
A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

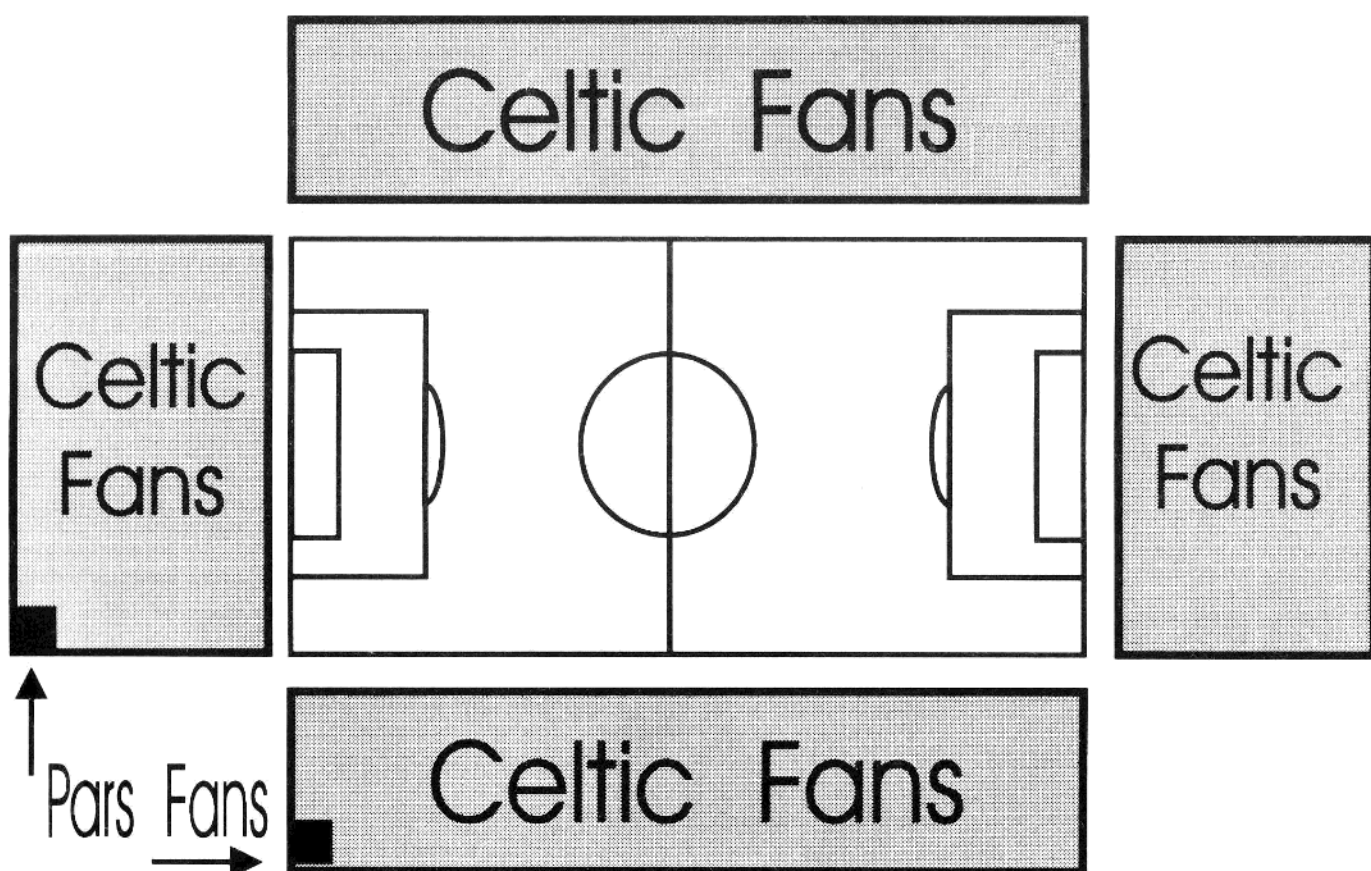
Sammy Lives

with

Dick and Bert

August, 1998

PARS BOARD "DELIGHTED" WITH NEW EAST END SEATING PLAN



More ungrateful whinging inside . . .

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

60p

Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert

Editorial

As the curtain falls on one season, so does it rise on another. And so another tedious close season draws to an end, and fanzine editorials begin with pretentious drivel thinly disguised as deep thoughts, or with a half-remembered quote half-stolen from a barely remembered play.

Last season began with a dreadful performance against Motherwell and a shock win at Parkhead. This season began at Parkhead with what is probably the worst performance of ANY season. Town drunk Marc Millar trotted around the park like a pompous prima donna expecting everyone else to do the work while French proved once again that his best days are far behind him. Faulconbridge, Huxford, Linighan and Shields did their best to inspire but more often than not were thwarted by their team-mates' ineptitude rather than Celtic's efforts.

This issue has gone to print before the Livvy game, so we can't whinge about that one yet...

This season, of course, will be totally unlike any season in Scottish football history as the top teams compete in a money-crazed new league in a revolutionary 10 club format. Never before, apart from last season and most of the 20 before, has such an experiment been attempted. And, of course, cash will be delivered in skips to the lucky clubs at regular intervals during the season.

The summer has already seen a flurry of big money transactions at East End. Bought: nil. Sold: nil. Two sexy new soulless monstrosities have been erected, season ticket sales have been phenomenal - according to the Dunfermline Press - but more modest if you believe The Sunday Times.

As usual, the target this season involves the ambitious tactic of "not-getting-relegated". After the Celtic performance, however, even that modest target would appear overconfident.

We're going to have to put up with the regular media accusations of being long-ball obsessives who can't defend, led by a management team with a curious taste in baseball caps. This is all true. We also employ a deeply sad man to wear a bear costume and flounce about like a big girl.

But if Paton persists with using French, Den Biemen and Shaw, we can hardly complain if the pundits say we're pish. Hibs, meanwhile, have a squad that was "too good to go down" and are led by one of the best young managers in Scotland.

So, sane or insane, and judging him by his achievements, Bert must be getting something right?

Nevertheless, we think he should start asking his wife to pick the team...

Acknowledgements - "Sammy Lives..." has been brought to you by Jimmy Dee, Buf, Jerry, DES I E, Irate No. 8, "Weegieland" by Fu Manchu, The Official France '98 website, Reuters, Skot, The Magnificent eleven, Mr Angry, Anorak Skywalker, The Philandering baboon, the number 1, and the colours black and white....

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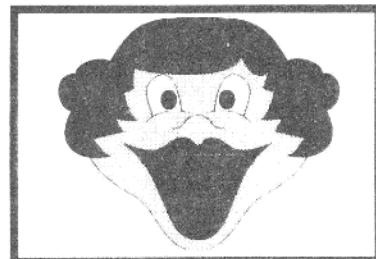
Season ticket tantrums

Three hunner quid furra ticket, by the way?

No' bad, eh? I thought thae Pars fans wid
maybe try tae exploit us!



GUEST MASCOT



Monica Lewinsky

Presidential

semen fan, Monica Lewinsky, has been an obsessive connoisseur of natural protein since discovering that milk was an invaluable source of calcium and three vitamins. Her interest in man milk naturally occurred once she had reached legal age.

Sadly, Monica's obsessive stalking of Big Boy Clinton has unfortunately limited her opportunities to follow the Pars on a regular basis.

"I've not been able to visit East End at all yet," she confessed.

"I've been too busy developing an unnatural obsessive interest in my secret mysterious lover, and sending spunk-stained clothes home to my mother for safekeeping."

Thankfully, Monica hopes to visit East End this season to marvel at the brand new stands.

"Just thinking about those two huge new erections makes me weak at the knees!" she explained.

TORMENTED: Miserable rich Celtic fan gets his puss in the papers

Me, money, Fergus, money, me, Celtic And money.



Brian Dempsey opens his rich bleeding heart to Sammy Lives...

Aw, the poor wee lamb...Dempsey

When he stood outside Celtic Park with Fergus McCann, Brian Dempsey was the wealthy knight in shining armour who had saved the Parkhead club from oblivion by convincing the Canadian billionaire to buy a majority shareholding in the doomed club.

Not fair!

Weeks later, Dempsey was dumped by the new Celtic board as McCann assumed complete control, and made a fortune exploiting Celtic fans.

Now, Dempsey can barely look at the daily papers without wondering why Brian himself isn't in featured articles, day after day.

"Fergus cheated me," a tearful Dempsey sobbed last night. "He promised me press conferences, piles of cash, and hundreds of interviews a week. But what happened? Nothing!"

Dempsey is a shattered shadow of the huge fat rich man he once was as he struggles to come to terms with being a fat rich man who isn't chairman of the Parkhead club.

Nobody loves me

"It isn't easy walking along busy streets not being recognised," he wailed. All I want is for ordinary poor Celtic fans to idolise me and boost my low self-esteem.

And ask for my autograph, and tell me I'm a great guy and name their children after me."

In the years since Dempsey was dumped by McCann the pair, who once spent candlelit dinners enjoying amorous discussions about money, have barely spoken. McCann himself remains unrepentant over the split, describing the heartbroken Dempsey as a selfish and cold money lover.

"He hardly ever bought a round", the bald Canadian tycoon sneered last night.

Dempsey remains defiant of Fergus' claims.

"That's nonsense!" he insisted. "True Celtic fans, who have never met myself or Fergus, and believe whatever crap they read in the papers, know the REAL truth. Since I was dumped by Celtic all that McCann has achieved is to completely redevelop Parkhead, spend £15 million on players and win the championship."

Chairman Dempsey?

"Imagine what a true Celtic man through-and-through like myself could have achieved!"

How true. Hopefully, Celtic fans who chant "McCann must go" outside Parkhead after every game will remember how much Brian Dempsey loves and adores money and himself. And Celtic.

Mr. Dempsey was not paid for this article, and wishes to point out that although he really wants to own Celtic, he isn't using this personal and somewhat tedious heartache simply as an excuse to get his face in the paper.

Since we've been gone . . .

A roundup of the important events since the last Sammy Lives

Let's All Laugh At Falkirk

Boo! At the last moment, Falkirk were spared the wrath of the Inland Revenue by George Fulston reluctantly selling his shares to people who may be competent enough to operate a "football" club without running it into the ground.

The future looks bright for Falkirk, according to its new owners, and yet they have decided to stay at the stinking shithole they call Brockville. That is a pretty huge eclipse on their bright new start, surely...

Cutting corners

For almost 2 seasons, fans of the first division giants, the wee team, have made the overconfident boast of having "the best stadium in Fife". As if the redevelopment of East End didn't already cast a huge shadow over that ill-conceived boast, the Heath and Safety Executive have now thumped a condemned sign over the wee teams' comedy grandstand, their crumbling corner abomination, as it is unsafe!

The wee teams' ground capacity has effectively been slashed to around 7,500.. Fortunately, they seldom need as many as 1,500 seats so the newly-enforced limits should have little effect...

Who will speak out for us?

News that the Jubilee Club was financially doomed doubtless caused severe trauma for self-appointed fans' spokesman, and full-time tube, Phil McFadden.

Fortunately the club has been saved. Unfortunately, being secretary of the club is the flimsy justification for Phil to be known as a "fans spokesman" when he contacts the Daily Record Hotline to complain about his gas bill.

So glory be to Jesus for saving Saint Phil from well-deserved obscurity.

Ha ha haaa!

Scott Thomson certainly knows how to win new friends and piss off his former wee team devotees...

"I always looked on Raith Rovers as a stepping stone to bigger things," he revealed as he signed for the Pars.

Money, money, money . . .

The corporate publishing empire that is Sammy Lives noted with some interest that Rangers, a club familiar with the concept of employing a deeply sad man to flounce about in a bear costume, have appointed a management team with the names "Dick" Advocaat and "Bert" van Linden..

Meanwhile, a Sammy Lives insider has denied that approaches have been made to Rangers to supply an official 'Gers fanzine called "Broxi Lives with Dick and Bert".

"That's absolute nonsense!", he insisted, while busy calculating the profits from 10,000 sales...

Quelle F**king Surprise!

Amazing! If you believe the shite being spouted by the notoriously sycophantic *Dunfermline Press*, Pars fans are clamouring for season tickets for East End Park, and most are DEMANDING to sit in the unfinished West Stand.

Which is hardly surprising since the club are ONLY selling season tickets for the West Stand and the Main Stand. Regular Sammy Lives readers, and anyone who has ever been to East End for that matter, will be aware that the old North Terracing was the best part of the ground. It has atmosphere, nutters, and loud buggers not afraid to stand up and swear abuse at linesmen. In more ways than one, it was the complete opposite of the Main Stand.

It is perhaps too early to judge, but it is unlikely that the new West Stand, complete with Family Section, will be quite as raucous as the old terracing.

Nevertheless, quite a lot of people will still want to use the North Stand, and sit roughly where they have stood for years. But the club won't sell a single season ticket for the North Stand, despite protests from angry fans.

More irritating, perhaps, is the observation that the segregation fence which mysteriously reappeared when the North Terracing was seated, remains in place this season. This is despite the assurances when the plans to upgrade East End were announced, that the whole of the

North Stand would become the home end.

The cynical might suggest that our beloved board of directors would rather keep the North Stand available for hordes of visiting Old Firm fans...

This is of course absurd! The club has NEVER willingly sold Old Firm fans tickets for the home end, and certainly never sold 80 tickets to a member of the Leven Celtic Supporters Club last season, who was also wearing a Celtic tracksuit when he bought the tickets.

And, of course, the Police and the club went to phenomenal efforts last season to ensure that the home support wasn't infiltrated by several trillion passing weegies. Of course, the Police also insisted that Celtic fans drinking in the street would be moved on, as instructed by local bye-laws, which obviously explains why residents of Halbeath Road were busy clearing dozens of discarded cans and bottles from outside their homes after Celtic visited in April.

Yes, thankfully, Dunfermline fans can count upon the support of the DAFC board and the local police when it comes to ensuring crowd safety.

As the local Police chief himself observed after the Celtic visit for the Scottish Cup tie in February...there wasn't any crowd trouble in the home end apart from the fighting in the second half.

BYE BYE PLEASE

Gerry McNee announced at the start of June that if Scotland failed to qualify for the second phase of the world cup, he was going to hang his mike up and retire from TV and Radio.

Well, if Craig Brown needed an excuse for a disastrous world cup campaign, this was it!

McNee has contributed exactly nothing to TV commentary in his time at Scotsport. As Sports Editor and "Chief Commentator" he presided over a dismal decline at Cowcaddens. The man who missed goals, misinterpreted incidents with a baffling display of logic, and stubbornly mispronounced place names both here and abroad is no more. The man who was never wrong, who merely spouted his opinions, is without an audience. Good.

The announcement of his demise strangely coincided with the news that Sky had bought up the rights to live Scottish football this season, and the BBC had taken the highlights. This left Scotsport and its chief mouthpiece with only the Junior Cup Final to broadcast.

Even more coincidentally, in his Sunday whinge column on June 28th, McNee claimed that TV companies which have thrown silly money at Scottish football will soon discover what a "flawed product" they have bought.

No sour grapes there then...

Dunfermline Pravda

AND WEST OF FIFE BOLLOCKS MERCHANTS

C'or blimey Master D'Mello sir, you is spoiling us poor ungrateful Pars fans, thats what you is doing building us a lovely new stand - and even putting a roof on it so us dirty ungrateful wretches don't have to sit in the pissing rain.

God bless yer, sir! Yer a proper gent!

How generous of you, kind sir, to allow us simple know-nothing fans the fabulous choice of buying a season ticket for the main stand OR the as yet unfinished West Stand. By crikey, its clear that we all did hate having to suffer that blinking North Terracing all those bloody years, congregating in the choir to do such unpleasant things as the East End Bounce.

Naturally, master squire sir, none of us poor stupid North Stand obsessives ever considered the stupid idea of CONTINUING to use the North stand now that we have a purpose built all-seater soulless monstrosity to

enjoy. Oh yes, many of us dafties prefer the crap view from behind the goals we're forced to endure at other grounds. Who could possibly enjoy a game when you have a good view of both ends of the pitch?

So God bless you, kind sir, and thank you for making the whole of the Main Stand the same price. At last that old-fashioned idea of charging less for the crap view at the extreme ends of the stand has stopped. Now, at last, everything is fair, and the people on the ends with the crap views pay the same price as the people in the centre with the best seats.

You is being quite right to ignore all those whinging buggers what did write to you and complain about not getting season tickets for the North Stand.

Rotten ungrateful buggers, thats what they is, sir. But not me, sir, I think you is super. Love and kisses, sir, the Dunfermline Press.

the INSIDER

He knows, you know...



WEE TEAM GOING BUST?

The wee teams' supporters club chairman was invited to a board meeting of the Kirkcaldy giants in the first week of July where it is alleged he was asked to loan the club £50,000!

A tad surprised by this, he asked to see the clubs' financial records and was alarmed by what he saw. The books were not a happy sight. Allegedly, a mere 120 season tickets had been sold by July and only ONE company had applied to be shirt sponsor for the coming season: Jackie O's nightclub had bid the paltry sum of £2000.

Kellys Copiers, owned by the club chairman, suddenly generously agreed to provide shirt sponsorship for an undisclosed sum.

FACT: Until now Kellys had only ever sponsored the wee team when they were in the premier league. Was a face-saving gesture by the generous chairman provided at short notice? And was it much more than the bargain £2,000 bid from the top wee teamie nightspot?

Whilst not wanting to throw petrol on the already burning fire of rumour and speculation flooding from the San Shitto, it does beg the question: How were they to afford the wages of McCoist if he had decided to drop a division?

NEW STRIPS FOR OLD

Dunfermline released their 3rd strip just before the end of last season.

A snazzy little black number with gold trim and The Pars emblazoned across the arse end. Why do we need a 3rd strip you may ask?

Well it saves the board having to explain why they are removing the Away strip after just one season. This way they can release a new strip, carry on collecting revenue from the Blue strip (but not actually wear it) and release a new Home one at the end of this season, still sticking to their pledge of only deleting a strip once every two years.

Meanwhile, my sources suggest that the Pars will be launching a purple fourth strip in September.

Just in time for Christmas...

RENT-A-PISS HEAD

It would appear that Craig Brown may be coming to regret picking boring, sensible professionals for the Scotland squad.

The pressure of leading Scotland to France really hit home for Craig the weekend prior to the Morocco fiasco. The players were given Saturday off and they all decided to spend it with their families. No one fancied a bevvvy with the manager!

The solution was obvious, Brown picked up the phone and dialled a special type of Samaritan: Dick Campbell.

Former professional athlete Dick immediately answered Browns' plea for a drinking buddy and flew off to the Scotland retreat with a hastily collected carry-out.

So, if you're ever feeling sad and lonely in a bar, contact Dick Campbell... He's like Austin Powers, except he works for Haddows, not MI5..

The France '98 World Cup has been a wonderful feat of footballing excellence, and more. The stadiums'ses have been packed to capacity, the weather has been second to none and the football has at times tooke wur breath away.

But aside from that, its been a disappointment. As is usual as when it happens world cup-wise, the greatestest teams on the surface of the planet have camed together to unite as individual competitors.

For many, if not everybody, unfortunately, the eventual spectacle we had camed to suspect, turned out to be falsehood personified. How is it that the best teams in the world can combined to play pish in game after game. France were rubbish what with them not having anything as obvious as a big man up front, and yet they went and won it! Ronaldo, the best big man up front in the tournament, apart from having a quality girlfriend, was mostly synonymous.

Croatia got where they got by defending and hitting on the break. Sure, okay, they finished in third place - but where was wur entertainment? Where was wur Croatian Ronaldo birds? Where was wur Brazilian orthodontists when Ronaldo was a kid?

For the likes of Scotland, the lateral stages of the world cup were quite literally out of our league. That was specially reserved for all the top drawer teams quality-wise, and Norway. But while Scotland went home dead on time as always, at least we didn't organised a witchhunt for the likes of the Burleys's and Boyds'ses. Aye, sure, so they made mistakes that top-class professionals like as what they are SHOULDN'T make, but what's did is done and its time to move on.

We have no need to prosecute the

AND QUITE

RIGHTLY SO



failed Celtic duds. Its enough punishment for them to have to go back to Parkhead and deal with Jock Brown.

Scotland, and Craig Brown in particularity, has now go to get down to organising a framework of strategies to rebuild Scottish football as we know it. Its high time we remembered what we forgot in the past that we knew then and don't know now - and learn kids to forget what we know now, but remember the things they need to know tomorrow - that we knew back then, but have forgotten now. And until that happens I, for me, personally, can't see anything changing for the better, if not the worsor.

Mark my words, the most goodest changes will have the effect that Scottish football will regain its previous low standing in the game. That day will indefinitely come, and we will know that we done good, and can be proud of ourselves. And quite rightly so.

BATTLE OF THE DICKS!

As about 14 people know, Rangers' quest for glory has led them to mimic Dunfermline's inspirational management team of Dick & Bert: football visionaries whose vast knowledge was gathered at legendary clubs such as Cowdenbeath and Brechin.

Now Dick Advocaat and his assistant Bert van Linden hope to copy the Pars' formula for success - but how do the rival namesakes *REALLY* match up?

Campbell:

Own teeth

Likes fags

Managed

Brechin

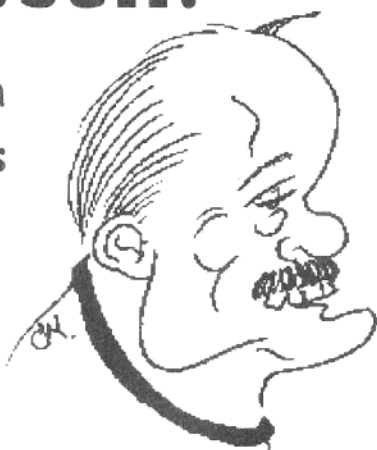
Ties own

shoelaces

Won: £10 on lottery

dick k Campbell

Qualities: Not as daft as he looks



**DICK
vs
DICK**

Advocaat:

Had hair
transplants

Ex-Holland
boss

Won: Dutch
league and cup

Dick Advocaat

Qualities: Doesn't like Gazza



Paton:

Likes hats

Own teeth

Own hair

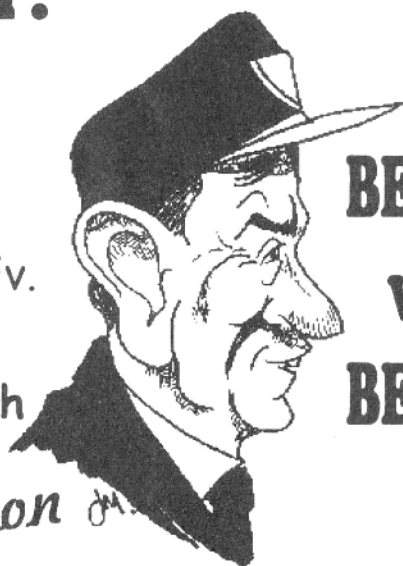
Won first div.

Managed

Cowdenbeath

Bert Paton

Qualities: Is as daft as he looks



**BERT
vs
BERT**

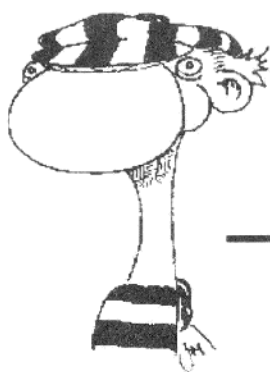
van Linden:

Haven't
a scooby

Bert van Linden

Qualities: Don't know





I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING

Self-Appointed Fans' Spokesman Phil McFadden speaks YOUR mind!

You know what annoys me? Everything!

I'm sick and tired of the home end of East End Park being full of Celtic and Rangers fans when we play the Old Firm.

How do these weegie buggers get tickets? After the sheer disgrace in April when almost 90% of the crowd were Celtic fans I contacted the Daily Record hotline to complain. Naturally, the idiot weegie reporter I spoke to couldn't understand my complaint. Obviously, to a weegie, a stadium full of weegies is somehow a good idea!!! Well not to me!

A jobsworth working for DAFC claimed that Pars fans were SELLING their tickets to weegies! In fact, I was accused of helping sales by giving reporters the names of the Dunfermline pubs where fans were offering the best prices!

I was so annoyed I phoned the Daily Record hotline to expose the poor quality of administration staff employed by Premier division clubs. Naturally, they refused to print my comments for fear of offending their own poor quality

admin staff!

Why don't people recognise the valuable community service my media outbursts provides for weegie journalists who don't have a willing rent-a-quote contact to discuss complex issues involving Dunfermline Athletic or the price of cheese in ASDA? Who else will speak for the people of Dunfermline?

It bloody annoyed me to hear that my carefully constructed rants were having the pish ripped out of them by a downmarket local fanzine (I forget its name.) If these people have nothing better to do with their sad lives than persecute a man whose only wish is to make the world a better place for me to live in, then I pity them.

These fanzine people are nothing but parasites! They can't think of something useful to do with their time so they just CRITICISE everything.

Well they won't be laughing once I've complained about them on the Daily Record Hotline! That'll sort them out, the smug bastards!

Celtic fans! Rangers fans! Want to see your team at East End?

Just hand this voucher to a Pars fan and

you'll receive his ticket for the home end at an unjustifiable price!

**I PROMISE TO EXPLOIT THE DAFT WEEGIE BASTARD STUPID ENOUGH
TO PAY UP TO £300 FOR AN £11 TICKET, THEN GO HOME AND WATCH
THE GAME FOR FREE ON THE TELLY.**

By Order *Sammy Lives*

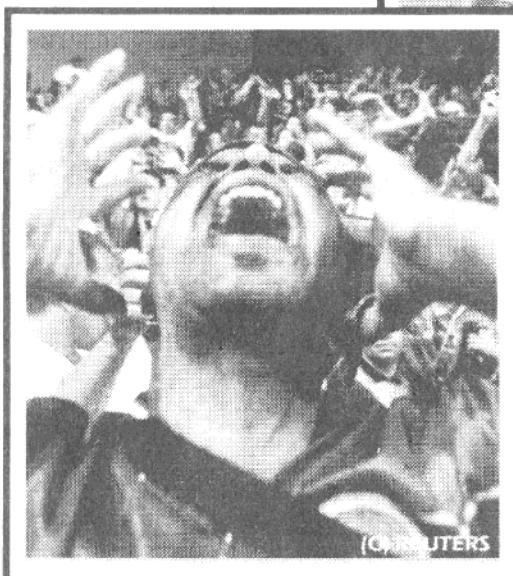
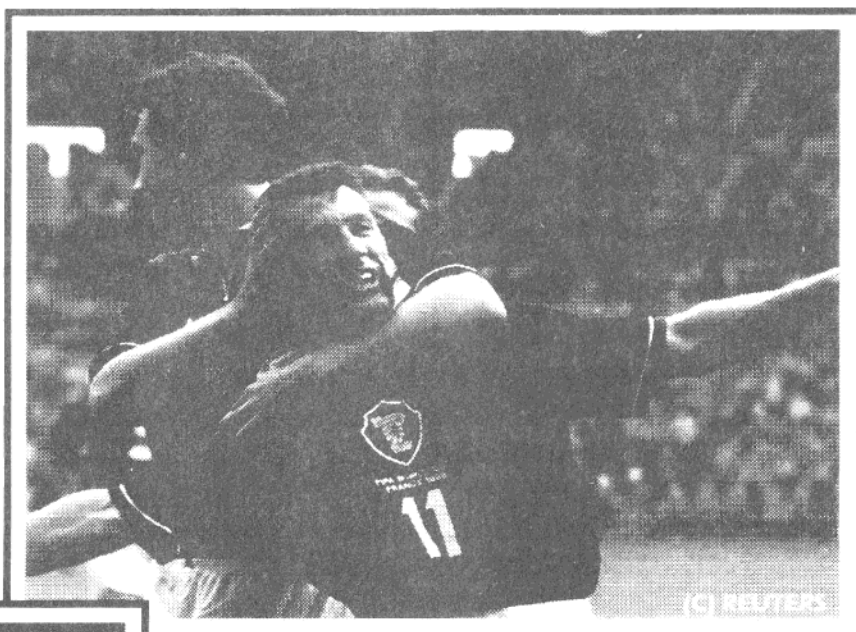
Phil McFadden - He gets annoyed so you don't have to!



One Summer in France...

The good...

John Collins is a tad chuffed after scoring a fully-justified penalty against Brazil.



the bad...

Moroccan fans learn how it feels to be Scottish.

and the ugly.



Ronaldo - not a pretty sight.

Thank God It's All Over!



HOMER KEEGAN . . . D'oh!

"You know David Batty better than anyone, Kevin - can he score this penalty; yes or no?"

"YES!" Kevin insisted.

"Oh dear, oh dear", sighed Brian Moore.

However, it was difficult to know whether Moore's reaction was to the hilarious miss, or the impact of yet another bizarre expert opinion from the ill-informed brain of Kevin Keegan.

A week before this career-defining moment, Keegan confidently observed that English triumph was inevitable when Michael Owen equalised against Romania. "There's only going to be one winner now, Brian - and that's England."

Three minutes later, of course, Dan Petrescu tapped the ball through Seaman's legs....

World Cup '98, despite its potential to be a glorious football spectacle, was constantly tarnished by dreadful TV coverage by ITV in particular. As if it wasn't painful enough to endure the contrived manner the subject of England and 1966 was crowbarred into every match, ITV as usual inflicted the tortured logic of Ron Atkinson and Kevin Keegan on innocent viewers. Those muggers with baseball bats obviously caused more damage to Keegan's head than was first imagined...

Why did Keegan insist on praising the defensive qualities of the South Koreans at every opportunity? Finally, when Holland banged the fifth goal into the Korean net, Keegan eventually conceded that "it's looking difficult for the Koreans now..."

Then again, this is the man who observed Brazilian Leonardo shattering an American players' jaw with an elbow in USA '94 and argued for the rest of the match that it wasn't a deliberate foul, and the player shouldn't have been sent off! Should we be surprised he's still an utter twat? Or wonder which TV executive values his expert opinions so highly - and why?

The BBC, of course, had the masterful presence of Des Lynam for the big games, and Gary Lineker in charge for the wee games. The BBC panels could have held a sponsored silence throughout the tournament and still outshone ITV's ability to analyse and deconstruct games.

Martin O'Neill brought a welcome dose of sarcasm to a panel which occasionally attempted to take themselves too seriously, while Ally McCoist managed to entertain with his ever-changing hair cuts. Hansen, obviously, was as pompous as ever and

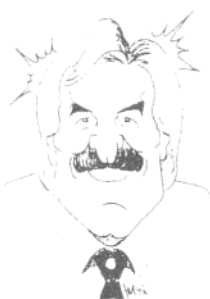
Jimmy Hill was himself - a sad and slightly disturbing man with a penchant for St. George bow-ties.

Over on ITV Bob Wilson attempted to be as English as possible as the former Scotland 'keeper was determined to use "we" whenever he mentioned Hoddle's men, but used the general term of "the Scots" whenever he was forced to discuss the other British team in the competition. Meanwhile, Bobby Robson slumped in a corner like an alzheimer's patient while Venebles babbled about "the lads", John Barnes spoke very quickly and Ian Wright maintained that the tournament was "wicked."

Both channels attempted to bring some neutrality to the coverage. The BBC employed David Ginola to make surreal comments about "sexy football" before Lynam tired of his drivel and moved onto Hansen.

Meanwhile, Bob Wilson was equally confused by the ramblings of bitter Dutchman Ruud Gullit who took great delight in watching Germany play badly, while carefully modelling his own brand of Gullit sportswear for the cameras.

Thank God it's all over!



LYNAM . . . COOL



HILL . . . NUTS



HANSEN . . . TWAT

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW - AYE, RIGHT!

Do you think Bert actually reads Sammy Lives? In issue 7 we suggested that Bert should get rid of the deadwood to help finance a four year deal for Andy Smith. And what happens? Most of the deadwood goes, but Hamish French gets offered a one year deal!!!

All we were doing was stating the obvious, of course, praying that someone at East End had already realised the same things. Thankfully, someone had!

Craig Robertson has been a fine servant to this club during his career and we wish him success in whichever pie shop he chooses in the future. Several of our elder statesmen failed to contribute greatly to our bid to avoid relegation last season. Ivo is probably the only one to have had a better than average season. A regular substitute, he slotted in to the various defensive roles he was given, with only a few minor slip ups.

While he certainly played an important part in getting Dunfermline out of the first division, his greatest talent - his unpredictability - is now the principle reason why he shouldn't be allowed anywhere near the first team squad. Last season he occasionally suggested that Bert's wild experimentation with Ivo as a defender might finally have worked. His brief appearance against Celtic on 1st August suggested otherwise.

With just a year left on his contract remaining, Ivo was allowed a free transfer to a club of his choice. Despite the obvious stampede of clubs desperate for his signature, he remains a Pars player...

Dave Bingham suffered greatly for being a local boy. His problems stemmed from the fact that too many people on the terracing knew him, and consequently barracked him. He did, however, have three years to establish himself and, despite a few spectacular goals and occasional flashes of real skill, he struggled to keep less gifted players out of the team - so it is little surprise that he has been released. There was some discontent from Bingham fans who insisted that the Boy Wonder should have more time to develop!!! He is now approaching 29. Using this logic he probably hit puberty when he was 26.

Craig Robertson must have seen his demise approaching, even if he still denies it. The spark had gone from his play, and he was rapidly becoming a plodding caricature of the player we remember. He still believes he can do a job in top division, but circumstantial evidence - the past two seasons - is against him. Several others left before the end of last season: Alan Moore, Harry Curran, Colin Miller, Greg Shaw. Will they be missed? Well....we did manage to survive without them.

So farewell then, also, Sergio Duarte - the world's least convincing Brazilian. He played a blinder in the second half against Dundee Utd in October, but once a pen had skipped across the dotted line on his contract, he disappeared into obscurity. Well, to be more precise, the Pars midfield last season.

Dave Barnett, of course, had his own reasons for leaving....

Thankfully we're stuck with Luggy for another few seasons. His goals kept us in the Premier League and surprisingly Dunfermline have had the sense to reward him with a long term contract. At least the papers have stopped calling him "the ex-Airdrie hitman" in their reports now. Of course, if Andy has another phenomenal season and a bigger club wants to buy him, they'll have to pay even more cash to break his contract!

Who said the board didn't have a clue???

Dad, was that old bugger a footballer?

Some people say that the sixties and early seventies were the pinnacle of football's entertainment value. The first game I can remember was in 1977 so to me Pele was just some Brazilian, Cruyff was a chain smoking Dutchman, and Georgie Best was a wee fat guy with a beard who played with Hibs.

Football was okay but it had only been truly brilliant once thanks to Mr Gemmill. Then, in 1984, a team came along who were just that... a team. Their unforgettable names still roll off the tongue ... Platini, Tigana, Fernandez, (the wee guy with black hair.)

This team ignited Europe in '84 and would have won in Mexico in '86 if the Germans hadn't kicked hell out of them in the semi-final. Never before had I seen a team where every player was a thinker. And at the centre of every move was Michel Platini; a genius with his shirt outside his shorts, making him look tall, slim and graceful whether he was kicking the ball 6 yards or 60. He was the height of elegance as the ball danced at his feet.

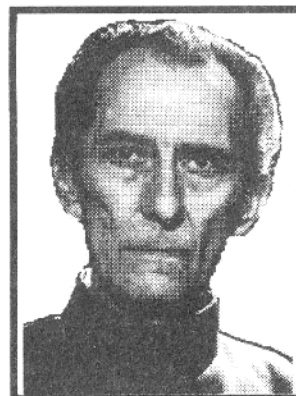
In France '98 one star player sparkled brighter than all the rest: Zinedine Zidane. A truly brilliant midfielder who makes football seem so bloody easy - at last there is a Frenchman who can rival Platini's unique gifts!

Meanwhile, slumped in the directors box, high above the crowd, hair ungroomed as usual, was Platini himself; a 40-a-day man, a fat, unshaven slouch.

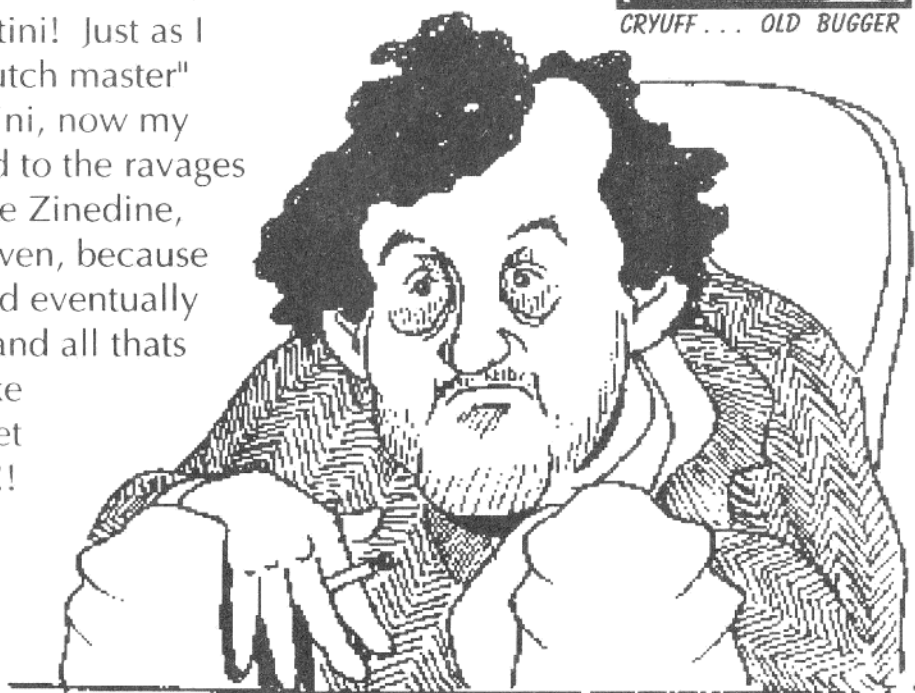
14 year old kids will now see Zidane as I once saw Platini! Just as I ignored the so-called "Dutch master" while I drooled over Platini, now my own hero has succumbed to the ravages of middle age. So beware Zinedine, Ronaldo and Michael Owen, because time waits for no man and eventually the cheering dies away and all that's left is a wee fat punter like the rest of us....and bucket loads of cash....bastards!!!



PELE . . . WRINKLY



CRUYFF . . . OLD BUGGER



PLATINI . . . ELEGANT, GRACEFUL AND COMATOSE.

by DES I E

The Wee Team Cannae Take it!

In the last Sammy Lives we described the fun that could be enjoyed ripping the pish out of wee team fans on their rather pompous and overblown website.

One of our targets for taunting was Neil Morrison, life president of the feared Table Football Association. Dozens of unidentified Sammy Lives readers decided to launch a flurry of vile attacks on poor Mr. Morrison and his fellow wee teamies in a sustained assault that verged upon character assassination. It was hilarious and we fully endorse such activities.

However, towards the end of May it became obvious that the web site's Oberstumbahnfuhrer was growing weary of the anti-wee team assault and the inability of the thumbless Kirkcaldy wonders to parry the attacks, so he began deleting Pars fans' contributions! Eventually, everything that didn't suit his Kirkcaldy mindset was removed and all sorts of warnings about posting abusive messages appeared. This, of course, is on the Free for All message board that previously invited non-wee teamies' contributions, and was boring as shite until Pars fans began attacking it en masse.

Now, the free access message board has been replaced by a fancy board where ALL users have to register a username and password, thus revealing the I.P. address from where they are logging on. Naturally, if the web master doesn't like this person's contributions (ie: anti-wee team) they can be removed.

Such petty draconian measures demand instant and childish retribution, so a fearless Sammy Lives operative has set up a new username.

Go to the Raith v Dunfermline message board at www.raithrovers.com and enter these details:

Username: kirkcaldypoofs

Password: weeteam

Have fun before they disable the username....

PUBS WITH NO SOUL

Last season it was the Paragon, this season its the Jubilee. What has happened to the traditional football hostelry?

There was a time when football pubs were ten-a-penny in this town, now there are none.

Somewhere Else can make a claim to being a bit of a home team haven, mostly on Saturday night when Davie the DJ tries to entice riots with whichever opposing fans happen to be visiting. Its hardly steeped in tradition though, is it? The East Port could at one time claim to have been THE Pars pub in the town. Not any more though. You wouldn't even know Norrie and John had once owned this place.

The Old Inn (what was it called before?) could always be relied on for a footy atmosphere. With its classic European programmes, pictures of the cup winning 60's sides and even Leishman's 80's teams decorating the walls, no one could ask for a better Pars pub.

That was before the redecoration though. Now it resembles the Rovers Return Snug, with its partitions and hideous wallpaper. Sadly, along with easy access to the toilet (they took away the door for Christs sake), the pictures and programmes have been dumped in the basement. No one knows why.

Has Dunfermline Athletic suddenly become unfashionable in its home town?

THE SMELLY PEOPLE

Now that the world cup has thankfully finished the tartan army can begin the serious business of following real football again. Old Firm fans, who may have felt some curious obligation to show an interest in the fortunes of Scotland, can now fully occupy their minds with perpetrating narrow minded bigotry quaintly linked with 17th century Irish history.

Celtic . . . who cares?

If they win the championship again, their obnoxious glory-hunting fans will naturally be as triumphant and unpleasant as the loyal true blue bigots they have displaced. Rangers' abysmal performance last season masked the fact that Celtic's title-winning team is at times indescribably dull. As we go to print, they still have no recognised goalscorer. So nothing's really changed since Van Hoojdonk left...

Rangers . . . ho-hum

Rangers, of course, have spent £23 million on building a team capable of failing in Europe at the earliest round possible. Again.

Hearts . . . diving cheating bastards

After winning a trophy last season and coming within a burst bubble of winning the championship, Hearts now have to prove that they didn't just have a flash-in-the-pan season. Last year they managed to acquire the Old Firm gift of playing poorly and still winning. . . but how will they cope without the talents of the wee, fat, diving striker???

Aberdeen . . . still pish?

Aberdeen are, as usual, widely tipped to finish in the top three and are suggested by some as dark horse candidates for the championship. For the confused among you, this is the same Aberdeen that has finished in the bottom five three times in 5 years. Despite the observation that they have only signed average players and are managed by the man credited with making Hibs such an arduous team to watch, such over confidence is bewildering...

Motherwell . . . not good

If you don't recognise any of the Motherwell team that visits East End this season, do not worry - you are not alone. Most of the Motherwell fans don't know who they are either. Their comedy manager, Harri Kampman, has signed a bunch of unknown Scandinavians who share one common denominator: they are cheap.

Dundee Utd . . . doomed

The McLean Brothers have waved goodbye to Mark Perry and Steven Presley - their central defence for two seasons, and said hello to a striker, the 31 year-old brother of Basile Boli. Old Maurice Malpas has recovered his outrage at only being offered a 1 year deal, and is staying with the club. Last season could have seen the Arabs relegated if their end-of-season slump had begun in October, rather than November.

This season does not auger well for the Brothers Grimm.

Will Tommy go bye-byes if the arabs struggle?

Dundee . . . bye bye please

At last another club will have to suffer the indignity of having the so-called "worst ground in the premier league". East End was harshly described as being pish, despite being considered a perfectly acceptable ground in the late 80's. Odd that... However, Dens Park is undeniably pish. Its decrepit, ramshackle appearance is matched only by the Dundee squad.

Dundee have a bunch of young players with little or no premier experience, and a larger lump of seasoned old professionals with their best days far behind them.

They will undoubtedly struggle all season and will be lucky not to be relegated.

St. Yawnzzzzzztone . . .

The dull, boring, defensive media darlings will probably suffer the same second season problems of most promoted teams. Deprived of the elementary sources of disaster - the cost of rebuilding their stadium - the Saints have to rely on another method of self-destruction: themselves. Last time round, they sacked Alex Totten and re-embraced the first division.

This season, Sturrock is persevering with Roddy Grant and George O'Boyle up front, a fearsome combination that produced the lowest scoring team in the division last season.

When they lost Calum Davidson in February they suffered immediately and, while they finished the season as boring as they began it, they were not so solid defensively.

They will survive, but are unlikely to finish as high as fifth - but they will be just as boring.

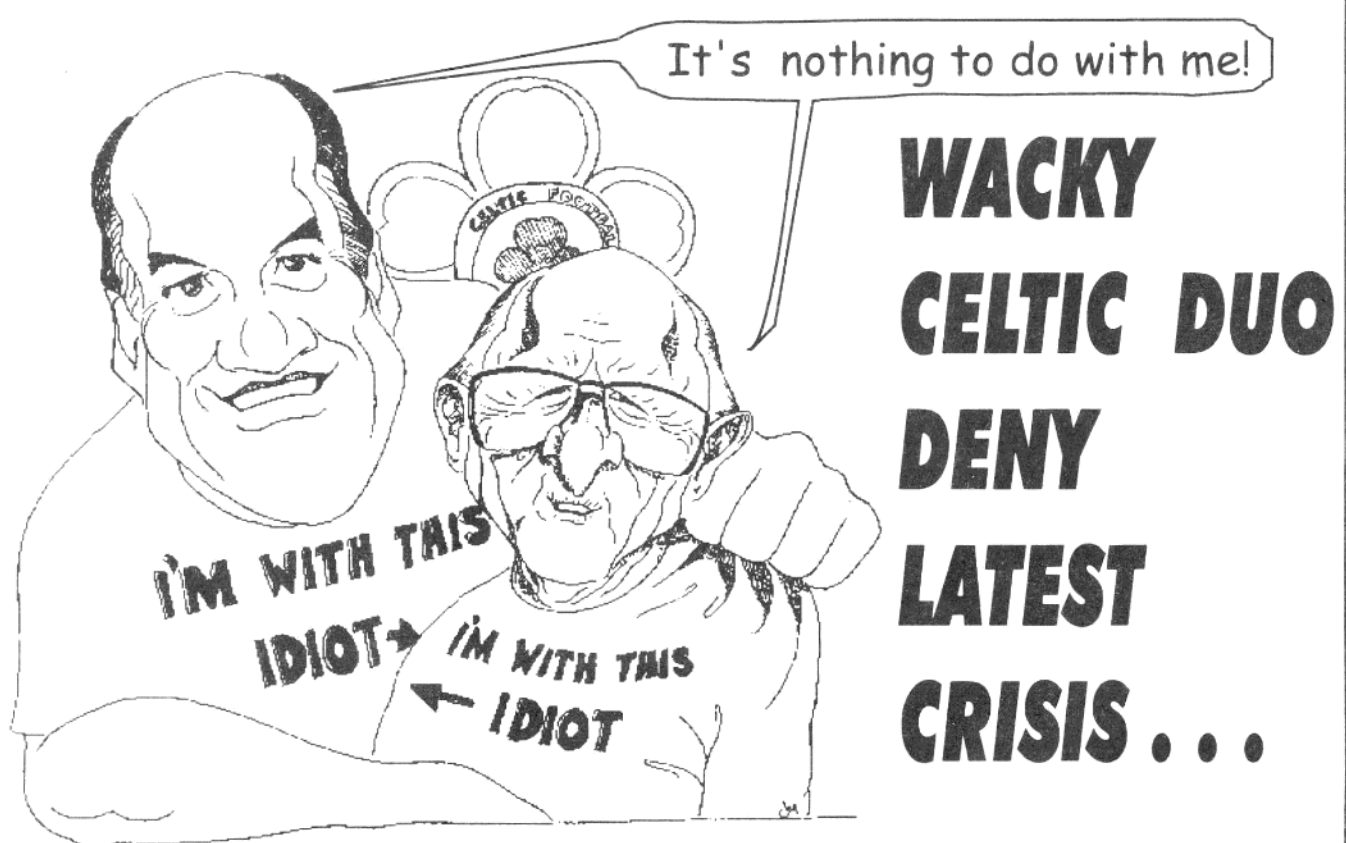
Hibernian . . . whoops, wrong division!

Killie . . . okay, we wuz wrong

Last season, Sammy Lives football gurus tipped Killie for relegation. On their first visit to East End last season they certainly played like relegation candidates but, crucially, they managed to sneak a draw. They finished the season strongly and, with their 1-0 win at

Ibrox in April, effectively handed Celtic the title.

It will be a surprising if they don't finish in the top 5 this season.



DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC

As usual, Bert has spent bugger all in the close season, but may have uncovered a couple of good players?

Richard Huxford proved towards the end of last season that he was better than the trash that was shipped out and has looked good in the pre-season games. Derek Ferguson, despite injury worries, could be the type of player we have needed for years: someone in the middle of the park that can actually pass the ball. Perhaps we'll be able to shake the long-ball image the media have dropped on us?

After all, the reason Bert employed it so often was simply because we didn't have a guy in the middle who **COULD** make accurate passes. Robertson was supposed to be our playmaker, but he was probably one of the most shameless long ball punters we had!

Dave Linighan looks like the solid defender we have lacked since Grant Tierney was

despatched to Partick. Assuming that Toddy cannot have such a pish season two years in a row, and Ireland continues to improve, we might have a decent defence this year if McCulloch and Shields can maintain their form. Sadly, the Parkhead game might suggest that this season our impregnable defensive "Wall of Paper" is as formidable as ever.

The departure of Robbo has brought down both the average age and average weight of the squad, and it will be interesting to see if Bert lets the players pass the ball properly more often.

Perhaps Toddy will be taught how to pass to team-mates rather than hump the ball as far as possible at every opportunity?

Andy Smith, of course, will have to prove that last season was no fluke. Fifteen league goals and a Scotland call-up would be nice way to annoy the purist pundits who have strangely neglected to tip us for relegation.

BOARD

Finally it looks like our board have done something right. Season tickets for this season are held at last seasons' prices.

That means that for the price you paid to stand behind the goals last season, you can now sit behind those very same goals. This sounds wonderful, if you only ever wish to sit behind the home goalmouth.

Last season the total price for two adults and two kids (an average family) in the Wing Stand was £562, not exactly a reasonable sum, but not bad. This season the price for those very same seats is a staggering £762. An amazing rise of £200. It would seem there is no such thing as a Wing Stand this season, just a Main Stand. The Board feel that someone sitting on the halfway line should pay the same as a punter adjacent to the , hardly fair don't you think? Initially these seats weren't even going to be sold to the aforementioned Season Ticket holding family, as both the South (Main) Stand and the North Stands were being held back. For ordinary paying punters, presumably? Erm, probably not...

More likely, these seated areas are not in the season ticket allocation so as to

STUPID?

allow for a more substantial sale to the Old Firm and Hearts fans.

Typically, we fell for it...

This season there can be little or no complaints about the number of Weegies in our area of the ground, because we've already bought most of the tickets for that area prior to the season even starting. The fact that our area of the ground is less than 1/4 of the capacity is neither here nor there.

Where is the Family Enclosure this season? Below the Main Stand? No! Now its in the corner of the new Home Stand, furthest away from the Main Stand.

Another loyal section of support forced to retreat behind the goals.

What does that tell you? That our caring, sharing club has decided to look after its fans by offering them cheap, affordable seats in a multipurpose stadium complex? Or that Dunfermline Athletics' board regard us as sheep they can herd into which ever pen they feel we should occupy?

"So what?" Some of you may ask. Many people are probably quite happy to sit behind the goals! Fine, but when the new home stand is finished, and the Old Firm come to visit - what choice will we have?

DONKEY ALERT

Beware of sycophancy in the Dunfermline Press! This dismal apology for a newspaper has never been afraid to praise DAFC to the skies, and delights in making noises designed to please our beloved directors.

Remember the upbeat manner the Press praised Pars' descent into the first division in 1991? Since dear old Bertie was busy signing lower league English players no one had heard of, the Sammy Lives investigative team swept into action. According to *The Pish*, Gavin Johnson is a gifted midfield utility player, Lee Butler is a top 'keeper and Hamish French is a superfit athlete. Shame, really, that his useful footballing days are behind him...

A quick internet search later and we contacted Wigan Athletic fan, Jon Sanders, to see if Johnson and butler were as gifted as the Press implied.

Here is his unedited response...

Gavin Johnson : "Wigan signed Gav from Luton around 2 1/2 years ago, and after spending a year in the first team, has been in and out as the quality of teams we have played has increased. Takes a good free kick, and has a nice left foot. The term utility is a bit over the top, but he can play left back or left midfield. Likes his ale, and is well known for being spotted in the numerous nightclubs around Wigan. Can sink a few...

He looks older than he actually is, which led to a theory last season that sometimes players stood off him....thinking he was shit. He was released by us at the end of the season, and although I like the guy, I can't believe he's got fixed up with another club in such a high division. I would hate to see him against the likes of Rangers and Celtic."

Lee Butler : "Lost his place at the start of last season to our record signing, Roy Carroll, and spent the rest of the year feeling

sorry for himself in the reserves. Good shot stopper, terrible at kicking. It was noticeable how better the team played without him, but to his credit he had a magnificent season when we won the 3rd division in 1997.

Like I said, he's a good shot stopper, he's a bit fat but will make a good reserve keeper.

So, thats about it, I think they will both make good squad players, but little more."

Dave Linighan:

Blackpool fan, John Thomson was a little more emotional over the loss of defender Dave Linighan, as he revealed in this tear-stained e-mail...

"I've not really got any interesting tales about Big Dave to tell you (except he has been seen walking around Preston - where he lived - with his son wearing a Blackpool football shirt - I suppose that could be seen as either brain-dead or looking for trouble - BFC hate Preston and vice-versa!).

He's big, ugly and I wouldn't mess with him. Saying that I can never remember such a wholehearted player to wear the tangerine shirt. Linighan was club skipper, played through injury, was solid as a rock in defense and could always be relied upon to give 100%. It was quite a shock when news broke at BFC that he wouldn't have his contract renewed. Alongside the bad feeling over Andy Preece (also released at the same time) many fans swore not to renew season tickets, and much abuse was hurled in the direction of the Directors box (particularly at the Chairwoman and her female cohort!)

We are all very sorry to see him go, especially as he was treated extremely poorly by the club after many years of excellent service, but that's football I suppose.

Dave will do you proud I'm sure. He will always be fondly remembered around here."

Disney's



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FALKIRK - you will be startled by the sight of boarded-up shops and shuffling OAPs with matching shell-suits. Open your nostrils as we give you the overpowering smell of shite which pervades the summer months in this beautiful town.

CUMBERNAULD is the next delight in store. Gasp in amazement at the awe-inspiring vision of natural beauty that is the big roundabout that takes you off nice tarmac roads onto dangerous dirt tracks.

Two blinks later and you hit **AIRDRIE**. Enjoy the authentic natural dialect as the confused locals shout at each other with such witticisms as "Gonnae fuck off, aye?", "Got ony fags or buckie?" and "Erra socks, two furra pound" as they debate the merits of supporting Celtic or Rangers. Admire once more the abandoned, vandalised shops, and the delicate manner in which empty Buckfast bottles are gently strewn in all directions.

Yes, now you can sample an authentic weegie atmosphere without the hassle of travelling as far as Glasgow!

Listen to the swearing, the knuckles scraping the pavements and smell the aromas of piss, body odour, stale beer and fag reek. Watch the locals stagger out of the pubs, piss at the side of the street, then sway towards the bookies!

Upon arrival in Airdrie, for only another £2 (£1 for children & OAPs) we can arrange for you to have a good kicking, or, alternatively, for £1 (50p for children & OAPs) we can give you an authentic weegie punch in the pus!

For ONLY 50p toddlers will spit on you and call you a fenian!

Sing The Sash in bus shelters - just like they did before the Battle of the Boyne!

You won't believe it unless you see it for yourself!

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New Duds for Old?

Bert is obviously not the only Pars manager to be tricked into signing South American players who claim to be Brazilian.

"Black and White Magic" by Jim Paterson and Douglas Scott, includes the tale of two Brazilian players who arrived at East End in August 1965. Alexandre Gabrielle (20) and Joaquim Filho (25) came from Brazilian club Juventus of Sao Paulo. Gabrielle departed very quickly, but Filho, who was said to have three Brazilian caps, survived until late September - but by then he was being described as a Venezuelan!

After a match against Morton at Cappielow when he again failed to impress, he was dropped from the first team squad and subsequently released in October.

Fancy That!

The latest edition of the annual Scottish League Review produces a curious range of statistics for the Pars squad - particularly concerning their physical dimensions...

Ian Westwater at a whopping 14st8 and 6ft2 is our heaviest player. Dave Barnett was our heaviest defender at 13st. Allan Moore was, not surprisingly, our smallest and lightest squad member. But whom, do you suppose, was one pound HEAVIER than Stewart Petrie, and 7 pounds LIGHTER than Andy Smith?

Would anyone believe that it was Craig Robertson? He was - allegedly - 12st and 5ft10 when the league review compiled their statistics for Dunfermline...

Odd then, that such a light fluffy bundle like Robertson should suffer such constant abuse as being described as a "fat useless bastard" for most of last season and the season before...

Surely someone's bathroom scales are telling porkies...

The enchanting tale of a little lost pig, trying to find his own way in the big nasty world . . .



This time he's pork chops . . .

LATEST NEWS

Surfers beware! Sammy the Tammy has infiltrated the internet at <http://members.aol.com/sammytheta/index.html> Be afraid. Be very afraid.

Strange, or bizarre? Before Celtic played St. Pats in Dublin, the Irish manager Paddy Dollan (who is English) suggested that there would be no crowd problems because Celtic fans were representing the "tartan army". Hmmm...when have the Old Firm EVER represented Scotland?

The Anti-Pars media conspiracy continues. Who is our second most expensive player in The Sun's dream team? £750,000 for Craig Robertson - the 22 stone tub of lard freed in May.

In a shock move, the Pars get thrashed by the Old Firm again. 10 days after an amateur Irish team managed to defend a 0-0 draw at Parkhead, an equally defensive Pars team loses 5-0. Anyone know how???

Wee team chairman Allan Kelly has threatened to leave football if the wee team aren't allowed into the super league. (Surely he means "win promotion to the super league?") Is he bailing out to avoid any blame if the wee team go bust by the end of the season????

The wee team's shameless pursuit of ex-Rangers fat boy, Ally "Coisty" McCoist ended when the blonde bloke signed for Killie. Oh, dear...how will the wee team attract all those loyal Kirkcaldy-based 'Gers fans to the San Shitto now?

It's not fair!

Life in the first division has been less than perfect for our thumbless country cousins, the wee team. Last season Jimmy Nichol, prodigal son and God to most wee teamies, returned as part of the much hyped takeover by Kellys Copiers owner, Allan Kelly.

Nichol, supported by Scotland's dour puss champion, Alex Smith, set about reviving the wee teams' Premier ambitions. They were, sadly, left trailing behind runaway winners Dundee, and couldn't manage to win the £250,000 paid to the runners-up as compensation for the loss of the play-off position. That was won by the Inland Revenue - sorry, Falkirk.

This was too much for Chairman Kelly who proceeded to whinge in the newspapers that Falkirk had somehow cheated the wee team of its rightful winnings! Nice to see that the gift of losing gracefully hasn't been forgotten in Kirkcaldy...

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

If you would like to write to us, contribute articles, opinions or ideas (or simply tell us we're talking shite), send your thoughts to this E-mail address:

jdoonan@jdoonan.demon.co.uk

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

The Annihilation Special

SOUNESS GETS HIS NOSE-JOB RUBBED IN DEFEAT

Dunfermline 2 Rangers 0 - Scottish Cup 4th Round, February 20th, 1988

The Tenth (almost) Anniversary

Being gracious in defeat is an elegant, respectable state of mind which allows the vanquished to retain a scrap of dignity despite their disgrace. Rampant triumphalism, shameless posturing and behaviour not dissimilar to rubbing their noses in it, means you don't get the chance to win very often.

1988 will be remembered by Pars fans for many reasons: relegation from the Premier Division, Bobby Smith's hair and the sad sale of Shaggy Jenkins to St Johnstone. But more importantly, it was the last time we beat Rangers.

In February 1988, Graeme Souness swaggered into East End Park for a Scottish Cup tie leading a confident Rangers team stuffed with internationalists and we wiped the floor with their arses!

Rangers were top of the league and had no reason to expect much of an obstruction towards the next round. Dunfermline hadn't scored a league goal since Boxing Day and only just scraped through the third round of the cup after a replay against Ayr Utd.

The players' heads were not only down, they had to be hydraulically separated from their shoulders. When the 4th round draw mysteriously kept the Old Firm apart and despatched Rangers towards East End Park, Leishman entered one of those phases of his life that could only be described as "going off his heid."

A week before the Rangers game Dunfermline were thumped 3-0 at home by Dundee Utd, and this was the final straw for Leish. Amazingly, he convinced the board to pay for the squad to spend a few days (at £140 per night) at the Old Course Hotel in St Andrews.

It was here that the legendary Leishman "I have a dream" routine was recorded by Saint & Greavsie (a couple of sad old wankers who used to be on the telly in the olden days, kids). Leishman's poem, loosely based on the philosophy of Martin Luther King, was a copious, overflowing, bucketful of pish, and the media loved it!

Before the tie was played, rumours had swept Dunfermline that John Watson would be put on the transfer list after a conviction for drink-driving. The club fined him for his indiscretion and Leishman clearly indicated his disapproval by picking him for the Rangers game. Souness turned up that day with his £6 million team (half a Laudrup for our younger readers) expecting an easy passage into the 5th round.

Dunfermline started like a team possessed. After only 6 minutes Mark Smith collected a Craig Robertson (yep, same one kids, only less fat) pass down the right and fired a high cross into Chris

Woods' box. England's number one scrambled backwards in horror before ending up in the back of the net with the ball. It was Mark Smith's only decent cross in a Pars jersey, and he later admitted that he didn't mean to score. Obviously, we all knew this. If he'd attempted to score the ball would have landed in the cemetery!

Rangers were consequently forced to chase the game for the rest of the first half. Future wee teamie Vette Anderson and stalwart Norrie McCathie handled the onslaught well, and only an Ian Durrant header caused Pars' keeper Dave McKellar any real trouble. With Rangers pushing forward Mark Smith was finding space behind their defence. Graeme Robertson placed an excellent ball in Smith's path, only for Woods to haul him down at the edge of the box. Woods was fortunate only to be booked. John Brown, however, was not so lucky. Brown decided Smith was causing Rangers far too much trouble, and thumped him when the referee wasn't looking. Unfortunately for Brown, the linesman saw the incident (note for younger readers: in the olden days linesmen used to take some responsibility during matches) and up went the flag. The ref, after consulting his linesman, had no hesitation in showing the former Dundee thug the red card. Gentleman Brown completely lost the place and had to be dragged away from the linesman by Ray Wilkins.

Four minutes into the second half Dunfermline put the game beyond Rangers with the type of goal young boys dream of scoring. A Stuart Beedie cross was powerfully blasted into the net by a lethal Watson header. (Anyone who frequented Norrie and Johns' pubs in the intervening years will have seen the celebrations of Watson's goal in a framed photograph under the simple heading "The twa-nil jig").

When the final whistle blew Leishman leapt from the dugout like he'd won the cup, rather than qualified for the next round. David had confronted Goliath and given him a damn sore kick in the nuts. Goliath responded by smashing a telly. Big man, eh? Picking on a defenceless telly?

The Pars played their best football of the season that day but, sadly, were unable to produce it again. We were gubbed 3-0 at Tynecastle in the next round and relegated as the Premier league was reconstructed that season. (Somethings never change, kids!) Three weeks after our historic never-to-be-forgotten victory normal service was resumed as Rangers thrashed us 3-nil at East End Park.

C'est la vie...

THE BROWN, BROWN MUD OF HOME...

Tam Parker was a very important man at East End Park. As Head Groundsman he tried in vain to make sure the park was playable over the winter months.

His job was not made any easier by the famously bad drainage, but it didn't stop him working flat out anyway. In the days building up to the end of season 95/96 Bert would ask Tam to try to cut the grass in a circular motion.

Bert "I'm no'mad, ken" Paton felt that as we'd won more games with the park cut this way it must have been a lucky omen. Tam duly obliged, and promotion to the Premier League was won. No one was more proud of the Pars achievement than Tam. This season, like any other, he prepared the park for the visit of Scotland's top teams.

And then Tam Parker was discharged by DAFC a couple of months ago as part of a cost-cutting exercise. He has been replaced by a much cheaper contractor.

As anyone who has worked beside contractors will testify, they may be cheaper to employ, but they tend not to produce the same quality of work as the people they replace... And since contractors are often cheaper to employ because they pay their own employees less and use the cheapest materials available, the omens are not that encouraging.

So if the pitch deteriorates badly in the future, remember that we're saving money by replacing all that expensive grass with much cheaper mud...

FANCY THAT!

The world is obviously going mad. A couple of weeks ago a survey revealed that Glasgow was the trendiest, most cosmopolitan city in the UK - a mixture of Milan and Barcelona complete with designer clothes, good food and fine wines (Buckie, presumably?)

In the same week a sad majority of Glaswegians went bananas because an ignorant English tosser pretended to play an imaginary flute in front of a bunch of IRA obsessed dickheads singing Irish rebel songs in response to Royalist tossers singing English rugby anthems and God Save the Queen.

This cannot be the same city, surely?

Nerds of the world unite!

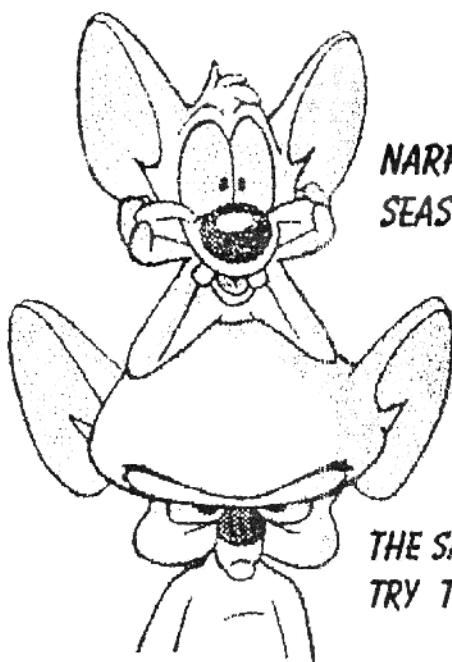
The Sammy Lives program of world domination is continuing according to plan, despite the syrupy sweet contributions of our webmaster. The online fanzine features issues 2-5 and the usual caustic wit regular readers have come to admire, while our webmaster is a nice bloke who doesn't like to offend people and is providing a delightful news service that at times resembles an on-line Dunfermline Press, except that its a lot more interesting to read.

WARNING! *Self-Indulgent Space-Filling Derivative Gag Coming up...*

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LEAGUES

ACME
SUPER
LEAGUES

ACME
SUPER
LEAGUES



NARF! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO THIS SEASON, MR. MURRAY?

THE SAME THING WE DO EVERY SEASON, LEX. TRY TO FORM A SUPER LEAGUE!

CELTIC IN CRISIS *What do the experts think?*



Billy McNeill: "It's a disgrace that a club like Celtic - who won the European Cup as recently as 1967 - should be in such a disastrous state today. Their first championship in 10 years, 50,000 season ticket holders, a £20 million squad and the 5th biggest operating profit in British football! Fergus should do the decent thing and bugger off."



Charlie Nicholas "For me, myself, personally, it saddens me in spades to see such as what a once massive big club has succumbed to. It's high time a true Celtic man - with the club in his heart - was in ultimate charge. And until such as that time, I, for me, can't see anything changing - if at all."



Brian Dempsey "I'm a close friend of Cardinal Whinning and it was great to see the Pope at Bellahouston in 1982. Isn't it great being a Tim? Why not remember my name the next time you're outside Parkhead chanting "McCann must go!" I love Celtic. In many ways, they're closer to my heart than my wallet."

Tom Boyd "It's not about money, or greed, or bonuses or championships or whatever. It's about getting a years' pay for 90 minutes of work. But whats wrong with that? After all, we'd have gotten away with it if it wasn't for those pesky meddling sick kids."



JOCK WHO?

Fergus McCann last night launched a stinging attack on Jock Brown following the ex-commentator's shameless arse-licking last week.

McCann reacted with anger and confusion following Brown's comparison between Fergus and the legendary Jock Stein.

"Just who the hell is this Jock Stein anyway?" snapped the bald Canadian billionaire.

Geez dosh

Wee team chairman Allan Kelly this week announced an inspired scam to prevent the Kirkcaldy club going bankrupt: by selling season tickets for life for a mere £1000.

1000 sales would guarantee wee team survival for the next year. Sadly, they have struggled to sell more than a couple of hundred tickets costing just £250! Meanwhile, a 6 year-old Pars fan with a gift for basic arithmetic instantly realised that if their 1000 hard core fan base were to remain the regular support at the San Shitto (assuming that their fan base ever reached 1000!), the club would receive hardly any income through the turnstiles in the future.

So could future wee teamies look forward to pics costing £10?

Pure Magic Memories

with Coisty



I had a brilliant time during the world cup. It was pure magic brilliant top class brilliant magic - for me especially.

Me, Des, Jimmy, Alan, David, Gary, Martin and whats-his-name who played for Liverpool had a pure magic brilliant time throughout. It's magic being on the telly with brilliant magic guys like that! What a laugh we had!

Of course, being in France was a bonus for me because Paris is such a great place to be when you're in France, or wherever.

Obviously, once the world cup was all said and done I had to get right down to finding myself a great big massive new top-class club to sign for, or go to Raith Rovers instead.

In the end at the end of the day, it all came down to one thing: who had the most ex-Rangers players. All credit to Hibs and the wee club from Kirkcaldy, but at the end of the day, I had to look after my family first and foremost, and my wife's allergic to the smell of lino.

So in the end it all came down to money.

But at the end of the day, that's football.

This is a **CRISIS!**

It is probably too early in the season to have a premonition of disaster, but last week's performance against Livingston was a call not unlike that given to the dinosaur who looked skywards and wondered why a big, fiery burny thing was hurtling towards him.

It would be absurd to suggest that Livvy - a mercenary band of mediocre bit players - were anything more than a well-organised team, but the fact that we struggled to even compete with the second division side for much of the match is inescapable.

In the previous week at Parkhead, Paton blamed the injuries to Westie and Smith as the critical reasons for the heavy defeat. Obviously, pitting the sadly irrelevant Hamish French and the utterly uninterested Marc Millar against the Scotland midfield had no bearing on the defeat. Similarly, throwing on Ivo Den Bieman - a player offered a free transfer in May - to replace Craig Ireland, our most effective defender - had no effect on the last 10 minute collapse?

Obviously, hoofing the ball forward at every opportunity from start to finish didn't repeatedly hand Celtic possession. Naturally, not bothering to protect an injured 'keeper by stuffing the defence full of bodies wouldn't have helped to keep the score respectable.

Perhaps the joke is true. Perhaps Bert really does think tactics are minty sweets?

Losing Andy Smith was obviously a serious blow, but it simply highlighted the glaring problem evident last season. Smith is our only real goal threat. Smith kept us up last season, Britton the season before. Their back up includes the largely ceremonial George Shaw, the hardworking but goal shy Petrie, and a couple of young players. As Craig Faulconbridge remains a Coventry player, he cannot be viewed as a long-term prospect, so we perhaps shouldn't risk depending on him to get goals.

The absence of a solid midfield over the past two seasons has resulted in endless pressure on our weak defence, and there are few signs of real improvement.

It is about time DAFC showed genuine ambition for improving the squad. We now have a new-look East End Park to enjoy and the club are installing plush executive boxes for corporate hospitality. So what's the point of putting a team on the park who's most realistic goal is to try not to be relegated? Who wants to watch an endless series of long-ball defensive disasters year after year?

The club is obviously still trying to recover from the excesses of the late 80's, but an endless supply of unknown free transfers is hardly likely to inspire more people to visit East End. This season, probably more than any other, makes it essential for the club to stay in the top league and cling onto the super league gravy chain. The board would surely prefer to spend cash on new players to stay in the top league, rather than gamble on bouncing back after relegation?

After all, in 1992, Kilmarnock narrowly pipped us to promotion. They now have one of the best grounds in Scotland, have won the Scottish Cup and are enjoying their second successive season of European football.

Bert and Dick have made a tremendous contribution to revitalising the club after the agonies endured under the reigns of Ian Munro and Jocky Scott. This is not the time to suggest that Paton should step aside, but we should be asking the club what they would like the baseball capped duo to achieve? Why won't the board give Bert even modest sums to spend? Do they trust his instincts for players? Is it difficult to attract good players if the board will only offer short term or one year contracts?

Fuzzy statements about looking to Europe and hoping to finish as high up the table as possible, sound nice. But if the other clubs are investing properly, and we're not - it can hardly be surprising if we fail to reach these lofty goals.

The Craig Robertson *Prince of Pies* souvenir commemorative plate

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His light will shine forever, and for a mere £998 you can help share in his reflected glory. £1.50 from each sale will be donated to the International Lard for Lunch appeal.