
A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

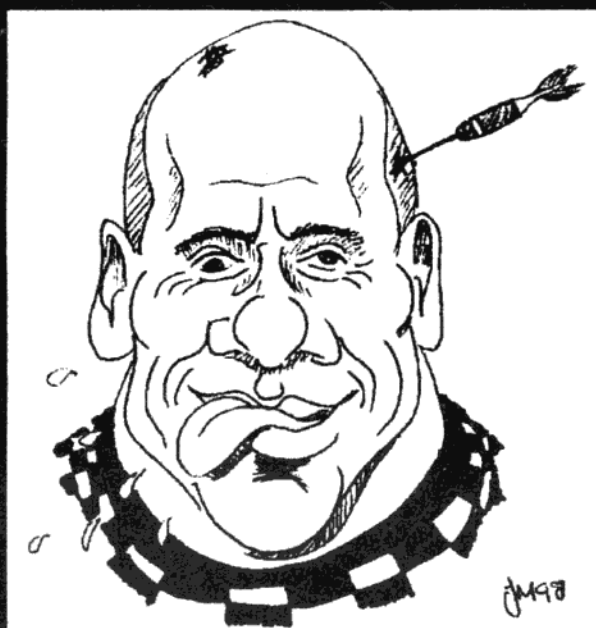
Sammy Lives

with

Dick and Bert

April, 1998

**MY OWN TEAM
MATES CALLED
ME A
BALDY!**



WESTIE REVEALS HIS SECRET BALD-HATE HELL

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

60p

Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert

Editorial

And so one of the most dismal seasons in recent years draws to a close. The most upbeat way to describe season 97/98 is "pish". After a phenomenally dreadful defensive performance last season, the Pars impregnable 'wall of paper' was strengthened by the arrival of three new players, who haven't made a blind bit of difference to the damning goals conceded statistics.

A major explanation for this has been the innovative tactic of playing without anything resembling a midfield whenever possible. Sadly, injuries forced many of these unfortunate situations, but at other times we have simply suffered the consequences of being lumbered with ageing players who have seen better days.

Craig Robertson's questionable performances have inspired murderous thoughts in thousands of otherwise peace-loving fans while others like Hamish French are industrious and effective in spells but have unfortunately reached the stage in their career where they can no longer regularly reach the expected standard. In other cases, inconsistency, injuries, loss of form, and a lack of competition for places, has encouraged complacency.

But, shining like a beacon in a sea of mediocrity has been Andy Smith. Quite frankly, without the stupendous efforts of Andy Smith Dunfermline would have been relegated by Christmas. Hopefully, he will have cleared his mantelpiece in readiness for all those Player of the Year trophies...

Meanwhile, it is nothing short of scandalous that, as we go to print, we have no idea whether we are fighting to avoid a play-off place, if indeed there will be relegation this season. Hibs, after the last miraculous reconstruction in 1990 thoroughly deserve a damn good relegation. For years Hibs have whined about being a top five club, despite regular sojourns in the lower half of the table. Last season they were saved from the drop by a dodgy penalty and Darren Jackson. This year, hopefully, justice will be done and Dundee will take their place in the Scottish Premiership.

Cynics may wonder why the superleague have taken so long to finally publish their plans...

What would have happened if it was Dunfermline and St. Johnstone, rather than Hibs and Aberdeen, staring at the drop in February? Would that have speeded up the superleague's plans???

We're not paranoid, but . . .

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

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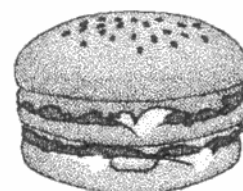
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GUEST MASCOT



Craig Robertson

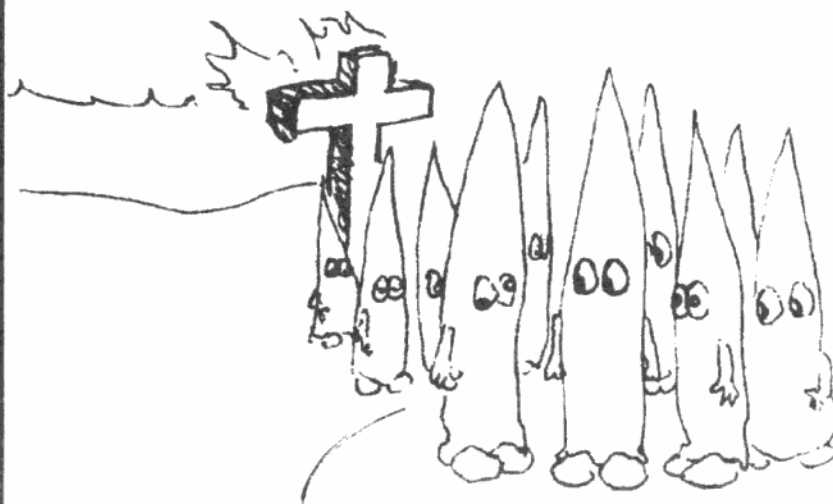
Hurrah! For no obvious reason Craig Robertson has retained his position as guest mascot.

Craig Robertson, hereafter referred to as Fat Useless Bastard (FUB) has been an inspirational Captain Marvel since his return to first-team action which oddly coincided with a mammoth unwinning run.

Throughout this difficult period, FUB has bravely yelled at team mates after the FUB has fallen on his arse, been hopelessly inept with a defensive clearance or stood with his hands on his hips looking totally fucking exhausted minutes into the game.

Let us give thanks to the God of football, Mr. Paton, for allowing us one last season to gaze awe-fully on the pitiful downward spiral of a once merely average player.

A typical Pars team talk . . .



Are you Player A or Player B?

MY OWN TEAM MATES CALLED ME A BALDY!

EXCLUSIVE!

BALD Pars star Ian Westwater wept last night as he revealed **YEARS** of soccer torment at the hands of vicious bald-hate team mates.

In an interview that will stun Scottish soccer, Westie has spoken for the first time about the disturbing catalogue of baldy abuse he has suffered in his years at East End Park.

"Male hereditary pattern baldness is not funny," the broken soccer hardman confessed last night. Shockingly, the Fife club have openly **TOLERATED** Westie's bald hell while operating a secret policy of only signing players with hair.

"This has been going on for years," sobbed the long-serving Pars stopper. "They started treating me differently when they noticed I was starting to lose some hair and my life has been hell ever since."

"When was the last time Dunfermline signed a bald player? They haven't!"

Even in the past week highly-paid Pars stars have shamefully and repeatedly ridiculed the keepers folically-challenged status:

Player A compared his head to a snooker ball.

Player B indulged in a sickening series of wig gags.

Player C grew his hair ridiculously long purely to taunt the keeper.

Pars supremo Bert Paton refused to comment on the sensational allegations, insisting that he had never even noticed that the keeper was bald! Club secretary Richard O'Brien, a self-confessed bald man, has insisted that Dunfermline Athletic do not operate a policy of baldism, and claimed that such behaviour would be severely punished.

Westie's comments have received support from Eamon Bannon who revealed that he had suffered similar baldist taunts at East End in the late 80's.

However, fellow Pars baldy Ray Sharp has insisted that Dunfermline players did not deliberately target Westie and claimed that the players' allegations are "complete nonsense" and "a tissue of lies".

Fortunately, we realised that his comments didn't fit in with the story we wanted so we ignored him.

Sammy Lives Soccer Sensation

ANOTHER!

MY OWN TEAM MATES CALLED ME A FAT USELESS BASTARD!

Craig Robertson's flab-hate hell . . . see Page 88

Since we've been gone . . .

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

Let's All Laugh At Falkirk

Another hilarious soccer tragedy was revealed in March when fat George Fulston confessed that the Bairns were going bust. Good.

Let's All Laugh At the wee team

There was much wailing and gnashing of teeth in Kirkcaldy when it became obvious that there may not be runners-up play-off place available to help the wee team into the premier league. Never mind, there's always that £250,000 backhander to vote for the Superleague.

Whoops! Isn't that going to Falkirk to pay off the inland revenue? Oh, dear...

Let's All Laugh At Hibs

Despite rip-roaring success under Jim Duffy, Hibs bravely chose to dispense with the services of Scotland's best young manager and replace him with Scotland's second-best young manager, Alex McLeish

Curiously, on March 30th the Daily Record referred to Bobby Williamson and Paul Sturrock as "the best young managers in Scotland."

So what is the Daily Record's criteria for identifying a "good young manager"? Have they noticed that their previous best young managers: Duffy, McLeish and Willie Miller never actually won anything???

Good Samaritans

Well done, Hearts! It was jolly decent of the Tynecastle Club to be so concerned about Falkirk's future that they generously agreed to dump them out of the Scottish Cup and save George Fulston having to further cripple the club by breaching contracts and not paying bonuses to his players on time.

After all, it was their lucky cup run last year which built up that huge £400,000 Inland Revenue bill...who knows what debts might have resulted from another unexpected cash boost to the club???

League Wee-Construction

Lower league arguments about the new structure of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd divisions should be settled within weeks. After all, they can soon appoint Lex Gold as the wee club spokesman as Hibs will be, genuinely, one of the "Big Five" in the first division.

Reports that Hibs are planning to lead a breakaway "pishy" league of wee clubs are unconfirmed...

Aberdeen - STILL pish???

Following a typical form slump in March, terminally dull Aberdeen boss Alex Miller made the standard warning to the Dons squad: "You won't get ME the sack!" he declared.

Hmmm...cynics may remember Willie Miller and Roy Aitken making the same confident threat to his over-paid, under-gifted stars.

What a shitey home support!

Who'd be a Saint Johnstone fan? Certainly not a Saints mascot, obviously. Last week, the McDiarmid Park announcer named the mascot for the Pars game, and obviously sensed no irony by informing the pathetic home support that the mascot's favourite player was Rangers legend Ally McCoist.

I KNOW WHAT **YOU'RE THINKING**



Self-Appointed Fans' Spokesman Phil McFadden speaks what YOU think EVEN if you DON'T think you think what he says is what you think he should have said WHEN he said what he said. If THAT makes sense?

You know what annoys me? Everything.

I hate old people - because they're always complaining about things. I hate young people because they're noisy. I hate Old Firm fans. I hate the media. I hate the media because its full of Old Firm fans who hate Dunfermline fans.

Basically, I hate anyone who does anything which affects me as a Pars fans' spokesman - however remotely that affect might be.

Last week I was driving through the roundabout at Sinclair Gardens, in the correct lane for Townhill Road of course, when a complete clown cut me up on the inside, forcing me to brake sharply. In his rear window he displayed a Rangers "Follow Follow" sticker so naturally I called the Daily Record Hotline to complain.

You'd think some of these moronic weegie reporters would be able to lift their noses out of the Old Firm west coast media bias trough long enough to realise that I was making another well-informed and valid voice-of-the-punter point by demanding that all Rangers fans re-take their driving tests. Not surprisingly, they dared not print my comments for fear of offending their blue nose readers.

I was in ASDA the other day and, since I had only bought several huge writing pads and envelopes, I queued at the "express" checkout. Meanwhile, at a

nearby checkout, three women each with laden trolleys paid, packed and walked to their cars before I was even served!!!

Express? My arse! Why don't ASDA install an idiots only till for bastards with cheque books and a special checkout strictly for old people so they only waste their own time while they wait to die!

*Then what happens? The person in front of me has **ELEVEN** items in his basket despite a sign which clearly states that the Express Checkout is for **TEN** items only.*

Naturally, I phoned the Daily Record Hotline to complain.

On Tuesday I was in a petrol station and accidentally put four star instead of unleaded fuel in my tank! Why don't petrol companies clearly label and colour code the pumps properly? Would that be soooo bloody complicated? NO! Naturally, I phoned the Daily Record hotline to complain.

Then, when I finally arrived home late after a busy day at work, the wife hadn't even **BOTHERED** to cook my dinner. Naturally, I phoned the Daily Record hotline to complain.

Honestly, its not easy fighting for fans' rights when secret government agencies are obviously orchestrating vicious persecution campaigns against free speech champions like myself.

Well, you won't get me, copper!

Phil McFadden - He gets annoyed so you don't have to!

Stop Sammy Now... a cry for help

There is a deeply sad man at East End Park and he needs our love, our devotion, and our understanding. He also needs a good hard slap, but that is beside the point.

Inside every mascot suit, behind every moronic, grinning, cute but punchable furry head, is a deeply sad exhibitionist crying out for help.

Sadly, at East End we are blessed with our own deeply sad man, a balding local pub DJ and former Alloa fan. He is so desperate to ingratiate himself in Fife culture, that he willingly humiliates himself by leaping about like a twat in front of his concerned family and thousands of bemused spectators who politely smile and clap for fear that one day he will snap and turn nasty. Sammy with a kalashnikov perched on top of the centre stand sniping at fans and screaming "why didn't they cheer for me?" while armed police close in, is not an appealing vision.

Help the sad man in his hour of need. Approach him and plead, no, beg him "Stop! For Gods' sake, please, stop!"

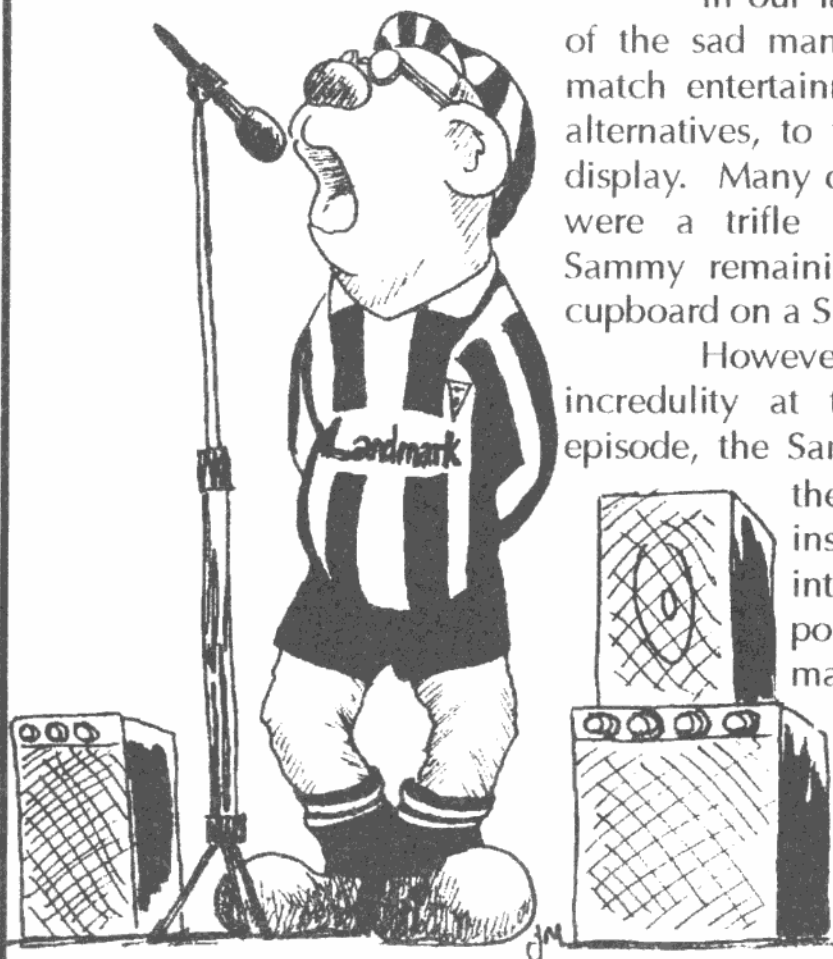
With your help the deeply sad man might be able to slip back into well-deserved obscurity where he belongs.

Let Meeeeeee Entertain you!

In our last issue we reflected on some of the sad man's most dire attempts at pre-match entertainment and offered some viable alternatives, to the erm, "performance art" on display. Many of these suggestions, we admit, were a trifle negative and often involved Sammy remaining locked in a dark, airtight cupboard on a Saturday afternoon.

However, while gawping in sheer incredulity at the recent "Wig wam bam" episode, the Sammy Lives editor realised that the sad man was obviously inspired in his literal interpretations of song titles, possessing a gift for artistry matched only by a legendary crap dance troupe. They were pleasant to look at, but painfully devoid of any performing abilities.

Could the sad man be the secret choreographer for Pan's People???



Sammy the Tammy... Pan's Person?

THE BORING SERIOUS BIT

DID Dave Barnett suffer racist abuse at Dunfermline Athletic?

The only people who know are the players themselves and Dave Barnett. The players have been gagged by the club, the players who left Dunfermline recently have denied it, and Barnett himself will not make a formal complaint against the club or individuals.

So what did Dave Barnett achieve by speaking to the press? He claims he suffered abuse from the start of his Pars career. So why did he sign a two year contract at the end of his three month trial period? If he was unhappy he shouldn't have stayed.

In Barnett's defence, perhaps the kindest thing that could be said is that he underestimated the can of worms he was opening by speaking to a journalist. Perhaps Barnett simply didn't consider the possibility that the media would strap legs to his comments, editorialise, and then, belatedly, look to see if there was any justification for his complaints.

The Scottish Mirror revealed Barnett's unpopularity within the squad the day before the racism story broke. The Mirror's story mentioned a fight involving Colin Miller and Barnett, the result of which was both players being transferred (although the moves were, of course, coincidental...) It has since emerged that Barnett was involved in a scuffle with Andy Smith at Pitreavie in August, a fight with Andy Tod at the players' Christmas party and a long-running feud with Colin Miller.

Unfortunately, despite being a very good player, Barnett was an arrogant, obnoxious loner who was unwilling, or unable, to make any attempt to communicate with his team mates.

Craig Robertson had suddenly become useful to the club again by relaying Berts' messages to Dick in the dugout (obviously DAFC have lost the walkie-talkie technology that helped Leishman negotiate those troublesome bans to the stand.) Colin Miller was thus handed the captaincy, but his absence through injury required the selection of another leader on the park. His choice of Barnett was, to say the least, unpopular in the dressing room. No one had any respect for him and his arrogant attitude blossomed as a result of Bert's bizarre choice.

Dave Barnett showed no respect for this club, its players or its supporters. He left under a cloud and when the circumstances of his leaving were revealed he found himself backed into a corner. To come out fighting with the race card took everyone by surprise - and especially the players' union. Tony Higgins at the SPFA and Brendan Batson at the PFA in England have asked Barnett to back up his accusations, but he has refused to make a formal complaint.

Well how do you back up a lie?

This season has been a non-stop roller-coaster ride for me, if not everyone, football-wise.

We've had everything - and more! A three way league title race battle still yet to be undecided, league reconstructions, world cup qualification, Walter Smith, Laudrup and Gazza leaving Rangers, and most unbelievably of all, James Duffy getting sackeded by Hibs!!!

Credit has to be gaved in spades to Hearts for all what they've done considering what they've had to achieve for so much with so little by so few, and all credit to them. But thats not to take anything away from Celtic's pure magnificent resurgence from being second place in previous seasons all the way up to maybe first or second this season. And to think they've achieved so much just by having millions of pounds at their disposable!

Rangers, sadly, have typically failed to reach the expectations they expected of themselves. Incredibly another season has passed and they yet again somehow haven't won the European Cup again, and they're hurting because of it. Walter's eminent departure will have percussions that can only be guessed at this stage, and I don't intend to pile undue pressure on new boss Dick Advocaat by saying he'll maybe possibly win Rangers a Euro cup next season - but mark my words, another journalist WILL indefinitely do it.

As has already been said already, Advocaat is a top-class quality coach, make no mistake, and has few equals in a football sense, but I wonder if Rangers wouldn't have done more better to look at a top-class Scottish coach like

AND QUITE

RIGHTLY SO



James Duffy, Alexander McLeish, William Miller, or any one of my regular golf partners for that matter.

By the time the world cup is a distant memory - sometime in the middle of June, Scottish thoughts will have turned back to the domestics and the impending Superleague. Some may disagree with its motives but the new structure is indefinitely the way forward in the future, unlike the past which is now history. Its time we taken off the blinkers and seen ourselves as others have sawed us for what our game is: pish. The only way forward is to make Rangers and Celtic as rich as possible, and I have no problem with that.

Will the Superleague work? Well, that's not for me to say. Perhaps its time to open our minds and just see what the league entrails in the future. It'll work or it won't. Either way, the Old Firm will do quite nicely out of it.

And quite rightly so.

LUGGY MUST STAY ! ! !

Andy Smith has only one year left on his contract, before he can leave the club as a free agent - and Dunfermline won't receive a penny for their biggest asset!

Under freedom of contract, any player over the age of 24 is free to negotiate his own transfer once his contract has expired. So far, Dunfermline Athletic have made no public announcement of their plans (if any?) to retain Smith (29) on an extended deal.

What are they waiting for? If a club (such as Sheffield Utd or Kilmarnock) make a firm offer of £500,000 - will DAFC sell without a moments thought? After the Jackie MacNamara episode, the question is hardly hypothetical...

Smith was a shock signing from hated rivals Airdrie in 1995, and his regular party-piece, a tendency to dive at the feet of Pars defenders, didn't exactly endear him to Pars fans. In his first appearance for Dunfermline, a pre-season friendly against Bolton, he broke his leg stretching for a wayward pass. He had been booed onto the park that day, but when his commitment to the cause became obvious, the fans forgot their previous grievances and his return from injury was eagerly anticipated (if only to get Greg Shaw out of the team!)

This season, with the long absence of the injured Gerry Britton, Andy was given the freedom to forage around the edge of the box. Laying the ball left and right, he would get on the end of the inevitable cross with consummate skill and precision. His performances this season have been quite phenomenal.

Naturally, there have been cries of disbelief about his lack of recognition from Craig Brown. Players likes Paul Wright, Billy Dodds and Steve Crawford have been called up to the B squad, when amazingly, their combined tallies for the season don't measure up to Andy's. (At the time of writing Billy Dodds had scored only one more goal than Andy Tod. How's that for a statistic, Mr. Brown?).

Now there is a real possibility that we may lose Andy at the end of this season, if the board decide to cash-in.

If Smith does go, few fans should really be surprised. At his age he's possibly got one big move left and, at this stage of his career, will obviously be looking to secure his future. If next season starts with Luggy at Kilmarnock and Craig Robertson still stubbornly wearing the captains' shirt, we will be doomed to endure a long, long torturous season.....

How can we avoid this? Simple: finance a deal to keep Smith by clearing out the deadwood, and offer him a long-term contract. Few 29 year old players would turn down a five year deal...

Essentially, the club doesn't have many options available. Who is our second top goalscorer this season? Andy Tod, a defender...

the INSIDER

He knows, you know . . .



WHAT A NICE MAN

During his long period of injury, Colin Miller visited East End for regular physiotherapy sessions. One day he thought it would be a nice treat for his son to meet the players. Master Miller brought his autograph book with him and was greeted enthusiastically by almost everyone. He asked for, and was given, the autograph of every player in the team - except one who refused...the terrifically popular Dave Barnett.

DECK HIM, DAD!

The increasingly desperate activities of the Sad Man in the Suit's attempt to "entertain" people knows no boundaries.

A local man was taking his son to East End a few weeks ago and, while queuing at the turnstiles was accosted by Sammy the Tammy who hilariously tried to give him a hug and mess up his hair.

"Piss off!" the man advised. Sadly, this reaction is a red rag to a bull for Sammy and his hilarious antics grew further tiresome until the disgruntled fan quite forcefully advised Sammy to go away. For the first time in recorded history, the sad man showed a curious sense of self-preservation, and scurried away to torment someone else.

It was at this point that our man remembered his wee boy was with him.

"Dinnae tell your mother about this, okay?" he asked. The boy agreed. Unfortunately, when they got home, the boy snapped under intensive maternal cross-examination.

"Did you enjoy the game?" she asked.

"Yeah! And Dad told Sammy to eff off!"

DON'T MESS WITH JOYCE!

The Sammy Lives official celebrity reader, Joyce Paton, Bert's ferociously loyal wife, was less than delighted to see the last issue of Sammy Lives. Normally, she is quite happy to buy a copy but, in January, made particular efforts to avoid one of our sellers.

"Would you like a fanzine, Joyce?" he asked politely.

"I'm not buying that rag!", she exclaimed. "The last issue had an article saying we lie down to Glasgow teams!"

Our surprised seller suggested that wasn't us, it was probably The Bounce. Joyce was adamant: "It was you, and it was written by someone called McDonald."

"We don't have anyone called McDonald writing for us," the seller meekly responded. "It must have been The Bounce."

Unconvinced, she grabbed a fanzine and searched for the incriminating evidence. "Where's the writers' names?" she asked.

Our seller explained that we didn't put names against articles, that it was all a team effort, and the authors pseudonyms are listed below the editorial.

"Ah! Scared to use your real names then, eh?" she sneered.

After a few more seconds scanning the pages for the name McDonald she eventually gave in, but only slightly.

"Okay, I'll take one," she announced. "It'll do nicely if I run out of toilet paper."

Joyce is a formidable woman, and unswervingly supportive of Bert. If ANY sports journalist makes the mistake of criticising Bert's team selection, tactics, or comments, Joyce WILL remember...and she WILL ruthlessly hunt down the perpetrator.

Obviously, it would be absurd to confuse journalism with the Bounce, but Mr. McDonald should nevertheless be warned...don't go to East End on your own...

Sammy Lives with

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The Sa

BEST PERFORMANCE OF THE SEASON
Dunfermline 2 Hearts 1

BEST INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE
Andy Smith (v Ayr United)

GOAL OF THE SEASON
Andy Smith
(all of them, Mr. Brown)

WORST PERFORMANCE OF THE SEASON
Kilmarnock 3 Pars 0

MOST POPULAR TRANSFER
Colin Miller

ARSE-LICKER OF THE YEAR
Jim White

**(for his Dick Advocaat interview and
the weekly Walter Smith tributes)**

WORST SPORTS PROGRAMME
Everything produced
at Cowcaddens

MOST EMBARRASSING SAMMY PERFORMANCE
The "Wig Wam Bam"



PLAYER OF THE YEAR
Andy Smith

h Dick and Bert 1

ents

ammys

**BEST YOUNG MIDDLE-AGED PARS
MANAGER IN A BASEBALL CAP
Bert Paton**

**BEST YOUNG MIDDLE-AGED PARS
ASSISTANT MANAGER IN A BASEBALL CAP
Dick Campbell**

**BEST YOUNG MIDDLE-AGED COACH AND
EX-ST. MIRREN MANAGER IN A BASEBALL CAP
Jimmy Bone**

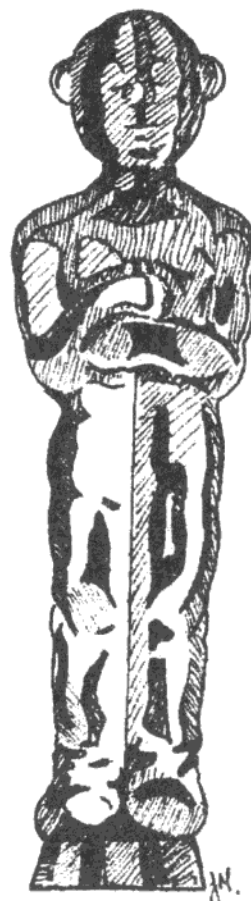
**BEST DICK CAMPBELL LOOK-ALIKE
Ian Campbell**

**HIGHLIGHT OF THE SEASON
Falkirk go into liquidation**

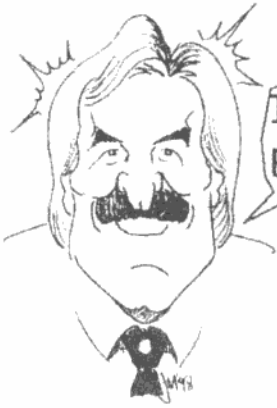
**GOVERNMENT BODY OF THE YEAR
THE INLAND REVENUE**

**LEAST CONVINCING BRAZILIAN
Sergio Duarte**

**UNOFFICIAL PLAYERS' PLAYER OF THE YEAR
Colin Miller (for thumping Dave Barnett)**



**THE YEAR
mith**



It's time for the old world cup debate...who will England beat in the final? Any opinions, Alan?

Aye. The world cup will be rubbish, there'll be some criminal defending and the bloody Germans will win. And anyone who disagrees gets a punch in the puss!



Well, let's not forget that it's a mere 32 years, four months, 18 days, 17 hours and 23 minutes since England last won the World Cup in 1966. Why England aren't favourites again this year, I have no idea...bloody foreigners, eh? What do they know about football?

Well, to be honest, and speaking as a winner of the golden boot, I think you should read "Gary Lineker's Probable World Cup Winners Opinions and Re-hashed Football Stories Special" to find out what I think. It's available soon, priced £14.99 (also on video)



The world cup is the most pure magic brilliant tournament in the world and I just hope I'm part of it.

No, Coisty, that wasn't the question.



Aye, but, I just hope that Craig Brown gives me one last chance to...

Sorry, Coisty, mate, AGAIN, that wasn't my question, which was: Are you looking forward to going to France to present a special edition of McCoist & MacAuley?



Erm...aye.



SCOTTISH FOOTBALL - A LOAD OF PISH?

In a bold attempt to boost sagging egos, or a subversive attempt to encourage European divisions, we have asked Johnny Foreigner what they REALLY think of Scottish football...

Most football fans in Sweden are aware of the Old Firm, and that's about it. Many probably couldn't name all the teams playing in the Scottish Premier!

Now that there are several Swedish players in Scotland interest in Scottish football is growing. But Swedish and Scottish teams competing in Europe do seem to produce almost identical (bad) performances...

IFK Göteborg are the richest, most successful club in Sweden and win the championship every year. They are rightfully despised because of this. Much the same way as Scottish fans feel towards Rangers, I suspect? I assume then that when these teams met, the majority of Scots wanted the Swedes to win, while the majority of Swedes wanted the Scots to win! (Yup, it's a funny old game - Editor)

Gothenburg eventually got thrashed by Bayern Munich and the other Swedish teams usually

can't manage to get past the first round! Sound familiar?

Scottish football is probably in a healthier state than Swedish football at the moment. The Scotland national team always seem to qualify for the world cup, but don't do anything once they get there. On the other hand, Sweden finished fourth in 1994, but couldn't even qualify this time!

I think the big problem, for both Scotland and Sweden, is that our best players play outside our own national leagues. The overall opinion about Scottish football in Sweden is, I guess, that Scotland is better than Sweden (at the moment!)

And, most importantly, Scottish football supporters are regarded as the most friendly you can ever come across! (I think he's soaking up after that World Cup jibe! - Ed)

Ronald van Wijk, a Dutchman and PSV fan.

Dutch people are always very open minded. They take great interest in the rest of the world and in all aspects of life.

On Dutch television we watch more foreign soccer than Dutch! But, despite the endless hours of football on television, Scottish football gets virtually no coverage. Even the presence of Dutch players in the Scottish league hasn't changed this. Maybe with Wim Jansen and Dick Advocaat competing against each other next season, this will change?

The only Scottish results which are normally reported are the Old Firm games. This match is regarded as possibly the biggest derby on earth with the religious tension and all that goes with it.

Most Dutch people rate the Scottish League as one of Europe's little leagues, mainly due to the lack of European success and because one club has dominated for 9 years. This, and the number of times Scottish clubs play each other, indicates a lack of real competition, and appears very boring. That can't be good for the quality or the image of Scottish football.

The Scottish style of soccer is regarded as a less developed brother of England. (Yes, I know what you are saying now.) Although many Dutch football fans also enjoy English football, our so-called soccer guru's feel that the English "kick and rush" approach is a lesser form of football. In the Netherlands they feel that they have a more sophisticated style of playing and better technical skills. This kind of arrogance isn't completely fair, because kick and rush is often much more exciting for the spectators - and that's what football should be about.

In terms of Rangers' domination, a similar condition exists in the Netherlands. Three clubs; Ajax, Feyenoord and PSV have always dominated the competition and are almost always in the top 3.

Stefan Thoren, from Sweden, a fan of Djurgårdens IF

The gap between the top teams and the rest has always been large and consequently, many people have complained that "the competition is weak". But in years when the gulf between the top and bottom clubs narrow, the same people complain that the competition is weakened if the small teams can beat the bigger clubs!

I suppose this is the same in Scotland where the big clubs have a greater income than the others, and the small clubs immediately lose good players to the bigger teams. But, with a lot of patience and an excellent organization, a small team can break into the big time in the Netherlands.

Vitesse Arnhem, for example, now have the most modern stadium in the Netherlands and are fast becoming one of the top clubs. 12 years ago they were almost declared bankrupt! The transformation is due to a visionary chairman and forward planning, which I suspect may be the main failing for Scottish clubs.

Scottish football clubs appear too dependent upon the chairman or a major sponsor putting money into the club. These people are normally influenced by an image and therefore demand short term success. But running a football team is like running a company; the best way is to look at the bigger picture and organise the club with future success as the target.

Dutch teams are very well organized. There is less money in the game (the average salary for Glasgow Rangers is TWICE that of PSV Eindhoven.) Scottish football, therefore, should be on a par with the Dutch - but isn't. The finance therefore, is not the solution, the important factor is how that money is invested. Despite smaller budgets, Dutch teams have shown in Europe year after year that they can compete with the best clubs. This should be the challenge for Scotland's top clubs to meet.

ROBBO'S GRAVITY SHOCKER

CRAIG ROBERTSON must lose weight immediately or he'll start generating his own gravity, scientists warned last night.

Chubby burger fan Robertson (88) regularly chomps through as many as twenty happy meals *A DAY*, and while his playing form has not been affected, concerned scientists at Lauder College have desperately pleaded with the portly Par to kick snacks into touch.

Fat Bloke

According to Astrophysicist Samantha Frisbee, Robbo's density is increasing exponentially while his waistline rockets logarithmically. Consequently, mysterious forces deep within his belly will eventually trigger a magnetic gravitational force. The result could be catastrophic for Robertson and people nearby who may find themselves trapped and unable to escape the boring Cowdenbeath mans' company.

"One day soon, Robbo will try to hoof the ball upfield, but instead it'll orbit his belly like a moon!" Samantha warned.

A Pars spokesman refused to comment on the club's policy for dealing with players who generate their own gravitational fields.

Star Man

However, NASA sources have recently expressed a desire to fire Robertson into space. The club are unlikely to stand in his way if such an offer is made.

WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR NAME...

A stunned Sammy Lives spy recently unearthed shocking evidence that Pilmuir Street is Craig Robertson's favourite place on earth.

Craig, as some people may have noticed, is something of a food fan - a major problem for a highly disciplined professional athlete of advancing years. After training Robbo enjoys nothing more than a few hours hard fitness work in the Carnegie Centre.

Obviously, after burning off all those calories, Craig is a teeny bit peckish, as our spy eagerly observed. As if by pure chance, what shops are within a short, exhausted stagger of the Carnegie Centre at lunchtime? Erm...a chip shop, a bakers and a sweet shop. There used to be a health food shop sandwiched between these evil temptations, but there is no evidence of Robbo ever buying some muesli to put on his chips...

Netting to know you . . .

The Wee Team have an official web site which contains a "Free for All" message board which is great fun for anyone who wants to mess with the tiny minds from the Land That Thumbs Forgot.

All you have to do is wait until a wee team fan taps out a bizarre message whinging about something, and then pounce on the confused inbred with scathing, razor-sharp wit. Inevitably, wee team man will grunt in anger and his pre-agrarian hunter-gatherer brain will attempt to formulate a clever response (which is normally limited to a clumsy arrangement of expletives.)

Typical sport normally begins with a posting like this one (which is genuine):

"We have the best stadium in the first division. Surely we deserve to be in the premier division for this reason alone!" Its like shooting fish in a barrel.

Try it! Dangle a witty remark under their confused noses and giggle with pleasure as they bite every time. One regular poster is someone called Neil Morrison. His contributions are mostly of the inane variety, but this one really caught my eye.

"The only way that Dunfermline and Superleague can be used in the same sentence is if you say: 'Dunfermline should not be in the Superleague.' Or. 'A superleague isn't super if Dunfermline are in it. The Pars are all Bumwelders. Up the Rovers".

Absolutely hilarious, and so sharp I suspect I'm bleeding. (I checked, but I wasn't.) The message was signed "Neil Morrison. Joint president of the T.F.A."

No Pars fans ever respond to these barb-less jibes, except an utter twat going by the pseudonym "Rage Reset", a sad, spotty, bedroom-bound student, who talks big behind his keyboard, and wisely adopted anonymity, but you suspect quakes at the prospect of speaking to girls. And he's obviously a virgin. Rage Reset is about the same intellectual level as the average wee team fan...

Ignoring the dozens of Rage Reset sad responses to equally sad wee team taunts, I decided it was my duty to investigate this mysterious Wee Team splinter group: the T.F.A.

What would I find? A shadowy paramilitary organisation determined to enforce the

compulsory use of linoleum? A small pressure group working to bring evolution to Kirkcaldy? No. The T.F.A. is otherwise known as the "Table Football Association". Neil is the co-president, with his terminally sad brother, and they have a tediously banal web site which promotes this endeavour. hilariously, the site features a "quiz" where lucky contestants can guess who is the top scorer in their league!!!!

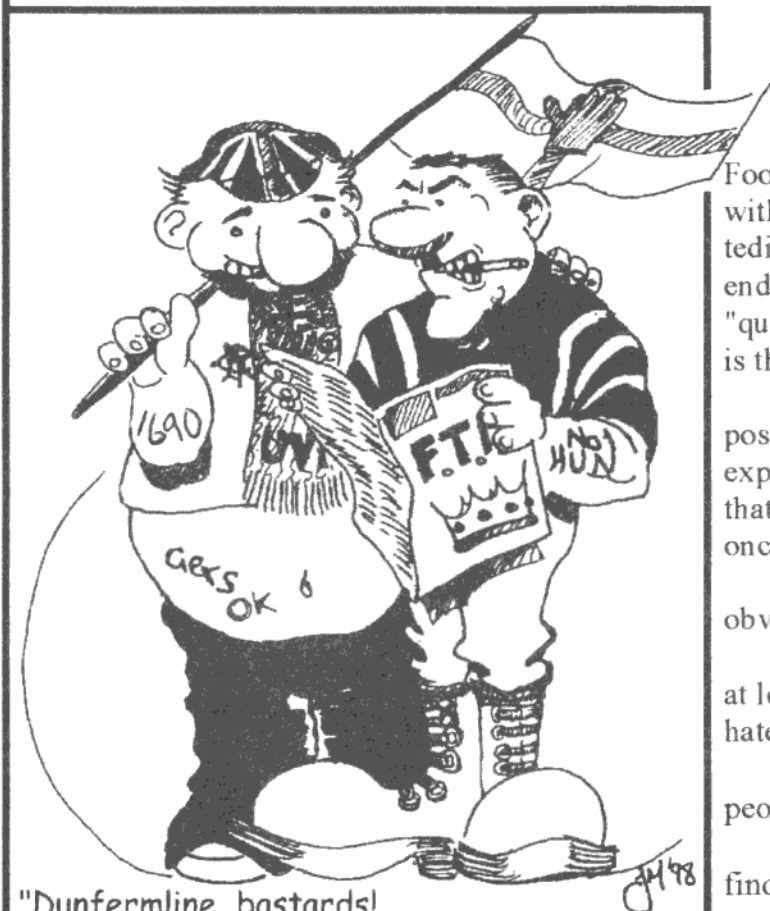
Anyway, sensing an easy kill, I posted a note on the Wee Team Website explaining the error of his sad ways, suggesting that he unlock his bedroom door and go outside once in a while.

My concern for his mental state obviously fell on deaf ears.

"No matter how pathetic I am, I am at least 7000 times less pathetic than you and I hate you so I don't care!" he bitched.

Honestly! You just can't help some people...

Anyway, if you can be arsed, you'll find the Free for All website at www.raithrovers.com Look at it quickly before they go in the huff and shut it down!



"Dunfermline bastards!

If there's one thing I hate, it's intolerance"

Sammy's heroes.....Ian McCall

SEVERAL MANAGERS HAVE TRIED OVER THE YEARS, BUT NONE HAVE SUCCEEDED IN CHANGING IAN MCCALL. LEISHMAN FIRST SIGNED HIM FROM QUEENS PARK AS A FRESH FACED WEE LADDIE. SKILFUL, QUICK, CHARISMATIC AND UNBELIEVABLY TALENTED, HE REMAINS ONE OF THE MOST GIFTED AND POPULAR PLAYERS TO WEAR THE BLACK AND WHITE.

How did you come to sign for Dunfermline?

Because at that time I was perhaps the most gifted young player in Scotland!!

Who did you make your Pars debut against?

Cowdenbeath at East End Park in the Fife Cup It ended 5-0 to the Pars.

Which opponents did you fear the most?

When I joined the Pars I was quite young and inexperienced so fear didn't really exist, it came later.

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

I had great respect for Dr Bob Robertson and Dr Hugh Whyte, they were great Pars. McCathie and Watson were great friends. Although they immediately nicknamed me "Fathole"!

Norrie and John, in their own way, were very special to me.

Any amusing stories of your time at East End?

Zico being shown new stomach muscle exercises by Ian Munro and saying, "Nah, I can't do those ones, they hurt my stomach too much!"

When it came time to move on from East End Park, did you do so reluctantly?

Very reluctantly. I didn't really like Jocky Scott or Gordon Wallace. I thought they had no feeling for the club. The first time I moved, Leishman pushed me out of the door to get the cash!!!

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

First time - This was a very special time to be at East End Park. I think it was the beginning of the rebirth of the Pars as a force in Scottish football. We had a marvellously diverse set of players. From Davie Moyes (Tranent Moyes) to Trevor Smith. Any Pars players reading this will understand what I mean Immediately...

My Return - Although still very enjoyable there was a certain clique factor at the club. The Munro-Leishman thing wasn't easy for the players. That sorrowful affair is also one of my biggest regrets in football and I often tell them why. They were a perfect combination if they could just have worked more together. If they had we were only one or two players short of a top five team.

What is your most treasured memory of playing for Dunfermline?

The unique spirit first time round between the Chairman (Rennie), the Manager (Raspberry Ripple), the players and the supporters.

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

I'm currently player/manager at Clydebank which has happened earlier in my career than I thought, but its a huge and exciting challenge. There are always dreams and ambitions still to be fulfilled.

IAN will probably live FOREVER IN FOOTBALL FOLKLORE AS THE MAN WHO FILLED SIMON STAINRODS' SHOES AT DUNDEE (literally). BUT IN DUNFERMLINE HE'LL REMAIN A FOND MEMORY FOR THOSE WHO WATCHED HIM DART PAST BEWILDERED DEFENDERS, OR SPENT THE LATE 80s PROPPING UP THE BAR IN LORENZOS.

GLORY DAYS

Dunfermline 2 Celtic 1

October, 1987

It was our inaugural Premier league season, and it hadn't started badly at all. After an amazing 3-3 game against Hibs at East End, then a dreadful 0-0 at Brockville, everything was proceeding as well as could be expected.

Then we faced the big boys, Celtic, at East End...

It was the time when Celtic were desperate to win the double, as usual, and were making strenuous efforts to avoid shooting themselves in the foot. So why they kept playing Anton Rogan is anybody's guess. Perhaps they just wanted to give other teams a chance? Whatever their reasoning, the Pars could scarcely have dreamed of a better start! Derek Whyte pulled down Ian McCall over on the stand side. Graeme Robertson floated over the free kick, 'Shaggy' Jenkins head-flicked it on and Craig Robertson, seeming to appear from nowhere, ran on to it and fired the ball low past Pat Bonner.

For the next half an hour Dunfermline dominated without actually creating too many chances. Shaggy, who enjoying a typical run of form (good game, bad game, totally shite game, great game) was actually playing rather well. He put George Cowie in the clear only for the soon-to-retire-and-have-a-testimonial-only-to-make-a-miraculous-recovery ex-Hearts man to blast over from 12 yards.

Celtic, unsurprisingly, were gifted a penalty just before half time. Andy Walker scored after Billy Stark collected a pass just outside the box, turned inside Graeme Robertson and dived to the ground. Naturally, the referee instantly awarded the penalty. Even Andy Smith in his Airdrie days couldn't have dived so unconvincingly!

In the second half Celtic adopted their traditional attacking policy (the one that Jock Stein started) and came out with all guns blazing. Fortunately, Westie was having a fantastic game. Andy Walker tried everything but couldn't beat the Pars number 1.

Suddenly, out of the blue good, old Anton Rogan needlessly conceded a corner. Stuart Beedie floated the ball long to the far post for Eric Ferguson, who headed powerfully through the Celtic defence and into the net.

The rest of the game followed the same pattern with Celtic keeping the ball for long periods of time without actually doing anything constructive with it.

When the final whistle blew you would have been forgiven for assuming we'd just won the league! Leishman was navigating through his cowboy hats and poetry fixation, but even that doesn't explain the madness which convinced him that he should give credit for the victory to Iain Munro and Martin Luther King. After all, what has Ian Munro ever done for Dunfermline???

Billy McNeill, in a breathtaking display of sportsmanship, dismissed the game as "a travesty".

The following Saturday we were soundly thrashed at 5-0 Dens. Oh, what a dubious delight it is to follow Dunfermline in the premier league...

I'm not paranoid, but . . . by Woody Allen

The clear and highly orchestrated media conspiracy against Dunfermline continues. First there was the absurd Fantasy League valuations for the Pars squad. Then came the predictions for the season where the Scotland on Sunday's Jonathon Northcroft confidently predicted Aberdeen would finish 3rd with Hibs comfortably in mid-table and Dunfermline in the first division.

Then there was the tedious and endless long ball reports, even in matches against Dundee Utd (surely one of the most shameless users of the long hoof upfield in the division). Why is it that if Stuart McCall thumps a ball 30 yards for Negri to chase, its a "forward pass", but if Andy Tod does it, its dismissed as a "long ball"? Odd that.

Then the media insist on praising the managerial skills of failures like McLeish and Duffy, while making snide remarks about Bert Paton - who has won the first division with two clubs.

Then Dave Barnett opened his mouth and every newspaper in the country happily decided that DAFC were the Fife branch of the Ku Klux Klan. And while dozens of sports columnists took great delight in condemning the club over unproven and unjustified allegations, not one adjusted his blinkers a fraction to ponder that the two biggest Scottish football clubs have shamelessly and highly successfully practiced commercial sectarianism for the past 70 years. Fergus McCann may say the Bhoys are against bigotry, but you can be pretty damn sure that they will never remove the Irish tricolour from Parkhead or suddenly start wearing blue jerseys.

Then there is the Andy Smith Scotland B snub. Billy Dodds (no goals in '98) is selected. Paul Wright (injured for most of the season, 12 goals - five were penalties) is in the B squad. Five Aberdeen players (coincidentally managed by the assistant Scotland boss) are selected. That is the same Aberdeen who spent last season and most of this season below Dunfermline in the league.

Darren Jackson (2 appearances, both as sub) is selected. Ally McCoist, despite an international record which includes ONE goal in a major tournament, and most other goals against wee teams in qualifiers, was also in the squad.

If Andy Smith scored 25 goals for Kilmarnock would the media campaign demand Smith for Scotland? Andy may not be the most gifted player in the world, but you could be damn sure that if he was selected for Scotland he wouldn't get any mysterious injuries to skip the unglamorous games...

But the latest media smear appeared in the Daily Record on 2nd April. An Edinburgh man was raising money for a charity which cares for his daughter by auctioning signed footballs from top English clubs and "all the Scottish Premier clubs . . . except Dunfermline."

Now, call me Mr. Neurotic...but why didn't the report say "nine Premier clubs." Why single us out? Is the report implying we're skint, or we're tight?

I'm not paranoid, but...

Sammy Lives Soccer Sensation

ANOTHER! MY OWN TEAM MATES SAID I WAS PISH!

Greg Shaw's secret hellish East End agony. . . see Page194



There's been some magic, smashing, brilliant characters at Ibrox over the years, but few have been like my mad old mate, Duncan Ferguson.

We had some great laughs at training, and some magic terrific banter, and you could always rely on wacky Duncan to keep us laughing. Everyone knows the hilarious story about the time me and Durranty were away on a pre-season trip and Duncan played a wee prank on us. Duncan locked us in our hotel room, blocked the door with furniture and tried to set it on fire! Hilarious! Even though the windows were barred and there was no hope of escape, we all had a great laugh afterwards!

But that was the sort of guy Fergie was! Magic!

A few weeks after that, Fergie started making jokes about me being old and past it (what a joker, eh?) Then what does Fergie do? He brought a couple of pigeons into training with him. One was a young, sprightly, magic, smashing wee bird - his prize racing pigeon, and the other was a shagged-out, knarled, old crock just about to croak it.

"I call this wan 'Coisty", the big man smiled as he pointed at the old pigeon. He picked up the bird and with a wicked grin quipped: "It's time for 'Coisty to say bye-byes!" And with that, Fergie neatly wrung its neck! What a laugh - Durranty nearly peed himself!

Magic memories, and no wonder. Not long after that Fergie chased me round the training pitch with a huge machete screaming "retire you old bastard" at the top of his voice. Aye, you don't get comradeship like that at many clubs.

That's why Ibrox is so special to me.

The Ego has Landed

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

Starks Bark, The Wee Team, £1

"Hullorerr Chinas" is the greeting from Geordie Munro in the December issue of Wee Team rag, Starks Bark.

On further inspection the words "Phaurgh", "Hauf" and "Whoors" also make a belated return to the 20th century.

Geordie Munro, for anyone not sure of his history, is the half-wit featured in the Wee Team chant "who'd rather stay in Kirkcaldy" than go to Idaho. Surprisingly, perhaps, despite being a half-wit, he is considered to be the most intelligent man ever born in Kirkcaldy. Why anyone with even the slightest hint of intelligence would choose to stay in the home of the inbreed, even if offered Methil as an alternative, is anybody's guess. Perhaps he was just very fond of his mother and sister. (Legal advice suggests we do not imply too strongly that the mother and sister

were both the same person...)

The Starks Bark is a real step back to a time when your average Wee Team supporter donned his flat caps, lit a Woodbine and pished on the man in front of him. They don't make them like this anymore...

A three page Requiem to Peter Duffield and a (count them) SEVEN page interview with former Wee Team Star, and failed Cowden manager, Andy Harrow take up most of the available space. Whilst an Oor Wullie cartoon strip dons the back page. (Watch out for those copyright lawyers, boys - DC Thomson WILL sue!)

The overall layout is pretty good, but, at forty pages, and with extremely small text, its an arduous read.

And not really worth the effort.

Sammy Lives Soccer Sensation

ANOTHER! STICK THE WORLD CUP UP YOUR ARSE!

Why Andy Smith isn't bitter towards Craig Brown - Exclusive interview . . . see Page 1690

the **SLAPPER!**

UPDATE . . .

Craig Brown

Falkirk Fans

Hibs Fans

Dave Barnett

Craig Robertson

The sad bloke in the Sammy Suit

Jonathon Northcroft

Wee team fans

Phil McFadden

George Fulston

Clydebank Directors

**Fast!
Quick!
Painless!**

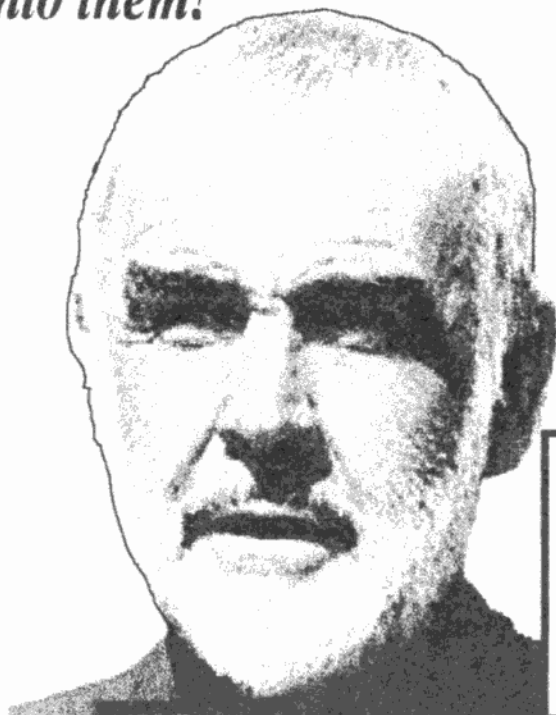
*"Shlap shome shenshe
into them!"*

Sammy Says
"SHUT IT!"

**THEY NEED A SLAP!
NOW**
with the Sammy Lives
SLAPPER

"I really need a good, hard slap!"

Kevin Keegan



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



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

LATEST NEWS

Shock news reaches Dunfermline that Falkirk F.C are going into liquidation.

"That shouldn't take long," a heartless Pars fan sneered, "They're already pish."

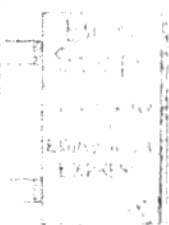
* * *

While being interviewed on Radio Scotland after his match-winning goal against Hearts, Hibs brainbox Kevin Harper revealed the secret motivation behind the Hibs revival.

"We suddenly realised we might get relegated."

Exactly when the stark reality of league positionings dawned on Master Harper was not revealed...

Burnie & Turbo



THE GLORY HUNTER

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)

Contrary to post-Barnett jibes about Dunfermline playing in an all-white strip next season (complete with white hoods - boom, boom), the opposite is actually true.

Sammy Lives can exclusively reveal that the new third strip is all black with gold trim!

* * *

And finally . . .

HURRAH!

It's Patronise-the-Players Time!

We award marks out of 10 for the season

Andy Smith	.	10
Ian Westwater	.	9
Scott McCulloch	.	8
Andy Tod	.	7
Ivo Den Biemen	.	7
Hamish French	.	6
Stewart Petrie	.	6
Dave Barnett	.	6
Allan Moore	.	5
George Shaw	.	5
Greg Shields	.	5
Dave Bingham	.	5
Harry Curran	.	4
Colin Miller	.	3
Craig Robertson	.	2

(FUB gets one point for each accurate pass)

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

**Que Sera Sera this,
ya baldy wee prick!**

