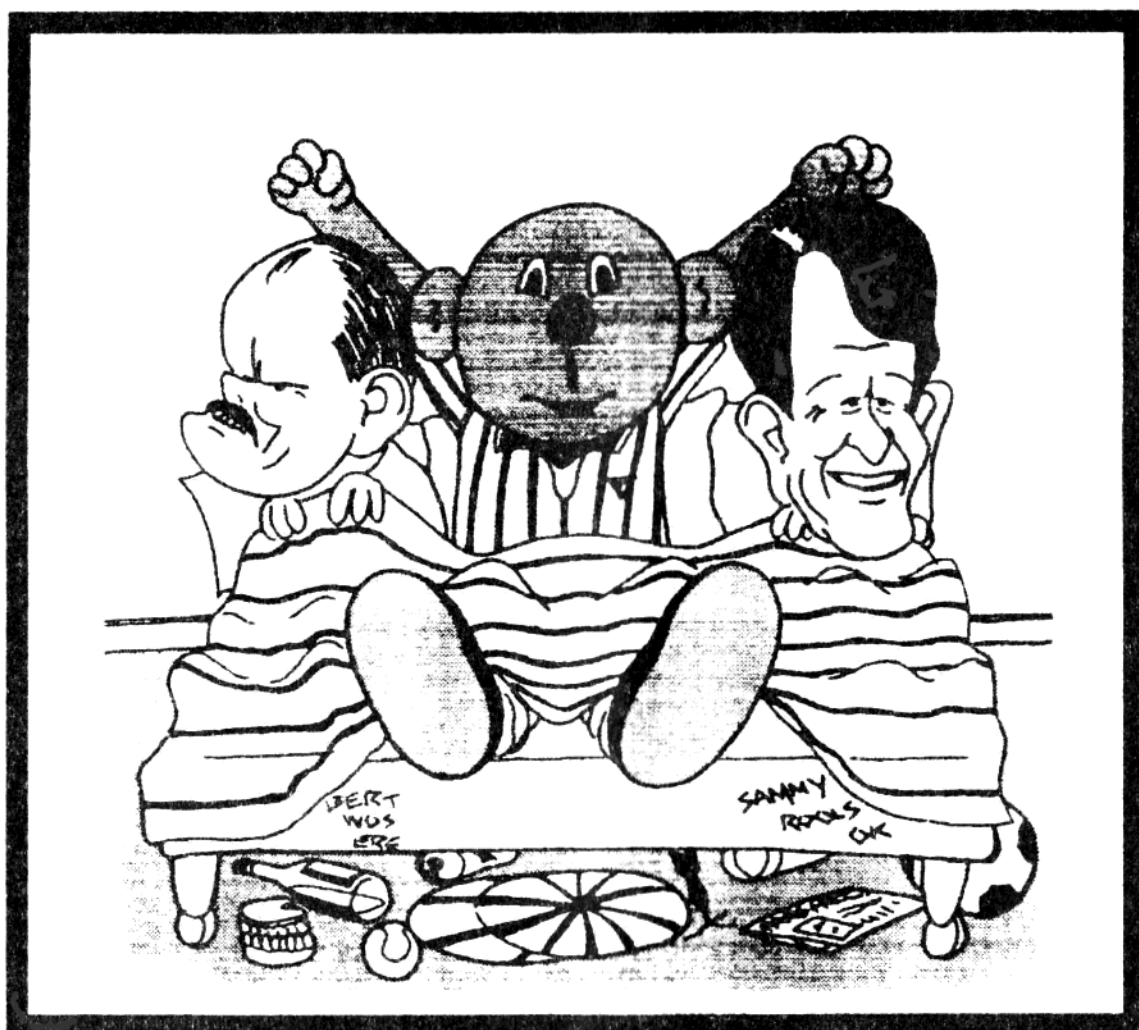


A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

# Sammy Lives

with

## Dick and Bert



Gossip - SCANDAL - MONEY - INTRIGUE - PROMOTION AND BOTTLES!

BERT PATON - A VERY NICE MAN. ALEX MACDONALD - A VERY HORRID MAN.

THE PREMIER LEAGUE? NO THANKS.

The proceeds from sales of this fanzine will be donated to charity.

50P

# Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert

## *Editorial*

Welcome to the first issue of "Sammy lives with Dick and Bert".

The fanzine name arrived purely by chance simply because one other person happened to find it amusing. The other choices included such brainstormers as "Deja-vu", "Breaking Glass" and "Ooh, Baby, Do you know what it's worth? Eastend Park is a heaven on earth." However, due to a shortage of Belinda Carlisle fans and the complete lack of funny words which rhyme with "bottle", Sammy was chosen as a fitting tribute to everything that is great about Dunfermline Athletic.

This fanzine has no connection to "The Eastend Bounce", the previous vehicle of dissent for fans. Assuming that my sources are correct, this fanzine ceased due to pressure from Dunfermline Athletic, who were obviously unaquainted with the notion of free speech.

But the fearless "Sammy Lives..." is here to stay! The second issue, complete with a P.O. Box address, will be available before the first home game next season. The level of grovelling praise or barbed criticism contained within will depend upon which division we're in.

Be afraid. Be very afraid....

---

## Acknowledgements

"Sammy Lives..." has been brought to you by Jimmy Dee, Jerry, Brian, Big Al (NOT Forth FM's), Mr. Angry, Nameless, Dave, "Jim Farry" and The Insider. Special thanks to A4-Print for being brilliant.

---

This fanzine, blah, blah etc, is independently produced by PARS fans. All material and artwork is copyright and may not be plagiarised or reproduced without permission. Any opinions expressed within these pages are those of the individual contributor and may not necessarily follow the same sycophantic tones of the "COR blimey, guv', ain't that BERT PATON A GENIUS, MAKE NO MISTAKE, HE'S ALRIGHT IN MY BOOK" style of the TOTALLY INDEPENDENT DUNFERMLINE PRESS.

# CONTENTS

**Nothing about Leishman!  
The Madness of Bert Paton**

**Let's all Laugh at Airdrie**

**Wee team news**

**D.A.F.C Financial Situation Explained!**

**The Insider . . .**

**Wha's like us?**

**Glory Days**

**Mad mental farmers**

**Jim Farry Writes for Sammy Lives...**

**Poet's Corner**

**Whatever happened to The Bounce?**

**Good, bad or just plain ugly?**

**. . . and a little bit more . . .**

**"We could do with Mystic Meg to tell us why  
we were so bad at the back against Hamilton."**

**Bert Paton, Monday 8th April, 1996**

*Mystic Meg wasn't available so we asked "Stompie", a blind, senile goldfish to tell Bert what was blatantly obvious to everyone else in the ground:*

*"You put a right-back in the left-back position, your replacement right-back was a fat, grossly over-weight numptie who couldn't run five yards and your central defenders had to spend the entire game covering theirs and the right-back's positions. Meanwhile, the best full-back in the division was sitting on the bench and when he came on, you put him in midfield."*

## GUEST MASCOT



**Saddam Hussein**

**Address:**

The Imperial Palace,  
Baghdad.

**Hobbies:**

Invading oil-rich  
countries.

Saddam has been a loyal Pars fan for 30 years. Unfortunately, his visits to Eastend Park have been curtailed by international economic sanctions and the inconvenient accusation by the western world that he is something of a war criminal.

His favourite player is Greg Shaw and he models his despotic regime on the Dunfermline Boards' attitude to dissent from supporters.

# NOTHING ABOUT LEISHMAN SHOCK!

A new Dunfermline Athletic fanzine released today will stun fans with the news that there is **NO MENTION** of former manager, hero, messiah and panotmime dame James Arthur Philip Byron Leishman.

The Pars legend, now boss of Livingston, refused to comment on the news. "I have nothing to say," the once Godlike presence began, "...but I'm utterly devastated that they haven't had the decency to waste two or three pages going over and over past events."



**Leishman...  
happy.**



**Leishman...  
not happy.**

Fans were equally outraged by the lack of reverence for the balding football boss, once famous for leading Dunfermline from the depths of the second division back to it's rightful place at the very top of Scottish football. Craig Brown denounced the lack of respect as "typical of young people nowadays."

Billy McNeill defended Leishman's record of achievements "which surely speaks for itself." (Assuming that you ignore the Inverness and Montrose episodes.)

## Mass demonstration

A spokesman for Dunfermline Athletic refused to comment on the Leishman-not-mentioned-in-Dunfermline-fanzine-Gate scandal. "It's nothing to do with us," the nameless director claimed, "In fact I've never even heard of him."

The editor of the new fanzine - who refuses to be identified - denied that Leishman had been deliberately ignored by a shabby pile of photocopy masquerading as a proper fanzine.

"He just hasn't done anything to justify being included," the editor said.

## Jim who?

A shocked Leishman was astounded to hear this and vowed to write a poem to express his innermost turmoil caused by this blatant snub and Livingston's fight for promotion. He's going to call it "I've had another dream, Chic."

# Bert Paton - A nice man or a grinning moron?

Three years ago relegated Cowdenbeath won 2-0 at Eastend Park, ending our chances of promotion, and sending Jocky Scott to oblivion (well, Hibs.) MR. ANGRY finally snapped after watching a dreadful Hamilton Accies team inflict a similarly humiliating defeat...

The Hamilton game perfectly highlighted our lovable management duo's sheer incompetence. The defence had been needlessly tinkered with again, ineffectual players were dumped in positions they had failed in previously, and at 3-1 down Paton replaced Andy Smith with Greg Shaw.

For three seasons Paton has babbled about the tremendous team spirit that sends shivers down the spines of the opposition. He's dribbled deliriously as he happily hammers square pegs into round holes, trying to make players with limited abilities play in an alien position, only changing his "system" when the problems are blatantly obvious even to him.

Den Biemen is NOT a right-back. This was perfectly obvious from the first moment he played in the position and yet Paton persevered with this bizarre experiment 15 times this season. Similarly, he was told in a vision that Jackie McNamara could play in midfield. He couldn't. He was a mediocre midfielder, but an outstanding right-back. Get the idea, Bert? Play to your strengths, and all that....

Paton has always claimed that he likes to see good passing football. He likes to entertain the fans. Then why has his team increasingly relied upon the long ball at every opportunity? In recent weeks our midfield has merely been a theoretical possibility. A defender humps the ball forward, another player heads/hoofs it further forward, and a striker will hopefully score. That's entertainment? No, it's shite Bert.

When Falkirk narrowly pipped us to promotion in 1994, that was basically Jocky Scott's team playing in a much more relaxed, flowing style. We were the best team in the league that season - we were just unlucky. Bert Paton probably did more for the club in that first season than he has since, or could in the future. He peaked too early, and it's becoming blatantly obvious that we will not progress any further under Paton. Even if we do somehow stumble to promotion, how will Bert's "tactics" or his various defensive formations cope with premier league strikers if Hamilton can grab three at Eastend Park?

At the time of writing we've played 8 games since crushing Morton 4-1 and taken 13 points from a possible 24. Paton and Craig Robertson are regularly telling newspapers that there's a brilliant team spirit and tales of shattered bottles are greatly exaggerated. But we have blown the chance to go nine points clear, lost to Hamilton and are nervously looking over our shoulder at St. Johnstone.

## **Bert Paton . . . continued**

Why has this happened? Because we had to play so many games one after the other, according to Paton. Obviously responding to the boos directed at the team for surrendering another lead against St. Mirren, Paton told the Daily Record before the Hamilton game that fans who didn't back the team should stay away. So, presumably, the fans will be to blame if we fail this year for not getting sufficiently behind the team?

Does Bert seriously believe that the fans pay to watch a dreadful performance, shrug their shoulders and go home happy? Then turn up the following week for more of the same? That would be the attitude of someone who doesn't give a fuck about the team (several of the players, probably), but not people who are desperate to see the club win the first division. What does Paton expect? The standard of play has slipped further this season, and Bert's new boys haven't done anything to improve the situation. Does he expect rapturous applause every time John Clark hoofs the ball 30 yards?

The trouble with football managers is that they're quite happy to enjoy the reflected glory of a team doing well, but refuse to accept the responsibility when the shit hits the fan. Like government ministers they hide behind every excuse and blame injuries, suspensions, pitches, the media, the weather and finally, the fans for not rejoicing in mediocrity.

Unfortunately, us ignorant fans wot pay to watch football 'n that, can see the problems with the team, and that certain players are incapable of performing in certain positions. We can see that, Bert and Dick obviously can't. The question is, how long will the board tolerate money being wasted on aging injury-prone players, by a management team with a tenuous grip on reality. You can't expect supporters to hang around year after year while Bert blindly stabs in the dark, experimenting with goalkeepers as strikers.

## **POOR ALEX**

Airdrie-Dunfermline games in recent seasons have invariably been enhanced by the sight of a purple-faced Dick Campbell screaming abuse at an even more purple-faced Alex MacDonald. In February, the referee sent Campbell to the stand, enraging the crowd of three Airdrie bigots so much that Dick had to move elsewhere because they had exhausted all their available permutations of the words "off", "fuck" and "bastard."

Incredibly, the SFA decided not to do anything about another Campbell/MacDonald incident. However, at a seminar entitled "What's wrong with Scottish Football?" (where the answer seems to be: "nobody cares about it" since only four people turned up), Dick Campbell gave an insight into the bizarre love affair between them. "Not many people know this..." he began solemnly, "but Alex MacDonald was in hospital recently. It was for a penis transplant, but his left hand rejected it."



# Let's all laugh at Airdrie

As the season draws to a close, it's probably time to gaze lovingly upon the fortunes of hated rivals, Airdrie. The odious ex-Broomfield slum-dwellers are still homeless, training in a public park, and stuck with a bunch of crap players. But at least the delightful village of Airdie (where every day is the 12th July) has a lovely new supermarket where the locals can meet, spend their giros, steal Buckfast and sniff glue.

This season has been rather disappointing for the true blue legions of trainee bigots. They didn't get to any finals and didn't get knocked out of any semi-finals because a referee made a mistake. This is quite fortunate since Jimmy Sandison is still "gutted", "shattered", "etc..." after THAT semi-final all those years ago. More hilariously, however, is that even the local council isn't particularly keen on Alex MacDonald and the boys playing in the town by refusing numerous planning applications for what the club ambiguously describe as a "football stadium".

Eventually, after a series of public demonstrations in Airdrie's popular cock-fighting pit, the council finally agreed that the community needed an all-seater "football" stadium to rival the town's other pastimes: badger-baiting and winging about David Syme.

Feelings in the town were obviously running high. The Airdie directors expected over 5000 adoring fans to join the clamour for a stadium but newspaper reports suggested that the crowds ranged from "about a thousand" all the way up to "almost 2000".

Wow. The future certainly looks bright for Airdie now they've increased their hard-core support to almost 2% of the town!

## WEE TEAM TAKEN SERIOUSLY AT LAST

Speaking of stadia fit for the 21st century, a minor league team based in Kirkcaldy has unveiled hilarious new plans for a "grandstand" shaped like a wedge of cheese.

The new stand is likely to rival Brechin's fabled hedge as a football novelty, since it will be crammed between the seldom-used area of turf known as "the pitch" and the very busy railway line a mere 5 metres outside the ground.

For any other club such plans would be ridiculed. However, it must be pointed out that innovative stadia design is Raith Rovers' only achievement. After all, it has taken Glasgow Rangers until the 1990's to realise that they should fill in the corners of their stadium.

The wee Rovers, of course, had the revolutionary idea of building their stadium one corner at a time. Who knows how grand Starks Park might have become if George Stephenson hadn't invented the train?

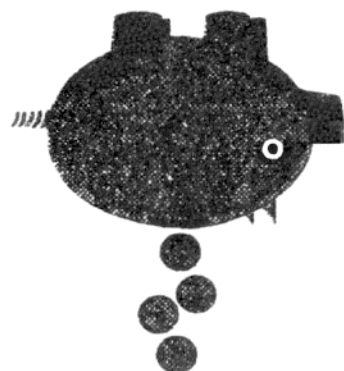
---

# THE D.A.F.C FINANCIAL SITUATION

## *How do they do that?*

Here's a little brain teaser:

- Q. How do you make a club three million pounds in debt NOT a club three million pounds in debt?**
- A. Simple. You sell the club to yourself and blame the debts on the previous owners!**



Does anyone understand how Dunfermline went from being massively in debt to breaking even in just a couple of years? As far as I understand it, the directors sold Eastend Park to a brand new company owned by themselves, which paid off the massive debt. (Huh?)

Thus, the football club part of the company is debt-free, but operating on a tight budget. Eastend Park, apparently the sole asset of the heavily in debt brand new start-up company immediately leased the ground back to the club for as long as it was needed. (Eh?)

Somewhere along the line three million pounds worth of creditors must have become similarly confused. Perhaps the tactic is to continually circulate final demands and court notices amongst the several hundred companies comprising Dunfermline Athletic, until no-one knows who owes what to whom.

It's a devilishly cunning plan and hopefully, it might just work...

But what will happen if it doesn't?

## **GREAT QUOTES OF THE 20TH CENTURY**

***"In the boardroom, decisions have been taken to secure the club, as far as possible, on a sound financial footing."***

From the Dunfermline Press, 20th August, 1987, the day before the Pars first premier division game.

Almost nine years later the club has six boardrooms with approximately seven different companies all trying to do the same thing. And they say times change....



# the INSIDER

## Who's the bird, Dave?

David Bingham's first goals for the club proved to be something of a headache to the editorial team of the Dunfermline Herald & Post because they didn't have a picture of the ex-Forfar star.

Fortunately, someone in the office knew David's gran and contacted her for a recent picture of the boy wonder. Unfortunately for poor master Bingham, the picture that was finally printed featured Granny with David when he was 12. A source close to the wee lad suggested that his fellow professionals had made his life hell ever since.

Aw...the poor wee soldier.

## Local Heroes

With the demise of Dunfermline as a seat of local democracy, the "new-look-not-all-that-different-to-the-old-look" Dunfermline Press has bravely stepped into the ideological void and paraded itself as a preserver of Dunfermline's civic pride. It has also pointed an accusing finger at Fife's local government offices' preferred bases in Glenrothes and Kirkcaldy.

But wait? Is this the same Dunfermline Press that is currently being printed in Dundee before production is switched to Romanes & Sons' Greenock printing plant? Erm...I believe it is, actually...

He knows, you know ...

## Paton's Place

My spies inform me that Bert Paton is moving to a luxury custom-built house near Kinross. I understand that the house will be built to Bert's personal specifications, which could be described as "revolutionary." The Pars boss has decided to put the attic in the basement, a double garage where the attic would have been and use the master bedroom as a versatile kitchen/dining room/study/airport runway.

Bert agreed that the brand new house would need an enormous amount of renovation, a complex series of columns and girders to support the top-heavy "attic" garage structure, and may not be very practical. "It could come crashing down at any minute," Paton admitted, "but we'll just have to wait and see..."

## Sammy exposed!

I can almost exclusively reveal that Community Coach Graeme Robertson is Sammy the Tammy.

The news leaked courtesy of Graeme's six year-old son who, ecstatic at discovering his Dad's Batman-like existence, was horrified to be told that this awesome secret must be kept forever.

The wee boy obediently kept the secret...for about 15 seconds, before informing everyone he could find: "My dad's Sammy the Tammy!!!"

# WHA'S LIKE US?

As Dunfermline's annual end-of-season-collapse gathers momentum, it's probably the right time to reminisce over similar end-of-season panic attacks. The past three years, for example...

Jocky Scott's inspirational leadership was forever in evidence in season 92-93 when Dunfermline aimed to bounce back to the premier league in one season. Jocky's cavalier team developed a habit of scoring early in the first half and then clinging onto this slender lead for the rest of the game. It tended to fail spectacularly. Especially if the early goal was not scored when a defeat usually resulted. Meanwhile, Raith Rovers had built an unassailable ten point lead, clinching the championship by April.

The fight for second place was between the Pars and Tommy Burns' Kilmarnock. Thanks to a few "jitters" Dunfermline converted a five point advantage into a crazed desire for SECOND placed Killie to lose their last game while Dunfermline had to win theirs. Killie were promoted and Dunfermline sacked Jocky Scott. So at least the season ended on a positive note.

Season 93-94 started with a new boy in charge. He was a Pars icon, a local boy, a sort of messiah (and he was cheaper than Alex Totten). He was Bert Paton. Four games into the new season we were bottom of the league with three defeats and one solitary point. After another twenty defeats the fans might have grumbled..."bring back Jocky", but it's unlikely.

However, a stunning 3-2 win over Airdrie at East End Park kick-started the season. This memorable game featured one of the finest moments in football when Raymond Sharp brilliantly kicked four Airdrie players in the space of a few seconds. He was sent off, obviously, but for many it was the highlight of the season. That was Bert's finest year. Week after week the pars crushed opponents constantly revered as "the form team in the division".

Finally, around February, a glaswegian sports writer must have realised that Dunfermline were the "form team" in the division. From that point onwards, we were doomed. The season hinged on a top-of-the-table clash at Brockville. A win would have put Dunfermline five points clear, a defeat would give Falkirk another stab at the championship.

The game itself was quite straightforward. Dunfermline dominated the game, Falkirk attacked and Richard Cadette scored. After running fifty yards from defence, Hamish French equalised in the second half, and then referee Sandy Roy decided to make one of those decisions that officials never have to explain, justify, or face criticism for. While Falkirk lined up to restart the match, Mr. Roy decided to red card Neale Cooper and disallow Dunfermline's goal. To this day, Sandy Roy remains the only person who could ever explain why.

In the last ever game at Broomfield, Neale Cooper tragically turned the cross from Airdrie's only attack into his own net and Falkirk leapt into top spot, two points clear. A draw took them to the premier league the following week. That season, Dunfermline were the top-scoring team in Britain, easily the best team in the first division, but denied promotion by a single point. The championship race ended with an inglorious whimper as Clyde were crushed 5-0 at East End Park while Falkirk drew with Clydebank. Loyal servant George O'Boyle scored four of those goals, but we knew that his destiny lay with a big club somewhere else. Perhaps Hearts? Perhaps in England? But it would have to be a huge, enormous, BIG club, obviously....

## **Wha's like us...continued**

Last season, Dunfermline struggled with inconsistency and injury and failed to meet the same standards as the 93-94 season. The main difference was that we actually won our early season games without playing particularly well. This pattern followed for the rest of the season. There were some outstanding highlights, particularly the comprehensive 3-0 defeat of St. Johnstone in which their glamour summer signing, George thingummy, was ritually humiliated.

The pattern of "good game, poor game, shite game, bloody awful game, Jeeeesus! game, good game, etc" continued all season and it was little surprise that the race skittered to a halt with Dunfermline fans praying that the obviously inferior Raith Rovers would slip-up on the last day of the season. They didn't. Of course, we did have the consolation of a play-off game with the only in-form team in the premier league. Whoopee.

Well, for much of this season, Dunfermline's main tactic has been inconsistency, and Paton's main contribution has been to make increasingly bizarre team selections. We've already squandered the opportunity of taking a nine point lead, so the possibility of the championship resting upon the result at Tannadice is quite likely.

And, as we've discovered in the past, we tend not to benefit in those situations...

## ***Can a bunch of fat blokes win the first division?***



**DUE TO PRINT DEADLINES, PLEASE PROVIDE  
YOUR OWN WITTY, TOPICAL PUNCHLINE. THANK YOU.**

# GLORY DAYS

## DUNFERMLINE 5 ST. MIRREN 1

PREMIER DIVISION, 13TH OCTOBER, 1989

*"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.*

*It was a disgrace."*

Tony Fitzpatrick's shell-shocked response to one of the finest matches played at Eastend Park is a memory as clear as the game itself. Even now, it seems faintly ridiculous that a St. Mirren manager should feel humiliated to lose to Dunfermline. Paisley fans may be bigots, but they can barely compare their status to Rangers, surely?

The undoubted star of the day was Hungarian international Istvan Kozma.

Ironically, on that glorious day in 1989, it was St. Mirren who first gained the upperhand. A scorching Gudmunder Torfason free-kick gave Saints the lead after 20 minutes and forced Dunfermline into action. Ross Jack charged into the box only to be fouled by Roddy Manley on the verge of shooting. Jack blasted the subsequent penalty low past Campbell Money to first equalise and then give Pars the lead just before half-time with a header from Kozma's cross for his 10th goal of the season.

The second half belonged to Kozma. A swift attack took George O'Boyle to the byeline, stepping inside St. Mirren's Tommy Wilson he centred for Kozma to tap home his first goal for Dunfermline. This simple goal ignited a blistering ten minute spell



Ross Jack



Istvan Kozma

**TEAM:** WESTWATER, G. ROBERTSON, ROUGVIE, MCCATHIE, TIERNEY, SHARP, P. SMITH, RAFFERTY, JACK, O'BOYLE, KOZMA.

**SUBS:** FARNINGHAM, IRONS.

when Kozma completed his hat-trick in record time. Collecting the ball inside the centre circle, Kozma sent a long, looping ball down the right hand side for Ross Jack to chase. Kozma sprinted towards the box and finished Jack's cross with a spectacular half-volley. But the best was saved for last when the Hungarian unleashed a ferocious thirty yard shot which left Money helpless.

This match was probably the only time Kozma fully justified his enormous salary. Despite his obvious talents we were seldom to see Istvan play at his very best. However, as Kozma often complained, he was never allowed to play in his preferred position. For Hungary he was a defensive midfielder but Leishman wanted him to be Maradonna every week.

# MAD MENTAL FARMERS

For Dunfermline fans a trip to Dumfries will always be an anti-climax as nothing can compete with one legendary, glorious, unforgettable day. Big Al wipes a wistful tear from his eye as he remembers Saturday April 5th, 1985...

Twelve good men and true left Dunfermline at 830am, their hearts prepared for battle, their livers prepared for beer. Their lives would never be the same again. As someone on the bus said at the time:

"And gentlemen in Dunfermline now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us on Palmerston's bloody terracing."

Fortunately, that Shakesperian outburst subsided and the bus rocked and rolled to the sound of Don Gibson's "Sea of Heartbreak" over and over again, for two and a half hours. By 11am we were in the first available pub in Dumfries, determined to sieze the day and give it a damn good shake. There was singing, dancing and much merriment as the pub buzzed with increasingly large busloads of Pars fans, all cramming into the same pub.

Around lunchtime the first close encounter with the Boys in Blue occured following an "incident" in the toilets. Minutes earlier Netza had pointed at a cubicle and asked who was in there. Before a name could be offered, Netza put his foot through the door and exclaimed "I bet he's shat himself now!". The police were unable to investigate the incident due to the sheer number of people in the pub who further frustrated the the local constabulary by loudly humming the tune from Z Cars. The police quickly left the establishment, choosing easier pickings in small groups of weedy fans outside.

By now, Netza had become bored and hurled a pool cue the length of the bar to liven the atmosphere. Moments later our group made its excuses and left. My lasting memory of the Victoria Bar in Dumfries will be the "attractive" young glass collector with "Love" and "Hate" tattooed on her knuckles.

Once inside the ground (apparently, a football match was played in Dumfries that day) we discovered that the science of crowd segregation had not yet reached Palmerston. By half-time several fans had been lifted, including one of our group, and the police asked all the Pars fans to move to the other end of the ground. "We're no movin'!" we cried, while we became surrounded by hordes of drooling, mental farmers. Meanwhile, Johnny Munro felt a desperate need for small change. Having collected £1 in coins from everyone around him, he immediately chucked them at the opposing supporters! What a guy!

The game finished 3-1 with Jim Bowie collecting Dunfermline's consolation goal. At full-time we were faced with the daunting prospect of walking through the by now very hostile crowd and back to our bus...

## MAD MENTAL FARMERS . . *continued*

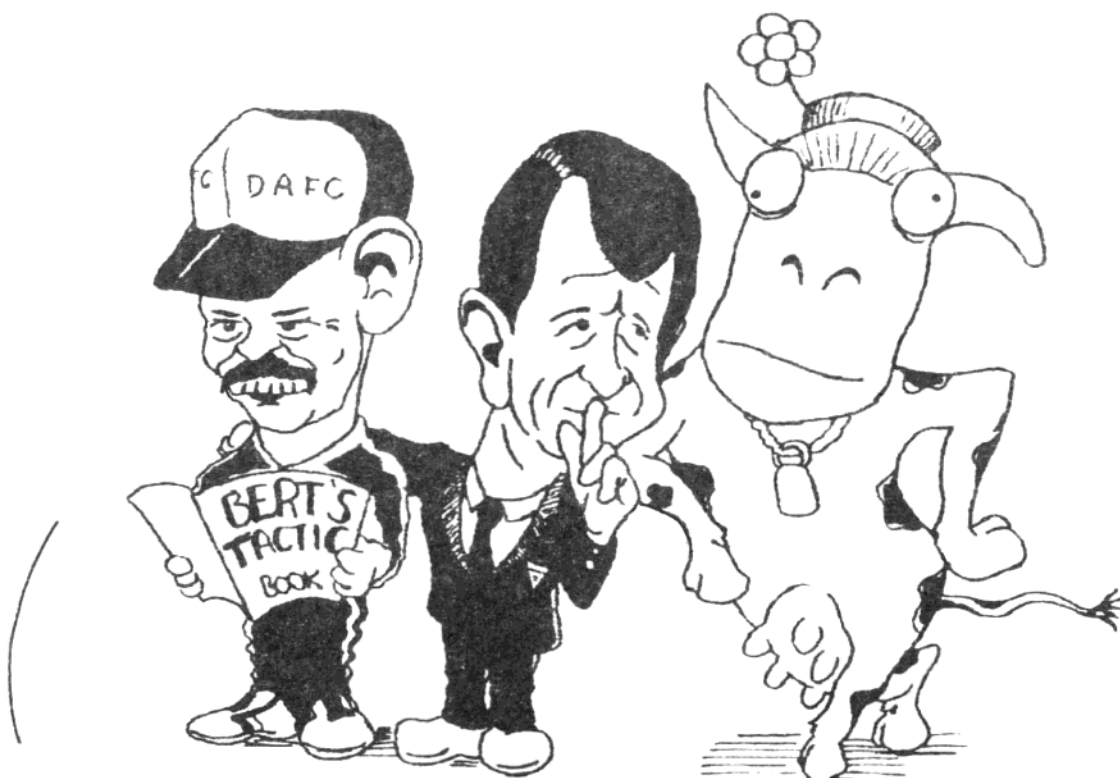
Chaos is the only way to describe the immediate aftermath as the police lifted anyone they could. "Big Flee" (brother of "Wee Flee") had thrown 12 policemen out of the way as he blasted Schwarzenegger style towards the bus. All but three of the older fans (including Ian Heddle's dad!) had returned to the bus safely when the police ordered us to leave their sleepy hamlet.

We respectfully refused to leave without the aged trio but the bus driver decided to obey the police. Johnny Monro immediately thrust a leg through the spokes of the steering wheel, bawling "We're no' movin'!" By now the aged trio had appeared at the other side of the car park and the police, sensing easy prey, decided to lift them.

Many chaos-filled moments later, with the last old bloke dragged to safety and the last policeman who dared to board the bus chucked back into the car park, the door slammed shut, the leg was removed from the steering wheel and the journey home began. As the last Dunfermline bus in the town we had the honour of a police escort out of Dumfries. And, to show our thanks we flicked the fingers at the boys in blue. Shockingly, they responded with the same gesture! But they had no answer when everyone on the bus mooned them.

Ah...those were the days...

Next Issue: Enid Blyton's classic adventure  
"Twelve go to Threave Rovers"



Wow! How d'you think up all these brilliant ideas, Bert?



# *jim* FARRY

Scotland's No.1 Football Administrator



## SHUT YOUR FAT STUPID FACE, McNEE!

In the whole world, is there a **WORSE** commentator than Gerry McNee? I don't know about you, but I prefer commentators capable of doing slightly more than reading the team sheet:

"Goram. Finds Gough. McLaren. McCall. Durie...to Laudrup... AND IT'S A GLORIOUS GOAL FOR ALLY McCOIST!" Call that commenating? A delirious chimp could enhance a football match with more perceptive wit than Gerry McNee.

Meanwhile, my spies inform me that Scotsport's obese Chief Sports Editor, Oberstumbanfuhrer Gerry McNee, has awarded himself another title. The fat, ignorant opinion-meister felt so threatened by Paul Cooney's pitiful diatribe in the goals-scored-by-teams-outside-Glasgow round-up that Gerry felt he needed the title "Chief Commentator" to protect his position. How sad. How very sad.

### FAT BLOKES 'R' US

Talking of that fat lump on Scotport, have you noticed how fat he's getting? The picture on his Sunday Mail column shows an obese McNee as he was several years ago!

If Scotsport ever put Derek Johnston and McNee in the same studio they'll have to provide all their viewers with widescreen televisions!

It always annoys me when that fat talentless shit on Scotsport - I think you know whom I mean - starts babbling about players, officials or administrators who "have never performed at the highest level."

Has Gerry McNee EVER performed at the highest level? Have you every heard Des Lynam introduce an England v Brazil game "...with commentary from Gerry McNee." I think not! Did Gerry McNee ever play for Scotland? Has McNee ever wiped his arse without asking Walter Smith for permission?

I would hardly call a column in the Sunday Mail the "highest level" in journalism.

Gerry McNee's greatest achievement is finding a belt to fit round his waist.

### RANGERS THIS, CELTIC THAT

Who does Gerry "Voice of a football" McNee think he is? Every week I, and my association, are attacked by this fat git for being incompetent morons incapable of conversing with the common punter without resorting to complicated lingual phrasology.

Well, pardon me, Mr. McNee for knowing more than two words! At least I don't have to crawl up David Murray's bottom to get a free ticket to Ibrox.

# Poet's Corner

We feel that the average football fan is a cultured, well-informed individual and a graduate in the art of terracing rhymes. You know, the sort of person who brilliantly rhymes the words "boys" and "noise" or "bastard" and "referee". With this thought in mind we decided to scour the length and breadth of Fife for a gifted poet, or just someone who could string two words together. Unfortunately, for the would-be bard we uncovered, stringing two words together remains an impossible dream. He is from Kirkcaldy after all.

Our recent form has brought a smile to the face of "the fans" of an obscure Kirkcaldy-based "football" cult and, having nothing better to fill his empty life, crayoned these words onto a scrap of lino...

## Ode to Paton by Nameless

Cancel the champagne and order some mead  
As once again folks the Pars blow their lead.  
The supporters are good, treat their team just like Gods  
If the truth's really known they're a bunch of old frauds.

What they've just done for three could be four in a row  
Just how many chances can Paton's Pars blow?  
They're where they belong, their chances are done  
Facing more time stuck in old divi' one.

They wanted success it's become crystal clear  
So close again folks, runners up for this year.  
They use the high ball, unusual you know  
For a team of old duffers with acute vertigo.

Top of the league but they're fans are confused  
They pay entrance money and go home abused.  
The unluckiest losers, the support has been done  
Get down to S\*\*\*\*s P\*\*K, see Fife's number one.

There's a lack of ambition, a shortage of drive  
As they know in the premier they wouldn't survive.  
What's the next move, I just hope and pray  
As a R\*\*\*\*s supporter, Dick and Bert, Oh Pleeeeease stay!!!

### **Editor's note:**

It was necessary to censor this poem to remove any references to "Them." Perhaps when that wee team in Kirkcaldy has a media profile as impressive as Cowdenbeath's we might lower ourselves to acknowledge their meaningless existence. Meanwhile, enjoy the poem, and marvel at the delicate, seamless manner with which the poet crowbars words like "division" into the structure.

# FOOTBALLERS!

Decide if your sad, fading career is finished using this handy self-help guide.

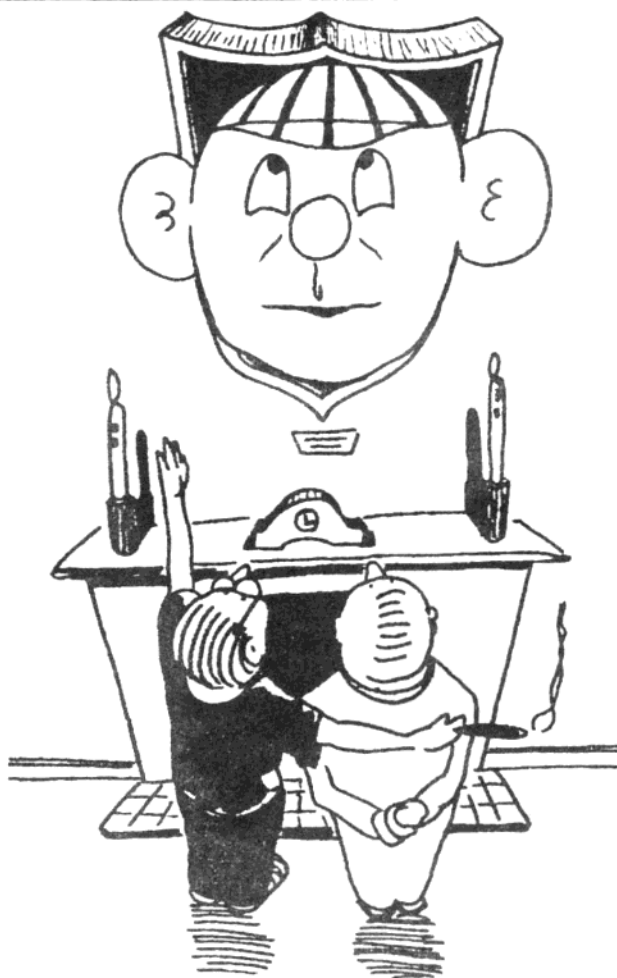
You are the last defender and a player 15 years your junior is charging towards goal...



Do you....

- A Make a brilliant saving tackle?
- B Using your vast experience, force the player to make a mistake?
- C Fall on your arse, trip the striker, make a stupid face and offer a "whoops" gesture to the referee?

If you answered 'C' then Congratulations! You are Jim Duffy! Please retire while you retain a small amount of dignity.



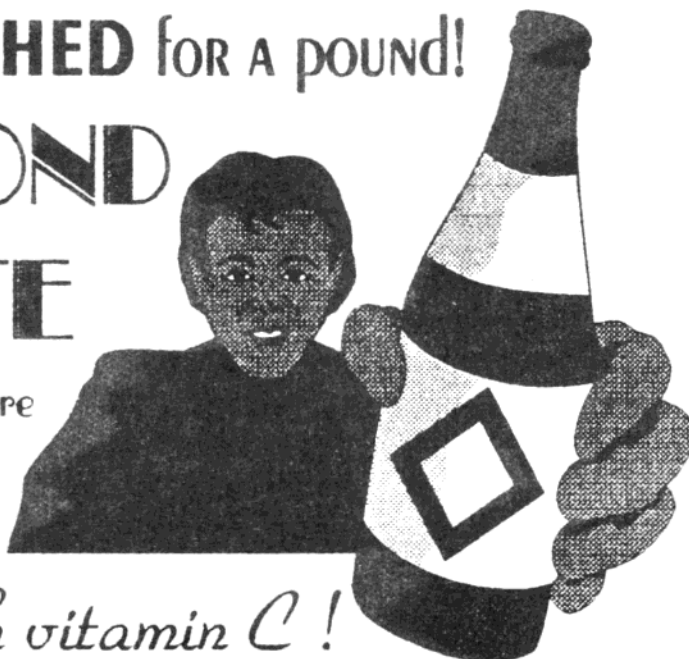
"...and I bagged this chap at Eastend Park!"

GET **PISHED** FOR A POUND!

**DIAMOND  
SHITE**

For the Lanarkshire  
tot who's too big  
for Buckfast!

*Now with vitamin C!*



**OLD  
FIRM  
WANK LINE**

0800

300

300

Cum all  
over  
Jim White

# Whatever happened to The Bounce?

Does anyone remember "The Eastend Bounce"? This was the most recent fanzine produced for Dunfermline fans' and has been conspicuous by it's complete absence from Eastend Park this season.

The reason for this is not necessarily the legendary laziness of fanzine producers, but rather the oppressive attitude of Dunfermline Athletic. In a move reminiscent of Cold War communist politburo's, the board viewed the dissent within the fanzine as undesired. Everyone connected with the fanzine was threatened with being BANNED from Eastend Park if it continued. Obviously, the idea of the paying customers voicing their opinions about the team's performance was seen as a threat to the club.

This attitude seems to prevail judging by Bert Paton's recent confused outbursts to any journalist who'll listen to him. Having spent the whole of March denying that a "bottle" problem ever existed, he suddenly blamed the media for continually mentioning the alledged "bottle" problem and thus exacerbating a problem which apparently didn't exist.

Paton's next target was the fans themselves, for not being delighted to watch his side just managing to draw with teams we crushed earlier in the season. Of course, when we were crushing these teams we employed a system which involved passing the ball, not blindly hoofing it whichever way the player's nose happened to be pointing. This is why the fans are getting frustrated. For the fourth year in succession a team which comprehensively trounced most of the division is struggling to compete with sides doomed to relegation. Bert has suddenly hinted that a "bottle" problem may exist, but only a few weeks ago pointed out that there were a substantial number of new players who HADN'T faced this "bottle" scenario before.

Therefore...the only common factor in the "bottle" theory is Bert & Dick.

A few years ago there was a minor local scandal when it became common knowledge that "critical" letters to the Dunfermline Press were being censored by the board. It must be assumed that this practice continues considering that in three successive years of failure, not a single word of criticism has appeared in the local newspaper. Consequently, the only method available for fans to make their views known is by booing or walking out. And, because Bert doesn't like fanzines, this platform for discussion has also been denied.

BUT! A fanzine doesn't destroy morale. A fanzine can't wreck a promotion bid. A fanzine doesn't make bizarre team selections. A fanzine doesn't blow a nine point advantage. A fanzine simply reflects the joy, frustration and agony of supporting a football team. The club should be relieved that there are still enough people willing to put their own time and effort into producing a fanzine. After a couple more seasons trapped in the first division there might not be anyone left to boo another end-of-season collapse.

# Good, bad or just plain ugly?

## How have the players performed this season?

Van de Kamp	Good season but an unfortunate recent form slump which strangely coincided with the form slump of the whole team. Hmmm...
Westwater	Always capable of great saves but usually responsible for complete arse-ups. His return has strangely coincided with defensive panic. Best played up front where he can't do any harm.
Colin Miller	Only just makes the standard for an average right-back, so why Paton thinks he can play on the left as well is mystifying.
Fleming	Player of the season in my opinion. It's unbelievable that he took so long to get back into the team after a pre-season injury. Despite being shifted all over the park, he always manages to look like a footballer.
Tod	Quietly consistent all season, but what happened to all the goals?
Ireland	Needs to get some Fife blood pumping in his veins, but has suffered in a nervous defence.
Clark	I've never seen anyone strike a ball harder, but he seems to have lost his bottle more than anyone -and he's only just arrived! So much for our new "captain courageous".
Robertson	I've sympathised with Robbo this season. Every week he's had a different partner in midfield and has fallen victim to Paton's recent long ball tactics. His winner against Clydebank in January was undoubtedly the emotional highlight of this or any other season. Not simply for points, but because it meant so much to everyone, and especially Craig as the new captain.
Marc Miller	A talented and whole-hearted player but not a defender. It's no surprise then that all his dismissals have been for late or mis-timed tackles - apart from the right-hook he gave Derek Lilley. But the Greenock git was asking for it...
Petrie	Must have covered more miles than anyone else this season, but he still doesn't have a nickname. Unfortunately, his confidence in front of goal seems to diminish with every game.
Moore	Should be my player of the year but didn't re-create his pre-christmas form. He destroyed Dundee Utd, but has been a victim of "ploughed field" pitches.
Den Biemen	Poor Ivo's been roasted at right-back and crucified at centre-back. Still a fans' favourite, but it's better to play him up front where mistakes aren't so easily punished.
French	A disappointing season for Hamish - broken bones, pulled this, strained that. Not a season to remember.
Andy Smith	Okay, I had to eat humble pie too! A good pro who's given his pound of flesh and several goals. It was an expensive way to get over that Airdrie hoodoo, but it seems to have worked (so far?)
Show	The only man who can jump lower than he stands, but he has - almost incredibly - managed to score a few goals. So he has to receive some grudging praise. But I can't forget his pitiful displays last season...
Bingham	Never used in the position where he impressed at Forfar, as a centre-forward. He tried too hard to be impressive at times, but after a good pre-season, he may look better.

**Jackie McNamara** was badly missed since he virtually dominated the entire right-hand side of the field. The fact that a first division player can walk straight into Celtic's first team and stay there all season underlines his quality. It's outrageous that Bolton paid double Jackie's fee for Stephen McAnespie who has since sunk without trace.

**Norrie McCathie** always did the simple things, which often left him open to criticism. But you always knew where you stood with Norrie and the team was built around our ever-present captain. He will be impossible to replace.



# Norrie McCathie

1961 - 1996



As another traumatic season draws to a close, the words "exhausted", "bottled" and "bloody awful" are being thrown around. Unlike recent seasons when failing to win promotion was described as a tragedy, this year the club experienced a genuine human tragedy with the sudden death of Norrie McCathie.

It is just over three months since that cold January morning when Dunfermline fans paid their last respects to a popular and irreplaceable captain. Since then the storm clouds of the promotion battle have returned and perhaps the pressure to "win for Norrie" is proving to be a double-edged sword for the players.

If we are promoted it will be a tribute to the teams' spirit and determination. If we fail, well, there's always next year....