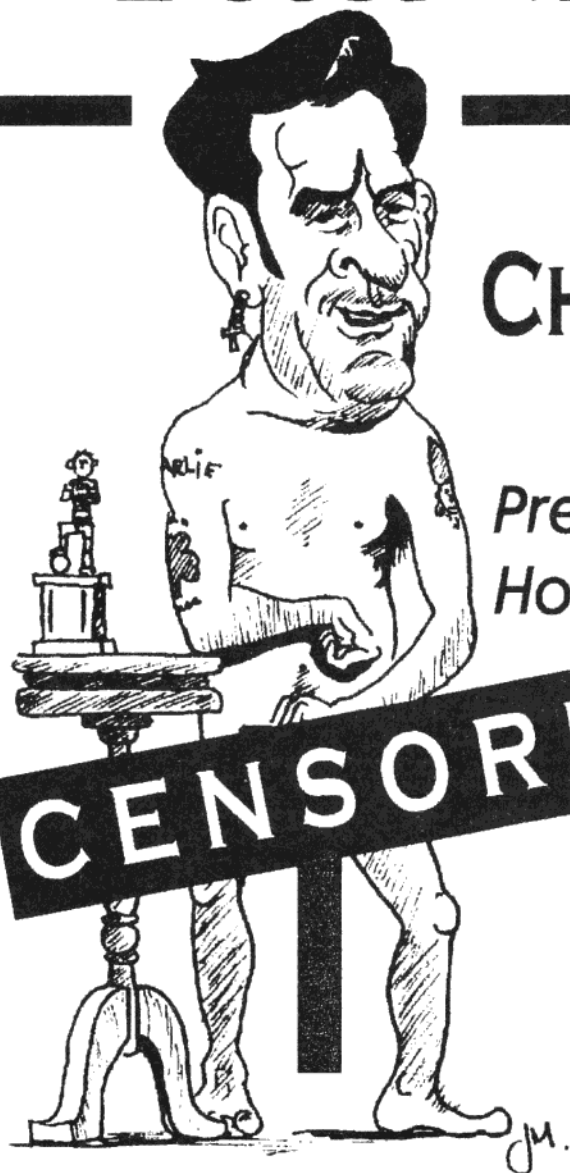


A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

# Sammy Lives

with  
**Dick and Bert**

January, 1998



*Inside . . .*

**CHARLIE NICHOLAS**  
**NUDE !!!**

*Pre-Match Entertainment?*  
*How pish can it get?*

**CENSORED**

**Dump the Jags!**

*and . . .*

**SAMMY**  
*His True Story*

Gossip - SCANDAL - THE PREMIER LEAGUE

**BUMPER** ~~THE LEAGUE CUP FINAL~~ **SPECIAL**  
~~game~~ ~~Xmas Edition~~  
whenever

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

(60p)

# **Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert**

## **Editorial The Annihilation Special**

FINALLY Sammy Lives number 6 is fit and ready to hit the streets. Traditionally late, the popular November issue appeared in February last season, so technically, it's appearing a couple of weeks early!

If any Edinburgh City fans buy this issue and are bemused by the subtitle "Annihilation Special", which may imply that we are expecting a silky, explosive goals feast, please be assured that this is merely sabre rattling and should not be confused with the premier league team on display.

So what's been happening since August?

Well, we've signed a Brazilian, reached the semi-final of Scotland's less prestigious cup competition and acquired a sexy new set of floodlights. Oh, and our beloved chairman is blaming the clubs' current situation - our league position AND the debt, presumably - on the fans.

Sadly, Mr Woodrow appears to be searching for a scapegoat to mask a lack of business acumen and imagination within the club. Sammy the Tammy is probably the best-known Scottish football mascot outside Ibrox and how exactly do the club market this asset? They don't.. No T-shirts, teddy bears, pendants or even key rings. Mainly because they would have to invest a little money in producing merchandise and then have to bother their arses to do something about advertising and selling it.

If Mr. Woodrow was so interested in pampering Pars fans, perhaps he shouldn't have chucked 1000 members of the Paragon club onto the streets in May? Not exactly a public relations wizard, is he?

If Dunfermline Athletic are genuinely ambitious about producing a successful football team and not simply yo-yoing between promotion and relegation, then money has to be spent and the occasional risk must be taken.

Ageing players in the middle of form slumps at unsuccessful teams may be a cheap option, but they don't encourage fans to swarm through the turnstiles. Where is our glamorous flair player? Who is our fading superstar who can still pull a match-winning move out of nothing? Hard graft and effort keeps poor teams in the premier league, but no one wants to watch them. Partick Thistle discovered that much...

Acknowledgements - "Sammy Lives..." has been brought to you by Jimmy Dee, Jerry, Buf, Skot, WingCo, The Magnificent eleven, Mr Angry, Anorak Skywalker, The Philandering baboon, the number 1, and the colours black and white....

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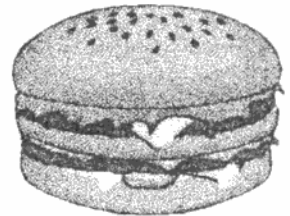
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## GUEST MASCOT

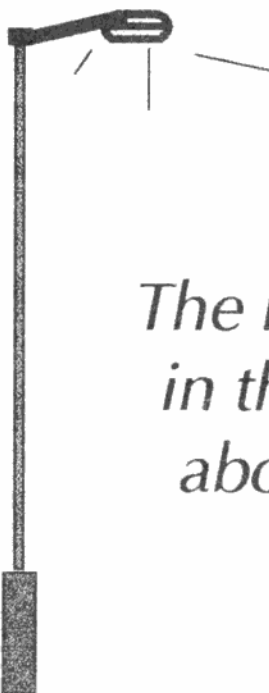


### Craig Robertson

The Craig Robertson debate has raged for years. Fat bastard or Fat Useless Bastard?

In recent seasons, Fat Robbo's career has been mercifully interrupted by recurring injuries which have diminished, though sadly not avoided, first team appearances. Once a fat midfielder, it became obvious even to him that he was too fat and slow to play in midfield whereupon he reinvented himself as a defender almost incapable of defending. His principle contribution to Pars play in the past two seasons has been hoofs up the park and a lack of pace in defence.

His return to first-team action this season has coincided with an injury crises and a form slump. Odd that . . .



### REVEALED!

*The mysterious "lights  
in the sky" observed  
above Kirkcaldy in  
August.*

# RANGERS FANS ARE POOFS!

**Barmy Rangers supremo does it again!**

**Outspoken Rangers Chairman David Murray yesterday launched another blistering assault on the loyal True Blue legions of Rangers fans when he stormed "they're a bunch of poofs!"**

The shocking slur on billions of heterosexual (probably) Rangers fans worldwide followed a constant stream of whinging about being knocked out of Europe before the final yet again.

Fans spokesman Billy William, who denies any links with homosexual groups, hit back.

"Anyone who calls me a poof gets his legs broke!" he stormed.

Media experts greeted Murray's astonishing outburst with complete astonishment.

"I'm astonished, totally and completely and utterly astonished", said Chick Young.

Meanwhile fans' legal spokesman John-Paul O'Grady hit back defiantly:

"This is libel", O'Grady insisted, "If this came to court, Murray wouldn't have a leg to stand on."

A bigoted pipe-smoking Rangers spokesman with a stupid arrangement of facial hair declined to comment.

# WE'RE PISH!

**Confesses mad hat-wearing Pars Boss Bert Paton**

Bert Paton last night sensationally admitted that Dunfermline are **RUBBISH** and confessed that he secretly believed the club didn't **DESERVE** a place in Scotland's top division!

The heartbroken Pars boss revealed his inner turmoil as his under Par team continues to single-handedly destroy the credibility of Scottish football.

"No one wants to watch a bunch of old men hoofing a ba' up the park", claimed the 60's legend, "they should dump us in the third division!"

The outspoken Pars boss stunned DAFC supremo Roy Woodrow who agreed with his outspoken manager, "They are pish", he confirmed. "I didn't realise it until now - that'll be why I don't bother watching them any more - and I get in for free!"

Showbiz and sports stars immediately united to condemn the beleaguered relegation-doomed long ball addicts who scarcely deserve to breath

Gods' clean air.

"They've had their day," insisted TV legend Ernie Wise, "give East Stirlingshire a chance instead!"

Sports pundit Derek Johnstone agreed: "We don't need their kind in the premier league - there's enough crap teams like Killie and Hibs for Rangers to thrash."

After contacting dozens of TV, showbiz and sports personalities, we realised that no one gave a toss about Dunfermline. Even former Pars ex-celebrity fan Stuart Adamson has started supporting Cowdenbeath!

However, the celebrity grief surrounding Partick Thistle's tragically self-inflicted crisis lessened yesterday when it emerged that Sean Connery was being contacted by begging Thistle weegies who heard a rumour that the former Bond star once drove past Maryhill and might therefore conceivably be remotely interested in fate of the Jags.

# **Since we've been gone . . .**

A round-up of the important events since the last Sammy Lives

## **Cor Blimey!**

Blimey mate, its a right shocker make no mistake, guvnor, blah blah, etc. Unbelievable but true, from the land of escaped train robbers, Dunfermline have purloined a glamorous new figure in the shape of Sergio Duarte. Instantly recognising that his surname is similar, if not entirely different, to the name "Durante" the Pars squad have nicknamed Sergio "Jimmy Durante".

At least its better than calling him Shuggie?

## **Close Encounters**

Deranged Kirkcaldy-based red necks reported seeing lights in the sky above the town in August, and despite the fear of ridicule, described their wacky observations in The Sun during November. Then again, Wee Town residents are used to ridicule. Many educated Kirkcaldy residents still insist the world is flat, heaven-than-air flight is impossible and refuse to drive faster than 30mph for fear of suffocation.

## **Whoops!**

A period of national mourning followed the tragic failure of Rangers to avoid getting gubbed in Europe. Stunned football fans expressed their deep sense of loss by laughing hysterically at every opportunity.

## **Well Done James!**

One of the greatest ever young managers in Scottish football, Jim Duffy is to be honoured for his services to football by FIFA. He is to have a professional foul named after him.

## **Neutrino alert**

On behalf of all Dunfermline fans, Sammy Lives would like to thank the SFL for managing to magically conjure up a neutral venue for the Dunfermline-Celtic League Cup semi-final. It was damned inconvenient for all those Celtic fans to get the bus all the way to the other side of Glasgow to watch a match in the home of their hated rivals. So come on, SFL! Give those poor, suffering Celtic legions a break once in a while!

## **Kick a man when he's down**

Suggestions that Sandy Robertson might sign for Airdrie despite his assault conviction were denied by a club spokesman.

"We have a strict code of conduct here at Airdrie, " he revealed," we must insist upon a GBH conviction. Assault is just for poofs!"

# Dear Sammy

There are many weirdos in the world.  
But why do they all write to Sammy Lives?

Dear Sammy

My wife got all excited at the sight of you doing the PEPSI STRIP on Saturday before the Motherwell game DO IT AGAIN PLEEEEEESE !!!!!

Paul Morgan (paul\_napier.morgan@virgin.net)

*Huh? Sammy's representatives would doubtless prefer us to point out that everyone else saw a parody of the Diet Coke advert. In any case, Sammy is a fictional character and probably a figment of your disturbed imagination*

Unfortunately, details of this e-mail were leaked to the bloke who wears the Sammy suit (sorry, kids, but he isn't a real bear) and the Sammy bloke mentioned it in his page in the programme...

Well Sammy, the missus was tickled pink to see her being mentioned in the programme of the Hearts game as the lady who wanted to see a repeat of the Striptease - but how can you top your Elvis or Jake the peg? My wee boy ASHLEY thinks it would be a good idea to do either Liam Gallacher or the "Time Warp "before the match!!!!

Paul Morgan

*FANZINE editors don't normally fraternise with balding local pub DJ's who flounce about in bear suits at weekends, and this mention was a fluke. Piss off! And why did you give your son such a poofy name?*

Well Sammy, I won't be able to make the match tonight due to work commitments but the wife (Karen ) will be there with my son, Ashley. Could you give them a wee mention before the game? It would be much appreciated. TA !!!

Paul Morgan

What? PISS OFF YOU MAD NUTTER!

If you are a weirdo send your ramblings here . . .

Web page: sammy.lives@dial.pipex.com

Dear Sammy

Appreciated the kind words in your recent rag. They were the only bright spot in a very dull ninety minutes. Wishing you all the success you wish yourselves in the coming season.

Terry Fernon

PS. I hadn't realized how much the price of football has risen since I last paid to get in!

Dear Sammy

its surprising that your able to spell wick, concidering you probably have only enough brains to figure out how much jelly babies your giro will buy this week.GET A JOB YOU STUPID UNEDUCATED PRICK,OR DID THEY ADVISE YOU THAT IN ORDER TO GET A RLAI JOB YOU HAD TO BE ABLE TO READ THE CARDS AT YOUR JOB CENTER.TAKE YOURSELF A HOLIDAY UP TO WICK YOU NEED ONE,YOU WILL GET AN CHANCE TO VOICE YOUR OPINION FACE TO FACE ,OR MAYBL YOU JUST DONT HAVE THE BALLS.BY THE WAY DUNFERMLIN 0 RANGERS,"HOW MANY",YOU ALMOST RAN OUT OF FINGERS SAMMY.

YOURS IN DISGUST,

I WONT INCLUDE MY FULL NAME SAMMY I DONT WANT TO FEEL GUILTY AS IT WOULD TAKE YOU TO LONG TO SPELL IT OUT ,MAYBE CAUSE YOU TO NEED SOMEONES HELP,I DOUBT YOU COULD FIND HELP WITHIN A 20 MILE RADIUS.

*This is a real letter to Sammy Lives. If anyone can explain it we would be very grateful. Meanwhile, enjoy the innovative spelling and basic grammatical errors...*

Fanzine: jdoonan@jdoonan.demon.co.uk



# ROY WOODROW

You ungrateful bastards! - An appeal for loyalty by the Chairman

Dear lazy Pars fans who can't be arsed going to games,

Speaking as a devoted millionaire football fan, I am appalled by the criminal lack of enthusiasm shown towards Dunfermline Athletics' dreadful performances this season. I am ashamed to travel to such marvellous venues as Ibrox and Parkhead meeting fellow millionaire football chairman and have to make apologies for bringing such a meagre number of fans with me.

Why have the people of Dunfermline chosen to ignore my visionary leadership? Where have you all gone? After a tumultuous struggle to win the first division playing open, attacking football, 18 months of dire defensive performances and a squad devoid of creativity or ingenuity obviously isn't enough for some people?

What could be more invigorating on a Saturday afternoon than watching 11 average players thumping a ball aimlessly forward in the vain hope that Andy Smith might score?

Before the doom mongers start whining about relegation, a squad with no flair, an ageing squad of has-beens, and money being wasted on more ageing has-beens, remember that none of this would have been possible without ME! But don't worry because if, at the end of the day, we are relegated, I will not shirk my responsibility to do the honourable thing and sack the bloke in the hat.

Yours, until I get a better offer,

*Roy Woodrow*

**CELTIC**

*Sponsored by WELLA hair care products...*



# GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT

THE SUPERLEAGUE is going to happen. It has become sadly unavoidable. Many fans will obviously sympathise with fans of clubs outside the top division, but lets face it, we wouldn't like Dunfermline to take a moral stand, show solidarity with the wee clubs and refuse to join the new league. Because you could be damn sure that Airdrie, Falkirk or Dundee would be delighted to take the available space and say "f\*\*k solidarity, this is about money!" And then vote to ban relegation.

*So, since we're in and they're not, here is a quick reminder of some of the pishy wee places superleague Dunfermline might never have to visit again...*

## **FIRHILL**

Partick Thistle's stinking awful home is awash with soap-dodgers keen to promote their non-sectarian self-congratulated contribution to the "We're no' bigots!" campaign, an affliction shared by almost 37 other clubs...which Thistle have apparently failed to notice.

## **STARKS PARK**

Since the FIFA ruling allowing three substitutes and a goalkeeper, the home bench now outnumbers the home support. The only people visiting Starks Park are away fans. For particularly wee teams, the super league is an impossible dream. For The Wee Team it is both impossible and absurd.

## **STATION PARK**

Forfar have become sadly ensnared in the financial distress of Partick Thistle as the non-bigoted accounting geniuses owe Forfar £40,000 for a transfer deal they couldn't afford to pay (and damn well knew it at the time.) Forfar now owe a VAT payment for money they have never received and, if they don't pay it by February will incur the wrath of the Inland Revenue. Firhill for Thrills is not a popular phrase in the Forfar area just now... Hopefully, however, the Bridie will survive and the pompous "we're no' bigots and we cannae count" mob will get their just desserts...

## **ALMONDVALE**

Like Partick Thistle's Jim Oliver, fat Bill Hunter of Livingston (formerly Meadowbank) has been vociferous in his

condemnation of greedy fat cat premier clubs in search of TV gold. Would this be the same Bill Hunter who uprooted Meadowbank from the Leith end of Edinburgh and shifted it to the popular weegie-infested town of Livingston?

The club are now massively in debt, stuck in the second division attracting second division crowds and struggling to maintain a full-time playing staff. Erm...and who's fault is that?

Surely not even the Old Firm can be blamed????

## **BROCKVILLE**

Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! HA HA HA HA HA HA HAA! Fat bastard George Fulston has reflected on the tragic ban on Falkirk engaging in transfer deals and bemoaned the struggle affecting wee clubs. Fulston, of course, knows all about bankrupting clubs as he was the Hamilton chairman who sold Hamilton's ground to developers and then, realising that the club was probably doomed, promptly took over Falkirk days before they were promoted to the premier division.

## **AIRDRIE**

Oh, dearie me. Poor homeless Airdrie are attracting even more pitiful crowds than they enjoyed at Broomfield. Sadly, the diehard Airdrie fans can't be arsed to travel the six miles to Cumbernauld to watch their beloved Diamonds. Perhaps the diehards might return if Clyde allowed Airdrie to build a narrow walled exit for visiting fans to pass through surrounded by Airdrie fans spitting on them?



## **Sammy? D'you know what I mean? Yeah! Yeah!**

"What's that prick doing this week?" was the general response to the infamous Sammy 'Jake the Peg' routine where Sammy the Fanny cavorted about the pitch dangling a shoebox on a stick between his legs.

This is pre-match entertainment, according to the deranged announcer, by "Scotland's number one mascot!" No it isn't. It's a bloke in a suit performing a sad, desperate routine which at its best is merely embarrassing. Even Chick Young, a prick among pricks, has remarked on the radio several times that Sammy is "the worst mascot in Scotland". Of course, Chick did witness the sad bloke in the suit sitting in a cardboard box pretending to row in time with the disco hit "Rock the boat". Surreal? Bizarre? Or just pish? Although it was Shakespearean compared with the Bay City Rollers tribute (huh?) which involved flouncing about the pitch in the manner of a big girl, trailing a tartan scarf behind him.

Not surprisingly, the most amusing pre-match routine involved the dreaded Dennis Norder scenario - the cock-up. Before a St. Johnstone match, Sammy's silly ball boy high-five routine was disrupted as the elastic on Sammy's shorts bust and he had to keep pulling them up to protect his modesty.

Doesn't Sammy's antics make you nostalgic for the baton twirlers, the pipe bands, even the occasional flute bands who paraded before games? Something has to be done!

"Bin this nonsense now," as Gerry McNee might say...

### **What should Sammy do to avoid looking like a sad bloke in a suit?**

Invite fans to punch him?

**Stop flouncing about the pitch  
like a big girl?**

Not run onto the pitch at all?

**Run onto the pitch and then immediately  
run off before he does anything stupid?**

Impersonate Liam Gallacher?

**Imitate Monty Python routines?  
The fish dance might be popular**

Get Graeme Robertson back in the suit?

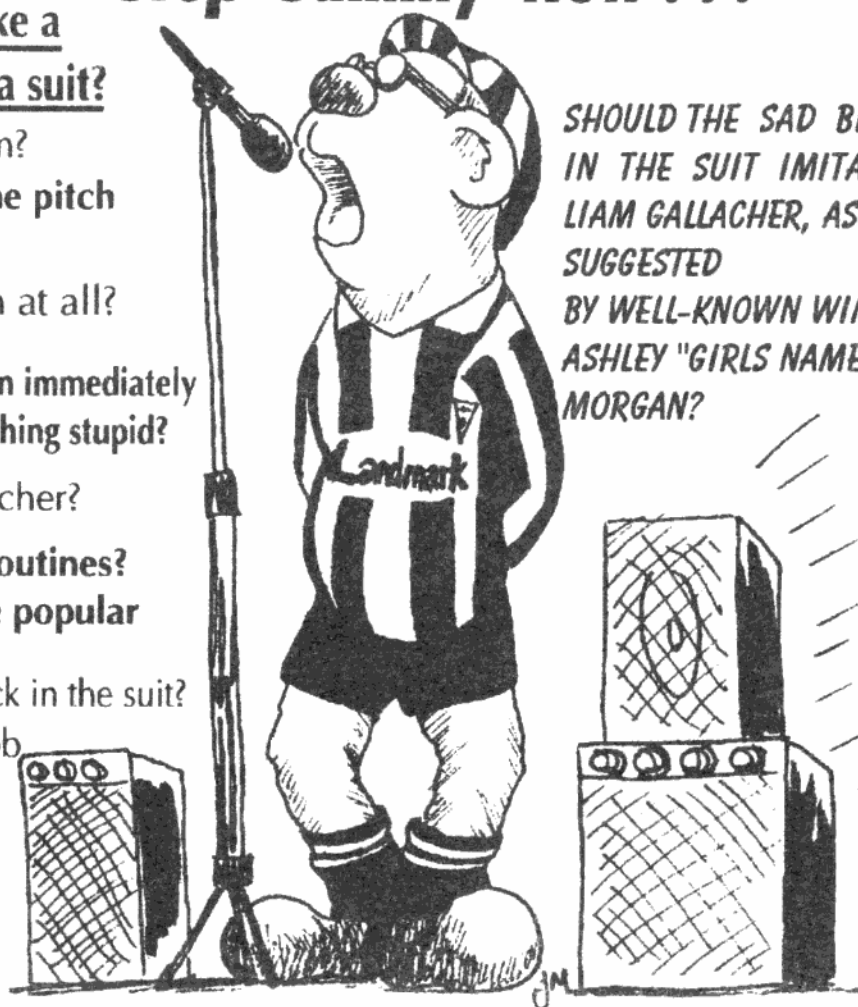
Get a proper Saturday job

**Get a life**

Find a hobby

**Spend more time  
with his family**

## **Stop Sammy Now...**



**SHOULD THE SAD BLOKE  
IN THE SUIT IMITATE  
LIAM GALLACHER, AS  
SUGGESTED  
BY WELL-KNOWN WIMP  
ASHLEY "GIRLS NAME"  
MORGAN?**

## PUMP UP THE VOLUME

What has become of our beloved spiritual home, East End Park? What was once a cauldron of noise (apart from the main stand, obviously) has sadly become as lifeless as McDiarmid Park.

It's the same fans, mostly the same team, so the only new addition are the seats on the old North terracing. In the olden days the cage was where all the rowdy people went to jump around, sing naughty songs and infer that certain opponents' players' wives were fond of performing questionable sexual acts in return for cash. Of course, if you were to stand and shout something along those lines from a seat in the new "north stand" you would likely be stared at by groups of horrified parents and hear innocent voices asking Daddy to explain the preceding instruction. Sadly, the best views from the terracing have been hijacked by the silent majority interested only in watching a match punctuated by the occasional bellow of "dearie me, referee!"

If you wish to pursue a full-blooded participation in the traditional Saturday activity of abusing those of a different colour of shirt, you have to also endure the crap view from behind the goals. Directors? Bastards, more like....

## STRANGE DAYS

A Sammy Lives correspondent, annoyed with reading the *Press* sports preview on a Thursday (today) about the match on Saturday (the day after tomorrow) couldn't help wondering why the *Press* persists with pretending it is published on a Friday (tomorrow) when everyone is aware it has been easily available on a Thursday (today) for almost two years!

"It's not as if anyone's daft enough to think Dunfermline play matches on a bloody Friday!" snarled the Sammy Lives man.

A *Dunfermline Press* spokesman yesterday (Wednesday) refused to answer allegations that no one at the newspaper has a damn clue which day it is actually published.

### Did you know (or care)

*That when Dunfermline v Dumbarton was recorded by Scotsport on March 7th, 1987 it was the first visit to East End by TV cameras in 7 seasons?*

---

*That Dunfermline Athletic sponsored an Ice Hockey match between the Fife Flyers and Dundee Rockets on March 29th 1986. Geordie Munro (who's he? - Editor) would have been proud of them.*

---

*That Davie Moyes (the mental cult hero of the mid-80s) turned up for his debut against East Stirling on March 19th 1985 in his working clothes. He was a Brickie.*

### Another Brilliant Soccer Video!

£14.99

**Available from one shop in Glasgow during normal business hours: 10 - 10:30 in the morning**

# FARRY

*The Joy of Football Administration*

Memo

## I'VE SAYS IT BEFORE

I said right at the beginning of the season when it started that the Wim Jansen revolution would have one season - this season - to prove that it was that which it was intended for to be: ie, a revolution, and not just what it seemed to be at the time: a funny wee foreigner taking charge of Celtic.

Unfortunately, Celtic's start to the revolution couldn't have started any worse! A bad, bad pure shocking defeat by James Duffy's Hibs was shocking, but the home defeat to a team such like as Dunfermline had the loyal Celtic legions pouring from Parkhead long before the final whistle finally blew. I said then that the time had come to question the appointment of the man I had approved of two weeks earlier and warned that unless Jansen turned things around, troubles laid ahead. In fact, if it hadn't been for the fact that Celtic suddenly started winning games, they probably wouldn't have went on to win the League Cup?

Of course, I can't take all the credit for this, even if it is due. Now all the Dutchman has to do is end the nightmare scenario of Rangers maybe winning ten in a row and going on about it year after year like what Celtic fans used to do about 9 in a row. People often seem to forget that when Celtic won 9 in a row, 20 years ago, it was a good thing. Now, it just isn't funny anymore.

The question is, how is it that Celtic have got to be in a position when they are dominated by Rangers's ascendancy? Myself, personally, in actual fact lay the blame fairly and squarely at the feet of Fergus McCann. His feet must shoulder the blame for Celtic's current ongoing crisis and everything thats happened in the past 20 years.

I hate to say this, but its great news that baldy wee Fergus has finally said that he is definitely leaving Celtic. After all, what has he done for the club apart from saving it from oblivion, building half of a top class stadium and raising millions of pounds for players. Quite frankly, that just isn't enough.

## AND QUITE

# RIGHTLY SO



## VAN'S THE MAN BY THE WAY

For me, I'm disappointed that Dunfermline have slumped like what they've done after being so much gooder before at the start of the season - and before that. Make no mistake improvements must be done or maybe worst is ahead for Bert Patons's team - and that's disappointing, or not, as the case may be.

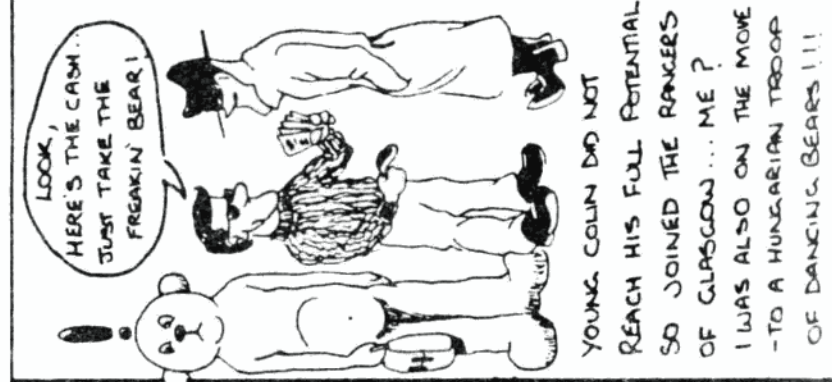
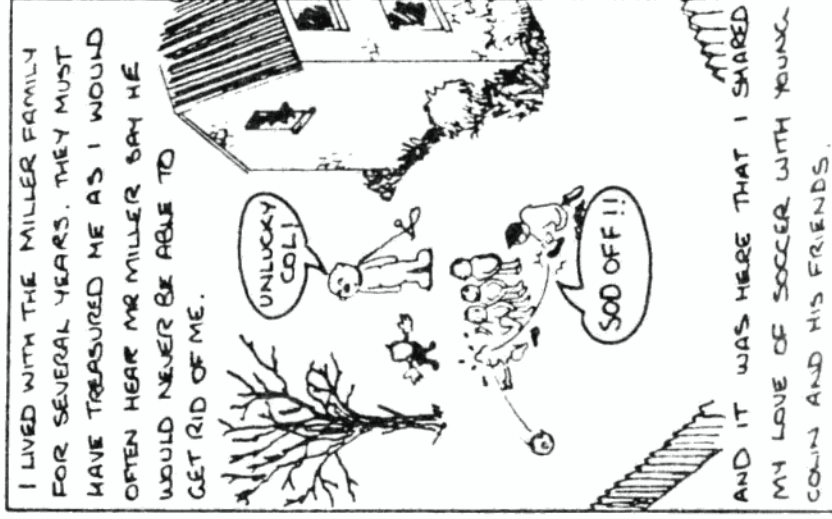
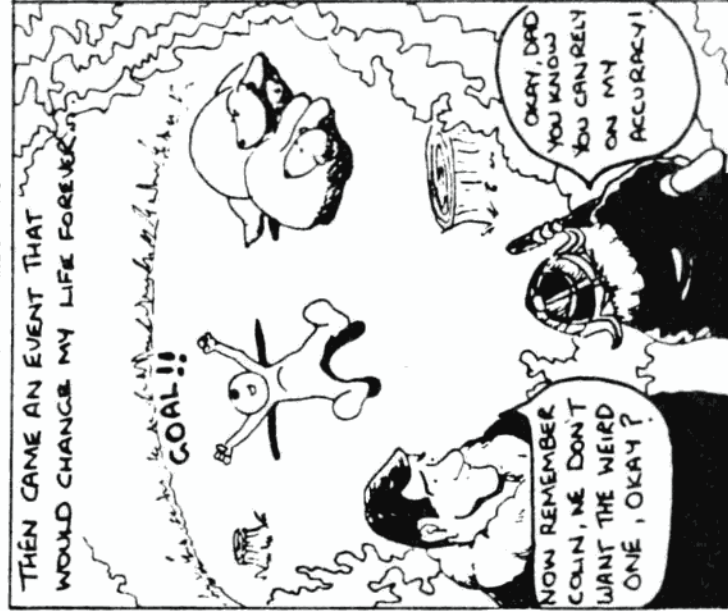
But if I were to pick out a player who could maybe turn Dunfermline's season around it would unquestionably perhaps be Ivo Van Bieman. The wee guy's been a revelation for playing in so many positions like he's done, but at the end of the day, it's what he's there to be paid for doing. And quite rightly so. He may not be a player out of the top drawer quality-wise, but pound for pound - or whatever coinage variety the Dutch use, I'd gladly pay for ten Van Biemens.

## PURE MAGIC, EH NO?

Congratulations to the Scotland for qualifying like they done for the world cup. I, for me, personally, said right at the start that it would be great to play Brazil in the opening game and, as usual, I have been vindicated in that. And long may it continue.



# SAMMY His True Story





AS COMPLETE...  
I WORKED HARD AT MY ACT,  
I WANTED TO BE THE BEST...



... AND I WAS THE BEST

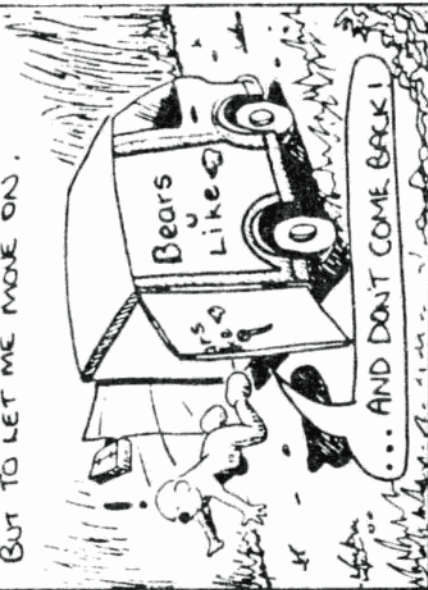


UNFORTUNATELY, THIS LEAD  
TO THE INEVITABLE JEALOUSY  
FROM MY FELLOW DANCERS

I SPENT AN ENJOYABLE SIX  
MONTHS IN A PLACE CALLED  
QUARANTINE WHERE I MET A  
WHOLE HOST OF LADS WHO'D  
OBVIOUSLY SEEN THE AD AND  
WERE NOW HEADING FOR "ESCORT"  
WHERE THE STREETS WERE PAVED  
WITH GOLD.



I WAS TOO GOOD... THE MEN  
WHO RAN THE TROOP RECOGNISED  
THE LOW MORALE AMONGST THE  
OTHER GUYS AND HAD NO CHOICE  
BUT TO LET ME MOVE ON.



... AND DON'T COME BACK!

MONTHS PAST... I ACQUIRED A  
GIMMICK - AHAT, OR TAMMY, I WAS  
NOW SAMMY THE TAMMY!!  
BUT STILL NOTHING... I WAS GETTING  
DESPERATE... SO MUCH SO IN FACT  
THAT I ALMOST SETTLED FOR A  
MANAGERS POST INSTEAD...



THEN WITH MY LAST FEW COINS I  
ENTERED A BAR IN DUNFERMLINE'S  
EAST PORT TO DROWN MY SORROWS



I WAS JUST ANOTHER STRUGGLING  
ARTISTE, WANDERING THE STREETS.  
THEN ONE DAY I CHANGED UPON  
AN AD IN A BUDAPEST WINDOW...  
IT MUST BE MY BIG CHANCE!!!

... AND BEFORE I KNEW IT  
I WAS A HERO TO THOUSANDS  
OF ADORING FANS.



AND THE REST... IS HISTORY.



# the INSIDER

He knows, you know . . .



## ON YER BIKE!

Since acquiring a close season injury, Gerry Britton has been trying to shake off a recurring knee problem. A recent solution put to him by Bert was a horse Doctor.

"He fixed my daughters pony and he works on people too" was Bert's bizarre explanation for this suggestion. Gerry, though, carried on with a more orthodox plan - cycling from the training ground at Pitreavie up to East End.

Or did he?

A Sammy Lives spy has regularly observed the superfit Mr Britton waiting near the Bank of Scotland under the railway bridge where the team bus picks him up to avoid the strenuous uphill journey.

Well, he wouldn't want to overstretch that knee, would he? Not before the vet's seen it anyway....

## Miserable Italians

A Kinross-based Sammy Lives informer who happens to consider St Johnstone are some kind of football team was enjoying a quiet drink in a Kinross hotel on the night before Rangers visited McDiarmid park. On a visit to the toilet our mole noticed a couple of swarthy foreigners lurking in the toilets, one of whom was Marco Negri.

"When you get your penalty tomorrow," the Sammy Lives man quipped, "put it to the right!" Negri smiled in bemused terror and nodded.

The next day, Negri took a penalty, put it to the left and Alan Main saved it. Does this prove that even a St Johnstone fan knows more about football than the players?

## BRING ON THE CELTIC!

Okay, so we played pish and lost the semi to Celtic, but no one can fault our build-up! The Scotland v Latvia game was the Saturday prior to the semi, so Bert & Dick decided the squad would be a little rusty by the time Tuesday came around. A warm up game was organised for the Friday against opposition Bert felt would be of a sufficient standard to test us: 3rd division Berwick Rangers.

Paul Smith, the new Berwick manager helpfully organised his team into a Celtic formation, three centre backs, two wing backs, and a bloke with brain problems...John Clark. The big fat shit was the man in charge at the back, and didn't do that bad a job, although Berwick were eventually crushed like ants....final score, 3-2.

## Nice 2CV to CV nice

Mystery surrounds a curious event which took place at East End Park in recent weeks. Several Pars players, reknowned for their boyish pranks, caused Ivo Den Biemen some distress when they pinched his car, a Citroen 2CV, and drove it at high speed around the gravel track at East End. It would be unwise of us to reveal the identities of the Bad Boys responsible since Ivo is still clueless as to how his tyres got so dirty while his car was parked outside the ground....

## Miserable Dutchman

Who says the Dutch are moody buggers? A few months ago (as a Sunday Post centre page story might begin) a journalist was wandering in the main stand looking for the Jock Stein suite. Recognising a familiar face he asked one of the players for directions.

"What d'you think I am?" sneered Ivo Den Biemen, "a f\*\*\*ing groundsman?"



# **The Old Bloke From Brazil**

Dear Uncle Pele

Hello Uncle! Here I am being me, Sergio, at my new latest home in the Kingdom of Dunfermline in Scottishland. Here is just like back home in Brazil or Portugal except the football is rubbish and it piss with rain all the time.

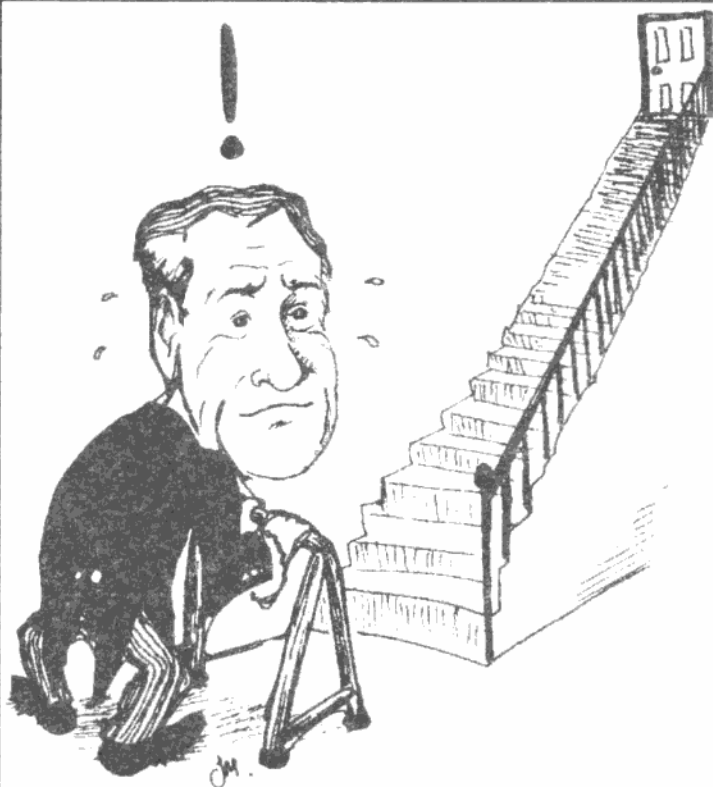
Club here is being very good to me and having given me a huge luxury home in Rosyth. It is being just like home in Rio except the rats here not so big! At first language problem here were much difficult for me as Mr Bert's players have all to pretend to being from Valleyfield to get in team. Lucky for me I got copy of "Speaking More Gooder English Part 1" by Charlie Nicholas. I learn so fast I now teach part 2 to Charlie Nicholas!

You remember we make much jokes about fat Uncle Pedro? Well I am just being meeting Craig Robertson! He so fat when his belly is in Kelty, his arse is in Lochgelly. (This is Fife joke I am being told is very funny) Now "Robbo the Gut" is playing in team, joke not so funny.

Love,

Sergio

PS: Ask mama to being sending my birth certificate. No one here is believing I am only 31!



**TRAGIC ALLAN MCGRAW REVEALS  
WHY HE RESIGNED HIS JOB UPSTAIRS . . .**

## **Sergio Duarte Brazilian or Lumphinan?**

**He's Pish because:**

Crap haircut...

Two names...

Never makes a forward pass...

Looked confused when asked  
to do the Lambada in Lorenzo's

**He's Good because:**

He's Brazilian...erm...thats it.

# How Mad is Mad Bertie "The Hat" Paton?

## Guess Bert's tactics with our Mad-o-Meter!

Wacky formations? Bizarre substitutions? Pointless late substitutions?

Goalkeepers as strikers? Harry Curran - why?

Bert's mental fluctuations first materialised when he signed Ivo Den Biemen, a bizarre Dutch army-dodging student masquerading as a footballer, a common activity for anyone playing for Dundee.

Bert's tragic mental decline can be easily traced by following Ivo's place in the tactical formation. Originally played as a winger, keeping Ivo as far as possible from the Dunfermline defence was a successful ploy as the flying Dutchman gambolled down the wing flinging vicious crosses onto the ears, noses and knees of our forwards.

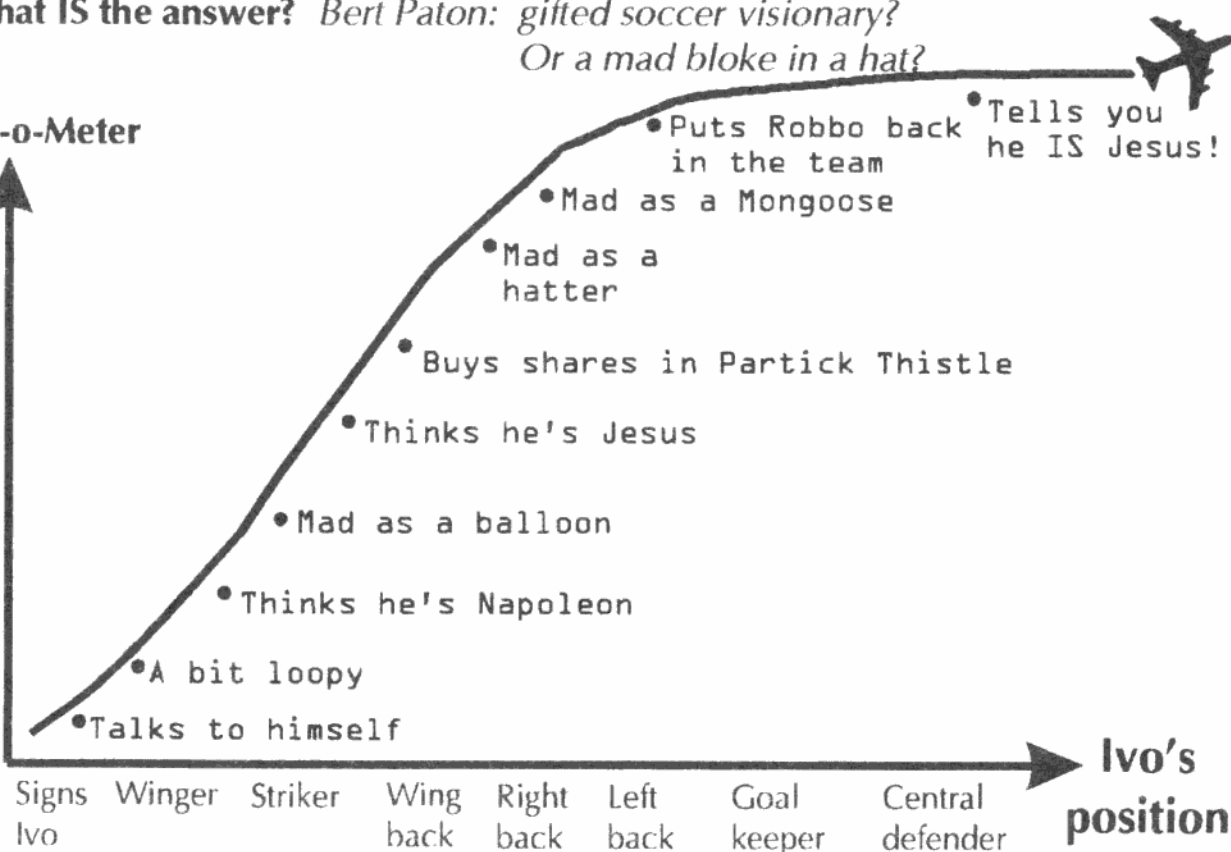
Then disaster struck as Jackie MacNamara was despatched towards Parkhead, forcing Bert to experiment tactically with horrific consequences. Mad Bertie had already meddled with the idea of playing MacNamara in midfield, a move greeted with outright horror by Pars fans but one which is attracting massive amounts of praise for Wim Jansen who now regularly plays Jackie in midfield. This raises a serious question. Is Bert a secret tactical genius, or more simply, is Wim Jansen as mad as a Paton?

This season already, Ivo has played left back, right back, central defence, a winger and a wing back. What is left for this galloping multi-talented Dutch master?

So what IS the answer? Bert Paton: *gifted soccer visionary?*

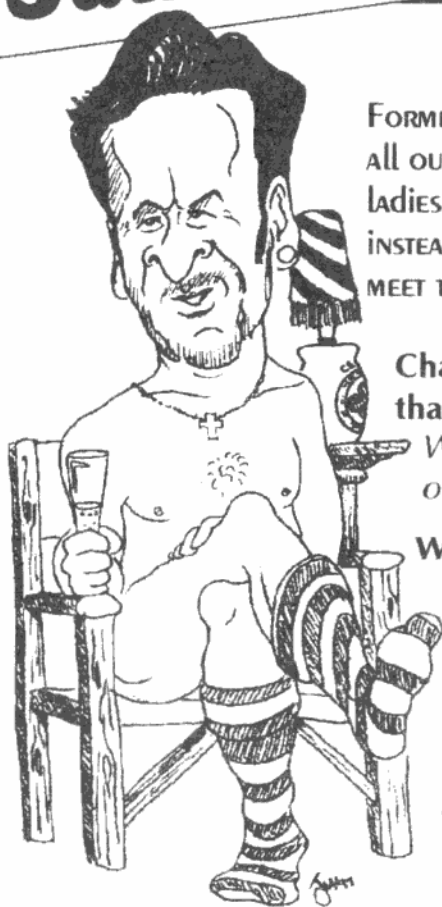
*Or a mad bloke in a hat?*

Mad-o-Meter



# Sammy Lives

## SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES...



FORMER Clyde legend, Charlie Nicholas, is a big, big favourite with all out lovely lady readers, so here's a special treat for all the lovely ladies... CHARLIE'S ALWAYS ON THE TELLY TALKING ABOUT FOOTBALL, SO INSTEAD OF ALL THAT TONGUE-TWISTING GYMNASTICS, HERE'S A CHANCE TO MEET THE REAL CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE...

**Charlie, where did you get learned to speak so much gooder than like how we do?**

*When I was at school, I was very young, as were many of my age, but it was there I learned to speak as I do.*

**Was it always your ambition to talk pish on the telly?**

*Definitely. Especially when I saw how much they got paid.*

**What are your hobbies?**

*Same as other normal people. Windsurfing, looking after old people, and helping to achieve world peace.*

**As a player you were one of the most talented of your generation, and given the chance of joining your boyhood hero Kenny Dalglish at Liverpool. So why did you sign for Arsenal?**

*People often forget that I left Celtic before the city of Liverpool had gaved that cultural icon "Brookside" to the world. Maybe if Eastenders had started a few years earlier I'd have got an idea of how miserable it was to live in London. Looking backwards with hindsight, it might have helped my career if I'd maybe not been a greedy wee chancer.*

**Which fellow media experts do you admire?**

*None. Apart from me they're all idiots.*

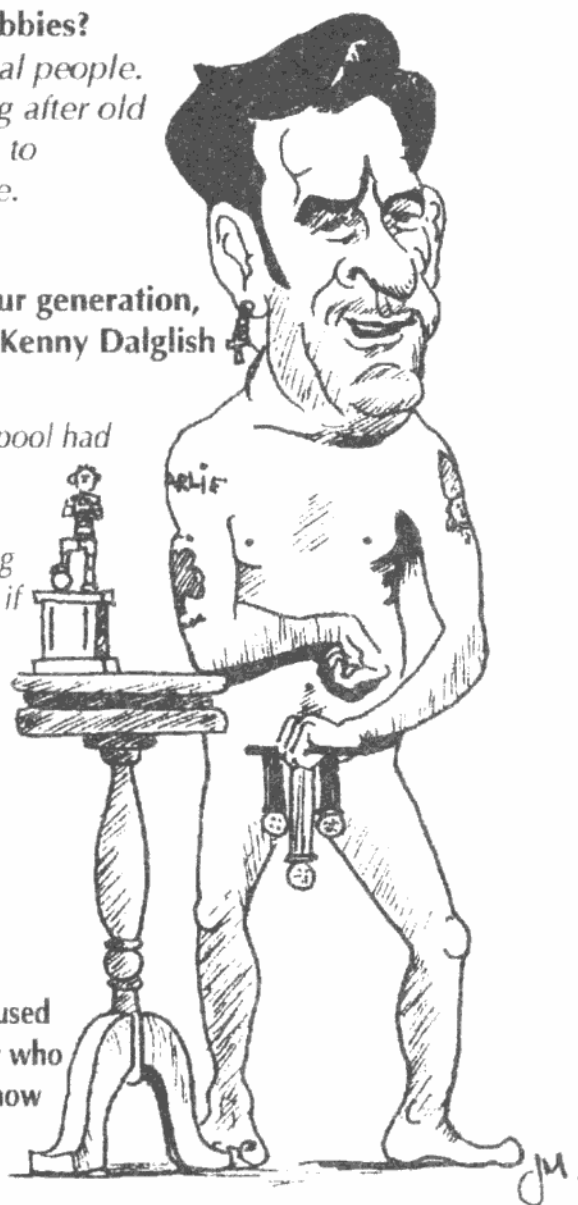
**What is Jim White like off-screen?**

**Is he still a complete tit?**

*No, he's the same as like he is on the telly, except he doesn't have an autocue all the time.*

**Finally, Charlie, is it any coincidence that you've only been used as a "football expert" since Davie Cooper died - an ex-player who was far more respected, far more knowledgable, and knew how to speak properly - unlike you?**

*Erm...no comment.*



## **FIRHILL FOR SHIT** *"You only sing when you're bankrupt!"*

A soccer tragedy was revealed in November when Partick Thistle directors confessed that years of boardroom incompetence and accountancy based on day dreaming had taken the club to the brink of bankruptcy.

Obnoxious Thistle chairman Jim Oliver, interrupted his busy schedule of whining about the proposed league breakaway to resign his post. A few years ago, of course, when Thistle were somehow managing to survive in the premier league despite their abysmal squad, Oliver would have been delighted to slam the premier door to ambitious first division teams if it guaranteed Old Firm cash to pay for the fancy new stand they couldn't fill. Nowadays, in the cold cash-strapped terraces of the first division, oblivion is staring the jags in the face.

The Save the Jags campaign is attracting a vast amount of media attention, probably due to the fact that Thistle play in Glasgow. There probably wouldn't be the same emotions spilling

from the sports pages if Forfar were on the verge of collapse. In fact, the coverage often verges on the voyeuristic, or at worst ghoulish, as fans feast on the prospect of watching a club die.

Would Partick be such a tragic loss to the world of football? Their greatest triumph was defeating Celtic in Scotland's less-prestigious national trophy in 1971 and that is their sole contribution to Scottish Football. Not being bigots isn't much of an achievement since most other clubs have managed to exist without declaring absurd sectarian leanings....

The Save the Jags media circus has been nothing less than an insult to the fans of clubs in similar situations. Self-righteous Jags have insisted that Thistle must survive to give the non-bigoted residents of Glasgow a different football option. Glaswegians, it would appear, have voted with their feet, however, and are delighted to embrace either of the Old Firm evils.

## **Grapes of Wrath**

Dunfermline Athletic Wine has now become available for public consumption outside it's usual domain, namely the pre-match hospitality suite. Both Red and White (Rouge and Blanc for the more cultured amongst us) are now available over the counter at Scott's the Butcher.

On opening the Red, the first thing to strike you is the aroma. A blend of the Cabernet grape and Brut aftershave, the latter a real favourite of the footballing fraternity. Pungent, potent and yet strangely aromatic, it certainly fills your nostrils. Only a Connoisseur will understand the time and effort spent on such a wine. The years cultivating a

quality grape. The bathfulls of wine emerging from the feet of players like Greg Shaw and Marc Millar (although Marc was removed from the process after two gallons went missing one night).

The final product has to meet the standards set by your customer, and this customer wanted the best (but only if it was available in a swap deal involving a couple of reserves and some left over slops from the Paragon).

As Jilly Gould might say, Dunfermline Athletic Wine is cheeky, tasty and like the Wee Team goes down easy!

Available from Scotts in the High Street at £3.99 a bottle.

# THE PROCLAIMERS

## "Letter from the Wee Teams"

**When you go will you send back some money from the big teams?  
Take a look at our home crowd and send in a few Old Firm fans.**

I read in the papers the other day, a word about the superleague and all the clubs that'll fly away. They want TV money and sponsorship too and be more like the permiership and make a billion bucks!

**When you go will you send back some money from the big teams?  
Take a look at our home crowd and send in a few Old Firm fans.**

We tried to frustrate you by going to court. We sued for this, we sued for that, you took the shirts from off our backs. We then tried to bargain, but in our own terms. But you know our sense of timing, we always took too long.

**When you go will you send back some money from the big teams?  
Take a look at our home crowd and send in a few Old Firm fans.**

Airdrie no more . . . Falkirk no more  
Partick no more . . . Clydebank no more

We spoke to the media, told them how we all felt.. The media said "we dinnae care" there's only one who plays in Glasgow. But what about wee teams? Don't we matter too? They said "no, we dinnae care, piss off and don't come back!"

**When you go will you send back some money from the big teams?  
Take a look at our home crowd and send in a few Old Firm fans.**



Airdrie no more  
Falkirk no more  
Partick no more  
Dundee no more  
Clydebank no more  
East Fife no more  
Cowden no more  
Forfar no more  
Montrose no more  
Stranraer no more  
Accies no more

Partick no more!

( and repeat until it stops  
being funny )

## **Sammy's heroes.....Davie Irons**

Davie Irons was one of those players who split the support straight down the middle. A certain faction would slate every move the man made, good or bad. They never seemed to realise that Davie's only problem in that first couple of seasons at East End was confidence, and that their constant barracking was a major symptom, not a cure. Typically, when That Bastard Munro realised Irons had been an integral part of the team Leishman had built over the previous four years he was dumped, and proceeded to make a significant contribution to the fortunes of St. Johnstone and Partick Thistle.

We caught up with him in his capacity as SFA Development Officer for Ayrshire.

### **How did you come to sign for Dunfermline?**

I was playing with Clydebank at the time (87-88), getting favourable press and Jim Leishman phoned me to say he wanted to sign me. I did not have to think twice and within a week of the first call I was a Dunfermline player.

### **Who did you make your Pars debut against?**

It was against Celtic at East End Park on a Wednesday night and the score was 2-0 to Celtic, I think.

### **Which opponents did you fear or respect the most?**

I always found Trevor Steven and Gary Stevens very difficult to play against. They just seemed to run all day.

### **Which team-mates helped you most whilst at the club?**

The one thing about the club which I will always remember is that everyone was so friendly. There was a great team spirit, as there seems to be today. Players like Ray Farningham, Ross Jack, Paul Smith, Ian Westwater, Graeme Robertson, Stuart Rafferty, Ray Sharp and Trevor Smith were the guys I spent most of my time with.

### **Any amusing stories of your time at East End Park?**

There seemed to be a constant atmosphere of fun around the place, every day would bring a funny incident. The most memorable ones took place on the end of season trips which, as I'm sure you can imagine, are unprintable....

### **When it came time to move on did you do so reluctantly?**

I left after probably my best season with the club, as it became obvious I was not going to be playing regularly. Partick Thistle came in for me and I reluctantly did leave. It ended four happy years for me.

### **How do you look back on the Dunfermline part of your career?**

With fond memories, and with pride at having been part of a championship winning team.

### **What is your most treasured memory of playing for Dunfermline?**

It has to be winning the league on the final day of the season (88/89) against Meadowbank in front of 13,000 fans. It is a day I'll never forget.

### **Is what you're doing now an ambition achieved, or are there still dreams to fulfil?**

I am enjoying working in football with the SFA, however I would like to be involved in the senior side as a coach or manager.

Davie, like many of the players from the Leishman era, still holds a candle for the club. "I still follow their results, and it is great to see them doing so well" he says. "Many thanks for asking for my contribution, it's nice to be remembered!" Davie played in one of the most attractive footballing sides we've seen at East End Park, and will be remembered for a very long time.



## WHAT A LOAD OF PISH!

Halfway through the season and it looks like a bleak midwinter for the Pars. Whats gone wrong? Well, we're not scoring goals, but are typically adept at giving them away. That may seem a simplistic view of our season, but its difficult to come up with a better one.

The sad observation is that we're playing the worst football seen at East End in many a year. The weather was partially to blame for the dreadful performance against St Johnstone, but it was the same for both teams. Saints adapted to the conditions well, but we didn't. The consensus of opinion was that Dunfermline were dreadful, which they were.

No Andy Smith these days spells no goals. What has happened to the rest of our goalscorers? Dave Bingham, Hamish French and, the as yet disappointing, George Shaw really should be trying to spread the workload up front.

At the back only Westie has produced the goods this season. Poor Greg Shields is pushed from one wing to another depending on who happens to be injured that week. Tod and Barnett in the middle don't seem to have a full understanding of each other so far, and Ivo tries his hardest in whatever position Bert decides he should play (and there have been a few this season).

So what about the midfield. What midfield? A certain section of the support seem to blame everything on Harry Curran, and in the next breath call for Sergio Duarte to be included in the team. Come on! Curran, whilst not exactly being a midfield maestro, at least tries to beat the odd man. When Duarte receives the ball time stands still. He looks, runs and passes the ball like a man twice his age.

Enough about the team, what about the Chairman? He is in charge of a business that tried for 4 years to make it into the Premier league. Then when they achieve their goal the club still makes a loss of £250,000! Who's to blame? Well, you and I according to Mr Woodrow. He claims that lack of support from the local community has caused the deficit.

Obviously this leeching off the Old Firm lark is harder than it would appear...How the hell can you break even in the first division but make a loss in the premier league? Not exactly an incentive to win promotion, is it?

## Boo Hoo Brazil?

A statistics-loving Sammy Lives correspondent was monitoring the pitiful crowd figures for our Brazilian neighbours and noticed a bizarre similarity over successive weeks this season. Namely, identical crowd figures every week. Odd that. His curiosity aroused, he attended the Cowdenbeath v Arbroath game, an experience that should be forced on anyone moaning about the standard of football played at East End.

4-0 to Arbroath, and for the second time in four weeks, the Cowden goalie was sent off. This time he came screaming out of his box to narrow the angle and when the Arbroath attacker had the audacity to attempt a chip the chump caught it, at least 12 feet outside his box! The principle highlight of the afternoon was two tinkie Cowden kids lobbing bog rolls onto the park from the toilet roof. Eventually the announcer asked them to get down from the toilet roof, only for an Arbroath wag to ask "How can anybody tell where the toilet is in this shithole?"

Returning to the justification for this article, the officially listed crowd figure was 297, exactly the same as the previous three fixtures.

Surprisingly, when our spy counted the number of souls in the "stadium" he could only find 92. They must use some funny counting methods at central Park...either that, or they've bought some old Celtic turnstiles and connected them backwards?



## **The wacky world of Billy McNeill**

**Congratulations to Scotland and Craig Brown for qualifying for the world cup yet again for the first time in a row.**

Of course, drawing Brazil like we did was a massive boost for us as we've got a terrific record of playing against Brazil who are quite justified in calling themselves the world champions, which of course they are. But there's no reason why we should feel inferior. I don't see why we shouldn't get a goal or two against the South American Samba kings.

Morocco are a team from the abroad who will undoubtedly give us a right good game, but I have no hesitation in saying we'll probably beat them.

I also firmly believe we will probably beat Norway who, lets face it, are not Sweden (who didn't even qualify) but we defeated them and I therefore see no reason why we shouldn't not also thrash the Norwegians.

Once we've qualified top of the group the ball is quite genuinely within our very hands and, if we grasp the thistle by the horns once we're in the knockout stages, anything can happen and I see no reason why we shouldn't feel confident about at least reaching the semi-finals.

Once you're in the final obviously, anything can happen, and lets face it, often does. But let's not forget, its often said that every dog has it's day. Perhaps in the world cup we will be the dogs and 1998 will be our day?

## **SAD BLOKES IN NEED OF A LIFE**

The tragic activities of the sad bloke in the sammy suit are well documented elsewhere in this issue. However, moments of daring and invention, unappreciated by the vast majority of the Pars faithful have taken place in recent weeks...

Sammy was held to ransom for the BBC Children in Need appeal and the sad bloke was invited to the live show in Glasgow where he proceeded to annoy Dougie Vipond at every opportunity, particularly when the gifted presenter was hosting a live segment.

However, the sad bloke in the Sammy suit shared a dressing room with the sad bloke in the Broxi Bear suit and hatched the audacious plan of stealing Broxi's head and parading it on a platter before the Rangers game in December.

Fortunately, sad bloke was sober enough to suspect that theft of an expensive costume may incur the wrath of the local constabulary, so he satisfied himself by taking an indelible marker and writing "Sammy was here" inside Broxi's head.

## **PRIDE OF THE CLYDE**

Sammy has become something of a nightmare for the cream of Scottish broadcasting talent at East End in recent months.

The sad bloke in the suit, a balding local pub DJ with delusions of grandeur, vented his unfulfilled broadcasting frustrations on Hugh Keevins by repeatedly thrusting a wet Sammy paw into the Clyde man's face while he dribbled pish on-air to literally dozens of listening Glaswegians.

After struggling for several milliseconds to contain his anger, the four-eyed funster threatened, on-air, to give Sammy a doing if he came near the Sunday Mail's ace columnist again.

Chick Young is rumoured to be Sammy's next target...

## LATEST NEWS

The town of Falkirk has become engulfed in a war of words with petrochemicals giant BP. After years of harmonious tolerance, the patience of managers at their grangemouth complex has finally snapped, and they have complained to Falkirk Council about the stench coming from the town.

Mad Kirkcaldy residents who spoke of observing strange lights in the sky in August were quietly put to sleep yesterday when it emerged that they were in fact morons, rather than the vessels of interplanetary messages from an unknown intelligence. Technically, of course, any intelligence is unknown in Kirkcaldy.

Reports that Gary McAllister is a tired old man too crap to play for Scotland any more were confirmed when it emerged that Kenny Dalgish was keen to sign him for Newcastle.

## OUR PREDICTIONS...

Despite Hearts wasting everybody's time, Rangers will STILL win the championship.

If Hibs and Motherwell are still bottom of the league in February, league reconstruction next season will conveniently NOT require any relegation this season. Like 1990 and 1987..

**Aberdeen will reach new boredom thresholds under Alex Miller**

The Save the Jags campaign will raise massive amounts of media attention, but still no one will give a shit.

**League reconstruction will actually save the Pars from relegation . . . (hopefully)**

Airdrie will win the first division but be denied promotion by reconstruction!

**Gazza will do something more tedious than playing an invisible flute...beat up an invisible ex-wife, perhaps? And still Rangers will "deal with it internally" That is, forget about it.**

The ever-tedious Bounce will stop ranting about Old Firm glory hunters who don't support their local team and notice, with some irony, that their fanzine's listed address is in Edinburgh...

**The next issue of Sammy Lives...  
will be available, erm, soon.**

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](mailto:jdoonan@jdoonan.demon.co.uk)

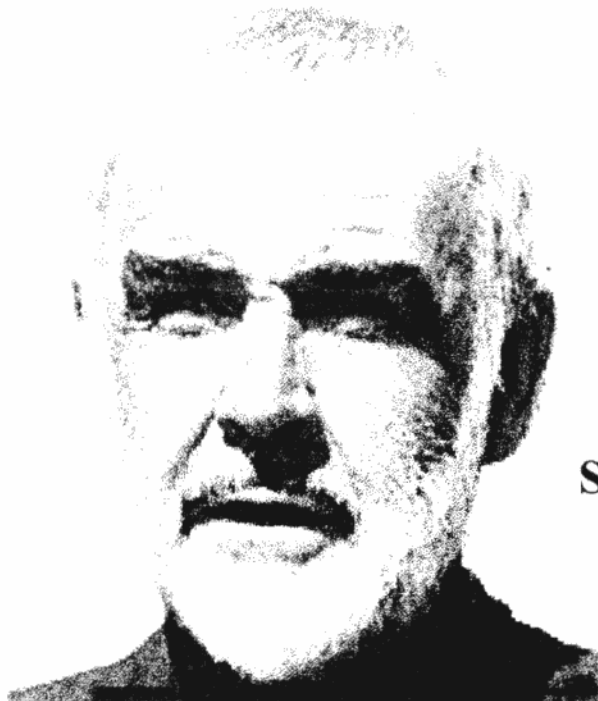
(If you HAVEN'T GOT A MODEM SHOUT REALLY loudly)

# *the* **SLAPPER!**



**Fast!  
Quick!  
Painless!**

***"It's shenshashional!"***



As used by  
**Sean Connery**  
when the  
wife gets  
a bit lippy

Wee team fans bothering you with tedious drivel?  
Old Firm fans whinging about 9 in a row?  
Roy Woodrow talking pish?  
Lex Gold whining about league reconstruction?  
Alex McLeish whinging about Bosman?  
Jim "Best young manager" Duffy?  
David Murray's "too many teams" rant?  
Irritated by "expert" media idiots?

**THEN GIVE THEM A SLAP!**  
**with the Sammy Lives**  
**SLAPPER**

CUT OUT THE HAND PROVIDED, STICK IT TO A PIECE OF CARD  
AND ATTACH A BAMBOO CANE AS SHOWN

Now wait... until someone annoys you by saying  
something stupid - then slap them with  
*the SLAPPER*  
and avoid getting that irritating,  
stinging sensation  
on the palm of your hand.

"I was a twat, until  
given a slap!"  
**Ally McCoist**



***Go on! Give Idiots A Wee Slap Of Reality... it'll do them good!***