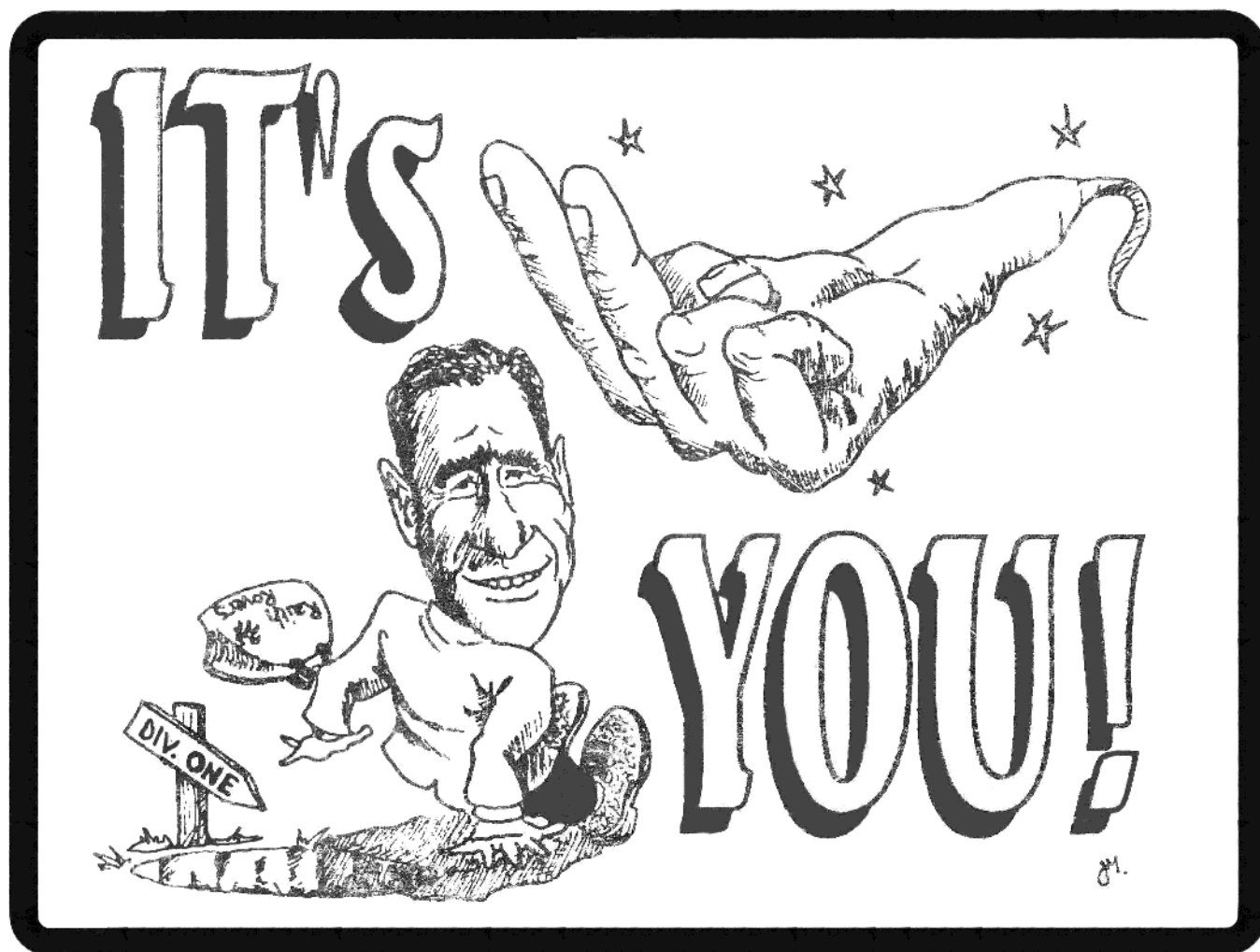

A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert

April, 1997



Gossip - SCANDAL - THE PREMIER LEAGUE

Relegated Rovers: Munro "Let Us Grieve in Peace"

Pages: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 . . .

60p

Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert

Editorial

Well the end of the season is just around the corner and here to celebrate this important event is the fourth issue of Sammy Lives...

Unfortunately, printing costs have forced a reluctant price rise to 60p. Sammy Lives is still half the price of the dull match programme, funnier than the Bounce, more controversial than The Press and gives each reader a massive boost in their attractiveness to the opposite sex. (Not that Sammy Lives readers need any help, you funky love gods!)

Such ramblings aside, we are proud to present for the first time *The Sammys*, a series of awards chosen by our esteemed panel of confused lunatics who know nothing about football and don't care.

At the start of this season, few would have expected Dunfermline to be in such a lofty league position with so few games remaining. Starting the season with the defence which almost cost us the title terrified many people. But, to the sheer frustration of the media we've actually won quite a few games, scored a bucket of goals, and gubbed Aberdeen twice. Which isn't bad going considering that we still have a terrible defence and we all know how bizarre Dick and Bert's tactics can be...

But if we can finish in fifth place, Bert and Dick will have secured our best league finish since 1969 and take their place as one of our most successful management teams ever.

Now that *is* scary!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS - "SAMMY LIVES..." HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY JIMMY DEE, JERRY, BUF, KEV, CASPER, MR ANGRY, ANORAK SKYWALKER, CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, THE NUMBER 1, AND THE COLOURS BLACK AND WHITE..

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CONTENTS

Since we've been gone . . .

Sammy in mascot punch-up drama

21st century Boys

The Insider

The Curse of Westie

True Blue Brazil

The Sammys

The Thoughts of Charlie Nicholas

Mr. Bounce Talks Back

Falkirk: The Land that Time Forgot

Glory Days: Happy Hogmanay!

Die Hard - The Quiz

The Ego has Landed

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



GUEST MASCOT



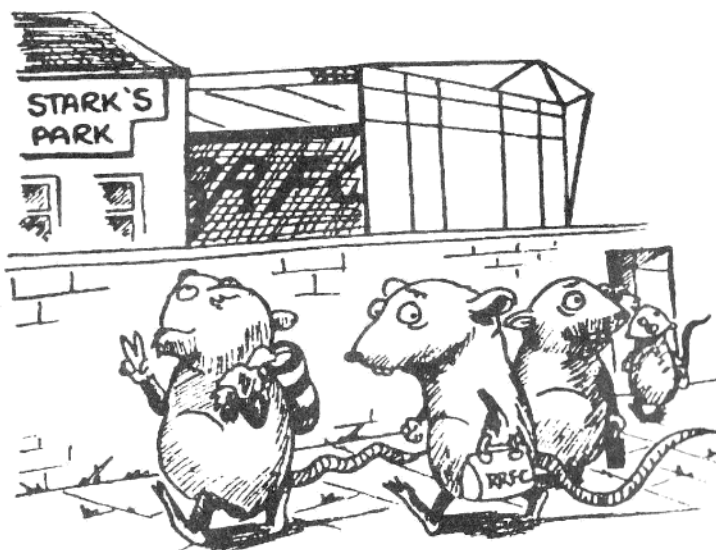
Iain Munro

Serial football failure Iain Munro has the word "failure" tattooed on the albatross strapped to his back. His backroom manoeuvres cost Jim Leishman the managers' job with Dunfermline. He inherited a strong Dunfermline squad, sold them for pocket money, and replaced them with duds. He sowed the seeds of relegation reaped by Jocky Scott.

Dundee snapped him up and dropped him the same season, preferring Simon Stainrod's tried and failed management skills. Munro then accepted the challenge of taking Hamilton into the second division, which he achieved at the third attempt.

This season Munro seemed on his way to another success crazy club, St. Mirren, and declared his undying love for all things Saintly. Several days later he did a Tommy McLean on his Buddies and joined a Wee Team in Kirkcaldy. Relegation was secured by Christmas.

How much lower can he go?



"Let's face it - the place has had an awful smell since Munro arrived."

SAMMY THE WHAMMY!

SHOCKED FANZINE SELLER IN MASCOT PUNCH-UP HORROR

EXCLUSIVE!

MILD-MANNERED fanzine seller Burlington Pringle was stable in hospital last night following a vicious assault by fans' favourite Sammy the Tammy.

Furry Maniac

Smiling Sammy is the toast of the Pars supporters, but pleasure turned to pain on the day that rabid Sammy went barmy

Pringle, 73, was selling copies of top Pars fanzine "Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert" before a match with Aberdeen when the marauding mascot launched the unprovoked attack.

"Someone tapped me on the shoulder and when I looked round, Sammy was staring right at me. He had a funny look on his face - a vicious, half-crazed smile. Suddenly he swung a punch and caught me on the side of the face. I thought I was a goner!"

Killing me softly

Astonished fans looked on in horror as the twisted mascot turned nasty. Grinning inanely, like a rabid costume demon, he battered Pringle senseless before lurching back inside Eastend Park.



Sammy - harbinger of costume tomfoolery

Sammy's barmy bonkers bonanza continued during the pre-match warm-up. He **TAUNTED** Drew Jarvie by enticing him into a spoof challenge. Jaunty septuagenarian Jarvie was so incensed by Sammy's behaviour that the mutant mascot received a well-earned punch in the puss from the Aberdeen coach.

Another one bites the dust

Disgraceful Sammy decided he had had enough and tried to leave the field, comforted by sporting Jarvie who gave the bear a manly hug. Suddenly, Sammy struck again, throwing Jarvie to the floor and skipping triumphantly to safety with the Aberdeen coach fuming.

A Pars spokesman refused to comment on Sammy's violent pre-match conduct, insisting that the incidents were an internal matter.

SINCE WE'VE BEEN GONE . . .

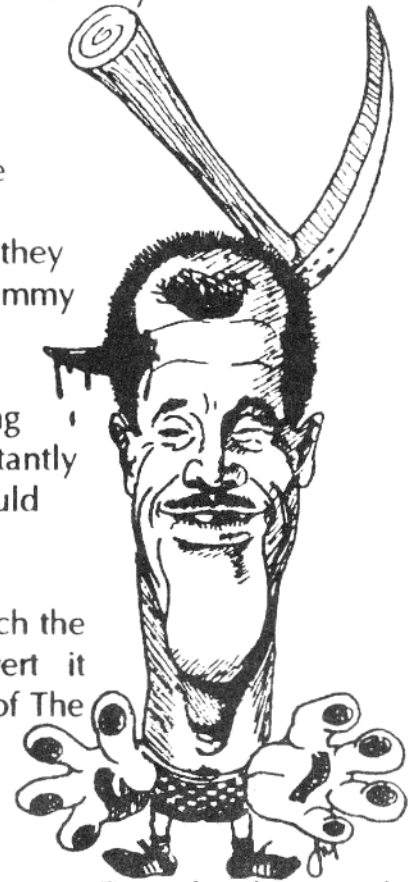
a roundup of some important events since the last Sammy Lives

Naughty, Naughty

The vast corporate entity that is the Sammy Lives publishing empire gasped in horror at the latest issue of The Eastend Bounce. Not because they had managed to throw together a half-decent fanzine, of course. Rather, because they had quite shamelessly stolen a John Martin cartoon from Sammy Lives.

Now, plagiarism is a nasty word - but sadly, it is a common feature of inferior fanzines incapable of developing original ideas or a style of their own. The Bounce also blatantly steal Gary Larson cartoons so it is not our lawyers they should fear, but Warner Books, 165 Dover Street, London. The professionals take a very dim view of breach of copyright.

In a childish pique of revenge we were going to pinch the best thing we could find in the Bounce and pervert it accordingly. Not surprisingly, after scouring all ten issues of The Bounce, the only thing worth pinching was this hilarious John Martin cartoon...



Wee Team get Bums Rush

The pitifully small busload of Wee Team fans who went up to Tannadice last month found little sympathy for their plight from the club who pinched their manager earlier this season. At half-time the Tannadice mascot who may, or may not, be some sort of tiger device, advanced towards the Wee Team fans before turning, pulling down his shorts and baring his furry orange arse in their general direction.

The Palace Posse

Marauding heroes The Palace Posse led the severe taunting unleashed upon the wee team at Kirkcaldy in March. The Rosyth boys initiated the Four-in-a-row chants and brandished large number 4's throughout the second half. To say this mildly incensed the wee team fans would be a major understatement... Meanwhile, the Posse remain a select band of individuals. It is said that they are not affiliated to other clubs because they are "too mental". The proud members of the posse should wear their "too mental" badges with pride!

WESTIE FOR SCOTLAND!

Fears about Bert Paton's state of mind were justified when the Pars supremo suggested that Ian Westwater should get a game for Scotland. "And I'm a Dutchman!", sneered Guido van de Kamp.

BOUNCE "NOT FUNNY" SHOCK

Pars fanzine The Eastend Bounce, apart from whinging that Sammy Lives "doesn't have a proper address" have admitted that The Bounce isn't funny. Exactly when they noticed this blatantly obvious flaw was not revealed.

Develop or be Damned!

Gerry McNee will miss it. So will Graeme Speirs. So will the vast majority of Dunfermline fans. The Eastend Park as we know it, the scene of so many European triumphs in the 60's, disasters in the 70's and a revival in the 80's is to lurch unsteadily towards the 21st century as an all-seater stadium.

While it would be terribly easy to thrust our heads into the sand, refuse to accept the march of progress, and launch a confused, dribbling tirade against all-seater stadia, we simply have to accept the changes as inevitable. Eastend Park will lose some of its character, we'll have to sit on cramped, uncomfortable seats but the club won't be forced to accept a ridiculous 7,500 crowd limit.

Dunfermline's extended stay in the first division delayed the opportunity to invest in the ground, and has led to a more serious problem in that the stadium development body, The Football Trust is running out of money. Hamilton, Falkirk and Airdrie are already facing the problem of having to find an extra few million pounds when they were hoping to receive a sizable grant. If the board dawdle any longer we could find ourselves in a similar situation.

It was inevitable that Dunfermline Athletic would be forced to upgrade the ground in any case. David Murray's often-ranted about Super League would have financial and stadia requirements that Dunfermline probably couldn't meet just now! Ironically, Relegated Rovers would qualify because they have an all-seater stadium. Essentially, the club can't afford NOT to seat the ground.

Its a catch-22 situation. A new makeshift ground with 12,000 seats may seem small and lack ambition, but it would appear that the club have few options available. Most people prefer to watch football standing up. Sadly, that must change at Eastend. Its probably time to order your tartan travel rugs and thermos flasks while stocks last!

Media Moaners

Ever wondered why the newspapers are so fond of trashing Dunfermline's style of play, financial status, or bargain-priced players?

Its not simply an anti-Fife conspiracy, it's because the club make no attempt to sook up to the press. Rangers and Celtic throw fancy lunches and buffets for reporters at press conferences, lavish individual reporters with career-boosting exclusives and generally report what the clubs like to see.

Dunfermline proved a cold, windy press box, a couple of telephones and little else. As the club don't bother to pamper the cream of Scottish sports reporting with silly perks, then the Jacksons, Northcrofts and Keevins of this world don't bother to write nice things in return. So much for neutrality.

Hamilton's Girlies

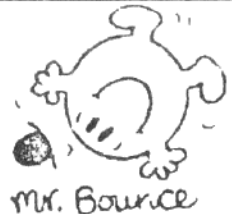
A Dundee-based "Sammy Lives" spy met some schoolfriends of ex-Dundee thug Jim Hamilton recently. Not surprisingly, Hamilton was hugely unpopular at school and did not rise in the appreciation of his old school mates as he continued to lurk around schools after he left to become a professional thug..

It would appear that Jim believed playing for Dundee would be enough to impress the sixth year girls. We are not at liberty to speculate upon his motives for doing this...

Mr. Bounce

Ranting idiot MR. BOUNCE, tells the world what a terrific bloke he is, oh, and occasionally talks about boring shite...

Over and over and over and over again for page after page after page...



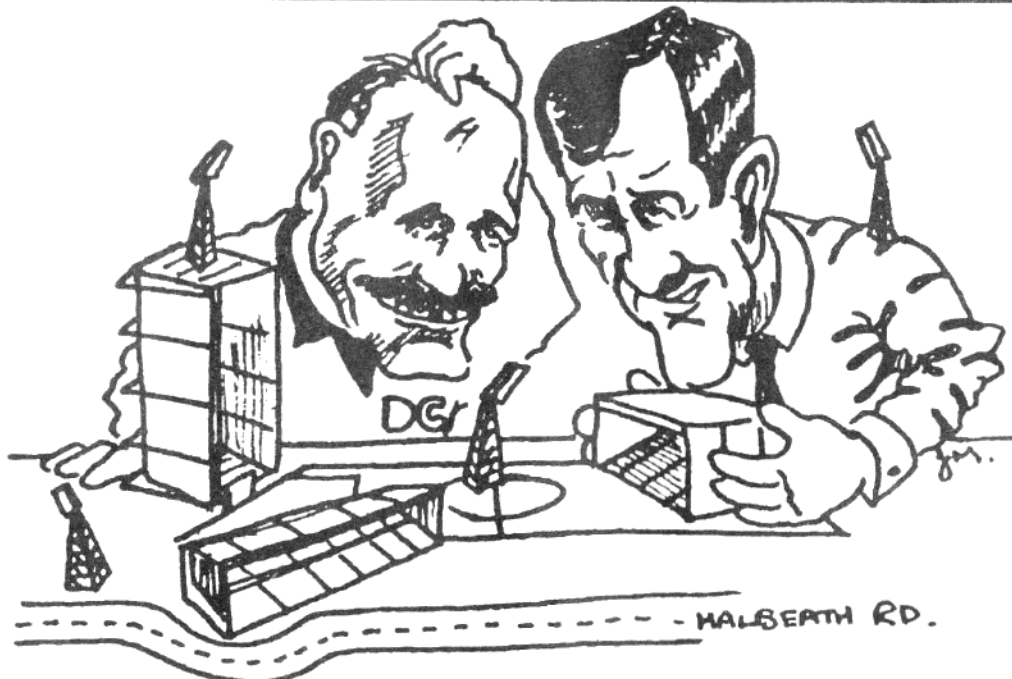
It's been a totally brilliant season, hasn't it? I was speaking to Bert (Paton) the other day. I told him he was a really brilliant manager and always knows when to use substitutes. I often see him, Ivo (Den Biemen), Gerry, Dick and Pip in the Paragon after a match and they agreed with me that I was a really terrific bloke. Bert said a few other things, but the bit I remember is the bit about me. What a guy!

I showed him the match programme, particularly the page what I wrote all by myself, when I was asked to select my all-time favourite opinions. He looked utterly bored by what I had to say, and, if I didn't know better, I thought for a moment he would slump into a coma! He didn't of course. I often talk about football, you see. Not because I know a lot about it, or have anything relevant to say, it's just because I like the sound of my voice. But what's wrong with that? If you like speaking you can get a voice of your own and say whatever you like!

Me and all my great mates Mr. Grumpy, Mr. Nonsense, Mr. Silly, Mr. Wrong and Mr. Fussy love talking crap all the time in very loud voices just so people can eavesdrop on our conversation and think "wow! what a great bunch of lads!" I went to the football a couple of times this year and it was always brilliant. Even when we got beat.

The thing I like best about writing for a football fanzine is that you're not part of the football establishment. You can be like a loose cannon, able to shoot down hypocrisy and idiocy with a timely satirical broadside. Something you couldn't do with any credibility if you also sponsored a player and appeared in the match programme.

That would be a bit like selling-out, wouldn't it?



"Aye, Dick. It's no' as easy as you'd think to design a stadium."

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

If YOU HAVE EVER WONDERED WHY Falkirk-Dunfermline MATCHES INSPIRE SUCH AN INTENSE RIVALRY, PERHAPS THIS STROLL DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH KEV WILL PROVIDE SOME BACKGROUND INFORMATION.

The year was 1974. The miners strike was in full swing, everyone was working a 3 day week, and "A Clockwork Orange" was causing riots wherever it was shown. It was also the first time in Scotland that a senior football match was played on a Sunday: a Scottish Cup tie between Dunfermline and Falkirk at Brockville.

For an impressionable 12 year old, this game was to be something special. My Dad was allowing me to go with an uncle (4 years older than me) who had promised to look after me and "keep me out of harm's way."

To explain that our bus approached Falkirk singing "1-2-3, who are we, we're the mental A.V.T!" should have suggested to a wiser soul that this trip may become more eventful than I had expected. Of course, my uncle was there to protect me...

As we're now in the mellow 90's, there may be a few people who don't actually remember the A.V.T. Well, they were a kindly group of residents from one of the less affluent areas of Dunfermline who looked after each other, no matter what. A bit like Robin Hood's merry men. A bit...

The trip to Falkirk was a bustle of noise, chanting and foot stamping - plus a few travellers who decided it was necessary to write their names on the bus windows in blood. On the outskirts of Falkirk I noticed a few Bairns fans sitting on a wall, welcoming us to their sleepy hamlet with a two-fingered salute. Rather politely, several of our bus reached out of the bus window and returned the gesture. My lasting impression of that encounter was the Falkirk fans' Humpty Dumpty-like departure under a flurry of blows.

The approach to the ground appeared to be lined by religious fanatics of every denomination, condemning us to burn in hell for watching football on the Sabbath. At Brockville there were two huge queues into the ground. One at the turnstiles, and another at a lamppost offering considerably cheaper access to the terracing.

We were in the ground long before the Falkirk fans appeared. They seemed to be waiting on some sort of signal before entering the fray. The first batch arrived about 45 minutes before kick-off, led by a numpty with a bowler hat and umbrella. (Anyone remembering the aforementioned Kubrick classic will realise the significance of these items.) The bowler bloke led a group of about 600 fans towards the edge of the park and strode arrogantly towards the Pars fans, taunting them to fight. Unknown to him, his brave band of followers had not joined his charge onto the pitch and, suddenly realising his perilous position, decided to bolt for safety. Unfortunately, he reacted too slowly, and presumably spent the rest of the week disentangling the various umbrella spokes wrapped round his head.

The match itself was far less memorable than the day. Falkirk led for most of the game, then Dunfermline equalised. Leishman came on as a substitute and was hauled down by the Bairns keeper. Before Ken Mackie could take the penalty that would take the tie to a replay, the Pars fans behind the goal went mental and invaded the park. Eventually, order was returned, the penalty was scored, and a midweek replay at Eastend was arranged.

Outside the ground after the game was no less dangerous than before. Falkirk fans were running around with stick and stones, obviously planing to break some bones. The Pars fans were in a similar state of mind. Bricks, bottles and anything available was thrown by each side. By the time the police arrived the whole thing was utterly out of control. Everyone then turned to run except one Pars fan who kept throwing bricks. He insisted he wasn't leaving until he'd knocked the wee blue light off a police van!

There wasn't many windows remaining intact in the buses which returned home that night. Scars, bruises and bloody noses were the order of the day. By the time I reached home word had spread of the exciting events of the day and my Dad met me at the bus stop.

He went completely berserk at my uncle, who wasn't allowed to take me to any more football matches.

For the record, the Pars won the replay 1-0 with an Ian Campbell goal. I was so mentally scared by the whole experience that I became a Jambo.

You would think I had learned my lesson....

GLORY DAYS

Dunfermline 3 Falkirk 0

Hogmanay 1988 will always be remembered as The Day We Gubbed Falkirk by those fortunate, delirious souls who savoured every second of this utterly overwhelming encounter.

After a poor start the Pars had climbed the league, unbeaten since October. Falkirk had led since day one but this match gave Dunfermline the chance to leapfrog into top spot. A first division record crowd of 13,000 delayed the kick-off for ten minutes but, before long, the Falkirk contingent were screaming for the final whistle. The scumbags had arrived with balloons featuring Leishman's face, a free gift with the Falkirk Unofficial fanzine who had cheekily dubbed the messiah "a balloon".

The visitors' good humour barely lasted 15 minutes however as Dunfermline pounded Falkirk before taking the lead. Trevor Smith chased a Beedie cross into the box only to be blatantly hauled to the ground by Babies keeper, Gordon Marshall. Ross Jack hammered home the spot kick and then set up the second goal when his header beat Marshall but came off the bar for John Watson to knock home from point-blank range. Watson's effort was ably assisted by Crawford Baptie who ferociously pushed Watson against the goalpost, sparking a

goalmouth melee. Players of both sides leaped in with fists flying before the referee regained control and awarded yellow cards to the boys in blue.

The onslaught continued for the rest of the first half with Falkirk managing only one shot at goal.

The second half continued with the Falkirk defence under severe pressure. On the hour Dunfermline grabbed the third goal of the afternoon. Westie's long ball was fed wide to Stuart Beedie and his square ball was blasted home by Ross Jack. Marshall's fumbled attempt at a save merely helped the ball into the net. Falkirk nearly snatched a barely deserved consolation goal near the end. A weak Gary Riddle passback allowed Sam McGivern to run unchallenged at Westwater. Westie, obviously taking the piss, slipped and presented McGivern with an empty net. Sadly, poor Sam swung his foot, slipped, and his fresh air shot allowed Riddle to hoof the ball into the terracing.

At the final whistle the home fans went wild, dancing orgasmically on the terracing while the despondent Falkirk scum slithered quietly from the stadium, their silly little balloons deflated and abandoned on the cold, unforgiving red ash of the Cowdenbeath end.

Sammy Lives with

prese

The Sa



PLAYER of THE YEAR
Andy Tod

BEST PERFORMANCE of THE SEASON
Dunfermline 3 Aberdeen 0

DAFC SUPPORTERS CLUB of THE YEAR
The Palace Posse, Rosyth

BEST GROUND Visited
Parkhead

MITCHELL BROTHERS LOOK-A-LIKES of THE YEAR
Ian Westwater & Ray Sharp

SCARIEST PERFORMANCE by a PSYCHO
Ray Sharp (at Starks Park)

OPTIMIST of THE YEAR
Tommy Burns

WORST TRIUMPHANT RETURN
Mark Hateley

ARSE-LICKER of THE YEAR
Jim White

WORST SPORTS PROGRAMME
Everything produced
at Cowcaddens



MOST CONSISTENT PLAYER (SINCE HE NEVER ACTU

h Dick and Bert

nts

ammys

GOAL OF THE SEASON
Derek Fleming (v Dundee Utd)

MOST ABSENT CANADIAN INTERNATIONAL
Colin Miller

HAT WEARER OF THE YEAR
Bert Paton

PARS MANAGEMENT DUO OF THE SEASON
Dick & Bert

MOST SELF-DELUDING QUOTE OF THE SEASON -
"We've got great fans" - Alex Totten

FILTHIEST SCUMBAQS IN HISTORY
Falkirk's "great fans"

BEST HAIRLINE FRACTURE
John Martin

MOST UNBELIEVABLY CONDESCENDING
STATEMENT OF THE YEAR

"...we're on the look out for new contributors...
but they have to be better than the ones we already have."
The Bounce, issue 10 (*humility is not one of their talents*)



BEST NEWCOMER
Gerry Britton

ally GOT A GAME) Greg Shaw

OLD AND INFIRM

Dunfermline, ancient capital of Scotland and the final resting place of warrior king, Robert the Bruce. Not that visiting Old Firm fans would have any particular interest in a town with such a rich involvement in Scottish history. Their allegiances, as we all know, lie outwith our shores. However, after four frustrating seasons in the first division, the big boys finally returned to Eastend Park. At last The Pars can leech off the Old Firm again and annoy David Murray and Fergus McCann!

But perhaps it would be more accurate to say that, just as the Old Firm exploit their fans' bottomless pockets, Dunfermline now had the opportunity as well. Of course, we can only do it four times a season. Rangers and Celtic may guarantee a few big crowds, but they contribute little to the greater good of Scottish football. Rangers sign and break talented players, preferring to buy ready-made players instead of nurturing their own.

The 'Gers visited in August with their usual, confident swagger. Always gracious in victory, Bluenose fans will happily offer a condescending crumb of comfort to opponents following a high-scoring, if unconvincing, win. So confident are they of winning that they take little effort in distinguishing between opponents. The only team they really care about beating is Celtic. How else could they brush aside their frankly embarrassing performances in Europe without the occasional win over the hoops?

Celtic fans, Glasgow's other contribution to Scottish culture, share many traits with (of all people) Airdrie "fans". When Celtic are in town the place is swarming with scruffy blokes loitering in the public park, or down side streets, swigging Buckfast and saying "by the way" forty times a minute.

Following a lengthy sojourn in the first division it is easy to forget how obnoxious these arrogant, self-deluding, glory hunting Old Firm sheep can be. After a season being confronted on the home terracing by visiting ignorant shites spouting mindless sectarian drivel (and NOT being ejected!), I can't help wondering if mixing with the big boys is such a good deal. Its enough to make you feel nostalgic for Station Park, Central Park or Stenhousemuir. (But not Starks Park, obviously.)

In case you missed it, this was the season that Rangers finally equalled Celtic's record of winning a certain number of championships in a row.

The combined failure of our clubs in Europe has been swept aside - that happened months ago, after all. The obvious problems within the premier league structure have been ignored since they don't happen to afflict Celtic or Rangers. The entire season has been swamped by tedious debates concerning the ultimate destination of the premier league trophy.

The media (well, only the posh papers) have recently began to speculate whether this 9-in-a- row obsession is entirely healthy. David Murray and Fergus McCann have also questioned the obsession with the number 9 while conveniently ignoring the financial benefits this "unhealthy" competition has encouraged...

In December Jim White concluded one of his typically intellectual interviews by asking Tommy Burns how much it meant for Celtic to win the title.

"We have to" said Tommy plaintively. At the time Burns just appeared to be an enormously sad man, utterly trapped by the short-sightedness of the bigoted clowns he purports to despise. Walter Smith basically finds himself in the same situation.

However this season ends, the only loser will be Scottish football. Instead of condemning the sad, insular thinking of our leading clubs, the SFA will turn a blind eye and the media will herald a new European campaign. And when our big two are knocked out, the blame, as usual, will be aimed at clubs like Albion Rovers and Cowdenbeath for holding back progress.

the INSIDER



CAPTAIN TOSSER

Departing Rangers skipper, Richard Gough, proved that he is just a wee boy at heart when the clubs met at Eastend in March. The Pars mascot, an Ian Westwater fan, was wearing goalie gloves when the referee handed him a red/white disc to perform the toss.

Craig Robertson and Gough watched curiously as the referee balanced the disc white side up on the mascot's huge gloves and asked Richard to pick a colour.

"Red!" snapped the Rangers Captain.

The mascot clumsily attempted to flip the disc which sailed upwards before landing white side up on the grass.

The referee turned to Robertson and asked which end he wanted.

Gough immediately interrupted, whining to the referee because the disc didn't flip over in mid-air.

"You'll have to do it again!" the former Scotland captain insisted. "Face it, Richard - you lost the toss!" the referee replied dismissively. Turning back to Robertson he again asked which end he wanted.

Gough launched one last mammoth moan at the referee who basically told the incensed Rangers player to shut up. Craig then decided that Dunfermline would start from the Cowdenbeath end.

Gough immediately went nose-to-nose with Robertson and snarled angrily: "So you want the wind, Craig? Well **WE'LL** have it in the second half!"

Perhaps Gough is a little distracted by his imminent retirement to the American soccer league? Then again, perhaps he just knows more than the rest of us about tossing....

He knows, you know . . .

PRESS BOX FIASCO

During the recent Killie defeat a local sportswriter announced with resigned delight that "at least the Rovers are losing".

"What the hell d'you mean by that?" a huge fat journalist challenged him angrily. "What's wrong with Albion Rovers, like?"

"I meant Raith Rovers", replied our local man..

"Oh!", said the vastly-proportioned Jim Traynor, regaining his composure.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

Conformation that our beloved board don't give a toss where the big match ticket money comes from reached us recently. A Celtic Supporters Club from that bastion of bigotry (Leven), needed 54 tickets for its members.

So, do they approach Celtic Park about an allocation? NO!!!

They turn up at East End, write a cheque for £702, and are given 54 tickets for the centre stand. There are many ways opposing fans get their hands on home end tickets, and frankly we're not usually that bothered. But 54 tickets for the one person stinks!

ZERO TOLERANCE?

When Paul Kinnaird played for Dunfermline he developed a habit of giving Sammy the Tammy a punch in the puss as the players left the pitch at half-time. Graeme Robertson, the reigning Sammy at the time, took this good humoured abuse quite well.

One day, as Kinnaird left the pitch, he took an almighty swing at the grinning bear who was knocked to the floor.. After the match an embarrassed Kinnaird searched for Robertson to apologise for hitting him so hard. Sadly, Graeme wasn't wearing the suit at half-time. A young girl had volunteered to wear the costume...to her cost.

4 SPOTTED IN A RECENT **4**
WEE TEAM MATCH PROGRAMME . . .

RAITH ROVERS

Colin Scott (Goalkeeper)
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

Steve Kirk
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

John Millar
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

Miodrag Krivocapic
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

Graham Mitchell
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

Scott Thomson
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

Tony Rougier
(Not playing for the wee team
next season.)

Danny Lennon
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

Peter Duffield
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

Paul Harvey
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

Kevin Twaddle
Not playing in the premier
league next season.

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Get used to it, you might be
here for quite a long time . . .

AND QUITE RIGHTLY SO

CHARLIE NICHOLAS writes exclusively, and particularly, for *Sammy Lives*

PARS FOR THE COURSE

All credit to Dunfermline for all what like they've achieved this season and more. In many ways trying to not get relegated is as difficult - if not more so - than winning the championship. So they'll be delighted to not be going down.

For me, personally, there was never any doubt in my mind who the relegation candidates would maybe perhaps be. I said it all the way right back when we started at the beginning that the Pars could maybe survive this year, or not. And I was quite rightly proud of myself, and more, for getting that guess spot on. Bert Paton's team has got a certain quality to it that is in some ways unique, and in other ways ununique.

If a man from Mars, or Coatbridge, or wherever, was to land here, right now, and ask which teams in the premier league now weren't in it last season (for whatever reasons) and make a decision about it, well, you see where I'm going with this semaphore. The point I'm making is that the promoted teams has done superly this year. All credit to them.

Surviving in the premier league is a big, big challenge for all clubs nowadays - and in the past. You've got to score goals to win games. But scoring goals isn't always enough to win. You've also got to remember not to concede none neither. That's the mistake Raith Rovers went and made to their cost, and now they're reaping the price of their benefits. But at the end of the day, that's football.

Things Can Only Get Better

When Craig Brown got appointed to be Scotland's National Coach I, for one, was surprised as was everybody else for that matter. "Craig who?" we asked. But not anymore. Nowadays we are all too aware of who Craig Brown is and the way in what he's achieved.



Gubbing the Austria like what we done the other week has nearly just about set us up for easily qualifying almost for the French World Cup '98 in France. And that's brilliant, not just for Craig, but for all of us. Especially those of us who'll get paid to go and watch all the games in France and talk rubbish like we know we can. But that's what TV companies pay us for. It's not just because we happened to play for the Celtic, it's because we have quality opinions what we can express by using words.

And long may it continue.

Don't Blame Tommy Burns

It's high time our top teams have taken a good, long hard looks at themselves and what they have become. Aberdeen are not the club they once were back a few years ago in the past. Motherwell would be in some awful state if it weren't for my mate big Alex McLeish keeping things going good down there. Hibs are shocking. Pure shocking.

Celtic looked to be on the up and up this season. They had to at least maintain on last seasons' brilliant runners-up finish and, to be fair to them, they've done that.

DIE HARD: THE QUIZ

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PARS?

1. How many goals did Dunfermline score in Scottish Cup Finals in the 1960s?
2. Which company sponsored Dunfermline in season 86/87, when we won promotion from Division One?
3. Only one Pars player has won the "Daily Record Golden Shot" award since its inception. Who was the player and in which season did he win it in?
4. In the 20 year history of the three league set-up only two teams ever managed to win promotion from the Second Division to the Premier League in consecutive seasons. One was Dunfermline, who was the other?
5. In season 85/86, when we won the Second Division, how many league goals did the Pars score?
6. Norrie McCathie started his senior career with Cowdenbeath in 1980. What position did he play and which club was he signed from?
7. How many times have Dunfermline appeared in the League Cup Final?
8. Which Dunfermline manager told the press:- "The team is in a precarious position. I have no magic wand, but I will do everything in my power to save them from relegation."
9. What was unique about the debut of 60s legend, and 70s brothel owner, Roy Barry, in September 1966?
10. '91/92 was the season Dunfermline were relegated from the Premier League. How many league games did we win, and who did we beat?

THE CURSE OF WESTIE

As the season ends with Ian Westwater again immovable as Dunfermline's number 1, it is perhaps time to investigate the sinister demise of rival goalkeepers since Westie first infiltrated the club in 1986.

Westie was immovable during the Leishman years until our first premier league campaign when a succession of goalkeepers featured in the Pars line up: Tom Carson, Nicky Walker, Hans Segers and the dreadful Dave McKeller. But no one could successfully replace the big baldy bloke.

Then Andy Rhodes arrived and, apart from developing close personal friendships with players' wives, consigned Westie to Falkirk. After relegation, the big English prick was too good to play in the first division and joined St. Johnstone. As if determined to ensure we would never return to the premier league, the Saints threw Lindsay Hamilton and Roddy Grant back in our direction. Hamilton endured an appalling season under Jocky Scott's reign before finding something similar to consistency in Paton's first season in charge. A mistake against Falkirk cost Hamilton his place and Westie returned triumphantly to the Pars. Westwater proved he had lost none of his old skills by gifting Morton two goals the following week. Significantly, Westie's mistakes were not punished by being dropped whereas Hamilton never played for Dunfermline again.

Since his exile Westwater has obviously made sure that he is not replaced quite as easily in the future. His erratic form over previous seasons pushed most fans into frenzied states of unrest. He developed a knack of creating chaos with astonishing ease. A defender could be watching a ball bounce back to his 'keeper only to discover Westie running yards out of his box for no particular reason. In the ensuing scrambles goals were inevitably lost.

John Hillcoat was freed. Jim Will, the former Scotland under-16 World Cup 'keeper was signed and broken within six months before quitting football. Jim McQueen was signed for a month in 1994, played four blinding games, recorded three shutouts, and was then sent on his way to allow a fully fit Westwater to return and virtually throw the ball into his own net for a further three months.

Then Guido Van de Kamp arrived. Finally, we thought, it's all over for Westie. But within a few months, Guido began to exhibit the same erratic form as Hillcoat, Will, and Westie. Apparently, Dick Campbell had been remarking to Guido during training sessions that his confidence was going. After a few months of Campbell pep talks the confidence definitely departed. A mistake against Dundee cost Guido his place and he has not featured in the team since February 1996.

Westie was back but, oddly, better than before. He performed brilliantly as Dunfermline crushed Dundee United and Airdrie to clinch the title last season and, despite the arrival of Zoran Lemajic, has managed to hold onto his place. His uncharacteristically reliable form has even prompted Paton to suggest that the baldy man should be considered for Scotland! If there was any doubt before that Paton was assuredly mad, this statement probably confirms it.

TRUE BLUE BRAZIL

Scottish football was rocked last night when the "Old Firm subsidising Scottish football" myth was exposed as shocking FACT!

Lifelong Bluenose Billy William, 45, from Larkhall received a demand for bills totalling £2,500 owed by Cowdenbeath Football Club. "I couldn't believe it!" said Billy. "The letter said I was responsible for ALL of Cowdenbeath's operating costs!"

Suspecting he was the victim of a cruel hoax, Billy

contacted the Daily Record, who courageously dropped their front page story about something important to spotlight the rantings of a moaning Rangers fan. We uncovered the shocking truth: Old Firm fans are being ripped off by their own clubs **AND THE WEE TEAMS!**

The SFA is secretly diverting money from Celtic and Rangers fans and redistributing it to clubs who would surely disappear without the dribbles of Old Firm charity.

Rangers chairman David Murray rapped the wee clubs,

claiming that they were sucking the lifeblood from the Old Firm. "It's outrageous", he stormed. "Why should our fans be exploited like this?" Pressure on the SFA to act deepened last night when it emerged that a Celtic fan from Ardrossan had, without his consent, been propping up Dumbarton FC since 1967

"I'm stunned" said the man, who refused to be identified.

Walter Smith has since urged all Rangers supporters to check whether money was being secretly siphoned from fans' bank accounts by the SFA and Tommy Burns suggested that Celtic fans made a similar check on their giros.

The Ego has Landed

ANORAK SKYWALKER TAKES A CHUMMY LOOK AT OTHER FANZINES . . .

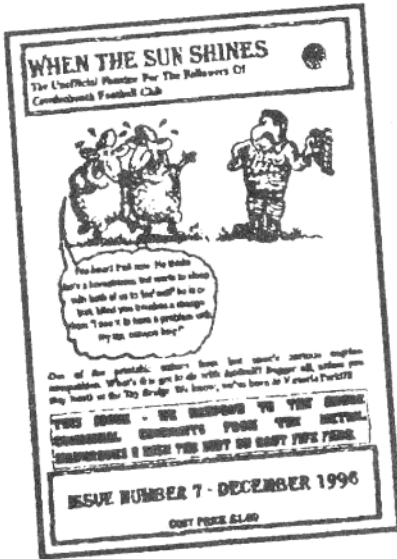
"When The Sun Shines" Cowdenbeath F.C £1

To understand where the Cowdenbeath fanzine "When The Sun Shines" is coming from, take a look at their "Celebrity Cowden Fan Profile" in issue 7. It is Jean-Luc Picard of the Starship Enterprise, and his ambition is to see the Cowden' promoted before they are assimilated by the Borg.

I always feel that to know your place is to know your audience, but in the case of this excellent publication, knowing their place has probably helped their circulation to outnumber their home attendance.

Dunfermline are targets for lots of stick, most of which is very funny. Cowden's real enemy in recent times has been the "Methil Mangroves". The East Fife fans dared to sing a (very funny) song about the inhabitants of Cowdenbeath on a BBC comedy show. Editor Stuart Junor hits back, "People with glass houses shouldn't throw stones. 'Or in Methil'. People with black faces wouldn't use soap". Isn't it nice to see the population of some of Fife's smaller towns getting on so well.

Jean-Luc proves that he is definitely a Cowden man through and through when asked if any of his crew members were into football: "Data is pre-programmed, and is a bit of a know-all. So he must be a Townie".



Wendy Who? St. Johnstone £1

I remember the Wendy Who? fanzine many years ago: shambolic, amateurish, photocopied and with a free souvenir plastic spoon for scooping up a slice of the Muirton Park pitch. Nowadays Wendy Who? is one of the poshest fanzines around.

For those who don't know, the title is inspired by that catchy lyric "Oh, when the saints go marching in" They include all the usual fanzine features: confused rants, scandalous revelations, a hatred of Dundee and a demand for more money to be spent on players. Strangely, the December issue was a disturbingly obsessive celebration of Roddy Grant's 50 goals for the club.

Is there a better way to insult a group of fans other than to point out that they hero worship a player of such limited abilities as Roddy Grant? Perhaps George O'Boyle was right when he claimed to Saints fans in a drunken stupor that Saint Johnstone were nothing before he arrived...



The East End Bounce is without doubt the most lame, whinging, arse-licking waste of paper I've ever seen. Within the pages of issue 10 they explain how to start your own fanzine. They don't mention, unfortunately, original ideas, a sense of humour or even the ability to spell - a concept sadly lacking in the Bounce. There are five pages devoted to a letter sent by a Bouncee to the Press complaining about all-seater stadia, a two page fictitious Shaggy Jenkins interview and vicious rants against Gerry McNee, David Murray, The Scotsman newspaper and every sport except football. The fanzine is essentially an incoherent 20 page rant.

To quote sportswriter Tom Bell of the Scotsman, "If football - or the talk of football - is not an honest entertainment, it is a fraud". Sorry boys, but you're defrauding the Pars fans. Go, on! Be daring! Laugh at yourselves. Everybody else is.

DIE HARD II: THE ANSWERS

1. 7
2. Aluglaze
3. John Watson - Season 85/86
4. Clydebank - 75/76 & 76/77
5. 91
6. Centre Forward - from Edina Hibs
7. Twice - 1949 & 1991
8. Jock Stein
9. Only Pars player to debut in a European tie
10. 4 wins - 2 v Falkirk & 2 v Motherwell

Hurrah! It's Patronise-the-Players Time!

We award marks out of ten for the season

Andy Tod	.	.	.	10
"PLAYER OF THE YEAR"				
Gerry Britton	.	.	.	9
"SCORED VITAL GOALS, CREATED CHANCES"				
Stewart Petrie	.	.	.	8
"EVENTUALLY PROVED HE COULD COMPETE"				
Hamish French	.	.	.	7
"GOOD SEASON FOR THE OLD GUY"				
Derek Fleming	.	.	.	8
"GOOD FIRST PREMIER CAMPAIGN (WHEN PICK'D)"				
Ian Westwater	.	.	.	8
"Old baldy bloke BETTER THAN EVER!"				
Andy Smith	.	.	.	8
"Luggy is AS Luggy does"				
Allan Moore	.	.	.	6
"INJURIES KEPT HIM OUT SADLY"				
Ivo Den Biemen	.	.	.	6
"AN ENIMGA...WHATEVER THAT IS."				
Craig Robertson	.	.	.	6
"FATTER THAN BEFORE AND A LITTLE SLOWER"				
Marc Millar	.	.	.	6
"SHAME ABOUT THE SUSPENSIONS."				
Colin Miller	.	.	.	6
Collected thousands of AIR MILES"				
Dave Bingham	.	.	.	2
"Should have kept the job with Sky"				
Craig Ireland	.	.	.	-4
"Shouldn't really have bothered..."				
Mark McCulloch	.	.	.	-6
"EVER THOUGHT OF BEING A PLUMBER?"				
Greg Shaw	.	.	.	10
"A MODEL PRO - NEVER PUT A FOOT WRONG! LET'S HOPE FOR THE SAME THING NEXT SEASON!"				

OUR ELDERS AND BETTERS...

Ho-hum. Rangers win the championship. Whoopee-doo, surprise-surprise.

Tommy Burns' claims Celtic never really wanted to win the championship "and the league trophy smells anyway..."

Aberdeen confirm that they're not really crap. They're in a transitional phase. That is, from pish to crap.

To universal horror Craig Brown seems to be leading Scotland towards France in 1998. Judging by the Austria game there won't be many Rangers players on the plane to Paris...

Celtic treat legend-in-a-very-brief lunchtime, Paul McStay, like a crap old has-been who never fulfilled his potential. Now why would they do that?

Tommy McLean slams Derek Lilley for snubbing Dundee Utd after agreeing to sign for The Terrors then bugging off to Leeds. Halfway through a rant about contracts and honesty the "wee team" is mentioned and Wee Tam has his puss shut.

Falkirk fans whooped in delight when the sexiest woman they had ever seen visited their town. A spokesman for Dame Edna Everidge claimed she was flattered to be their pin-up dream.

The next issue of Sammy Lives...
will be available in August

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)

Justice?

Bert Paton argues with a linesman at a Motherwell game and is fined £500 and banned from the dugout for six months. Quite a hefty punishment.....

So what happens when opposing Old Firm players in a crunch game attempt to kill each other and, having virtually clinched 9-in-a row, the Rangers team stage a cruel parody of Celtic's pre-match huddle? This alone could have caused a riot. So how does the SFA hammer such actions?

Erm...it ignores them. Same as it ignores the vile sectarian cornerstone of the Old Firm's duopoly. Exactly as the SFA ignored the racist abuse hurled at Mark Walters when he first signed for Rangers.

Difficult issues are obviously easier to deal with when your head is stubbornly thrust in the sand. Obviously, it's far simpler to punish minor, less newsworthy transgressions....

Highland Fling

Less than surprising news reaches us this week about forgotten midfielder Marc Millar.

It seems that Ross Co manager Neale Cooper presented the players with a crate of ale to ease their long journey south from Dingwall last month.

Marc though decided he should attempt to drink his, and everyone else's, fair share in record breaking time. So quickly infact that he insisted on the bus making an unscheduled stop at Aviemore for an alcohol top-up.

Amazingly Marc didn't take part in the two *glamour* pre-season friendlies at East End.....

If you're a Paragon member, chances are you've just had your first pint at Tiffanys. Yes it's the closest licensed premises to East End. Granted the Paragon board did an excellent job in winning members the chance of Paragon comparable prices. It's just not the Paragon though, is it?

No telly for the full time results, no hot nut machine on the bar and, worst of all, flowers on the tables.

No one should abandon the Paragon in it's hour of need, but who wants to stare at a vase of pansy's after watching the Pars being thumped by Rangers again....

The Wacky World of Billy McNeill



Celtic WILL win the treble this season! Some might find this an astounding prediction, but for me, and thousands of ordinary Celtic fans, the time has come to end Rangers' domination.

The current squad may not be as good as the fabled 1967 Lisbon Lions, and admittedly, they may be ten or eleven quality players short of a truly world class team, but that is no excuse for another season of dismal failure. The simple fact of that matter is that it's not fair for Rangers to keep winning!

Unfortunately, the loyalties of the most loyal fans in the world has been stretched to the limit and for millions of Celtic men all over the world, another failure will simply not be tolerated. Loyalty will only

stretch so far. Paulo di Canio, for example, was worshipped and adored by trillions of loyal fans so it's hardly surprising they suddenly want to dump him for making absurd wage demands.

The sad fact is that these foreign mercenaries don't realise that playing for Celtic is more than just playing for a football team. Its high time the Celtic players were made aware of the vital social crutch they provide for billions of inadequate glory hunters worldwide. It is a special honour to sign for Celtic and only the greatest players the world has ever known are acceptable to the zillions of loyal Celtic fans. Remember, Celtic players are not picked, they are chosen.

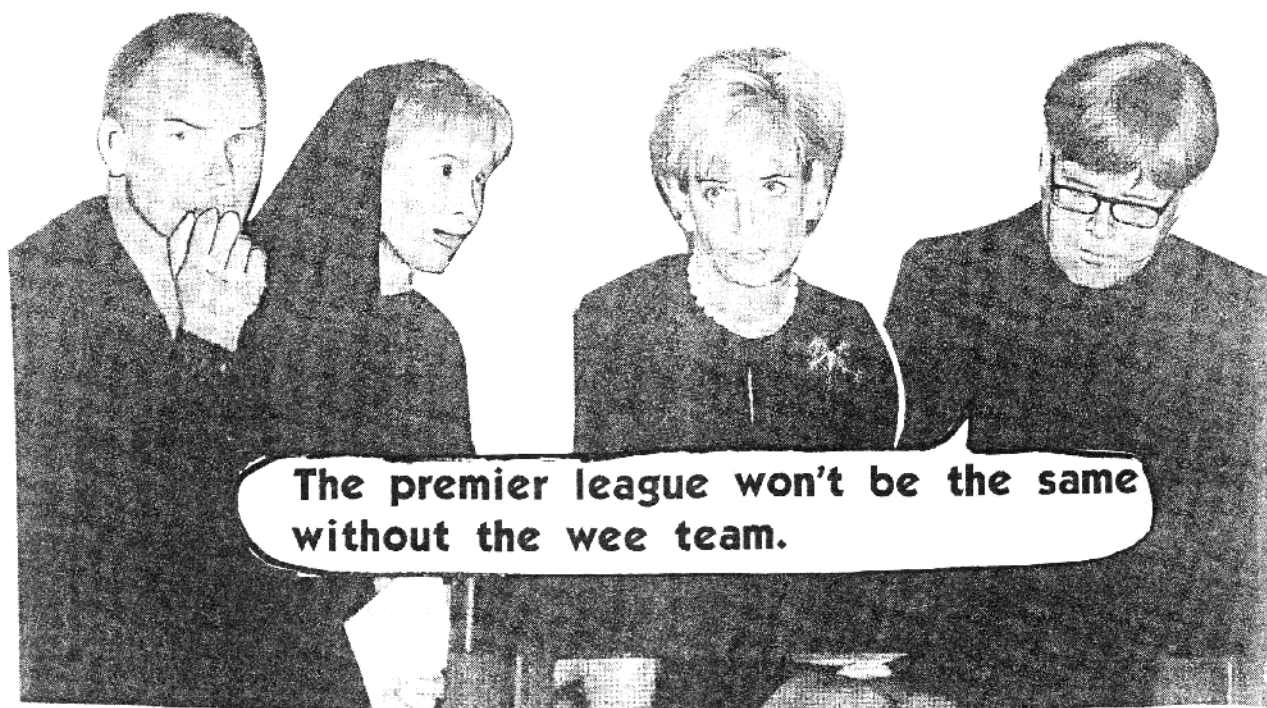
In my day, the jersey itself was more valuable than pure gold! I only ever played for the jersey and the board were of course delighted about this. I wouldn't have dreamed of earning £12,000 per week, never mind demanding an £8,000 pay rise! When I look at the wages players are offered these days, I can only sigh in despair.

Lucky bastards...

FANCY THAT... The media are proving their love for all things Dunfermline...Jonathon Northcroft in the SoS predicts the Pars will be relegated. The Sunday Mail fashion guru doesn't like our new strip, sneering that it isn't much of a fashion accessory. Meanwhile, Gerry McNee thinks we will finish 8th! So he must know something about football! after all? Perhaps???

Aberdeen's miserable pre-season managed to avoid any victories against English third division clubs. And yet, Mr. Northcroft predicts the Dons will finish third...

STARS MOURN TRAGIC LOSS



The premier league won't be the same without the wee team.



**STEAL THIS ONE
YA PRICKS!**

