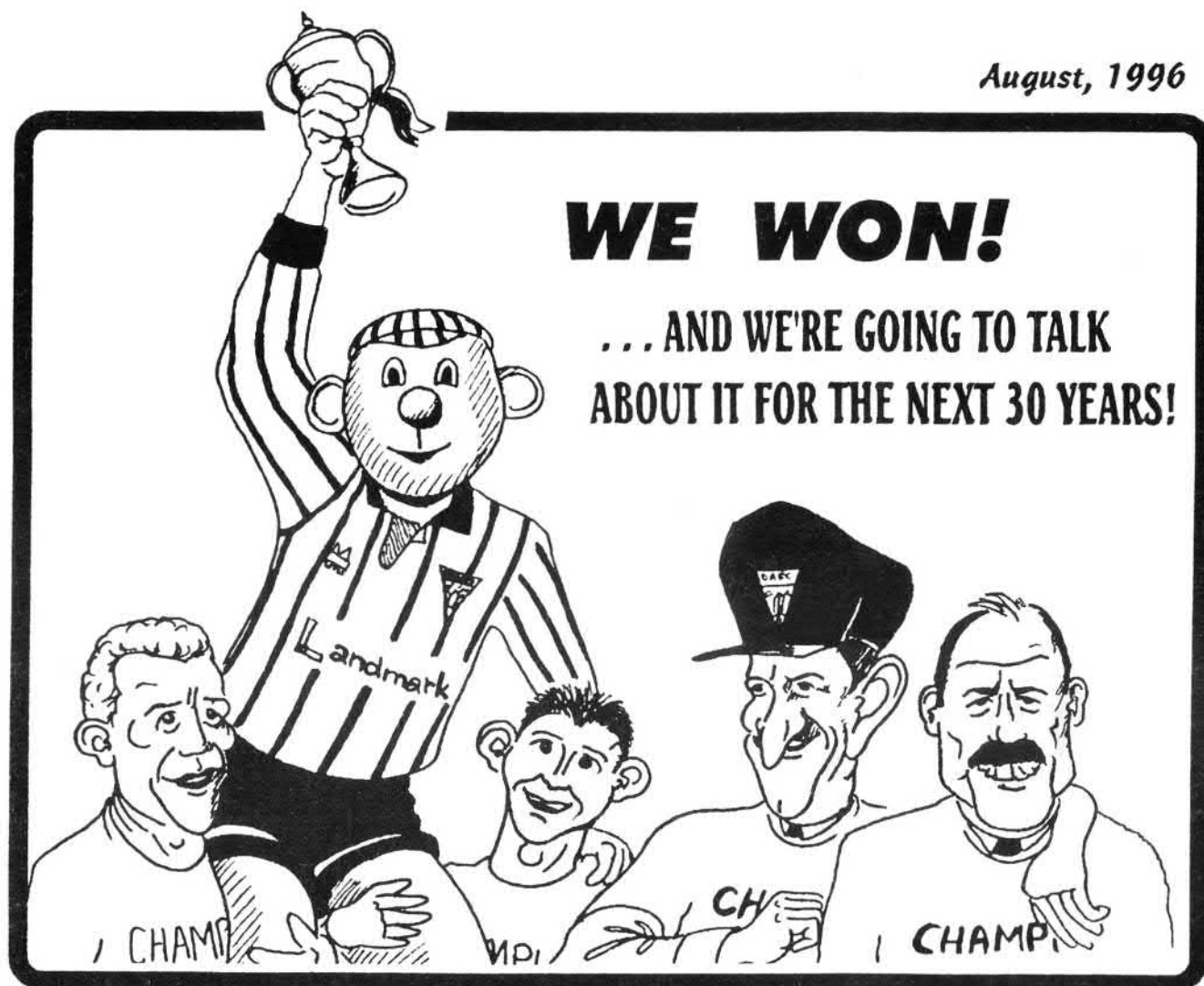

A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

Sammy Lives

with

Dick and Bert

August, 1996



Gossip - scandal - THE PREMIER LEAGUE
BERT PATON - POOR WEE ROVERS - THE INSIDER
THE FIRST DIVISION CHAMPIONS EDITION

50p

Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert

Editorial

Welcome to the second issue of Sammy Lives

If you enjoyed the first issue with it's highly negative, overtly pessimistic tones, strangely realistic ambitions, and genuine hatred for a certain Lanarkshire cesspool, then you'll know what to expect.

Once again we have combined a mixture of childish sarcasm, self-righteous indignation, devilish satire and pompous ranting. This is a fanzine, after all - not The Sunday Post! A few people complained that the first issue picked on the team a bit too much. Er...okay, we did.

But that criticism was due to the sheer frustration of watching the club almost throwing the championship. We were promoted thanks to a stupendous effort by the players and management team in the final three matches. Considering the traumas of last season, winning the championship was a marvellous achievement.

Unfortunately the problems of last season will continue this season: a small squad, a poor defence and little money available for players.

We sincerely believe that Dunfermline will manage to survive this year, and will help the Pars by savaging wee Kirkcaldy teams at every opportunity. But we would rather be a fanzine with some bite rather than a limp, self-deluding rag viewing the world through rose-tinted spectacles.

It's going to be a tough year...there might have to be some "tough talking." As Gerry McNee might say...watch this space.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS - "SAMMY LIVES..." HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY JIMMY DEE, BUF, JERRY, THE GHOST OF JOHN MILLER, MR ANGRY, ANORAK SKYWALKER, THE NUMBER 1, AND THE COLOURS BLACK AND WHITE..

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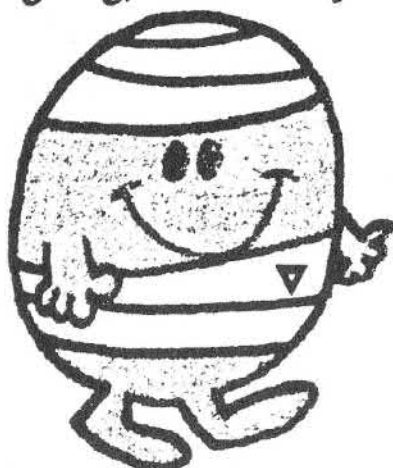
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And introducing Dunfermline's glamour
summer signing, Mr. Bump...



... who should be fit to play by March.

GUEST MASCOT



Bruce Willis

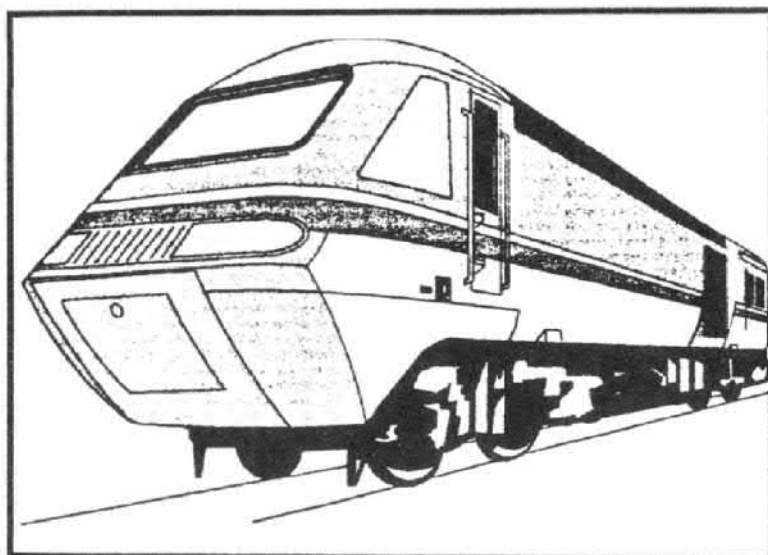
Demi Moore's less gifted spouse enjoys appearing in crap films, delivering crap dialogue in a cocky, not-as-good-as-Clint-Eastwood-type way, and supporting the Pars whenever his busy crap acting schedule allows.

Worryingly, Bruce's next visit to Eastend is expected to be at Christmas, so don't be too surprised when the ground is suddenly taken over by terrorists disguised as ball boys.

Please try to stifle a yawn and feel surprised...

STARKS PARK RAVING BONKERS

Raith Rovers' hilarious new ground
is to be **TORN DOWN** and the
derelict terracing it replaced
REBUILT following an astonishing
confession by the wee team's supporters.



*A train . . . fans used to get
a grandstand view.*

Hundreds of loyal Rovers fans petitioned the board to **DEMAND** the demolition of the new stands because they obstruct the fans' view of passing **TRAINS!**

Too sad for words

Horrified directors were dismayed to discover that their hard-core popularity base of several dozen fans are actually a local **TRAINSPOTTERS** club who prefer to watch unusual buffers, rather than fat old duffers.

Empty lives

The barmy board has decided to demolish the new stands rather than lose it's army of "fanoraks."

"What choice do we have?" asked one director, "How can we hope to compete with the mass-appeal sport of trainspotting? The stands have got to go."

Rovers poof

A spokesman for the wee Rovers fans, Alasdair Nigel Gourlay, confessed that **MOST** Starks Parks regulars were secret locomotive fetishists. "It starts quite innocently..." he revealed, "you sit staring blankly at the pitch hopelessly trying to understand the rules of the game, and then suddenly there's a whistle, a 468972 Class A diesel goes past and you disappear into a dream world. Trains are my life."

WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS!

It was the day we thought would never come. A marathon championship race ended with Dunfermline clinching the title with a nail-biting victory over the hated slum-dwellers of Airdrie.

At 5pm on Saturday 10th May, 13,000 pairs of eyes looked to the heavens, some looking for the spirit of McCathie (as the only explanation for some desperate goalmouth clearances), while the rest strained to get the first glimpse of the helicopter carrying the first division trophy....then we waited...and waited...and laughed as Sammy clowned around...held our breaths while an exhausted Sammy was lifted onto a stretcher...and cheered as he bounced back to his feet. Then there was the glorious Radio Pars record collection: Simply the Best and We are the champions....

Finally, at around 5:40pm, the trophy was handed to Craig Robertson and the party could finally begin. The last time we celebrated promotion, in 88-89 under Jim Leishman, the atmosphere was electric all afternoon as the tension exploded into relief on the final whistle. Leishman invaded the pitch juggling an inflatable champagne bottle and doing aeroplane impersonations. He did all this when he was sober, remember!

ENGLAND FANS LEAVE BY THE SOUTHGATE

After a close season tainted by England's shock run of incredible good fortune in Euro '96, it is with considerable relief that the proper football is about to start again. True, it is difficult to remember the summer soccer extravaganza without grinding your teeth in anger at Alan Hansen saying "we" when he discussed England. At least we can treasure forever the utter expression of hopeless disbelief on the faces of Frank Skinner & David Baddiel after England's poetic knockout.

SPOTTED!

In a desperate attempt to appear similar to a professional athlete, John Clark has put himself through a gruelling pre-season training session of workouts and sprinting. Has anyone noticed any difference so far? Will nippy young players find it quite as easy to circumnavigate Clark's not insubstantial mass this season? Well, judging by the Southampton game, yes.

In his battle against his several bulges Clark spent two weeks in Thailand training in hot, humid conditions and lost a stone in weight! Woooo! (Let's hope he didn't acquire any social diseases while he "trained" in one of the world's most notorious sex dens.) Shortly before the Dunfermline Press revealed that Clark was cycling everywhere, I spotted the chunky chappie in the Barnton area of Edinburgh... pushing his bike around and lurking outside a bakers. Still...he did travel 5000 miles to lose a stone, so we shouldn't grudge the man a few pies...

POOR PETRIE

In the middle of last season Paton dropped Stewart Petrie for several games because "he had the wrong mental attitude." Stewart also celebrated the birth of his first child last season and barely had a decent night's sleep in six months. Isn't it nice of Bert to be such a considerate, understanding man...

OH, WHAT A LOVELY LEAGUE !

It is widely acknowledged that the premier league is a dull, dreary, monotonous series of crunching midfield battles occasionally interrupted by flashes of skill and the odd goal. Aside from the sheer glamour of being allowed to appear on national television being gubbed by the Old Firm, there is little benefit in leaving the comparatively rich footballing festival that is the first division. Before anyone starts making irrational predictions of impending glory, perhaps we should take a brief, but heavily romanticised journey back through time...

A LONG TIME AGO IN A SEASON FAR, FAR, AWAY . . .

Our story begins on the 8th August, 1987 with a 3-3 draw at home to Hibs. Our inaugural premier league season began confidently, peaking with a 2-1 thrashing of Celtic at Eastend Park in August. That defeat was Celtic's first of the season and one of their few humblings as they clinched the double. Still jubilant after beating the bhoys, we strutted like stags towards Dens Park, and retreated like lambs with a five goal hammering. The reality of life in the top division suddenly dawned, and happiness was seldom seen in a Dunfermline jersey for the rest of that season.

But two games from season 87-88 will be described in feverish detail until the end of time: the 2-0 humbling of Souness in the Scottish Cup and the glorious, miraculous, and for those who missed it, the infuriating 6-1 demolition of Jocky Scott's Dundee on March 18th, 1988.

By the time Dundee made their final visit to Eastend Park to pay their respects to Dunfermline's spirited stab at glory, we were as good as relegated while Scott's men still harboured dreams of qualifying for Europe. We hadn't scored a league goal since Boxing Day, so the brave fans who attended the game were barely expecting a point - never mind a bucketload of goals!

A few weeks previously we'd signed Hans Segers on loan from Nottingham Forest. The Dutch 'keeper was mildly renowned for doing a handstand when his team scored and, after numerous goalless weeks, we were becoming increasingly irritated by the media's delight in discussing the Dutchman's acrobatic post-goal celebrations. The opposing managers were obviously in a similar state of gymnastic expectancy and made crucial team changes as a result. Leishman dropped Ross Jack and Craig Robertson returned from injury while Billy Kirkwood made his Dundee debut after signing from Dunfermline! Both teams gained from this transfer - the Pars dumped a pile of useless shite, but Dundee gained a vital player for their imminent Euro campaign.

The opening twenty minutes suggested little reward for the long-suffering fans. The Pars had most of the possession with Willie Callaghan and Craig Robertson looking sharp up front and then, without warning, Dunfermline scored! A Gary Riddle throw-in found Norwegian midfielder Vetle Anderson and his perfect cross was chested down by Craig Robertson who fired home. Four minutes later Robertson again charged into the Dundee box and, despite a constant barrage of fouls, still managed to score. Incredibly, the referee chalked-off the goal and awarded Pars a free-kick outside the box. Stuart Beedie's kick was dummied by John Holt for Stevie Morrison to grab his first premier goal. The best of the bunch came in the 38th minute when Mark Smith sliced through Dundee's defence before rounding Carson for a thrilling third. The expression of utter bewilderment on Billy Kirkwood's face at half-time was shared by the 4985 fans equally stunned by the unfamiliar course of events.

The blistering pace continued into the second half with Mark Smith forcing an excellent fingertip save from Tom Carson. The fourth goal came from another Beedie free-kick. This time he aimed a high ball for Riddle who mis-timed his jump, allowing John Holt to walk the ball into the net. By now we were getting extremely cocky on the terraces and the chant "we want five!" grew louder. Holt crossed towards Morrison who headed the ball into the Dundee box. Smith knocked it down and Robertson blasted his second and Dunfermline's fifth!

Laughing hysterically, but still not satisfied, the chants resumed: "WE WANT SIX!" Man-of-the Match John Holt responded obediently, initiating a passing move with Irons and Smith which began deep in our own half and ended with substitute John Watson tapping home a glorious sixth. Keith Wright snatched a late consolation goal for Dundee, but this did nothing to appease the fans calling for Jocky Scott's blood.

The result proved to be irrelevant as relegation was inevitable. The mini revival continued with a midweek crushing of Morton but skittered to a halt a week later when a 2-0 lead over Motherwell mutated into a 3-2 defeat.

Nevertheless, the performance against Dundee was exceptional. Craig Robertson and John Holt were outstanding and Mark Smith probably produced the finest performance of his career.

And, at last, Hans Segers had the opportunity to do his famous party-piece. In an attempt to match the spectacular nature of the game he walked around the centre circle on his hands! Not to be outdone, Leishman rose to Seger's flamboyant challenge by walking on water later in the evening.



Craig Robertson grabs Dunfermline's first goal in their 6-1 Dundee blitz. A shocked Rab Shannon and Billy Kirkwood watch in horror...

The Nightmare begins...

As Celtic celebrated winning the double in their centenary year, our thoughts turned back to the first division. It was, as usual, a time of change in the top league. Falkirk, Dunfermline and Morton went down to make room for Hamilton in a ten team league. After a tumultuous battle with Falkirk and Airdrie, Dunfermline bounced back to the premier league in one season, this time aiming to stay up for good.

The cavalier all-out attack of the first campaign was replaced with a much more sophisticated system: a defence. Doug Rougvie joined Norrie McCathie and Grant Tierney in a solid three-man central defence. Paul Smith and Stuart Rafferty formed a successful midfield partnership and rejuvenated goalscorer, Ross Jack, was joined by glamour imports Istvan Kozma and George O'Boyle from Bordeaux. The season began with a win over Dundee, a Skol Cup semi-final appearance, home and away defeats of Celtic, a stunning 5-1 demolition of St. Mirren and peaked on 15th November, 1989 when Dunfermline briefly topped the Premier League. After thirty goalless starts, George O'Boyle finally grabbed his first goal for the club in a Scottish Cup win over Hamilton before a serious injury ended his season early. Leishman's pre-season target of ninth place was exceeded as we finished above St. Mirren and Hibs.

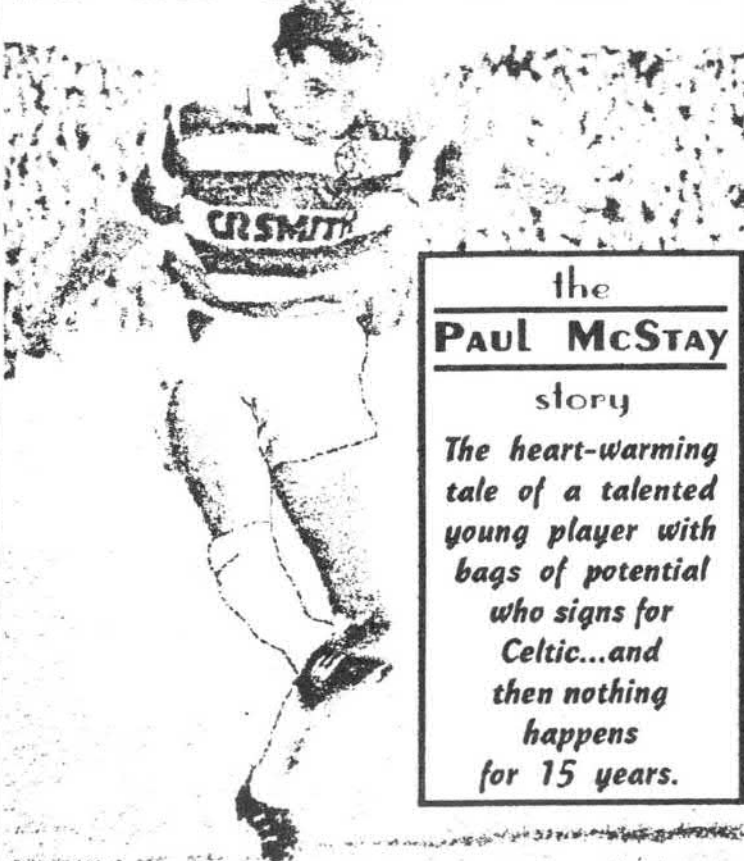
The summer of 1990 was a time to build and strengthen the team, preparing the club for an assault on a european place. And then, as everyone knows, the directors decided that the man key to the club's revival was now no longer required. A long, acrimonious dispute full of protest marches, media saturation and late-night directors meetings ended with Jim Leishman resigning and the hated Ian Munro taking charge. The crowds deserted, the results faltered, and Ian Munro's bizarre notion of building a successful team required that the core of Leishman's squad be sold to the lowest bidder and replaced by the saddest bunch of free transfer trash in history. Who can forget Ian McParland, Paul O'Brien, Norman Kelly and Eddie Gallacher? More to the point, who can remember them?

Munro claimed some measure of success by finishing that season in 8th place - exactly the same achievement as Leishman, he pointed out. The obvious flaw in his reasoning was that the fans liked Jim Leishman.

Season 91-92 began at home to Hearts. We lost 2-1 despite a good performance, especially from Ray Farningham who dominated the midfield and scored his first goal for the club - a thundering 30 yard volley. Sensing a dangerous run of good form, Munro immediately sold him to Partick Thistle. The whole of that season is easily the most forgettable in recent memory. We (sort of) battled St. Mirren to stay bottom of the league, not winning a game until the 20th November. We somehow scrambled into a Skol Cup final, doomed to lose to an incompetent Hibs side backed by a hysterical media utterly appalled by the possibility of a first division club representing Scotland in the UEFA cup.

Munro was finally cast aside but, by a cruel twist of fate, Jocky Scott arrived to preside over the relegation disaster - despite having almost 8 months of premier football to improve our fortunes. Scott's leadership led us to the verge of relegation by Christmas with the final half of the season a painful, heartbreaking formality. At least he was familiar with the sight of a premier league team being humiliated at Eastend Park...

M^{the} A E S T R O



the **PAUL McSTAY**

story

*The heart-warming
tale of a talented
young player with
bags of potential
who signs for
Celtic...and
then nothing
happens
for 15 years.*

TRUE STORY

DIRTY VIDEOS

Craig Robertson gained the adulation of his fellow players back in his Raith Rovers days on a pre-season Highland tour. The club had ambitiously bought a new-fangled betamax machine for their tour bus and good old Craig had assured his team mates that he would have "no problem" securing some "good" videos...

The next day Paul Smith, Keith Wright and the rest of the wee team's stars gathered on the bus expecting some hard, throbbing video action. As their trousers strained in anticipation, Craig pressed play, the lads settled back and Julie Andrews exploded onto the screen!

Craig couldn't decide which video to get, so he asked his mum to recommend a "good" video. She assured him that 'The Sound of Music' would be highly appreciated. Sadly for the squad, they had to entertain themselves playing cards after all...

IMPOTENT? SENILE?

BETWEEN THE AGE OF 58 AND 74?

Why not join the SFA?

referees, linesmen, administrators
committee yes-men, Think Tankers,
referee supervisors, old farts,
duffers, planks, ex-teachers,
crap ex-players and unemployable
incompetents.

**The SFA employs over 3,000 useless
pricks every year.**



**THE SFA
JOIN THE AMATEURS**

FOOTBALL BOSS "LIKES WEE BOYS"

A charismatic football boss has been accused of luring young boys into a sickening web of depravity by Jimmy Thomson, the manager of a minor Scottish league team.

"Some of these lads are nice, trusting young boys," Thomson stormed. "They don't understand the consequences of signing long-term contracts!" Thomson's rabid outburst follows as yet another gifted young player swaps the claustrophobic wee-ness of Starks Park for the golden pavements of Millwall.

Jimmy Nicholl, the seedy mastermind behind the Fife exodus, defended his acne-covered recruits, and condemned the club he had built into a big wee team.

"Fuck 'em!", he quipped.

FANTASY

With a mere 100 million pounds Bert could easily
Obviously, to help finance the changes, it's possible that
You may notice that, just like the current



Maldini, Bergkamp, Schmeichel,
Giggs, McAllister, Cantona,

FOOTBALL?

build a team like this for an assault on Europe.
he may have to let Craig Ireland and John Clark go...
squad, there's only two defenders in it...



Kanchelskis, Gascoigne, Stoichkov
Gullit, Hendry, Shearer, Klinsmann

Adventures in Threave Rovers Land

THE LAST TIME WE MET THE INTREPID HEROES OF THE PITREAVIE TRAVEL CLUB THEY WERE MEETING THEIR DOOM IN DUMFRIES. THE TIRELESS QUEST FOR BEER NOW TAKES THEM DEEP INTO THE UNKNOWN AS THEY BRAVELY RETURN TO THE BORDERS AND THE FORGOTTEN FRONTIER TOWN OF THREAVE...

We met at the golf course as usual at 8am, gazing ponderously at the grey snow-filled skies. Several games had already been postponed and it was surely only a matter of time before ours joined the list. But the bus was paid for and there was drink to be drunk. Who needs football?

By 1130 the blizzards were becoming quite ferocious and there was still no sign of Threave. Suddenly we passed a sign which read "Welcome to England". Cumbo, one of the less introverted members of our group neatly summarised our reaction to the driver.

"You *&\$#ing arse!" he began, what kind of bus driver can even find the right country?" Deeply embarrassed the poor driver turned the bus and headed north.

By the time we reached Threave the poor drivers' ears must have been bleeding under the constant barrage of abuse being hurled in his direction by Cumbo. At 1215 we reached the welcoming embrace of a pub and shared our tale of woe with brother travellers who had suffered similar misfortunes. Still with no idea whether the game would be played we collected a half-time tippie (purely for medicinal reasons) and headed towards the ground. But perhaps "ground" is an all too grand way to describe the home of Threave Rovers. Unable to resist the effect of the beer, I courageously visited their urinary facilities and was most unimpressed by the low brick wall and trough which served as an alternative to an actual toilet.

At around five to three it was announced that the game would be played. I can only assume that this was because the lethal icebound pitch was buried beneath two inches of snow, providing a nice soft cushion for second division bottoms. The game itself was no contest as the Pars hammered 5 goals past a 'keeper who one punter sneered "couldnae keep hens." Just before half-time we took pity on a freezing policeman and offered him a snort which he politely declined as he was on duty. Someone not so quick to refuse our hospitality was super-fit athlete and substitute Steve Morrison who was about to take an almighty swig before Leishman called him over and put him on to replace one of our players suffering from hypothermia.

At the final whistle we fought our way through the snow back to our bus. "Arse of the Antarctic is still in the country then?" Cumbo spat as he eyed the infuriated driver. Perhaps that was the straw that broke the camels' back? The driver obviously cracked and, to repay our wit and revelry, ploughed a lonely furrow up the outside lane of the M74 at 80mph in five inches of snow. We were all relieved to return home safely that night - especially Cumbo, who was strangely quiet for the entire journey ...

WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING

SELF-CONFESSED HEARTS FAN 'THE GHOST OF JOHN MILLER' WELCOMES THE PARS BACK TO THE PREMIER LEAGUE WITH A BIASED, HATE-FILLED UPDATE OF WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO THE BIG BOYS DURING OUR, ERM, TEMPORARY RELOCATION. IF YOU REMEMBER, WHEN WE LAST LEFT THE PREMIER LEAGUE, RANGERS WERE THE DOMINANT FORCE IN SCOTTISH FOOTBALL AND CELTIC WERE REGARDED AS A BIT OF A JOKE...

Now relax and enjoy the official Hearts fans' guide to Serie ZZZZZZZZ...

A Something of an enigma of late, the Dons should have been relegated with Dundee
B Utd. Forget all that media crap about "the league needs Aberdeen", it doesn't. The
E press seems to forget that the ordinary punter enjoys a giggle once in a while, and
R Aberdeen being relegated would have been hilarious. My favourite remark from
D Aberdeen's nearly relegated season was "I can't understand why Aberdeen are bottom
E of the league. They shouldn't be." CRAP! When a team gets gubbed week after week
E by everybody and their granny there's only one way to go. Things just got worse when
N they cheated relegation in the play-offs and went on to win the Coca-Cola cup - their
egos went into overdrive (remember Joe Miller's 'Rangers are finished' outburst last
October???)

CELTIC

Where do I start? Watch out, basically. Hearts got stuffed four times by "The Hoops" (stupid Glasgow terminology) last season, including two 4-0 drubbings. Admittedly, we weren't helped by Craig "Handsome" Nelson losing 3 goals inside 15 minutes. Not good. Celtic fans continually boasted about how good their team was, and why, because of their stylish play, they deserved to be champions. Excuse me? I'm sorry, but if you can't beat the reigning champs you can hardly deserve to inherit the title "just because" and throw a tantrum!

DUNDEE UTD

Pars fans probably know more about these guys that I do of late. I find it very amusing that red-hot title favourites Dundee Utd, "who just have to turn up to win the league" didn't. In fact they very nearly lost the play-off! They could be troubled by the loss of Brewster & Dailly, but least they're more interesting to watch than Falkirk.

HEARTS

I will try to be unbiased here, and fail miserably. The best team with the best name and the best crest ...[*much Hearts-loving wankey pish deleted*] ...who also happen to win nothing. Yes, we Hearts fans have a maxim that should be tattooed on all our foreheads: "Hearts are potentially the biggest club in Scotland outside the Old Firm." Yes, we have no money to buy major signings and compete with the Glasgow giants. (Such as Celtic buying Tosh McKinlay....) Fortunately, Hearts are moving in the right direction and J.J. did more in his first season than anyone expected (ie: play wee laddies 'cos we ain't got no money). Allan Johnston will not be missed by the majority of Hearts fans. Good riddance. And speaking of overrated shit...

HIBERNIAN

Again I will try to be unbiased. This crowd are Edinburgh's second team. FACT. (They were promoted once Meadowbank moved to Livingston.) Ask any Hibs fan how many goals John Robertson has scored against them and you will not be popular (I think it's something ridiculous like 23, but Hearts fans have stopped counting.) If a Hibs fan is honest he will admit that derbies are Hibs' most dreaded fixtures (particularly over the past 10 years). A sense of fear is still felt by Hibs fans who see John Robertson scamper onto a pitch. Alex Miller has a great young talent in Kevin Harper, who missed much of last season due to a dodgy shoulder. If Hibs hadn't had such a good pre-Christmas spell last season they would have been clear relegation candidates. I hope the Pars stuff them at least twice!

KILMARNOCK

Boring. Not interested. I Hope they don't sign Hatelly as he used to score buckets of goals (mostly against Hearts.) A slightly better team than Falkirk....

MOTHERWELL

They eventually got their act together after a very dodgy run of games without scoring a goal (much to the delight of Radio Scotland's On/Off the Ball). McLeish has shown that he's reasonably well-liked and that 'Well fans think he has some real ability. Nobody got on his back and besides, he did crack the old "big willies" and "lobbing Seaman" joke on A Game of Two Laughs. They definitely need a couple of players, especially when their first team squad is bugging off to the continent...

R Perhaps I should have ignored R***** and C***** as a clever East of Scotland media bias statement? What can I say that you haven't read in 5 different newspapers for 365 days a year?

A How much Gazza can we handle? I feel I have to mention that Hearts beat "the current buns" home and away last season. The 3-0 game was a joy to behold as the loyal Rangers support stormed out at 2-0 (it was a mass exodus, if you'll pardon the pun, by 3-0!) This could be the year that an honest newspaper reporter admits that Richard Gough is crap. He and Gordan Petric cannot keep tabs on the likes of Simon Donnelly, Kevin Harper or the dear departed Allan Johnston forever. We shall see...

and finally . . .

A We took some of their best players and Millwall took the rest. Tough times appear to be ahead for Fife's worst team (is this crawling, or what?). I'm not sure which was worse: Shitville or Starks park? At least I don't have to go to both this season. Apparently they've bought 3 or 4 players over six foot tall? Does this mean that they're adopting a more total-football approach to their aimless humps up the park? I think not. I hope they get relegated.

A **F A E K I R K C A L D Y**

Raith Rovers have, of course, signed Scotland's ugliest player: Kevin Twaddle. Here he is looking sexier than ever...

Whoa! Control yourselves, girls!



TERRY LOVES DEREK

"Man of the people", "The voice of reason", "a drunken bum" and "Craig Robertson's arch-nemesis". These are some of the more polite descriptions of Terry Fernon, the football writer for the Dunfermline Herald & post. Few players have escaped Terry's wrath as fearless Fernon tells it like it is. If a player produces a great performance Terry will praise him to the skies. If another player must be compared to a plate of mince, then compared to a plate of mince he will be. Basically, Terry gives a punters-eye-view from the press box. Not surprisingly, the only people who don't enjoy reading his prose are the players themselves.

Craig Robertson - a regular target for Terry's inspired abuse - had to be physically restrained last November when Terry commented that the chubby midfielder's form "had sunk so low you'd need sonar to find it." Ivo Den Biemen's defensive performances were hilariously disparaged with the devastating remark: "If Den Biemen is a natural centre back then I'm a Dutchman!" Allan Moore has endured a season of endless variations on a midget theme including: "micro Moore", "diminutive Moore" and "minuscule Moore" - and the wee man doesn't like it!

Poor John Clark suffered both sides of Terry's ferocious standards. Initially receiving gushing praise (even adulation!) nice guy Terry suddenly switched into barbaric slagging mode. Last season Terry slaughtered every player in the squad for one reason or other, EXCEPT Derek Fleming? Could this mean that young Derek was exceptional last season? Simply too good to slag? Or does Terry fancy him? The only other group to escape criticism last season was Dick and Bert, who's defensive systems were obviously in a realm beyond parody. But there is a simpler reason why Terry doesn't criticise Bert - he's scared of upsetting Mrs. Paton!

Here are some of Terry's finest moments...

"If goalkeeping is an art form, then Ian Westwater is an exponent of the still-life variety."

"Stewart Petrie sold the referee an oscar-winning performance..."
[to win a penalty against Clydebank]

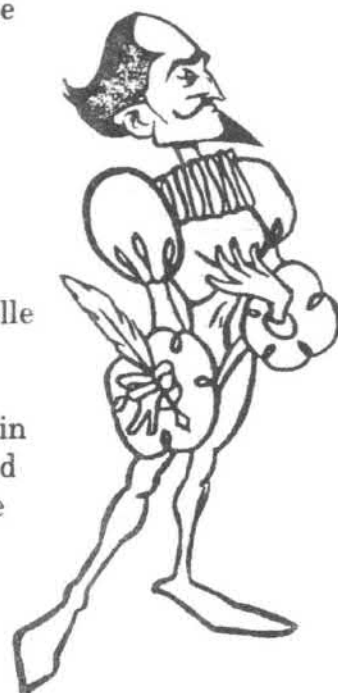
"John Clark . . . who is rumoured to be claiming mobility allowance."

"...mercurial winger Allan Moore ran the length of the pitch like a gazelle in studs..."

"Stress management specialist Eamon Shanley would have a field day in the Dunfermline dugout with steam coming out of Bert Paton's ears and coach Dick Campbell appearing to be having convulsions, sitting on the bench, his head buried in his hands."

"...Den Biemen galloped down the wing like a lolloping giraffe..."

"The Dundee defence...looking as secure as a Tory majority..."

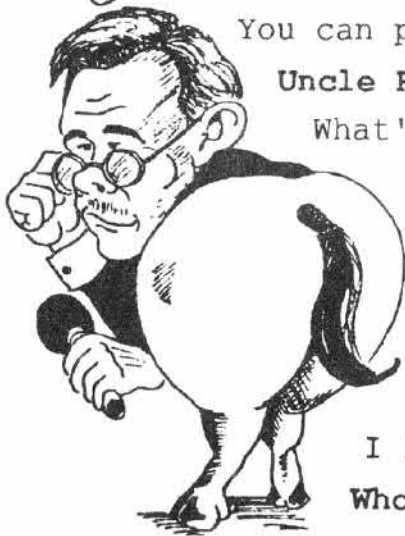


DIE HARD: THE QUIZ

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PARS?

1. Who was Aberdeen's top scorer in the first season of the premier league?
2. Since season 1975/76, three Dunfermline players have been top scorer for three consecutive seasons. Name all three!
3. In season 1983/84 when Dunfermline finished 9th (behind the mighty Stranraer) what did it cost to:
 - a) stand on the terracing
 - b) buy a season ticket
4. Dunfermline's first game in the premier league was a 3-3 draw with Hibs. Who scored for the Pars?
5. Including the present chairman, who are the last three men to have held the position?
6. Who was the assistant to that lovely man, Ian Munro?
7. During Dunfermline's first season in the premier league five goalkeepers were used. Can you name all of them?
8. When Dunfermline won the second division in season 84/85, who were the league sponsors?
9. Which team did Dunfermline defeat to qualify for the 1961 Scottish Cup Final?
10. On Saturday 12th December, 1987 Dunfermline fielded a team which included two sets of three players who shared the same surname. Can you name all six players?
11. Only two Dunfermline players have been awarded "players player of the year" titles since the mid seventies. One was for season 78/79 and the other in 88/89. Name the players and the division!

Sexy Old Firm Forum Fantasies



You can play with my crutch - David Murray

Uncle Richard spansks naughty bhoys

What's your point, caller? I'll show you mine!

Lick Walter Smith's arse

I want to do some tough talking

Forum me with your spunky chat

Jim will let you feel his Delahunt

Three-on-one gang whinge at Craig Brown

I like being dominated by a BIG fat man

Who's the mason in the black bondage gear?

Deep throat - swallow Rangers' delusions of european glory...

Walter wants you to feel his nuts (Fergie & Durranty)

Golden shower - Brian Laudrup pisses on defenders

I've got a medal in my pocket . . .

I'll blow your flute

Sniff Gerry's chair

Give Coisty a big hand

Fancy a quick one, mate?

Slime Davie Syme

Stroke my sash

Let me cut you off

Raging bullshit

I'm hung like a Hoi-j-donkey

Anal-ysis (Aye Ready, Gerry!)

European champions fantasy chat

Wham bam, panel gang bang

**I know
the score**



0836 1690 1690

Live XXX

Old Firm

chat



the INSIDER



TA, TA TERRY

Bill Nellies is the head of security at Eastend Park. A former chief of police and keen gardener, Bill is one of the nicest men you could ever meet. He's best remembered last season for carrying the first division trophy onto the pitch after the helicopter delivery fiasco. One of his main jobs is to keep the press under control, a complicated task in the final game of last season, since every journalist and broadcaster in Scotland was trying to get into the Eastend Park press box.

Bill spotted Radio 5 pundit Terry Butcher wandering lost below the stand and offered to guide him to his free seat. Suddenly, Bill hesitated and asked whether the former England captain had a press pass.

When he replied "no", Bill swiftly escorted him to the door and kicked him out!

GAME'S A BOGEY

During the summer there was a strong rumour that Manchester United would play the Pars in some sort of testimonial game. People within the club were openly boasting about this glamorous fixture, and then nothing happened... People who had only recently said the game was "on" were now rather hurriedly retracting their statements. Could it be that our illustrious board had somehow mucked it up? Surely not!

But the news that Stirling Albion would be playing Man Utd on the date originally planned for the Pars game was quite a coincidence...

I notice . . .

That Raith Rovers have built an enormous stand to accomodate large visiting supports, but haven't bothered to develop the tiny enclosure for their huge band of loyal locals.

Hmmmm...they do say actions speak louder than words...

He knows, you know . . .

FAN WITH TYPEWRITER

It became widely known among Pars fans last season that the Daily Record's miniature reporter, Keith Jackson, was a Dundee United fan. His reports on Pars matches were beyond reason as he slagged us whenever possible - usually while we were on top of the league and crushing everything in our path! What wasn't quite so obvious was the effect his reports were having on Bertie's home life as his wife Joyce developed a terrible hatred for the teeny soccer visionary.

At Boghead last season, shortly after the Pars had thrashed the Sons 4-0, she was heard to ask other journalists if "His Nibs" was there. Presumably, she wished to discuss his opinions of the Pars' fine win? Fortunately for him he wasn't there. However, he DID choose to attend the historic Tannadice clash in April (the one where we effectively clinched the championship, I seem to remember?) Jackson's appearance in the press box caused something of a stir because it was situated in the stand exclusively filled by Pars fans. And the pre-pubescent ego maniac WILL insist on putting his picture beside his scathing reports...

I hope he wasn't shocked by any naughty words he may have had aimed in his direction? Perhaps mummy explained their meanings when he got home? It was SO unfortunate that he wasn't able to attend the Airdrie game on May 10th. Instead, he was at Crappielow praising title favourites Dundee United's scramble for the play-off position. As an older, wiser man once said..."It's a funny old game."

DIE HARD: THE ANSWERS

1. Jocky Scott
2. Sandy McNaughton, John Watson, Ross Jack
3. a) One pound b) Twenty pounds
4. Dave Young (2) and Stuart Beedie
5. Roy Woodrow, Mel Rennie, Jim Watters
6. Phil Bonnyman
7. Dave McKeller, Tom Carson, Nicky Walker, Hans Segers & Ian Westwater.
8. Fine Fare
9. St. Mirren
10. Mark, Trevor and Bobby SMITH; Graeme, Craig and Bobby ROBERTSON.
11. Mike Leonard (Div 2) and Ross Jack (Div 1)

DREAM ON!

You really know you've made it to the "Big Time" when your team's players are quoted bizarre values in a Dream Team. In The Sun, Gerry Britton's value shot from a paltry 50,000 to 300,000 in a matter of days! Well done, Bert! Quite an investment! A precaution to note if you let your heart rule your head and pick Pars players for your dream team is that most of our listed "defenders" are actually strikers/midfielders and our best defender is listed as a midfielder!

If The Sun seems a little bizarre, Sky's Fantasy players' values are simply hilarious (suggesting, perhaps, that they know nothing about the players they're valuing!) Sky list Andy Tod as a fullback worth 250,000 and claim Steve Maskrey is worth 2.5 million!

**The next issue of Sammy Lives...
should be available in November**

IN THE SEASON AHEAD, WE PREDICT...

Rangers will win the Premier league title.

Celtic will dismiss "9-in-a-row" as not such a big thing anyway.

Rangers will qualify to play in the UEFA cup...

Cowdenbeath will be shit all season.

When the Scotsport crew visit Eastend to cover Old Firm matches they won't know anything about the Pars... except that Colin Miller played for Rangers (twice) in 1986 and Gerry Britton scored loads of goals for Celtic's reserves.

Aberdeen will beat Rangers once this season, shout "We can win the title" and get gubbed by Kilmarnock.

Alex Miller will achieve his dream of managing a first division team

St. Johnstone will win the first division and their top scorer, George O'Boyle will sign for Clydebank. The move will have NOTHING to do with money...

Both Old Firm clubs will have been knocked out of the UEFA cup by September

If you would like to write to us, contribute articles, opinions or ideas (or simply tell us we're talking shite), send your thoughts to this E-mail address:

jdoonan@jdoonan.demon.co.uk

(If you HAVEN'T GOT A MODEM SHOUT REALLY LOUDLY)

SPECIAL PISSED-OFF AT WHINGING JAMBO POOFS EDITION

CHEATING WANKERS WRECK PARS PREMIER PARTY

(The headline sadly missing from our national newspapers)

If you read issue one you'll know our opinion of the Dunfermline Press. No newspaper soaks up the arse of their local football team quite like this one. For The Press, Dunfermline Athletic is an easy way to fill two pages and is a valuable source of advertising revenue with those "Good Luck Pars from Joe's cafe" adverts at the start of every season. But on August 9th they broke with tradition. They were bold. They were controversial. They were a bit like a real newspaper.

Dribbling moron

"Disgraceful", "unjustified", "ridiculous" and my personal favourite - "shambles", were some of the accusations thrown at the Scottish League Management Committee's decision to postpone the Hearts game last week. They said "The decision was unjustified, the timing absolutely ridiculous and the voting rules of the special general meeting of the league beyond belief." For once we agree 100% with The Press. If this standard of editorial were to continue we might even praise the old girl! This last-minute addition has been mercifully shortened simply because The Press has already mirrored our reaction. This was a welcome antidote to the vacuous drivel spewed from the mouth of John Spencer in the News of the World, the snide, petty whinging by John Colquhoun in the Scotland on Sunday, and the outrageous disinterest of most national newspapers which were quite content to follow Hearts' accusation that Dunfermline Athletic were trying to take advantage of the Edinburgh club's situation.

Money for nothing

Why, for once, can't the authorities who mismanage this game of ours consider the people who SHOULD matter to football clubs - the fans. We pay the gate money that allows these bastards to exist! We pay increasingly extortionate amounts of money to support our team. We buy the strips, the merchandise, the videos, the books and the season tickets. Is it too much to expect the games to be played on a Saturday as planned? Moaning, opportunist Jambo wankers denied us the pleasure of watching our team unveil the prize of four years' toil on the opening day of our league season. Perhaps you think this reaction is over-the-top? But what about the fan who organised his holidays to see his team presented with the first division flag? Ask fans who have moved away from the area and booked into hotels last weekend to see their home town team presented with the first division flag. The trouble with these league committees and boardroom cry babies, is that they consistently ignore the wishes of the fans.

Crying girlie poofs

Hearts main whinge in favour of the postponement was on the grounds that they couldn't guarantee to be home from Belgrade in time for the match on the Saturday. PISH! They had already chartered a flight weeks before the League committee meeting on the 6th August. In fact, their plane landed at Edinburgh airport on Thursday midnight. They were back home in Edinburgh only a couple of hours later than if the game had been played at Tynecastle. If nothing else, the Scottish League gave Hearts the idea, for a brief moment, that they were a "big" team and thus allowed to shite on a "wee" team like Dunfermline. They did not gain a European boost, they were given a second chance at a difficult league fixture. Our only retort, when Hearts eventually feel like playing the game, is to kick their cheating arses off the park.

Gob on you

We could of course try playing football....but that would require a level of sportsmanship Hearts evidently do not possess. Perhaps we should remind everyone that glorious Euro-hopefuls Hearts qualified for the Cup-Winners Cup after being the humiliated losers in one of the most one-sided finals in recent memory.

THERE IS LIFE ON MARS!

says John Spencer

Ex-Rangers striker John Spencer last night mounted an astonishing attack on the sceptical scientists who have questioned NASA boffins' stunning discovery of ancient Martian lifeforms. Seconds after NASA announced the results of their search for evidence of extraterrestrial life the motormouth Chelsea and Scotland striker began contacting major national newspapers offering his considered opinions.

Rent-a-quote prick

NASA scientists discovered that a fragment of Martian rock contained the fossils of primitive microorganisms, similar to those which evolved on earth millions of years ago. But their amazing work has aroused criticism among fellow scientists. Spencer became enraged at the continuing debate within the scientific community.

Stupid, stupid minds

"How can they disagree?", the miniature moron stormed. "Surely it's obvious that stuff like this has to happen just because that's what goes on! And you can't question it, because it just has

to happen, doesn't it? I mean...it must do, or it wouldn't." Spencer's attack was immediately ridiculed by highly qualified international scientists who, judging by their impressive qualifications, probably know what they're talking about.

Dribbling moron

"The man's a baboon," hissed physicist Dr. Bert Paton PhD. "Indeed," agreed NASA biological guru Craig Robertson, himself equally respected in his field. Spencer remained unrepentant about his outburst, insisting that the nation is desperate to benefit from his wisdom. "People know that stuff like I talk about is what I've been learned good." To prove his delusion that the world waits with baited breath for his every thought, Spencer revealed that in the next few weeks he is to host a seminar on the problems afflicting abnormally tall men in society.

Scientists have so far ruled out any possibility of intelligent life ever evolving on Mars but John Spencer says "Huh! What would they know?"

ONLY AN EXCUSE?

Dear Scottish League Management Committee

Hearts can't come to the game on Saturday because...

- a) They've got a sore tummy
- b) They might be a bit tired and grumpy without a good night's sleep.
- c) They're a bunch of girly poofs

Love,

Chris Robinson

Chauffeur wanted

Must be discreet and willing to ferry a drunken married footballer from secret love trysts back to his wife.

Contact:

Alistair McCoist
Ibrox Stadium,
Glasgow

0141-440 0505

dress DONALD!

Ever wondered how wacky bigot Donald Findlay Q.C. might look disguised as the antichrist?

Well now you can with our brilliant cut & paste challenge! (if you're a Raith Rovers fan, ask a responsible adult to help you with the scissors)

