

50p



The East End
Bounce

Issue 7 - Autumn 1995

Hello and welcome to 20 more pages of pathetic, paranoid moaning about the Glasgow obsessed media, the failings of referees and linesmen and a few more slaggings of Garry Paterson just for good measure. Brought to you by Paul Bundy, Rohan Lightfoot, Gordon Robertson, A Par From Afar, Cameron Wilson, David Noble and Parson. Next issue should be out around the end of November/beginning of December. Contributions always wanted and encouraged, deadline is 18/11. Hand written is fine, typed is better but best is on a 3.5" floppy which will be returned.

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THE EAST PORT BAR

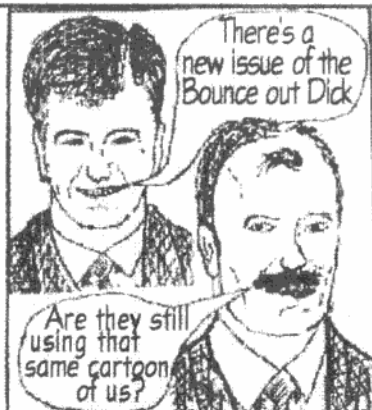
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The Pitbauchlie

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DICK & BERT'S
EXCELLENT
ADVENTURE



The East End Bounce

The East End Bounce

11 Rowan Grove, Dunfermline, KY11 5QX.

First of all, apologies to Ivo for misspelling his name and making him plural in the last issue, consider it a kind of compliment. We're sponsoring Ivo again this season so buying *The Bounce* does help the club in some small way. This means another Pars top for me, one with those crap badges on the sleeves that the SFL have been vain and self-important enough to insist that all clubs wear. Oh, and not forgetting the new style numbers they've been wearing this season that look like they were bought from Woolies and ironed on by someone's mum. Returning to the subject of misspelt names, I know Allan Moore spells his with an "A", but that didn't look as good.

Forget what I said about not wanting to play Airdrie any more, the first game of the season was simply superb, I thought that when we lost Andy Smith our chances of beating them went with him - happily proved wrong yet again. Greg Shaw's looking a lot more like a footballer, one of his goals in Inverness was sheer class and Mark McCulloch just gets better and better. Speaking of Inverness, we went up for the whole weekend and entertained thoughts of doing it for other away games, then realised we're due in Greenock, Clydebank, Paisley and Dundee and as short a stay as possible will be needed.

There's surprisingly little about the play-offs in here, not by design - I guess everyone just wants to forget about them, but there is something in the latest Absolute Game. Written by a Pars fan, it reckons Aberdeen were worth their win. I disagree completely. Their win at East End was purely down to the way we had to play after what happened in the first leg. If Mottram and his linesmen weren't cheating, or were at least remotely competent, we'd have drawn that game and not been totally handicapped for the home one. We were robbed and, unlike when anything happens to Airdrie, nobody gave a toss.

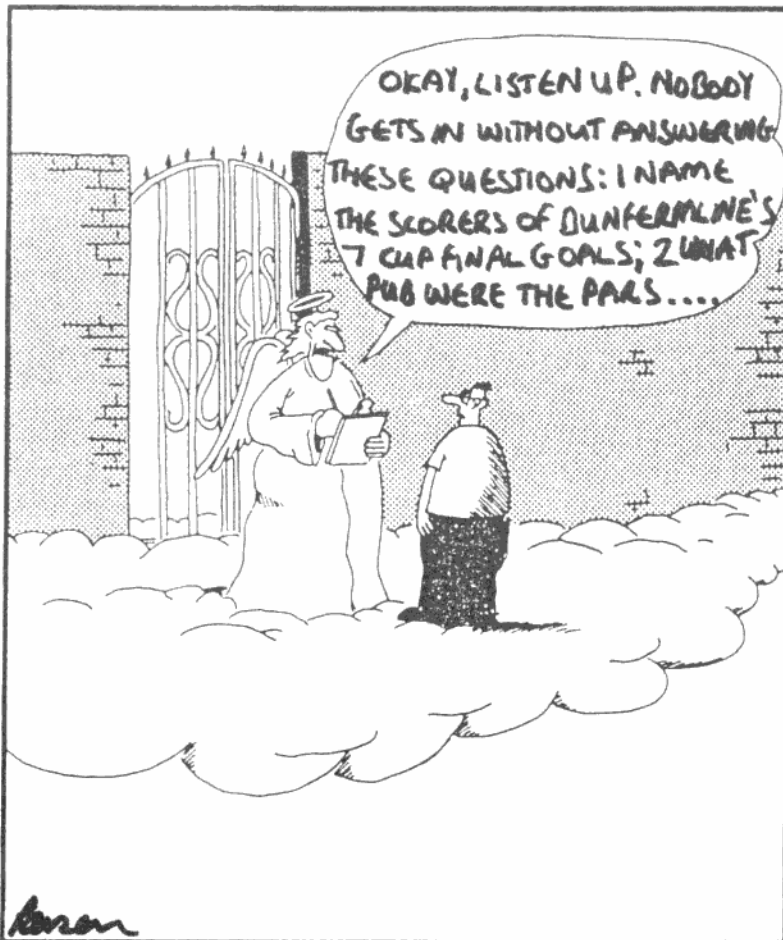
If our wonderful police force are looking for ways to virtually guarantee a riot, they couldn't have done a better job than they did after the home leg. With the ridiculous overtime rates they get for doing fuck-all most of the time, is it asking too much for them to do the job properly when there is something to do?

I'm never in in time to hear what they play on the PA system when the teams come out, but I'll bet it's shite. A couple of years ago we had 'The Dam Busters' for a while which was pretty good but that got replaced shortly after by the predictable Tina Turner drivel so beloved by the middle aged. We should have something rousing, something good and with something to do with Dunfermline. We need 'Into the Valley' played very loudly.

Let's all do...

Paul Bundy

THE PAR SIDE



Falkirk fan's nightmare

The East End Bounce

Bert Paton

Dunfermline through and through

An interview with Bert by George Bridges, A Par from Afar. As you shall quickly see, this was intended for the previous issue but George didn't quite get it to us time. Nevermind though, it's all still relevant and his next article, that will doubtless arrive on the door step the day we go to the printers, will appear in the next issue.

It's time for the annual pilgrimage - the InterCity from London King's Cross to meet Andy in Edinburgh and stay over. Only this time I had to come a day early as APEX wasn't available for the Friday. Rather than waste a day drinking the Guildford Arms dry, I decided to try for an interview with the man at the top who I'd last seen through a screen of tears greeting (he was greeting and so was I) the fans after the anti-climatic Clyde game at the end of last season.

It took a few phone calls early in the week, but the last one, at 9:15 with a serious hangover from the flat in Gorgie got the response "Fine, just come over at 1:30". I gave Andy the thumbs up and we hopped the Fife circular. Some hair of the dog in the Commercial Inn and we were ready to enter the sacred portals at the allotted time.

A procession of, to me, vaguely familiar faces from the team and backroom staff went by and hailed us cheerily. Then three elderly ruddy-faced types moved out of the boardroom. We later discovered that this was none other than Roy Woodwork, someone else important and geriatric and the Australian millionaire with the gold (or is it salt?) mines in Australia, who was preparing to invest heavily in a new covered all seated stand with a community/commercial facility at the Cowdebnbeath end - or even buy the club itself. This could be a scoop, and if it does come off you read it here first. The £1000 he put up for some prize (the first player to get a penalty against Airdrie?) this season was either a toe in the water or another bit of evidence of the notorious parsimony of the ultra rich. Bert's attitude as he later explained was to take the money whatever and call the new stand Mean Digger or Antipodean Heaven or the what's-his-name stand.

Well then, there was Bert himself surrounded by a kind of angelic glow that comes from immortality and omniscience (no, I'm making this up). We were ushered into the boardroom and shown the rusting trophies behind dusty glass (that's not true either, but he did say it was time to add some more, perhaps there's one for a team missing promotion by one point in three consecutive seasons). Then it was through the secret door by the directors box to gaze on the sacred turf itself, with the smell of sweat and dubbin of the players after training in our nostrils. The interview, more of a blether really, began in seriousness.

Now here's where my anxiety begins. My London team is Millwall (I'll explain this apparent psychotic allegiance in a future issue) and my experience of their fanzines is that one of their main functions is to ruin the reputation and self-esteem of the manager, even though he is clearly doing his best, and not a bad one at that. But as our conversation went on we could find *nothing* that Bert said, or even the way he said it, to disagree with, satirise, criticise or even mock. (Well

The East End Bounce

almost nothing - read on.) He was a really nice guy and that's got to be the main thing to say about him. I suppose you might think this could be seen as a fault - he's maybe not got he mean ruthless streak that might be needed to lead the club into the harsh realities of the Premier League or even out of this one (this is being written before the Raith game). Personally I like to think of myself as a football romantic and want life to be good for everyone, even Arsenal and Rangers supporters. Being a good bloke in football is something you can't value too highly, and I would put it above the cold cynicism that seems the stock in trade of many more successful managers. The hardest part of a managers job for Bert was "telling a player they are not good enough at the end of a season". Mind you, the supporters seem to manage to do that every week during the season without a lot of difficulty.

Talking about the players Bert seemed frank to the point of indiscretion, I thought, especially about the weaknesses of some of the squad. I won't name names here obviously but one wasn't putting in enough effort - "needing a kick up the arse", while another "couldn't play with his back to goal". But then he is obviously a man generous with his praise too for much of the work of the team this season. And it was all balanced with a likeable optimism and commitment to the club's future and his own personal stake in this. For a Millwall fan, the highest accolade a player or manager can have is that they are "Millwall through-and-through". They don't want transient mercenaries or prima-donnas but players with attitude, that indefinable quality of Millwall-ness. My sense of Bert was that this was a man with Pars-ness; born in the area; club player from the heroic era and all his personal ambition was seen in terms of ambition for the club. A breath of fresh air compared with recent managers who "would go home to places like Hamilton or Dundee after the games" not having to face the community. He spoke of the "doom and gloom" atmosphere he and Dick Campbell faced two years ago and how it was their first task to overcome it. Now talk is of the ground, we're staying at East End, and improvements. If we get to the Premier, it means 3 years to comply with the Taylor Report which, as well as the away end stand, means seating and covered terracing round the rest.

He knows that this is not popular with the traditional fan for whom standing (or huddling) together with a group of mates on the terracing is the definitive football experience - and clearly his sympathy lies there. Things being as they are though, it seems inevitable that change has to come.

He doesn't expect to have to sell any players over the summer and if we go up he is looking to buy. He had been trying for Kirk and McGrillen and was clearly disappointed that they went to Falkirk. Is Jackie going? "I don't think so - if he was going he would have gone by now". But a big bid for Andy Tod wouldn't come as a surprise.

He's got a high regard for the Pars fans, but turning this into channels of two-way communication needs thinking through a bit more. He wasn't keen on fanzines and never reads them apparently. (I must admit a bit of disappointment here maybe a culture gap is showing. I hope he reads this and realises that the mockeries of the fanzines are usually a sincere kind of flattery or tough love.) he agreed that paying customers were entitled to frank and honest exchanges of views with the management from the terraces but worried about how he could effectively consult the "5,000 managers up there".

He has had a bad experience of meeting fans in places where strong drink flowed and questions degenerated into the minutiae of team selection or substitutions, abuse and misunderstanding. But some creative ideas to set up constructive dialogue could surely be found.

Bert's footballing philosophy is that he would rather lose playing attractive

The East End Bounce



attacking football than win negatively. He believes this to be what most fans want. I'll go along with that , but is everyone prepared to accept the logic of it?

There was a little contradiction when we talked about the upcoming Airdrie game, a few cynical tactical ploys being mentioned. He suggested that a well known player might be wound up during the match by comments like "one more booking and you're out of the Cup Final, Jimmy". Tongue in cheek, I'm sure, and meant in the nicest possible way, but seeing the video after the match I rather felt that Jackie made a meal of the sending-off incident. As the romantic mentioned earlier, I thought this was a pact with the devil and tragically we had our come-uppance later in the game. But this is carping - Bert, it was a pleasure meeting you and success couldn't come to a nicer man (or town, or team or fans).

Now here's a footnote and a trailer. In a forthcoming issue there will be an article about the Pars tour of the USA in the late '60s which involves a team called Thistle at the Caledonian Club and a set of Pars shirts. When I asked Bert whether he was on the tour - a suspiciously cautious and slightly self-satisfied expression came over his face. "We had a great time on that tour, it's a shame clubs don't do that now" was all he would reveal - no further elaboration. What's the story, Bert?

George Bridges, A Par from Afar

SEND FOR THE GP

One of the rituals among football fans is the morning stroll to the newsagent to purchase one (or more) of the slimy speculating, patronising tabloids requiring a tit bit of info that will induce discussion and emotion and enlighten the workplace/pub. However, considering that the Daily Retard is pash (eh? "pash"?? -Ed) and clearly gleans its updates from some news-agency in England, a browse and then an embarrassed bolt for the door suffices. (At least with the Sun they don't hide their congenital scumness.)

Certainly some of my bouts of schizophrenia have mysteriously occurred around these times. Emphasise as you will; it's a dozy morning, you're standing "brass-necked" in the shop and the second back page proclaims that Garry Paterson impressed on his debut last night for Stirling Albion following his lunchti..... Woooooahhh, DAY RUINED ... no Bert, NO!! CAN'T STUDY, basket. Trying to intimate the apocalyptic nature of this news to philistine bourgeois accountancy students was akin to asking if they wanted tom get a life and smile. "Lurch" or just plain "Dobbin" served an envious apprenticeship at FC Lochore, Dundee and AYR (match that young Toddy!) and arrived with a reputation for aerial supremacy (and a helluva contorted mush). It was the second coming, you lot couldn't have known, but that heavenly display at Dens converted only myself and an Englishman - WHY? Do you see now? You were all blind ... blind, oh thank you nurse, ahh DREAMSTATE ... SANDY CLARK ... IAN McPARLAND , ooohhhh silky overdose, RAB SHANNON.....

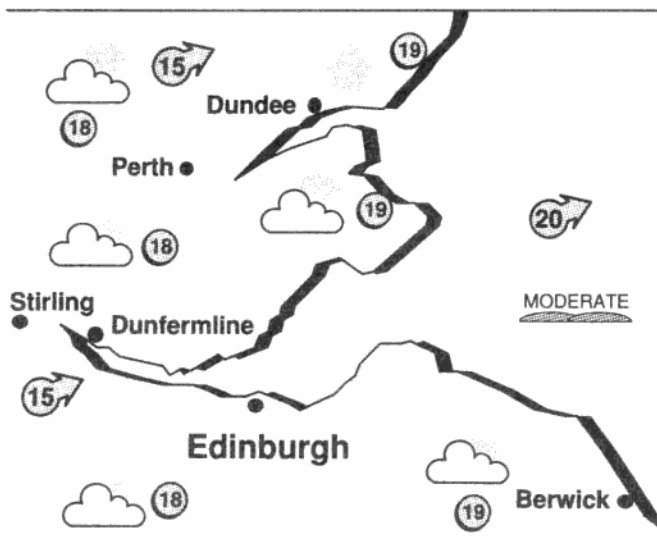
David Noble

**Derek Fleming may
Look like Ernest Hemingway
In a few years time, I thought
But then again, maybe not**

The East End Bounce

Ever wondered why *The Evening News* never writes anything about the Pars?

Weather update



TOMORROW by Weather Watchers

Any early rain still lingering over the area will die away. Clouds becoming brighter, indeed later in the day there

(*Evening News* 5/7/95)

They think we're Alloa.

Much ridiculed in Iain Banks' *Complicity*, here's what the spell checker thinks of the current Pars squad and management. Spare a thought for poor old Smudgier, the exception to the rule.

Bert Pagan
 Dyke Cannibal
 Pip Yetis
 Gouda van dye Kampala
 Ban Wastewater
 Jawlike Machinery
 Dared Flamingo
 Narrow Matches
 Noel Cooper
 Crag Arboretums
 Paul Smith
 Mark Mulched
 Kenya Ward
 Ivy den Beaming
 Alien More
 Start Poetry
 Mashie French
 Paul Kangaroo
 Gray Haitians
 Great Shag
 And God

The Programme

Chuffed as we are that the club seem to win "Programme of the Year" every year, we thought we'd make our suggestions for their quest to make it even better, as mentioned in the Bolton/Hibs issue.

There's always a profile of the away team and a past encounters type thing, why not do the same for the officials? They're an integral part of the game, they should get more recognition than just "L Mottram, Forth" or the like. Why not have a past encounters with them? They often have a far greater impact on the game than many of the players, this shouldn't be forgotten.

Sandy Roy and McCluskey we'll always remember, but what about the poor linesmen. Those sad pathetic wannabees, taunted and pilloried at school for grassing on the other kids and always with their hand up, desperately trying to get teacher's attention, let's reward them with a bit of recognition.

Remember the away game at Clydebank two seasons ago when Sharpie crossed from about three feet behind the by-line and the goal stood? Who was the linesman that day? Why don't we get the chance to thank him (has he ever done another game?) on subsequent visits like we did with Syme? Similarly, Sandy Roy is still universally loathed this side of the Forth, but who was the linesman pulling his strings? I dread to think how often he's crept among us, as anonymous as that Nazi war criminal, Gecas, was for all those years in Edinburgh. We should be informed when these people are here.

It shouldn't stop there, the East End update could also record who did each game, number of red and yellow cards for each team etc. Not to mention the whole round-up of the top disciplinarians in the Division.

Perhaps that's something we should do, but it does seem rather like hard work, involving a bit too much paying attention and taking notes. Any volunteers for the post of 'Bastard in the Black Correspondent'.

The East End Bounce

Radio Storm

A large part of going to football is habit. There are rituals which we go through every week which all help to build up to the match and its aftermath. For home games there is getting a programme, meeting in the Paragon for a couple of beers and then a cheeseburger and one of those orange juice cartons that you can't get the straw into without showering yourself in juice.

For away games there is the car journey and the search for a decent boozier and not buying a programme, but a large part of everyone's Saturday is about to change.

The journey to away games is usually made less boring by listening to the radio. Switching between Radio Scotland and Radio Clyde to try and find a snippet of an interview with Bert Paton, or alternatively, trying to avoid Hugh Keevins, is an integral part of the away trip. But now Scot FM have done a deal which shuts Clyde out of live football, so things are going to change.

I should point out here that I work for Scot FM, so I'm a bit biased, but I'll try and give as honest an account as I can of the story behind the switch.

I first heard that something was happening in late July. The company had met with the Scottish Football League, at that point Radio Clyde had broken off negotiations with the League. The same thing happens every summer, Clyde tell the League that they didn't want live football in the hope that they can bring the price of the deal down, then at the last moment they sign up anyway. The problem this year was that Radio Scotland had already paid the League a price, so the SFL couldn't possibly sell the same product to Clyde at any other price.

So Scot FM arrived on the scene. The station wanted the huge audience that live football attracts, but the only way to make sure that the listeners switched stations was to shut Clyde out. The League agreed to an exclusive deal and Scot bought it.

What does this mean? Well, radio Clyde can still do a pre-match build up and post-match analysis but they can't broadcast from any ground during a match. This means they can't have any goal flashes or updates. A Clyde presenter who I spoke to about this said it would turn their sport in to "a joke".

At the moment Radio Clyde are claiming that everything will continue as normal, except that "today's commentary game" may well be QPR vs Southampton and if they have news of a goal from Firhill, it's probably because they've just heard it on Scot FM.

I'm not making any promises about the coverage that Scot FM is going to provide, but I never had much affection for "Super Scoreboard" before I started my job, and as far as I'm concerned, any alternative to Archie MacPherson has to be a good one.

The prospects for Pars fans is quite good. Perth and Dundee aren't within their broadcast area, so the choice of First Division matches involving the top clubs becomes a bit limited. Obviously I'll be trying in my own subtle way to steer the coverage towards East End at every available opportunity, but I don't make the decisions (if I did I'd have live commentary on the Pars every week).

Working in radio has given me an insight into the coverage of sport in Scotland and hopefully I've been able to clarify a little of the picture behind the scenes this summer. If you do continue to listen to Super Scoreboard then remember, the next time they ask a caller "were you at the game?", that they weren't.

Jimmy Sanderson RIP

Love is ...

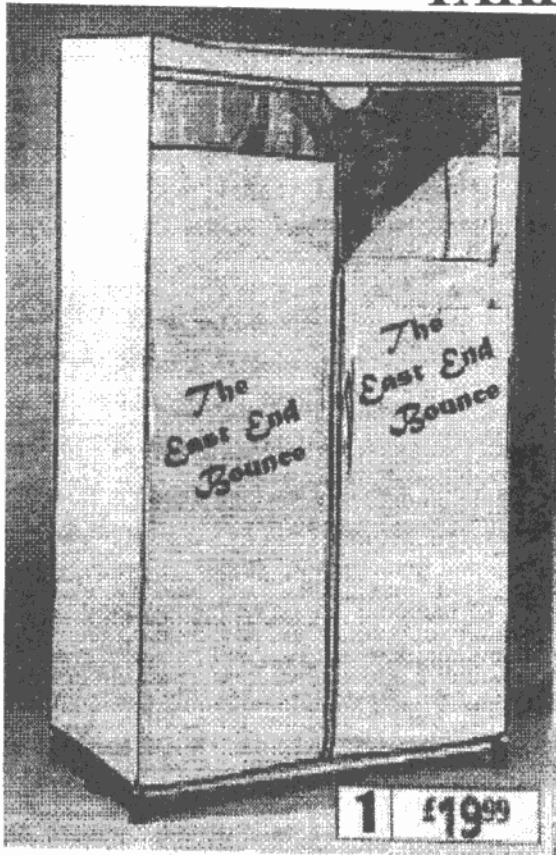


Going on your holidays with Airdrie

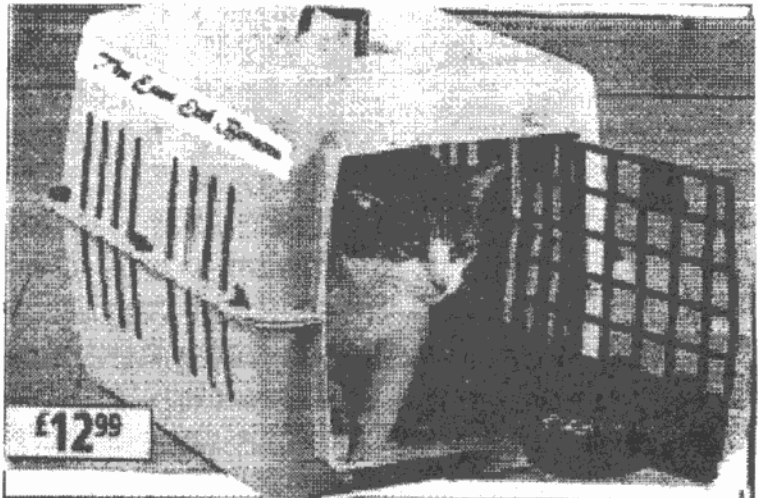
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Pargos

TAKES CARE OF IT

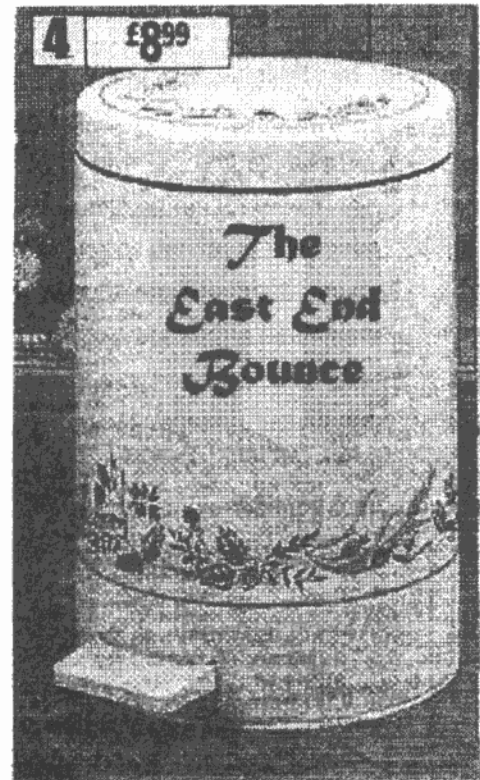


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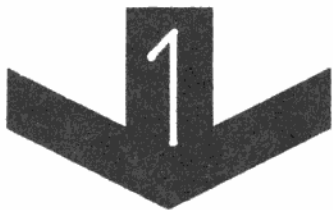
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The East End Bounce

Paranoia

Tired of waiting until the end of the season to see what's going to happen? Then fret no more, with this exciting new board game you can suffer the Paranoia everyday. Usual rules apply, unless you're noticeably smaller than your opponent, just like in the real game, they can do what they want and you'll never get it or whatever the equivalent of a penalty is. Dice, counters and batteries n

START HERE



In a startling display of loyalty and misjudgement, your star player and top-scorer moves to your main rivals. Move forward 2 as they have a shite season and finish mid-table.

You're playing Iain Munro's Hamilton Accies at home. Move forward 3 easy points, sorry, spaces.

4

You're playing Raith Rovers away. They roll a 2, look on the opposite side of the dice for your score. Move forward that number of spaces.

10

You equalise a main rivals at home. Go forward

9

Unfortunately is Sandy Roy playing against your favorite club. Goal, red-card go back 6

You're playing Airdrie away, Kenny Black gets sent-off, natch, and you win without much bother. Go forward 2.

You accidently hopelessly donk transfer from wait here until six and Stirling

One of your directors writes really crap lyrics to a soap opera theme tune. It gets recorded and released as a single. Dying of embarrassment, go back 3 spaces.

14

You're playing dice to decide 6 - David Syme 5 - Stuart Dou 1-4 - Anyone 2 in a hail of p red-ca

6

With the Pars?
ars experience
ponents when,
an extra roll,
not included.

against your
away from
e.
1 space.

y the referee
and you're
t Falkirk, his
chalk-off the
Cooper and
spaces.

cally sign a
ey on a free
Ayr United,
il you roll a
ll him to
Albion.

4

Airdrie. Roll a
le the referee.
e, go forward 2
gical, forward 1
else, go back
penalties and
ards.

You win your last game of
the season 5-0 and end
up winning more games
than anyone in the
country. Move forward 6
spaces.

20

After 2 games a St Mirren
player deliberately runs
straight into his injured side
at full speed. The referee
does nothing and Hamish
misses the rest of the
season. Go back 1 space.

Your best player, Hamish
French, returns from
injury, wearing a cast in
order to play.
Go forward 1 space.

17

For once Jackie doesn't get
victimised by the referee
and is fortunate to stay on
and watch Davies get
sent-off. To universal media
outrage go back 2, laughing.

Raith away at the end of
the season, one or other of
you will win the league. Sky
have beaten STV to tomor-
rows meaningless Old Firm
game, go back 2 spaces for
not being from Glasgow
and thus totally irrelevant.

Challenging for promotion,
you're playing already
relegated Cowden at home
having beaten them 3 times
already. But oh no! you're
Jocky Scott, play 5 at the
back, lose and get sacked.

Neale Cooper scores an
own goal in a crucial
second last game of the
season and, despite
dominating most of it, you
lose 1-0. Go back 3 spaces.

You're playing away in the
first leg of the play-offs.
You are NOT allowed to win.
The Scottish League and
the media want you to
lose. Les Mottram makes
sure you do. Move 1 space.

After the home game, the
away fans are invited onto
your pitch to taunt you and
celebrate with the police, who
are happy that there won't be
big crowds to scare them next
season. Stay here forever.

**FIRST DIVISION
CHAMPIONS**

But wait, Oh no!

The Scottish League
changes the rules again.
Go back to the start.

HIGHLAND FLING

What is 14" long, 8" high, totally deaf and answers to the name of Mac?
(No, that isn't a printing error - totally DEAF, yet ANSWERS to the name of Mac).

The answer you may or may not be interested to hear is a Chihuahua, which was carelessly misplaced by its owner somewhere in the Invergordon area on Sunday, 23rd July. Anyone with any information on the disappearance, or any suspicion that the fine hound found its way (bit of a tongue twister there) into their haggis supper, should telephone "Moray Firth Ray-dee-oh" immediately.

You can also phone this fine radio station, or tune in if you are in the area, if you would like to know how much a lawnmower cost in 1962, the price of a first class stamp in the mid fifties, or exactly who was advertising what and for how much in the local paper at any time since the last war. Entertainment this was not. Unfortunately it was the only radio station we could tune in properly as we drove aimlessly in a vague circle from Inverness, via the middle of nowhere, then up the banks of Loch Ness and back again to the Highland metropolis. It was Sunday morning, we had been kicked out of the B&B, Inverness was shut, and we had bugger all else to do.

We had travelled north on Saturday morning to the land of legendary monsters and highland battles, to watch the mighty Pars put some feckless opponents to the sword. We had hoped that one of these might be the babies from Falkirk, but an administrative blunder by our highland hosts at Clachnacuddin, saw what had been billed as a knock-out "tournament" reduced to 4 friendlies. Apparently, they had filled in the wrong form or something and therefore hadn't secured permission from the SFA to stage a tournament. Thus, each team played 2 friendlies, one on Saturday, one on Sunday, the matches running consecutively with a 15 minute break in-between. A £9.00 ticket secured entry to all 4 matches.

Arriving just before mid-day we made use of the primitive tourist map to locate our Bed and Breakfast. With surprisingly few wrong turns and only one street driven down twice, we parked outside bang on 12 o'clock leaving a comfortable two hours for a pub lunch before the day's first match. With forward thinking and preparation like never before for an away trip, we booked into a B&B near the ground earlier in the week. After making the booking and informing the others, our tour manager was promptly sacked for using proximity to Telford Street, home of Inverness Thistle, as sole criterion of choice. On arriving we had no idea where the ground was so asked our kindly host (who must be one of the only Scottish B&Bers left in the Highlands) for directions. Pointing out Kingsmill, a vague area of the map on the other side of the river and a definite taxi ride away, we headed into town and beer.

After lunch it was time for the game and, obeying the first law of looking for a taxi in a group, ie the number in the group will equal a multiple of the number of allowable passengers plus one, our two cars set off. At this stage we discovered our venue wasn't Kingsmill either, "No, it'll be The Clach ground you're after", our driver informed us in a voice not unlike that of Fraser in Dad's Army, "they knocked Kingsmill down". Heading back across the river the way we'd come, he commented "That old bugger's following me" at roughly the same time as our following driver was saying "that daft bugger's going the wrong way, but I'll follow him anyway". Moments later our driver says "it's just round the corner, Telford Street" and then "Oh! was is it the Clach ground you're after? I thought you wanted Caley's ground. Nevermind it's not far....I used to follow Clach but I've not been for awhile. Now, if I'm not mistaken I think it's around here somewhere." And so it was, very near Caley's ground and our B&B. Tour manager was reinstated.

The East End Bounce

As for the football, the final scores after the weekend were as follows, with the Pars being head and shoulders above the other 3 teams.

	Saturday		Sunday
Clach	0 v 6	Pars	Ross Co 1 v 3
Ross Co	0 v 1	Babies	Clach 0 v 1
			Babies

Mind you, we only watched 45 minutes of Falkirk the whole weekend, and that was about 44 minutes too much. Basically, they weren't very good and will really struggle this season if that was an accurate benchmark. Of course they have subsequently lost their manager, assistant manager and team captain and can surely look forward to entertaining Dumbarton, Airdrie et al next season. Oh dear, how sad, never mind.

Both games in Inverness saw the Pars playing pretty neat football at times, but they seemed to have difficulty sustaining their concentration over 90 minutes, and as always, took the foot off the accelerator instead of going for total humiliation of the opposition (this was also particularly evident in the game against Bolton. Let's face facts here - the Pars cannot defend a lead to save themselves. Remember St. Johnstone away last year? Far better to keep attacking, and at the very least do our defending in the opposing half). Generally speaking though these were good performances, not least because of the 9 goals scored. Mark McCulloch scored a beauty from 30 yards and had a good couple of days (on Sunday morning when we saw him meandering to a petrol station he certainly looked like he'd had a good night), the old woman in the pie stall was certainly very proud of him. Dick and Bert seemed to be grooming Mark for some of captaincy role, if the shouts and gestures from the touchline were anything to go by. (On the Saturday Dick & Bert actually sat on the terracing [grass bank] with us common punters). Greg Shaw unbelievably scored 3 goals over the weekend, and dare I say it, actually looked like a footballer from time to time. Of course this didn't prevent him from missing at least one complete sitter.

On the Sunday we were treated to Stewart Petrie playing at centre half, which he did remarkably well. Jackie didn't play against Ross County as according to Guido, when we asked him on the way to the pub at half-time, he apparently had some marriage related injury. We didn't inquire any further. Neale Cooper had acquired a rather dubious chin beard over the summer and remained oblivious to the sarcastic comments made to him after the game by your enthusiastic (and well lubricated) Bounce editorial team.

I also have to mention the music we were subjected to before the matches and at half time. None of your highland accordion music here. We're talking really nifty 1970s disco music as performed solo on a cheap 'n' nasty synthesizer. Our favourite tune had to be the memorable rendition of the theme to Star Wars. I'm still scouring Edinburgh's second hand record shops for this gem, probably released on the K-Tel label.

The *Match of the Day* theme was also used to good effect, to announce the arrival of the teams onto the pitch. It didn't quite work though, and just failed to conjure up the atmosphere of a packed stadium with 30,000 screaming fans. Not a bad little ground though, despite the number of balls that were lost into adjoining gardens. I imagine those living nearby could do quite good business down the Sunday Market with their second hand football stalls.

Finally, I just have to say that we were in total agreement that we had one of the best Chinese carryouts tasted for some time, excluding the free one after the last game at Starks from an old school friend and Pars fan who owns The Happy Valley in The High Street. Oh, and the only monster we saw all weekend was in a Falkirk strip and was called John Clark.

Gordon Robertson

The East End Bounce

THE PARS LOTTERY

HOW TO PLAY THE PARS LOTTERY

- § Each ticket allows you to play up to 5 boards at (1.00 per board, thus allowing the Pars to buy a useful/less striker from Falkirk or Airdrie.
- § Select 6 numbers per board to represent the number of sitters Greg Shaw will miss in each of the next 6 games.
- § DO NOT use red ink to complete your ticket. Don't use blue ink, black ink, pencil or felt tip pens either.
- § Entries smeared with grease from East End pies will be considered void, as will those with brown sauce stains. In either case we will keep your entry money which will be donated to an appropriate charity or spent in the Paragon.

HOW TO WIN

- § If your selections correctly match the number of chances needlessly wasted by Greg Shaw then you win or share the Jackpot Prize - A whole season as ballboy/person at the Cowden End. This means you get into all the home games for free. If you already have a season ticket, tough shit! Of course, this prize isn't all glamour. If it rains you get pished on. If the opposition have an away support you get laughed at. However, you do get a free pie and bovril at half-time.
- § If you match any 5 of the correct number of misses plus the bonus number, you win a whole match as tannoy operator. This means you get to drivel a load of shite throughout the afternoon including: getting the team line-ups wrong at the start, wishing your friends, relatives and anyone who knows you a happy birthday, anniversary etc, reading out the half-time scores being sure to arouse interest by saying "and wait for it" before a match of vague relevance to the Pars or if Rangers are getting beaten and of course playing as many crap records as

possible from the charts 3 years ago.

- § The bonus number each week will be the number of times Marc Millar fails to pass the ball to one of his team mates. If, as is entirely possible, this number is greater than 49, then the bonus number will be the number of good crosses Allan Moore delivers into the penalty area. This will of course always be in low, single figures.

HOW TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE

- § Prizes must be claimed on the Monday following the previous Saturday on which the 6th valid game of the current lottery draw took place, between midday and 2pm at the location where the ticket was purchased. (Please note that all lottery offices are closed for 2 hours at lunchtime on Mondays).

THE PARS LOTTERY GAME RULES

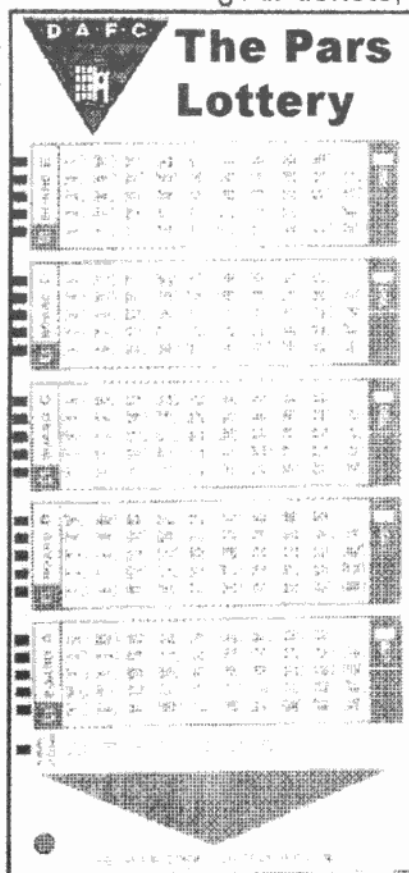
- § Tickets shall not be sold to persons under the age of 16, or to Falkirk fans with an IQ above 16 (thus ensuring a large potential market in the Falkirk area).
- § All tickets, transactions and winners are

subject to The Rules of the Pars Lottery Game, whatever they may be at any given time. The organisers reserve the right to change the rules without prior notification so that one of their mates can win.

- § The Pars Lottery Game is run and promoted by Conalot Group PLC.

MYSTIC MEG PREDICTS

- § I have very strong feelings that all six numbers will be in the 30s and 40s.
- § I have very strong feelings for Jackie MacNamara aswell, but that's another story.
- § I predict that only sad bastards will enter this lottery.
- § If there is a rollover, I hope it doesn't involve Simon Stainrod or someone will be seriously injured.



THE GOOD, THE SAD AND THE UGLY

Am I a complete sad git? Am I a total sucker? I would hope that the answer to both of these questions would be no, but consider the facts: I posses 5 Pars tops, 1 Pars track suit, 1 Pars polo, shirt, 1 Pars sweatshirt, 1 Pars season ticket.

Usually I am a fairly rational person, but in the area of Dunfermline Athletic I loose all sense of responsibility. I know that I don't need 5 Pars tops, but I seem to keep buying them whenever one is produced, and the club knows it.

At the pre-season friendly against Bolton a new away strip was unveiled. I had heard rumours earlier in the day and my brother uttered the dreaded word "diagonal". What monstrosity were they going to unleash on us now?

Bearing in mind the explosion in a paint factory of a couple of seasons ago, I was very worried that my favourite team were going to embarrass me again by wearing a strip designed in the occupational therapy department at Carstairs.

So, we arrived at the match and a guy in the car park gave us a clue. The new strip was quartered, "like Blackburn Rovers" he said. I was relieved that the diagonal possibility was out of the way, but we were all anxious to see the end result. What combination of the club's colours would be used? In recent seasons I had lobbied forcefully in the pub for the Pars to adopt the AC Milan black and red stripes for away games. Not only does it look cool as fuck, but they are club colours and I could pretend that Norrie was Franco Baresi.

Out came the Pars in blue and red and I decided I liked it.

In the past few years we have gone from

a plain red away strip to ones featuring purple, green, white, blue and red. I need hardly point out that not all of these are club colours. Having got used to being mistaken for a Hibs fan in my purple and green, I now have to adjust to another strip that has nothing to do with the club.

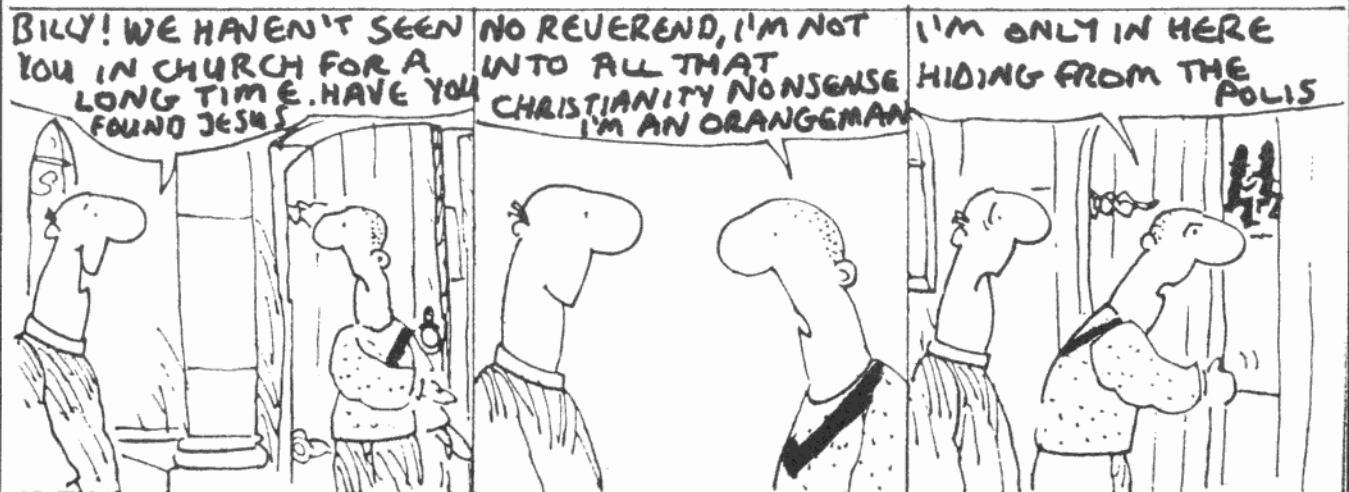
Obviously the bottom line is cash. Every year prices rise. The programme went up this year as suspected, as did the price of admission, but these don't come close to matching the exponential rise in the cost of replica football kits. I wouldn't be surprised if a parent trying to please two Pars daft could easily get through the best part of £200. Of course, every time the club makes a change, out comes the cheque book.

We're no where nearly as bad as Rangers or Man Utd in this respect and I'm sure the club will point out that they're only satisfying a demand because they keep selling out as soon as they're released. But the demand is one wholly manufactured by the club itself, did anyone want there to be another away strip so soon after the last one? I just hope it's a move to get the home and away kits out of synch again and not just a cynical ploy.

So here are a few questions I must ask myself.

- 1 Am I a completely sad git? - Yes
- 2 Am I a total sucker? - Yes
- 3 Does DAFC know this - Yes
- 4 Is the new strip just a commercial exercise to squeeze more cash from the fans? - Yes
- 5 Will the new strip be overpriced? - Yes
- 6 Was the old kit still okay for a couple more seasons? - Yes
- 7 Will I be buying the new strip? - Yes, of course I will.

Rohan Lightfoot



The East End Bounce

seether

Many thanks for a great fanzine - thank God we've got one again. Fanzines are the lifeblood of all "true" football fans (perhaps that's why Raith Rovers don't have one) and provide welcome relief from the inane west-coast drivel of the Scottish Football media.

I'd just like to make a few observations about the last season (I'm writing this on the Thursday before the eagerly awaited Raith game) namely 1- The scandalous lack of media coverage that Dunfermline and the First Division have had. 2- The media experts reluctance to mention the word "fortune" whenever discussing Rovers' eventful season. 3- The rather unnecessary pessimism I have noticed from other supporters this season.

MEDIA

Comparing the First Division with the Premier in terms of excitement is a bit like comparing watching your team thrash their rivals 5-2 with staying at home to watch a party political broadcast. Rangers have won again. Yawn.

The First Division may be scrappy at times, but usually only during crunch games where there's plenty of other excitement in any case. The snubbing of the recent Rovers v Dundee game by "those upstairs" provided further evidence that those in control have their heads stuck in the sand like the proverbial ostrich, or is it donkey? Indeed, is it sand) And how typical is it that when a First Division match is featured, Pare v Airdrie Rangers, the editing man gets rather carried away with his scissors and cuts out several controversial incidents; Stewart Petrie being hit in the face right in front of the TV gantry and a questionable challenge on Jackie which led to him being carried off. Are you from the west Mr editing man? If you are you can fuck-off back to Parkhead or Ibrox with the rest of the bigoted, biased bastard you work for. Fife has proved that you don't need religion to be passionate about football in Scotland.

ROVERS

When the media do eventually turn their attention to matters in the First Division it is, inevitably, towards our beloved neighbours, Raith Rovers. Am I the only person who thinks Raith, this season, are the luckiest team ever to play professional football? Sure they've got a good team but it's based on a few key players, Cameron, Crawford etc and without them they'd be absolutely SHITE. Constantly you hear McAnespie's dad, Barry Wilson's dad, the experts say "Raith play the best football in the league. Dunfermline are going to bottle it." Bollocks. Fair enough, we've fluffed promotion two years running but they seem to be implying that therefore we'll never, ever get promoted again. It would also be interesting to see what they would have all said if Rovers hadn't won the cup. It used to be mentioned that Dunfermline played the best football etc, Raith's cup victory seems to have changed all that. Despite the fact that this has no connection with us.

PESSIMISM

The pessimism is not as bad as I'm making it sound, but when you compare the Pars to the other promotion contenders it looks a hell of a lot better. (Eh? Ed.) come on folks, we've got the biggest and loudest support; the most atmospheric stadium; a competent and dedicated management and a talented playing squad - expertly assembled by Bert using extremely limited funds. Although I never thought I'd say this, credit must be given to the board for letting Bert into the biscuit tin and allowing him to sign Guido and Greg Shaw - ex Forces of Darkness but what the hell.

For me, one thing we have which few other provincial teams can claim to have is a *history*. It's no coincidence that things have picked up considerably since Bert Paton and Dick Campbell have taken over the reins. They know what it means to be involved with the team, from what I can see, many of the players are aware of this, and it can only be a good thing. So promotion or not, stick with the team. Without our support, everything that is special about the club will slowly fade away and we all know that we could never accept Raith as Fife's number one, living in their passionless shadow.

Cameron Wilson

The East End Bounce

LETTERS

Marc Millar

Dear Marc Millar,

You used to get right on my tits. Every time your name was read out, I groaned. Every time you made a mistake I shouted at you. I cursed the day we bought you and decided you were crap. I was wrong.

I know the season is only a couple of games old, but I went to the pre-season games as well. Suddenly where I thought you were lazy before, I realised that you were calm and assured. In my need to watch a team run themselves into the ground for a 'cause', I swore at you for not being a headless chicken. I was wrong.

Maybe it's just confidence, maybe your team-mates are used to your game and you to theirs, maybe its moving to full-back for a few games, but I will curse you no more.

Marc, I moaned and groaned and cursed but I was wrong. You are a Pars player and from now on I will treat you like a Pars player deserves to be treated. I will burst my lungs to spur you on and shut my gob if you fuck up, because I know a moment of brilliance is just around the corner.

I was wrong and I apologise, may the Pars be with you.

Yours sincerely
A Pars Fan

While we're being humble, apologies to Greg Shaw who is proving us all wrong, 3 months too late but nevermind - Ed.



**BERT FINDS A USEFUL
ROLE IN MIDFIELD FOR
GREG SHAW**

PROGRAMME

Dear Bounce,

I see the programme has gone up a whopping 20%. The editorial crew patronisingly mention we may have read about the dramatic rise in the price of paper in our newspapers, but I don't see why that necessarily means the price has to rise.

I regard £1 as being too much for the content, but as it's a money maker for the club I never objected too much. It was a nice round number and the sellers didn't have too much fiddling about with change. Why not change the programme to fit the price? Aberdeen had a prog just as glossy as ours, but used cheaper paper and smaller pages, why not do that to cut the cost?

Is it just for the programme of the year awards? I doubt that would make much difference to them, and if it did I could live without the award for a sensibly priced prog with the content not being altered. But could the editor?

Everywhere we go...

Bob, Dunfermline

**Andy Smith
Defies the myth
That he cheats and dives to
the floor
At least he doesn't anymore**

INTO THE VALLEY

Dear Bounce,

Just a wee note to back you in your campaign to get the Pars coming out to 'Into the Valley'. I think it's a sound idea as well as the local connection it's a damn fine song. betrothed and divine

S Adamson, Dunfermline

Dear Bounce,

I don't see why being a big nancy-boy, Celtic poof should exclude me from this debate. I agree, the Pars should use 'Into the Valley'.

yours mincingly

R Jobson

The East End Bounce

“Gladys Protheroe

...*Football Genius!*” by Simon Cheetham [Juma £5.95]

The blurb on the back says “Puskas knew her as Proth-Proth, to Eusebio she was The Tweed Tiger, Pele calls her England’s Finest Soccer She-Bitch”.

Somewhere, somehow you can’t help but doubt some of the facts and figures in this loving biography. That she made 28 league appearances for Watford in 1940s, managed England in the ‘50s, became an alkie after her inevitable sacking, then recovered enough to manage Real Madrid at their peak, is there for the record and indisputable. I think it a bit rich to expect us to believe she was also single-handedly responsible for discovering Bruce Springsteen whilst Elton John’s tour manager in the early 70s. Then, at the age of 85, as Taylor’s assistant in Sweden, that she floored Basile Boli with one punch which ended up in several stitches in his head.

From start to finish this is a fairly enjoyable and absurd piece of nonsense, if a little too long. A woman at the top of first class football, that’s the joke. There are plenty of wee twists and turns and some nice touches along the way, but mostly the ideas are better than their delivery and surrounded by too many similar ones. Not that different in style to the true account of Highland high-jinx involving Barbara Dickson and the Loch Ness Monster from the last issue, but it is stretched out a bit too far at 220 pages. That said, the final 20 pages are easily the best and it’s worth plodding through the rest of it to get there. Perhaps the rest would be better appreciated by someone more familiar with the era and English football, I’m sure a lot of it was lost on me.

It’s hard to imagine football fiction being particularly good as fiction in its own right, or even existing outwith the likes of *Roy of the Rovers* and *Billy the Fish*. The only other example I can think of is *Escape to Victory* and I wouldn’t have heard of that if it hadn’t be made into a film. With ever more money to be made from football and more and more people grasping for it, I imagine there is going to be more books of this type being written and publishers ready to try and cash in on them, they’re going to have to have more ideas than this if they’re to have any success though.

FREEBIE: A Free copy, to make your own mind up about it, to the best contribution for the next issue. Alternatively, if you believe in rewarding the artist and want to buy it, get it direct from the publishers Juma, 44 Wellington Street, Sheffield, S1 4HD £5.95 + £1.25 p&p or if a bookshop doesn’t have it, tell them to order it.

marabou stork nightmares

Irvine Welsh [Jonathan Cape £9.99]

Contrary to appearances, this isn’t just turning into an egomaniacal trawl through my summer reading on a wave of self-importance. I mention this because it’s one of the few (if not only) novels I’ve read that’s got The Pars in it. If you’ve read his first book, *Trainspotting*, or his collection of short stories, *The Acid House*, you’ve probably read this as well by now so there’s not really much point in you reading this bit.

Without giving too much away, or pretending I’m doing a book report for Higher English, here’s a brief synopsis. In a multi-threaded way, Marabou is the story of, Roy Strang, a Hibs casual told from a coma in his hospital bed. He recounts bits of his life and drifts off on a fantasy safari he has little control of and which reveals more about him that he won’t “consciously” admit. As his visitors come and go, we get to see their opinions and interpretations of events that shaped his life and the things that he did. He’s a particularly nasty and unlikeable character, this isn’t a pleasant book.

Apart from the obvious ones, there’s a lot of oblique Scottish football references, Wallace Mercer appears in the fantasy section as the owner of Jambola Park

The East End Bounce

intent on taking over The Emerald Forest (just for good measure, with this being written by a Hibbie, he's a pederast as well). Donald Findlay appears as the defence lawyer that gets Strang and his mates off with a huge miscarriage of justice. Sandy Jamieson, as he is in most of the book, is made out to have been the victim of a similar level of injustice in the League Cup at Tynecastle all those years ago.

You can't argue with what he's ultimately trying to say, buy a copy and work it out, but using one man's split second misjudgement in a football match (regardless that it's us who are seen to get away with it) as an analogy for what happens in this book is pretty weak and not worthy of what he's trying to do.

Irvine uses a lot of violence, even more *bad* language (he wrote most of it on a local patio apparently) and, like *Natural Born Killers*, the message he's trying to get across will probably be lost on those most in need of it. It's better than *Trainspotting*, well worth a read but not as good as it's trying to be.

FREEBIE: Not this time, I had to buy this and at a tenner a throw I'm not buying another one just for some freeloader, get your own.

A Game of Two Halves

I admit it. When I first heard they were making this programme it never occurred to me that it wouldn't be the fresh, irreverent, humorous look at the game it made itself out to be. Maybe I could plead temporary insanity or heat induced summer madness. Maybe common sense, years of experience and well honed cynicism had all gone on holiday at the time - I don't know. All I do know is that I've never felt so embarrassed for something I've had absolutely no connection with. Until this summer I thought that nobody could possibly make a worse television series than the Emlyn Hughes-hosted *Box Clever*, from a mid 80s, mid-week, mid-afternoon slot watched only by housewives, the unemployed and the truly sad. This was a programme that made Masterteam look as intellectual as Mastermind or Going for Gold like the selection procedures for the Nobel prizes.

A game of Two Halves just tries *too* hard, and fails so miserably. Taking the format of *Have I Got News For You* and the scoring from *Whose Line Is It Anyway*, it needs a lot more than their ideas to make it work. It needs people to carry it off. Jim Whyte isn't even as funny as Radio Forth's Bill Gordon, one of those hopeless cretins who thinks that laughing after everything he's said or, better still, saying "allegedly" and then laughing makes whatever he's just said highly amusing. It doesn't. I don't know who on earth could possibly have thought Dennis Law would be any good at this sort of thing. He can arch his eyebrows and occasionally manages to make his scalp move but this is supposed to be satire, Paul Merton must be *really* worried about his job. Against that pair, Tony Roper almost looks good, but that's what he does for a living, he should do. Seeing as he has a writing credit, can we assume he wrote the script? For scripted it surely is, and that's where this programme ultimately falls down. I'm sure in their own right, being themselves, most of Whyte & Co and the various guests would be a great laugh, but in this they're just acting at being their irreverent best, and they're all hopeless actors.

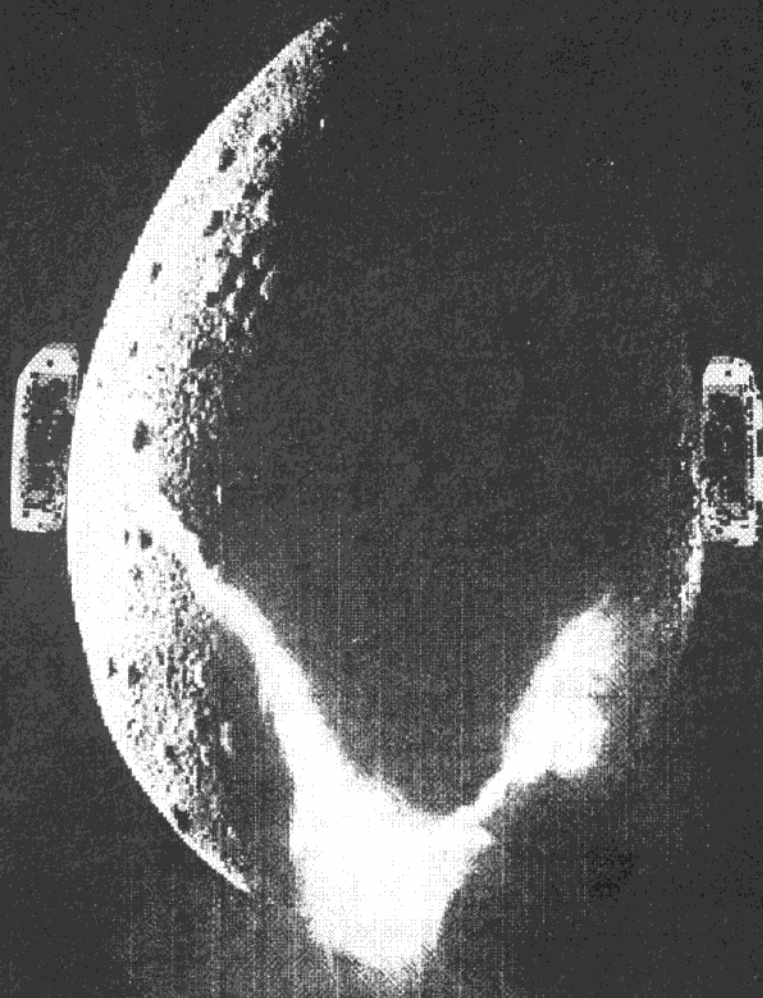
As for the content. Why not call it *Rangers and Celtic's Laugh In*? That's all they're concerned with. In fact they really seem less bothered with the football side than they are with the sectarian aspect of it. It's all just a big joke isn't it? A proddie team lines up against a fenian one and how the jokes fly. Week after week we laugh a-new as the odd-one-out round is introduced as "which one is the Tommy Burns/Charlie Nicholas etc at the Orange Lodge meeting".

Perhaps they've got it right though, the only person I know who likes it is a Celtic fan. Maybe Old Firm fans become blind as to just how shite things like this are because they're all about them (in much the same way as Pars fans seem to like *The Bounce* perhaps). If it's pulling in them then I'm sure that's enough for STV, they don't cater for anyone else during the season, why should they out of it?

Paul Bundy

The East End Bounce

ALLEN



**In space, even with those ears,
no one can hear you
scream.**