

# Dunfermline Mecca Salt Lake City WALKING DOWN THE HALBEATH ROAD

Issue 4

*' and Lo a  
Prophet came from  
the East, and he sayeth  
Fear not Pars Fans for  
I will lead you to the  
Promised Land. Ye,  
' The Premier League '*



## *Inside*

*The Gospel According to Moyes  
Reserve Team - Going for the Last Supper  
Down Memory Lane  
Fife Cup - In Search of the Holy Grail  
Hibbys - No More  
HALL OF SHAME No.4 George Young  
Gossip Scandal Psalms Hymns*

**50p**

## **SPECIAL MESSIAH ISSUE**

## FROM THE MOSQUE

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The opinions expressed in this publication  
Are not necessarily those of the publisher.

Welcome to issue 4 of the fanzine with the very long name, and welcome also to a brand new season, where anything can and probably will happen. After the traumas of last season many fans will have used the interval to take quiet holidays and to meditate over the coming season and the prospect of a very speedy return to the Premier League, where The Pars undoubtedly deserve to play. Last year we got things a little wrong and its really best put down to experience, and forgotten about as there are surely better things to come.

The fact that we have remained full-time and to date, we have kept the best players will I think stand us in good stead to be celebrating promotion at the same time as Hogmanay. The nucleus for a truly great Dunfermline side in a few years time is already there in the Youth Team and the reserve team, add to this the vast experience of Holt and Beedie and the superb skills of messers Smith, Callaghan and the other teams are going to be playing for nothing after Xmas. However it will be difficult and the fans will be asked to play the same role as they have played in the past few years, and turn up in great numbers to support - not to slag as was seen all too often last year, by the ones who came out of the woodwork sporting new scarves.

Once again a lot of parents are digging into their pockets to buy the new team strip. Why not give discounts to Club Members or at least keep this strip for a few seasons.

Sorry about the price increase but you will have noticed a change in format and quality, this will be the norm for this season and there will be no more price rises. Enjoy the Fife Cup this weekend and keep writing in the articles, photos and suggestions.

Up the Pars

Sandy.



This burger bar is in Liverpool, must be Dunfermline's attempt to copy Rangers diversification into other markets.

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Thanks to: Scramble Graphics, Kate, Mary, Napier Students Union, all those who bought the first 3 issues, and not least Eire, Holland and USSR for making the summer all that better.

Inspiration: Old Grandad Kentucky Bourbon and Courtney Pine.

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**And of course before and during home and away games except for Bordeaux .....**

# FIFE CUP

## -In Search of the Holy Grail



THE EAST FIFE TEAM WATCH  
NORRIE LIFT THE FIFE CUP

We're still the Kings of Fife, is more often than not sung after a win in the Fife Cup Final, or in recent years when we haven't won this illustrious trophy, it has been sung after a victory over one of our Fife rivals in a league match. A Fife derby is to me a true derby, trailing up to Dundee on New Years Day can hardly be described as a local derby. Therefore the Fife Cup provides what the eternal snakes and ladders of league football cannot do; that is give all four teams a chance to knock hell out of each other.

In previous seasons the Fife Cup has always been the only piece of silverware that we had any hope of winning, then came the last two brilliant seasons climaxing in promotion to the Premier League. However the attitude of the competing teams and their supporters has always been rather less than enthusiastic, crowds rarely breaking the 2000 barrier, even for a final and some very unexpected not to say dodgy results. To many fans of the four senior teams, it ranks alongside those pre-season friendlies as games which promise much but deliver little more than an embarrassing defeat from an English 4th Div team up here on holiday.

It's a problem which similar tournaments all over the country suffer, The CITY shield, Renfrewshire Cup, Tayside Cup etc., the exception being the Glasgow Cup which is taken seriously because it has the sectarian theme running through it. In these comps' teams take part in a tournament founded on entirely different principles from today's game. In its early years, the Fife Cup was played to decide a regional champion and also as compensation for early exits from national competitions. With all the matches being local derbies, large crowds were expected and the teams involved had very little in the way of travelling expenses. The sixties and seventies saw the Fife clubs also complete in the Penman Cup, The Summer Cup and laterly The Dryborough Cup and the Texaco Cup. The net response to all these cups was that the fans voted with their feet, being a little sick of seeing the same teams four or five times a season, just like the Premier League.

Eventually the Fife Cup alone remained and over the years it has suffered from various attempts to revitalise the qualifying stages, almost as often as the SFA have altered the League Cup. With only five teams involved, two teams take a bye into one of the semi-finals and the other three fight it out to see who gets into the other semi. Why the organisers cannot bring in a second non-league team to join the mighty Shipyard defeats reason, there must surely be another team in Fife willing to do battle with the four senior teams? We've gone from straight Knock-out games to 2 leg affairs and back to knock-out before reaching its present formula of a one weekend competition at one of the senior teams grounds, this year being the turn of East End to host the games. Of all these systems the present one is the best if only to get the bloody thing out of the way before the real football starts.

In order to enlighten those readers who have had the good fortune not to see on of these weekend spectaculars, two semi-finals are held on the Saturday, both in the afternoon, leaving the final to the Sunday. Last years finals at Central Park Cowdenbeath were quaint, say the least; apart from the fact that half the ground is closed off for being dangerous, the programme consisted of a sheet of paper (duplicated not photocopied) folded over with the bare facts (the team lists and little else) hand written. Most of the fans arrived for the Dunfermline v Raith Rovers semi halfway through a thrilling encounter between Cowdenbeath and Burntisland Shipyard, which Cowden narrowly won 3-2, the Pars then lost rather deliberately to Raith Rovers on penalties and Cowden won the final the next day beating Raith 4-1, before three men and two racing pigeons.

# Fife Cup

As you can see, league placings are no guide to form in the Fife Cup, invariably the results depend upon who the teams are playing the next week when the league starts, and who can be arsed coming back on the Sunday (therefore missing out on a bevvvy on Sat night). Much of the apathy surrounding the cup in past years was due to fixture pile ups in the winter, which has resulted in two finals being played a matter of months or weeks apart on more than one occasion. The introduction of penalty shoot-outs, made me think very seriously of suicide as another game with East Fife stuttered to a goal less draw.

Perhaps the most interesting period in the Cup's history as far as the Pars are concerned was during the team's halycon days in the sixties, it gives a good idea of how the teams performances in national and international competition affected the less important trophies. Up till 1964 the Penman Cup was still played for, adding some of the teams from Stirlingshire and Alloa to the Fife teams, after that the ill-fated Summer Cup appeared and the Pars finished in the East section along with Hibs, Hearts and Falkirk. The following tables represent Pars results against the Fife teams in the Fife Cup and the Penman Cup

RAITH ROVERS	YEAR	COMPETITION	ROUND	VENUE	SCORE	CROWD
	58-59	Penman Cup	Semi	H	1-1	2,541
				A	2-8 (bloody hell)	
	59-60	Penman Cup	Semi	H	4-0 (more like it)	4,100
	59-60	Fife Cup	Final	H	1-1	2,276
				A	1-1	
	60-61	Fife Cup	Final	A	1-3	
				H	4-0	4,050 *
	62-63	Penman Cup	Semi	A	1-3	
	63-64	Fife Cup	Semi	H	3-2	
	65-66	Fife Cup	Final	A	5-1	
				H	4-3	
	66-67	Fife Cup	Final	H	4-5(aet)	
	70-71	Fife Cup	Semi	H	4-1	1,880
COWDENBEATH	59-60	Fife Cup	Semi	H	2-1	1,714
	62-63	Fife Cup	Semi	H	2-2	3,498
			Replay	A	2-1	1,742
	65-66	Fife Cup	Semi	H	2-1	
	69-70	Fife Cup	Final	A	1-0	
				H	0-0	3,009
	70-71	Fife Cup	Final	H	0-1	3,560
East Fife	58-59	Fife Cup	Final	H	2-3	1,197
				A	5-3	
	60-61	Fife Cup	Semi	A	2-0	
	61-62	Fife Cup	Semi	A	0-3	
	62-63	Fife Cup	Final	H	4-1	1,562
	63-64	Fife Cup	Final	A	1-1	
				H	4-0	
	64-65	Fife Cup	Semi	H	5-2	
	69-70	Fife Cup	Semi	H	3-1	
BURNTISLAND						
SHIPYARD	<del>62-63</del>	Fife Cup	1st	H	13-1	
	64-65	Fife Cup	1st	H	8-1	
	65-66	Fife Cup	1st	H	11-1	
	70-71	Fife Cup	1st	H	12-0	1,338

The two focal points here are the number of goals scored, and the poor crowds even then when we had the best decade of our history. Apart from taking 45 goals off the unfortunate Shipyard, regular thrashings of the other teams, kept them in their place but the least said about the 2-8 defeat by the Rovers the better. I can remember being at a mid-seventies clash of the Pars and the Shipyard, the one we won 12-0 and also remember being quite bored after we were up 6-0 and really hoped that the fog would get the game abandoned. Later I watched a repeat of the clash with the Pars winning 2-0, hardly emphatic

# Fife Cup

The future of the cup depends on this weekends clash at East End, if the four senior teams continue to treat it as a warmup to the coming season, then make it free entry and add a sixth team, making three teams in each section playing half hour games and the two top teams play each other in a full length final. Or go completely loopy and make it eight teams to include Fife's best junior sides (or would that be too embarrassing for the seniors), whatever the solution it will have to be found quickly because at the moment it's a complete waste of time.

Already this season the SFA have hinted at a new national cup competition, for teams outside the Premier League, presumably based on the highly succesful and entertaining Freight Rover Trophy in England. Teams in the lower divisions should be very sceptical of any such move for a number of reasons, which I'm sure are behind this unparalleled move by Mr Walker and co..

It is undoubtably a move to compensate the teams left behind in the race for promotion to the 1st and Premier Leagues (as has happened in the past few years), even more so in the 1st, with only one team being promoted, and could also be the first stage in the long expected removal of automatic promotion to the Premier league. Also the chances of any television coverage and the final being played at Hampden (more likely Bayview) are as good as Malcolm Rifkin offering to pay everyone's Poll Tax (by the way - don't pay). No the only way that the clubs should accept it is if ;

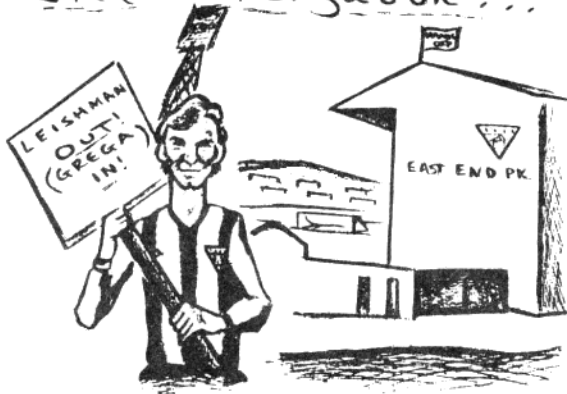
The final is played at Hampden  
 Television coverage is guaranteed, as is sponsorship  
 Later it could become a qualifier for an extra Premier league place  
 Ernie Walker does not make the draw.

The SFA should think very carefully about introducing any more cups, remembering such calamities in the past as the Dryborough Cup and the Texaco Cup, not to mention the Anglo Scottish Cup, and think more about the shambles they've created in Scotland for teams outside the Premier League. If people think that things have changed for the better in the Scottish game, then they're wrong, nothings changed, it's still the same names on cups and at tops' of leagues. SFA, kindly extract your head from your backside and waken up to the real needs of the game not continuous pampering of the Old Firm.

Sir Lancelot.

THANKS TO EUAN STALKER OF KIRKCALDY FOR THE CARTOONS

Eric Ferguson...



One Year on...

The Further Adventures of Ian McCall



... the man  
 Souness and  
 Leishman  
 could not  
 afford!



(But How about a First Team appearance?)

DON'T MENTION THE SCOTTISH CUP!  
 BY MARK SMITH  
 I HATE

J. BARTRAM WOZ 'ERE!  
 (NO I WASN'T!)

# HIBBY'S NO MORE



THREE PRIZE PLONKERS

(lft to right) Adair,Dunn,Ross

Only one thing could have been worse than the Pars being relegated at the end of last season-Hibs could have come down with us.No I'm not a closet Hibby-I'm just sick of the sight of the buggers and looking forward to a season without a visit to the depressing,cheerless hole they call home.

Let's face it,any team which boasts the Froclaimers and Fish of Marillion,as fans is bound to be on a sticky wicket(appropriately enough fish's real name is Derek Dick)

Pars fans have more reason than most to be glad to be rid of Hibs (and I don't mean because they introduced another so called fan,that prat Derek Jameson,to the crowd before a fixture with Dunfermline last season).Our record at Easter Road is a disgrace,a win being about as rare as an Old Firm cup semi-final programme.The Pars last won there on December 21st 1961,since then a further 23 league and cup matches have been played there with the Pars only managing the odd draw.Being knocked out of the cup five times in twelve years by Hibs is no joke either.It seems that the only way to avoid them is to petition Ernie Walker or to lose to East Fife in the Skol Cup(although I think I'd prefer a visit to Easter Road)

Last year,after playing reasonably well in the last two cup matches ,Pars fans had high hopes of ending the barren run but a humiliating 20 minute massacre soon put paid to that.We didn't fare much better on our second visit there,losing 2-0 in what was probably the worst game of the season(along with the worst pies of the Premier League,the East End variety coming a close second)

It isn't just on the pitch that Hibs continually runrings around us -look at the transfer dealings between the two clubs.After stealing Alec Edwards for a pathetic £13,000 in 1971,they then showed their gratitude by using East End as a dumping ground for some of the biggest duffers we've seen in recent years.

The Hibby management had obviously decided to destroy Dunfermline once and for all and found an ideal accomplice in George Miller(the man who tried to sign Pele for £25 per week).He signed Dennis Nelson (1972),Kenny Davidson(1974) and Gerry Adair (1975) from the Hibbies but between them they managed about four seasons with the Pars.Davidson and Adair went to Meadowbank while Nelson took the money laden path south but sadly for him the path stopped at Crewe Alexandria.

Harry Melrose was the next manager and did a great piece of work by signing Hugh Whyte.Howvere he also signed another two failed reserves,Lawrie Dunn and Brian Ross.Despite the fact that the Pars team of that time was crap and any duffer could have beena star,these two failed to make it and headed for our own dumping ground ,Meadowbank Thistle.

During Melrose's illness in 1978,Pat Stanton was offered a job as deputy to the Pars boss but chose instead to go to Aberdeen as assistant manager.The former Hibs great(surely a contradiction)would have done us all a favour by staying there but sadly after this the Pars appointed him manager. Stanton then made another ex-Hibby (George Stewart) coach and decided that we would benefit by having a few more Hibbys in the team.He bought Jim Brown, Terry Wilson and Hugh "Handbag" Hammil,at a cost of £20,000,when the club were skint.

## Hibbys - No More

Although Brown's best days were past him, Stanton thought he could do a job for the Pars and made him captain. Tragically, we never saw that much of him before he was brutally assaulted by John Pelosi and was forced to quit the game. Pelosi who now plays for Queen of the South hasn't changed over the years and it would be best if Mark Smith wore American Football padding when we come up against our old enemies.

Wilson left to play in New Zealand, returned to play for Hamilton and the Pars resigned him in Feb '83. He showed that he was still a Hibby at heart by being sent off against Hearts at the tail end of season 83 (his last game for us)

Handbag Hammil lasted two seasons before he was handed a free transfer a total waste of £11,000 and surely destined for Hall of Shame. (eds note: you bet)

In September '82 Stanton pissed off to Easter Road to spend the money he'd given them as Pars boss taking his chum Stewart with him. The free transfer of Kenny Thomson made Stanton extremely unpopular with Pars fans, who've seen Thomson continue to play well with Alloa and laterly ST. Johnstone. He's still a far better player than some of the duffers we've had to put up with over the past few years.

After this, Forsyth took over and although he wasn't there long, he still found time to waste £6,000 on another Hibs reject in the form of Derek Rodier. During Forsyth's reign, Dunfermline were relegated - hardly surprising as during some of the matches we had four ex-Hibbies on the park (e.g. in a 0-4 home defeat by Airdrie we had Whyte, Wilson, Hammil and Rodier all playing).

There may only be one Jim Leishman but like other managers he's fond of Hibs castoffs. One of the worst ever castoffs we've signed was surely Willie Irvine, possibly the biggest waste of £15,000 in Dunfermline's history. Imagine spending that amount on a man who didn't even know what offside was. Some of his reserve team performances were woeful in the extreme and had to be seen to be believed. ON the plus side, Stuart Beedie was a great acquisition and stands with Doc Whyte as the only two decent players we've got from Hibs. He had a tremendous season last year and hopefully will be as influential in the coming season.

While the supporters were looking for a coach with a wealth of Premier experience, to guide us through a difficult season, Leish decided that the man for the job would be ex-Hibby Iain Munro. This man showed a distinct lack of ambition and personal pride when he once stated that his biggest thrill in football was signing for Hibs (he also displayed a stunning loss of grip on reality when he added that his ambition in football was to be part of a Hibs league winning side).

It seems likely that Munro could have influenced Leish over his next signing for the Pars from the Hibs second XI, Bobby Smith was signed on a free transfer and promptly showed us all that experience doesn't make you run faster or tackle harder. The fans were disgusted that this passenger kept out Andy Williamson all season. I'd like to say what a great part Smith played in our battle to avoid the drop but my imagination doesn't stretch that far.

If the Pars want promotion back to the Premier League, they'll have to ignore any possible bargains from Easter Road. The thought of Alan Sneddon or Andy Watson (God forbid) in a Pars shirt fills me with dread. At least Dunfermline are in a position to reject any bids from Hibs for our star players at ridiculous prices. To make amends for years of mistreatment the clubs could arrange a swap Hibs take McKellar, B. Smith and Jack off our hands and we'll take one of their players, now what's John Collin's phone number?.

BALL BOY

HEY NORRIE, GONNAE GET THAT BASTARD  
PELOSI FOR ME THIS SEASON?



# The Gospel According To Moyes



DAVIE MOYES LIVE AT THE CROSS KEYS, TRANENT

(What follows is an interview with Davie Moyes, his wife Diane and a friend, Ross who pop up at regular intervals to add the bits that Davie has forgotten or in some cases the bits he's meant to leave out. Towards the end of the evening, the tape becomes a little harder to transcribe, something to do with the endless pints that were sipped. Thanks to all three for the interview and good-luck to Davie and Diane from Moyes Boys everywhere.)

Abbreviations  
Da-Davie  
Di-Diane  
R- Ross  
WD- Us

- WD "What's it like playing for Berwick in comparison to the side that won the 2nd Division in 1979?"
- Da "The results speak for themselves really, we didn't do very much, I enjoyed the season but there's too many <sup>60</sup>triers there for my liking. The reasons for the slide are mostly financial but the first team that's there now wouldn't have got a game in the reserves back in '79. It's been a gradual decline. The guy who's bought over the club will have to do something quick, it's only a month to the end of the season and nothing's been done. He may have been ready to pay £50,000 for the club but it all depends on how much he's got to put in that matters, that's the difference between him and Mel Rennie.
- WD "Looking forward to the friendly with Dunfermline on July 30th?"
- Da "I'll no be playing in that, naw ma boots will be getting two six inch nails through them shortly. I'm disgusted with what's going on at Berwick player wise. I'm working away from home so I wouldn't be playing the rest of the season so it wouldn't be fair just to play that one game. They (Berwick players) should be doing more work or at least the same as me, they think it's a joke playing for Berwick, it's never been a joke for me but I don't think I'll be playing again. I've enjoyed what I've got out of the game, my two lassies will be getting my Championship medals when they get married, there's a lot better than me have got nothing out of the game I've been lucky".
- Di "When I was winchin' Davie, I went down to see him playing for Berwick, I was just a young lassie and there were all these folk there waiting for his autograph, they al had on these big badges with his face on them, I couldn't believe it".
- Da "Aye but what was written on those badges though, Davie Moyes Bites Legs..."
- Di "You'll have to mention the Cross Keys, when any of the boys came out, from any team, they always end up in the Keys, then back to the house for sandwiches. I went down to see Davie at Berwick playing against Hibs in a Cup-tie, George Best was playing that day as well. There was a big crowd there from Tranent to watch Davie and Pogo Smith. We were all shouting for them when this woman in front turned round and started shouting and screaming that she'd seen Davie and Pogo lying steamin' drunk in the Keys on the Friday night. They'd been at Berwick all the time. Eventually her husband slapped her face and took her out of the stand. I thought we were going to have a fight. The lads here slag him a bit about Berwick but it doesn't bother him."



R "Everyone here's got Berwick as a banker defeat on their coupon".

WD "Can you tell us about how you signed for Dunfermline-?".

Da "Aye,I was working at the Forth Bridges,Leish had phoned Diane in the afternoon and I was just laying the bricks when Terry Christie ,the wee ragepot manager of Meadowbank came in saying there's a club wanting to sign you.I thought oh Tranent,Preston but he said Dunfermline.I didn't want to go as there was only seven games left of the season and I was bound to be getting a free from M'bank and I didn't want to give them money after the way I'd been treated there.So Leish came over and I signed after discussing terms and he asked me to play against East Stirling that night.I said naw I cannae play I've no had ma tea yet.When we got to East End he said give that boy a sandwich and a cup of tea, we won 2-0 that night.

WD "Any characters at East End?"

Da "Oh aye,there was a big boy used to stand behind Leish's dugout at every game, used to slag non-stop from start to finish,every game.Then in the East Stirling game when we won promotion,he was the first on the Park with his daughter kissin' everyone,that's Dunfermline to a tee.If you haven't got a strong character,the abuse can really get to you.I've seen some of the young laddies greetin' about it. Dunfermline supporters are great but if you can't take both sides of them,it can affect your play.Ian Heddle and Rowan Hamilton took a lot of stick,they were both young laddies who would have come on eventually but the crowd got to them and they moved away from the club.I've been up against them a few times and they're doing really well.

WD "Did you enjoy the Championship season with Dunfermline and the two goals you got".

Da "It was great being part of that team,the boys in the limelight,Watson and McCathie did really well,wee Gary helped a lot at the back but it was really a team effort. Towards the end of the season it was the midfield and the back that got us through. We'd been dropped but he brought us back to tighten up the back and we did the job, being first to every ball counted.

I got the first goal against St.Johnstone,that was an important one,a cross from wee Ziggy and I headed it in low down,I was just as shocked as the Fans,I've only scored 15 goals in 15 years.The Berwick one was the most enjoyable though,Ian Campbell cut it back across the box and I just hit it low and hard into the corner.I'd been at Berwick 9 years,waiting on a testimonial and they gave me a shock free,so I really rubbed it in that day2.

DW "Any friends at East End Park?".

Da "Oh aye lots but two who stick out were Joe Nelson and wee Sandy the boot man,great boys who never get mentioned.One night after the last game of '05-'06,we had a wee celebration for winning the league,Joe had a mini-bus to take the players home.He took me and Ziggy from Dunfermline to Tranent at 5 in the morning,we got Diane out of her bed and she made us some sandwiches and then Joe drove home,that's what the game's all about.

At the player of the year awards that season Norrie had won so many trophies that he gave one to old Sandy the boot man,that was a great gesture,the old boy was so pleased he was almost greetin'

DW "Remember the night we won the league at Stenhousemuir?"

Da "Aye that was some night,I was given this miniature of "Glen Moyes" whisky by this guy,love still got it in the cabinet in the house,a great souviner(Ross Alan take a bow)

WD "The Moyes Tackle is well known,would you say you were a hard player?".

Da "Aw aye they cannae pass.I wasn't dirty,it's in the blood man,it comes natural.I've been very unlucky with referees.I've got my cards marked,refs call me Mr Moyes which is not right,they prejudge,some of the older ones you've known for years will let you away with a little then hit you.If it's a 50-50 ball I'll go for it,otherwise the other guy will get it.

DW "What about being sent off against Hibs in the cup match?".

Da "I thought the first tackle was a wee bit high but it wasn't justified on the second one.I felt we could have won that day and so did the fans,that's what upset them so much they knew it as well.They love you for your style so they can't hate you for it as well.You can't change your style just to suit the fans.I can tell you a story about that game though;my wee girl Nicola was sitting in the stand that day with her sister,when I got sent off she turned round and said My dad's just gone for a pee,he'll be back on in a minute he's just gone to the Toilet."

WD "What about the supporters at Dunfermline?".

Da "After we won the league the Paragon Club gave each player a wee memento,a paper-weight,it was brilliant,I've had more appreciation from Dunfermline than any other club.

- Di "The supporters were always good to us at dances,we couldn't get moving for people wanting to buy us drinks and have a chat it was great".
- R "I'm a warder at Saughton and there's a few Pars fans in there who make comments about him and ask after him".
- Di "There was one dance in Dunfermline,in some wee pub,this was no long after we'd seen Davie sent off against the Hibs.Nazareth were there that night and were doing a few songs for the crowd,as there all Hibs fans Davie was asked to make a presentation to them,which he did.The band asked . him to sing with them so Davie asked them if they knew "Saturday Night" by the Drifters,they didn't so Davie had to lead them through it.He's got a good voice,people used to pay to hear Davie sing at the club on Monday nights.
- Davie got injured playing for Berwick and finished up in hospital in the next bed to Ralph Callaghan(then with Hibs),who had exactly the same injury.I heard later when we were at a dance that Hibs had paid for Ralph and his wife to go to Spain to recuperate.As I was dancing with Frank Conner(then Berwick manager)at the time I asked him if he'd forgotten the flight tickets and could Davie collect them from the office,then I mentioned Ralph getting them and Frank said nothing but went and us a drink.Wives play an important part in footballers lives,we have to get involved 'cos they're away training two nights a week and all day Saturday.I couldn't care less about football but I had to get involved.
- WD "What about Meadowbank,I hear that you and Terry Christie never got on too well?".
- Da "Christie was just pathetic,he forgot he was dealing with men and no wee boys at his school,it depended who he was dealing with though a stronger person wouldn't take being talked down to."
- Di "Davie played for M/bank for one season when they automatically insured al their Players,it came off their wages but it was all organised by the club.Next season Davie naturally assumed that it would be the same,as he hadn't been told anything differant.He got his jaw and nose broken in the first game of the season,which were wired up at the hospital.Later He was rushed to hospital one night as a bone splinter had entered his bloodstream and lodged in his leg,he spent two weeks in hospital and then another eight weeks on crutches.None of the management want to see him in hospital and then when I asked about insurance they said "Did Dave no see the insurance man walking about the Stadium,the players had to arrange their own insurance but we weren't told that.At that time brickies weren't paid if they didn't work and it was a long time ,even after coming off the crutches that Davie got back to work.We had no money coming in ,I was heavily pregnant with our second lassie,it was near Xmas and Meadowbank didn't want too know.We went to The Judge in the Sunday Mail but that didn't work,they refused to give us anything.My family were very good to us and theysaw us through untill Davie could get back to work.
- Da "That was why I signed for Dunfermline but I didn't want Christie to get any cash for me though.I don't suppose Meadowbank fans will know the full story behind that.
- At Berwick,when I got injured and taken to the hospital,one of the clubs officals drove to my house to tell Diane what had happened and that I was alright.Alec McNab the chairman at the time was a real hard man to deal with but him and his wife couldn't have been kinder when I was off work,coming to see me and helping out with gifts for the lassies when they were born,even when I wasn't playing there anymore.I know that if the insurance situation had happened at East End the club and the supporters would have rallied round to help,it was that sort of club.
- WD "Any plans to stay in football?".
- Da "No the interests gone,last season sickened me,although I feel I could play for a few seasons yet,the motivation is just not there,I'd rather pack it in.I still keep fit though,out doing my road training,I run once a year with Ian McFarlane (Notts County)when he comes back here and he can't keep up with me."
- WD "Last question,fave moments and managers ?".
- Da "With Berwick winning the league,with Dunfermline winning the league and scoring against Berwick,with Meadowbank nothing.Managers,well I owe a lot to Gordon Haig he gave me my biggest break in the game,Dave Smith gave a lot of confidence and support,Frank Connor was a good boss as well and Leish did a lot for the club and inspired the players.Also Jim Thomson the new manager at Berwick I hope he does well.Players well, Chris Waddle ran rings round me at a friendly at Berwick agianst Newcastle and I enjoyed the Skol Cup semi against Rangers,I've always liked playing against the bigger teams."



Trevor Smith (22).



Graeme Davidson (19)

## Reserve Judgement

If the Pars Reserve team want to regain the East League title again they'll have to do a bloody sight better than in last years campaign. It was, for the most part, a miserable experience for those of us who regularly watch the reserve team, however tough we all knew it would be for them.

Under the guidance of coach John Jobson, the reserves suffered defeats in the opening two matches, when some of the players seemed to be a little over-awed by the well known faces in the opposition line-up (although it's hard to say that anyone could be overawed by the likes of Andy Watson)

In the third game the Pars slaughtered Falkirk 6-2, when even Willie Irvine scored. Things looked to be on the way up but then we staggered to a run of eight consecutive defeats, including a humiliating 5-0 cuffing by 'Well A further thrashing by Aberdeen 6-0 at East END was funny only for the reason that they followed the example of the first team and held them to 1-1 at half time.

A 2-2 draw against Hibs (in which a certain Norwegian trialist played very impressively) ended the pathetic sequence, but immediately after that, they travelled to Dens Park and were soundly beaten 7-2, the half-time score was 6-1. Playing Rowan Hamilton in the centre of defense obviously did not work. John Jobson left for personal reasons (he didn't exactly go down like a house on fire) and Ken McNaught was shortly to take over as reserve team coach. After the first fifteen games we had a massive 3 points. Unlike the coaching staff, the fans were concerned about this whilst the coach seemed to see these lads as purely replacements for those playing in the first team. To them winning matches just wasn't a priority strange as it may seem.

However in the reserve team were players like Forrest, Hamilton and the two biggest duffers in Reid and Irvine. They all knew that their careers at East End were over and were offering nothing to the team. Irvine was pathetic, quite how he managed to score five goals for the reserves is beyond belief. Eric Ferguson and Dave Young were both pissed off at being dropped from the 1st team so neither was turning it on for what was then a meaningless fixture.

The Pars were getting decent crowds despite all this, the team responded by going on a superb run of two games unbeaten (both draws) before going down to Dundee Utd 0-4 at home. It was before this game that Paul Sturrock remarked "We're off to play the pub team". Paul is famous in Scottish Football for having the SFA cup modeled on his head, jug ears he certainly is.

The team responded to this cruel jibe by allowing Celtic to hammer them 6-2 at East End, before actually beating Hearts 2-1. This game is memorable for Alex McDonald deciding to play himself and getting booked. What a plonker.

The winter break duly arrived with Dunfremline lying second bottom with eight points from 22 games. Gordon Connelly had surprisingly been given to Ross County, where he went on to become Highland Young Player of the Year. Reid had gone to East Fife (for which we actually recieved money) and the boy Irvine had gone to Norway, some may say that wasn't far enough. Leishman had denied that there was to be a clear-out of the reserves but it happened anyway, thankfully, with several others heading for the second division.

At the restart of the league, the Pars got five points out of three games before reality struck with a 5-2 defeat at Dundee. In the remaining seven games the Pars won only once, beating Hearts 3-0 but shared the points in a superb 3-3 draw with Celtic in the last game despite John Watson doing his best to lose the game (one o.g. and one other gift).

## Reserve Judgement

The Pars finished the season with 17 pts from 33 games, with only Falkirk below them. There was undoubtedly an improvement during the second part of the season, gaining 9 pts from 11 games. The team was virtually unrecognisable from the start of the season, the success of the youth team reflecting itself onto the reserves.

The experienced Ken McNaught has exerted great influence on the younger players but he's not been helped by some bloody awful performances on the field. He's obviously past it but the decision to retire could be made for him due to an upcoming legal case concerning Gary McGuinnis of Dundee Utd.

1988/89 should see a stronger reserve team, with the better players from last years team joining the older Youth Team players. Three of the most experienced reserve team lads will undoubtedly improve next year. Andy Williamson, Graeme Davidson and Trevor Smith were all outstanding last season, with Andy and Trevor deservedly playing in the first team but sadly were both dropped. The decision to drop Williamson for the Hearts cup tie after he played so well against Rangers angered many supporters.

Graeme Davidson was immaculate in the heart of the defense, always consistent whether he was alongside Williamson, Riddell or McNaught. Being too old for the Youth team and not having played for the first team, a lot of the fans won't have seen him. The Edinburgh lad played only 14 reserve games last season through a combination of injury and bad team selection. The Pars undoubtedly play better with Davidson in defense. The following reserve team statistics prove it:-

With Davidson	Pld 14	W 4	D 4	L 6
Without	Pld 19	W 1	D 3	L 21

For a central defender, Graeme is quite short, standing only 5ft 10ins, which is probably what's keeping him from a first team place. Perhaps full-back will prove to be his best position.

Several of the youth team have broken through into the reserves with more sure to follow. This bunch of talented youngsters will surely improve things given the opportunity to play the way they do for the under 18's. Whether or not they break into the first team is another matter. One thing for certain is that Dunfermline will at least be able to save money on the transfer market in the next few years. That considering the amount of plonkers we've bought in the past years cannot be a bad thing at all.

BALL BOY

## Cap In Hand



ROY BARRY, ONE OF THE FINEST PLAYERS EVER TO WEAR THE DUNFERMLINE STRIP BUT WHO WAS LEFT OUT BY THE SHORT SIGHTED INTERNATIONAL SELECTORS

WILLIE CALLAGHAN, ONLY CAPPED THREE TIMES FOR SCOTLAND WHEN HE DESERVED MUCH MORE, LET'S HOPE HIS SON CAN BE MORE SUCCESSFUL



DOUGLAS LAMMING; A SCOTTISH SOCCER INTERNATIONALISTS'  
WHO'S WHO, 1872-1986. (Hutton Press, £5.95)

Although Mr. Lamming's book is not exactly bursting at the seams with references to DAFC, nevertheless it contains a wealth of information which should be of interest to Pars fans and others (yes there are others) alike. For instance did you know that the Hon. Arthur Kinnaid (1 cap in 1873 whilst with Wanderers) later became President of the YMCA? Or that Lieutenant Henry Renny Tailleur (1, 1873, Royal Engineers) was born at Mussoorie in the North West Provinces of India, also played rugby for Scotland and finished up, so to speak, as managing director of Guinness? And what of Thomas Vallance (7, 1877-81, Rangers)?, as well as becoming President of Rangers, Vallance held the Scottish long-jump record for 14 years and had two paintings exhibited by the Royal Scottish Academy. Dr. Leslie Skene (1, 1904, Queens Park), on the other hand, retired from the game to specialise in mental disorders - a bit like Davie Kinnear (1, 1938, Rangers) who had a short spell with DAFC but followed Skene's example by becoming the Rangers trainer.

Kinnear is one of 45 Fife-born Internationalists listed in Lamming's book, the largest single contingent (with 5 to Kirkcaldy's 4) coming from Dunfermline. By far the most capped member of the Dunfermline five is Billy Liddell (28, 1947-56, Liverpool) who actually guested for Dunfermline during the second world war. In addition to his 28 international appearances, Liddell played in four war-time internationals and in two games for Great Britain against the Rest of Europe. He was a member of Liverpool's championship winning side of 1947 and in 492 games he scored 216 goals. Other Dunfermline born caps include Thomas Niblo (1, 1904, Aston Villa) and John Husband (1, 1947, Partick Thistle). Making up the five from the modern era come Alan Evans and Maurice Malpas. Albie of course, began his career with the Pars before being transferred to Aston Villa for £30,000 in May 1977. Malpas has been with Mr. Happy at Tannadice since leaving Queen Anne High School and, as a current internationalist, has an outside chance of passing Liddell's record.

Other Fife Internationalists, come from a variety of towns, Buckhaven (3), Lochgelly (3), Cowdenbeath (3), Blairhall (2) and Hill o' Beath (2) with Rosyth included as the birthplace of Andy Penman (1, 1966, Dundee). Although impressive, Fife's total was well down in 1986 on a number of other counties, (Lanarkshire 133, Ayrshire 105, Renfrewshire 67, Dumbartonshire 65 and Stirlingshire 58) and Glasgow had produced 179 caps, Dundee 21 Edinburgh 51 and Aberdeen 16. Dunfermline's total of 5 plus Penman?, compares unfavourably with that of Falkirk 17, Dumbarton 16, Kilmarnock 15, Airdrie 12 and, more surprisingly the likes of Bonhill in Dumbartonshire with 11, although it should be noted that early caps were virtually the property of players born and raised in Glasgow and the surrounding villages.

The most capped Fifers to date have been Jim Baxter (34, 1961-8, Rangers and Sunderland) who was born in Hill of Beath, Charlie Cook (16, 1966-75, Dundee and Chelsea) from St. Monans, Tommy Hutchinson (17, 1974-76, Coventry City) of Cardenden, Kennoway's Allan Brown (14, 1950-4, East Fife and Blackpool), Ladybank's Jimmy Simpson (14, 1935-8, Rangers) and Willie Fernie (12, 1954-8, Celtic) who hailed from Kinglassie. Apart from Baxter, the most legendary of the Fife Fraternity is John Thomson (4, 1930-1, Celtic) who but for an accident, in an old firm game in Sept. '31 which resulted in his death at the age of 23, might easily have become the most capped Fifer of them all.

Of the 45 Fife caps, only Cowdenbeath's Willie Callaghan (2, 1970, Dunfermline) was capped while playing for the Pars. Indeed, only two other players were awarded caps while playing for DAFC - Eddie Connaghan (2, 1962, DAFC), hero of our first Scottish Cup triumph in 1961 and Andy Wilson (12, 1920-3, DAFC and Middlesbrough). Wilson was signed illegally by the Pars as members of the Central League established after the First World War and received 6 caps while a Dunfermline player, a record which stands to this day. By common consent he was one of the great players of the 1920's. Sadder to relate, he later played International Bowls for England. He died in October 1973.

Despite the Pars rather scanty contributions to the National effort attributed to the long periods of poor form and the short-sightedness of Scotland selectors as likely to be guided by Glasgow journalists as by their own blinkered eyes) numerous internationals, have enjoyed a connection either with DAFC or simply with the town of Dunfermline

For instance, Bill Collier (1, 1922, Raith Rovers) managed the sadly long-gone Unicorn Bar which stood on the High Street site now occupied by Next. George Connelly (2, 1974, Celtic) whose birthplace Mr. Lamming describes as being someplace in Fife, presumably for security reasons, attended St. Margaret's School. Andy Penman represented Dunfermline Schools and Doug Rougvie (1, 1984, Aberdeen), birthplace Ballingry, played for Dunfermline Utd.

A number of Pars managers were capped during their playing careers. Sandy Archibald (8, 1921-32, Rangers) was born in Aberdour, played for Dunfermline Juniors and managed DAFc from 1939 until his death in 1946. Bobby Ancell (2, 1937, Newcastle) was Pars manager between 1952-5. George Farm (10, 1953-9, Blackpool) was in the hot seat at East End from 1967-70. Farm of course had good and bad days whilst with Dunfermline but two recent managers with definitely more bad than good were Tom Forsyth and Pat Stanton (22, 1971-8, Motherwell and Rangers) and (16, 1966-74, Hibernian). The DAFc admin manager from 1966-7 was Tommy Walker OBE (20, 1935-9, Hearts) and another name who appears is Ian Munro (7, 1979-80, St. Mirren). Our beloved coach's birthday is provided by lamming- 24th August- so if anyone would like to send him a birthday card (and a set of golf balls) I'm sure they will be gratefully received. Another back-room boy, though few will remember him (not least himself) was Ralph Brand (8, 1961-2, Rangers) and mention can also be made of Ken McNAUGHT's father, Willie (5, 1951-5, Raith Rovers) widely acclaimed as a marvellous player and gentleman who would surely have won many more caps had he played for Celtic or Rangers.

In addition to Liddell and Kinnear, a number of players played for DAFc and won caps but not, for a number of reasons, simultaneously. Willie Cunningham (8, 1954-5, Preston) joined the Pars from Crossgates Primrose in 1944 but was not capped until long after his move to England. A number of former Internationalists finished their careers with the Pars- Jimmy Gordon (10, 1912-20, Rangers); Bobby Mercer (2, 1912-13, Hearts); John Murdoch (1, 1931, Motherwell); Alex Thomson (/ , 1926-33, Celtic) and Jimmy Wardaugh (2, 1955-7, Hearts). Before coming to the Pars in 1921, Mercer had been told by his doctor to give the game up (despite this he joined the Pars instead of Falkirk). He had been seriously affected by gas in the Great War but defied medical opinion by playing for a further two years. Finally retired, however, he retired a little too late and he died in 1926 at the age of 37, after collapsing during a friendly game he took part in.

Other caps played for the Pars during their careers. Andy Herd (1, 1935, Hearts) was born in Torryburn and played for us in 1924. George Sinclair (3, 1910-12, Hearts) came to East End in 1921. Jimmy Millar (/2, 1963, Rangers) began his senior career at DAFc, being transferred to Ibrox for £5,000 in 1955. Two ex-Celtic internationalists who spent some time with DAFc were Peter McGonagle (6, 1933-35, Celtic) and Joe McBride (2, 1967, Celtic). George 'Dandy' McLean (1, 1968, Dundee) was signed by DAFc in 1969 for £22,000 and Hugh Robertson (1, 1962, Dundee) came from Tayside four years earlier for £10,000. Jimmy Watson (2, 1948-54, Motherwell) was with Pars between '57-59. Jackie Sinclair (1, 1966, Leicester) arrived at East End in 1960 from Blairhall Colliery was transferred to Leicester in May 1965 for £30,000, won a Fairs Cup medal with Newcastle in 1969 and rejoined the Pars from Sheffield Wed. in 1973.

Goalkeepers feature prominently in what remains of the story so far. Together with Connachan, Scottish keepers with a Dunfermline connection are Jim Herriot (8, 69-70 Birmingham) who had two spells at East End '58-65 and '76-77. Ernie McGarr (2, 1970, Aberdeen) who joined DAFc in 1971 and Stewart Kennedy (5, 1975, Rangers) who had started his senior career in 1967 with the Pars.

Mr. Lamming's descriptions of certain players is frequently quaint. For example Graeme Souness (54, 1975-86, Middlesbrough, Liverpool, Sampdoria) is described as having a studied approach to football- studied by Dr. Skene more like (Ed's note see first few paras) Overall this is an informative contribution to football history. What it cannot provide is an explanation for why some of the names listed came to play for Scotland while better players were never called upon. It is undeniable that Roy Barry and Alex Edwards for instance would have found a place in the book had they played for more fashionable clubs. Lets hope that when the author comes to update his work in a few years from now, future Pars stars will be given the recognition that they deserve. Craig Robertson for Scotland.....

ALAN BAIRNER

# Hall of Shame No.4

## George Young



(George smiles as another six go in)

George Young was one of the now infamous Stanton's babes and now destined for immortality by guesting in this month's Hall of Shame. One other has already been featured in the unmistakable guise of Doug Considine and who knows who else, Hammil, Rodier to name but a few. He was signed from Glasgow Rangers during the summer of 1981.

His debut came in a league cup match against Montrose which we actually won 2-1. Thus lulling the fans into a sense of false security but a hint of things yet to come occurred against Hearts. It was the first game of the season, his league debut and another piece of footballing history: Considine also making his debut for the Pars that day. We all know well what a tower of strength Considine was in defense and not to be upstaged by a mere teuchter, George spectacularly flung the ball into his own net to give Hearts an undeserved equaliser, in a 1-1 draw.

Sure enough he started to play the good samaritan to great effect for the remainder of 1981, letting in four against Clydebank in September. Despite this a very memorable experience, George was determined to do better and he did just that in the space of eight days that November. The Pars scored three goals against Clydebank, their highest total of goals so far that season, this was nullified by the fact that George let in six. One week later, at Motherwell for a change, George was at it again, picking the ball out of the net a further six times, the final score being 6-1.

1982 dawned and our first game that year was in late January, a Scottish Cup tie against Clydebank (who else), 1-0 up with three minutes to go, the Bankies received and duly converted a penalty (although George was 'nt to blame). With one minute to go George fluffed a goal-kick and Millar (who incidentally scored four in the 3-6 game) picked up the ball rounded George and slotted it home. He was not voted Man of the Match on the bus home from Kilbowie. He played in the next two league games, both defeats, and did not then feature for the rest of that season.

After the departure of Stanton to Hibernian and shortly after to total obscurity, the consequent arrival of hard man Forsyth (isn't it funny how these same names keep cropping up in the Hall of Shame pages) many fans thought that we'd seen the last of Gorgous George: but no one of the first things that Forsyth did was to recall George to the first team. Six games later, three defeats and three draws, drops him and that was the last that any Pars fans saw of George in a Pars shirt. George was one of the worst keepers to play for the Pars in recent years and Jim Moffat wasn't that far behind.

### THE EAST END ENIGMA



"Hello Peeps, no St. Johnson n' Johnson bloody alright innit"

GARY STAVROS THOMSON



HUGH "HANDBAG" HAMMILL



"'Ere Diego you seen Hammy's bag?  
"No but I've seen my salary at Ibrox"

# over the wall



RINAT DASAYEV, RUSSIAN NATIONAL KEEPER,  
PREPARES TO KICK A CONRADE CUNNINGLY  
DISGUISED AS A FOOTBALL TO "FREEDOM" IN THE  
WEST, VIA THE BERLIN WALL.....

The geometry that links Berlin's S-bahn to the city's Olympic Stadium is an initial monument to order that tries to obscure what is to come: a division two football match. There are no police at the railway station because in ways none are necessary. The architecture exudes social control. It is impossible for away supporters to miss the ground because there is only one way to go. A long and wide boulevard flanked by trees sweeps the fans out of the trains and onto the terracing.

The stadium itself is intimidating. From the outside it looks like a Roman amphitheatre. At the entrance is an archway carrying the five Olympic rings. Through the main gate and at ground level, the stadium looks more like a centre of government than a place for football. On the pitch is a game between the local team, Blau-Weiss 90, and Rot-Weiss Essen. (4/4/88) Both teams are lying in the middle of the Bundesliga's 2nd division. Fewer than three thousand people have paid the £4 to watch the event. The size of the ground makes the crowd look smaller.

West Berlin is a city of contradictions. The most obvious example is the wall, but there are other distractions which prevent football becoming the focus of mass public attention. The presence of British, French, and American troops diminishes to an extent the possibility of a competitive Berlin spirit which acts in opposition to other West German cities. There does not seem to be the urban rivalry that exists between Liverpool and Manchester, or Glasgow and Edinburgh, and for the Berliners that must be a good thing. Instead Berlin is a place where West Germans escape West Germany. It is a place for people to avoid short hair and national service.

The city's satellite status separates it physically from the supply of players needed to feed a top football team. Instead Blau-Weiss has to rely on footballers who wouldn't necessarily have been first choices for other teams in the Bundesliga. Pierre Littbarski is the only Berliner in recent years to have made a significant impact on the national side. So it is that Blau-Weiss have to depend almost entirely on rearing their own players, or in encouraging players from outwith Germany to join the side.

## Football in Berlin



The game between the Blue and Whites of Berlin and the Red and Whites from Essen definitely needed someone in a hurry. The first seven minutes of the match were killers, deadening the aura of the stadium and making the 2931 "football friends" (as the electronic scoreboard described them) wish they were still shelling eggs in the pub. Over the Easter weekend the bars in Berlin were giving customers free boiled eggs with the drink. They were painted in bright primary colours. On Easter Monday the all-seater Olympic Stadium was totally grey and the security men were playing with their dogs. The police stood around waiting to go home. It became obvious then that the Olympic Stadium had not been built with just sport in mind; its construction was a tribute to the Third Reich, and despite the grandeur of the setting the functionalism of the surroundings was difficult to ignore. In a way it was fitting that both teams came out with a view to function and no more. Even the names of the teams suggested a bounce game, with the sides wearing the most obvious colours as they went through the motions of a soccer match in a paradigmatic display of economy. Back in 1936 Jesse Owens had wrecked the rational supremacy of Hitler's athletics machine by running fast and unpredictably in a black skin. In 1988 you can visit the Restuarant Stadion-Terrassen in a street near to the ground called Jesse Owens Alley.

The match offered little excitement at the start. It was hard to take the play seriously, so nobody did. A Japanese man took film of his family on a video camera and chased his son over the empty wooden benches. If the game had been televised the commentator would have said that the teams were feeling each other out, but in truth it didn't look like they were doing anything. But in the 14th minute something happened; Rot-Weiss moved out of midfield and feigned menace down the middle of the park. Blau-Weiss treated the attack as genuine and conceded a free-kick 22 yards out. They then lined up an unusually large seven-man defensive wall which proved totally ineffective as Laibach's low drive took a deflection on the way past Gehrke.

The goal was a signal for Rot-Weiss's small support to put on a rythmic display of Latin-style percussion. Maybe it was for the benefit of their Brazilian player, Salamao. They used about four different drums, plus a cymbal, and their groove made a jubilant contrast to the bleak air-horn barrage offered by the Blau-Weiss fans. The away support was grouped far on the top of the terracing as if to distance itself from the football, and it seemed like the drummers would have been playing elsewhere if there hadn't been a match to go to.

Before the goal neither side had looked like doing anything, and after the goal little looked to have changed. But with Essen's lead only five minutes old, Blau-Weiss delighted their support with a move that was both unexpected and dazzling. It was a simple goal, and from the viewpoint of the Rot-Weiss defence, an avoidable one, but its execution was crisp and sudden. Blau-Weiss broke from the busy midfield, raced down the left, and sent a low cross behind the back-tracking defence to give the unmarked Dinauer the chance to step in and smack the ball home.

The rest of the first half was entertaining but marked by an absence of purpose. In the 35th minute Essen had a good chance to go back into the lead with two men clear only for Gehrke to save the weak drive with his feet. Then right before the break Blau-Weiss dropped a cross-cum-shot just over Kurth's crossbar. When half-time came the referee did not seem to blow the whistle. A record came on, country and western in German, and the players and officials trooped off.

The interval gave a nice opportunity to compare facilities with Scotland, although it was always likely that the conditions could not be as bad as those at home. The food stall was reasonable, not too expensive, with coffee and beer on sale. Pretzels substituted for pies. They are a kind of salt-flavoured pastry, not bad, but not brilliant either. The nicest half-time surprise came in a visit to the toilets. The flippers and breathing apparatus I always take to games were totally unnecessary. There were individual urinals instead of a pig trough. There was even soap and hot water. Among the cleanliness I dreamt of home and the rivers of urine that lap the shores of lavatory Lake Brockville.

The second-half started with Blau-Weiss flattering to deceive. The Berliners are entertaining hopes of promotion to the 1st Division, but at the start of the match they were seven points behind league leaders Stuttgarter Kickers. Four minutes into the half a 20-yard free-kick from Blau-Weiss just missed the bar. They looked good at that point, with Essen happy to concede corners, but aside from Dinauer there was no-one with the edge to look like scoring. Chances came and left. After the game, Blau-Weiss captain Peter Stark, who played as sweeper in the No.9 shirt, told the local paper he thought his team could have won the game three times over. But even with the cliché it was still a point lost. The coach blamed what he saw as a disappointing draw on the absence through suspension of Schlumberger and Schuler. But with these players available the following Saturday, Blau-Weiss were

# Berlin

still able to lose 2-1 at Fortuna Dusseldorf.

The first impressions outside of the ground suggested a slight menace, but this lived only in the structure of the stadium. The atmosphere inside was totally relaxed. In the queue for pretzels were three people with "Skinhead Power" patches on their jackets. They drank their beers quietly.

The Olympic Stadium is in the British sector of West Berlin. After the game we passed three English men who were walking by the ground. They were singing a quiet song about Heysel. They were not obviously violent, and they were not loud. They thought they were good lads having a good laugh. They didn't look as if they'd been at the game.

## OVER THE WALL

Berlin has three football teams, Blau-Weiss in the West and the other two over the wall. Initially the idea was to go to the East to watch Dynamo play, but they had one Saturday off and then played a devious midweek game which we missed. That match was against league leaders

Dynamo Dresden, and Berlin registered a 1-0 win to go top on goal difference from Lokomotiv Leipzig, with Dresden falling back to third place. The next Saturday Dynamo Berlin were away, and it looked like another visit to the Olympic Stadium until a look down the DDR's Oberliga revealed another local side hiding near the foot of the table - 1FC Union Berlin were at home to Magdeburg. (16/4/88) Both teams were total mysteries. The only things we knew about them came from the league table: Magdeburg were in 6th place and Union were third-bottom, with the worst defence in the league. At the same time, the home team had scored only one goal less than Leipzig. They looked like they were worth a visit.

The park was not easy to get to. We checked the route to the ground at the tourist information centre in East Berlin. We weren't too sure which train to get, so we followed two boys wearing Union scarves, but it turned out they didn't really know the way either. We overshoot our stop and had to get a train

back the way. It takes nearly an hour to get to the ground from the city centre. We had to change lines a couple of times, and a 3.20 we were still on the train. Also on the train were about 50 Union fans. For a while we thought the game had a half-three kick-off.

The road to the ground was familiar to begin with. When the Russians divided Berlin in 1961 they made sure that all the nice historical buildings went to the East. Outside of the tourist centre (which is concentrated in a tiny area around Alexanderplatz) the houses and shops looked like Scotland. Kopenick looked like anywhere, and you thought you had remembered where when the place became anonymous again. But the path out of the residential area and towards the stadium was pure Fir Park. There were the trees and the slightly rural look. With Union Berlin, however, the trees got thicker as the sand path got longer. It turned out that the park was in the middle of some woods.

It cost only 1m (about 30p) to get into the game. Inside the gates the rip-offs began. There wasn't a match programme, but we were able to get an "information booklet" which wasn't bad except that it seemed the price of 2.5m had been invented for the benefit of foreigners. It was a warm day and the ice-cream man was at the match. He stole our change

There were only about 10 minutes of the first-half left by the time we got onto the terracing, only we didn't really make it that far. There were gaps on the terrace but latecomers didn't move down to fill them; instead they stood behind everybody else on a flat path which meant they couldn't see the game. It didn't seem like a good idea to push in, so we did the same. Union Berlin were playing in red, Magdeburg in blue. Five minutes before half-time Magdeburg scored to take the lead. It was a good goal, a cross into the box, a high bounce, and a half-volley into the net. The scorer's name is not available, although he looked like No.7. We had missed the team lists before the kick-off.

The ground and atmosphere provided a big contrast with what it had been like at Blau-Weiss. The crowd was a lot bigger and a lot more ferocious. The announcer gave the attendance as 13500, but it looked between eight and nine thousand. It didn't look as if any fan was older than 25. They were not exactly friendly. They stared a lot. It was not a nice place to be. We waited through half-time and Starship's "Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now". Five minutes into the second half we left. It wasn't that anything unpleasant

happened; it was more the feeling there was a chance something might happen. That kind of thing obviously isn't particular to East Berlin. You only have to be an away fan in the wrong end of a big team's ground to have an idea of the sensation. But it was the kind of thing that you wanted to avoid, if only because people expect some sort of horror story from the Eastern bloc. It wasn't an unusual kind of nastiness, just a reminder of one aspect of football at home. In a way you could see the East Berliners' point of view. Most times tourists stay in the middle of town. We had gone into the suburbs, so we were asking to be noticed. It was kind of like American tourists taking a trip to Abbeyview when all they wanted to see what was the Abbey.

We were in the East on a day visa for a chance to gawp at something that was different, but in ways it was hard to spot the difference at all.

The Alte Forsterei Stadium is a neat park, if a bit basic. Three high uncovered terraces accomodate the bulk of the fans. The only covered area is on the shallow terracing to the right of the home end. A green wooden building stands on stilts and appears to be the stand, but it turns out to be a big shed where club officials

and the press hide. Reporters have it easy. Had Alex Cameron been at the game he would have had everything on a plate - a lift to the ground, a nice seat, team sheets in front of him, and a free ice-cream at the break. Reporters don't have to stand in the crowd and be hated.

The location of the ground and its neat, no-frills appearance suggested a military stadium like the kind you see in the European feature on Football Focus, where the entire crowd is dressed in khaki and big boots. It wasn't quite that bad at the Old Forest park, but there were more than a few uniforms around. On the way back to the station we passed two trucks full of what were either policemen or soldiers. They seemed fairly civil, or at least they did not seem uncivil. They looked like people rather than policemen.

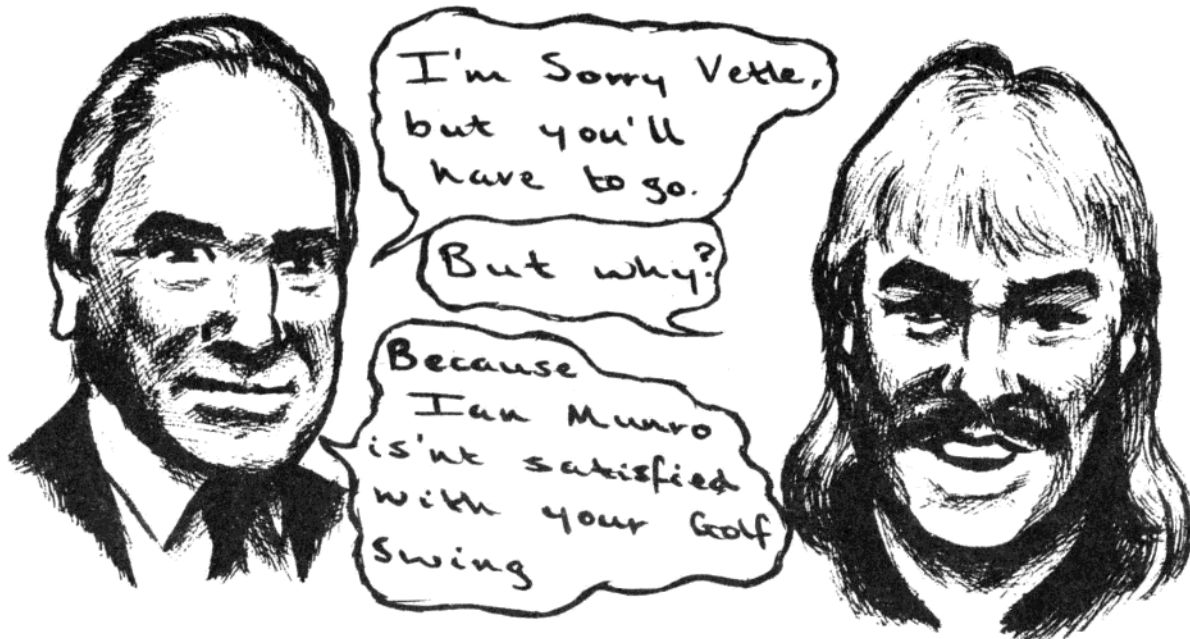
It was good to go to the game in the first place, but it was also good to leave it behind. Some of the Union supporters thought so too. There were fans going home on the train as early as quarter-past four. They weren't going to the pubs either, because almost all of them were closed.

FLAG CORNERS

CARTOON BY IAN STALKER

Why was "Hagar" released?

Real Reason-



# Desk Top Libel

Way back in issue 2 we promised a review of other fanzines, of which hundreds now exist. I've chosen to review a mere handful of the best and for the rest there is a contact address. Hopefully the ones that have been left out this time will be included in issue 5. The quality and professionalism has been shown in each one of the fanzines that we have come upon will make a few top sports writers look over their shoulders not to mention numerous programme eds trying to match the humour and informal presentation that fanzines are doing so well. Most of these mags cost less than the match programmes and very much more interesting so pop out to your nearest shop and buy a few and why not start your own it's not as difficult as it may seem at first.

- The Proclaimer(30 +pp) Issue 2 contains an interview with the proclaimers  
Mr Mrs Shinyheid an excellant and thought provoking article on racism  
28 Gillespie Cres and a few digs at Hearts, shott on photos but good all  
Edinburgh (Hibs) the same.
- Punt (20p +pp) A true fanzine, terrible copy quality but this is made  
c/o Greenan less irratating by the quality of the material inside.  
28 Spring hill Gdns The copy we saw had a special chart on Mortons progress  
Glasgow to losing 100 goals and a special on division one.
- Tayside Football Review A very well written and comprehensive mag on football  
(50p +pp) on Tayside. The Dundee clubs tend to hog the limelight  
45 Sutherland Cresnet but the other articles on St Johnstone Arbroath etc  
Dundee DD2 2HP are more than these clubs get in even their local press  
A must for statistitians and for an insight into football.
- The Final Hurdle (30p+pp) Issue 1 was free and damm good too, no.2 features Derek  
P.O.Box 91 Johnstone , a song called Hamish the Goalie, a figure dear  
Dundee DD1 9DW to Pars fans. A very good read , acid wit and lots of digs  
(Dundee Utd) at themselves and of course Dundee .Buy this one.
- When Saturday Comes (40p+pp) A. general fanzine mostly on English football and perhaps  
40 Bowling Green Lane a small leaning towards Chelsea. One of the best around  
Clerkenwell the articles are well written and on subjects which even  
London EC1R ONE Scots will find interesting. Fearless, critical and funny  
the pics of players at their worst are brilliant. Buy it.
- Off the Ball(40p+pp) Buy this and W.S.C. an excellant read. So subtle I almost  
P.O.Box 651 believed the satirical pieces to be genuine. Issue 14  
Selly Oak has a feature on East Fife and Notts Forest and a back  
Birmingham B29 6PD issue no.10 or so has a very good feature on the Pars.
- Arsenal Echo Echo A fairly tongue in cheek production, relies heavily on  
30 Dene Road repros of newspaper cuttings mostly from the Sun and  
Guildford the Sunday Sport, if issue 4 is a guideline.  
Surrey GU1 4DD
- Terrace Talk An excellant publication , informal style but suffers  
9 waverly St from a lack of photos. The issue we saw had a very  
The Groves YORK funny feature on the Police and Pies League.  
(York City)
- Chelsea Independant The issue we saw had a very good article on sectarian  
P.O.Box 459 factions at both Rangers and Chelses which is an area  
London E7 8LU missing from most Scottish fanzines but is an issue  
that no one can not ignore. Fine if you're a Chelsea fan.
- The Crooked Spireite A fanzine which puts some of the versions from bigger  
Flat 9 119 Newbold Road clubs to shame, tends to go a little over the top on  
Chesterfield S41 7PS statistics but woth reading all the same.  
(Chesterfield)
- A Kick Up The R's Value for money and no mistake again only a few pics  
51a Alexandria Drive but it is well written and for all fans of the game  
Upper Norwood even Rangers fans there is an excellant slugging of  
London SE9 6EH Mark Falco.

Voice of The Valley      Forced with the sale of their ground, Charlton fans use this  
P.O.Box 387                    mag to promote the quite correct view that they should stay  
London SE9 6EH                at The Valley Parade ground. Aside from that the mag takes up  
   the usual themes of barricking the directors.

Leyton Orienteer            No 17, the issue we saw had a scathing attack on the teams  
1 York Road                    ability to gift precious points to other teams to let them  
Leyton E10                     stay up or move up, also a very premature guide to the grounds  
   being used in the European Championships but not the jails.

Wise Men Say                One of the best I've seen, great articles on Peanut vendors  
P.O.Box 2                        and their unfortunate demise and an excellent cartoon strip  
Sunderland                     entitled "The Goalies Dilemma". This is our fanzine of the  
SR1 1NG                         month so if you see it buy it.

The Absolute Game (General) Bow 99 26 Glen Street Edinburgh EH3 (+s.a.e.)  
The Northern Light (Aberdeen) PO Box 269 Aberdeen AB9 8EN 50p (+ S.A.E.)  
An Imperfect Match (Arsenal) 80 Stapleton Road London N4 4QA 65p  
1-0 down 2-1 up (Arsenal) 11b Aubert Road Highbury London N5 1TL 50p (+s.a.e.)  
Tired and Weary (Birmingham) 133 Longmore Road Shirely W. Midlands B9C 45p (+s.a.e.)  
Not the View (Celtic) PO Box 306 Glasgow G21 2EA 50p (+ s.a.e.)  
Falkirk Unofficial Fanzine 2 Rose Terrace Stenhousemuir FK5 4DW 40p (+s.a.e.)  
AWOL (Meadowbank Thistle) 11a Forth Street Edinburgh EH1 3LE 50p (+s.a.e.)  
World Shut Your Mouth (Rangers) PO Box 408 Glasgow G21 1RY 50p (+s.a.e.)  
The Web (Queens Park) 120 Prospecthill Glasgow G42 0LW 40p (+s.a.e.)  
Heartbeat (Hearts) 8 Lancaster Avenue Whitfield Manchester 40p (+s.a.e.)  
The Dagenham Dagger (Dagenham) 3 Westhill Stantonbury Milton Keynes (write for price)  
Out of Court (Bournemouth) 61 Oxford Street Southampton SO1 1DL 30p (+s.a.e.)  
City Gent (Bradford City) 46 Ainsty Road Wetherby LS22 4QS 60p (+s.a.e.)  
Eagle Eye (Crystal Palace) 30 Manor Court York Way Whetstone London 40p +s.a.e.  
There's only one F in Fulham 37 Ember Lane Esher Surrey KT10 8EA 50p (+s.a.e.)  
Blue Print (Man City) 9 Lathom Street Chesham Bury Lancs BL9 6LX 40p (+s.a.e.)  
The Lion Roars (Millwall) 24 Woodham Road Catford London SE6 50p (+s.a.e.)  
The Pie (Notts County) 61 Stratford Road West Bridgeford Nottingham 30p+s.a.e.  
Junk Mail (Southampton) 17 Cavendish Grove Southampton SO1 2LE 40p (+s.a.e.)  
Fingerpost (West Brom) 10 Ashville Drive Halesowen Wset Midlands B63 3ZD 40p +s.a.e.  
Hit the Bar (General) 84 Southwold Road London E5 50p (+s.a.e.)  
Hibeas Glasgow Gossip 27 Guthrie Street Edinburgh EH1 1LG 20p (+s.a.e.)  
When Sunday Comes (Liverpool) c/o I. Tilley 2 Maybury Road Shaftsbury Road Surrey  
GU22 7TD 65p includes p+p  
Choirboys Gas (Wycombe Wanderers) Cedar Cottage Green End Road Radnage High Wycombe  
Bucks, HP14 4BZ 30p (+s.a.e.)  
Brian (Notts Forest) 6 Gray's Inn Buildings Roseberry Avenue London EC1J 4PH  
Hardacker Rides Again 151 Corporation Street London E15 4HE 25p  
The Elmslie Ender (Wealdstone) 37 Grange Road Kenton Harrow Middlesex HA1 2PR 40p  
Dons Outlook (Wimbledon) 34 Alexandra Drive London SW19 7JZ 50p (+s.a.e.)  
Balls (General) 6 Grays Buildings, Rosebury Avenue EC1R 4PH

# Down Memory Lane

I'm hopping mad  
I missed Rowan's goal



## A Rabbit Supper

Although Issue One contained a feature on the memorable match at Berwick, there hasn't been a further trip down Memory Lane since then. It was stated that the game did not have to be a Cup-Final, well this one certainly isn't, a trip down to Stranraer would not at first seem like the sort of day out to recall with relish. It was my first trip to the most remote outpost of Scottish Football and I wasn't exactly looking forward to a long boring bus journey. Starting at the ungodly hour of 9a.m., the trip was initially quiet until the Watering Hole regulars awoke from an alcohol induced slumber.

After atiring three hours or so, we stopped at Girvan for the usual football supporters lunch of beer and crisps. After this all too short break, it was back on to the bus to finish the journey. Shortly after leaving, several people could be seen fidgeting in their seats and grimacing over every bump-guess who hadn't gone to the toilet before they left.

The last few miles to Stranraer seemed to take an eternity as practically the whole bus was white-faced and cross-legged-luckily when we finally pulled up it was by a public convenience. After doing the necessary we headed off to sample the delights of down town Stranraer. Whilst searching for the elusive chip-shop we were treated to a traditional welcome by the youth of the town, who politely told us "Fuck off ya casuals" this despite the fact that we were wearing assorted leather, denim and donkey jackets. It wouldn't have been so bad if they hadn't been dressed like something straight out of "Quadrophenia"-the Mod fashion having just caught on there in 1985.

Still laughing hysterically, we stumbled into a chip shop, where our gales of laughter turned to hoots of incredulity when we were handed the biggest chips any of us had ever seen. They were absolutely enormous, certainly larger than the accompanying sausages, they took six bites to finish.

From there, it was on to sample the local beer, which if the truth be told is exactly the same as anywhere else. In the pubs we discovered the real reason behind Stranraer's pathetic attendance figures-the natives sit drinking all day. The bars were full of people who had no interest whatsoever in Stranraer Football Club. At least the locals were friendly, which is a damn site more than you can say for the people of the other footballing town in the south west, Dumfries.

ON to Stair Park, which is actually situated in the middle of a public park complete with bandstand. The grassy areas are in a far better condition than the pitch which is covered with nillocks and ruts meaning there is never a true bounce.

Despite the game being played on our traditional Blackpool weekend and the long journey it was attended by five busloads of Pars fans. To our surprise, there was even a Stranraer choir (well more of a barbers shop quartet). They were bedecked in Rangers scarves, patches and sang Rangers songs, which of course led to them receiving dogs abuse from the Pars fans all day.

Dunfermline got off to a great start with a goal from Rowan Hamilton (an occasion in itself) after only a minute. Three minutes later Stranraer equalised and that was nearly all the excitement over. The rest of the game was fairly dreary, if not rubbish-the Pars missed the injured John Watson. We went in at half time 2-1 up thanks to a superb own goal by a Stranraer defender who hit a passback into his own net. With five minutes left, the Pars wrapped it up with a goal from Trevor Smith. The team that day was: Westwater, Hamilton, Forrest, McCathie, Young, Heddle, Robertson, Moyes, Campbell, Morrison and Jenkins.

It seems strange to look at that team, which has now completely broken up less than three years after the event. Many Pars fans regret the hastily dismantling of a popular set of players, which perhaps makes the memories that more sweeter. My only regret about that day in Stranraer is that the famous rabbit did not make an appearance. The rabbit was a regular spectator during the 85/86 season and brought life to many a dull game. Perhaps he legged it before they could charge him admission.

## HEARD IN LORENZO'S

**LEISHMAN ORIGAMI EXPERT:** - We hear that Leish, anxious to enhance his multi-talented skills and social graces has now taken up origami. As each new edition of W.D.H.R hits his desk he tears it up without looking at it then casts the shards of paper into the bin. It is obvious that Jim has not passed beyond Lesson One, or he would have known that the object is to create rather than destroy. In future all copies will be sent ready shredded to enable easy passage to lesson two.

**TAM FORSYTH UPDATE:** - We hear from our "fanny" correspondent Penalty Box Dave that Tam's ultimate demise was precipitated by the following incident. During his very short spell in office he refused to move to Dunfermline and stayed in the picture postcard village of Motherwell. Following a spell of bad weather and before the recent ground improvements at East End one of the board was manning the phones on match-day mornings to inform the fans that the game was postponed. He was decidedly miffed to discover that the caller at 12:30 that afternoon was none other than Tam himself ringing from home to ask exactly that question. Forsyth demitted office on following Monday morning.

**A SHORT SHARP SHOCK:** - Malcolm Rifkind's attempts to combat juvenile delinquency with shock tactics are proving very successful in the Lanarkshire area. At last season's Motherwell v Dunfermline game bus loads of the aforesaid vandals, glue-sniffers and fledgling casuals were shipped into Fir Park, forced to wear Motherwell scarves and to become 'Well fans for the day. Faced with the possibility of coming back the following week to watch 'Well v Morton a steep drop in juvenile crime was noted in the area. However levels of juvenile suicides are up in the area and the European Court of Human Rights is to investigate the whole affair. Samaritans in Motherwell are taking on extra staff in anticipation of Ross Jack signing for the Well.

**OH! MR PORTER WHAT SHALL I DO ?:** - A certain Pars player was drinking in Edinburgh prior to catching a train to Glasgow to meet a girl. Cutting it a bit fine he dashed off to the station despite the fact that he needed desperately to go to the toilet. Before reaching the station his powers of muscular contraction failed. In desperation our hero took a violent swerve and dashed along to the St. James centre (with cheeks held firmly together). He selected a new pair of jeans in one of the many clothes shops in the centre, and while the assistant was wrapping them he realised that he was going to have to leave right then to catch his train. Picking up the bag he ran to the station, and to his great sense of relief got the train and found an empty toilet. As the train left Edinburgh our hero took off his garments and heaved them out the window. After cleaning himself up and opening the bag he found to his abstract horror that it contained nothing more than a pink jersey. Quite how he resolved the situation we have not heard, presumably he used his imagination and BR toilet paper to cover his embarrassment.

**IN THE BUNKER:** - At the start of the season the centenary club held a golf tournament involving several members, players (and Ian Munro?). An enjoyable time was had by all, not least the fans who had the opportunity to share a round of golf, a few beers and a blether with their heroes. A repeat was arranged for the end of the season, but imagine their disappointment when informed that no players would be attending. The reason? It appears they objected to the fee of £15 for the golf and a very good meal afterwards, unless it was paid for them they would not appear. Quite rightly they were told where to go. For experienced pros from the Premier League this would have been acceptable as they are used to being fees for appearances, however for certain players who have been with the club since the 2nd Division this attitude stinks. For a measly £15 they could have won over a section of the support who quite rightly slated them on the park, instead they alienated a whole section of the support.

**FERGIE:** - A notable exception to the above scandal was Eric Ferguson who would have willingly parted with £15 for the outing. Unfortunately Eric had to go to Glasgow on the same day for a meeting at the PFA to fix up a new club for himself (This fact had been strangely missing from the smiling press release issued by the club on Eric's move to Raith Rovers). Its not only the fans who think Eric has had a bum deal at East End park, one of the most experienced players said he would have played Eric in every game such was his dedication to the club and the hard work he put in, both on the field and in training.

ANY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS COLUMN SHOULD BE WRAPPED IN BROWN PAPER  
AND MARKED "GOSSIP"

## LETTERS TO THE CORINTHIANS

Dear W.D.H.R.

Congratulations on the fanzine, personally I would have thought that a title such as "Eternal Eastender" would be more appropriate. Your initiative and Enterprise deserve support. I would be delighted to support with an article for publication. **I have been a supporter since my father took me to the Connachan Cup Final.**

However I thought many of the remarks, comments, observations and opinions expressed in Issue 1 were utter nonsense. I would ask you to omit the musical reviews. I am an authority on the life, career and albums of Merle Haggard but I would never expect them to be of use to other than country music buffs. Neither do I expect to read match reports in the popular music press.

I especially liked the Hall of Shame article - Is Barry Mitchell of reviled memory next I ask?

Perhaps you would consider a quiz section a regular feature. This is always popular with fans e.g. Which Pars goalkeeper was sent off in an away game in the '70s.

A few years ago I took the BBC's Football Focus to task (twice) when Bob Wilson made erroneous statements on European records matches which co-incidentally featured D.A.F.C achievements.

Looking forward to the next issue.

Michael Clark

Dear Michel, Well the name stands as it is, thanks for the suggestion anyway. You are of course entitled to your opinions of the mag even though you're in the minority. If Merle Haggard was a Pars Fan I would have him in the next issue, hopefully Issue 5 will have an interview with Big Country on the Pars. Quizzes are thing that Grannies do on cold winter nights and are not for us.

Ed.

Dear Pars Fans,

Would you please send me a copy of your no - doubt wonderful fanzine and print my address as I'd like to correspond with fans of your team. I'm an Everton season ticket holder. Good Luck with the mag.

Chris Collins  
32 East Avenue  
Porthmadog  
Gwynedd  
North Wales  
LL49 SEN

Dear W.D.T.H.R

While your fanzine is excellent and your typographical and selling mistakes hilarious I would be grateful if you would answer me one small question. Why do you print so many articles by complete and utter fannies ? It would seem that Leish is the main contender for most reviled person of the year, along with Mel Rennie, messers Souness, Woods, Wilkins and Roberts. I too humbly believe that the man has his shortcomings - anyone who wears his duvet out of bed as well as in needs his head examined. However some of the crap being hurled at him at the moment, and your contributors seem to be fuller of it than most is way over the top. Cast your mid-if you have one back to the past few years when 3 men and a dog went week after week, as the Pars then under Tam went through the motions of playing League football. Enter JL and though there was no immediate transformation, the inspiration and driving force behind the surge to the top undoubtedly came from Leish. Without Leishman and his little faults we would be a poorer club in many ways. He's only human, unlike Souness.

I read with some hilarity, certain of your articles slamming the so-called has beens drafted in by the aforementioned JL. Certainly mistakes have been made, 50,000 thanks to Dundee for taking one off our hands. What we need is a blend of youth and experience which we have already seen and we have also seen the breakthrough of Willie Callaghan who could be one of the brightest things around. What is also required is for the chairman to give his full support for the coming season and the team to make a speedy return to the Premier League.

Penalty Box Dave.

Dear Dave

Why do we get letters written by complete and utter fannies? As this fanzine is for fans to voice their uncensored opinions of the team and the club, the articles stand as they are, correct at the time. Leish is one of the best managers we've had and I agree with you that without him we would still be lying in Div 2. Has beens is a term often given to any older player who's come from a successful career elsewhere, and Holt has been a godsend this year and will make a huge difference this season. However people like Bobby Smith who kept Williamson out of the team and Kirkwood who kept Morrison and Fergie, should never have been signed. If we did not criticise in the way we do then we would be as well packing in and buying the programme each week. I have now got a dictionary so expect even more errors. In the meantime why not get an article done yourself for us, like "Fannies I have known"

Ed