

The East End
Bounce

The only way is up!

**Norrie points the way
to the Premier League**

50p

PRAT-TIME



Do you know where Glasgow is?

Were you born in Glasgow?

Have you ever been to Glasgow?

The East End Bounce

SUPPORTERS

If you can answer NO to any of these questions then you are fully qualified to follow Rangers or Celtic. Simply decide whether you want to pretend to be a catholic or a protestant (Don't worry too much about this bit - you don't have to go to church, have any religious tendencies or even believe in the existence of God), then jump on the bandwagon and the next bus to Ibrox or Parkhead. It doesn't matter if you've spent your entire life in Fife, Lothian, Tayside, Grampian, the Highlands, the Borders, Ayrshire or Timbuc-fucking-Too. The important thing here is that you get to follow a successful (*Celtic? - Ed*) team. After all, that's what football is all about. Why on earth would anyone want to stand on the Terraces at East End, Starks Park etc. when they can travel through to Glasgow and pay £20 to watch real "quality". Why on earth do we have teams like Stenhousemuir, East Stirling, Albion Rovers anyway? Scottish football doesn't need them.

To illustrate my point about these "fans" only following successful teams, let me tell you about the misfortune I had in meeting a "true blue" several years ago in London. This guy was supposedly Rangers through and through, followed them all his life, hated everyone else etc. Over the course of this particular evening, in a central London hostelry, the entourage got increasingly pissed and tongues became considerably looser. Then the bombshell. This son of King Billy let it slip that during Rangers rather dodgy spell in the 80's when they didn't win anything, he had started following Aberdeen. You can imagine the silence round the table, then the uproar. I have to admit to addressing a few choice comments to the guy on this matter. Voices were raised, challenges were made, beer was spilt. Anyway, the upshot was that everyone agreed this particular "Ger" was a dickhead.

You see my point though. They're all like that. All these arseholes who travel from all over Scotland to watch Rangers and Celtic are exactly the same. They follow success. The important thing to them is being able to sing the sash, even though they don't know the words and don't really know what it all means anyway, or crossing themselves every time Celtic score a goal, or get a corner, or run out onto the pitch etc.

Of course the real PRATS (I'm being polite here) are the ones who call themselves fans without actually going to any games. You probably know one of these people. Sad bastards one and all. They think that because they were born a catholic or protestant they should follow either Celtic or Rangers, irrespective of the fact they were born, brought up and lived their lives a stones throw from Cappielow, Love Street, Easter Road etc. Come Monday morning at work they're quick to point out that the Huns or the Tims won again on Saturday, but aren't quite as quick to identify Ibrox or Parkhead on a map of Glasgow! They can't see below the veneer. They can't see that there's more

to footie than winning things, or “supporting” a team simply because they are likely to win something.

Forget the Mark Bosman affair and the abolition of transfer fees. This is a much more serious issue. The SFA, UEFA and FIFA should be more concerned with sorting out these pseudo-fans? How many other countries have you heard of where fans don't follow their local team? Italy? France? Germany? I think not! The sooner the powers that be take action and demand proof of your birthplace before letting you into a ground the happier I'll be.

The police should immediately be granted widespread powers, applicable on Saturday afternoons, to stop bus loads of cardboard catholics and pretend proddies and re-route them to the nearest league football ground. Footie is all about the passion, elation and despair of supporting your team, but above all it is about following your *local team* no matter how shite that team is. I've been going to East End since my grandfather started taking me in the early 70s and I've seen some pretty abysmal matches played in front of miniscule crowds, and endured many mediocre seasons. But I'm a Pars fan, and as such, incapable of supporting anyone else. I know that every other real football fan feels the same way about their team.

So, the next time you see a bus load of Huns or Tims heading west with not a single weegie accent between them, stand back, feel smug and rejoice in the fact that you are a TRUE SUPPORTER.

Alec Hitt

Bad Taste Award

Bad Taste of the season award has to go to the St. Johnstone fans at the recent McDairmaid game. In the pub before the match some dickhead put “I don't like Mondays” by the Boomtown Rats on the jukebox. This seemed to be a favourite amongst the home contingent drinking there, who belted it out at the top of their lungs. Basically, the song is about a schoolroom massacre, and this was only days after the Dunblane tragedy. I'm sure I wasn't the only bemused punter listening. GR

DICTIONARY CORNER

Paton - In mountaineering, a metal spike that may be driven into a crevice and used to secure a rope.

Paton - In football, manager of the Pars. Should not be driven into crevices. Better used to secure 3 points against Airdrie than secure a rope.

GOOD LAUGH AWARD

This special award goes to the “old codgers”, and I hope they won't mind my using this term, in the same pub before the St. Johnstone game mentioned above. Pars fans of course, and not one of them below 50 at a guess, but there they were, sitting in the corner, half cut, belting out some Pars classics, even the East End Bounce if my memory serves me well. I'd like to think that would be me in years to come.

GR

The East End Bounce

FIRST AMONG EQUALS?

In this, our fourth season in the First Division, nothing much has changed, except each year the division gets more difficult to get out of. Since Mr Paton arrived the First Division has transformed itself into a fully professional, cut throat, mini-version of the Endsleigh League Division One (well almost). Fife and Tayside replace the Midlands as the area that dominates the league (a domination which is also a hindrance as you have to play about 20 derby matches a season).

In Bert's first season in charge it was between the DA and that bunch of scummers from near Grangemouth for the one spot. airdrie, though challengers were never really in it after March. Last season the race was between the DA, the rovers, dundee and again to a lesser extent airdrie. This year, at this point (16/11/95), sees as always, the DA, dundee and airdrie being joined by some other lot from near dens park, the greenock soap-dodgers and possibly st. johnstone as the main challengers (*Obviously, this article is being printed several months after it was penned, and as we all know dundee and airdrie have dropped out of the title race by now - Ed*). So what of these challengers, their fans and the sort of slum areas from which they have emerged.

I suppose we must really begin with the hot, west-coast media favourites from the city of junkies, jim mclean and non-union journalists. They are of course, united. Strange name really as a bigger load of whingeing, prima-donna tossers you're unlikely to find without forking out about three million quid on a load of ibrox reserves and Notts County failures. However, after signing coyle and mcswegan, a whole new dimension has been added to their play. owen's snide, weegie cheating is exemplary - another proud graduate of the broomfield school of method acting, whilst mcswegan's ability to miss a chance is astonishing. With these potent strikers, even winning at Dumbarton may eventually not be beyond them. The biggest threat they pose to The Pars will come from all the referees reading the daily record and realising that it's up to them to get this team back in the Premier, "the division they belong in" (© daily record), as quick as possible. This will probably be run along similar lines as last years play-off at pittodrie.

Turning attention to the other Dens Road team, we find a similar amount of media coverage, centring mostly around the fact that neil mccann may or may not be going to celtic, who jim duffy once played for and who are rangers biggest rivals and therefore newsworthy. As for their team, many are at least nine feet tall and have blonde hair. This may be pandering to the fascist elements in the city who follow the club but is probably more to do with their physical approach to the game, as Guido found to his

The East End Bounce

cost. One of their players also plays for Denmark, this therefore means they are "stylish" and "continental" in outlook (© daily record). This player does not play for the Denmark team which won the European Championship in 1992 by beating everyone on penalties, but for the even worse version which fails to qualify for anything now.

In Hitler's bunker, or broadwood as some people call it, paranoid delusions culminated in alex mcdonald's lucid critique of the alterations in the offside rule - his basic premise being that for every dodgy decision a linesman makes, his children will have to wear less clothes - made following a game against dundee. Big thank you to Greg Shaw (*careful - Ed*), us winning there whilst playing as badly as we ever have done must mean something. They have now, remarkably, got even fewer supporters. Slightly worrying however, is the fact that they're up here on the last day of the season. Them and us, last day of the season, to decide us going up! Cancel all police leave is the first thought that springs to mind. The players may go on holiday together, but let's face it, the fans are never going to get along. And quite right too.

More surprising, very surprising considering they are shite, is the challenge which has emerged from the bastion of culture that is the minging home of morton. Anywhere that can make paisley look presentable is one seriously huge shit hole. The epic scale of it's deprivation even eclipses methil. The locals are a curious mix of nine year old Braveheart extras and toothless, thirtysomethings with ridiculous hairstyles, high top trainers with a nasty pair of skintight jeans tucked into them and the sort of leather jackets you couldn't even flog in f*****k market, which is saying something considering the sort of tramp clobber the locals enjoy there. Any ground with a laundrette on the corner, as cappielow has, is making a pretty clear statement. The media love their team because they have given a player to rangers, they play near "glesga" and they have a Finn who "marauds like his viking forbears" through opposing defences (© daily record). This man, with his shit haircut in tow, is idolised in the town for being able to use shampoo. He is currently touring schools in the area passing on this skill to local children. Will never get promoted as long as they play in greenock, it's just too grim.

The perth saints are an enigma. They are also the only team in the league with a defibrillator installed in the dugout. Mind you, as a ruse for getting

DICTIONARY CORNER

Leishmania - a state of hysteria amongst football fans, brought about by Mr J Leishman esq.

Leishmania - a form of vertebral parasite transmitted by bloodsucking sand flies.

the game called off when kirkwood's mighty, misfiring black and tangerine machine were scraping ahead it was applaudable luggy. He, their manager, recently blamed his more senior players for not doing enough to help the "talented youngsters" which the daily record has reported he has in abundance. These talented youngsters must be very talented indeed because with crowds approaching two thousand it looks as though the only thing that will fill mcdaired park will be the next rugby match, or maybe a display of agricultural machinery. Not serious contenders no matter how often o'boyle shaves his head.

And finally, what of us? Well, if we ever get our best team, or even a settled team, on the park for any period of time then we're going to give mclean's orange and black, pack of malfunctioning twats a run for their money. If we don't however, then we're still good enough to take the pish out the rest of them. I would probably prefer to face the rovers or the babies in a play-off and enjoy the delicious sensation of sentencing them to conducting their new stadium opening ceremony whilst entertaining east fife.

The support has been good up to now and at tannadice it was fantastic. So good in fact that the reason coyle got taken off was because of the abuse we heaped upon his cheating weegie arse. I would also like to take this opportunity to congratulate raith on their "astonishing Euro glory run" (© daily record). Only another thirty-six games to go to catch up on the big team team in Fife. Funnily enough I always thought that the point of playing in cup competition was to try to get through. Not in kirkcaldy apparently. Oh no, when the fat nazi from Bavaria waves the chequebook you abandon second leg home advantage only to discover that Bayern are actually a pile of crusty old toss who were there for the beating. Dogs by name, poodles by nature, ken.

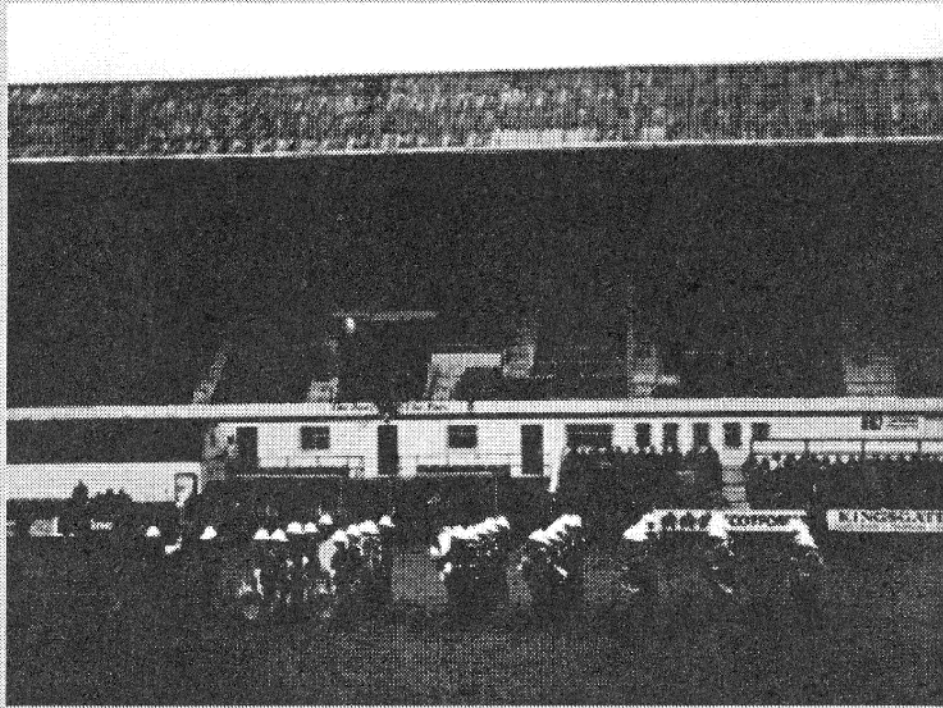
It puts me in mind to sing the quaint old folk song:

**"When I was just a little boy, I asked my mother what will I be,
Will I be rovers, will I be Pars, here's what she said to me,
Wash your mouth out son, and go get your father's gun,
And shoot the rover's scum, the Pars are number one."**

Centre Stand Seat L67

(The author would like to point out that the reason all the names are in lower case is because they don't deserve capitals. Fair 'nuff - Ed)

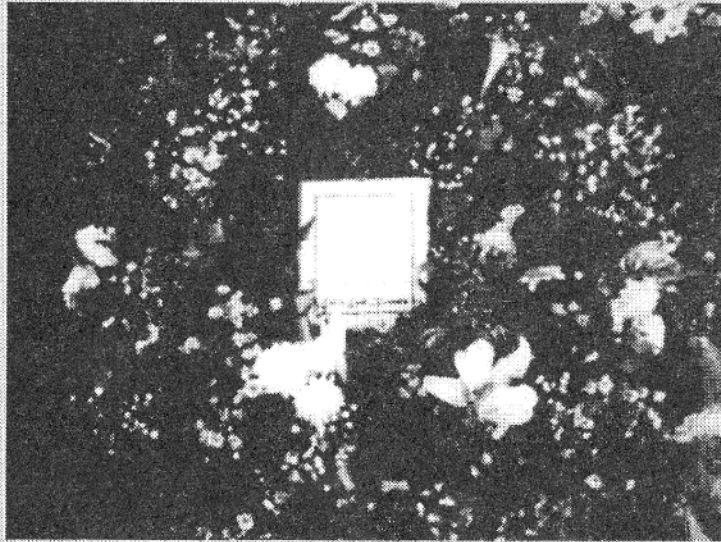
The East End Bounce



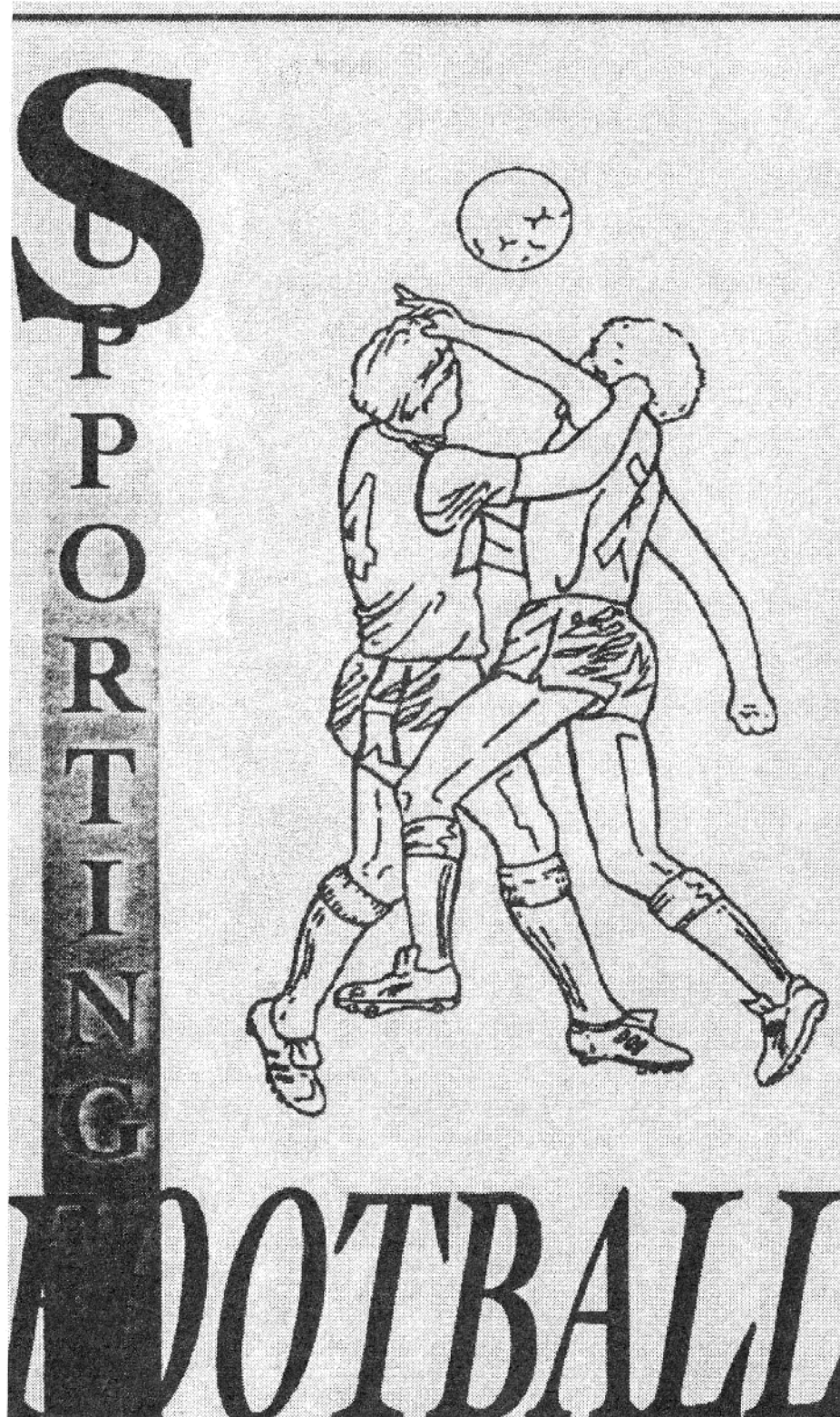
I'm sure we all have our own favourite memories of Norrie over the years - a match-winning goal, a desperate goal-line clearance, a perfectly timed goal-saving tackle. My own abiding memory of Norrie isn't actually on the football park, but in Dunfermline town centre. It's a Saturday night in May. The Pars, under Leishman, have just clinched promotion. The town is swinging. It's around midnight and I'm stumbling about somewhere in the region of the New Row, High Street, East Port junction. I hear lots of shouting, laughing and cheering and turn round to see a bunch of Pars players, with Norrie the centre of attention, standing in the middle of the High Street, his trousers round his ankles, mooning at all and sundry. For some reason the memory has always stayed with me! **GR**

The East End Bounce

Tuesday, 16th January 1996. Pictures from Norrie's memorial service at East End and floral tributes at Warriston Crematorium.



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You will no doubt recognise this ad from the back page of the programme. If anyone has any idea as to why they use a picture of a woman's netball match, we'd be grateful for an explanation! The figure on the left has a rather unusual deformity - her legs seem to have grown in the wrong way round!

The East End Bounce

Spell Check Top Ten

It's been done before, and no doubt will be done again, but there's hours and hours of fun (if you're particularly sad and lonely) to be had messing around with the spell-checker on your word processor. Listed below is our current top ten football grounds. We'd like to think that some of these are more than just coincidence!

Aberdeen,	Pillories
Huns,	Biro
Tims,	Parched
Dundee Utd,	Tantalise
Hearts,	Typecast
Mormon,	Sappier
Raid Rovers,	Stacks Park
Airdrop,	Broadway
Cloud-bank,	Kilobyte
Fakir,	Rockville

(Don't go back to, as REM once sang, and let's hope we never have to!!)

THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS

And what a week - The Tims and Huns both get knocked out of Europe (I particularly enjoyed the Gers - Juve match, chuckling into my pint as Wally's Euro-septics got gubbed 4 - 0) while our dear old friends from along the coast have a glamour "home" tie against the mighty Bayern Munich. Only problem is, Kirkcaldy is such a conglomeration of slum dwellings and Starks Park is such a dive that the Raith bosses are too embarrassed to invite Bayern along. So their home tie takes place in Edinburgh. Apparently this is the highlight of the club's history so far - getting beaten 2 - 0 at home at Easter Road. Dreary town, dreary team, dreary support.

DICTIONARY CORNER

Dick - *slang* - 1. a penis
2. clever dick - an opinionated person.

Dick - Balding Pars Assistant Manager. Dick *is* an opinionated person, but only when the Pars aren't performing well, or the ref or linesmen are crap. Dick *is not* a penis.



At a Bounce trip to East End last season, Ivo is keen to demonstrate his close ball control.

The East End Bounce



A 10-Point Action Plan For Football Clubs

Clubs should take the following action to tackle racist behaviour at football grounds:

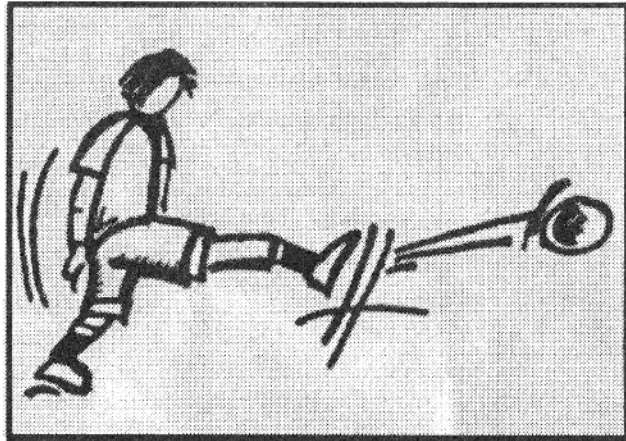
- 1 Issue a statement saying that the Club will not tolerate racism, and will take specific action against supporters who engage in racist abuse, racist chanting or intimidation. The statement should be printed in all match programmes and displayed permanently and prominently around the grounds.
- 2 Make public announcements condemning any racist chanting at matches, and warning supporters that the Club will not hesitate to take action.
- 3 Make it a condition for season-ticket holders that they do not take part in racist abuse, racist chanting or any other offensive behaviour, such as throwing missiles onto the pitch.
- 4 Take action to prevent the sale or distribution of racist literature in and around the grounds on match days.
- 5 Take disciplinary action against players who make racially abusive remarks at players, officials and supporters before, during or after matches.
- 6 Contact other Clubs to make sure they understand the Clubs policy on racism.
- 7 Make sure that stewards and the Police understand the problems and the Clubs policy, and have a common strategy for removing or dealing with supporters who are abusive and breaking the law on football offences. If it is dangerous or unwise to take action against offenders during the match, they should be identified and barred from all further matches.
- 8 Remove all racist graffiti from the grounds as a matter of urgency.
- 9 Adopt an equal opportunities policy in the areas of employment and service provision.
- 10 Work with all other groups and agencies - such as the Police, the Local Authority, the PFA, the supporters, schools, youth clubs, sponsors, local businesses, the local Racial Equality Council and local voluntary organisations to develop pro-active programmes and projects to raise awareness of the campaign and eliminate racist abuse and discrimination.

This information is reproduced at the request of the Commission for Racial Equality

The East End Bounce

GREG SHAW FAN CLUB

Congratulations to Greg on his recent marriage. Everyone at the Bounce wishes Mr & Mrs Shaw every happiness in the future. Let's just hope that future is somewhere else. No offence Greg, you're just crap! Here's hoping that Greg's first touch in the bedroom is better than it is on the pitch.

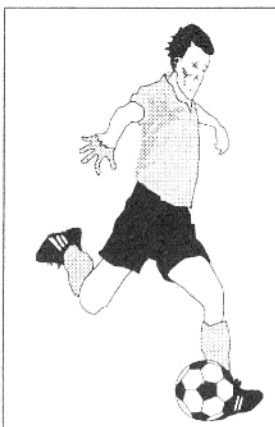


Once again Greg Shaw demonstrates his superb close control, as he traps the ball and turns in a single, majestic movement. Err, well, hmm, maybe next time Greg.

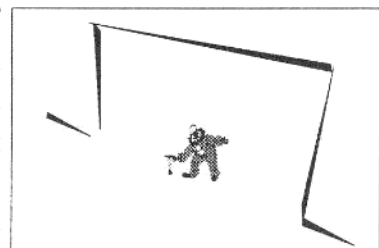
There's been a lot of debate this season about increasing the size of goals so that we can have higher scoring matches. However, we at the Bounce don't subscribe to this train of thought. Let's face it, it wouldn't make a blind bit of difference to our Greg. He'd still miss those sitters from 5 yards out. No, we have come up with a revolutionary scheme to boost Greg's scoring chances *and* reduce the level of unemployment in a certain specialised niche of the entertainment industry.

Basically, we don't make the goals bigger, we make the keepers smaller. The nineties have seen a major reduction in the number of opportunities for circus dwarves, many of whom now find themselves on the dole. It makes much more sense, and will be much cheaper in the long run, to simply place height restrictions

on goalkeepers, say 4 ft 6 inches, than to modify every goal in the country. This creates a natural market place for these talented performers to try their luck. Of course Andy Goram will be safe, but virtually every other team will need to recruit a new "midget-keeper", and if they want back-up on the bench, a "mini-sub". Greg Shaw was asked by the SFA to test out this new scheme, and spent an afternoon playing "3 and in" with Bobo (pictured below). Greg didn't actually get a chance in goals, but was promptly offered a new contract. He makes his debut as a clown for Gerry Cottell next week in Glasgow.



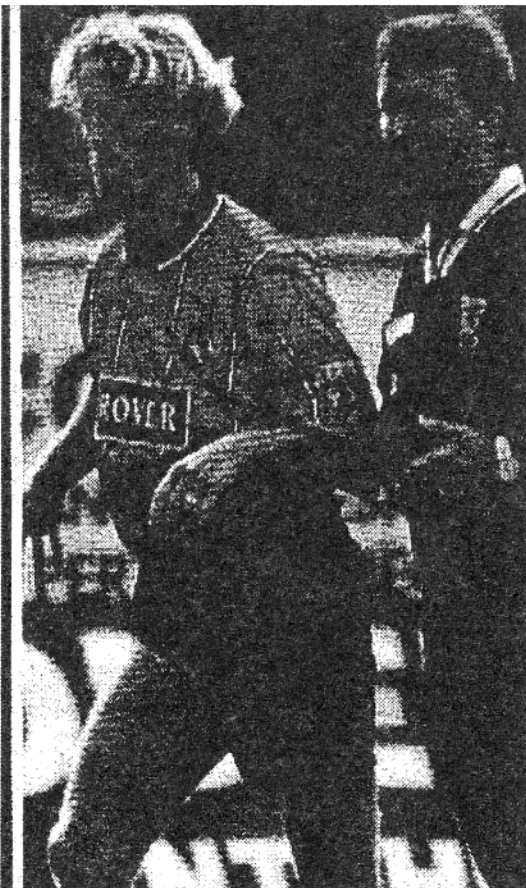
Artist's impression of Greg looking like a real footballer.



Artist's impression of Bobo the circus dwarf, about to save Greg's shot. Again.

Killing an Arab

We've gubbed them, they've gubbed us. Honours were about even between the Pars and the Arabs this season, before Saturday's game at Tantalise Park - the most crucial match of the season. It was a perfect day for football - good weather, good playing surface and noisy away support. The TV cameras were also there, to record and broadcast the highlights that night. What the cameras didn't capture was the pre-match meeting between Jim McLean and the referee in the car park. This was the meeting where McLean offered, and the ref accepted, a large wad of used, high denomination notes to ensure that United won the match and were promoted as champions. It is a testament to the guts, determination, passion and skill of the mighty Athletic, that everything the ref did to ensure the Pars lost was to no avail. This really does show the incompetence of Mr Freeland from Aberdeen (full address to be supplied in the next issue). He cheated, but we still won. Virtually every decision in the entire game went against us. Every 50 - 50 challenge or innocuous incident resulted in a free kick to United. Pars players were being



Dave Bowman auditions for a part in Thunderbirds while getting sent off at East End in August.

booked for their first foul, United players putting in exactly the same type of challenge weren't even being spoken to. The culmination of this disgraceful refereeing performance occurred in the second half with Stewart Petrie red carded for a challenge on Maurice Backpass, a challenge which the replays on TV that night showed was completely fair and legal. I didn't actually hear the comments from the TV pundits (the bastards in the pub wouldn't turn the sound up) but surely no-one could argue that Petrie should have been penalised in any way.

This brings me on to the highlights themselves. Not really very good were they? Not representative of the game at all? Any neutrals watching probably wouldn't realise how biased the ref was. They didn't even show Maxwell's sliced clearance. Of course, the reason the cameras were there was to record United's victory. That makes our performance and result all the sweeter.

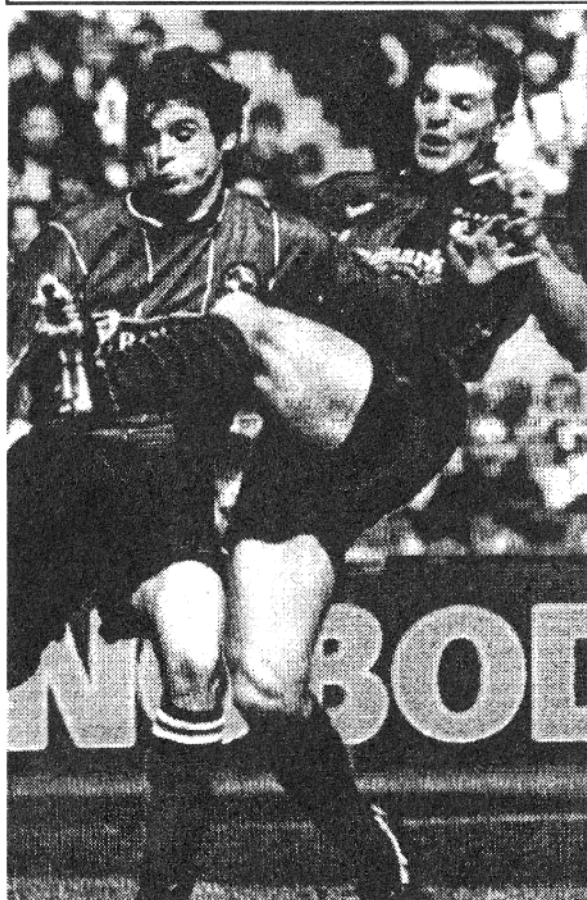
Of course you realise that the reason we beat United was because we had to. Had we beaten Hamilton at East End a few weeks ago, and gone

into Saturday's game 2 point ahead of United, then I don't think we would have played like we did. A single point would have been enough, and we wouldn't have got it. As it was, the Pars were magnificent. The best all round team performance of the season, just when it mattered.

Dick and Bert rolled the dice and came up with yet another defensive scenario, this time Ivo being drafted in to play alongside Robbo and Toddy. I've never been a big fan of Ivo in defence, but I've certainly no complaints on his, or any other players, performance. They coped with everything United, the ref, and the linesmen could throw at them. Even in the second half when it was 10 v 14 we held on, defending Petrie's 7th minute goal for the next 93 minutes. Oh yes, that's something else the ref tried - adding on as much time as possible to allow United to score. An extra 5 minutes in the first half and a similar amount in the second until eventually it got a bit farcical, and he and United had to admit defeat. Then the singing really began. What a match, what a performance. We beat the cheating, whingeing, diving, moaning bastards, and we beat them well, just as Morton will at Cappielow. We're going up, you're staying down, we're gonna celebrate in town. We're gonna celebrate, we're gonna celebrate, we're gonna cel, we're gonna celebrate.

Alec Hitt

Stewart Petrie brilliantly scores the most important goal of his career at Tannadice on Saturday



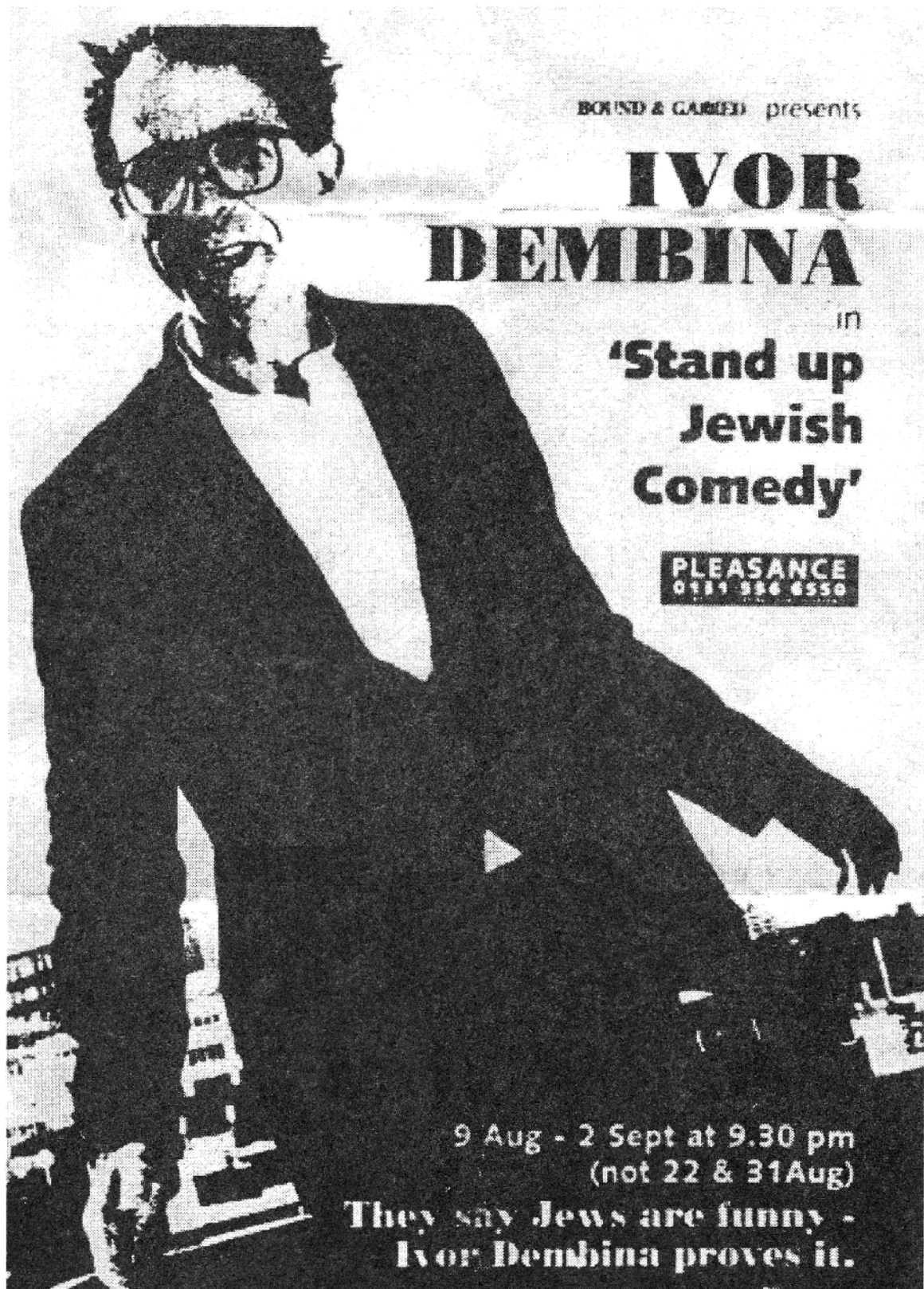
Even Greg Shaw turned in a magnificent performance against United when he came on as sub. The way he ran on to the pitch, he looked like a true professional. Then the ref re-started the match and it was straight into headless chicken mode. I'm not sure if Greg actually touched the ball. If he didn't, then it was *definitely* his best performance for the Pars. The last thing you want, a goal up going into the last couple of minutes is Greg Shaw in your own penalty box trying to clear the ball. Not for the faint hearted!

DICTIONARY CORNER

Paragon - a model of excellence or perfection: eg. "a paragon of virtue".

Paragon - the place where Pars fans get pished before the game on Saturday.

The East End Bounce



BOUND & GARBED presents

IVOR DEMBINA

in
**'Stand up
Jewish
Comedy'**

PLEASANCE
0111 386 6550

9 Aug - 2 Sept at 9.30 pm
(not 22 & 31Aug)

**They say Jews are funny -
Ivor Dembina proves it.**

So now we know what Ivo does in his spare time - changes his name slightly, adds some specs, a bit of make-up, whips his foreskin off, then gets up on stage and tells crap Jewish jokes.

The East End Bounce

NEWS AND LETTERS

Dear Bounce,

Having read the last issue of your little mag, I would like to enter the debate regarding the music played as your team enters the sporting arena. What better to stir the blood than the theme to "The Magnificent Seven". It has to be better than Tina Turnoff.

Yours with nae hair,
Yul Brinner

P.S. Isn't that Dick Campbell a good looking chap? (*No - Ed.*)

Hi there punters,

I'm glad to have this opportunity to really say what I think, instead of all that mushy drivel I have to write for the programme. It's not easy being Sammy the Fanny you know, especially when you hate kids as much as I do. One day I'm going to flatten one of those little bastards, or trip up a ballboy as he runs out at the start of a match. What a pity I wasn't around for the Aberdeen game at East End last season, but my sad existence hadn't been dreamed up yet. I would've been on the pitch sorting out those sheep-shaggers, and no mistake. Anyway, here's to promotion and stuffing Airdrie. Cheers.

Sammy sods off for now!

Dear TEEB,

Wasn't it great to see all those youngsters at East End for the Dumbarton game. What a wonderful initiative to get the younger generation involved. Not. Trying to get to the bog at half-time was an exercise in logistics, with all these half-pints getting caught underfoot and "accidentally" tasting my boot leather. Might I suggest that next time someone at the club has a brainwave like this they take the brats to the zoo instead!

Yours, I. N. Tolerant

Your ever vigilant Bounce team have just learnt of a new geological report about to be published which reveals major movements of the tectonic plates which make up the earth's crust. Apparently new shifts were observed throughout Europe towards the end of 1995. In particular there has been a huge increase in the gulf between Turin and the Govan area of Glasgow. Scientists are at a loss to explain this strange phenomenon.

The East End Bounce

PARTISHEAD

P

dummy

The Gary Paterson Tribute Album