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A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

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# Sammy Lives

with

# Dick and Bert

*February, 1996*



Gossip - scandal - THE PREMIER LEAGUE  
ROSS JACK - THE WEE TEAM - THE INSIDER  
WHO IS THE NEW SAMMY ???

50p

# Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert

## Editorial

Slightly later than planned we bring you the third issue of Sammy Lives...

This issue was originally due to hit the streets in November, was pushed towards Christmas for a bumper Wee Team bashing festive issue, and finally completed in time to face [ *insert name of team* ].

Consequently, some of the Wee Team bashing may seem a little less than topical. So what? Some targets are just too easy to ignore.

We promised our loyal band of readers that we would not shy away from criticising DAFC whenever it appeared suitable. Many sections in this issue are highly critical of the operating methods of our beloved board of directors. The phrases bumbling, inept, crass and insensitive apply particularly well.

As for the team, well, do we have much to moan about? A little, perhaps. Not as much as a fanzine editor would prefer, obviously. Basically, we're not doing too badly. Bert Paton remains the nicest man in the world (its his hat fetish which is the problem.)

Craig Ireland is pish - this is beyond all doubt. But what is the point in whinging about the team in a fanzine when our manager and team captain have already moaned in newspapers that "not losing goals" is seemingly impossible for Dunfermline. Perhaps signing decent defenders (instead of Ray Sharp) is the answer?

Meanwhile, we have discovered that Graeme Robertson no longer fills Sammy the Tammy's shoes! A local nonentity now dares to perform as our Lord and master. But the kids love Sammy's controversial Nazi-style salutes (See page 18) and this imposter has got to go!

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS - "SAMMY LIVES..." HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY JIMMY DEE, BUF, JERRY, KELTY KERR, CASPER, BANZO, NIGEL, MR ANGRY, ANCRACK, SKYWALKER, THE NUMBER 7, AND THE COLOURS BLACK AND WHITE..**

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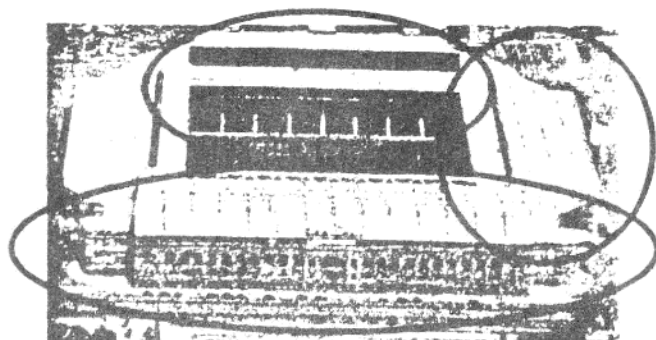
Bits, pieces, dribbles, and the rest . . .

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Help us identify

## THE BIGOTS WHO SHAME SCOTTISH FOOTBALL

If you recognise any, PLEASE  
contact our clipe desk



## GUEST MASCOT



### Jimmy Sandison

The worst moment in poor Jimmy Sandison's life came during a Skol Cup Semi-Final against Dunfermline Athletic in 1991.

The Pars (infamously favoured by a mysterious Mason-like secret society of referees including Sandy Roy and Andrew Waddell) were gifted a late penalty by Arch Pars fan, Davie Syme. Poor Jimmy "never even touched the ball" which was "outside the box" anyway.

"It was the worst moment of my life!" he wailed for decades afterwards. Perhaps this small gesture, to be the guest mascot in a Pars fanzine, will help Jimmy regain a small scrap of his dignity.

# YOU P-ARSE!

## END OF WORLD CAUSED BY FOOTBALL SENSATION

**The earth jerked violently  
at 3pm yesterday after a  
shock move at Eastend  
Park. Hamish French  
kicked-off his teams'  
Scottish Cup tie against  
Ross County  
WITH A SHORT PASS  
ALONG THE GROUND!!!**

Geologists all over the world monitored the resulting earthquakes, aftershocks and volcanic eruptions in a state of awe and confusion. Four major world religions proclaimed the dawning of armageddon and advised believers to "stay near a toilet. Judgement Day could get messy."

### **T.F.I. All Over!**

Chris Evans immediately called a press conference and admitted before a live TV audience, and God, presumably, that he was indeed, "just a Ginger Git." The statues of the Saints in Rome have all begun to weep blood, and the only statement issued so far by the Vatican has been: "Oh, f\*\*k!"

### **Its now or never!**

Meanwhile, world governments are proclaiming "business-as-usual" despite the earth-shattering chain of events and a spokesman for Camelot reminded everyone that this is another roll-over week! Hooray!!!

## What went wrong?



This way up  
Okay-dokey!

3pm: Hamish triggers disaster



**WHOOOPS!**

EARTHQUAKES  
floods  
Sunday shopping

*Armageddon - how  
does God do all that?*

Hamish French, who caused the disaster, initially refused to comment. "I feel it's been blown out of all proportion", he eventually claimed. "I tried a short pass a few months ago and nothing happened then."

### **The Cat in the Hat**

Dunfermline Athletic team boss Bert Paton, a soccer boss with a secret love of hats, chuckled mischeviously as media crews accused him of bringing civilisation to it's knees.

### **Goodnight, Vienna**

"At least we won the game!", he laughed as the worlds' major cities burned to the ground.

# SINCE WE'VE BEEN GONE . . .

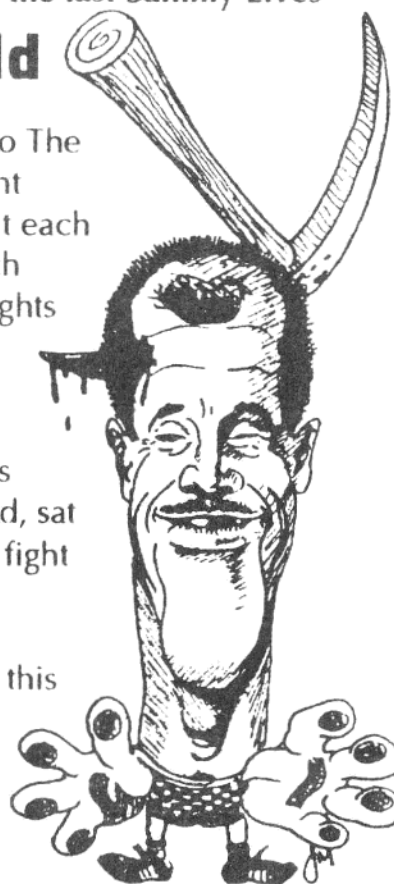
a round-up of some important events since the last Sammy Lives

## John Martin v The World

Wacky Airdrie goalkeeper John Martin boasted to The Sun about the day he gave four Dunfermline fans a right good kicking. The fans were Mike Tyson lookalikes but each was obliging enough to fall over with one mighty punch from the Lanarkshire hardman. Since minor school fights always drew huge crowds of baying kids, a fight with a footballer must surely have drawn a sizeable crowd of witnesses and onlookers?

Not so, apparently. The nearest witness was girls blouse Jimmy Sandision who, scared of getting involved, sat in his car sipping tea, **NOT EVEN AWARE** that a major fight was taking place a few yards away.

Even more bizarre is John Martin's assertion that this fictional event "got around" the Dunfermline fans who decided not to mess with the man forever remembered as "Scab" Martin...



## Hello, Hello Sebastian

Rangers are interested in a JEWISH player from a Catholic University in one of the most fanatically pro-Vatican countries in Latin America. Scotsport wank over lurid video tapes of a gangly, long-haired 20 year-old boy scoring against unknown opponents. "He's obviously brilliant!" Jim White enthuses. "Is he the best player in Chile?" he asks Rozy's Dad and agent.

Rangers then sign a fat bloke with four chins and Mark Hateleys' old haircut.

## ABERDEEN GUBBED BY PARS

The Scottish media circus unites to condemn Dunfermline Athletic for daring to beat the 'Dandy Dons', a club that were brilliant ten years ago. But not now. Aberdeen legend Peter Hetherston mourns the passing of Aberdeens' golden age when he helped the once-mighty Dons lose to Skonto Riga.

Jonathon Northcroft of the Scotland on Sunday slams the Pars for having "the worst club badge in Scotland". Its a shame that such a petty whinge can't change the result: Aberdeen 0 Dunfermline 2

## AIRDRIE MAN SAVES WORLD

Wacky Airdrie keeper John Martin explains how he fought a pride of savage lions at Edinburgh Zoo to save the life of a small child who had wandered into their cage. "If you don't believe me," John boasted, "ask my mate Stevie Wonder - he saw everything."

# The Long and Winding Road

There was a woman in my street who branded my son a part time supporter because he wasn't at the away match one Saturday afternoon.

His choice was a game of footie or a trip to Broadwood. Given the choice, a trip to the supermarket seemed far more attractive.

But now we're in the Premier league, a world of glamour and excitement awaits the travelling fan. Ibrox, Parkhead...Starks Park... Away games can be a great outing given a certain amount of local knowledge - and by local I mean where you can take two or three kids while you and your neeb have a couple of pre-match refreshments!

For the Pars supporter there is the chance to sample the special type of customer care devoted to travelling fans by our top clubs at their stadiums built for the 21st century: turnstile failures at That Wee Place and irrate Kilmarnock Police who "asked" us to sit down in a manner which my dog would have found insulting.

This makes me wonder if clubs really want opposition fans to travel to their grounds? Why else would clubs insist upon shrouding their visitors gates in secrecy? You need a map and compass to find the right turnstile at Tynecastle although Celtic Park is so simple to negotiate even Glaswegians can find the right gate! Of course, we can't whinge too loudly about the problems we face as the directions for visiting fans to Eastend Park would challenge Sherlock Holmes!

Then there is Ibrox.... I will not even contemplate a pilgrimage to the supreme power base in Scottish Football. The abuse, the Macaroon bars and cups of liquid that have been hurled at me for doing no more than cheering my team has ensured that there is no way that I will make any more trips to Ibrox until Alzheimers sets in. In any case, Rangers victories over us wee people are hollow triumphs indeed. What matters is how they perform as the Scottish representatives on the European stage. That always turns out to be pathetically embarrassing!

This season, Pars performances away from home have shocked and stunned the opposition. We have entertained and we have been positive when the opposite was expected.

Celtic were severely tested on our first visit to Parkhead until Westies' bizarre moment of madness when he ran several hundred yards out of his goal to give Jorge Cadette an easy tap-in. The second visit highlighted our ability to attack and if poor Gerry had made it 2-0 anything could have happened! (Honest!)

Our showing at places like Rugby Park and That Wee Place have been less than convincing despite collecting more than our fair share of points. Easter Road should have been three instead of one point and Tynecastle was desperately disappointing. Our fighting spirit was unleashed upon Motherwell to the absolute delight of the travelling support, but the pinnacle of the season no matter what follows has to be Pittodrie.

How often had we witnessed Aberdeen destroying our hopes? The October meeting was John Clarks' worst hour but we were given some hope by the Dons poor form in December. And how sweet it is to savour the succulent taste of revenge! Aberdeen were criticised for their bad performance and the press failed to noticed that we actually defended well and took our chances famously. Whisper it - but Aberdeen's vocal support was silenced, and red and white scarves fluttered angrily onto the pitch. We savoured the victory with an extremely loud Happy New Year to the Aberdonians!

There are only 6 away League matches left this season and the team does benefit from a strong following. I won't be bothering with Ibrox, but I hope to hear or see you at the other five!

Casper



# AND QUITE RIGHTLY SO

CHARLIE NICHOLAS writes exclusively, and particularly, for Sammy Lives

**This Rangers v Celtic nine-in-a-row thing is really quite beginning to start to get out of hand, says former Clyde hitman *Charlie Nicholas*.**

## **They done magic**

I mean it was okay back in the sixties, or whenever, when Jock Stein led a quite brilliant former European Cup-winning Lisbon Lions team to glory upon glory. And more than that. But the current Rangers team are simply not in the same class as that which won the ultimate prize so ultimately.

**If the big man were alive today he'd turn in his grave.**

## **Celtic 'n that**

The trouble is that nowadays, and in the past, the Celtic-Rangers rivalry has been driven by an altogether more dangerous force: sectarianisms. This evil blight on our game is strangling us by the throat. Its evil, its divisive, its more than that. Its not good. I'd even go as far as to condemn it as "quite bad."

But at the same time I wouldn't want to be too controversial and maybe risk upsetting a few people - even people who may be in the slightest way bigoted at all. Or not as the case may be.

Frankly, no one benefits from the bigotry. No one. Apart from Rangers and Celtic because it helps to maintain their support. And in many ways that's a bad thing, certainly, not a good thing.

## **Rangers 'n that**

When I was wee the bigotry was all around too. It has been here, it is now, it's quite possible it very well may be here in the future for quite some time possibly.

But there's nothing we, nor anybody else, or anyone involved with the two clubs for that matter can do about that right now. We've just got to accept the fact. You can't expect the clubs to just chuck out bigoted fans from their stadiums onto the street. That would cause problems! So surely its far more preferable to keep these people at places like Ibrox and Parkhead where they can continue to happily abuse each other?

## **Very much so**

People forget that loads of these people have paid good money for their season tickets! I wouldn't fancy getting chucked out of a stadium, or my season ticket confiscated, just for maybe shouting sectarian abuse at a few proddies. Would you not be annoyed also at that? It wouldn't be fair on the good bigots who don't shout abuse.

Please! Let's be sensible! Keep these polluting mediaeval ideas where they belong: **INSIDE** Glaswegian football stadiums!

## **PROPER**

People often ask me where it was I got learned to speak so well as like I do. I did actually got sent for to get teached at a school, but I just played football.

**Charlies**

# **DIE HARD II: THE QUIZ**

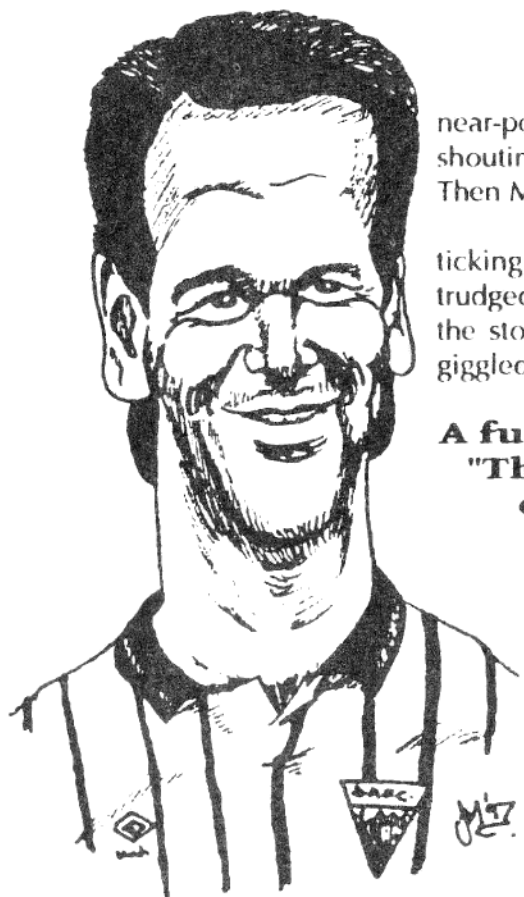
## *HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PARS?*

1. Who is Dunfermline's most-capped player?
2. Who was the second-top goal-scorer in the Premier League in season 1989-90?
3. Apart from Dunfermline winning the Scottish Cup Final in 1968, for what other reason would the game go down in history?
4. Who scored the winning penalty against Airdrie in the Skol Cup semi-final in 1991?
5. Which company sponsored the Pars in season 1985-86?
6. Which Pars player of the 80's earned the affectionate nickname "Shaggy"?
7. In 1990 Dunfermline signed a 6'5" Yugoslavian internationalist who made less than 10 appearances for the club in two years. What was his name?
8. Ian McCall signed for the Pars twice. From which two clubs was he signed?
9. Who wrote the lyrics to the Pars massive hit single "Eastenders".
10. In which year did Jim Leishman become Pars manager and whom did he succeed?



# MEMORIES OF MUNRO . . .

## Naughty Boy!



Ross Jack was training at Pitreavie one day, practicing near-post corners. He felt he was doing okay, but Munro kept on shouting at him for some minor reason. Ross shouted back. Then Munro told Jack to get back on the bus and clear off!

Ross "refused" so Munro sent him over to Leishman for a ticking off. Leishman was training the youth team so Ross trudged across the field like a naughty schoolboy and told Leish the story. He immediately started pointing at Jack angrily and giggled: "Quick! Look like I'm telling you off!"

**A funny insight into the man known as "That Bastard Munro". Here are four others collected by The Insider:**

### MAN OF HONOUR

When he took over at the wee team in September, Munro claimed he basically started the Kirkcaldy revolution by freeing Jimmy Nicholl. This may be a tad inaccurate...

While Munro was running around behind Leishman's back in 1990 lobbying directors for the managers job, Nicholl was allegedly performing a similar job on the players, persuading them to sign a petition supporting Munro as manager.

Nicholl did this on the understanding that he would be made assistant manager once the coup d'état was complete. Typically true to his word, Munro appointed Phil Bonnyman as his assistant.

### HIGH FIVE!

IAN MUNRO TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN PUBLICLY CRITICISING "SO-CALLED FANS" AND THEIR RATHER POOR ATTITUDE TO REGULAR DEFEATS.

ONE OF THESE ATTACKS WAS MADE DURING A FEDERATION OF SUPPORTERS CLUBS MEETING AT EASTEND PARK. MUNRO WHINED ABOUT THE UPSET THE PLAYERS HAD SUFFERED DURING A 5-0 HOME DEFEAT BY MOTHERWELL BECAUSE SEVERAL HOME FANS HAD BEEN HEARD CHANTING THE WORD "five" WITH THE SCORE STILL AT 4-0.

ONE FAN ADMITTED THAT HE WAS ONE OF THE FANS CHANTING "five" AND EXPLAINED THAT THE NUMBER HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE SCORELINE...

RESPONDING TO THE TAUNT "SEE YOU OUTSIDE AFTER THE GAME YOU F\*\*\*ING MOTHERWELL B\*\*\*\*\*d!", EX-RANGERS STAR DAVIE COOPER SHOWED FIVE FINGERS TO THE SOURCE OF THE LOUDEST TAUNTINGS.

Five o'clock was duly agreed.

### PLEASE DON'T GO!

Ian Munro telephoned Paul Smith at home and asked him how he felt about a move to Falkirk. Smith insisted he would rather stay and fight for his place at Dunfermline. Munro explained that this was not possible as he had already negotiated to take Derek McWilliams from Falkirk in exchange for Smith and Westie. Munro asked again: "Do you want to go to Falkirk?"

Both players left the club several days later.

### PARS SIGN FAT BLOKE

Ray Farningham produced one of his best displays for Dunfermline in a 2-1 home defeat by Hearts, even grabbing his first goal for the club, a 20 yard thunderbolt on the first day of the season. Naturally, he was sold to Partick five days later to finance the signing-on fee for an extremely over-weight, extremely unfit Craig Robertson.

Eight weeks and no wins later, Munro was sacked. The nation did not mourn . . .

## Sammy Lives . . . meets Ross Jack

The Ross Jack of 1997 is disturbingly similar to the Ross Jack of 1987 - he hasn't changed a bit - even the haircut is the same!

*"My time at Dunfermline was definitely the best time in my career. Leishman sold the club to me right from the start. He told me all about the history, everything - I was absolutely desperate to sign in no time!"*

Ross Jack joined Dunfermline in December 1987, midway through our first season in the premier league. He combined with John Watson to propel the Pars back to the Premier in one season and once there linked up with George O'Boyle and Istvan Kozma to form arguably the best Pars strikeforce since the 60's.

With the end of the Leishman era, however, Ross became a victim of Ian Munro's dubious rebuilding plans. *"I didn't want to leave Dunfermline. Munro said I looked jaded, but I'd scored 10 goals while he was in charge, and I felt I was at my peak. I wish I could have stayed, but the manager made it quite clear that he didn't want me, so that was it. I was offered a contract but it was a token gesture. Leaving was a decision I really regret, but it had to be done at the time."*

**"I used to joke with Leish that if coaching skills were chocolate, he couldn't fill a smartie!"**

Jack was sold to Kilmarnock and Ian Munro's inspired replacement was Ian McParland, obtained on a free transfer thanks to a contractual error. "I've saved the club £250,000!", Munro boasted at the time. McParland grabbed his one and only goal for the Pars in a Skol Cup defeat of Alloa...

Just as Bert Paton praises the team spirit between the members of the current Dunfermline squad, Ross fondly remembers the unique dressing room atmosphere from

his time at the club. *"John Watson arranged a players reunion a few weeks ago at the East Port. Leishman, Davie Irons, Grant Jenkins, Stevie Morrison and many others were there. It was an incredibly emotional evening, especially as it was the anniversary of Norrie's death."*

The sudden loss of Norrie stunned everyone involved with the club, particularly those who had played alongside him. *"Big Norrie was a legend and we had some great times. I'd never been to a club with such a unique atmosphere on and off the park. Pre-season trips, or end-of-season journeys, no matter what - we always had a brilliant time."*

The Sammy Lives amateur anorak has estimated that Ross scored about 55 goals for Dunfermline over four seasons. But which were the most memorable? *"I loved scoring every goal", he confessed modestly, "whether it was a tap-in or from further out."* Fortunately, after gushing praise verging on sheer adulation, Ross relaxed and described his favourite goals with the relish of a schoolboy. *"I'll never forget the Skol Cup win at Easter Road. Doug Rougvie got the first, then they equalised. Paul Smith scored in the first half of extra-time, and then with a few minutes to go Eddie Gallacher came on. He pushed it through to my left foot and I was so exhausted, I just hit it. Andy Goram said 'What the f\*\*k?' as it flew past him!"*

It was a Ross Jack goal which took Dunfermline to the top of the Premier League for three glorious days in 1989. On a cold November night at Fir Park, one solitary point was required to reach this historic landmark. Nick Cusack grabbed a goal through a defensive mistake early on and it seemed that this would deny our place in history. Incredibly, seconds from the end, Ross stuck out a knee right on the goal-line and saved the day. Has he washed that knee since? Sadly, yes.

*"George O'Boyle headed well from a corner and it might have been going in, but I just stuck a leg out. Poor George, it would have been his first Pars goal."*

Istvan Kozma created numerous chances for Jack and the Hungarian earned a great deal of respect from the players, despite criticisms aimed at him by the media and some supporters.

*"Istvan got the reputation for being lazy, but he could do things with the ball that we couldn't. He could hold up the ball 'til we could get there, so we'd just let him loaf around sometimes. In training he just did enough, when there was running, pre-season or sprinting, he just wouldn't push himself."*

While he may not have been physically dedicated to training, Istvan was nevertheless determined to absorb the Scottish culture. *"Istvan was very, very shrewd. He failed to understand a lot of things, but if you said 'Istvan, is that your fiver on the floor?' he knew exactly what you meant!"*

One of Jack's most vivid memories of Kozma is probably shared by the supporters who witnessed it: the 5-1 thrashing of St. Mirren and Kozma's goals.

*"I scored two in the first half and we went in 2-1 up. We got absolute pelters from Leishman at half time - he crucified us, and I thought I was doing okay - I had scored both goals!"*

*"We went out for the second half like a team possessed. That was the best hat-trick I'd ever seen!"*

Dunfermline's other continental import was far less successful than Kozma: giant Yugoslavian defender Milos Drizic. Ross managed to capture the basic reasons behind all the managerial excuses for not selecting the highly expensive import.

Shortly after he arrived at the club Leishman described standard Scottish defensive techniques: "When the ba' comes doon, hoof it towards Kelty!"

"I no do that," says Milos.

"Then head it as far up the park as you can!"

"I no do that, either" he replied.

"Ball comes to me in box, I bring down on chest, I dribble out of box."

This revolutionary practice obviously could not be tolerated.

After hanging up his boots Ross spent a short time co-managing Montrose with John Holt before opting for a quieter life as the SFA Development Officer for the north of Scotland. (If any of Mr. Farry's spies are reading this, Mr Jack towed the line admirably well, absolutely refusing to comment on any controversial issues. In fact, Ross also confirmed that Mr. Farry is indeed a very nice man.)

Ross is responsible for a very large area. *"I'm the Development Officer for the north and the islands...and the Germans, Estonia, Latvia, Iceland...it's a BIG, big area! My area is bigger than Belgium!"*

Despite the obsession with large landmasses (size isn't everything, of course) Ross obviously savours the challenge of his new job. *"It's great. I work with a lot of the younger children and the disabled. I take a lot of personal satisfaction from that."* For Ross Jack, his career has come full circle. After Everton, Norwich, Leicester, Dundee, Dunfermline, Kilmarnock and Montrose he is now based where his playing career began, in Dingwall with Ross County.

So how else should this interview end? What was the SFA Development Officers' expert evaluation of the Dunfermline v Ross County game?

*"It was bloody awful!"* he groaned diplomatically.

# Lions and Tigers and bears! Oh, My!

FAMED FOR THEIR FLAMBOYANCE, GRACE AND QUIET DIGNITY, THE BRUCEFIELD TRAVEL CLUB ARE AN INSTITUTION (ALTHOUGH MANY ARE NOW ENJOYING CARE IN THE COMMUNITY). IN THIS ADVENTURE **BANZO** REMEMBERS A CULTURAL EXCURSION TO MONTROSE ON 9TH MAY, 1987 FOR A PROMOTION PARTY...

It was the last day of the season and Dunfermline were already promoted. Today was a celebration: an opportunity for a piss-up, and a chance to pip Morton for the first division title. As usual, the Brucefield Supporters had prepared for the end of season party weeks in advance and booked their fancy dress costumes.

By departure time on the Saturday morning the Brucefield Pub was filled with giant psychedelic rabbits, fluffy lions, Tony the Tigers, big brown bears and Orville the ducks. By the time the bus arrived at 9:30am several participants already needed to be carried onto the bus! As these were the strict days of "No carry outs on the buses", the Brucefield Bus obediently reverberated with fizzing beer bottles, the hiss and spray of lager cans and desperate appeals for the piss bottle.

Then, disaster struck! The carry-outs were exhausted after one hour! After numerous piss stops for those too high and mighty to pee into a bottle, our battered double-decker finally chugged into Montrose.

More than stumbling off the bus we headed for the nearest pub and encountered fellow travellers who had decided upon more outrageous fancy dress, including several blokes who had opted for St. Trinians school girl outfits and another who decided to dress as a fairy!

Later in the afternoon the first mutterings that "the casuals are in town" began to circulate. The instant reaction from our group was "lets go on a pub crawl" which involved several drunk multicoloured figures trying to walk down Montrose high street without alarming innocent shoppers. By the time we reached the ground, estimates of the casuals' numbers ranged from 20 locals to vast hordes of descending Aberdonian barbarians. As usual, the reality tended towards the lesser extreme, but that didn't prevent a few scuffles breaking out near the ground.

However, the pythonesque sight of giant rabbits, tigers and bears throwing punches at yabbering locals ensured short and bizarre encounters. One local challenged me, a giant white rabbit, to personal combat. He punched my rabbit head so hard it spun round, rendering me temporarily blind and causing me to throw girlie fresh air swipes for the rest of the fight. Tired of looking like rejects from Rainbow the animals went into the ground - two by two, as I remember?

With careful strategic planning, we ventured towards the tunnel to perform our celebrated range of farmyard impressions by invading the park and avoiding the chasing Bobbies. Amazingly, this magnificent spectacle was captured on film and featured in The Courier and The Dunfermline Press. Fame at last!

The game itself remains a hazy memory. We lost 1-0 and Morton took the title. So what? We were promoted and the celebrations would continue on the bus home, except for a few fans who decided to stay in Montrose. Our friend in the fairy costume enjoyed the trip so much he decided to stay the weekend at Her Majesty's Pleasure. How did he finally get home, and what did the judge say? I've always wondered...

# the INSIDER



## FOUL SAMMY!

In issue 1 we revealed the shocking secret identity of "Sammy the Tammy". It would appear, however, that many Premier players were unaware that the man-in-the-suit was Graeme Robertson.

One of these innocents was John Robertson, who was astonished by the constant volley of abuse he received from the giant, cuddly children's friend during the pre-match warm-up in September. It wasn't until after the game that Graeme exposed himself to the diminutive Hearts legend.

The ageing Jambo refused to reveal the phrases Sammy "Chubby" Tammy used to describe him, but I understand the words "slow" and "useless" were prominent.

## BOARD STUPID

For as long as I can remember former directors, Centenary Club chairmen and the Paragon chairman have, by right, been entitled to a seat in the directors box. This season, by order of the board, this perk has been withdrawn.

The official excuse for this is "congestion in the directors box." In other words, DAFC would rather fill their directors box with fat premier league directors, match sponsors and visiting gits rather than the people who have worked and raised money for the club since the 1970's.

## Things that make you go Hmmm...

News has reached us from a fairly reliable source (some bloke in a pub) that Hyundai, our prosperous Korean friends, are actually interested in becoming shareholders in Dunfermline Athletic. Talks were allegedly held in the club over the Christmas period between the board and representatives from Hyundai....

He knows, you know . . .

## SATISFIED CUSTOMER?

A friend of mine who occasionally frequents a smelly place called Tynecastle decided to take his 6 year-old son to his first football match: Hearts' 2-1 gubbing at Eastend.

As there is no parent and child gate in the stand, he decided to take his son through the boys gate. "You cannae use this gate," said the jobsworth female on the turnstile. "Leave the boy and queue at the adult gate." My friends' anger reached a subsequent peak when he discovered that the Adult turnstile was attended by the same female on a swivel chair.

How the hell does the club expect to attract families to football when they receive this sort of treatment at the gate? At Rugby Park not only is there a Parent & Child gate which only charges £4, but there is an active attempt to encourage families to attend matches.

If Dunfermline Athletic want to be a Premier League club then perhaps its about time they began to behave like one!

## SNOW THANKS

The clubs' attitude to its younger supporters doesn't seem to have changed despite the introduction of the "Young Pars" scheme. As you may remember a fair lump of snow fell upon Dunfermline in the build-up to the New Year clash with the wee team. Some of the older members of the "Young Pars" were asked to come down to Eastend and help to clear snow from the Cowdenbeath end.

Delighted that their beloved Pars had given them to opportunity to help ensure the game went ahead as planned the youngsters worked for several hours in the freezing cold. And how did the club reward their efforts? A free pie and bovril? Free entry to the match?

No. They were sent home and told to pay at the gate like everybody else. Well done, Dunfermline - that should ensure their loyal support in the future!

# MY FINEST HOUR-AND-A-HALF

by wacky Airdrie keeper John Martin

"It will be a day long remembered. It had seen the end of Kenobi and it would soon see the end of the rebellion against the glorious Thatcher government for which I felt such a deep level of respect. I used to be a miner. The Miners strike of 1984-85 had waged for a year, all the way back to the previous year - 1983 I think? The great strike had been solid for 12 months. United we stood, divided we fell! But someone had to stand up for life, freedom, liberty and the common man.

Thats why I betrayed my comrades, crossed the picket lines, and helped to break the strike.

Thanks to brave men like me the United Kingdom remains totally committed to the production of British Coal and literally dozens of miners are still working in the three surviving profitable pits. Thanks to me the power of the unions was broken, the businessmen won and the bitterly contested worker protections secured by our fathers and grandfathers were the cost. Thanks to brave, fearless, forward-thinking men like me workers rights were placed firmly in the hands of the bosses. That's why there are now so many temporary workers, so many part-time workers, so many job seekers, so many recruitment agencies. Thats why workers in the 90s have to be "flexible". Because they won't keep their jobs if they're not! It's so much easier to sack people when they don't have a collective voice - or labour laws designed for their benefit, rather than their bosses.

My old colliery has closed down. But you can't argue with market forces, can you? At least I had my football. I became a full-time professional and my worries were over."

Why  
HE HAD  
TO GO . . .





# GLORY DAYS

OUR REGULAR CELEBRATION OF GOLDEN GAMES CONTINUES WITH BUFF'S TREASURED MEMORIES OF AN UNDENIABLY PLEASURABLE VICTORY OVER OUR SLOW-THINKING, KIRKCALDY-BASED "RIVALS"....

**What more could we ask for? A huge travelling support, a hot pie and the kind of thrashing of our hated neighbours that dreams are made of.**

It was October, 1994. A local wee team had somehow qualified for the final of Scotland's less prestigious national trophy, apparently, and their pitfully small band of supporters were delighted, bemused, and unnerved by this event. Not familiar with such feats of achievement quite literally dozens of confused locals bumbled into Starks Park upon that glorious Saturday afternoon...

The Pars, meanwhile, faced a serious problem. Jackie McNamara was suspended. The replacement right-back that day was the tragically dreadful Mark McCulloch. Fortunately, Jimmy Nicholl had problems of his own. Scott Thomson was injured and midweek penalty hero Brain Potter was deemed too inexperienced for this kind of game, so ex-Motherwell veteran Ray Allan was handed a nightmare debut.

It became rapidly obvious to everyone in the ground (even, surprisingly, Dick and Bert) that McCulloch simply wasn't up to the job. Colin Cameron in particular was destroying him at every opportunity and his attempts at the offside trap were woeful. Obviously, his game has improved dramatically since then...

A mere two minutes had passed when ageing wee team player Ian Redford sent a pass through the Pars defence into the path of Barry Wilson. The sporadically bizarre Ian Westwater incredibly believed he could race Wilson to the ball, changed his mind 25 yards out, and stopped to watch the ball soar above him before bouncing inexorably slowly into the net.

The Pars immediately stormed up the park and a Norrie McCathie volley crashed off the post from 30 yards. After a series of corners it was little surprise when Stewart

Petrie side-footed a Hamish French cross to grab the equaliser.

Minutes later, unfortunately, McCulloch was badly exposed on the right and Cameron must have thought Christmas had arrived weeks early as he left the hapless McCulloch for dead and crossed for Wilson to put the wee team ahead once more. Five minutes later the Pars were back in the game. Hamish French squared the ball to Kenny Ward on the edge of the area who dribbled past Broddle and Sinclair before crashing home a glorious shot.

Paton suddenly made an uncharacteristically sensible substitution and right on half-time Den Bieman replaced McCulloch in defence. The second half belonged exclusively to the visitors, the only surprise being that it took 10 minutes for the Pars to increase their lead. Allan dropped a Den Bieman cross and French slammed the ball home.

Six minutes later Kenny Ward, producing his finest performance for the Pars, added a fourth. Again he dribbled past Broddle, Sinclair and Dennis before placing the ball under the diving goalkeeper. One minute later Petrie administered the coup de grace. Clean through on the goalkeeper, Petrie managed to blast his shot against the body of the goalkeeper, but followed up to nod the rebound into an empty net.

The final 30 minutes were a glorious example of taking the piss which, although undeniably cruel, deprived the ecstatic visiting fans of a complete rout. It could have been ten! Honest!

While Nicholl's brief comment about the match was that it was "the most passionless derby I have ever watched", Bert Paton was admirably smug: "I think we've shown everyone who really are the 'top dogs' in Fife!"

# WEE TEEM TALK

WEE TEAM SPOKESMAN Alasdair Nigel Gourlay tells it like how it is for wee team fans n' that, ye ken?

Let's get one thing straight. I never wanted the rodent-faced one as manager in the first place so I must confess to being mildly delighted when Tommy McLean left for Tannadice. He may be short in stature but now his reputation and dignity are even shorter - shorter even than his stay in the Starks Park hot seat! ("Hot seat?" - Ed)

Accepting the job on 3rd September 1996 he was 'truly delighted' to be back and keeping...[them]...in the premier division.

After the shambles that was the 4-1 demolition by Aberdeen, wee hamster puss scrambled into the boardroom to scan his contract for any mention of the word 'football'. Finding only references to 'chickens' and 'headless' he promptly pissed of to Tannadice and the welcoming embrace of his equally sour-faced brother. It will be interesting to see whether wee Tam manages to wriggle out of brother Jims' contract so easily...

These events, however, are the net result of boardroom skullduggery which caused the resignation of ...[some bloke dumped by Dunfermline.] It was probably inevitable in any case. [The bloke dumped by Dunfermline] ...was too loyal to too many 'players'. The appointment of drunken bum Jimmy Thomson [a bloke sacked by Dunfermline] was simply a cheap option. However, Thomson did lead the team to finish in 6th place! Higher than Dunfermline managed to finish, and it's where you finish that matters! [Wooooo! Guess who's never been TOP of the premier league before....]

This season, however, it's all went pear-shaped. [Eh?] Defeat after defeat, and three well deserved thumpings from a vastly-superior West Fife-based team of gentlemen footballers. Golly, we deserved them beatings, make no mistake. Taught us a damn fine lesson it did.

Contrary to most media opinions, I felt the board were fully justified to sack Thomson. [The man they'd appointed 6 months earlier.] The team were undisciplined, disorganised and seemed incapable of even the most basic ball control. [Too easy! Please insert your own gag here.] But appointing Tommy McLean would have made things 10 times worse! So raise a glass to Jim McLean for saving us from a perilous fate!

Iain Munro is already a cult hero in Kirkcaldy as he well and truly stuffed the Pars, and will probably do so again. I believe that Munro will turn around the [wee team's] fortunes and lead us to a comfortable place in the league.

Poor, sad, demented Ally wrote this in October. Any further comments would simply be twisting the knife. Perhaps 'Tenth' really is "a comfortable place in the league..."???

# **SAMMY IS DEAD!**

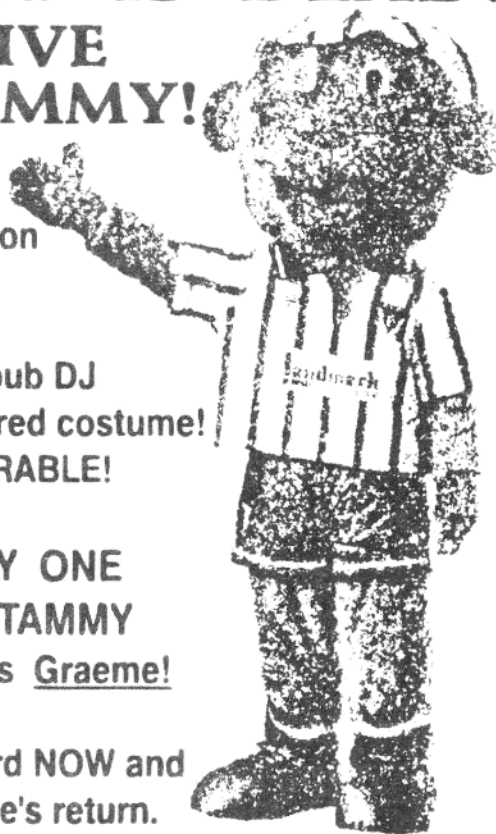
## **LONG LIVE NEW SAMMY!**

Master Sammy  
Graeme Robertson  
has resigned!

A balding local pub DJ  
now fills the sacred costume!  
**THIS IS INTOLERABLE!**

**THERE'S ONLY ONE  
SAMMY THE TAMMY**  
and his name is Graeme!

Write to the board NOW and  
**DEMAND Graeme's return.**



# **COMBAT CRICKET BATS**

"I wouldn't hunt  
deer without one!"

Prince Philip, Dec '96

Select from a range of desirable  
cricket bats, shaped and moulded  
for ultimate efficiency

**THE BAT SHOP, BALMORAL**

# **GIES A GAME, BOSS!**

by John Colqhoun

Its not fair. How many players are lucky enough to have a column in a national newspaper where they can endlessly whinge about playing for the reserve team? And still NOT get a game!

Obviously, it isn't fair that I abuse this opportunity to whinge so brazenly. But it's ten times worse when it doesn't even work!

After all, its not easy for a player in my position to get a game regularly for a top-flight club, or Hearts for that matter. But I still feel I have the ability to dive in the box at the highest level. Yes, I admit, it was humiliating to be offered to Dundee for £10,000. But it was worse when they turned me down!

But what is my alternative? I could sit out my contract, accept that my career is entering its final phase and quietly retire to a first division club to scream at referees for as long as I can get away with it. Or I could tell people who have less glamorous jobs, less highly-rewarded jobs, how dull it is playing a reserve game on New Years' Day on a frozen pitch.

I couldn't even get drunk at hogmanay! Don't you feel sorry for me? Why don't you write to Jim Jefferies on my behalf and beg him to give me a game? Please?

Meanwhile, I'll just whine about not getting a game while contradicting myself by asking why so few clubs give young players a chance? How can they be expected to develop as players when sad old duffers like me can't accept their playing days are nearly over?

So gies a game, boss. Not just for me, but to give the punters a last chance to see how brilliant I am. Do it for them. Please? Pretty please?

# The Mysterious Case of Mr Clark and Mr. Paton

Its the question everyone wants answered? "What happened to John Clark at Starks Park?" Clark had just played quite well (in what was, nevertheless, an abysmal performance) and set up both Pars goals and numerous attacks. At the after match press conference, however, Bert suggested that he clearly believed Clark had performed badly. By all accounts, the very large Mr. Clark took exception to Berts' comments.

Clark was banned from training the following Monday morning and freed on the Tuesday. Even the timid Dunfermline Press bravely enquired why Paton had so suddenly dumped his record signing. £70,000 is a lot of money for Dunfermline to throw away - that could buy two Greg Shaws, one David Bingham, 17 Craig Irelands', or a meal for Craig Robertson.

## Rumour 1: **BERT PUNCHES CLARK IN THE PUSS**

Bert allegedly asked Clark to fall back into a defensive position in the second half against the wee team. Clarky ignored the managers' instructions and continued playing in midfield. Incensed, Bert substituted Clark, heated words were exchanged in the dressing room and Bert thumped the big man.

## Rumour 2: **CLARK PUNCHES BERT IN THE PUSS**

Clark feels he plays quite well against the wee team, but is annoyed to be substituted and rather miffed at the managers' comments to the press. Enraged he thumps Bert after a heated debate.

## Rumour 3: **CLARK PUNCHES DICK IN THE PUSS**

Clark feels he plays quite well against the wee team and is rather miffed at the managers' comments to the press. Enraged, he thumps Dick who intervened to stop Bert getting hurt after a heated debate.

## Rumour 4: **DICK PUNCHES CLARK IN THE PUSS**

Clark feels he plays quite well against the wee team, but is annoyed to be substituted and rather miffed at the managers' comments to the press. Dick thumps Clark after a heated debate.

## Rumour 5: **CLARK PUNCHES DICK AND BERT**

Clark plays well, etc...miffed, and so on, heated debate. Wallop. Wallop.

**Rumour 6: A MYSTERIOUS FIGHT ERUPTS BETWEEN DICK, BERT AND CLARK**  
SUDDENLY, from a grassy knoll, John Martin appears and batters all three men to the ground before dashing to find a gullible Sun reporter.

While the above situations are, I stress, simply conjecture, it should be pointed out **AGAIN** that our most expensive player was **SACKED** after only 20 appearances. There should be a better explanation for this extreme measure. Meanwhile, it would appear that the truth is more disturbing than the rumours....

## DIE HARD II: THE ANSWERS

1. Colin Miller
2. Ross Jack
3. First time a substitute used in S.C. Final:  
Moller on for Jensen of Hearts
4. Norrie McCathie
5. Aluglaze
6. Grant Jenkins
7. Milos Drizic
8. Queens Park 1986, Bradford City 1991
9. Blair Morgan & his son
10. Monday October 31st, 1983 from Tam Forsyth

## 9-IN-A-ROSARY BEADS

Say a few prayers and beg a  
supernatural phenomenon  
to interfere with reality and stop the  
unthinkable!

*"I use these beads 9 times a day.  
I really believe we  
can beat Rangers.  
You just need faith."*

Tommy Burns

**9-in-a-Rosary beads  
available from self-deluding  
Celtic fans everywhere!**

Rangers fans moan about  
Aberdeen fans ruining a  
minutes silence for "Corky".  
90% of the Ibrox fans (who  
only started supporting the  
'Gers in 1986) didn't know  
that the Dandy comic character  
had even played for them!

## OUR ELDERS AND BETTERS...

The world turns and yawns as  
**Rangers** move tediously closer  
to winning 9-in-a-row.

Celtic's Tommy Burns' descent into  
madness continues as he suggests  
there is a refereeing conspiracy to  
help Rangers win the title...

Aberdeen are shit again this season.  
No one is responsible for this -  
certainly not Roy Aitken, the players  
or the board.

Scotland's premier acrobatic troupe,  
Hearts, famed for their magnificent  
diving performances claim to be  
potentially the third biggest club  
in Scotland. Their list of honours  
confirms this...

Brilliant young manager Jim "no wins"  
Duffy looks on course to complete  
Jocky Scott's dream of relegating Hibs.  
"You can't blame Alex McLeish"  
claims Charlie Nicholas as  
Motherwell veer sharply towards  
the first division.

Kilmarnock sack Totten.  
Killie remain the dullest  
team in the league.

Dundee Utd dump Billy Kirkwoods'  
expensive signings and suddenly  
have a fairly good team. Alan  
Stubbs hopes United can beat  
Rangers another twice this season  
and help Celtic win the title.

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

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)

# Sperm Of The Devil

I thought long and hard about how to write this piece. How do you put down on paper the feelings of **anger**, **sadness** and, although I feel it's an overused word, **hatred** that filled my every vein last Saturday. How dare they!!

## Dregs of Society

I could probably find it within me to sink to their level, god knows I feel like it. I won't though. Why should I ruin our good name within Scottish football. Why would we want our name to be in the gutter beside the likes of Falkirk. What I've written is my honest appraisal of last Saturday's events.

## Home of the Antichrist

Brockville is a dump, a midden, a hellhole that has spewed forth it's bile upon an unsuspecting public for decades. Saturday wasn't likely to change my mind, but in recent trips to the hellhole I felt we'd been unlucky. There was the infamous Sandy Roy debacle, when a goal was disallowed and Neil Cooper sent off for an incident good old Sandy never even seen. Then there was "*Super Tuesday*", as a Falkirk fanzine once called it. The evening 4000 confident Pars fans marched through expecting Leishmans warriors to destroy the enemy, only to see Crawford Baptie's best performance, and Graeme Robertson's worst. But this time I felt we would win. I'm proud to say I was one of the 1500 people who watched **East Fife** notch up their only win this season, against Falkirk, back in October. This alone was enough to convince me the Pars would extend their cup run. How wrong I was.

## Pish Game

The game itself was fairly typical stuff. Westie gets the ball, humps it up the park for Petrie, Smith and Britton to chase. The ball breaks through to Nelson, who proceeds to hump it straight back towards Westie for Crabbe, McAllister and Ward to scramble after. Petrie's goal came from, not surprisingly, a defensive mistake. Graham Mitchell gave the ball to Britton, whose quick pass was met sweetly by Petrie for a low drive past Nelson. McAllister's goal was a personal nightmare for Steve Welsh, who's woeful attempt at a tackle allowed the number 7 a clear shot past Westie. The second half saw the Pars pile on the pressure. Big Tod forced two good saves from Nelson, before cracking the post from 30 yards. After this the chances dried up. With their only real chance of the second half, Hagen fired home Falkirk's winner with no defender near him. Right that gets the game out of the way.

## Scum sucking vermin

The Falkirk fans taunting of the Pars support left a taste in the mouth that will stay there for a very long time. "Norrie's dead, Norrie's dead, Norrie's dead". This was the sickening cry from a pathetic bunch of lowlifes. If they had been jeering a minutes silence for a recently deceased Old Firm captain, or chanting "Davie Cooper's dead" to the Rangers support, police would have moved in to remove the scum from the ground and banish them forever. But it's only the Pars, right! Why the hell should anyone care about them? Alex Totten said after the game that his fans were "Magnificent" Sorry Alex but Saturday saw a new low from your so called "Magnificent" fans, and I congratulate them. They've finally taken over from Airdrie as the worst in Scotland. Well done!!

**Shit Eating, Scum Sucking, Bad Speaking, Brain  
Missing, Lowlife Wankers!!!**



# How Low are Falkirk Fans?

A Basic League Table of lifeforms

**The Top** → **Pars Fans**  
(Simply the best)

God	Jesus
Mother Theresa	Dogs
Goldfish	insects
worms	Wallpaper paste
An Amoeba	A urine sample
moss	Jim White
Cowdenbeath	George O'Boyle
Dale Winton	Esther Rantzen
Les Dennis	Anthea Turner
Cats	Trekkies
Dung	Rangers fans
Celtic fans	George Fulston
Judas	Fred & Rose West
David Murray	"decent" Falkirk fans
Myra Hindley	Ian Munro
Fergus McCann	Scum-sucking pond dwellers
Camelot	
Spokesmen	
Bigots	

**The Dregs** ↓

**Falkirk Fans**

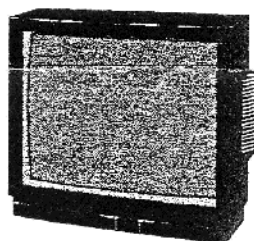
## Rangers Fans!

**Is there *ANOTHER* True Blue Rangers TV "the season so far" video for sale?**

**Are you tired of being exploited?**

***WE HAVE THE SOLUTION!***  
***TAPE GAMES OFF THE TELLY!***

**What you need:**



**TV and VCR**



**BLANK VIDEO**

90 min Blank videos NOW available for only £14.99 each!

Contact Sammy Lives for details...

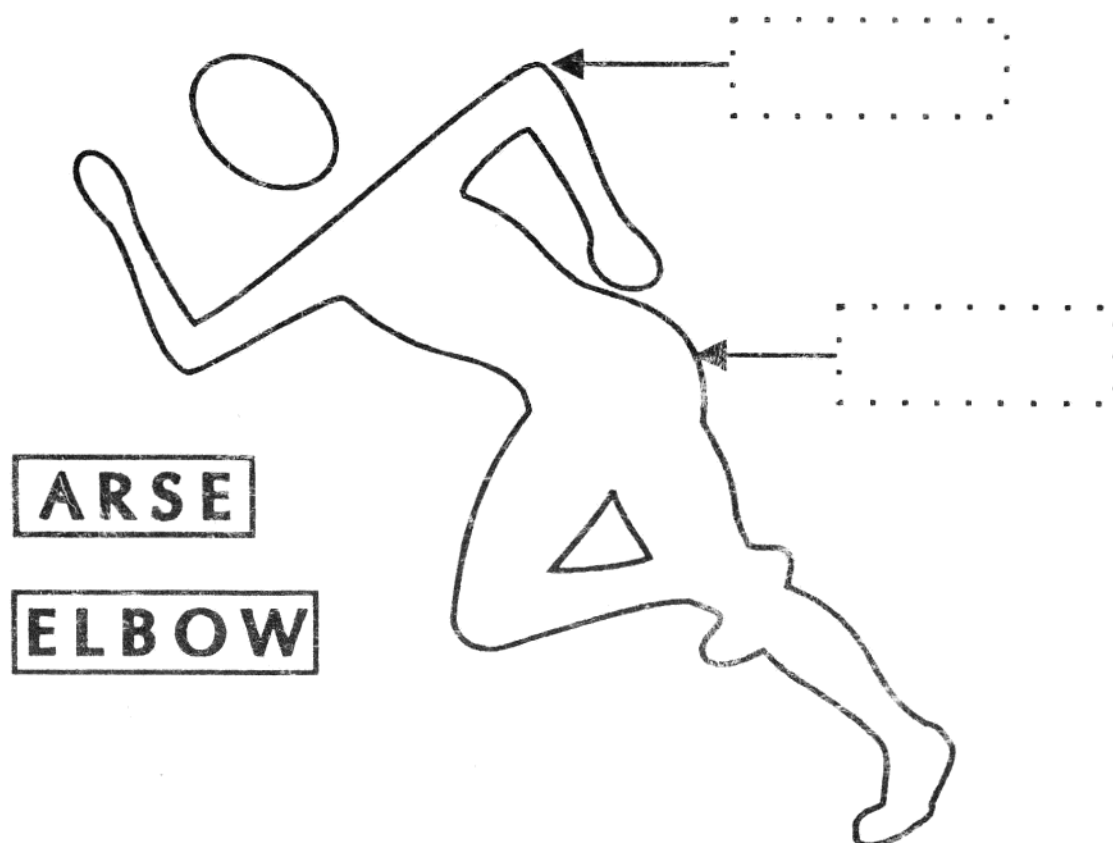
## FAT BLOKE FIASCO

Word reaches the Sammy Lives gossip desk that ex-Dunfermline/Falkirk/Swindon & Dundee Utd fat bloke John Clark played in a trial match for Dundee United shortly before he helped to get Eamon Bannon the sack.

A reserve league match was played at a junior ground in Dundee and the kick-off was delayed while a messenger was despatched to Tannadice to collect a vital piece of equipment for Mr. Clark: a bigger pair of shorts.

# Have you got what it takes to be a **REFEREE?**

*Just Complete This Basic Refereeing Proficiency Test  
Paste your answers in the appropriate boxes and answer the  
questions using all fifteen words you know*



I support Rangers because \_\_\_\_\_

**Well done, brother. Please send this complicated  
page (blank if it's too difficult) to:**

**Jim Farry**

**Oberstumbahnfuhrer of the Articles of the Executive of the  
parties in question notwithstanding changes subject to  
democratic reinterpretations according to voting rules of the  
aforementioned association.**

**SFA Headquarters**

**Park Gardens**

**GLASGOW**