him complete his studies. He has a degree in marketing from Holland and also studied Business in Aberdeen. He had been playing for his local side in Holland when he was approached by a Scottish scout who offered to fix him up with a club over here. He agreed and ended up at Montrose after a couple of trial games. He scored against Dundee while playing for Montrose and got snapped up by them. Dundee freed him and Bert picked him up. Ivo did work with Jim Leishman at Montrose and says he enjoyed his training and approach, however Cammy Fraser was drafted in as Jim's assistant and had his own ideas which he put into practice as Jim took a back seat. Ivo obviously retains some affection for Montrose and seems to have been a favourite with the fans there.

On his transfer to The Pars Ivo says "...I'm very grateful, because it is a great club, the best I've played for and they picked me up from a free." He doesn't have much time

for the apparent ingratitude of a certain Mr O'Boyle. "...He was really popular with the fans and you don't turn against them, you don't just kick someone in the teeth after they've played your wages for five years and stood by you." Tellingly, he also mentions George's departure saying "..."George was just after the money, wasn't he?"

Ivo has a pretty low opinion-saying he could count the ones he fans want information about up enough as it is." Talking John Davies incident he know before you start the miss games...". More fuck what Derek Johnstone who gives a toss? - its just journalists.

Looking back over creased number of impor- Something that hadn't was his view that this more useful as prepa- year's. He also thinks season has been better have learned from last

Over the year his feat of St Johnstone. An Overall he feels that defensive this year. The space to play until they

We mentioned a ing crosses from a Allan Moore is better "natural goalscorers", but you're told."

Andy Tod has had a getting a full pre-season. By the same reck- to really come on next year.

On the subject of Garry Paterson Ivo up with him. Apparently he was asked about Bert and Dick off him, because he smokes and pointed out that he was completely crap, but though he did laugh.

I asked about the non-appearance of Mark Bowes. Ivo said "...he's a good player, he's just unlucky that he's got someone like Jackie in front of him." This brought us on to the subject of transfers and the surprising news that Ivo has thought of

and stood by you." Tellingly, he also men- "..."George was just after the money, wasn't he?"

ion of Scottish journalists (don't we all?), gets on with on one hand. He realises their clubs, but says "...they are coughing about the recent coverage of the Jackie/ can't see what all the fuss is about, "...you season that if you go over 16 points you pointedly he also says "I couldn't give a thinks about this exclusive here or there, to sell papers." He's really not keen on

the season he feels that the in- tant games has compen- many as the year before. occurred to me before year's First Division is ration for the Premier than last that the build up to the end of the t h i s time around, that Bert and Dick year.

favourite game has been the 3-0 de- opinion that most people would echo. teams have been more organised and team have found it harder to get goal up.

players. Ivo sees himself as provid- position on the right. He reckons to filling in for Hamish or Stewart, the acknowledges that "...you do what

good year which Ivo puts down to oning he's looking for Marc Millar

seemed bemused that we ended Garry a few times and warned drinks quite heavily. I also Ivo wouldn't be led, al-

The East End Bounce

asking for a transfer.

"After five weeks on the bench I've been close to chapping on the gaffer's door and saying I've had enough. I set high standards for myself. I'm here to play football, not sit on the bench, if I can't get a game for Dunfermline I'll get one somewhere else, but I will get one somewhere." I was surprised to here Ivo say this, but I think (hope) it was more of an outlet of frustration than anything else, because he went on to say "...not that I want to leave Dunfermline, because its a great club." (Phew, thank fuck for that!)

On the league set up he thinks the play-offs are just an escape route for the Premier clubs, because the SFA don't want to admit that the First Division clubs are good enough to expand the Premier to 16 teams. The SFA Commission is "...jobs for the boys" to take the heat off having to make changes to the league structure. They won't involve players, managers or fans leaving it as "...the biggest joke there is..." in Ivo's opinion.

Talking about ways to improve Scottish football Ivo saw some clubs folding or leaving the league, because playing to crowds of 300 is "...just a joke." The remaining professional clubs should all have amateur and youth teams concentrating on the best talent, rather than taking on too many kids and then dumping them. We talked about the Ajax system, but Ivo stressed that we ought not to get too carried away comparing Holland to Scotland. In regard to coaching, though, he has little regard for the Scottish system, which he dismissed as 'Mickey Mouse'. Apparently the top coaching badge in Holland involves a year long assessment as well as writing papers on man management and psychology. Ivo joked that this was probably because the Dutch are so strong willed, pointing to the problems that national team always seems to have with its stars like Gullit and Cruyff. Ivo used to support Feyenoord, but now only really follows the Dutch national side. He'll be off to watch them at Euro 96 in England.

For the long term future Ivo will probably be staying in Scotland with his girlfriend who is a solicitor and he'd like to get into some kind of coaching. For the immediate future his contract is up at the end of the season and he's still in the dark as to whether or nor it will be renewed. He seems a bit aggrieved about this saying "...I'd have liked to know earlier what their intention is, even without talking terms. What's the point of leaving players in the dark?" Lets hope he gets it sorted out soon.

For the finale to the season he reckons no-one is too worried which team we get in the play-offs, although he does seem resigned to settling for a play-off place, despite my attempt at getting ridiculously over-optimistic.

On the popularity front Ivo confesses to being bemused, no matter what 'The Sun' might say. The simple explanation seems to me to be that he is one of a kind. There aren't too many multi-lingual, Dutch footballers in Scotland with degrees in Marketing, who are also big and good-looking. We've got one at Dunfermline and we like him.

I'll end with an explanation of the mysterious 'volleyball' quote. In Holland Ivo was a bit of a volleyball fan. He once saw the Chinese women's team and they made a right racket with all their high-pitched squealing and shouting. In an early game with Montrose the team were unfamiliar with each other and consequently ended up shouting to each other far more than would usually be normal. A bizarre quotation was born...

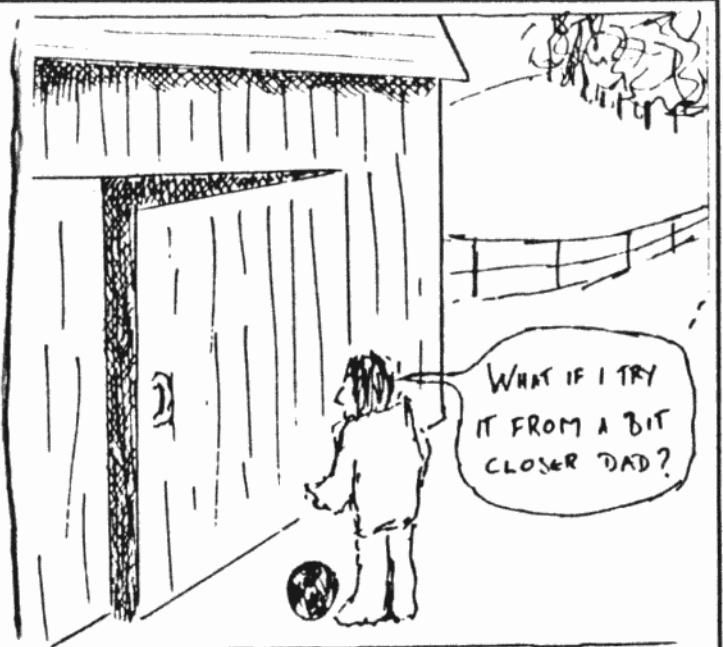
Its all very simple really, once its explained. Its straightforward, but only one player in Scottish football could possibly have uttered it...and he plays for us.

Rohan Lightfoot

The East End Bounce

Billy the Jinx and his Amazing Lack of Talent

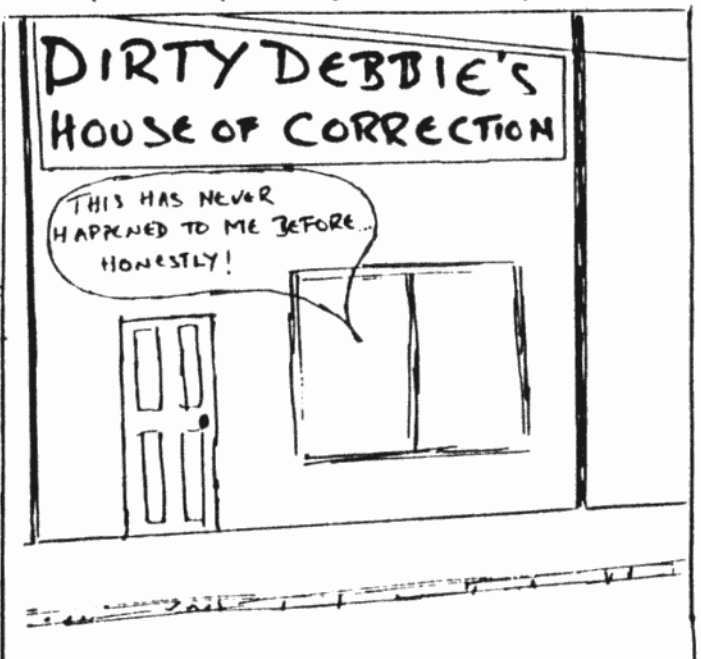
Lizbeth



As a young boy, Billy always wanted to be a footballer and spent hours practicing his art, out by the barn



But even as a youngster he had trouble hitting the target



Unfortunately, his football clubs weren't the only things he couldn't keep up

Next season...laugh until you shit yourself as Billy the Jinx signs for Falkirk for a bargain £750,000.

PREMATURE EVACUATION

Why do so many people leave early when we're a goal or two down? It's something I've never really understood. The only time I can remember doing it was 5-0 down, 8 on aggregate, against Airdrie in the '78 League Cup.

I can remember three games at Fir Park alone when we've got equalisers in the last minute or two, how did all the folk who streamed

out of Dens at 4-2 feel when they heard the final score? Did anyone cheer half as much at the fifth one at Starks Park as they did when Tody scored the equaliser against St Mirren three minutes into injury time?

It's when you're most needed and, when it does happen, there's no better feeling, except maybe getting the winner a minute later.

The East End Bounce

The general consensus of opinion is that the quiz was a wee bit hard. I disagree but then I made it up, a little research was needed for a couple perhaps, but there's no excuse for not getting over 20 and having a stab. Any way, the winners. The Rovers tickets went to Alan Davidson in Inverkeithing with a score of 24½ points, the book of quotes to Alistair Campbell agonisingly close behind with 24, and David Noble earns the onerous task of collecting Jocky Scott's moustache. Nobody got full points and so I get to keep Ivo's Pars top, which was always the idea and explains questions 22 to 24.

THE ANSWERS

- The Pars played in blue knickers.
- Fathers and sons were Jackie and Chris Sinclair, Willie and Willie Callaghan and George and Colin O'Brien.
- Ross Jack played at Valley Parade.
- Andy Rolland scored twice in the game that Bert broke his leg.
- In 1986 John Donnelly scored an own goal at East End while with Partick Thistle, we signed him a week later. When Thistle returned to East End a couple months later he made amends by scoring one for them.
- For some reason there wasn't a question 6, no one was imaginative enough to have a go either.
- Jim Leishman scored the winner last time we won at Ibrox.
- The four teams I was looking for were - Meadowbank (24/3/78), Hartlepool (31/7/78), Stranraer (16/9/78) and East Fife (7/10/78). He also got 2 against Brechin when we beat them 6-1 on 22 March 1978, which is what I assumed most people who put Brechin down were thinking about. A last minute entry put dates down and, after checking, I accept he scored three against them a year later on 29/3/79. Five hat-tricks in a year and five days, Mike Leonard where are you now? I should point out that our winner got an extra point after this and second place didn't.
- Kenny Watson was 'The Wee Flash'.
- Kozma played for Ujpesti Dosza and Bordeaux, but not when we had them in Europe.
- We received £3 10s from the Valencia replay which, even in 1963, wasn't very much.
- We beat Aberdeen and Celtic on the '61 and '68 cup campaigns.
- Summer 1986. The Pars played Hearts in a game of three half-hour thirds in Glenrothes. We lost 2-1, they scored in the first third, us in the second and them in the third. I'll spare you the obvious...
- "You're on the park again..." started on Wednesday 17 March 1980. In the days before cages, fans would often change ends. At half-time, the police cleared a way through the Pars fans to let them get back to their end. This created some tension and a couple of minutes later, the Pars fans rushed forward and they ended up running away, onto the pitch. After the police got them back in, it all happened again.
- Andy Rolland scored the penalty against Falkirk.
- Mike Leonard, again, had to grit the roads and often missed training sessions.
- Doug Rougvie, Jim Leishman and John Holt all managed Montrose.
- Braisby's were the first sponsors name on the shirt. In the days of the thick black and white stripes, it was written down the middle one and didn't look very good.
- The black programme covers were against Albion Rovers, Rangers and Clyde.
- Par Trek II - The search for R2 Davies.
- Trick question this one, to see who had read the first issue of Halbeath Road. Mark Walters was the obvious answer and everybody put it down so no one lost out. Quote: "The popular press ... have raised the issue of the banana throwing at Walter Smith of Rangers. Smith is a very good player and he can be shouted at because he plays for Rangers, but not because of his skin-tone".
- No one got the answer for this one. A couple of guesses of the '68 final attendance, which is quite close, but sadly wrong. If we had eight fingers on each hand instead of five, we'd count in hexadecimal and, using the letters A to F for the equivalents of 10 - 15, 56,060 would be written as DAFC. It's pretty sad that I know such a thing but there you go.
- Garry Patterson owns Al Bundy's shoe shop in Married With Children. He was still a current player when the quiz was supposed to come out at the postponed Saints game. You got a half point if you knew it was Garry something.
- The manager was George Farn, the band Half Man Half Biscuit and the song '1966 and All That'.

Paul Bundy

Govan Serendipity

Serendipity is the knack of finding fortune in the least likely of places. Tuesday 15th December 1987 when said good fortune surfaced in the most unlikely of places - Govan. Yes, palatial splendour of what was then the court of the emperor Souey was despoiled by a mid-week visit from the DA. The day had dawned at Stirling University with a first year political philosophy exam. I was an altogether not too enthusiastic participant in the world of tertiary education. The week couldn't end quickly enough and the number 14A Midland Scottish bus couldn't get me to the classic brutalism of our bus station with ruder haste for a weekend of drink, DAFC and Johnson's night-club. However, exams were part of the process and generally unavoidable. Later I found myself sitting in the Meadowpark Hotel ready to quietly drink several pints of lager as an antidote to the rigorously disciplined, monastic lifestyle I had immersed myself in previous to said examinations. It then occurred to me that the Pars were, that very evening, heading towards Fortress Ibrox. I also remembered that on a previous occasion I had enquired of a taxi driver what exactly his firm would charge to get to Ibrox from the University Campus. £24 he had replied. Sitting there in the bar, thinking of that price, a small part of my subconscious began an inevitable odyssey towards a very obvious conclusion. I couldn't think of any excuse not to, so the lure of splashing out 25 sovs to a taxi driver who would probably get lost in The Bridge of Allan proved too much. I made the call.

At a quarter to seven we began our journey. I say we because, by now, there was another involved. My mate Phil had just been to hockey training. Hockey? Yes hockey, the girls' game. Now being the sort of chap he was - a native of a place called Mills in the Isle of Man - he was rather eager to embrace every aspect of Scottish culture and come along. Normally I would have needed no encouragement, however, at this stage of the evening he was wearing a rugby top, a pair of tracksuit bottoms and, in a surrealist gesture worthy of a nod from Senor Dali himself, bare feet in a pair of very old espadrilles. Espadrilles! Ibrox! I couldn't make the connection. I pointed out to him in our country a man who wore espadrilles without the aid of socks to a mid-week match in the middle of December was liable to be sectioned under the Mental Health Act. He was undeterred. When I suggested he might get cold he fished out what could only be described as a flasher's mac from his training bag. Thus attired he believed himself capable of withstanding anything the weegee night might throw at him. I told him to finish his pint. We were off.

On the journey to Ibrox my attention was drawn once more to his choice of footwear. The espadrilles were similar to those that George Michael wore whilst in his Wham! Young Guns/Club Tropicana phase but just a lot older. In fact, one of the soles was almost completely detached from the flimsy upper so that when he walked he was forced to slide the foot along the ground in a sad pastiche of one of Russ Abbot's hysterical comedy limps. I warned him once more of the cold but he was having none of it. He put his trust in the strict regime of beatings and cold showers that had seen him through his days at public school. Surely this was the spirit that had built an empire? No, it wasn't. This was just plain, old-fucking-fashioned stupidity.

Upon reaching Glasgow the taxi driver suffered his usual stage fright just over the Kingston Bridge. But after a stern reminder that, yes, the football ground probably was the huge big thing with the light, we found ourselves outside the ground. At the turnstiles a big teuchter polisman says "Sorry lads, Dunfermline only". "I am from Dunfermline" says I in my best courtroom tones. "You need a ticket then", the helpful bobby countered. "I haven't got one" is the response. "Well you can't get in then" opines Strathclyde's finest. Now as a conversation it wasn't quite Russell and Wittgenstein on logical atomism, but, it was a theory about the nature of facts that constitute reality. We weren't getting in. Unless? I looked at Phil. He looked trustingly back. I looked at his espadrilles. They looked okay. He wanted Scottish Culture, well he could have it. We headed for the Copland Road.

The walk around the ground gave me the opportunity to brief Phil with the potted history of the Irish Question's influence on fan behaviour at Scottish football matches. It ran something along the lines of "Tim. Hun. Take off that crucifix. John Knox. Freeing old country. Migration. Potato famine. Immigration. Repeated kicks to the head. Pishing rain. Poverty. Segregation. Ugly birds. Unhappy people. Knee-cappings. IRA. UVF. BNP. Let me do the talking."

Now, astonishingly, Phil didn't even like football. I mean he played hockey. Seriously. That is - he played hockey seriously, he was serious about hockey as a sport. That says it all. I was just about to enter the lower tier of the home of the Hun, with an espadrille wearing, slightly camp, smart-arsed, public schoolboy who, whilst probably having a degree of savvy concerning the situation in Belfast, was certainly going to have difficulty grasping the more subtle nuances inherent in the vibrant sectarian culture of our tiny country.

The East End Bounce

Inside and the scoreboard says we're already one goal down. Well, that's all right, they always get a goal start. I picked our way to a couple of seats to the right of the goal and had a look about. Lovely, not a normal forehead to be seen. It was all protruding jaws and large canine teeth, and that was just the women. (Sorry, terribly sexist. I understand the irony of using "the old ones are the best" genre of comedy. Bollocks, it's true.) The game wasn't going too badly from a DAFC point of view as there were mutterings amongst the Hun. They weren't contented at all. Didn't they realise this was the nucleus of that great team which would go on to contest quite literally dozens of Champion's League preliminary rounds, and lose all of them.

Meanwhile, in a failed attempt to correctly grasp the demographic make-up of West Fife, a bear to my left was screaming "GET INTO THESE FARMERS". Of course mate, these farmers. Those famous nuclear submarine refitting farmers of Dunfermline. Bit of milking in the morning, bit of tinkering with the Polaris in the afternoon. Talented farmers you get in Fife mate. Worse still he looked like he'd spent all day rolling round a byre with the heifer that doubled as his wife. Straight off the supporters' bus from Wick and two minutes immersed in the urban mythology of Glesga and all of a sudden he's the artful-fucking-Masonic-dodger.

Worse was to follow. To my right I sensed that someone, or something, was attempting a form of basic social intercourse. I looked round to see what could only be described as a weegie, sorry again but you know what I mean. These people look like weegies. And this one was a weegie all right, no incomer this. This man was born under a crane. His eyes had the flinty, determined stare of an experienced Temgesic abuser whilst his clothes were from the exclusive 'Emporio Fluteband' label. I sensed he wanted to speak to me but it was Phil he wanted. He pointed at the protruding colours of his rugby shirt. "What shirt is that pal, but, know?" he whistled in his best you-tourist-me-charming-post-industrial-media-creation-native patois.

At this point, I would like to say that there are certain moments in one's life when feelings of overwhelming dread and impending doom become the dominant emotions. It may happen for instance in Waverley station at around 2PM on a Saturday afternoon when you realise that all those men running towards you shouting "High Bees" are not actually an experimental opera ensemble limbering up for the festival. It may also happen, as in fact it did that night, when a pointing weegie finger draws your eyes to that oh-so crucial colour combination on your friend's rugby shirt. It was to my complete astonishment purple and green. Purple. And. Green. And not just purple and green either. No. The green was as green as Southern Ireland's greenest hill and the purple was a terrible, ecclesiastical purple. The purple was a Papal purple. I was saved by Phil. By wonderful Phil replying to the question I had now forgotten "King William's College" he said. "King William's" exclaimed the weegie, eyes glazing over with loyalist zeal. "King Billy's. King Billy's College but. Fucking hell man, fucking magic man but." "Yes" returned Phil asking without a hint of irony "did you go there too?". "Naw, but I wish I fucking had man." The weegie was laughing now. Happy. Phil showed the badge so that he could marvel that anywhere would be so brilliant as to call itself King William's College. He relaxed. I relaxed. The whole Copland Road Stand relaxed.

Shortly, "So where is it but? King Billy's College." "It's on the Isle of Man." We waited and sure enough the three leg joke came hurtling back from our new friend. The famous Isle of Man three leg joke. "The Isle of Man, man, where's your other leg but?" and thus did the hysterical weegie continue in the same hysterical vein throughout the rest of the game. And I did laugh. I laughed myself hoarse, happy in the knowledge that I wasn't getting a kicking for a significant breach of sectarian dress code. We were safe. We were in.

The DA got a draw. Beedie and Robertson scored. I joined in with the Huns, jumping up and down slugging their defence for letting these Fife bastards through. Screaming at these black and white upstarts. It was brilliant fun. All our new friends and us together, that traditional Glasgow warmth, the humanity. It was beautiful and it made me want to move my whole family retrospectively to a smelly, damp tenement in Kinning Park just to experience it every week.

One of the weegie's mates came over towards the end and asked to see the shirt and, amazingly, offered to buy the badge from Phil. He declined, the whistle went and after a bout of ironic booing and a couple of cries of "no surrender" with the loyalist brethren who had stayed to the end, we exited stage right.

On the way out I wrote "DAFC No 1" in a cubicle. I can personally account for many instances of Pars graffiti including, I'm ashamed to admit, even on the wall of the Alhambra in Granada. Not very ashamed though, indeed if truth be told I'm quite proud of it - all that Moorish splendour can only be enhanced by a bit of Pars daubing.

The rest of the evening was an uneventful, smooth passage back to Stirling in time to get

The East End Bounce

mightily pissed with a Copland Road ticket blu-tacked to my forehead which, rather belatedly, brings me to the point. The point is we got a point, at Ibrox! Quite a success really, serendipitous in fact. As I arrived late and missed the first Rangers goal all I saw was us winning 2-1. I even passed the exam. Nice solid B. Mind you, a year later I got kicked out of university and banned from every football ground in Britain, but that was a different away trip altogether. *The Toun Ultra*

THE RETURN OF LEISHMAN

I was glancing through the sports pages of the Evening News on Friday 24 March expecting to read all about Darren Jackson's latest suspension or another Craig Levein injury when a headline leapt out at me like a David Sinclair tackle. Jim Leishman had landed the job of manager of Meadowbank.

Rushing home from work I switched on Radio Scotland's Friday evening football preview to hear the great man waxing lyrical about the potential of Meadowbank and the challenge of facing league leaders Dumbarton the next day. This was enough for me and the following day found myself walking down London Road in Edinburgh in preference to the Halbeath Road, Dunfermline.

Meadowbank's previous home game had attracted fewer than 150 spectators and I was interested to see the effect on the gate. None was the answer. A crowd of 389 turned up on a day with no Premier League football in Edinburgh. I would estimate the Dumbarton support at about 250 (*steady! - ed*). It does not take a mathematical genius to work out that no additional Meadowbank fans had been attracted by the arrival of Leish. Perhaps there are no additional fans to be attracted as the club are about to die and be resurrected in Livingston.

I first spotted Leish in the far corner of the stand giving a radio interview (surprise! Surprise!). on completion he ran down the stairs onto the pitch waving enthusiastically to the home support. He was greeted by almost total silence apart from some abuse from a few Dumbarton fans.

He returned to the dressing room only to reappear with the players at kick-off time. This time he was wearing a Bankies scarf and again tried to whip the home support into a frenzy. He achieved polite applause from them and further abuse from the away fans.

Another point of interest in the match could have been the inclusion of Eddie Cunningham for Dumbarton and Chris Sinclair for Meadowbank. Needless to say neither were even in the squads although Leish's first signing, Willie Callaghan, was a substitute. The match itself was not bad with the home team playing tidy football on the break and Dumbarton bombarding their goal for much of the game after conceding an early goal. Meadowbank held out and Leishman ran onto the pitch hugging his players at the end of the match, their fans clapped politely.

It is ironic that Meadowbank supporters used to have poetry readings on their way to away matches and a few years ago the arrival of Jim Leishman might have been the perfect marriage. However, in their current guise they are dead and Leishman will have to bide his time if he's to do for Livingston what he achieved for Dunfermline.

If they are to succeed in attracting the people of Livingston, then a larger than life character to be the focus of attention is needed. They could not have made a better choice.

Huge Keevins



The East End Bounce

POINTS OF NO RETURN

Have you ever wondered where all the other points are? There's been 175 games played in the First Division with 525 points available, add up all the points all the teams have got and you quickly come to the conclusion that 51 are missing. With all the other divisions as well, it obvious someone's siphoning them off and either keeping them in a secretly numbered Swiss League Table or hiding them under the bed. The Scottish League weren't at all interested when I pointed this out to them and so I immediately thought of cover-up, corruption and conspiracy. Being of an inquisitive nature and a champion of truth and justice, I set out to find the facts and expose the guilty. Protected by the shield of righteousness, I began my quest.

Looking through old newspapers for clues, I noticed that the Highland League has had the same problem for several years. It seemed I was getting into something much bigger than I had bargained for, further research and some lucky breaks showed similar point discrepancies all over the world and even in UEFA and FIFA organised competitions. It was hardly credible that I was the first person to stumble on this monstrous fraud and the fact that it had never come to light spelled danger to me. Unperturbed, I carried on, the problem first started in the Highlands so I started my search there.

My only contact with Highland League football was former Pars hero, Cove Rangers assistant manager and current head of the Theoretical Research and Sub-Atomic Particle Engineering Department at Cove Senior High School, Sandy McNaughton. On introducing myself and explaining what I hoped to discover, he thought deeply for a few minutes then took a completely different track. He spoke of enthalpy, entropy, the ever expanding universe, the precise balance in the universe of matter and anti-matter and the dangers of one coming into contact with the other. I was completely baffled and asked him to explain in simpler terms.

His theory was this. "For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. For every point there is an equal and opposite point. Over the years the Scottish League and all the others have been creating points and awarding them to winning football teams. That is what appears to happen because it is all you can see, but at a sub-atomic level, every team has a potential for all the points, and only by the losing of a game are these points de-allocated in direct proportion to their allocation at a molecular level. What you have discovered is that there seems to be a seepage of matter-points into an unknown other dimension, this likely means that there are anti-matter-points similarly being lost. It's a matter of conjecture whether both matter and anti-matter-points are going to the same other dimension. If they are, and at the rate you are suggesting it is happening, it is only a matter of time until matter and anti-matter collide and the entire universe disappears in an instant."

It didn't quite ring true to me, there was something I didn't quite trust about the three times top East End goal-scorer. He said he must discuss it with other eminent particle physicists around the world on the internet before going any further. I said that I'd look in the next day to catch up on any developments and bade him farewell. Half way down the corridor I realised I'd left an orange on his desk and went back for it. When I got to the door I was just about to knock when I heard agitated shouting coming from the other side, there was silence for a moment, when I assume someone on the other end of a telephone line was talking, and then Sandy started up again.

"There's been some reporter round here asking all sorts of awkward questions ... about the missing points! I knew we shouldn't have let it spread this far ... I fobbed him off with some ludicrous bollocks about matter and anti-matter and the end of the universe. I think it's bought some time but he's coming back tomorrow. You'll have to do something about him ... I don't know, kill him. Organise a car crash or an embarrassing death like you did with that Tory MP who asked the wrong questions ... yes, the one with the orange in his ... hey! wait a minute, what's that doing there?" There was a clunk of the receiver being placed on his desk so it was time to make an exit.

I turned abruptly and, looking for the best way out, noticed I was being watched from a doorway across the hall. It seemed like everything was going wrong all at once. An old, brown-jacketed arm beckoned me into the office and a deeply wrinkled, eminently trustable face with a large walrus moustache said "Come quickly, you'll be safe in here."

"Forgive my abruptness but I'm an old man and don't have time enough left on earth to waste it fannying around with formalities. What have you found out about McNaughton?"

I told him everything. There was a knock at the door and I hid behind a large yucca plant. He left with someone I couldn't see and returned about 30 minutes later. By this time all the school children had gone home and only the cleaning staff were in the building.

In the car he told me of his suspicions and his theory. "These points you are talking about.

The East End Bounce



Mad scientist Sandy with Jackie's dad

How can they exist outwith the confines of a league table? There must be a specially prepared sanctuary for them, but for them to get there it would surely be noticed. The who and the why they're wanted is not of importance at the moment, if we can find out how then everything else will fall into place."

I thought about it for a moment and said, "You're saying it's impossible, given today's technology, to move them from one place to another without being noticed. If so, then that would obviously imply some sort of matter-transmission, or at least displacement, device. The type of which we wouldn't expect to be invented until at least the 25th century." Pausing for thought and taking it further I continued, "You're not suggesting someone from the future has invented a time-machine and sent such disruptive technology back to our time are you? Our present day capitalistic, nation state, transportation based economies would be turned upside-down by widespread use of such machines. There'd be no

planes, trains, borders, armies or excuses for not going to away games."

"I think you're right about the matter-transmission aspect, but not about the time-travel part. Anyone tinkering with the past would jeopardise their own existence and, besides, no matter how far in the future the time-machine gets invented, someone would have come back to now by now to tell us about it. On the other hand, perhaps the fact that no one has would imply the earth doesn't have a long enough future for one to be invented. No, I think your answer lies outwith our planet not outwith our time. Anyway, I must let you off here, my Vera expects me back for six."

He let me off in the country-side miles from anywhere. Plenty had happened and I had a lot to mull over. All the evidence, and a little conjecture, was pointing to the Highland League somehow coming into the possession of alien technology capable of transporting league points, objects and possibly even life-forms thousands of miles from one place to another. Given the weapons potential, it's nuclear first-strike capabilities would be enormous, some power-mad paranoid foreign government or evil master criminal intend on blowing-up the world, probably had agents out looking for it this very minute. What were the Highland League playing at, their messing with extra-terrestrial technology was jeopardising the very future of the planet, and the non-appearance of time-travellers pointed to the suggestion there wasn't one.

I wandered through the night deep in thought and in the morning came upon a small cafe. Realising I hadn't eaten for nearly 24 hours, I entered and ordered a huge fried breakfast. There were two other customers in the place. A woman with curly hair and a man I immediately recognised as Hamish French. He was out the Pars team with an injury and was obviously taking a relaxing break taking pictures of the Highland fauna and flora for a new book he was planning to publish on the subject. I introduced myself and we chatted at length about football, it was good to relieve my mind of the inter-galactic conspiracy theories it had been occupied with for the previous 12 hours.

After a while the woman joined the conversation as, she too, was a Pars fan. She was non other than Dunfermline's very own folk singing sensation from the seventies, Barbara Dickson. Pretty soon we got onto what brought the three of us there at that time. It was pretty spooky. Apart from singing and acting, Barbara is one of the world's leading amateur experts on the Loch Ness monster, having had a couple of sightings of the creature herself and spent much of the last 20 years studying it. In the middle of the night she had a sudden urge to come and see the loch as she felt something was going to happen. I was right about Hamish, he'd spent the night snapping the nocturnal wild life in an isolated glen 10 miles away with an infra-red camera he borrowed from a friend. When he'd got back to the car he realised he'd left the lights on and the battery was flat. He'd had to walk all the way here carrying his equipment because he'd also locked the keys in the car and didn't want to leave the camera in the open where an inquisitive squirrel might damage or even steal it.

Wanting to get it all off my chest I told my whole story and how I wandered aimlessly through the night, ending up at the cafe as though guided by some inexplicable force. We agreed

The East End Bounce

that fate seemed to have brought us all together and decided to work as a team. Hamish paid for the breakfasts as we each only had £20 notes and the little cafe didn't have very much change, then we got into Barbara's car and headed for Loch Ness where we hoped to find some answers.

Talking in the car we realised that whoever McNaughton had been on the phone to would probably be out looking for me. From what he'd said about their involvement in the death of presumed pervert Tory MP Steven Milligan, who was found dead in a compromising situation the previous year, it was obvious we were up against dangerous and powerful men. The thought of just the three of us going up against the CIA, some aliens with laser guns on safari, heavies from the corrupt Highland League and The Loch Ness Monster was slightly worrying.

Arriving in the evening we drove down the loch side, it was pitch black and there was an eerie silence all around. Hamish was looking through the infra-red camera and said it was like when Arnie was driving through the night in Terminator II. "I see everything", he said in a bad German accent but we all laughed and it eased the tension quite a bit.

With no warning, Barbara pulled over to the side of the road and quietly said, "It's here". We climbed out of the car and breathed deeply, the fresh night air steadying our nerves. Hamish was watching the loch in infra-red and saw it long before we did. "There's something on the surface, very large and moving very quickly towards us, about half a mile that way", he said pointing to our left.

Just at that point there was the roaring of a helicopter overhead and a bright shining spotlight. We couldn't hear the gun-fire over the noise of the aircraft at first, but when the car windows shattered and a line of holes appeared along one of the doors it became pretty bloody obvious. Barbara and I dived behind some bushes and crawled through the undergrowth parallel to the road. The raking gun-fire was getting closer when we heard the engine of the car start up. Hamish drew the car level to where we were and opened the passenger door just as the rocket from the Lynx connected with the exhaust and the entire car disappeared into a million tiny red hot pieces.

Unscathed, but numbed with shock, we turned and went the other way getting as far away from the road as possible. The helicopter was making a random search pattern so they obviously didn't know where we were, before long they were in entirely the wrong area but we carried on as quickly as possible, using the urgency of our plight to keep what had happened to Hamish out of our minds.

Some hours later we collapsed exhausted in a clearing. I was cold, tired and hungry but my only feelings were those of grief at losing a sporting hero of mine who, in those few hours, had become a great friend. Barbara saw that I was about to crack up and said "Don't worry about Hamish. Remember the infinite nature of the universe. There's probably an earth-like planet somewhere that has just exploded and killed all of its inhabitants. A party of healthy girl scouts, returning from a character-building trip to a local asteroid belt, will have witnessed the unfortunate demise of their planet and, with it, their chances of parenthood.

"Due to discrepancies in the concurrency of time in different galaxies and dimensions, they won't see what's happening here for about a year, but will be able to use a matter displacement device, not unlike the one we're presently looking for, to zap Hamish out of the car a micro-second before it blows up. They'll scour the universe looking for particularly fine examples of humanity to join them and form a new race of sports superstars. They can only grab them just before they die in a way that leaves no trace of a body so that no one will notice that they've gone. This sort of thing happens all the time, that's why so many bodies in wars and plane crashes don't turn up. He'll miss it here, but it's better than dying."

Hearing all this cheered me up no end, what I wouldn't give to be alone with a spaceship full of randy teenage girls.

Times of great stress and life threatening situations often bring people together and, in the heat of the moment, make them do things together they would normally regard quite unthinkable. Barbara and I had come through a lot together, were perfectly alone and were suddenly filled with one of life's more primitive urges. Under a moon-less starry spring night on a bed of heather we had hot steamy



Jodie Foster

The East End Bounce

Pot Noodles and ate to our fill. Using fresh mountain water from a nearby burn and a primus stove we took from the dead hill-walker I forgot to mention earlier, we prepared the pots Barbara happened to have in her hand bag. She had Chicken & Mushroom and I the Spicy Curry, later we pigged out and shared the Sweet & Sour.

Our bodies refuelled with E-numbers, colourings, additives, chemical waste and those small round things that pass undigested through you, probably not for the first time, we set off. As the sun came up I was wondering what to do now. It looked like we'd been attacked by the army so we couldn't go to the authorities and the Scottish League weren't interested. The only thing to do would be to lie low and break the story in the underground press and hope it gathered momentum.

I was just thinking how I was going to tell Hamish's wife, Alison, that he'd been kid-napped by a pan-dimensional lost-tribe of inter-galactic nymphomaniacs when an old fashioned police-box appeared in front of us. The door opened and Hamish stepped out, still holding his friend's camera. A man, obviously dressed-up to look like the Tom Baker incarnation of The Doctor, stood in the doorway and said "I'll let you explain". The box made a klaxon-like noise and disappeared.

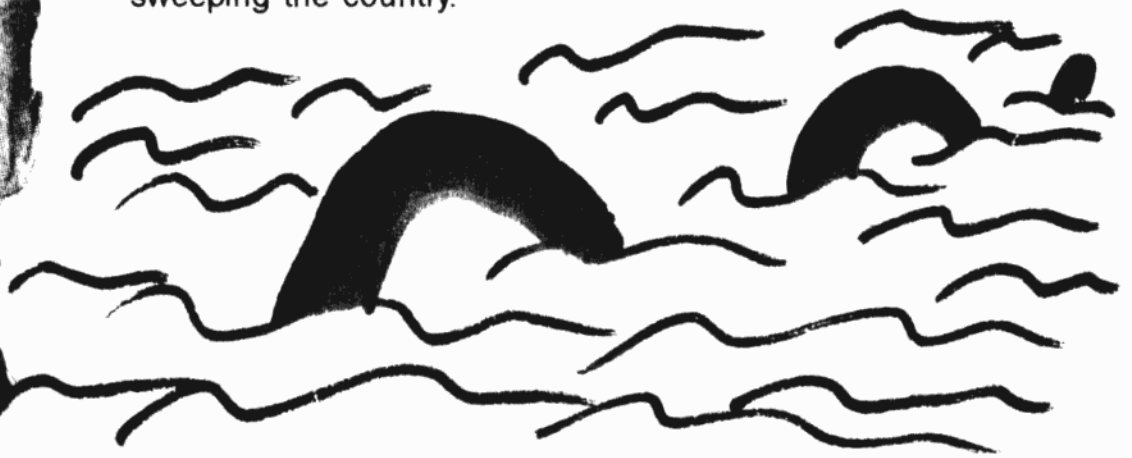
As we walked down the mountainside, swearing us to silence, Hamish told his story and what the man in the stupid wig and long scarf had told him. Without going into detail, our appearance at the loch the night before and the subsequent gun fight had prevented a major breach of the Prime Directive from taking place. Undercover Deep-space Sea-monster Police had been trailing a suspected industrial spy who was planning on selling sea-monster weapons and matter-displacement technology to the British government. If this had happened, mankind, with his war-like imperialistic tendencies, would have become a threat to the rest of the galaxy and the earth would have been destroyed immediately. The spy arranged for the drop to happen in Loch Ness as it had spent many childhood holidays there and had fond memories of the place. Their police are no better at tracing their fellow monsters than we humans are and didn't know where it would happen. However, our stumbling on the clandestine meeting and the military over-reaction frightened the freshwater-dwelling arms-dealer and it let out an ultra-sonic shriek of fear. This was picked-up by a listening station on the dark side of the moon and within seconds the police displaced the outlaw monster into one of their holding tanks.

Hundreds of years from now when earth has joined The United Federation of Planets, an historian will learn of our exploits and how we saved the earth and mankind from summary destruction. In a gesture of gratitude for our deeds and his existence, he'll break strict rules and steal the only time machine ever made, come back to when we were being fired upon and displace Hamish from the car a micro-second before the girl-guide g-spot gang. He'll intend to take the machine back to the exact instant he took it and hope nobody notices. Apparently it will be built as an intellectual exercise then put on show in a museum, its use strictly forbidden.

I've found out that Sandy McNaughton and his friend are keen practical jokers who like pulling the legs of big-city journalists investigating the rural quaintness of sub-urban Aberdeen. Sandy's also only a PE teacher and I have reason to believe his school doesn't even have a Theoretical Research and Sub-Atomic Particle Engineering Department. It also transpires that points are an abstract concept, never really existing as such and thus the non-appearance of potential points that were never realised in, say, the course of drawn matches is not really a matter of consequence.

Brandon Marlow

NEXT WEEK: Our intrepid investigative reporter examines whether the boom in vibrator sales is a cause or effect of the feel-good factor sweeping the country.



The East End Bounce



Hi there pop-pickin'-Pars-people, Pip Yeates here in the first of my pop pages. I thought I was being left out of the fanzine a wee bit so asked them what I could do. Being a keen fan of pop music they thought I could increase their street cred and broaden their appeal by doing this.

First up, exclusive news of a new Carpenters tribute album, 'Rainy Days and Saturdays', currently being recorded in Fish's studio in Haddington. Similar idea to last year's 'If I were a Carpenter' which featured cover versions of some of the pop-duo's classics by the likes of Sonic Youth and The American Music Club, the new one is being recorded by stars of Scottish football. When I was over visiting him recently, Fish let me hear some of the tracks and believe me there's some talented tonsils out there in football land. Jackie McNamara, whose been keeping this a secret from his

team-mates, out-thurstons Thurston Moore in a superb fuzzy guitar driven, laid-back to the point of being upside-down version of 'Superstar', it's got more feed-back than a ferry load of veal calves all being sea-sick at the same time.

Richard Gough is nearing the end of his football career and may well be testing the waters for a musical one. Having heard his rendition of 'Bless the Beasts and the Children' though, I wouldn't recomend it. Much better is Craig Levein and Graeme Hogg's acappella gospel re-working of 'Hurting Each Other'.

Until now, I'd only heard George O'Boyle sing when drunk, and only ever about killing Catholics and his love of Rangers. Here though, he demonstrates a more politically correct side of his nature with 'Goodbye To Love'.

Speaking of George, he phoned me the other week to apologise for Saints taking half the points off us this season. I told him "don't worry about it, all crappy teams raise their games for the big clubs and, besides, we couldn't care less if you took all the points from us - the main thing was you couldn't score one goal in four and a half hours of trying". I told him of my new feature in *The Bounce* and he insisted that I carry his top ten favorite pop songs of all time, I told him that nobody would give a toss but agreed to stop him from crying. I've never heard of half the songs and thought maybe he was making them up, he sang me the chorus from the They Might Be Giants song and it did sound very good, there was a line about 'drinking and driving' so I can see why it means so much to him.

People often ask, 'Pip, you know everything about pop music and are a friend of the stars, why did PJ Harvey team up with that Duncan guy and start making really crap songs?' I don't know, as Toyah would say 'It's A Mystery'. But for all you PJ fans, she's recently had a fab new solo album, 'To Bring You My Love', so go out and buy it now.

Until next time, Toodlepip

George's Top Ten

1. Judas - My Heart Belly
2. Theme From ' For A Few Dollars More'
3. Call Me Names - Echobelly
4. Hang On To Your Ego - Frank Black
5. Allienation For The Rich - They Might Be Giants
6. How Could I Be Wrong - Auteurs
7. Fifty - Fifty Clown - Cocteau Twins
8. Loaded - Darlingheart
9. Sick of You - Lou Reed
10. Money, Money, Money - ABBA