


A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

Sammy Lives

with
Dick and Bert

August, 1997



We're Back!
A DAFC Presentation

SAMMY II

This time we've got defenders!

Inside:
SANDY ROY - OUR HERO!
JIMMY SANDISON'S play-off hell
WEE TEAM SELL-off
IAIN MUNRO'S SUCCESS Guide

Gossip - SCANDAL - THE PREMIER LEAGUE

THE SURVIVAL SPECIAL

<http://ds.dial.pipex.com/sammy.lives>

60p

Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert

Editorial

New season, new stadium, new strip, new badge. Same old fanzine, same old gags. Sorry, but some things must not be allowed to change!

However, in this modern age of instantaneous global communications, one lingering void remained in the information technology revolution. Thankfully, that period of darkness is over and **Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert** is now available on the web. Our loyal army of readers have now been joined by a potential audience of over fifty million! Now, more people than ever before have the power to ignore this fanzine. It may have been fairly easy to walk past one of the sellers outside the ground, but now you have the power to ignore us each time you pass a telephone. We are empowering the masses! Global domination will shortly commence...

As the season begins it is an easy temptation to predict glorious success or warn of impending doom. The second season for a promoted team is always the most difficult. But one day within a few billion years the sun will exhaust its nuclear fuel, swell to become a red dwarf, explode, and destroy the earth. So we're all doomed anyway.

Now that we've put things in perspective, let's hope that Aberdeen are shit again this season, Jim Duffy can bring his Dundee magic to Hibs, Jorge Cadete stays in Portugal, and Rangers fail miserably in Europe as usual.

Does it matter how well we do? Surely we can take more delight in the failures of others? Dick and Bert did alarmingly well last season, and the team produced some great performances. As long as we don't get relegated, we shouldn't have much to complain about...although it would be nice not to lose so many goals to Rangers this season.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS - "SAMMY LIVES..." HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY JIMMY DEE, JERRY, BUF, GORDON, THE MAGNIFICENT ELEVEN, MR ANGRY, ANORAK SKYWALKER, THE PHILANDERING BABOON, THE NUMBER 7, AND THE COLOURS BLACK AND WHITE....

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Too far?

Even Bert's
baseball cap
was re-clad
during the
close season!

GUEST MASCOT



George O'Boyle

George O'Boyle joined Dunfermline from Bordeaux in 1989 on a one year deal. If he had been relegated Loyalist O'Boyle would have promptly disappeared. Despite taking 29 games to grab his first goal, George was a popular signing who received an enormous amount of sympathy from fans after suffering a horrific injury in a Scottish Cup tie with Cowdenbeath. The injury ended O'Boyle's season.

Dunfermline could have dumped the long-term injury victim, but instead handed him a four year deal. It was almost two years before O'Boyle began to feature regularly in the first team.

Once he had finally returned to fitness he signed for relegated St. Johnstone, because they offered him an extra £10,000 signing-on fee. The Saints were also the bookies' favourites to win promotion. They actually finished fourth...

Now, loyal George's premier dream has finally come true for the Saints (three years later) while in the close season tabloids exposed the injury-prone player's sexual indiscretions.

Well, if you can happily cheat on your wife, it must be even easier to cheat the thousands of anonymous supporters who cheered your name and helped towards your sick pay for two and a half years...

BIGGEST CLUB IN THE WORLD

EXCLUSIVE
by Keith Jackson

IT'S OFFICIAL!

RANGERS ARE the greatest football club the world has ever known, says Brazilian legend Pele.

Wow!

Pele, who once described football as "the beautiful game" sees Rangers and knows that NOTHING could be more beautiful.

Simply the best

The retired former genius, speaking through an interpreter, made his bombshell views known during a noisy press conference to promote the '98 World Cup. Myself and several hundred of the world's top soccer reporters bombarded the started superstar with a hundred different questions simultaneously. It was in the height of this confusion I asked if Rangers were the biggest club in the world.

Jive talkin'

Turning to his interpreter, busy Sandrine Francois, 23, for support he mumbled something in Brazilian before she confirmed "yes" to the stunned press corps.

Soccer pundit Derek Johnstone welcomed Pele's surprise boost for David Murray's Ibrox revolution: "It's great news. Terrific. Brilliant. It's just what Rangers fans like to hear. Smashing."

Grand old team

Celtic legend Charlie Nicholas was equally stunned by Pele's outburst.



Pele ...
Rangers man

"They're a big, big club, of that there's no question - and I have no problem with that," he said.

David Murray modestly accepted Pele's admiration, insisting that the legend's views be taken in context. However, after a while he confessed that the soccer ex-genius was probably right. Meanwhile, Fergus McCann's only response was "who's Pele?"

Huh?

Encouraged to answer more questions, the outspoken Brazilian went on to shatter modern perceptions of reality by claiming the earth was flat, kangaroos are the tools of satan, and that the Spice Girls are actually quite talented.

When challenged later about his controversial outbursts the retired Brazilian former soccer legend superstar looked a little confused and declined further questions.

SINCE WE'VE BEEN GONE . . .

a roundup of some important events since the last Sammy Lives

Jorge Cadette may not be the only nutter in Scottish football judging by the bizarre comments of Tony Rougier as he joined Hibs. "There aren't many clubs bigger than Hibs," began the mad Trinidadian.

"I was one of the top 100 players in Britain last year," the former wee team sub claimed.

Obviously Tony is ignoring the fact that he is joining the club which finished one place above the wee team, survived a play-off thanks to two dodgy Darren Jackson penalties, and has just sold the two players who guaranteed their survival last season.

Hibs, meanwhile, are proving that they are planning for the future by signing former wee teamies Rougier, Shaun Dennis and Stevie Crawford. Ambitious Hibs now have a squad capable of winning the first division...

Ex-Cowden manager Paddy Dolan was invited to spend fifteen years as a guest of one of Her Majesty's less glamorous estates during the summer. This seems a rather harsh punishment for almost achieving something that for previous Cowden managers was merely a dream: bringing ecstasy to Cowdenbeath fans.

One of the most hilarious and absurd highlights of the close season was the curious clamour to own the wee team by various groups of Kirkcaldy lino merchants. Indeed, a shock bid by Sammy Lives Inc. for sole ownership of the tattered club was very nearly accepted. Negotiations only stalled when the board asked to meet face to face with our representative, a Mr. M. Mouse of Florida.

Aberdeen have proved that they will be a force to be reckoned with in the new season with the return of Eoin Jess and Gary Smith. Roy Aitken's motivation for strengthening the club is based upon the innovative idea of replacing the current players with the squad that took the Dons to the brink of relegation in 1994.

A DAFC spokesman slammed accusations that the club were exploiting the shocking teeny alcopops boom. However, he confirmed that the asbestos cladding removed from East End HAD been powdered and mixed with lemonade and Buckie to produce Asbesto-pop, a top-selling teeny drink in Airdrie.

Wee Smeg, a pissed 9 year-old Airdrie-based Buckie enthusiast, hailed Asbesto-pop as "Pure magic!" before vomiting in a bus shelter.

The soccer world were stunned last month when it emerged that a smaller club than the wee team was poised to embark on a European adventure. Fearful of an embarrassing thrashing, the team decided to change their name to disguise their shame. They were going to call themselves "Raith Rovers"... However, they preferred to be taken seriously as a football club and called themselves The Real Madrid Supporters Club of Charlie's Restaurant.

And finally, gifted linesman Sandy Roy disallowed Falkirk's vital equalising goal in the Scottish Cup final. How terribly, terribly unfair...

WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?

Who could have anticipated such pleasure last season? The Pars secured their best premier finish to date, their highest league position since 1969 and the wee team were relegated!

Last season began later than planned after our opening day fixture was moved to suit whinging Tynecastle poofs. In this very fanzine last season we slammed (to use a tabloid term) the shoddy behaviour by Hearts in manipulating the league committees' procedures to suit their needs. The media obligingly ignored the annoyance of Pars fans, and we suggested that if this sort of fixture flipping was applied to the Old Firm, uproar would result. Sure enough, when the fixture list was announced in June and the Old Firm would start the season on Sunday/Monday, the backpages were filled with the angry rantings of media spokesmen. Of course, these moves were to suit live TV, so Murdoch's Sun didn't whinge for long...

And so the league flag was unveiled against Rangers in the first home match of last season. The Pars were predictably gubbed 5-2, but unlike previous gubbings, we actually scored against the Glasgow giants - who thrashed Vladikavkaz 7-2 a few days later. After a nervy pre-season many fans secretly expected a brave but futile fight against relegation (unlike the wee teams' fight which was just futile). The media confidently expected the premier league to dump the two Fife clubs, especially as our only signing was Dundee's Gerry Britton.

However, despite criticism from the media about our style of play, our giant 8 foot tall strikers, and their alleged fascination with hoofing the ball skywards, the points and the goals began to accumulate. A 3-1 whipping of the wee team gave the Pars their first home win, quickly followed by a truly satisfying gubbing of Hearts at East End.

It was obvious that the defence was our principle weakness. With the arrival of Steve Welsh in November, they began to suggest some solidity. Heavy defeats always resulted against the Old Firm, but against the likes of Aberdeen, Dundee Utd and Hearts, losing points to these teams was almost an injustice - particularly at home to the Dons in November.

Incredibly, the Pars survived the season without their traditional winter slump. In the first division it was this period when we always lost ground to the chasing pack and faced numerous postponed games in February. This time we won the New Year derby and four days later snatched our first premier win at Pittodrie. This "fluke" result, according to the papers, was bettered a few weeks later when Roy Aitken's promising youngsters were soundly thrashed 3-0.

A controlled demolition of Ross County put the Pars against Falkirk in the Scottish Cup. For the first time, Paton picked the team that fans had been screaming for all season, and they flopped completely at Brockville. Even Bingham finally played in his natural position and he was abysmal. An incredible 4 minute spell when Andy Tod put a header off the bar and a thirty yard volley off the post, sealed our fate. We could, erm, concentrate on our league programme....

By March Dunfermline were safely clear of the relegation zone, and the only danger was complacency. At one stage we were faced with the opportunity of fighting for fourth place or the play-off position! A 3-1 defeat of Motherwell rescued the situation and the same scoreline against Killie finally secured fifth place.

Not bad for a team that had only spent £150,000 and a manager as mad as a balloon!

IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE IN FALKIRK?

Speculation was mounting last night that intelligent life may exist in Falkirk.

NASA Scientists finally broke their controversial silence on the controversy surrounding tear-stained fragments of paper found shredded on a stinking rubbish-strewn Falkirk street in May.

Scum Sucking Pond Dwellers

Scientists who reassembled the fragments were astonished to discover printed, recognisable shapes, even words - possibly a page torn from a book? However, sceptics doubt whether anyone in Falkirk can read. The research team led by Professor Paton have developed a theory which may revolutionise the public perception of Falkirk.

The boffins think the fragments are the remains of a page ripped from a football rule book!

Turd people

"The Offside Theory", as it has become known, is familiar to most people living outside Falkirk. Scientists have speculated that the page was thrown from a car driven at high speed through the town on May 24th by Sandy Roy, a crazed Aberdonian pensioner. It is assumed that the tears came from a primitive ape-like creature known to inhabit areas of Falkirk. Professor Paton was cautious in suggesting how the ape was able to comprehend the rules, or even read the scrap of paper.

"He must be a member of Falkirk's intelligentsia", the professor suggested,

"It probably wiped it's bottom with it."

HYUNDAI CARS AREN'T SHIT!

REMEMBER:

THEY'RE CHEAP

THEY USE PRETTY COLOURS

THEY HAVE CUTE NAMES like "pony"

SOME HAVE SUNROOFS!

A promotion by the
Dunfermline Chamber of Commerce

(and everyone else desperate to sook
up to generous Korean investors)

VIRTUAL PETS !

Tamaguchi Cyber Pars need care
and attention or they get
grumpy and demand pay rises.

HOW LONG CAN YOURS SURVIVE?

TAMAROBBO

*tamarobbo must have its
ego fed every few minutes
or it frowns and goes in the
huff. Keep him happy with
a steady flow of burgers.*

TAMACAMPBELL

*tamacampbell must be given
a cigarette every ten seconds
or he will die.*

TAMASHAW

Thousands remain unsold...

MY HEARTBREAK PENALTY SENDING OFF CUP FINAL PLAY-OFF AGONY

Jimmy Sandison speaks to Sammy Lives

Tragic Jimmy Sandison last night opened his heart on the secret football hell he has silently suffered since 1991.

A weaker man may have spent six years whinging in newspapers, but not brave little Jimmy. Sadly, the years of silence, the repressed memories, and the trauma of a play-off failure have shattered Sandison's fragile mental state. If you thought Jorge Cadette was nuts, then pity poor Jimmy Sandison - he's absolutely barking mad!

One flew over broomfield

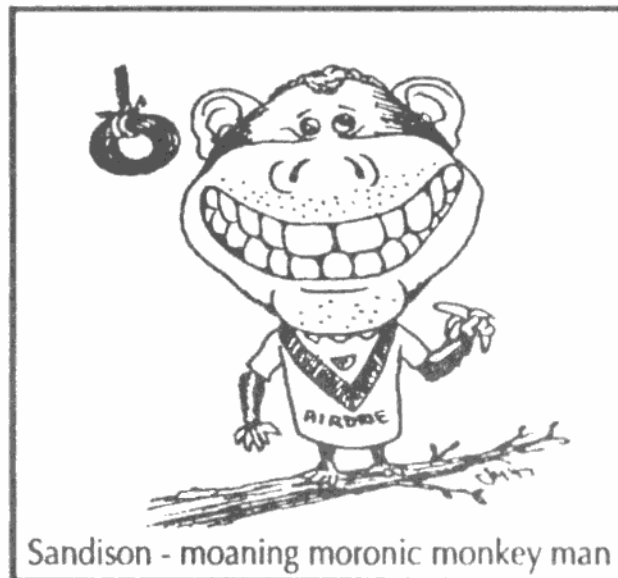
Brave Jimmy's nightmare began when Davie Syme controversially awarded Dunfermline the penalty which denied Airdrie the chance to lose the Skol Cup Final. Only now, a mere six years later, does Jimmy feel strong enough to discuss that terrible night at Tynecastle.

Soccer Horror

"I know it was the referee who awarded it - the Dunfermline guys didn't appeal, or make a fuss, or anything like that. But I can't help despising Dunfermline, all the same. Those bastards ruined my life!"

Get over it!

"It was the worst moment of my life," he wailed pitifully, "Almost as bad as the booking that cost me a place in the Scottish Cup Final against Rangers or losing the Hibs play-off AND getting sent off."



Sandison - moaning moronic monkey man

"I try not to dwell on these events, but barely a day goes by that I don't ache on the inside."

Future shock

As the new season begins, Jimmy is looking confidently towards the future. The play-off with Hibs seems very far away now. Being sent-off, the own goal, the missed penalty, Steve Cooper's award as Dunfermline Athletics' player of the year. All these things have hurt deeply a man loved all over the world as a noble soccer ambassador.

Monkey Magic

"I grieve for Airdrie. We're a top class premier division club that just happens to be stuck in the first division. Airdrie is a huge club. With our huge, loyal support, we're the Raith Rovers of the first division."

Jimmy Sandison is 87.

GLORY DAYS

Dunfermline 3 Airdrie 2

In recent years, Dunfermline-Airdrie clashes have acquired a mouth-watering new quality: pure hatred.

In September 1993, Bert had just taken over as manager and things were not looking too good. We were on the verge of taking Airdrie's record as the most undisciplined team in Scotland as in each of our previous league games against Falkirk, Clydebank and Brechin we had finished with ten men.

The Airdrie match was a vital game for Paton as some fans were beginning to yearn for the dark days of Jocky Scott. Seeds of doubt, though, were cast aside as a crowd of 4000 were treated to a glorious, crunching football feast: three glorious goals and a magnificent double from Sharpie.

Only two minutes had passed when Sharpie spotted Sandy Stewart taking the ball down the left. To this day I, and a few thousand others, thought it was a fair challenge, but referee Martindale (an Aberdonian disaster) was having none of it. Sharp was booked and poor hacking Airdrie bastard Stewart was carried from the field with a gash in his leg.

Five minutes later Sharp's amazing double was complete. As Alan Lawrence turned towards goal the red mist must have descended over psycho. Lawrence obligingly departed the field of play to visit a doctor and Sharpie took his red card to a massive ovation by the home fans. Now, the fun could begin...

Before Sharpie had a chance to kick down the dressing room door, the Pars took the lead. Alan Preston, a recent signing from Hearts, slammed a 30 yard free-kick past the defensive wall before Scab Martin even had time to flinch. It was easily one of our best goals that season - although Sharpie's 40 yarder

against Ayr was another contender. Five minutes later Ivo sent one of his ridiculous long throws to Hamish who made a monkey of Sandison before crashing the ball home from 12 yards.

Then, the former diving bastard Andy Smith did what Andy Smith always did against us - he went down like a Tory majority. This time poor Lex Baillie was blamed for the non-existent foul and Davie Kirkwood scored from the penalty spot.

This, however, wasn't the last controversial act of the first half. Paul Smith scored what looked to everyone in the ground, except our friend from the north, a perfectly good goal. To everyone's dismay it was chopped off for hand-ball!

Then, in the second half, Airdrie were awarded another penalty (in total they were awarded seven against us that season!) This time Lindsay Hamilton saved Kirkwoods' spot kick - the first in a series of excellent saves by the Pars keeper. Davenport, Kirkwood and McVicar all tested him but Hamiltons' hands were in fine form.

With two minutes left the icing was finally plastered on the cake. Norrie looped a header into the box, Sandison fatally decided to let it bounce, and George O'Boyle slipped in to chip over a stranded Scabby. Kirkwood scored a late consolation, but no-one really cared. At the final whistle Bert and Dick danced like we'd just won the league.

It was Bert's first win at East End as a manager, and it turned our season around. We didn't actually win the league that year, but at least we did finally clinch promotion against Airdrie and have the pleasure of rubbing their scummy Lanarkshire noses in our success.

Happy days...

SIMPLY THE REST . . .

ABERDEEN have signed Eoin Jess, Gary Smith and Mike Newell and, despite Aitken's proclamations of "challenging for the title" and being "up there", the Dons are more likely to be "down there" instead. This will probably be The Bear's last season at Aberdeen...

A visit to planet **CELTIC** is to enter a bizarre world where it is always 1967: Celtic are the cream of Europe and "9-in-a-row" is their boast. In reality the club is shattered by internal strife, boardroom chaos and ceaseless torment because Rangers keep beating them. Without Di Canio and Cadete, much of their threat has diminished. Wim Jensen still has to convince the Bhoys that he is more than a Nigel from Eastenders lookalike, and the new boss has a squad which at its best is merely average. Despite this, Celtic fans expect to win the treble as usual. A little less fantasy, a lot more honesty, and a touch of reality might make life easier for Celtic fans to endure...wake up and smell the shamrocks!

DUNDEE UTD are the logical challenge for Rangers this season - since they actually managed to beat them home and away last time. They have speedy attackers, a strong defence, a sprinkling of Scandinavians and will probably do well this season.

Planet **HIBERNIAN** is on an orbit in parallel with planet Celtic. They have just finished one of their worst seasons in years, sold their best players, and bought a couple of wee teamies. On top of this they've given Chic Charnley a new contract and signed a couple of duds from Dundee. With the launch of a Hibs programme on Sky Scottish, the directors obviously believe that Hibs somehow qualify for the "big club" tag. The fans are probably a touch more realistic. As they bumble towards relegation Jim Duffy will insist they are in a "false position."

HEARTS, the diving, cheating, sporadically drug-taking Tynecastle poofs have a good manager, a couple of good players, and a desperate urge to win trophies. Fat boy Robertson is staying, so he'll obviously get them a few penalties this season and they'll probably finish in the top half of the league. God knows how, though. They were pish against us all last season.

KILMARNOCK, the dull, overrated cup winners are poised for another relegation battle. Without Paul Wright they will not score many goals, and wouldn't appear to be spending much on players. After their brief European adventure, Killie will return to drab normality, and yet the media will praise their style of play all the way to the first division.

Despite the best efforts of "the best young manager in Scotland" **MOTHERWELL** continue to decline. The chairman wants to sell the club while Alex McLeish is poised to move to Man Utd, Ajax, Juventus or Clydebank. After their bizarre wrangle to sign two Austrian nobodies they have dumped Chris McCart and sold Mitchell van de Gaag. It's quite a bold step for a defensively inept club to cast off its best central defenders, but keep Brian Martin. Best young manager, my arse! We should probably expect to see more of Alex McLeish on Scotsport as he will not finish the season with Motherwell....

Shock, horror, **RANGERS** will clinch ten in a row but fail in Europe.

ST. JOHNSTONE return to the premier league after galloping off with the first division title. A hardly surprising result considering that they had no realistic competition for most of the season. Relegated Partick Thistle and Falkirk disappeared into mid-table obscurity, Morton proved that they were a flash-in-the-pan and recovered their natural status (makes a mockery of Allan McGraw's Manager of the Year award when the Pars won the division, doesn't it?) Dundee sold their strike force to Hibs in March and Airdrie were suddenly in the play-off.

Since the Pars and Dundee Utd disposed of St. Johnstone's league challenge (they finished fifth) in 1996, Saints have kept almost the same team. They will probably do well in the first few months of the season, but they have a small squad and their main striker is Roddy Grant.

Not exactly a terrifying prospect...

the INSIDER



He knows, you know . . .

HASTE YE BACK!

Cowdenbeath's home match on 26th April this year was sponsored by a popular Dunfermline hostelry. At half time, while enjoying their free pie and bovril in the boardroom, one of the sponsors politely asked whether the TV could be switched on to check the Pars result.

At this point an elderly Cowdenbeath director turned purple and exclaimed: "F**king Townie bastards! What are they doing in here!"

Fortunately, the situation was quickly diffused when the target of the abuse explained that he wasn't a f**king Townie, he was from Oakley.

IT'S MILLER TIME

Fans were understandably concerned at the end of last Season when poor Marc Miller was substituted against Hearts suffering from concussion. Rather alarmingly, the injury doesn't seem to have cleared up very quickly and may even be contagious!

What else could explain why Marc and Den Bremen had to be carried unconscious from Monty's at midnight on the Wednesday before the Killie match?

WATER PROOFING

Many wee team fans spent the end of last season whining about the shocking state of the Starks Park pitch - particularly during the Fife derby played in monsoon conditions.

Why was the pitch waterlogged? Well, wee team contractors re-laid the pitch before last season and installed a new drainage system...upside down!

TAKE THE STRAIN

News reaches the Sammy Lives travel desk of a shocking incident on the busy Edinburgh to Aberdeen rail service.

In May, passengers to Aberdeen were treated to a stunning display of wee team bashing as the train pulled into Kirkcaldy station. Travellers will be aware that, as a train approaches a stop, the driver announces the name of the station. On this fateful evening the driver noticed that there were a few wee Rovers fans waiting to get off.

A devilish grin spread across the drivers' face...

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we are now approaching...the first division - ha ha ha!" The driver and guard giggled hysterically while the wee team fans fumed behind the safely locked doors.

"That's no' funny, ya bastard!" one of the foul-mouthed ruffians exclaimed.

This story first appeared in the Dunfermline-Discuss internet newsgroup and the poster was subsequently contacted by a reporter and photographer from Sunday Mail who tried to get him to confirm the story as true. Since this would probably have cost him his job for misconduct, he quite understandably refused. The reporter responded by threatening to publish the story and his name, anyway. Lovely people, eh?

However, doubts have recently been sowed as to the truthfulness of the story. There are suspicions that the tale was invented to impress gossip-hungry internet Pars fans, and the perpetrator did henceforth shit himself at the possibility of his yarn appearing in a newspaper complete with mug shot.

It's all very glorious to be victimised for taking the piss out of the wee team, but would it be worth risking the sack if you were only telling porkies?

Sammy Lives says "Let the industrial tribunal decide..."

Choose Life. Choose Football. Choose



#1 Bertie



#2 Dodsie



Ear sp

ose the Pars



YUM! YUM!
CHEWS EARS!!!



#3 Luggy



#4 Moorie



#5 Bingo

ootting

* Billy Dodds only appears because we couldn't really put a Pars player in a dress...except maybe Greg Shaw?

The road to nowhere

by Gordon James

If you live in Forfar, every Pars game is an away match. The life of a travelling fan is not a happy one - especially when matches are suddenly postponed... Remember the Celtic game last season?

I still shudder to this day...



On a freezing cold Saturday in December I left Dundee at 12:30 after another wasted morning at work, only to discover at 1:15 that the game was postponed. Shit! I had to go home and finish the DIY job I started the day Leishman got punted. This is not a good omen.

With the match rearranged for midweek, I was working in Cowdenbeath on the Wednesday afternoon, watching as blizzards caused havoc in all directions. Confidently expecting another cancellation I phoned East End Park and was amazed to be told the game would go ahead as planned! Not believing a word of this I drove to the ground, parked outside and telephoned again while my car was engulfed by snow. The guy in the office must be in a different Dunfermline to me as he confidently confirms that the game will be played. Then again, perhaps he thought I was a Celtic fan, and was just taking the piss?

With my spirits lifted I drove back to work in Dundee, finished early and drove home to Forfar to collect a carry out and my Celtic-supporting friends. After taking over an hour to get to Perth we decided it would be wise to phone East End to see if our journey would be wasted - but the bastards had taken the phone off the hook! By 7pm we reached Kelty (at least I think it was Kelty - I couldn't see much through the blizzards). The carry out was finished, we were down to our last four fags, and rapidly losing patience with the damn phone. And then Radio Scotland broke the "shock" news. Thank you DAFC! "Sorry, match is off, please enjoy the long drive home at 15mph without drink, fags or a sense of humour." So much for that crap about Scotland not needing a winter shutdown. If Jim Farry had been in that car he would have been f**king dead!

I finally arrived home in Forfar at 1:30am. The wife had locked me out, and I was last seen heading into the snow singing "DA are the number 1!" under my freezing breath, in search of the one true lover who never deserts you in your hour of need: the kebab shop. But no, you guessed right, he's pissed off home in his 4x4 laughing as he splashed me with slush on the way.

Finally, at the third attempt, the match was played: The game kicked off and we were all over the tims like a rash. Britton missed a sitter and my Celtic supporting buddies shit themselves, but all for nothing as they eventually ran out 3-1 winners. The long drive home was even longer tonight; three times the abuse, three times the bets to pay out, three times the frustration as I am left mumbling in the back seat all the way home...bastards, bastards, bastards.....

BINGO BANJOS COO'S ERSE

"CRAP" BOY WONDER SILENCES CRITICS

Dave Bingham is NOT crap! The diminutive soccer would-be genius last night buried the slur that has haunted him since joining Dunfermline Athletic.

With one mighty swing of a banjo brilliant Pars striker Dave Bingham silenced his billions of critics worldwide.

Local farmer Bert Paton generously provided a cow and gifted musical genius, Dusty Miller, the rock supremo who penned the cult classic "We're the Pars" loaned Bingham a fully operational banjo.

Shortly after 6pm Bingham tentatively raised the banjo and slammed it triumphantly against the coo's erse.

Players, fans, pundits, Terry Fernon and proper sports writers watched in awe and were forced to eat humble pie by Bingham's mum who smugly pronounced:

"SEE? I told you he wasn't pish!"

Pars supremo Bert Paton immediately praised Bingham's magnificent effort and insisted that the first three swings, which all missed by yards, "was just warming up."

A delighted Bingham insisted that there is a vast amount of scientific knowledge required to accurately thump a banjo against a coo's erse, and suggested that idiot fans simply didn't understand this.

"It's no' easy! Honest!" he claimed.

Bingham, a footballer who has often been described as "deceptively talented" in that he can do lots of fancy flicks, but nothing as simple as scoring in an open goal, remained defiant as critics suggested that the cow had been offered a bung before supplying its erse.

The cow refused to comment.

PAR-ANOID FANTASY?

If there was any more confirmation required to convince neurotic Pars fans that there is a media conspiracy to remind us we're shit, its the fantasy league player valuations...

If you can be arsed to total the values of each fantasy team (we have a lot of spare time) then both the Sun and Daily Record put us tenth! If you want to bring a west coast bias argument into this, the record puts Kilmarnock fifth...

TITS!

Pars fans will remember the appalling manner in which The Daily Star reported Norrie McCathie's sudden death, and their sordid attempts to sensationalise the tragedy.

An insight into the Star's opinion of their readers was displayed in their reports of the Versace killing:

"Versace (his surname rhymes with Archie) was..."

PUBLIC RELATIONS?

A young couple planned to take their 8 month-old son to the pre-season match with West Ham and telephoned East End to check whether they would be allowed into the stand with a baby. They were a little shocked by the reply....

It may be free to take a baby on a train, bus or aeroplane, but it costs a fiver to take a baby into East End Park!

TELL IT LIKE IT IS!

Shortly before it becomes hamster cage lining, many people will read Terry Fernon's report in the Dunfermline Herald & Post.

Sadly, this weekly pleasure is no more as Terry has decided to call it a day. Worshipped and revered for annoying almost every player and member of staff at one time, Terry has decided to quit while he remains a respected cult figure.

For three years the razor-sharp wisdom of The Punters' Friend was a refreshing antidote to the dull sycophancy of the Dunfermline Press who stubbornly refused to criticise anything. Terry, the true fans' spokesman, knew mince when it was served before him and never shirked from saying so.

After a series of horrendous performances from Craig Robertson, Fearless Fernon wrote: "His form has sunk so low you'll need sonar to find it." Robertson was less than pleased, but Terry wasn't wrong.

Terry has followed the Pars since the 60's and remembers vividly the glories of the European campaigns. If you asked him how football has changed over the years he would probably say for the worse.

So now its true. There really is NOTHING to read in the Herald & Post.

THE SECRET OF MY CONSTANT SUCCESS

by Iain Munro

I always knew I would be a success in football. Looking back over my trophy-laden career with St. Mirren and Sunderland, it never fails to amaze me that success has followed me so easily into management.

I joined Dunfermline in 1987, bringing instant success to this fallen club as they began their first season in the premier league. The manager at the time, a slightly irritating man with a grey perm and a penchant for poetry - I forget his name - put me in charge of picking the team, deciding the tactics, baking the pies and wallpapering the stadium. While I carried this arduous burden without a word of complaint he wasted his time with community visits and pitiful attempts to be popular with the fans. I believe he now manages a second division club?

In spite of my contempt for this man who seldom gave me a word of praise or recognition (except during interviews with journalists) I worked diligently and professionally.

Therefore, it was with a great deal of personal discomfort that I reluctantly took his job and systematically dismantled his squad of players. At last I had the freedom to introduce talented, gifted footballers like Ian McParland, Eddie Gallagher and Paul O'Brien. Players worshipped and revered even to this day.

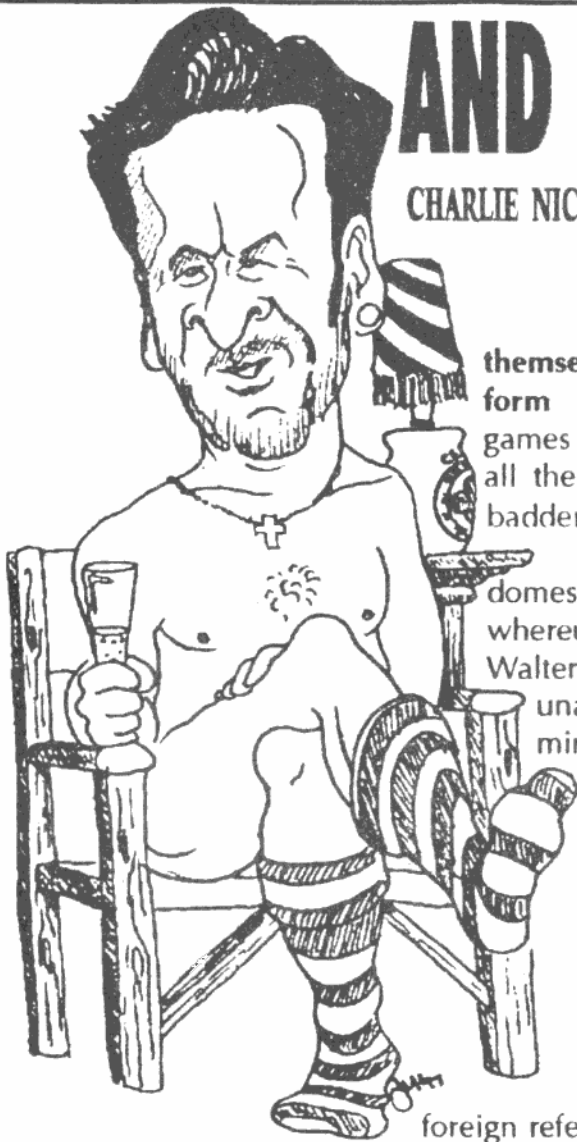
Sadly, a minority of the Pars support - no more than four or five thousand - refused to accept me. They all have their own reasons, I'm sure, but I do not feel I was given the opportunity to display my full range of skills. That was Dunfermline's loss, not mine. They reluctantly decided to let me go, and I must accept that. I walked out of Dunfermline to take over Dundee - surely that speaks volumes for my standing in the game, not to mention the foresight of the Dundee board.

My time at Dundee was probably the most successful period in my career. The club was sitting at the top of the first division and on course for promotion when I took over.

When I decided to leave Dundee later that same season, I admit the club had slipped to second place, but I honestly feel that my groundwork with the squad assembled by Gordon Wallace was the springboard for their subsequent promotion to the premier league. Sadly, the Dundee board did not share my confidence in my abilities, but I do not feel they gave me the opportunity to display my full range of skills. That was Dundee's loss, not mine.

After a brief period of unemployment I joined Hamilton, a club forever on the brink of success. In my time at the club I admit we struggled. Sadly, during my tenure the club went seriously into debt, became homeless, and after three difficult years, finally suffered relegation to the second division. At this point the club began to question my position, but I do not feel they gave me the opportunity to display my full range of skills. I told them again and again of my commitment to the club, which I repeated to the St. Mirren board when they offered me Tony Fitzpatrick's job. The Buddies are my home town team and I have supported them all my life - so I would hate to see them suffer the mysterious catastrophes which have strangely befallen all the other clubs I have managed.

That's why I went to Raith Rovers. I would at last have the freedom to spend, spend, spend, and the loyal support of a board that had dumped two managers in nine months. And even if I did not have the opportunity to display my full range of skills, at least no-one would notice if I made an arse of it. Of course, that would be Raith Rovers' problem, not mine.



AND QUITE RIGHTLY SO

CHARLIE NICHOLAS writes exclusively, and particularly, for Sammy Lives

DIFFERENT CLASS

Rangers has a big, big challenge ahead of themselves in the future: improve their pure shocking form in the Europe. In effect, they must start winning games and being successful, as opposed to getting gubbed all the time. In a football sense, they have to do less badder than what they've done up to now..

In another sense they have to capitulate on their domestic domination and deport it to the European arenas whereupon they have often failed to do so in the past. Walter Smith knows this, and whether is it achievable or unachievable. It will be uppermost in the back of his mind. He knows that this season there will be no excuses for European failure. But I'm quietly confident that he'll come up with some.

I honestly do believe myself, personally, that Rangers and Celtic are very capable of challenging for the big, big honours at the very toppest level in the Europe. Celtic, admittedly, lag behind Rangers to the rear in a football sense, and in other ways which I don't wish to talk about at this point.

Of course, Rangers' main disadvantage is that foreign referees punish them for behaviour that is unacceptable in a European circumstances. Scottish refs don't for some reason....

JUST STOP IT, RIGHT?

It's league cup time of year again when the wee clubs get the opportunity to compete, in a football sense, with the big clubs in the land on the same level. But why? The simple fact of the matter is that playing crap wee teams is bad for big, big teams who expect to play in finals and semi-finals and such against other big teams.

Why is it that the SFA and SFL allows wee clubs to enter competitions they obviously have no chance of winning? Rangers enter the Champions League because they know they can win the trophy, and want to prove to the big, big top European clubs, sponsors and the TV companies just how good they are.

But why do clubs like Albion Rovers bother with the league cup? Because they hope to get a home draw with Rangers, that's why. It's a sad, sick attitude to a noble sport and it should stop NOW!

GONNAE NO' DO THAT?

It's high time that Celtic have got their act together and got right in about the task of denying Rangers 10-in-a-row. It was a massive blow for a club of the size of Celtic to have their magnificent record by a sheer brilliant squad equalled by a tawdry bunch of mercenaries and foreigners. No disrespect to Rangers, of course, but they simply are not as good as the team built by the legendary Jock Stein. But Celtic fans, all the same, shouldn't forget that what happened in the past has already happened. Face it, it's history, and it's time to move on.

Me, myself, enjoyed a glorious period in Paradise in the early eighties. No disrespect to the Lisbon Lions, but I genuinely believe that the squad of '82 would have gubbed them, just as the 90's Rangers squad of today may, or may not, likewise gub the fabled stars of '67. But that's not important. Other things are. And, mark my words, I will be proved rightly.

POETIC JUSTICE

There is probably nothing more pleasing than savouring other peoples' misfortune. However, the pleasure of enjoying other peoples' suffering is magnified by the satisfaction that it is a group of people that you utterly despise.

Several Pars fans may have noticed that Falkirk were denied a last-gasp equaliser in the Scottish Cup Final. Who knows what may have happened if that goal had stood? Falkirk might have snatched a dramatic extra-time winner? The might have won a nerve-jangling penalty shoot-out. In either case, Bairs fans would have known that they had witnessed a momentous event in their teams' history. Instead, thanks to a referee's controversial decision, they merely have dreams of what might have been...

Of course, the referee DIDN'T spot the infringement. It was the sharp eyes and keen intuition of the assistant referee, Sandy Roy, who broke Falkirk hearts. Finally, he had returned to haunt Falkirk with the typical brand of incompetent lunacy which earned him such loathing from Pars fans. Was this divine retribution, or simply proof that certain officials aren't deliberately biased, but hopelessly incompetent?

In case anyone dares to forget that incredible decision at Brockville, Dunfermline were losing 1-0 to Falkirk, but ripping the Bairs to shreds at will. Suddenly, a rare Falkirk attack was broken up when a babies player ran into Neale Cooper. The ball broke to Hamish French who dashed a full forty yards before smashing an unstoppable shot into the net. Then, as the teams lined up to restart, referee Sandy Roy spotted the linesman's flag on the far side.

Suddenly, there was uproar as Sandy Roy sent off Cooper, disallowed the goal, and awarded Falkirk a free-kick! He did this having waved play-on at the Cooper "incident". The Pars, unfortunately, lost the head and charged about like nutters for the next ten minutes, allowing Falkirk to grab a second goal. At this stage of the season Dunfermline were starting to stretch away from the pack and this was Falkirk's last chance to narrow the gap. As it turned out Falkirk clinched the championship on the last day of the season, only two points clear of the Pars...

It may be over-dramatic to suggest that Sandy Roy handed Falkirk the title, but it is more than satisfying to speculate that he may have snatched the Scottish Cup from under their astonished noses.

DOOMED SPACE CADETS' DEATH PLUNGE HORROR

Dozens of people marched triumphantly through the centre of Kirkcaldy last night after power was finally returned to the doomed waste-of-space station, Mire.

A dramatic salvage operation ended months of uncertainty with the decaying vessel poised on the edge of disaster.

Troubles first began for Mire when they attempted to enter a higher orbit than the station was realistically able to maintain. At first there were no problems. Then, some of the crew began to experience vertigo, and tinkered with the controls. Without warning, a safety valve ruptured, causing the craft to spin out of control.

The increased g-forces stressed the hull of the craft, causing it to buckle and release vast amounts of hot air into space. Commander Penman realised instantly that corrective action was necessary to prevent the station spinning into oblivion, and dumped first officer Iain Munro, before locking himself in the escape pod.

Frantic attempts to revive the station included turning it towards the Sun. Unfortunately, Commander Penman threw a wobbly, then several punches, and The Sun instead, turned away from the Mire. Realising his impossible position, Commander Penman jettisoned the escape pod to conduct negotiations with ground-based consortiums from a safe distance.

After weeks of discussions several consortiums were able to make viable technical suggestions to salvage the Mire. Eventually, a rescue plan involving deposed former first officer, Jimmy Nicholl, was accepted by Penman and a crew assigned to rebuild the wreck. Overjoyed at the news, quite literally several Mire enthusiasts took to the streets.

"It's brilliant news," said Alasdair Gourlay, 48, of Pratt Street, Kirkcaldy.

How to draw more gooder!

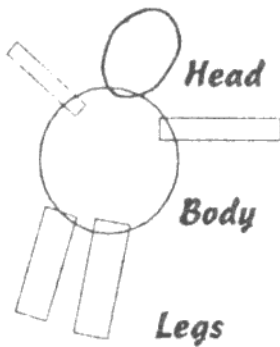
by
Malky McCormick



AS ONE OF THE WORLDS' TOP CARTOONISTS, SCOTLAND'S TABLOIDS CONSTANTLY BATTLE FOR THE HONOUR OF PUBLISHING MY BRILLIANTLY RENDERED CARICATURES IN THEIR PAGES.

SOME PEOPLE SNEER AT MY WORK AND INSIST THAT A FIVE YEAR-OLD COULD DO BETTER. THAT MAY BE TRUE - BUT COULD A FIVE YEAR OLD MEET A TIGHT PRINT DEADLINE? I THINK NOT.

HOWEVER, TO HELP ANY BUDDING CARTOONISTS OUT THERE, HERE ARE SOME SIMPLE RULES FOR DRAWING PERFECT CARICATURES...



1. Identify your subjects' outstanding features - I notice that most people have a head, body and legs.



2. Put two wee dots for eyes



3. Draw a really big nose



4. Draw really big teeth

5. Add the haircut



6. Write the persons' name and draw a big arrow beside the picture.

Charlie Nicholas

SEE HOW EASY IT IS? HERE ARE THREE MORE CELEBS - CAN YOU RECOGNISE THEM?



Jim White
Gazza
Ally McCoist

Smartarse on Sunday

Jonathon Northcroft

When Dunfermline Athletic recorded their first premier win over Aberdeen at Pittodrie in January, Jonathon Northcroft, of the Scotland on Sunday felt it was more relevant to suggest that Dunfermline had a crap badge, rather than mention that the Pars actually played quite well.

This is hardly surprising as he is a Dons fan, but his blinkered delusional obsession with all things sheepish is beginning to border on the absurd judging by an article he wrote for the July edition of Goal! magazine. In a report dramatically titled "Scottish Football RIP" Northcroft brilliantly observed that the Old Firm dominate Scottish football and the other clubs can't compete. Diligently ignoring the Scottish medias' unspoken rule that if the subject isn't the Old Firm, it isn't interesting, he starts burbling about Aberdeen and insists that only they have attempted to match the Old Firm's spending....

Which is an odd statement since Roy Aitken confessed in February that Aberdeen were so broke they couldn't afford £300,000 for a Scandinavian trialist! So praise of Aberdeen's spending power seems a trifle absurd. However, Northcroft is perfectly correct when he states that outside the Old Firm, only Aberdeen have spent £1,000,000 on a player: Paul Bernard. Many people may be forgiven for asking Paul Who? as this inspired piece of business could hardly be described as value for money.

Northcroft concludes his bizarre report by suggesting that in this post-Bosman world, the only way Rangers and Celtic will find success in Europe is by playing in a proper European league modelled on the Champions League (but with the difficult qualifying section removed, obviously). Northcroft then insists:

"Freed of playing the likes of Raith Rovers and Dunfermline four times a season could only raise the top clubs' overall standards and Rangers might even improve on their record in Europe of winning only three Champions League games in six years."

Pardon me, but I seem to remember Dunfermline finished in fifth position, while Aberdeen, despite their million pound man, struggled to hold onto sixth place! In any case, Rangers have been appearing in the Champions Cup/Champions League for nine years now and showing little significant improvement in their performance. Who, apart from Rangers themselves, is responsible for that?

Quite simply, the Old Firm dominate Scottish football, and there is no point in disputing the fact. But yet another article advocating the extinction of "wee clubs" for the greater good of making Rangers more successful in Europe is arrogant, absurd and insulting. It may sound outrageous for a mere fan to suggest such a revolution, but perhaps Rangers might be able to emulate the success of clubs like Juventus or Ajax by nurturing their own players first, and then adding top class foreigners. Instead, they prefer the instant option of buying the easily available, but less gifted, European journeymen: the continental equivalent of Chic Charnley.

The Ego has Landed

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



"27-11" *The Wee Team* £1

During the summer our sad woodland friends from Kirkcaldy finally achieved their greatest ever ambition: they succeeded in wooing back their most successful manager.

"27-11", a Wee Team fanzine, just confirms this obsession with all things Nicholl. If Nicholl tried to walk across water and sank, wee teamies would insist that Alex Penman had done something to the water! Their editorial states: "There's consortiums appearing from everywhere but the bottom line for us is to get Jimmy as manager and to buggery with the Upstairs Boys."

Astonishingly, Nicholl is mentioned on virtually every single page in the fanzine. Celtic fans are locked in a time warp which revolves around 1967, while the wee team are locked in a time warp which involves losing to Bayern Munich in the UEFA cup.

For a truly breathtaking article, "Banter with the Ranter" is unmissable. To suggest that some wee team fans are suffering massive delusions would be an understatement... "During the early and mid- nineties when Scottish football (and a wee bit of Europe) belonged to us, there was Penman swanning about on the back of Jimmy Nicholl..." Huh?

I don't think Scottish football, Europe or even Kirkcaldy has ever belonged to the wee team! For fifty years they couldn't compete for supporters with the local ice rink! When Nicholl left, the wee team were already heading for the First division. He jumped ship before he was pushed. When Nicholl fails again, who will they blame?

"27-11" is essentially a postscript to the Wee Teams' most successful period ever. Lightning is unlikely to strike in that part of Kirkcaldy ever again. Unfortunately, 27-11's delusional rantings completely miss the point. Look back in anger if you like, but please, be realistic.

You're only a wee team.

SUMMER SOCCER SENSATION!

Pars appoint foreign coaches!



Bert Patonsen



Wim Campbell

John



*We take idiot
Glaswegians
seriously...*

Celtic fan **Brendan O'Donegal** was first up: "Why did Fergus McCann ask Rinus Michels to suggest a coach? What does a Dutchman know about football?"

Rangers fan, **Forbes Johnston**, sneered: "Celtic fans must be terrified by Rangers' spending spree this summer. I look forward to seeing the Champions Cup paraded at Ibrox next May - along with the treble, of course."

Kevin Connelly of Castlemilk got right to the point: "I just want to see wur name in the paper, and that, by the way."

Ha! Ha! Who'd be an Old Firm fan? Well, people who like winning trophies, obviously...but that still doesn't explain why anyone supports Celtic - as this call proves.

"Fergus McCann has got to go!" explains **John Martin** of Bellshill, "He's done nothing for Celtic except save the club from oblivion. The players should sack him!"

Finbar Kilkenny agreed: "McCann has got to go. I'd like to see Paul McStay as the owner and major shareholder of Celtic - at least he has the club in his heart, NOT his wallet!"

John Paul O'Brien of Airdrie asked: "Why doesn't McCann contact Ruud Gullit, Franz beckenbauer or michel platini any of these guys would LOVE to manage Celtic!"

On a completely different subject, **Dave Grant** claimed: "All those doubters who think Walter Smith's tactics in Europe are shit will be proved wrong again his squad of Italians, English and Danes lift the Champions Cup!"

Other callers included East stirlingshire fans concerned by the resignation of their directors due and an impending Inland Revenue investigation, Raith Rovers fans horrified by the incompetence of their directors/potential owners and hamilton fans demanding to know if their club has any future. Unfortunately, there wasn't any space to include such trivial topics.

WEE TEAM FOR SALE! Two furra pound!

Has everyone enjoyed the outrageous clamour to buy Alex Penman's majority share in the wee team?

Penman had taken the wee club to promotion twice, a League cup win and a trip to Munich. This, incredibly, was not enough to satisfy the feverish demands of the wee teamies used to decades of success...

The final straw came when the Pars humped them four times last season. It wasn't Ian Munro's fault for playing a pish team every week, oh nooo, it was Penman pulling the strings that caused them to suffer crushing defeat after crushing defeat. And so the contest began.

The first consortiums to surface all seemed to be represented by Jimmy Nicholl.

Meanwhile, Penman had skipped the country after allegedly banging a Sun photographer. Then it emerged that the "consortium" from Jersey was fronted by a chancer from the Borders who was claiming dole three weeks prior to announcing his bid! He even had companies registered in his 4 year old daughters' name! He would have almost certainly flogged the clubs' assets (turnstiles that never work, rotting heaps of unsold UEFA Cup Winners scarves and Davie Kirkwood) to pay his huge debts.

Finally, the club were sold to the man who removes his shirt sponsorship every time they are relegated.

And so Jimmy Nicholl returned to Kirkcaldy and his first action was to thrust a knife into Iain Munro's back! Sammy Lives readers may remember the scandalous article in issue 3 concerning Munro's secret promise to make Nicholl Pars' assistant manager once Leishman was safely dispatched. Munro then appointed Phil Bonnyman as his assistant. When Munro took pity on the sacked Millwall manager and gave him a job last season several Pars fans dreamed of seeing Nicholl turn the tables on Munro and take his job. Then Penman sacked Munro and Nicholl told newspapers he was disgusted by the clubs' behaviour - especially when they offered him the managers job! Nicholl then stormed out of the club praising Munro to the skies.

It must have come as a bit of a surprise to Munro when Nicholl appointed Alex Smith as his assistant...

QUICKIES . . .

Gazza's marriage is reputed to be in trouble again after he was caught kissing a young French girl at La Tournoi. Walter Smith commented: "I'm glad the big man has finally scored in Europe."

* * *

Wee Dave Bowman and his sexual athletics have hit the news again. An intrepid reporter asked the question on everybody's lips "How does such an ugly bloke get a gorgeous bird?" "No problem," says Dave, "I used to go to school with her father."

* * *

The ageing maestro, Hamish French, returned from the club's holiday to Majorca almost 3 stone overweight! To get back to fitness he has decided to return to his favourite boyhood hobby: cycling. Unfortunately, Hamish's bike is a little worse for wear just now, so please contact East End Park if you have a spare inner tube for a Penny Farthing. Call 01383-724295 and ask for the old guy in the oxygen tent.

* * *

Richard Gough is struggling to adjust to life in America, especially the language. His American neighbour, Kent Wackenbacker II said "He is having a problem with the American slang, but my young son is helping him out until very late at night if necessary."

Young Master Wackenbacker Jnr III was not available for comment...

* * *

Falkirk's search for an all-seater stadium continues. According to an MFI spokesman: "They can't decide between a three piece suite, or luxury garden furniture."

Found in a Glasgow bin . . .

Deer Mr. McGoo

Jorge can't come to Celtic today because he has ~~hepa~~ hepa the flu.

Love,

Jorge's mum

XXX

OUR PREDICTIONS . . .

Rangers will win the championship.
Whoopee-doo, surprise-surprise.

Paulo di Canio will be appointed as a peace mediator between Sinn Fein and the Ulster Unionists.

When Scottish clubs fail in Europe the media will ask Paul Sturrock for his considered opinions...

Duncan Ferguson will continue to withdraw from Scotland squads.

Every newspaper will carry a picture and feature Paul McStay's soccer hell as he endures Celtic's first home game sitting in the stand. The club will give him one of those little blue disabled cars from the 70's.

Dundee will win the first division. The wee team will lose the play-off to Kilmarnock.

Falkirk's obese chairman will sell their "stadium" to a developer (himself) pocket a tidy profit, leave the club homeless and sell his shares. Just like he did to Hamilton weeks before he became a lifelong Falkirk fan...

Celtic will sack Wim Jensen after one season.

The next Bounce will include a long, derisory rant about Sammy Lives...

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

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)

R.I.P

**THE
PARAGON**

1973 - 1997

**Stabbed in
the back**



It's a bad, bad, pure
shocking result, make
no mistake.