

PARALLEL LINES

A DUNFERMLINE ATH.



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PARALLEL LINES 9 S.E.CIRCUS PL. EDINBURGH EH3 6TJ

Almost a year ago,WDHR folded,partly because events on and off the field had curtailed contributions to next to nothing,but mostly because we were also completely disillusioned by events at East End Park.Now,with a new name but basically the same principles the Pars have a fanzine once again,this club needs a fanzine given the censorship in the local press you only have to listen to the supporters on the terracing to know that we are concerned,for the club we all love is poised to step back into the early seventies.That,for those of you with selective amnesia or too young to remember,is when the Pars dropped from European campaigners to part-time Second Division status and the brink of liquidation in two or three years.

The parallels are frightening,in the late sixties Dunfermline players were paid the highest in Scotland outside of the Old Firm,this could never be recouped through the turnstiles,they turned to bank,when the bank eventually said no,they stripped their assets,Humbug Park,the training ground was sold,the team was sold for pitiful amounts,relegation and quick return followed but the next ten years saw the Pars mainly in the lower divisions,untill Leishman arrived.The current situation is this:the club have spent around £3 million in transfer fees in the past four years,a fantastic sum for a club of our size,players wages are amongst the top five in the Premier League,it's alleged that Kozma earns £2,000 a week,the gates have plummeted by a quarter due to the upheavals over the past two years,we are reportedly £2 million in debt,the training ground at Eagle Glen is up for sale,the team looks like it may well be relegated and the star players,Rhodes,Kozma,O'Boyle sold to ease the overdraft.Let's hope that for us,lightening does not strike twice.

The departure of Iain Munro,only confirmed that the Board had made a horrendous error in sacking Leishman and an even bigger error in appointing Munro,they should have gone for another manager or kept Leishman on for another season anyway,the team looked as though it was about to do something.Mel Rennie's resignation from the Chair of the Board came as no real surprise,considering that he was absent overseas and unobtainable when Leishman was sacked,when Munro was appointed,when Munro was sacked and didn't know about Scott and Wallace's appointments untill his return.It points the question,who has really been in charge of the club for the past three years,Mr.Woodrows' appointment as Chairman and the ever present Blair Morgan,may give you an answer.

There is light at the end of the tunnel,Scott and Wallace are only too aware of where our problems lie,aside from the weaknesses on the park,the lack of spirit and commitment in the players,is not what we expect of a Dunfermline team.As the goals rained past Rhodes,we've expeted and been given defeat,it became a habit,although the two home defeats from St.Mirren and Falkirk stuck in the throat in particular.With no money available to buy new

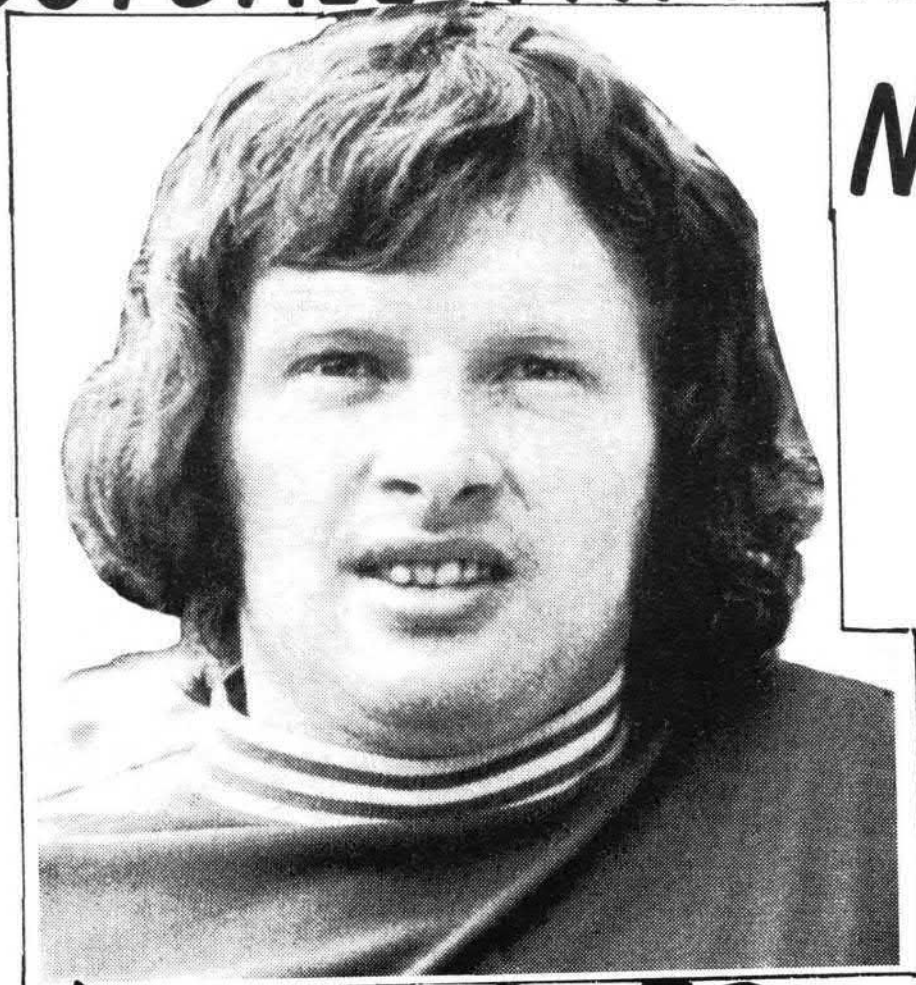
players, the only alternative is to arrange swap deals, and dig into the highly talented but inexperienced pool of young players. The atmosphere at Brockville, when we won our first match in 19 outings, was one of delight and relief, there couldn't of been a better place to collect those first two points.

The appointment of Scott and Wallace was not the one expected by the fans or the media, but given time to rebuild the side, they may well prove to be the most astute appointment. We look set for a year in the First Division, which given our current position, no-one can complain about. All is not lost, we may be nine points behind Airdrie (at time of writing), but with the traditional heavy months of January and February to come, Airdrie and the other close contenders will also drop points. If we are to survive it won't be pretty football that gets us there, but solid defending a good team spirit and managing to take points off the three teams in front of us.

This is your fanzine, your articles, letters cartoons etc are very welcome. Our Cup Final appearance was marred by our league form and assassinated by the media. The team will come good again but they will need our help, so let's get behind the team and the management.

WE ARE THE PARS

FOOTBALL FATTIES!



NO.1

JOE HARPER



ANDY RHODES

When Dunfermline signed Andy Rhodes from Oldham for the now laughable sum of £100,000, all we knew was that he had played in a cup final at Wembley and had saved a few penalties. Since that date, he has been ever present in the side, apart from one game which he missed due to being sent off at Easter Road. The question of whether Andy will

leave us, is now sadly only a matter of months, given our First Division status next season, his value is now being talked of between £850,000 and £1,000,000, if we are relegated and we obtain that sort of fee, then no-one can stand in Andy's way, he merits an England place and he won't get that place playing in the First Division. Even in comparison with past Pars goalkeepers, Andy is probably the best we've ever had in recent times. I'm sure that older readers can spring names like Martin and Conacchan, but they were of a different era and have no real bearing on the present style of play.

Our horrendous goals against tally would have reached biblical proportions were it not for the heroics of Rhodes, in every game he has made great saves, a few boops and always a few japes. In every Dunfermline team, there has always been a player, whose personality and characters, think of Davie Moyes Mk 1, Doug Rougvie, John Watson, the list is endless. Thus Andy has fitted neatly into the gap left by Doug Rougvie and has given the fans some moments of fun in two seasons of woe.

Andy is not known for his introverted personality, in the friendly against Banik Ostrava, he played in what can only be described as an all in one yellow cat suit with "superhero" style pads in the knees and shoulders. His mere presence on the field is an encouragement for the supporters and he knows how to get them behind the team, and there must be around fifty schoolkids around Dunfermline, playing in goal with a pair of Andy's gloves, given the times he has handed them out after a game. He has been known to take free-kicks outside his area, run the ball up field, before lobbing it to the box, (just ask Jimmy Sandison) which can be heartstopping for the Pars fans as well as the opposing team.

Andy came to us with an excellent record of penalty saves, roughly 50/50, this season he has surpassed that and helped us to the final of the Skol Cup. He saved two penalties in the league at Ibrox and Pittodrie, which at least kept the score down, but it was in the Skol Cup where Andy had his best moments.

Against St. Mirren in the penalty shootout, he had the Pars fans whipped up to fever pitch by running behind the goals, we were then treated to the full Rhodes Show. He swung on the bar, while the opposing player placed the ball, ran up to shake his hand, touch the ball and generally psych out his opponent. He saved two and put Roy Aitken off, sending his shot off the bar and up to the half-way line. The angelic Chic Charnley, was not put off and scored, but was booked for bouncing the ball off Andy, tut, tut, tut.

The semi-final against Airdrie was 120 minutes of sheer hell for Pars fans, but we again faced a penalty shootout with a Hampden place at stake, history shows we won 3-2, but much of the credit belongs to Andy Rhodes, he was again superb in raising the atmosphere to a high, he saved two and Lawrance slid his well wide. By the time John Watson took Airdrie's last penalty with the scores level at 2-2, Andy was in full swing and poor John hit an easy shot straight at Rhodes who duly saved. Norrie scored for us and then he and Andy vanished into the terracing.

Other small incidents such as the time when he asked the crowd which way to dive for a Davie Cooper penalty, we said left, Andy dived left and Cooper scored with a shot to the right, or once during another crucial game he asked the ball boy for a carton of orange, which he drank whilst play raged at the other end.

Although a talented amateur magician, not even Andy's magic can help a poor defence who gave away Christmas presents as early as August, the poor morale in the team must be affecting Andy as well, plus the fact that despite giving great performances and being rated as one of the top keepers in the country by other fans and fellow professionals, he will in all probability end up losing 100 goals this season. Hardly the record to inspire confidence in him or in Graham Taylor.

It had to happen really, in recent weeks Dunfermline fans have been giving Andy Rhodes stick, obviously his confidence is fading but he should be given encouragement rather than derision when I've mentioned this to other supporters of other clubs, they've laughed and said, only Pars fans can do that.

Andy is by far the best keeper we've ever had at East End Park, let's savour the little time he has left with us, and direct criticism to where it is due, the defence for it's suicidal play and the management for not recognising that this is where our problems lie.

JOCKY READS THE RIOT ACT!

Dundee boss blasts players



DUNDEE boss Jocky Scott launched a scathing attack on his players after the 6-1 drubbing by Dunfermline at East End Park.

It was their heaviest defeat since Scott took over from Archie Knox - and no preparation for a spell of matches that will decide if they win a place in Europe.

Blasted Scott: "We had a hard cup-tie with Dundee United on Tuesday, but I would not even think of making that an excuse for today.

"EVERY PLAYER WAS AN ABSOLUTE DISGRACE AND THE LACK OF URGENCY AND FIGHT WAS DISGUSTING.

"This was a match we had to win, but nobody

By **WALLACE MOORE**

would have guessed that from the way my players strolled around.

"They know what is at stake and if they cannot get their attitude right for an occasion like this you wonder if they ever will."

Dundee contested the game for the opening 20 minutes, but once Dunfermline scored twice in quick succession the Dens men disappeared.

The highlight for the Fifers was a magnificent third goal by ex-Celt Mark Smith, whose blistering pace makes him a personality player.

But at the end, there was a low-key approach to the victory by the usually flamboyant East

End boss, Jim Leishman.

He restricted his dressing room comment to posting a notice which he hopes may still help save them from relegation.

It read: "The standards have been set. The problem is maintaining them."

Said Leishman: "I didn't want to hand out too much praise because we have done nothing yet. We have to go on winning if we are going to remain in the Premier League.

"But obviously I was pleased with this after being so badly let down in the cup-tie at Tynecastle last week."

The Fifers face two crucial away games this week - Morton on Wednesday and Motherwell on Saturday.

NO REAL COMMENT REQUIRED, EHH.. SOUNDS A BIT FAMILIAR DOESN'T IT?

HIDE THE CHEQUE-BOOK

As we head towards the midpoint in this years Premier League and our beloved Pars look set to head towards the First Division, this may be an appropriate time to look at the ins and outs of our transfer dealings this season. The precarious financial position of the club is discussed elsewhere in this issue, suffice to say we are a little strapped for cash just now, which has been reflected in the club's transfer dealings. We have been told that Kozma and O'Boyle are fully paid for, which should mean we will receive the full sum for both or one of them at the end of the season. The major transfers are listed below.

INCOMING

IAN McPARLAND: Signed on a dodgy free transfer from Hull, although valued at £150,000 it is difficult to see how this valuation was reached, given his on field play. One goal against Alloa and a lot of running about but little else. Has drifted out of the first team and into the reserves, where he will probably stay.

Derek McWILLIAMS: Signed from Falkirk in a deal which took Paul Smith and Ian Westwater to Brockville and caused shock waves in both towns. At first it looked as though Falkirk had the better of the deal, as Derek signed as a winger struggled to make any impression, which was disappointing as he had a proven goal scoring record with Satan's Eleven. However his recent games have shown that he is a valuable player and we hope he adds to his goal total.

HAMISH FRENCH: Signed from Dundee Utd, those fans who saw him in his first few games for the Athletic must of wondered why Jim McLean let him go. He will be a bargain at £150,000 if he continues to play as he has. A ball player who can take on defenders and lay off good crosses, when he and George O'Boyle link up it may prove to be our saving grace, given we obtain a striker taller than five foot five.

JOHN REILLY : A surprise signing, given that the ex-Dundee Utd striker had been retired from the game through injury for two years, to date he has only had a few games on the bench but has apparently had a few good games in the reserves and we will reserve judgement.

RAB SHANNON : Another swap deal, involving Ian McCall and E. Gallagher plus £125,000 going to Dundee. Shannon had been a popular midfielder/defender at Dens Park and will hopefully give some depth and strength to a very weak back four. He does not look too clever at full back but once he slots into the team, a lot will be expected of him.

CRAIG ROBERTSON: Resigned for £150,000 and probably the best example of why a club should not buy back it's former players. Robbo had an excellent first season in the scoring 14 goals as a midfielder, went to Aberdeen but could not retain a first team place. He moves with all the speed of an oil tanker turning in the Forth and looks about a stone overweight. No one would be surprised if he left the club before the end of the season.

OUTGOING

ROSS JACK:Whacko Jacko's contribution to the Athletic is undeniable,we could do with him back,released to Kilmarnock for a paltry £45,000 Ross has continued to score for his new club.I'll always remember that clinching goal against the Hibeers in the Skol Cup quarter final and his storming header at Broomfield that set us up for a vital 2-0 win.

DAVIE IRONS:A much maligned player at East End,who was never given a chance by the fans nor Ian Munro,a skillful and talented midfielder with a powerful shot,along with Raff they would have at least shown some determination and committment sadly lacking in our current midfield.

STUART RAFFERTY:It came as a real surprise to me anyway,when Raff was transfered to Morton, I really thought that he could have done a good job for us this season,the rather premature clear-out at East End could well be our downfall.

IAN WESTWATER:No real surprise to see Westie going to Falkirk,he'd been unhappy for a long time playing second fiddle to Andy Rhodes,a good keeper,who gave us some brilliant service between the poles and I hope he does well ,except of course when he's up against the Pars.

Paul SMITH:Went to Falkirk as part of the swap deal with Westie for Derek McWilliams,you could never question Paul's committment,but now and then,the red mist would come down ,as he lunged into a tackle.He loved playing against the Jambos and his best hour must have been when he scored one of our goals in a 2-0 win at Tynecastle.

RAY FARTHINGHAM:A pool player at East End,who was never really going to be anything else, scored his only goal for the club in his last game before joining Irons at Partick where he proceeded to score five in his first three games for them.

IAN McCall:A player who if he'd got off his arse and passed the ball more,would undoubtedly be playing for Scotland,talented,skillful and a left foot shot from Hell.Another former player who disappointed on his return.Bought from Bradford for £150,000 and sold to Dundee with Gallagher plus £125,000 for Rab Shannon.Given that Shannon was rated at £200,000 and Gallagher at say £35,000,he was sold for £40,000,a steal but many at East End were tired of his selfish and egotistical play wich did nothing for the team effort.

EDDIE GALLAGHER:Almost a legend at East End Park,spent most of his time in the reserves and never really had a chance,scored a few goals for the reserves and a couple for the first team.Looked a lot sharper up front than some of our current forwards but was always a First Division player.

We have spent roughly £425,000 on players this season and sold players to the value of around £210,000,obviously with cash being short,we have to sell before we can buy,but why persist in buying back players,or buying players who are no better or no worse than the ones we already have.A problem that has dogged the Pars for years,when it was blatently obvious that we needed to replace our two central defenders.....

Stephen Morrison aka "Zico" Morrison arrived at East End Park shortly after the end of the 80/81 season for the princely sum of £7,000 (it seemed a vast sum then) from Aberdeen having previously been on the books of St Mirren and was ultimately to prove to be a good signing, a rarity for the manager of this era, Pat Stanton. Stevie, as he came to be known ("Zico" was a nom-de-plume awarded by the Pars fans a few years later) started his career with the Pars as a forward, but reverted to midfield after a couple of seasons, and during his 275 appearances for the Pars (52 as sub) he proceeded to score 48 goals and achieve popularity with the majority of the Dunfermline faithful. Douglas Park witnessed his debut in the famous black and white stripes, in a League Cup tie, on the 8th August 1981 but the Pars lost 2-0. Stevie did score his first goal for the club in the return match at East End, a few days later, although Dunfermline lost yet again, 3-2 this time. His next goal however was the only score in a 1-0 victory at Firs Park against East Stirlingshire, also in the League Cup (it was played in the dreadful section format in 81/82), but this game was more notable for the fact that the Shire were playing their regular first-team keeper at centre-forward due to dire injury problems. He was terrible and went back to playing in goals for the rest of his career and is still a first-team regular at Stenhousemuir, namely Charlie Kelly.

Mr Morrison's league debut coincided with the debut of the laundry king of Huntly, the immortal Doug Considine (sic). Arguably Stanton's worst ever signing for Dunfermline although he did have a good debut scoring the Pars goal in a 1-1 draw, in a home game against Hearts and Stevie had an impressive game too. Digressing from the chronological order of this article momentarily, a particularly fond memory of mine involves Stevie, Doug and "Paw Broon", the ex-Falkirk centre-half at Brockville, roughly 1½ years after Doug's first game for Dunfermline. Considine was having a nightmare at left-back and after one truly awful upfield pass from Considine, my eyes turned to Stevie who was being marked by "Broon" and, thanks to my lip-reading skills, saw "Broon" asking Stevie the potent question "Who's that big poof?", in reference to you-know-who. The tears were pouring down Stevie's cheeks and, more importantly, Considine never played for the Pars again.

Returning to the year 1981, Morrison scored a goal in each of three consecutive games during the month of September and the fans were beginning to imagine that we had a 30 goals-a-season player on our books, but, things didn't quite work out this way. His only other goal came during the penultimate game of the season, at Fir Park, when the Pars gained a creditable 2-2 draw against the 'Well as they had just won the 1st Division title, having scored 92 league goals. This match also led to my appearance in "Roy of the Rovers" at the beginning of the 82/83 Season as, Motherwell were having team photos taken with the 1st Division trophy and amongst the few Pars fans lounging about on the terraces is yours truly, behind the smug 'Well players.

Season 82/83 ended with Morrison as Dunfermline's top scorer with 11 goals, however this was also the season that witnessed the Pars suffer the unwanted fate of relegation to the 2nd Division and even worse, the appointment of Tom Forsyth as team manager. This was on the whole, a forgettable season, although it did have it's moments. There was a famous 3-2 victory at Ayr (their first for over 40 years and I missed it!), Shaggy's last minute winner in a 2-1 win over Hearts at East End (a great night) and a 3-3 draw at Tynecastle despite playing with only 10 men after Terry Wilson had been sent off for giving Henry Smith a "Glasgow Kiss" with the score standing at 3-1 to the Jambos when the red card was presented to Terence. The few Dunfermline fans at this game saw one of Stevie's best game for the Pars, scoring our second goal as well as being involved in the other Pars scores. His goal was a cracker from the edge of the box, as Arthur Montford would have said, he fairly biffed it, but it was all to no avail as the Pars were doomed to go down.

10 goals and Mr Morrison was top scorer yet again as well as gaining the title of "Mr Superfit" for his fine display during an, unfortunate, 2-1 Scottish Cup defeat by the Huns, at Ibrox. This season also saw the arrival of a certain Jim Leishman in the managers chair but everything else about this season was a disaster. It all started so well when Stevie (who else?) scored a beauty at Cowdenbeath, the only goal of the game, in the first match of the season but, by the time the last game of the season came round, Dunfermline were in 9th place (32nd out of 38 Scottish League teams), their worst ever league finish in the club's long history. A season best forgotten.

Jim Leishman had pushed Stevie backed to a deeper midfield role, possibly realising that he was a bit lightweight for a forward position. This obviously resulted in a decreased goals to games ratio but saw his contribution to the game increase greatly. Only the 8 goals during the 84/85 season and Morrison will be remembered for a penalty miss at Alloa, the penultimate game of this season, with the game ending in a scoreless draw, thus costing the Pars a promotion place into the 1st Division. Victory in this game would have assured Dunfermline a place in the 1st but this reward went to our opponents in this match Alloa, then managed by Jim Thomson, now reserve/youth team coach at East End Park just now. Stevie may have missed the penalty but at least he had the courage to have a go.

85/86 and the Pars gained promotion in style by winning the 2nd Division title with great aplomb scoring 104 goals in all competitions (91 in the league) but Stevie lost his first-team place to Gary Thompson near the end of this championship year and only managed 5 goals for the season.

Up in the 1st Division Morrison, initially found it a struggle to gained a regular spot in the first team despite some amazing attempts at goals from free-kicks (with a couple going in, thus was born "Zico") but was a permanent fixture in the named eleven from December onwards. Only 5 goals again, one a superb wind-assisted forty-yard volley at Firhill. However, I feel sure he was only to happy to be playing his part in promotion for the second year running and the prospect of the Premier League beckoning.

It was the Season 87/88 and Dunfermline were in the Premier for the first time in the club's history but Stevie was suffering from splinters in a certain part of his anatomy

during the earlier stages of the season as he was apparently finding it difficult to adjust to the pace of the Premier. The result was that he made very few first-team turn-outs until the end of the season when he came back strongly having stuck it out unlike some of the players from the second division days who had packed their bags and left. He played in the last ten games scoring three goals in the process and generally performed well and chose the memorable 6-1 victory over Dundee to score his debut Premier goal. Unluckily, not even the presence of Morrison could halt the relegation back down to the 1st.

Dunfermline were back down in the 1st Division and this was to be Stevie's last season with the club, leaving in March 1989 after 16 appearances (10 as Sub) in his last year at East End failing to score. His destination was Hamilton Accies who also received £50,000 with Eddie Gallacher coming to Dunfermline and a lot of Pars fans were sorry to see him go.

Stevie Morrison is now with Clyde having been at Dumbarton for a short while and has 5 goals to his name already this year at the time of writing and I hope you will join me in wishing him all the best.

FU MANCHU.



One of the most important goals of the season — Morrison scores the only goal of the game against Dumbarton. (Enzo Mincella).

THAT MAN IS TIAW



Kozma hat-trick helps sink Saints

Dunfermline Athletic 5, St Mirren 1

DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC grabbed both points with a runaway thrashing of St Mirren at East End Park on Saturday, an electrifying win that served notice of their intention to become a permanent fixture in the Premier League. Shell-shocked Saints manager Tony Fitzpatrick said afterwards, "I just want to apologise to the fans, to my family and the players' families. They have to live with that result and face people."

And the ashen-faced manager left with the words, "It's a disgrace."

The day belonged to Dunfermline and to Istvan Kozma in particular, his stunning second-half hat-trick delighting the home fans. Ross Jack leapt to the top of the Scottish scoring league with a fine double strike.

● PARS boss Jim Leishman disclosed that there were heated words in the dressing room at half-time and not just from him.

"The players weren't happy with the way things were going. We played for 10 minutes in the first half and were one down, but for the second half, we went out with a wee bit of purpose."

"The goals were great, especially the fifth, beating an international-class keeper from 30 yards. Kozma is the kind of boy you pay to see."

"But I thought Stuart Rafferty and Paul Smith did well in midfield. They worked hard, but didn't get much of the glory."

Then Raymond Sharp fouled Walker 25-yards out and G u d u r T O R F A S O N stepped up to take the free-kick, rifling the ball over the wall and into the net with a textbook demonstration of dead-ball skills.

In the 29th minute, Sharp was booked for going in with studs to the fore against Winnie.

Jack spearheaded the Pars fightback and when Manley decided the only way to cope

was to pull back the striker, referee Morrison awarded a penalty.

Money, just back in the side after a hand injury, guessed correctly, but JACK'S shot was 100 per cent and there was no repetition of the miss at Tynecastle in the previous game.

Athletic at last began to show some real class and O'Boyle forced Walker to concede a corner and from Kozma's floated cross JACK headed his 10th league goal of the season.

The Pars went in at half-time with a deserved lead that could have been bigger had it not been for their slow start.

They re-emerged to shatter the visitors with a goal in just 30 seconds. O'Boyle pounced on a mistake and neatly sidestepped Money before cutting the ball back for the supporting KOZMA to chalk up his first goal on Scottish soil.

For the next 11 minutes, St Mirren disappeared from the game as Athletic entered a spell of sheer brilliance, with Kozma leading the way.

He latched onto a Rougvie pass just inside his own half, then released Jack on the wing with a perfectly-weighted early ball.

MAN OF THE MATCH

George O'Boyle	5
Istvan Kozma	3
Ross Jack	1

"Jack's two goals in the first half turned the game our way," he said.

Originally a Hibs fan — he and his wife have a shop a stone's throw from the Easter Road ground — Dave retains a soft spot for the Edinburgh side but has been a regular at East End Park for some years.

And getting back to games after his accident was an important milestone in his recovery.

Being able to drive again has also been a boost although he is unable to play his beloved golf. "At least I don't play any bad shots now," he joked.

Norrie McCathie	29
George O'Boyle	24
Ross Jack	13
Grant Tierney	10
David Irons	8
Paul Smith	7
Istvan Kozma	7
Doug Rougvie	6
Ian Westwater	5
Graeme Robertson	5
Ray Farningham	3

The former Paragon Club secretary, who lost a leg in a horrific accident at Dunfermline Lower Station nearly two years ago, named Kozma in second place and Ross Jack third.

"There's no doubting Kozma's skills and his hat-trick was special but I felt he didn't get into the game in the first half.

Jack made progress and crossed to KOZMA, who, timing his run into the box to perfection, hit the ball superbly on the half-volley for what must be the best goal seen at East End in years.

Amazingly, there was more to come from the midfielder, this time a truly spectacular left-foot shot from 35-yards that blasted past the 'keeper like a rocket.

Money hung his head and, as Kozma celebrated his hat-trick, the sprinkling of visiting fans set off early for the trip home to Paisley.

Although the game was now undoubtedly lost, St Mirren struggled on in a vain attempt to salvage some pride but their misery was complete when Westwater smothered Torfason's penalty after the big striker had been pulled down by McCathie.

Dunfermline Athletic: Westwater, Robertson, Rougvie, McCathie, Tierney, Sharp, Smith, Rafferty, Jack, O'Boyle, Kozma (Irons), Sub: Farningham. St Mirren: Money, Wilson, Black, Walker (Chalmers), Manley, Winnie, Davies, Martin, Torfason, McWalter (Shaw), Weir. At: 7656.

This issue's match from the past is barely three years ago, given the corresponding result this season, it just shows what Kozma can do if he feels like it. This match report culled from the DUNFERMLINE PRESS sums up that afternoon superbly.

CHEERIO MUNRO



When a certain John Watson scored Airdrie's second goal at East End Park it signaled the death knoll for Ian Munro, he came down from the stand to the dugout, the inevitable boos rang out like a verbal Mexican Wave and it was no surprise when the following Tuesday he was sacked. After fourteen months in charge of the Athletic all Mr. Munro had done was to rid the club of the last remnants of the Leishman years, by selling players and letting his own style of invisible management take its course. Quoted as one of the best coaches in the game, it was difficult for Dunfermline fans to see how, when the entire team gave up the ghost after reconstruction last season, Munro did nothing to build up morale or a fighting spirit.

He had the unenviable task of taking over from a man whose stature in Dunfermline was fast approaching deity in the most difficult of circumstances, the fans were always going to be against him no matter what he did, even the Skol Cup run did nothing to save him, although maybe another manager might have fared better. Munro complained that the fans were the ones responsible for getting him sacked, that is a load of bullshit, he was sacked because the Board realised that the team were in danger of relegation, crowds and hence income were falling, and to wait any longer may have proved disastrous. A further moan from Munro was that the club had given him neither money nor time, again bullshit, he was at East End for four years and in that time, the Athletic were only surpassed by the Old Firm in the money spent on players.

His approach was to disband the team built up by him and Leishman and introduce the players he wanted to see, playing the style he wanted them to play, all very well but that takes time, Dunfermline had just survived the difficult first year in the premier and needed to consolidate rather than radically change their style. Most of our problems this year have stemmed from the fact that the old team were dismantled and packed off with indecent haste and he was foolish enough to succumb to fan pressure in buying back Robertson and McCall. What Leishman lacked in pure management skills, he more than made up in building morale and self-belief, we would certainly have made a better game of the Final (no disrespect to Jocky) if Leish had been in charge.

The Board of Dunfermline have a lot to answer for, they made a huge error in the Leishman sacking, by underestimating both the supporters and the man himself and then were forced to admit their error by sacking Munro only a year later. Munro was a scapegoat to a certain extent but he did little to help himself. The Board should have sacked them both and got a new manager, it hasn't worked at any other club (Hearts being an example) so why should it work for us. I'd like to wish Mr. Munro well at Dundee but my conscience will not allow it, he helped to destroy the hard graft done by Leish and gave nothing in return. Adios Mr Munro.

THERE'S ONLY TWO DAVIE MOYES!!

The original Davie Moyes was signed from Meadowbank Thistle whilst the Pars were still nonentities in the Second Division, playing in their horrible pin-stripe kits and was renowned for his crunching midfield tackles whilst the latter-day Davie Moyes arrived just over one year ago from Shrewsbury Town and is renowned for having once played for Glasgow Celtic. I have compiled a list of attributes required by the modern-day footballer and have given them marks out of ten for each category.

	MOYES	.V.	MOYES
	8	Leadership Qualities	6
	10	Commitment	10
	10	Tackling	6
	5	Heading	9
	6	Passing	7
	4	Shooting	5
	5	Skill	6
	4	Pace	6
	8	Stamina	7
	0	Good Looks	0
	<u>6</u>	"Jinx" Factor	<u>2</u>
	<u>66</u>		<u>64</u>

Davie Moyes Mk 1 Just has the edge over Mk 2 by the narrow margin of two points, although, to be fair to Mk 2 the original Moyes never played in the Premier League (thus saving a few opponent's shins from potential mass bruising) and I will now attempt to explain and justify the points awarded to each player.

Leadership Qualities: I gave Moyes 1 the edge in this category as he always led by example on the field of play plus he was never one to be messed about with. Moyes 2 does his share of shouting on the pitch but also receives the occasional word of advice from his colleauges.

Commitment: Both M1 and M2 can never be faulted for giving all-out effort, always giving 100% .

Tackling: M1 never shirked a tackle which led to the odd booking and the red card on more than one occasion but more often than not he would come out with the ball. M2, on the other hand, sometimes seems a little too reticent in putting in a challenge against his Premier League opponents.

Heading: Use of the cranium is easily one of M2's stronger attributes both in the art of defending as well as scoring the odd goal with his napper. M2, however was far to busy both kicking the ball and opposing players to worry about winning the ball with his head.

Passing: In retrospect I think I have been over-generous in my points awards in this category as there passing is usually restricted to the old-fashioned punt-it-any-old-place-away-from-the-penalty-box.

Shooting: Neither M1 nor M2 are renowned for the shooting abilities. Enough said.

Skill: M1 probably thinks that "skill" is where he sends his children to gain a thorough education but he could show a nice touch now and again. M2 is a slightly better ball-player but only just.

Pace: No danger of either playing winning a Scottish footballers challenge sprint as M2 is slow and M1 was slower.

Stamina: Both score highly in this area with M1 benefiting from his full-time profession as a builder and M2 having been a full-time professional footballer throughout his total career so far.

Good Looks: Speaking as a fellow "ugly", it is personality that counts. Dont even contemplate a career in modelling is my advice to the Moyes duo.

"Jinx" Factor: Apart from a few yellow cards and a couple of red cards M1 was to play a part in Dunfermline's rise to the top league. M2 however, has been involved in relegation on three occasions, twice with Cambridge Utd and once with Shrewsbury and I hope this is the last of that sort of nonsense but I fear the worst.

Moyes 1 was described by Jim Leishman as being akin to the "Alf Tupper" of Scottish Football. Alf Tupper to the uninitiated was a cartoon character from the "Victor" who would eat a fish supper just minutes taking part in a one-mile race and, being in a children's comic, would win the race. This nickname came about on the day of M1's debut at Firs Park where he arrived straight from his place of work and was noticed to be missing just prior to the kick-off as Leish gave his last-minutes instructions. He was found in the kitchen demolishing a mutton pie with the same venom as he dealt with his opponents. The stuff legends are made of. Moyes 2 is a long way from legendary status with the Pars fans and obviously had similar problems with the Cambridge fans as you will see from this snippet of an article written by a Cambridge fan for "When Saturday Comes" roughly four years ago.

"Our jewel was, however, centre-back David Moyes. As the opposition keeper booted the ball upfield and the cry of 'Moyesie's!' rang out, opposing forwards would happily let him go unchallenged, running into space to latch on to his flicks and knock-downs. Then, with the team lurching towards a home point, debate would rage on the terraces as to how Moyesie would contrive to lose it for us. Would it be the hackneyed 'backpass-that-never-made-it' routine, or, a more innovative 'dribble-stumble-collapse' out of his own penalty area? A man of many talents."

It all looks a bit familiar, does it not.

There's only one Davie Moyes!!!

Fu Manchu.

RHODES TO HAMPDEN

Dunfermline Athletic qualified for their first national cup final in 23 years, a great achievement for us given our league position and the previous season's troubles. However, the media could only talk about two events, "the penalty" against Airdrie and the fact that Hibernian were once again a successful side. In their league programme certainly Hibs got off to a good start, the inspirational poaching of Keith Wright helped them to a unbeaten run. However, not even the most open minded fan could call Hibs qualification for the semi-final, anything other than expected. A three nil win over newly promoted Stirling Albion, followed by a three-two win over middle of the league Kilmarnock, and a quarter-final win over struggling Ayr United by two goals to nil, hardly first class opposition by any means. In the semi they certainly upset the odds by beating Rangers, but when you look at the goal it is more down to a blunder by Andy Goram, than Keith Wright.

Dunfermline on the other hand dispatched of three Premier teams on the way to Hampden, yet another fact forgotten in the "penalty incident".

After an uninspiring three defeats in a row 3,185 fans turned out at East End Park for the opening Skol Cup match against Alloa. When Davie Moyes opened the scoring with an early header, Pars fans looked for a barrowload against an Alloa side who struggled to contain George O'Boyle. Thus it was no surprise when George scored his first goal of the season to send the Pars in 2-0 at half time. When Alloa pulled one back early in the second half the pattern that was to be all too frequent in the Pars league form began, they lost the place in midfield allowing Alloa to come into the game. However late goals by Scott Leitch and Ian McParland's first goal for the Pars put the issue beyond doubt.

The expected drubbing at Ibrox preceded the 3rd round match against St. Mirren at East End. In a match where the Pars dominated and looked to have done enough to qualify for the next round courtesy of another goal from Scott Leitch, a second half goal by Irvine gave the Buddies another half hour of extra time. History shows the game went to penalties and we were through to the next round courtesy of some heroics by Andy Rhodes. Best laugh of the night was to see Roy Aitken get booked, then miss a decisive penalty in the shootout.

In all seriousness no-one gave Dunfermline much of a chance against Dundee United in the quarter-final, United having made reaching Cup Finals, if not winning them, a regular habit. I would imagine that at the end of the season, we'll look back on that game as one of the highlights, Dundee Utd dominated for perhaps 75 minutes, but by half time the Athletic were 2-0 up. The first came from George O'Boyle who from just inside the box hit a daisy-cutter which went under Alan Main and into the net. Then just before half time a brilliant lay off by Kozma, gave Wilson the chance to cross for Craig Robertson to head a classic into the net. We were stunned by this let alone Dundee United, the away dressing room must have shook at Jim McLean's pep talk.

A United fightback was expected and given, but before they had a chance to regroup the Pars were incredibly 3-0 ahead. Kozma scored one of the finest goals seen at East End, from just outside the box he looked up and curled the ball away from Main and into the net. United pulled one back but never looked like scoring again, indeed had it not been for some astute...

defending by United, Dunfermline could easily have won by a greater margin than 3-1. So we were in our second Skol Semi-Final since 1989, even Ian Munro smiled, his job was safe for another week. The draw gave us Airdrie at Tynecastle and every confidence that we would be in the Final on 27th October.

That in essence is what happened, however the semi-final preparations by Dunfermline included a change of manager one week before the match. Airdrie had defeated Dunfermline 2-1 in the league prior to the semi-final, and when Owen Coyle put Airdrie in front early in the first half, the prospect of the Pars in the final looked remote as they struggled to string two passes together.

As the game reached it's last few minutes, the pitiful Airdrie support realised that they were going to win and Dunfermline's tactics grew more desperate. In the last minute Rhodes came out of his box and lobbed an aimless ball towards the Airdrie box. Jimmy Sandison chested the ball down outside the box and cleared. Incredibly, Davie Syme blew for an infringement, a free-kick on the edge of the box perhaps? ... it wasn't until Derek McWilliams had scored that I realised he'd given a penalty. Obviously this worked to spur on the Pars and the game finished 1-1. The following penalty decider put years on the Athletic faithful, but when Norrie slammed home the winning kick, ironically after Watson had missed his, the terracing exploded into a frenzy, all our league problems were forgotten, we were in a final. Airdrie were understandably miffed at the penalty award and rightly so, but their plan to sue the league for £200,000 and a re-match were thankfully dropped. Let's face it they had 120 minutes plus penalties to beat a Pars side, who even to their loyal fans were playing very poorly. If it had been Celtic or the other bunch from Glasgow who'd won in that fashion, the media would have forgotten it in days. Because it was Dunfermline, the media started a "hate" campaign against us, we never cheated Airdrie, Davie Syme cheated them, it didn't stop our celebrations anyway



16.

WEE GEORGIE SCORES AGAINST ALLOA

A PAR FROM AFAR

Why am I standing outside Andy's flat in Gorgie at 12.15 am on the night of the Skol Cup Final?(Andy Walter not Andy Rhodes of course).

It all began on a late winter's day in 1948, as a 7 year old taken from Wembly (the house where I stayed, not the stadium) to my granfather's funeral in Rosyth. Not being deemed mature enough to cope with the burial, I was taken instead to East End Park, standing on the ash slope. On reflection I am not sure whether this was a wise decision. My abiding memory is of a giant in the middle of the Dunfermline midfield (what the hell did that mean). A life-time love affair with the club not Clarkson personally was born.

I became a Cockney Par, a Par from afar. A largely unconsummated relationship with odd moments of ecstasy, such as the first glimpse of teenage idol Harry Melrose volleying a goal against East Fife in the late 1950's. Wearing a green and white Exeter University scarf, I arrived after a marathon hitchhike at Dunfermline bus station at 8.00am on the Wednesday of the 1961 Scottish Cup Final replay, wondering what the angry stares were for?. At first I thought it was the beatnik hairdo and the radical chic dufflecoat. How far can naivete go?. Next lesson in the tribal ways of Scottish football was that standing on the Celtic dominated terraces of Hampden was not a great place to start cheering when normally reliable netminder Haffey presents ace goalfinder Charlie Dickson with the clinching goal.

Rare glimpses of the Athletic on English TV during the 1960's were all I could glean from the ensuing great years, with the single and glorious exception of the live transmission of the match against West Bromwich Albion, an unexpected early goal and 80 minutes of unsurvivable tension. The seventies and eighties just held the odd visit. Another story for another day perhaps?.

A totally indifferant start to the 1991-92 season... mostly looked at through the prism of the grandstand ticker tape and the Scotland on Sunday reports, suddenly comes to life when the Skol Cup semi-final draw is announced, followed by the management change. Labour-ing under the misconception that an easy win over Airdrie followed by a thrashing in the Final from Rangers would get us into Europe, I had to do it.. book a return ticket to Haymarket and be there at Tynecastle. The whistle of God was the only thing we had going for us that night, apart from Rhodes's thesbian antics and Watson's fear. The urge to personally apologise to stray Airdrie fans (not that there were many to be found by the way) was quickly relieved by waves of relief and restrained ecstasy, then the cold turkey. Apparently you cannot qualify for Europe merely by Rangers winning everything and us being losing finalists. (And who would want to?). Looking at the replays in the pub later confirmed that the penalty award was the greatest injustice since a certain Russian Linesman's flagging at Wembley.... Next day Hibs did the impossible and suddenly the European dream seemed possible again.

Another ticket reservation (British Rail must have increased their cash flow significantly this Autumn), and ignoring events elsewhere with a misshapen ball in Edinburgh, my generous host Andy and I go into intensive training for the big match. The epic "How the

Lothian '68 Club Coach got to Hampden", begins with a pint of heavy at 9.30 am in a cannot be named pub and leads to three pints later, after picking up Pars fans in fancy dress to the great Pollock Social Club Debate. This is highly therapeutic since it diverts attention from the major issues churning peoples stomachs, such as how much the Hampden pie cost, and ill-deserved penalties would the referee award to compensate for Mr. Syme's follies.

The game itself really displays the awful inevitability of fate delivering poetic justice. Hibs were there to be beaten after the teams settle down. Then the boy Sharp goes walkabout firstly a short pass back to our hero Andy which nearly puts him out of the game, and then spraying incisive passes to Hibs forwards on the edge of our box. Luckily we hold out to half time. Second half is well contested too (our strategy seems to be for another 0-0 win on penalties). Then from where we are what seems like a desperate tackle by Sharp on Weir brought about a "fair enough" penalty and we were staring defeat in the face. Surprisingly the Pars came back and play spiritedly with even the wee chance of an equaliser, McCall making a difference up front. More intervention of the angry Gods brings our downfall with some suicidal defending, and the cup is Hibs' - no real argument with that. BUT THEN COMES THE MOMENT OF INDIGNATION which gives need for collective catharsis. If we couldn't accept the Skol Cup, at least we could walk off with Andy Rhodes gloves - in years to come a more treasured trophy in Dunfermline I suspect. But the intervention of the truly hated boys in blue brings the outraged Pars fans to their feet (metaphorically speaking) and our brave champion takes on the full majesty of the law and with the lenient help of the stewards the coveted trophies find their homes.

So back to Edinburgh, braving the gloating sneers of those in green and getting pelted on the outskirts (with one egg), we pull in to the Haymarket Hotel. The remaining hardcore see the open top bus glide by with the cup... gnashing of teeth and wailing. Sky TV show the game, as true football fans are by definition masochists we watch. When it comes to the penalty we leap to our feet. THAT WAS NEVER A PENALTY... WE WERE ROBBED AFTER ALL. Maybe Sharp wanted to bring Weir down but he was too slow, and stumbled, Weir tried to cross the ball, made a hash of it and dived. Our alibis and post hoc rationalisations are intact... we actually won (morally that is). The fact that we never looked like scoring and they did score again has nothing to do with it. History is on our side.

But alas friends, this story does not have a happy ending. As the old saying goes 'those who live by the unjust penalty award die by the unjust penalty award', we cannot in all seriousness claim an injustice was done... let Hibs revel in their new found success, and as Andy tries to convince me that perhaps a spell in the first division would be just the short sharp shock that a club like Dunfermline needs to remind itself of it's true station in life. So let the liquid consolation continue, the curries be consumed.. and .. oh shit it's half eleven and I've got to be at the station for 11.55 to catch the sleeper. No problem the locals say and Andy goes off to bed.

Taxis go past full of unremitting rejoicers as do the minutes. Too late, the trains' gone and I've nowhere to sleep.

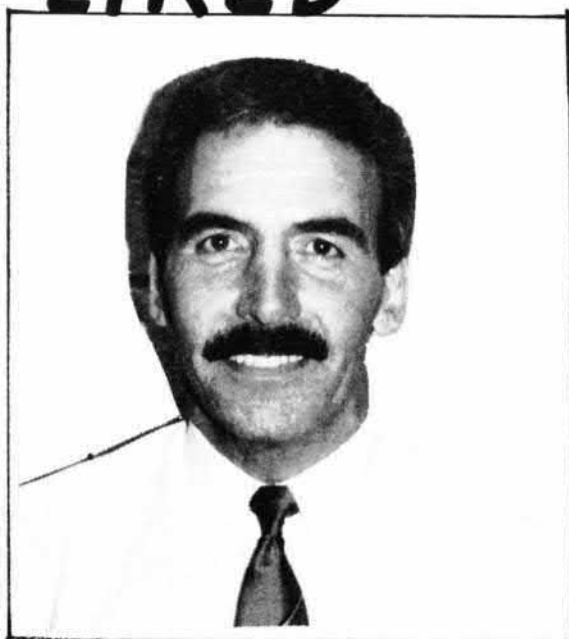
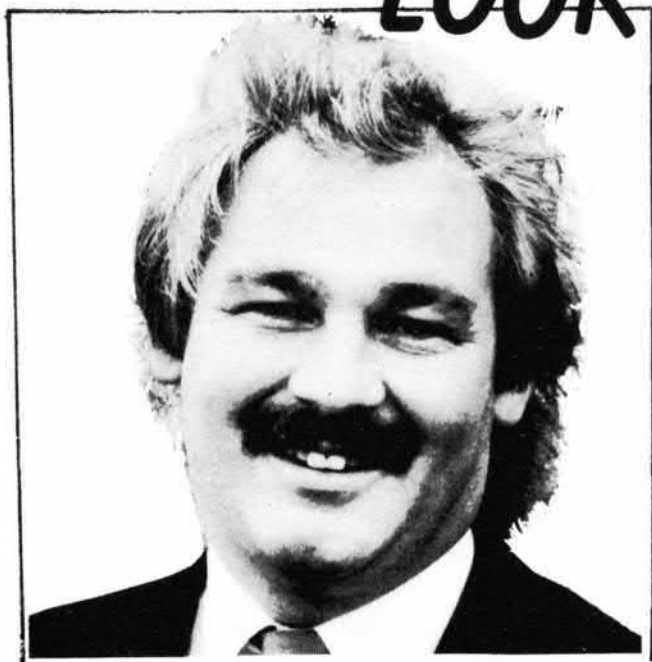
So that explains why a normally mature adult is standing in Gorgie ringing Andy Walter's doorbell at 12.15 pm on a Sunday night-knowing he is there and getting no reply.Was he dead,or dead drunk?.What do I do now having missed the midnight sleeper because all available taxis are monopolised by Hibeas uncaring of my need for suitable repose?.A long walk to Waverly,and the"Starlight Express" is just about to pull out. I'd never heard of it.... but believe me the reality belies its romantic title.

Buffet-less,sleeper-less,pitch black and full of porcine grunting sounds it rumbles into the night.I slump on a seat,from there to the floor and from there to oblivion.Never again ...untill the next time...as I review my life I muse...what is it about unpaletable meat pies,undrinkable heavy,iffy results and diabolical refereeing that leads to my addiction. It's either the Fife blood in my veins or,don't be modest, the wonderful hospitality and camaraderie I get each time I come up.Thanks again and all the best for the rest of the season,staying up or going down.We'll save Europe for another year.

GEORGE BRIDGES

George lives in London and although he doesn't manage to get to very many matches he can pick them,a few years ago he came up specially to see us win the First Division by beating Clyde at East End in the penultimate game of the season, however as we all know a draw was the result and George returned the following week to see the same result but also us winning the league and the trophy.It's great to know that the Pars have fans of this loyalty and if any other readers have similar stories of endurance to see a Pars match please let us know.

LOOK A LIKES



Dear Sir,I can't help noticing the similarity between the new Pars manager Jocky Scott and the Venerable Jim Leishman,are they by any chance related?.Mrs Munro,Dundee.

Sorry Mrs Munro but they are not related,if the Pars continue to struggle Jocky's hair may resemble Big Leish's.

CUP OF WOE



On the bus to Hampden several thoughts were going through my head; first could we really win the cup given our poor form and lack of spirit, would the Edinburgh bus driver take us to Dunfermline to see the cup come home, could I phone in sick at work the next day, would the club lay on charter flights to our first away game in Europe next season. For us Edinburgh based Pars fans life is seldom easy, being in a final against Hibernian made it almost impossible. Sadly those idle thoughts were dashed when Keith Wright, scored Hibs second goal, in hindsight we can say, it was great to be there.

The massive Hibs support that crawled out of the woodwork, for the final, couldn't believe that a Pars bus was leaving Edinburgh for Hampden, but they remained fairly friendly in their gestures. The opposing Pars support, around ten thousand was disappointing since we had taken that amount to the semi-final against Rangers. However they more than made up for the lack of numbers by outsinging the Hibeers, until the later stages of the game.

As a exhibition match it did little for the huge television audience, the first half was a very poor affair with both teams suffering from nerves, unfortunately for us Raymond Sharp had a nightmare. The injury to Andy Rhodes, due to his bad pass could have made the final a walkover, Micky Weir ran rings round him and he could have done something else other than pull down Weir for that all important penalty. Recently Raymond has recovered his form and remains a valuable asset to the side.

The loss of the penalty, right at the start of the second half was a killer. Hibs dominated for the next fifteen minutes, but as the game went on it was the Athletic who took the game to Hibs. Kozma, who was very disappointing had a great effort and Scott Leitch shaved the post with another good effort. If we had equalised I am certain that the cup would have come to rest at East End Park. History tells the opposite, Wright's goal settled the affair, it would have been nice to score even one goal at Hampden. The disappointment on the terracing was so great at the final whistle you could touch it almost. One poignant sight at the end was an elderly Pars fan in front of us crying as the fans sang the team off the park, probably the last final he'll see involving the Pars (wait for the Scottish Cup).

With the match over most of us just wanted to get home, have a few pints and try to forget the events of the afternoon. One of the events, was the disgraceful behaviour of the Glasgow Polis. With all the cameras on Murdo McLeod lifting the cup, Andy ran off to donate his match gloves to the crowd. Two policeman rugby tackled him and an altercation occurred, with fists and arms being swung in all directions, it did look as though Andy Rhodes was going to be lifted. In the end he threw his gloves and tracksuit into the crowd via the help of a considerate steward. The police, obviously thought that this may spark a pitch invasion, Andy's extrovert behaviour and glove hand outs are well known, they should have escorted him to the fence and nothing would have happened. If he had been arrested, there would almost certainly have been trouble, with a capital T, the boos came from Hibs fans as well and there was no attempt to stop them parading round the fringes of the pitch.

It took us two and a half hours to reach Edinburgh, caught in a convoy of ecstatic Hibeers who could not even be gracious in victory. As the bus hit central Edinburgh we all saw the barriers up and the crowds lining the streets, that more than anything brought it all home, that could of been us, not even the traditional post match pint could help as we watched in envy as the cup came hurtling through the streets.

The sad and frustrating fact was that even though we were written off as no-hopers before the final we really thought we could win, if we had as expected played Rangers, no-one would have minded being beaten. To come so close and then fail was soul destroying, no-one remembers who came second in Cup Finals but Pars fans will remember how the team played so well in reaching the final and it was great to be there, next time we'll win. If we do I hope it's the Hibs, then I can take a copy of the Evening News (a paper that purports to serve Fife and Central Scotland but doesn't) and shove it where it hurts most up John Gibson, their fave columnist whose right wing, juvenile outpourings have to be seen to be believed.

It was a very difficult job for Jocky Scott and Gordon Wallace to lift the team for the Final, they tried but the team were and still are a long way from the play we expect and receive from a Pars eleven. If it had been last season or the season before there is no doubt that we would have won, the final just came too soon for the management team and at the wrong time for the fans and the team when so much had gone wrong on and off the field. The Skol Cup Final of 1991 is dead, here's to the next one when the Pars will be victorious.



A CHRISTMAS STORY

Many, many years ago in the land of Fife, two tired and weary travellers came to rest in the holy town of Lochgelly. The woman was great with child and the striait-jacket was not very warm. The man was guiding her carefully and comforting her with kind words;

"Hey, the pubs are still open, see ye later"

Suddenly his pace quickened and he jogged nimbly towards a pub and vanished inside. The womans' face took on a strained expression, after month's of imprisonment by the Romans in the infamous prison of Starkus Parkium in the eastern province of Kirkcaldia, they had finally escaped by bribing the centurian Jamus Nichoi. For days and nights they had wandered in the snow, with no food and shelter, the social services helpless, untill at last they reached their haven, Lochgelly. Then, unexpectedly Bert reappeared from the pub, "Gonna lend us a fiver hen?", he enquired before vanishing back into the pub, five pounds richer. In despair Agnes trudged on in search of a warm place to give birth and spend the night.

Finally, a suitable place was found behind the Star of Bengal" kebab and curry emporium. Sitting amongst the empty cardboard boxes and the piles of Bombay Duck (ordered by the unwary but never eaten), Agnes prepared herself for the birth. At that moment Bert reappeared from the pub with a bottle of stout for the mother and a packet of salt and vinegar crisps for the baby. As the birth was already in progress, Bert munched the crisps and drank the stout before passing out. Meanwhile, on the distant Hill of Knock a merry group of revellers were resting after a hard days chariot racing. The group slumped on the floor, surrounded by empty cans of lager were discussing the plight of their country and more importantly the plight of their football team, Dunfermline Athleticus.

Suddenly, an angel of the lord appeared before them; "Fear not, men of Fife," exclaimed the angel "for I am the Archangel Gabriel, sent by the Lord to bring you glad tidings". Hearing the voice the group looked around from left to right and finally upwards until their bleary eyes saw the golden angel with a Pars scarf on, hovering above them. "Hey Rab, kin you see whit I see?", "Aye, some guy in a dress", said Rab observantly, the archangel becoming a little vexed spoke again, "I bring you glad tidings, tonight in the township of Lochgelly is born a saviour who shall become a great prophet.."

"In Lochgelly???, exclaimed Davie, "Whit sort of prophet goes tae Lochgelly?"

"No a very guid wan" retorted John, pulling his black and white bunnet further down his face.

Undaunted the angel continued, "You must go to the saviour with a gift and offer worship."

"You want us tae buy somewan we've never even met-a baby, a Christmas present at half past eleven on Christmas Eve, yer aff yer heid," bellowed Hamish, remembering that he had forgotten to buy his wife anything.

"Hey look here boys," said the angel, "Ah'm only daeing ma joab, the Big Guy says I wiz to tell you a saviour wiz born in Lochgelly, and youse were tae give him a present. S'don't give me any of this don't know what to get shit, it's no ma problem." Gabriel had now lost his temper and his telephone voice "Look sort it out will ye, I'm off fer last orders at The Pearly Gates."

"Ah suppose we're going tae Lochgelly then," said Davie in resignation.

"Whit about a pressie fer the wean?",enquired John.

"Oh aye,"replied Hamish,"any McEwans left?.

Meanwhile three mysterious figures moved silently and decisively through the deserted back-streets of Lochgelly.The three had been sent on a quest for the Messiah by their spiritual leader Russell Grant.

"Another dead-end,"exclaimed one of the figures

"Look,said the second figure,"if you're so bloody good at map reading, you tell us where we are."

"err I used tae be in the cubs,"siad the third figure.

"fine,where the hell are we?"said the second figure.

"Well I only got the wan badge...no fer map reading though,it was ma First Aid badge." said the third figure.

"That may come in handy," hissed the second figure.

The three figures were nicknamed "The Three Wise Men" by their colleagues at the "seek ye First Quest and Crusade bureau.Famed for their inspirational lack of success and high rate of failure,they were perhaps the wrong choice for the quest,but their boss at the bureau, King Herod of Perth,had every faith in them.

"You see,"exclaimed Istvan pointing at the sky,"the instructions were travel from the East, follow the brightest star and over where it comes to rest is where this saviour is.As you can see the brightest star has stopped moving,we're here.

"I'm just off for a piss",said Tommy as he ran behind the back of the Star of Bengal.Then before him he saw a couple with a baby and a group of chariot racers gathered around them.He crept closer and listened.

"And then",Rab said to Agnes and Bert,"this angel called Gordon was staning there an,we're aw pissed like,we didnae know if he was really there or not,but anyway,he says we're tae give the wee lad a present.S`we got him a few cans in, er does he like McEwans?".Instantly Tommy saw the object of their quest was here,he rushed over snatched the cans of lager and sped off back to his fellow wise men.

"Noooooooooooo",screamed Bert as the lager was snatched from below his nose.He launched into a fast stagger and chased after the thief,closely followed by the rest of the group.Eventually Tommy found his way back to Istvan and Norrie,who were running the other way,the chasing bunch caught up and the precious cans of lager were the subject of a riot.Suddenly,the night was lit up ,they were surrounded by a horde of angels and Gabriel appeared,rather the worst for wear,to a fanfare of Highway to Heaven.

"Fear not,for I have great news," he slurred,"today is born in the town of Lochgelly,beneath the Star of Bengal,a saviour who will lead the Leishmanites,out of the wilderness and on to the glory that is the Premier League."

"Hey,it's yon Gordon fellae agin," said Davie as the fighting stopped and the cans were passed around.

Gabriel was revelling in his performance and continued,"For he shall be named James and all will hold him in great reverence.This day shall be a day of worship and ye shall go every

week to the temple at Halbeath Road. He shall prophesise great and joyful events and shall stand alone against the evils of Souness and Woodrow. But beware even though he leads the Leishmanites to the brink of a trophy, there are those who will plot against him and verily I say unto you, beware August 1989, when the traitor Judas Munro and his associates will plot the downfall of the Messiah, and he shall be cast in to the wilderness, in the northern wastes. But fear not there will be a second coming.

The group looked around at each other, then at the child who was wrapped in a Daily Record, even then he had very little hair and was a little overweight.

Before the Archangel could continue his monologue, Istvan, Norrie and Tommy, stepped forward each with a wrapped gift for the child.

"we have travelled many miles from our office in Glenrothes," stated Norrie, before kneeling down and giving his present to the child.

"I bring a sacred Pars strip, blessed and holy in it's perfection, it is the cloth of kings and worthy only of your patronage."

Then Tommy stepped forward. "I bring a football, special offer from the Co-op, only £6.99. Round and spherical in it's construction, it's eh a football.

Finally, Istvan stepped forward and presented his gift, "I bring a duvet overcoat of many colours and a bottle of Grecian 2000, both will be used extensively in later years.

As the chorus of angels grew louder, the whole group joined in a verse of the Alleluia Chorus slowly the scene melted in to a sound and light show, building up to a crescendo where the entire cast joined in a rousing version of "Ole Ole, Ole, Ole We are the Pars, We are the Pars".

Gradually, the vision faded and disappeared. Slowly, Jim opened his eyes and looked around the room—had he been dreaming?. He remembered watching the start of the Christmas Eve movie, One of our dinosaurs is missing and then suddenly it was nearly midnight. The cold weather had put off Thistle's league match and with nothing else to do, Jim hung up his stocking, turned off the light and went to bed.

"Whit a dream that was, liked the bit about the second coming though," he smiled knowingly.

..... JIMMY DEE

END-BITS

PARALLEL LINES will be available at all Pars matches, and from a few select outlets; namely The Strathclyde Programme Shop, Renfield Street, Glasgow, Sportspages, Charing X Road, London, Piccadily Records, Parker Street, Manchester; Nostalgia and Comics, Smallbrook, Queensway, Birmingham; Vinyl Villians, Elm Row, Edinburgh and later at Our Price Records, Kingsgate, Dunfermline. (If you know of any other outlet then please inform us). We regret that for mainly financial reasons, we will not be sending out freebies to other fanzines or doing subscriptions....sorry.....

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FOOTNOTE: Only 24 pages this issue, future issues and the number of pages depends entirely on you, we need your contributions. Please do not buy W.D.H.R. T-Shirts on sale at games the seller has not paid for them and is selling them without our permission.