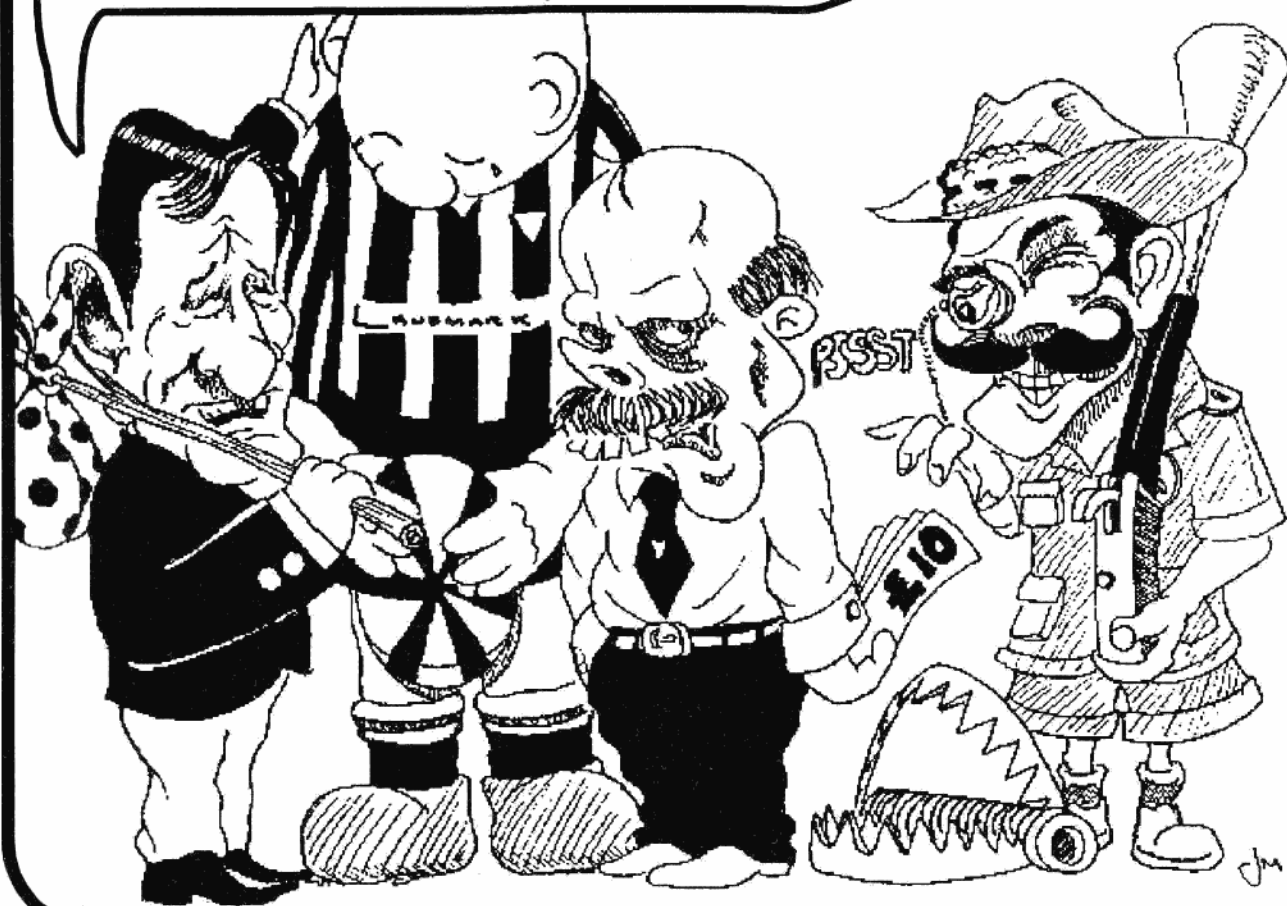


A DUNFERMLINE ATHLETIC FANZINE

Sammy ~~Lives~~ with Lived Dick and Bert

February, 1999

Dinnae worry, Sammy. Dick
will look after you now.



INSIDE:

BYE, BYE WEE TEAM
THE DUNFERMLINE PISH
MAD old BERTIE
GRAHAM SPEIRS

As referred to on **FOOTBALL FOCUS!**

60p

Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert Editorial

Typical bloody Paton! It was probably quite predictable? The gifted scribes of Sammy Lives conjure up the finest and funniest cover conceived in the northern hemisphere this century; an inspired Bert Paton cartoon with at least 8 levels of subversive humour ingeniously molded into a seemingly innocuous man-in-a-silly-hat gag, and what happens? He resigns!

Thus the greatest fanzine cover in history is consigned to the dustbin. Believe me, it was hilarious! It was a timeless moment of sublime comedy reminiscent of the dead parrot sketch, with the only difference being that more than three people would find it funny.

So, farewell then, Bert Paton... We laughed at your hats, we cringed when you were on the telly, we swore in disbelief at your tactics, we pilloried your bizarre attitude to substitutions, we questioned your infuriating desire to play as many players out of position as possible at every opportunity.

The Pars just won't be the same without him. In the past five years Bert, complete with silly hats, managed to rebuild the link between the fans and the club that was almost destroyed in the post-Leishman/Munro/Jocky Scott apocalypse. In his first season in charge Bert's team should have won the first division championship, but were denied promotion by the cruellest twist of fate imaginable: an own goal against Airdrie.

The following season the inaugural promotion play-off saw us meet an Aberdeen side who suddenly managed to produce their only good performance all season to deny the Pars a return to the big time. Finally, in a season forever tinged with sadness by the tragic death of Norrie McCathie, Paton's Pars returned to the Premier League with a barnstorming victory at Tannadice.

Paton's departure is an end of an era for Dunfermline. Not only does the link between the glories of the 60's and the present era grow further apart, but it also buggers up the name of this fanzine. Dick Campbell, or whomever ultimately replaces Bert, has a pretty enormous pair of shoes to fill.

And a silly baseball cap too...

E-mail: sammylives@yahoo.com

Acknowledgements - "Sammy Lives..." has been brought to you by Jimmy Dee, Buf, Jerry, East End Bouncer, Irate No.8, The Rotovator, The Magnificent eleven, Mr Angry, Anorak Skywalker, The Philandering baboon, the number 1, and the colours black and white...

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Bring out your deadbeats



What are
you
gonna call
your
pishy wee
fanzine now,
ya pricks?

GUEST MASCOT



Andrew Carnegie

Despite choosing to remain somewhat dead in recent years, Andrew Carnegie remains a huge Pars fan, despite the obvious fact that the bearded philanthropist did bugger all for the club in his lifetime.

Thanks for the park and the library, mate, but a few million pounds worth of players would have been a nice gesture from the kind-hearted steel billionaire who loved and adored all living creatures...except his own striking employees who experienced a slightly more ruthless type of philanthropy...redundancy.

Today, the Pars need a kind-hearted millionaire who doesn't mind waving goodbye to a hefty pile of cash on a regular basis. While it's very generous of the Australian millionaire who kindly donates £1000 a season to the Pish's Player of the Year award, he's not exactly Jack Walker, is he???

BARBIE GIRL WANTS WEE TEAM

EXCLUSIVE!

By Wee Fat Tam the wee team fan



POP-TASTIC Danish superstars Aqua, famous for hits like "Barbie Girl" and "Doctor Jones" are said to be the shock new owners of Kirkcaldy-based wee team, Raith Rovers.

wrapped in plastic

The shock move for the wee team follows a sudden surge of soccer-mad stars declaring undying love for their boyhood heroes. U2's Bono and Simple Mind Jim Kerr are said to be the figureheads for a major multi-million pound Celtic swoop, whereas Aqua's keen train-spotting singer, Kirsten Bimbo, was looking for a football club with a clear view of a mainline rail link.

it's fantastic!

A spokesman for the band claimed that Aqua were "delighted" to be linked with soccer luminaries such as Raith Rovers, as their bids to control Stenhousemuir and Cowdenbeath were rejected. Spokesman Karl Bugglesdorff explained that their Stenhousemuir bid was turned down because the directors viewed the band as being "a bubble-gum pop fad with no genuine talent." Ironically, it was these very attributes which attracted the Rovers board.

Let's go party!

"It's great to own such a big wee team and go and watch them any time I want for free", squealed bubbly singer, Kirsten Bimbo. So when can wee teamies expect to see their sexy new owner?

"I don't really know?" she giggled, "I prefer going to the ice hockey."

Since we've been gone . . .

A roundup of the important events since the last Sammy Lives

We're on the telly!!!

As expected, fame, fortune and notoriety has at last been bestowed upon the good ship Sammy Lives. Fortune and notoriety is still pending, but national fame was finally supplied by Football Focus in September.

During their brief but highly regarded Scottish roundup, the BBC's flagship sports programme showed the goals from the St. Johnstone v Dunfermline match and the gifted segment narrator revealed "We know Andy Smith scored the penalty for Dunfermline - but we don't know why their fanzine is called Sammy Lives with Dick and Bert!"

Many have asked this same question - and if we're featured on the telly again, we will unveil the disturbing secret behind the name....

Hearts - diving, cheating, whinging bastards

Scottish football fans were stunned by the shocking treatment dealt to Heart of Midlothian Football Club by their dubious Spanish Cup-Winners Cup opponents and the dodgy blokes from UEFA.

Most surprising of all, however, is that Hearts whinged BEFORE the match was played. Normally, of course, they reserve their bleating for afterwards...

Poor wee flowers

A revolutionary cry fills the air in Kirkcaldie these days as wee team obsessives demand the resignation of former wee team hero Jimmy Nichol.

Elderly Pars fans may vaguely remember the lumbering old crock who was released by Dunfermline to take over the wee team and inherit an indifferent squad of players assembled by Ian Paisley look-alike Frank Connor.

Under Nichol's inspirational leadership the wee team entered the period in their history forever remembered as "the glory years". To outsiders, however, it was more realistically known as the glory fortnight. Suspecting that bubbles always burst, Nichol buggered off to Millwall where he was so phenomenally successful, he was back at Kirkcaldie within 18 months.

Fancy That!

This could have been a golden year for Pars fans. A year after Falkirk nearly went down the pan, with the wee team at death's door, Radio Scotland announced that Airdrie were going into liquidation!

This was probably the only time an Airdrie player was interviewed on the radio and had something new to moan about apart from THAT Skol Cup semi-final...

How odd!

It did not go unnoticed in Sammy Lives circles that self-appointed fans' spokesman Phil McFadden has occasionally shared his views with the Daily Record Hotline in recent months. Curiously, however, Mr. McFadden has taken to describing himself purely as a "Pars Fan" in recent outbursts.

A grinning Sammy Lives source refused to speculate on the reasons for this...

Internet pish

The Sammy Lives with Dick & Bert website, formerly a haven for wit, reasoned debate and intellect in an internet otherwise swamped by tedious shite has now been closed since it had become sadly swamped by tedious shites - mainly of the Falkirk variety. It is not known where the Bairns will now busy themselves misspelling swear words in public.

BRING OUT YOUR DEAD BEATS

Mad old Bertie signed nine players since the summer. Here we modestly offer an ill-informed dismissal of some of the pish ones.

Lee Butler Easily the outstanding summer buy and our most consistent player this season. It's hard to see anyone - except Greg Shields - beating him for player of the year awards.

Gavin Johnson Looks a bit like Attilo Lombardo. Plays like Gardner Speirs. He is a left-sided player so naturally Bert used him in the centre of midfield at every opportunity. When he has played down the left he has looked quite dangerous, particularly when committing fouls.

Derek Ferguson Not as good as his wee brother. Very good at square passes, back passes, short passes (but not to team mates). Looks ridiculous in a long pair of shorts. Only made 3 forward passes all season. Is he the most frustrating player ever to have played for the Pars??? His twatting about in midfield has blunted countless attacks and his sloppy passing has contributed to some disappointing results.

Richard Huxford Not played many games, but should have. Good, solid midfielder - crap fullback.

Jamie Squires Seems to have suffered a loss of confidence recently. His inexperience has showed on occasions, but he is more skilful than Andy Tod - but aren't most footballers?

Scott Thomson After a slow start Scott began to play really well until injuries kept him out. Hopefully he will be fit for the second half of the season.

Dave Linighan Had a nightmare at Parkhead in August and hasn't played since due to injuries. Blackpool fans said he was brilliant, but it's hard to agree with them at this point...

Edinho Yet another Brazilian join the Pars. Unlike Sergio, however, Dino is keen to get stuck in and has a fair amount of skill. He didn't play a full game when he first joined because he wasn't match fit. As soon as he was match fit, Bertie left him on the bench! Ah...the curious mental machinations of the hatted one...

David Graham As one of Bert's most expensive signings, Graham has suffered from high expectations from the fans. He has a great first touch and a lethal burst of speed. Once he gets his first goal he should do well. In any case, it would be unfair to expect a young, inexperienced player to save the club when the experienced old pros aren't pulling their considerable collective weights...

WEE DOTH TELL THEE FIRST !

Pars fans were shocked by the sudden resignation of Bert Paton. However, this would have been an unexpected event for those who are familiar with the prophecies of Nostradamus, a 15th Century Kirkcaldy man whos third eye was truly opened...because he actually did have a third eye - right in the middle of his forehead.

Here is Nostazza's 15th century vision...

"On the fifth day of the first month in the year of the beast 1999 the hatted one shall throweth in the towel to be succeeded by the toothed one who doth like to say fuck."

DEVELOPMENT OPPORTUNITY

STARK'S PARK, KIRKCALDY

A picturesque area of prime development land will soon be available for purchase in Kirkcaldy.

Situated on the edge of the town with delightful views of oil rigs in the forth to the south, and an unobstructed view of a major rail link to the north, this small, compact, bijou residential opportunity, while in desperate need of substantial upgrading, affords generous rewards to interested parties (in particular the parties desperate to sell it.) With some generous investment this development may be suitable for use as a rubbish dump.

Although this facility had been decaying for years, it offers several important points of interest.

An entrance vestibule leads to a crumbling corner stand, the likes of which exists nowhere else in the world outside Kirkcaldy. Imagine the Sydney harbour bridge in car park miles from water after years of neglect, and yet you can barely imagine the sheer majestic beauty of this once merely crumbling edifice.

To the north is a uniquely designed "grandstand" where the designers conceived of a revolutionary building design which starts quite wide at one end, before narrowing and tapering to the opposite end where it meets a spacious, disused area called the "home end". This sparkling centrepiece is so new it is still wrapped in plastic (it's fantastic!). Exactly opposite is the "away end" which, while far more used, is nevertheless a truly ordinary sight.

There is a traditional uncovered terrace parallel with the appropriately named Pratt Street which offers nearby residents the opportunity to look into the deserted stadium on match days. Thankfully, the residents often close their curtains as a mark of respect.

Written offers will be accepted with some surprise. Interested parties should crayon a number on an old scrap of lino. The successful buyer will be notified via carrier pigeon.

the INSIDER

He knows, you know...



WEE TOLD YOU FIRST!

In the last edition of Sammy Lives, way back in August, The Insider predicted that the wee team would admit severe financial difficulties this season. Well, as the tabloids are so fond of proclaiming: we told you first!

We can now make further exclusive revelations! The wee team are facing a hefty inland revenue bill in the next few weeks which may see the end of the club, unless McEwan or Dargo can be flogged in time. Similarly, it doesn't matter how badly the wee team's results deteriorate as the club cannot afford to pay-off Nichol, Smith or Brownlie due to the lucrative size of their contracts!

Looks like Jimmy Nichol is destined to become the highest paid, worst performing boss in the second division next season...assuming that the wee team survive long enough to be relegated.

THE PIE WHO LOVED ME

Top bridie specialists Stephens the Bakers are the new surprise purveyors of culinary delights at East End this season.

This is a bold commercial move considering that Pars' last two catering firms, 007 Catering and Fife Catering Services both went bust.

Perhaps this will be avoided this time since Dunfermline Athletic are charging the highest prices in the district for Stephens' products.

Determined to find out the curious pricing policy employed at East End, a Sammy Lives operative phoned East End Park.

"Oh, we don't determine the prices", the spin doctor claimed, it's Stephens who decide what to charge. Why don't you phone them!"

So we did. The man from Stephens dispensed with the tiresome mathematical drivel favoured by the Pars man. Apparently, Stephens' outlets operate on a franchise basis and their most lucrative contract is in Dunfermline high street where a bridie costs 98p.

The East End franchise is selling bridies which cost them around 30p each for £1.50 (for this season...)

TOP OF THE WEE TEAMS

Salacious tales of fanzine warfare have reached the interested ears of Sammy Lives.

The excellent Cowden fanzine "When the sun shines" won a prestigious fanzine 7-a-side tournament at Forthbank last year, narrowly beating Hibs in the final. Each team was allowed a small squad of players from which to pick a seven man team. Hibs were obviously determined to do well and arrived with a bus load of around 20 players while others managed to survive with a squad of 10.

Hibs wanted to win, but the Cowden boys were only interested in one thing: kicking lumps out of the East Fife team. The first round draw kept the bitter Fife rivals apart. Finally, Cowden faced Hearts in the first semi-final while Hibs were up against the East Fife boys. Would there be an all-Fife final? No...according to the Cowden fanzine editor, Stuart Juner, the Methil boys "bottled it" and deliberately lost.

And so a glorious moment beckoned for the Blue Brazilians as they overcame the cliches and won a trophy! However, we can exclusively reveal that the Cowden team included 2 players who, rather than being overweight fanzine contributors, were actually registered Cowdenbeath players!

One of the gifted duo proved that he was truly a professional player as he drank the team's carry out before playing a blinder in the final!

Dunfermline Pish

AND WEST OF FIFE BOLLOCKS MERCHANTS

NO COMMENT

Hideously disfigured local MP Rachel Shovelpuss has demanded immediate toadying by *Pish* journalists.

"I must NOT be asked difficult or confusing questions at any time," she insisted.

"Please just read the press releases circulated by Labour spin doctors, all of which I wholeheartedly support."

Ms. Shovelpuss, who's complete devotion to her Scottish constituents is marked by her brave refusal to stand for the Scottish Parliament, has had a rocky time in recent years. She went into a major huff with *The Pish* recently when our chief reporter interrupted her while she spouted New Labour policy in her typically unquestioning fashion.

A spokesman for *The Pish* has promised not to rock the New Labour boat any more. The spokesman went on to echo the Daily Record's suspicion that Alex Salmond eats babies for breakfast and mugs pensioners in the afternoon.

Gordon Brown is super!

A *Pish* profile, see page 22

DR NO SHOW

Movie star Sean Connery was slammed the other day (a few days ago) by Dunfermline Cookery Guild chairperson, Sandra Whinger, after refusing to attend the guild's annual cooking festival.

Connery, who once passed over Dunfermline while flying from New York to Edinburgh was described as a "pompous ass" by Whinger, 49.

"The cookery festival is one of our biggest social events! Nearly twenty people attended last year, and I'm disappointed that Sean couldn't be arsed turning up!"

A spokesman for the greatest living Scotsman explained that he was filming a movie in Tokyo on the same day of the festival, and would therefore be unable to attend.

Mrs. Whinger, 58, insisted that this was "bollocks."

OLD WOMAN WINS BINGO!

Delighted local OAP Agnes Oldbat (79) was celebrating last night (yesterday) after scooping a whopping £50 win at the bingo.

Over the moon Agnes described herself as delighted as she told *The Pish* "I'm delighted".

Full story page 2,3,4,5,6 & 10

MEET BOB "BOBBY" ROBERTSON ON pg 12 - OUR POSTIE OF THE WEEK!!!

COUNCIL PARK BENCH COMMITTEE REPORT . . . full story inside

BIRTHDAYS

LOOK WHO'S 70!



Agnes, 70 today
(tomorrow)

* * *

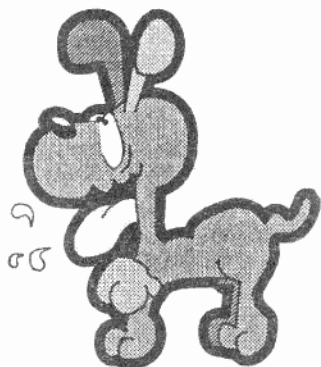
GERRY BRITTON



29 yesterday
(tomorrow)

Win £££££'s!!!

If you can find
our lucky mascot
"Poop" in this week's
Pish, you could
win up to £10!



MY TELEPHONE SEX HELL

Naive religious nitwit Dorothy Fanny reacted with fury last night when her story appeared in *The Pish*, and the newspaper completely managed to avoid humiliating her properly.

Dorothy, 45, a counsellor with almost 3 months experience following a course at Lauder College, decided to set up a special 1-to-1 telephone counselling service, and advertised her talents in several newspaper classified columns.

Sadly, for some incredible reason, many men mistook the "1-to-1" service as a personalised sex fantasy chat line and Mrs. Fanny found herself inundated with explicit sexual calls.

"It's disgusting!" she stormed. "All I wanted to do was exploit the depressed and suicidal with a premium rate phone service, but instead I got hundreds of perverts on the phone!"

A *Pish* spokesman insisted that no one in the newsroom realised that a really funny story had somehow dropped into their laps.

"We were so confused we buried it on page 13 after the letters page," he confessed.

Got a boring tale to tell?

Has your washing machine broken?

Fancy getting your photo in the paper?

Do you have a favourite tree?

**Then tell *The Pish* and
we'll pretend it's news!**

CALL 01383 721596

If it's dull - It's in *The Pish*

Letters to the Editor . . .

THE EDITOR THE PISH PISH HOUSE

Sir,

I prefer cats rather than dogs
- but what do your readers think?

S. Prick, Dalgety Bay

Well, that's a controversial issue,
Mr. Prick. But what do the
readers think?

Sir,

Thanks for producing such a
fascinating newspaper. It's the
perfect size for my pigeons to crap
on.

A. McBane, Dalgety Bay

Great! I'm glad you appreciate
our service to the community!

Sir,

I've been reading the Pish
since I was 9 and it's been my
primary source of information about
the world. I also have a fear of
lightbulbs. Keep up the good work!

Name and address supplied

Sir,

I think dogs are the tools of
satan. They are all evil and should
be destroyed immediately.
After all, you never read in the media
about "devil cats" do you?

T. Mussolini, Dalgety Bay

A controversial point, Mr. Mussolini -
but what do our readers think?

Local Pish-sonality TOMM TWATT

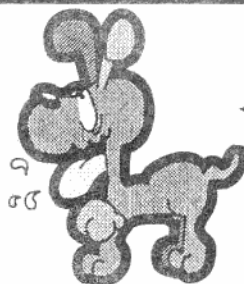
Local actor
personality Tomm
Twatt, 29, is one of west
Fife's leading theatrical
stars. His numerous TV
credits include a crowd
scene in Taggart where
he played a "man in
crowd" and a significant
role in Take the High
Road when he portrayed

a "man in shop".

Tomm regularly
performs Dunfermline
Ghost Walks, which are
just like the famous
Edinburgh ghost walks in
the Royal Mile, except
not as good. Tomm's
next role involves
portraying a Big Issue
seller in the high street.

His theatrical
ambitions include
portraying a "man in
crowd" in an as yet
undisclosed forthcoming
hush-hush movie project
where he will be given
the chance to mingle
with world-famous
extras.

HELLO!



What's
this?

PATON'S PARS A Pish Tribute

NASTY HORRID BOO BOYS DRIVE OUT GIFTED TACTICAL GENIUS

Bert Paton resigned as Pars boss earlier this week (yesterday) just days after mindless boo boy scum - no more than 5,000 people, booed his inspired tactical switch at home to Hearts.

Paton's departure ends a golden era of tactical mastery which transformed a tired old squad of deadbeats incapable of defending into a well-oiled attacking machine incapable of defending. Sadly, even a well-oiled machine occasionally totally stops working, breaks down and needs a major overhaul. Repairing this sort of thing takes time, but sadly the success-craved boo boy fans just don't understand this because they are all stupid and have no sense of perspective.

Surely, only a buffoon could see that just because Paton's team selections constantly failed to produce the expected results this season, the natural course of action is therefore to keep picking the same players that fail to perform all the time. Only a fool would risk playing talented loan players, or organise a team which matched the players' key strengths!

Sadly, idiot boo boys seemed to interpret the use of players in roles they were clearly unable to perform in as some kind of tactical naiveté? Similarly, the supposed reluctance of the management team to constantly fail to learn from their own mistakes was often criticised by people who don't know what they're talking about! For example, after dominating a game and grabbing a 1-0 lead, what could be more sensible than to defend that slender advantage until the

opponent has managed to equalise before introducing substitutes, or freshening up the midfield.

It was often suggested - by people who didn't know any better - that Paton & Campbell simply picked their favourite players all the time and shuffled them into that weeks' chosen formation irrespective of their form, or whether a better player had to drop out.

In fact, that accusation has been levelled (on occasions this season) as Tod and Smith constantly found themselves on the team sheet despite numerous so-called "nightmare" performances in preceding matches. But what manager in his right mind would have risked playing Templeman or Faulconbridge? These young players might have blundered all over the park and upset their team-mates by demonstrating decent ball control or an ability to play football. Just imagine the catastrophic affect that may have had upon morale!

With Paton's departure, the responsibility for changing the teams' fortunes falls to Dick Campbell. After his years of experience at Cowdenbeath and Brechin, Campbell is undoubtedly qualified to succeed Paton. Dick will obviously bring millions of new ideas to the club since he has already been involved for 6 years, so he knows exactly what is wrong. When Jocky Scott was sacked Pars had a poor defence and a non-existent midfield. How times have changed. If only the idiot fans could get this into their thick stupid skulls!!

The Dunfermline Pish - The local paper that says what its told to say!

Editor - DAFC Written in DAFC Boardroom Printed in Dundee

**Jim Kerr . . . Conclusive
proof that Celtic
fans are wankers.**



mf

GROUND CONTROL TO DOCTOR JO

After Pars' second 5-0 humiliation at Parkhead this season, the press conference with Dr. Jo Venglos, exacted more frustrating moments for comment hungry journalists.

As usual, Bert didn't appear because the team had played badly, so Dick was left to face the press. Campbell delighted them by speaking for 5 minutes with little prompting. They happily scribbled his murmurings about Celtic Park being a difficult place to visit and other cliched meanderings..

Then Dr. Jo ambled in smiling and shaking hands. After a nervous silence which involved a tremendous amount of smiling by Venglos, the first question was offered...a long, rambling analysis of the game, gushing praise of

**"Save the Wee Team!",
says Sammy Lives...**

Because their demise would leave Burntisland Shipyard without a rival of equal stature.

Because they gave us 12 points which ensured our premier survival three years ago.

Because Kirkcaldy gave the world lino

Or should we? After all...

Dunfermline gave the world Andrew Carnegie, a philanthropist and humanitarian. Kirkcaldy gave the world capitalist Adam Smith - the man who inspired Margaret Thatcher.

They think ice hockey is a popular sport

Kirkcaldy gave the world lino

They sing a song about a guy who would rather stay in Kirkcaldy than go to Idaho.

Larsson and a request for Venglos's reaction.

The amiable Czech smiled benignly at the reporter. The journalists waited with pens poised, anxious to record the thoughts of the mighty Doctor.

"Yes," he smiled, "very happy."

There was a pause. The reporter repeated his question, only more slowly...once again pens were poised as enlightenment prepared to spew forth from the mouth of the respected sports philosopher.

"Well..." Venglos began. He gaze wandered around the room and he smiled. "Was good goals. Very happy."

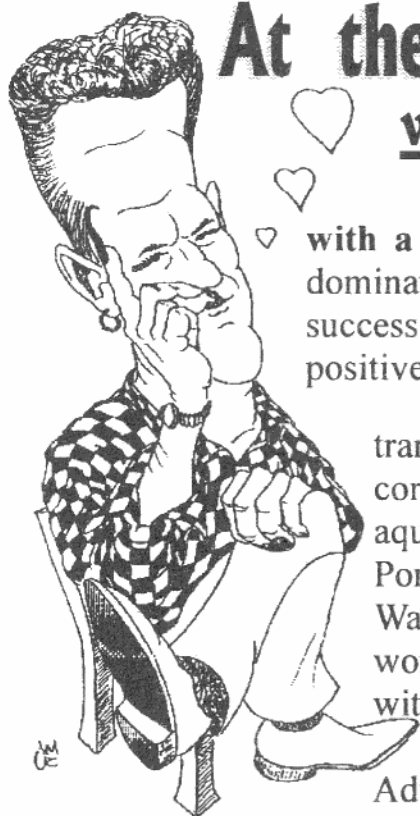
A journalist at the back of the room managed to catch the general feeling in the media camp. "Jesus!" he hissed, flipping his notebook shut.

EXPOSED !

The shocking Truth!



**Andy Smith
has been
crap
all season
because
he's
moonlighting
for a
BUS
company!**



At the denouement of the day . . . with Graham Speirs

David Murray, as has been said in the past, is a man with a certain quintafibularity. Mercotastical in the way he dominates Scottish football, his obdurate desire for Rangers success is quite flagrant perspicolasticaty. But I mean that in a positive way.

Quite honestly, Rangers arduent moves in the transfer market have been opulent as well as voluptuous as corpulent barrels of cash have been dispersed in the aquitation of Amoruso, Gascoigne, Laudrup, Kanchelskis, Porinni and Albertz. Dick Advocaat has metamorphosed Walter Smith's turgid squad of recalcitrant peridititibles into a world-class endoctochrome band of serendipitudes. And with some style.

Whether this dominatrix attitude to soccer that Advocaat and Murray share is to continue into the future is an incontrovertible argument and one open to dentrophical discussion.

But, even at this early stage, you have to conclude that so far, the boy's done good! And I say that farcimiously!

* * * * *

**THE MAN WHO
MAKES SITTING
ON A CHAIR
LOOK DIFFICULT**

I was speaking to Bert Paton's wife Joyce the other day. I like Joyce, she's a lovely woman. In fact, I once described her as a "glamorous granny" and she gave me a slap for my nespotifulism!

So I asked her why Bert kept wearing those silly baseball caps that made him look so flanquocious. She fixed me with a caustic glare and quipped with a dismissive grandeur:

"Piss off you pompous wee tosser!"

* * * * *

News reaches my exhaustive parading of perspicatiousness involving the gannets who infest the Waddell suite at Ibrox. Regular readers of this column, already bored by this opening phrase will have turned the page by now, but for those who remain, well, remember that original story 2 years ago about Ibrox freebie hunters who grab the free food ages before half-time? It happened again! And Again! In fact, it happens every week. More updates next week.

* * * * *

Triumphal rumblings of discontent continue to rumble discontentedly in Ayrshire where the juniors are locked in an internecine struggle for supremacy. If it wasn't for this weekly extravaganza of genocide and obsession, cruelly confused with football, this column would be nothing but a trugid, festering pile of faecal mess. As my old Latin master once quipped; "Eri bletherum twat et pure minceus!"

And what reasonable person could doubt those wise words?

HE'S SMUG, HE'S RIGHT, HE BLETHERS SOME SHITE

The Smelly People

Aberdeen have managed to justify the pre-season predictions of media experts as the once-mighty Dons contest the championship as usual. Their run of European success was slightly reduced this season when they chose not to qualify for the Champions League for purely commercial reasons. Their latest brilliant young manager (insert name)

has transformed Aberdeen from a side on the verge of winning the treble into a side destined to win the treble at any moment.

Celtic, the worlds most stable media-starved club have been a model of quiet dignity this season as the man who saved the club from oblivion, Fergus McCann, has been treated like a God by the loyal and grateful Celtic support. The players, all top-class internationals like Harald Brattbakk and Tommy Boyd have produced some of the finest football ever, in fact the current Celtic squad are so good that they have displaced Brazil's 1970 world cup winners as the greatest team of all time.

Cheating, diving **Tynecastle poofs**, fresh from whinging about Real Mallorca knocking them out of the UEFA cup by scoring more goals than they could, have been busy whinging about Rangers signing their best players. McCann has gone, Weir is going, and apparently, it "isn't fair".

Tractors and Range Rovers made the long trip to Glasgow in November as St. Yawnstone took on Rangers in the final of Scotland's less prestigious national trophy. It was thought to be as the biggest ever gathering of barbour jackets outside a rugby international at Murrayfield. Meanwhile, tragic news reaches the Sammy Lives newsdesk that brave wee soldier George O'Boyle has suffered a long-term injury. How terribly unusual.

Motherwell's battle to remain a mediocre bunch of relegation dodgers looked assured until the arrival of John Spencer. Having a decent player in claret & amber has transformed the junior weegies team who looked to be on the verge of signing Spencer for a token sum. Suddenly, Everton boss Walter Smith threw a bloody great spanner into the Steelmen's plans by demanding a million pound fee for the player worth, erm, a million pounds. Naturally, Motherwell are aghast at the sudden appearance of a realistic valuation on Spencers' head. Apparently, the Motherwell board were equally dismayed when their bid for Ronaldo was rejected. Surprisingly, "all the pies you can eat" and a free holiday wasn't enough to tempt the Brazilian to Fir Park. How sad...

Rangers' psychotic control freak manager and dictator, Dick Advocaat, has been praised by the media for transforming the players' discipline at Ibrox. Naturally, Stuart McCall, has spoken out in support of Walter Smith's tenure, denying that Smith tolerated indiscipline at Ibrox and had a casual attitude to training.

Of course, Smith's record of achievements in Europe and his success in controlling the excesses of Gascoigne and Goram speaks for itself....

HE'S FROM BARCELONA

A reporter from a local radio station bravely decided to interview Edinho shortly after he arrived at East End. Brandishing his microphone, complete with Kingdom F.M. badge, he approached the Samba star and requested an interview.

"I not know many words", the Brazilian star announced warily, "I not speak."

Okay, replied the reporter, could you say "This is Edinho from Dunfermline Athletic wishing Kingdom F.M listeners a Merry Christmas?"

"Who?" asked the striker. The reporter pointed to his badge and repeated very slowly: "Kingdom F.M."

The samba star stared at the badge and his brow furrowed in confusion. After a moment of deep concentration he spoke.

"Keengdom . . . fim?" he muttered before suddenly remembering an important engagement elsewhere.

"I not speak", he announced, "I buy house in town I speak to you then. Bye."

WHO ATE ALL THE PIES?

An occasional Sammy Lives correspondent was dragged along to see Cowden play Ross County at a freezing Central Park in November. As half-time arrived our man trudged down to the pie stall to collect a bovril and pie. Alas, all the pies had gone. Cowdenbeath's catering supremos had only chosen to order a mere 32 pies as sustenance for the huge crowd!

Curiously, while returning to his seat, cold and hungry, our man spotted Craig "FUB" Robertson sitting on his own at the back of the stand...munching a pie. The natural consummation of this article is thus to imply that FUB conformed to his food-crazed reputation, but Sammy Lives wouldn't dare risk making such a libellous accusation!

STOP THE PIGEON!

An apocryphal tale of pigeons and journalism recently dropped into the sweaty news-hungry paws of Sammy Lives.

Incredibly, perhaps, Sunday Post football reporters used to despatch scores back to HQ with the help of carrier pigeons as recently as the 1950's! After each goal, the reporter would scribble the score on a scrap of paper, fit it into a small cannister attached to the pigeons leg, and despatch the bird back to base.

On one occasion, however, this communication medium was stretched beyond reasonable limits. Apparently, during a Dundee-Motherwell clash in the 1950's, one reporter got more than a little carried away. Dundee scored a late winner and the reporter shouted at the bird: "Dundee TWO! Motherwell one", and launched the astonished messenger into the air.

It is not known how the pigeon relayed the score...

THE FOOL MONTY

Scandal and outrage occurred in September when a group of Pars players indulged in a impromptu display of nudity in Monty's.

Quite fittingly - considering the venue - they did the full Monty!

They were pissed, obviously, and if a certain fanzine was planning to hint at the two players involved, then naturally the names of two utter pissheads would immediately spring to mind... Curiously, however, Marc Millar was NOT one of the wannabe Linfords!

Currently, the joint front-runners for a Sammy award for "Best Display of Nudity in a Public Place" are Andy Tod and Lee Butler.

THE SAMMYS

As many people are probably utterly indifferent to know, every season Sammy Lives presents it's version of the Oscars. "The Sammys" are awarded in the last issue of each season and suggestions for nominees for this year are now being collected. Send your ideas via e-mail to sammylives@yahoo.com

RELEGATION?

After a nervous cash-less summer spending spree the Pars were, as usual, touted for the drop by the esteemed soccer visionaries who generously share their views in the media.

Dunfermline's initial thrashing by Celtic merely served to confirm the opinion that we were doomed and the "I told you so" experts smugly reminded radio listeners on that distant August afternoon.

Subsequent performances suggested that the season may not be quite as miserable as expected as the team produced some fine football, which forced the tiresome long ball whingers to keep their pussies shut.

Sadly, a series of second half collapses and an inability to score more than one goal a game has produced a long chain of draws and Paton's almost deliberate attempt to please the media with passing football has mainly served to blunt the effectiveness of Andy Smith. Surely it was obvious to most people that Smith was far easier to mark if he had to stand about waiting for Derek Ferguson to finally make a forward pass? Against Partick, Smith proved that he is far more dangerous when he is charging at defenders, his angular limbs plunging chaotically towards a flighted cross. It may not be particularly pretty, but it's kept us in the premier league quite comfortably up to now. As Pele once said, "Fuck the purists!" Wise words indeed.

While it would be easy to whinge about Dick and Bert's bizarre tactical combinations, which, although baffling, do often manage to get results, the problems of late would appear to be due to Bert's loyalty to players who constantly perform poorly.

Squires and Ireland looked to be forming a good partnership in defence, and this only began to fall apart once Tod was fit and Paton was desperate to crowbar Marc Millar's drinking buddy back into the team. Somewhere...anywhere. He caused havoc in a back five, was a bumbling maniac in midfield, and it is only in the past couple of weeks that he has begun to look like a footballer again!

Craig Faulconbridge's loan period was shortened in November with the arrival of Edinho and David Graham. Sadly, Craig appeared to be wasting his time sitting on the bench as Andy Smith, Gerry Britton and George Shaw produced indifferent performances. Faulconbridge had a better touch and better ability than all of them and yet, for some reason, he barely played?

This developing frustration with the management team finally erupted in an explosive burst of booing towards the end of the New Year game with Hearts. Since returning from his loan spell with the wee team, Gerry Britton had been our outstanding player. Against Aberdeen, St. Yawnstone and the diving, cheating, Tynecastle poofs he had run defences ragged like a man possessed by demons while Andy Smith had plodded about like a man possessed by the urge to find a comfy sofa. In all three games, Britton had been taken

off 10 minutes from the end, as Paton delighted his opponents by removing Pars' most effective player.

This season, more than any other perhaps, has exposed Paton's confusing tactics. For a man who constantly bumbled about "battling qualities" and "we only know how to attack", his teams often played very defensively, and consequently suffered. The Old Firm games have been a constant and burning source of embarrassment as attack or defend we always seem to secure a gubbing in Glasgow while other teams snatch points or depart with some dignity. How many times in recent years have the Pars dominated a first half and grabbed a well-deserved lead against teams who look dead and buried. Then in the second half we defend, keep everyone behind the ball, and generally surrender the midfield and wait for the opponents to equalise. Suddenly, Paton wakes up and throws on the subs in the last few minutes.

It will be interesting to see if Dick Campbell will behave in a similar manner? The new-look Dunfermline that started against Partick Thistle had a strikingly familiar look. The under-performing French was on from the start, Huxford was still wasted in the right-back position and Greg Shields was in central defence. However, Smith was pushed up front and George Shaw was told to put crosses onto the big fella's head.

The question now is whether Dick can save the Pars from relegation? Normally, when half of a management team leaves, the promoted assistant generally does little better than his former master. Thus, retaining Campbell must be viewed as a short-term measure. However, if Dick does lead the Pars to survival, it would be difficult to justify removing him. Nevertheless, a whole telephone directory of possible replacements have been suggested - everyone from Mark Hateley to Graeme Robertson would appear keen to take the job.

Would a young, inexperienced manager be a good appointment? The examples of Jim Duffy, Willie Miller, Roy Aitken and Alex McLeish would suggest that it is a very bad idea. The wackiest suggestion for Bert's successor has to be Charlie Nicholas's insistence that Fat Useless Bastard Craig Robertson is the best man. According to the word-blind pundit, Robbo "remains a popular figure with the Fife fans". Hmmm...this will be the same Robbo that was booed on and off the park last season? The man who inspired a stream of expletives at the very appearance of his name on the team sheet. Robbo, who is currently working as an errand boy for an agent, revealed that he was hanging up his boots in December. In the same interview he also revealed that he'd refused to play for several minor teams and, despite retiring, still felt he could do a job for a premier team! The man's an arse, and the Pars are in a much safer position while he's watching his mum's paper shop in Cowdenbeath.

ARE YOU FAE KIRKODDIE?

Coming from Kirkcaldy is a debilitating social condition which, sadly, has no cure. However, the warning signs are easy to identify....

None of your family members have thumbs

You have an unnatural sexual interest in your sister

You think the film 1,000,000 Years B.C is a topical satire

When you celebrate with your mates you give each other High 4's

You like the smell of lino

You've never been to Stark's Park

When offered free plane tickets to Idaho you'd rather stay in Kirkcaldy

You think ice hockey is popular

You support your local team at Ibrox every week

If you're counting these points on your fingers, you'll only get to 8...

You get annoyed when people mispronounce Kirkoddie

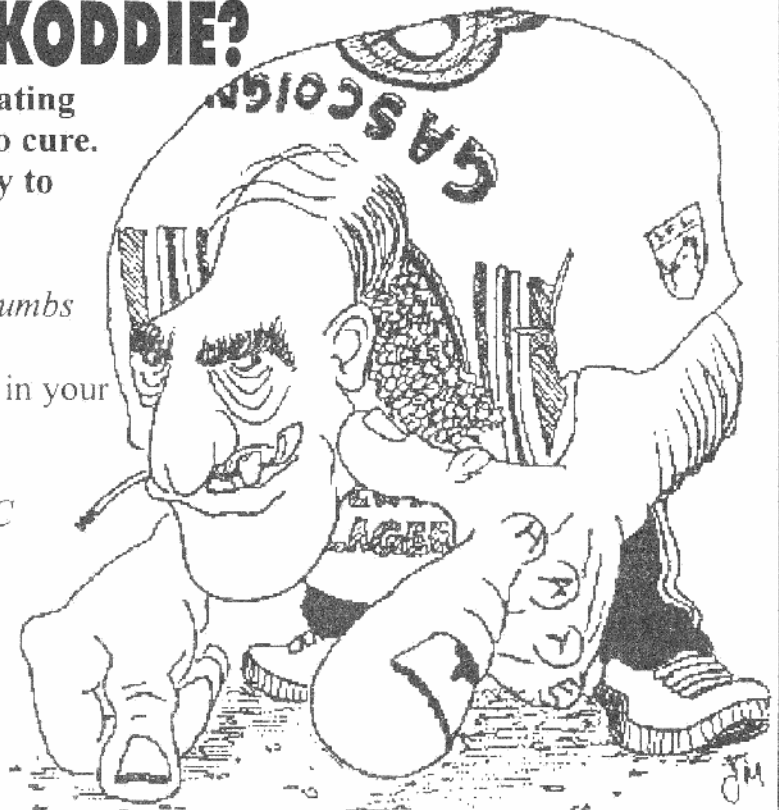
You've seen a UFO

Your job description includes the phrase "hunter-gatherer"

You don't find the nickname "Neanderthal" insulting

Your family isn't descended from chimps...you haven't got that far yet

Every summer your friends build a wicker man and burn an outsider to please your pagan Gods



Kirkcaldy man . . . please speak slowly

YOU'VE GOT TO LAUGH!

How do you make a Kirkcaldy man jealous?

Show him your thumbs

How do you give a Kirkcaldy girl an orgasm?

Let her sleep in her brothers bedroom...

How many Kirkcaldy men does it take to change a light bulb?

A lightbulb? In Kirkcaldy? Where would the electricity come from?

How do you confuse a Kirkcaldy man?

Ask why his mother and sister are the same woman.

GLORY DAYS

Dunfermline vs Meadowbank Th. 13th May 1989

It was the culmination of one of the hardest fought First Division Championships in years.

Athletic, the pre-season favourites had led since December, pursued by Airdrie, Clydebank and Falkirk. The Pars had enjoyed a magnificent season, including a 3-0 Hogmanay walloping of the Bairns at East End. Ross Jack and John Watson had formed a prolific partnership with 34 goals between them. In typical Pars fashion however, their form slumped towards the end of the season. In the penultimate league game, with a win over Clyde needed to secure the Championship, we slumped to a draw when Westie chose to walk into his goal with the ball in his hands!

Thus the championship would be decided on the last day. The telly cameras were there to witness the Pars achieve their anticipated return to the big time. A huge crowd of Pars fans filled both ends of the ground. If Dunfermline lost and the Sons of Satan beat Forfar the Bairns would steal the championship. The first half was a tense affair, with Dunfermline sitting deep and inviting pressure from a Meadowbank side who were clearly determined to spoil the party. The opening period offered little in the way of goalmouth action however, except for Sharpie crashing a shot off the Meadowbank bar. The only other decent moment of the first half came when Meadowbank's Steve Logan had a powerful free kick tipped over the bar by Westie. The Pars left the field at half time knowing that Falkirk were beating Forfar 1-0 at Station Park.

The second half began brightly as we anxiously concentrated our ears on the score at Forfar. After 55 minutes, Graeme Robertson picked up a loose ball on the right side of midfield, turned his man, and hit a viciously swerving shot from 25 yards which clipped the outside of the Meadowbank post. Moments later the blonde bomber launched another raid down the right wing and sent

over a cross-cum-shot which went just over.

But then disaster struck! Grant Tierney inexplicably played a loose ball across his own 18-yard line, well beyond big Norrie. Despite his efforts, Thistle's Gordon Scott collected the loose ball and charged towards goal. A fine covering tackle by Smudger saw the danger averted, but his clearance fell to Thistle in midfield. McCormack gathered the ball out wide and his pass down the wing found ex-Pars man Bobby Forrest. A diving header from Scott met his first time cross three yards out GOAL!

A shattering silence descended on East End Park as Pars faithful began to nervously contemplate failure. Moments later Radio Scotland announced that Forfar had equalised, so we had a chance! As the minutes crawled by, Robbo hit a speculative long ball towards the Meadowbank goal from deep inside his own half. The seemingly harmless punt ran through the legs of Wattie Boyd to John Watson, who, onside and with only the 'keeper to beat, steadied himself and nutmegged the keeper!.

The East End faithful went mad! But could we hold out? With only minutes to go, Meadowbank pushed on, looking for the goal to kill off our dream. However, time ran out for Meadowbank - the Pars were the First Division Champions! Leish and Iain Munro embraced in the dugout. The players celebrated on the park. The fans rejoiced in the sunshine on the terraces. As the cameras recorded each glorious detail Leishman danced across the ground with a huge inflatable champagne bottle, in between aeroplane impersonations and interviews. We had done it!!! And Falkirk had failed!

And the highlight of the day? Watching Bairns fans weeping on Sportscene later that night...

Team: Westwater, G. Robertson, R. Smith, McCathie, Tierney, Sharp, (M. Smith), Beedie, P. Smith, Jack, Watson, Irons. Sub not used: Gallagher
East End Bouncer

To a wee team...

Relegation's looming
Wolves are at the door
For our once great Rovers
It's full time for ever more.

We moan about Nichol
We say his team is cack
But who are we to judge?
We moaned till he came back!

He said he'd bring back glory
He would remove our rage
If only we would give him
Our highest ever wage

Chairman Kelly backed him
Supporters backed him too
But he wasn't the saviour
Who arrived in '92

He was a relic of the past
Of seasons in the sun
He couldn't do it twice
That thing that he had done

Our so-called league cup glory
Those two seasons with the crown
The dream to be Fife's best team
Was causing us to drown

We wasted cash on tired old crap
We now know we were lying
Now we're paying through the nose
To save our club from dying

We need to work our balls off
Or soon our club is dead
And the morale of this story?
Limited success shouldn't
go to your head!

Anon

WHO'S THE B*****D IN THE BLACK?

One of Scottish football's top referee's, the Grand Wizard of Kirkcaldy, John Rowbotham, was forced into making a humiliating apology to a local journalist just a few months ago.

The apology was not for another bizarre 90 minutes of blind loyalty to the forces of orange, however, but for an incident at a charity dinner in Fife. Rowbottom was one of the lucky winners in the raffle and his prize was a football signed by the entire Pars squad.

As he was handed the ball, onlookers were astonished when the bald whistler loudly exclaimed that he'd take great pleasure in "sticking a knife through it."

His fellow referees were unimpressed by the quip and the Kirkcaldy man was told, "in no uncertain terms" that he must make a full apology to the journalist who donated the ball, and had the good fortune to witness Rowbottom's outburst.



Well, look what happened to me!
I used to be a slug, but I got
reincarnated as an English wanker.

YOUNG PARS FOR THE COURSE?

One of the dubious pleasures of playing for Dunfermline is attending events involving the Young Pars when grown men are regularly humiliated by the rapier wit of knowledgeable 8 year-olds.

Hamish French suffered in October. A young fan asked if Hamish had ever missed a penalty.

The silver fox grinned and said no. The 8 year-old tormentor asked the question again. Three times the ageing striker insisted his record was perfect. Sensing the trap, the teeny terror moved in for the kill. "What about that penalty you missed at Kilmarnock last season?"

"Oh, aye..." Hamish replied sheepishly, "I forgot about

that."

But the young tormentor was not finished. "Have you ever been sent off?" another kid asked. Before Hamish could respond, the childlike special prosecutor intervened.

"NO! But Gavin Johnson has!" the boy exclaimed, pointing an accusing finger at the startled baldy man.

YOU'VE GOT TO LAUGH part 2

So the rumours were true? The wee team is going bust.

So what will the loyal Kirkcaldy folk do to avert such a "disaster". Apathy seems to be the primary course of action, although blaming Jimmy Nichol would appear to be a popular pastime. Ah, the fickle Kirkcaldie public - well at least, for obvious reasons, they can't be accused of just twiddling their thumbs...

Last season when Falkirk and Partick Thistle faced oblivion the clubs were saved by the efforts of their supporters, who stood by their clubs while the directors looked for someone else to blame: the old firm, the superleague, pixies, squirrels, certainly not financial incompetence!

If recent history is anything to go by the fickle Kirkcaldy followers will stand back and watch the club die, idly whinging to passers-by how unfair it all is. After all those years of success; that afternoon in 94 when they lifted Scotland's less-prestigious national trophy because one of the best players of his generation happened to miss a penalty. And who can forget that that

++ Wee team talk ++ Wee team talk ++ Wee team talk ++

Who would be a wee team fan?

In September the club announced that they would be copying the Stadium of Light in Lisbon by beginning a Stark's Park wall of fame. For a mere £15 wee team fans could have their names etched on a tile for eternity and help the clubs' funds. "Fifteen pounds!" the diehards screamed, "it's daylight robbery!"

In their desperate attempts to avoid bankruptcy, wee team directors have announced a series of adventurous measures to tempt the fickle Kirkcaldie public into the curious habit of supporting their local team. As a result, attendance figures for the Fife Flyers have rocketed.

evening (well, 22 minutes), erm, whenever, in Germany when the wee team went on to not win that memorable match against Bayern Munich?

Rovers fans probably won't remember Frank Connor, as none of their glory hunters would have gone near the San Shitto when he was in charge. But he built the team that Jimmy Nichol inherited. They were quite happy with Nichol then, but now the prodigal son has returned and inherited Jimmy Thomson's and Ian Munro's team, they have decided he's pish and should resign!

In November Dunfermline, bottom of the premier league, halved their gate prices for the live TV game v Dundee Utd and the game was a sell-out. The wee team slashed their prices the following week and boosted the attendance to nearly 1,900!

Since Kirkcaldy is the only town in Scotland where football is a minority sport, behind ice hockey and rugby, it's probably only a matter of time before the Fife Flyers are again the chosen heroes for Georgie Munro's obsessive followers.

By November, with the situation desperate, wee teamies could pay £1000 for a season ticket for life, or as long as the club survived...this offer was made to the same people who whinged about paying £15 for a tile to help the club!

Now, as the grim reaper hovers, the club have asked season ticket holders to pay admission to all games and, when the wee team cut gate prices to boost their pitiful support, they also operate a "True fans" gate where the true diehards can pay the full admission price! Suffice to say, it is probably quite likely that the wee team will be the only club to slash gate prices and subsequently make a loss.

AND QUITE

RIGHTLY SO



As Bert Paton makes his exit leaving-wise from the Pars, and more, it is sad for me to say, for myself, personally, that my days, too, as a valued contributor word-wise to this pishy wee fanzine are over, big time.

I'm not bitter about this as my outspoken views what I have unhesitatingly feared to outspoken with my mouth are mine, and mine alone. And I have no problem with that.

Sadly, Sammy Lives, or whatever, disagreed with my shameless lobbying for DAFC to appoint haste-wise my golf pal, Craig Robertson, to the East End managers'ses chair forthwith. But I stand by that what I said before in the past with hindsight, and their suggestion that I spaked pish was utter falsitude.

I, for me, myself, has single-handedly dragged the journalistic qualities of this fanzine into the realms of impossibility, and without me it'll indefinitely get much more worser.

But I say what I say when I see with my eyes what is before me, or not. And quite rightly so. So stick yer fanzine up yer arse!

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:

SAMMYLIVES@YAHOO.COM
(If YOU HAVEN'T GOT A MODEM
JUST SHOUT REALLY LOUDLY)

Deidrie's Photo Casebook

COPING WITH LOSS

Ug cares!
Me feel bad

WEE TEAM
DOOMED!
NOBODY
CARES
FIFE WEE
PRESS



Wee team doomed.
Me sad.

So fucking
what?



Dear Ug

It's always sad when a pish wee club goes to the wall. But try to keep things in perspective: you can still fill your life with a love of lino and ice hockey. I'd offer you a thumbs-up gesture, but obviously that would confuse you.

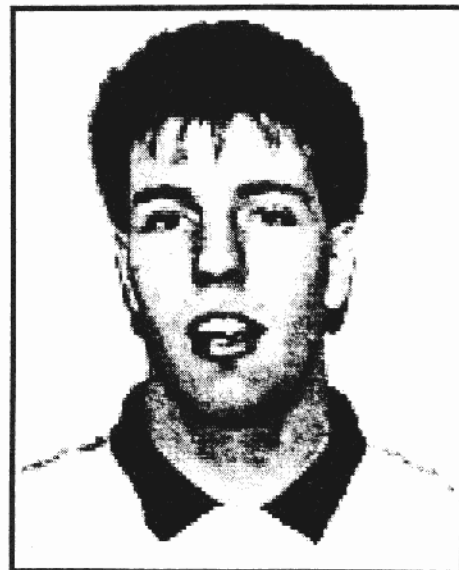
Tough shit,

Deidrie

Sammy's Heroes IAN HEDDLE

Ian Heddle was Jim Leishman's first signing in October 1983, and his left foot volley against Aberdeen in 1985 won the Centenary Challenge Cup for Dunfermline.

A lifelong Pars fan, Ian *officially* made his debut in a Scottish Cup tie against Forfar on January 9th 1984. Ian's 5 goals in season 1985-86 from 30 appearances earned him a Second Division championship medal. In the following season he joined St. Johnstone and contributed to the Perth club's return to the Premier League in following seasons. He currently plays for Kelty Hearts.



How did you come to sign for Dunfermline?

At the age of 19, after one reserve game against Falkirk, I became Jim Leishman's first signing. He had recently been appointed as manager.

Against whom did you make your debut?

New Year's Day match against Cowdenbeath. The match was abandoned at half-time.

Which opponents did you fear or respect the most?

Generally, I didn't fear anyone, but good pros deserve any respect.

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

All senior experienced pros were helpful. Norrie McCathie and Ziggy Bowie were a right pair, but for me John Jobson the coach gave me the confidence to go further in football.

Any amusing stories from your time at East End?

All stories, funny or serious, involved McCathie, Watson or Bowie. Then McCall came along. One story in particular springs to mind: Bowie always had bad skin (acne). They used to jump him and squeeze his plukes! It had everybody in stitches.

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

The decision to move to St. Johnstone was entirely mine. I believe Jim Leishman didn't

want me to go, but it was a new challenge for me.

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

Basically, the beginning, with a little success. Winning the Division 2 championship, the Aberdeen centenary game, and the period when Dunfermline were pushing to go full-time.

What is your most treasured memory of playing for Dunfermline?

Being from the town, signing for your home team is special for anybody, but it has to be the Aberdeen game and scoring the winning goal in front of so many great names from the past.

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

Unfortunately, no more dreams to fulfil, however, looking back I wish I had gone full-time when I had the chance. Still, having won divisions 1, 2 and 3 medals, not many part-time players get to be so fortunate.

Which opposing team did the players take the greatest pleasure from defeating during your time at the club? And why?

Playing in division 2 derby games were always hard and physical - Raith Rovers, Cowdenbeath, east Fife - you were always trying to show who was the No. 1 team in Fife!

Sammy Lives...would like to thank Ian for his admirable patience. The idiot of an editor lost his questionnaire and Ian kindly rushed this to us in time for publication.

IT'S MY BALL - AND YOU'RE NOT PLAYING!!!

The wee team's official website (www.raithrovers.com) has a reassuring tendency to threaten to disappear up it's own pompous arse on a regular occasion and has finally achieved such an adventurous contortion.

After dismissing rumours of financial doom until VERY recently, the purveyors of pish on this humourless website have now accidentally stumbled across something funny. Typically, they failed to recognise it.

Sammy Lives has a curious relationship with the Rovers page. Our shameless taunting as the Rovers went down prompted the site's over-zealous master to make the site's opinion sections accessible by password only. Now their obsessive security has been breached! By one of their own kind!

The site recently began (absurd as it may seem) a player of the year vote. The webmaster was subsequently apoplectic when he discovered that some people were not taking it seriously and were "continuously posting stupid votes for people who were not playing...therefore making the whole thing a mockery."

Not content with merely whinging, the webmaster decided to hunt down the "moron" in question. Hilariously, it turned out to be Rovers player Steve Tosh, who posted 30 votes for himself as man of the match against Falkirk, plus seven votes for himself as a "sexy bloke".

Wee team fans huffed and puffed in outrage at this abuse of their sad internet pish. He was, they screamed, "a loser", "the worst Rovers player ever" - which is naturally a fierce competition - and they lambasted his "childish humour".

All will be sorted this week as the webmaster, Kenny Scott, is going to report Tosh to the chairman! (He'll probably get the belt, eh!) The interesting part of that discussion will obviously be explaining what the internet is to their elderly Hibs-loving Chairman.

REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL?

The wee team have revealed another desperate attempt to stave off bankruptcy by their overpaid and underperforming management team finally agreeing to a pay cut. Strangely, when Falkirk was suddenly plunged into financial catastrophe last season, one of the first actions by the players was a voluntary pay cut and a reduction in bonus payments to help the club.

Days before Paul Hartley was finally sold, the wee team faced an Inland Revenue bill which would have closed them down. And yet, it has taken almost three months before Nichol and his players have finally decided to think about the club's future. Paul Hartley, after all, would have happily sat in Kirkcaldy until his contract ended in June, when he would be able to get the transfer fee all to himself.

If the players themselves barely give a toss about the dying Kirkcaldie club, it can't have much of a future at all?

SFA PRICKS!

What is it about Pars coaches that seems to attract dugout bans from the SFA? Within days of being appointed as Dick's assistant, John McVeigh was given his very own dugout ban! Worse still, the punishment was for an incident which occurred at an under-21 game!

The last time Paton was given a dugout ban it was as a result of him arguing with a linesman who, as witnessing fans will testify, was an incompetent moron. He also had the temerity to criticise a referee who wouldn't stop a game to allow a player to be treated. On the same day that Paton was given a six month ban, Paulo Di Canio, Ian Ferguson and Walter Smith were given a slap on the wrist for nearly inciting a riot as Rangers clinched 9 in a row at Parkhead.

Sadly, the SFA has a long record of hypocritical judgements. When Souness was at Rangers he played an unregistered player, Bonni Ginzburg, in a Scottish Cup tie. Rangers were fined £1000 for the infringement while, in the same season, Cowdenbeath and Forfar had points deducted for the same offence. Justice for all is not the SFA's motto.

LOADSA MONEY

The directors have given the Pars squad a nice little incentive to do well in the Scottish Cup as the Pars players are supposedly offered a bonus of £4000 a man to reach the next round. Shame they're playing Celtic, really...

HERO OF THE REVOLUTION

In 1986 a frustrated Pars fan became an instant all-time cult hero when he thumped referee Louis Thow after a bad tempered match at Stenhousemuir. The man in black earned his kicking with style and few, except the local constabulary, lifted a finger to defend him.

The club insisted at the time that this "thug" had no place at Dunfermline and the miscreant was banned from East End for life...

Imagine the irony then when a few years later that same misguided hero was toasted as a "Super Fan" by the club for his sterling long distance support! The fan in question, now older and wiser, regularly travelled from his home somewhere in Europe to support the Pars.

The man was even featured in the match programme, praised as an example to other fans. Fortunately, there's no shortage of referees who need a kicking...

A LOYAL TRUE BLUE RANGERS FANZINE

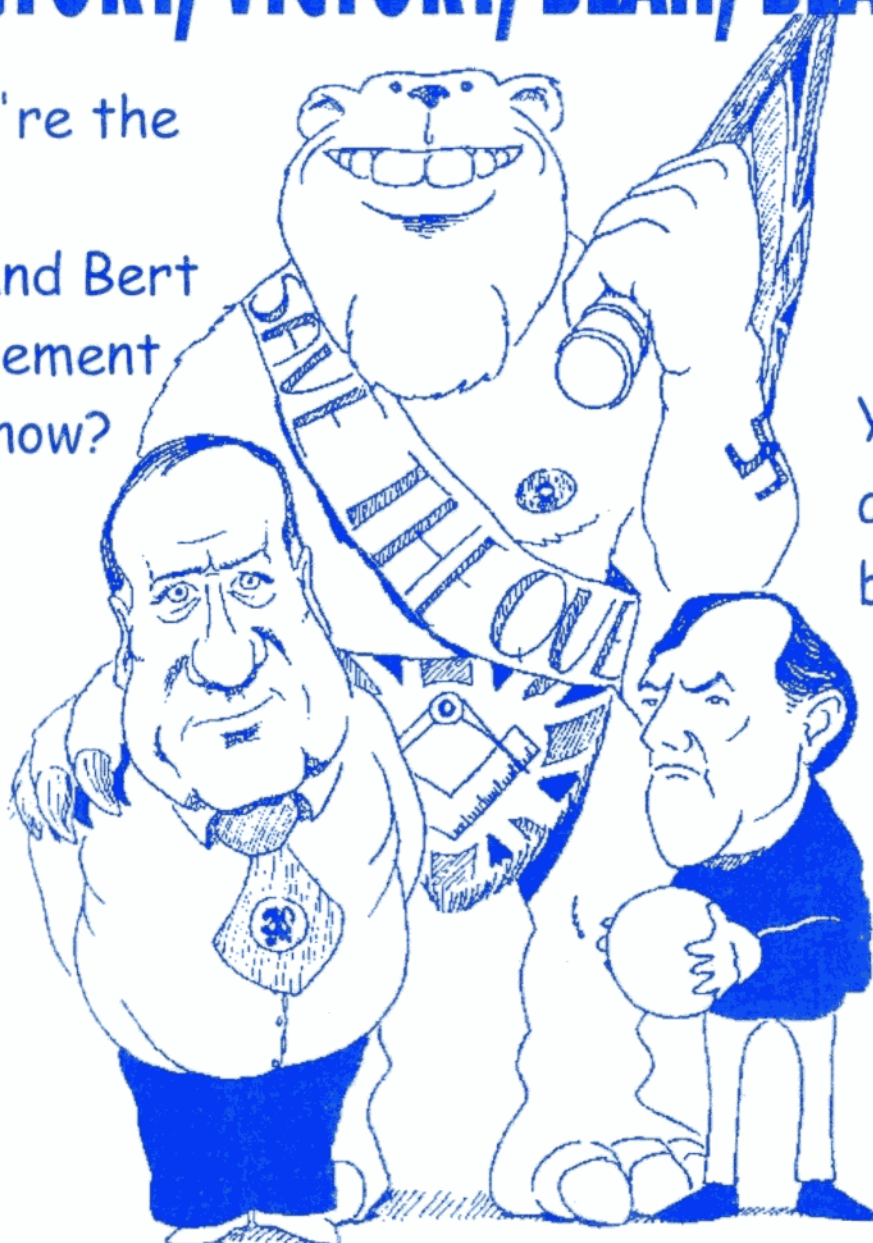
Broxi Lives

with
Dick and Bert

February, 1999

**TRIUMPH, TRIUMPH, TROPHY, TROPHY,
VICTORY, VICTORY, BLAH, BLAH, ETC...**

So we're the
ONLY
Dick and Bert
management
team now?



Ya, but you were
always the
biggest dick!

£16.90p

JM.