



**SPECIAL  
ROUGVIE  
SIZED  
EDITION**

**Issue  
No.9**

**50p**

**A Dunfermline Fanzine**

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF GARY RIDDELL

W.D.H.R. IS AN INDEPENDENT DUNFERMLINE SUPPORTERS MAGAZINE AND DOES NOT HAVE ANY CONNECTION WITH D.A.F.C.. THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS EXPRESSED ARE NOT ALWAYS THE VIEWS OF THE EDITOR.

# EDITORIAL

# EDITORIAL

Welcome to issue No. 9 of W.D.H.R, sorry for the delay in getting this issue out, but I only landed from Nigeria in time to see the victory over Dundee. The response has been tremendous for this issue, hence the Rougvie sized 32 pages, next issue will hopefully be 36 pages, for last season's price. We are cutting back the photographs, unless they are of printable quality, which means more text. First impressions of the team this year are very encouraging, they look fit and seem to want to play as a team, unlike last year. The defence looks solid and if Rougvie and Nicoll can avoid being victimized by referees, were not going to lose many goals this season. Paul Smith and Davie Irons have been excellent, and George O'Boyle looks the part up front, Abercrombie should be signed full time and I'm confident we'll survive. One point though, the ceiling on Mel Rennie's biscuit tin is £100,000, we bid that for Ian McCall but the 'Gers wanted £150,000. We need a striker to assist O'Boyle up front and a good reserve keeper and we need them quickly, Xmas will be too late. East End Park will be our strength this year, very few teams will come there and win, away from home it will be a case of playing for a point, we simply cannot afford to be relegated again. We're right behind the team and Leish, we want success as much as anyone else. Motherwell, St Mirren and Dundee are the teams we have to beat to stay up, the rest are bonus points. Till next time.  
UP THE PARS.

WALKING DOWN THE HALBEATH ROAD  
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OTHER CARTOONS.....G.F. and some we borrowed from Nigeria.

THANKS TO.....RAYMOND, MARY, KATE.

INSPIRATION...STAR BEER, NIGERIAN PUBLIC TRANSPORT AND LES NEGERESSES VERTS

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## FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!

The Punter is a new Scottish football magazine aimed at fans who are fed up with the present choice of magazines and newspapers (fanzines excepted!).

Our first issue included a frank article by Karen Grega (formerly Pars' commercial manager) on life at East End Park. It didn't go down too well in certain quarters not unadjacent to the Dunfermline boardroom.

Our third issue will be published on August 31, and thereafter The Punter will be available at all good newsagents on the last Thursday of each month.

### YOU CAN ALSO GET THE PUNTER SENT DIRECT TO YOUR HOME

If you take out a subscription after reading this advertisement, we will send you the next 12 issues POST FREE (a saving of £3 on our usual rate) AND send you Issues 1 and 2 FREE! To take advantage, please send a cheque/postal order for £12 (made payable to The Punter) to:

The Punter (WDTHR1),  
62, Kelvingrove Street,  
Glasgow G3 7SA.

.....  
NEXT ISSUE- No.10 WILL BE OUT IN LATE OCTOBER. THE DEADLINE FOR CONTRIBUTIONS, LETTERS, CARTOONS ETC, WILL BE THE END OF SEPTEMBER. SO GET WRITING. THERE WILL BE W.D.H.R. T SHIRT AVAILABLE BEFORE XMAS. WHICH WILL FEATURE THE FRONT COVER OF THIS ISSUE WITH A SUITABLE MESSAGE ABOUT FALKIRK F.C. STAY TUNED FOR DETAILS.  
.....

DON'T MISS THE FABULOUS NAY INCREDIBLE SCOTTISH PROGRAMME FAIR ON SUNDAY 15th OCTOBER IN THE MOIR HALL, GRANVILLE ST. GLASGOW 11am-4pm. ADMISSION 50p adults, 25p children. LOTS OF FANZINES ON SALE.

# Great Early Baths no.3

Season 1986/87 was only a few weeks old and Dunfermline were surprise leaders despite East Fife coming to East End and giving out a sound cuffing to the Pars. The following week the team travelled to Rugby Park to play Kilmarnock without the injured Bobby Robertson or Rowan Hamilton, who had a nightmare in the Fife Derby. The no.2 jersey was handed to newcomer John Waddell, who stood over 6 feet tall and cut an impressive figure lining up in the back four.

Both teams attacked from the start and both squandered easy chances, especially a Killie forward who blasted the ball over the bar when facing an open goal. After 15 minutes a shot from Ian McCall was pushed away by McCulloch, but Shaggy Jenkins appeared to net the rebound. Meanwhile Waddell was up against winger Bryson (now of Sheffield Utd) and was being given a hard time. Kilmarnock must have seen the full back as Dunfermline's weak spot as it seemed that every attack went down that wing. After a couple of minor incidents both players were booked and every time Waddell went near the ball he was hounded by the Killie nutters in the enclosure. After a mere 26 minutes of play Waddell once again went in for a tackle on Bryson, who crashed to the ground as the Killie fans screamed for the red card. From the other end of the ground it was difficult to see what actually happened but our old friend David Slyme had no hesitation in sending young John off for the first taste of the soap suds.

The locals seemed to think that the game was theirs for the taking and when they equalised just on half time, the Pars support in the 2700 crowd thought that as well. However Killie didn't count on the Pars fighting spirit, especially of Gary Thompson at emergency right back, who used his gut to great effect. In the second half the home team hardly kicked a ball (as is often the case against 10 men or 9 men)

With only 3 minutes left Forrest galloped up the left wing to receive a pass from McCall and sped past the spot where the sending off had earlier taken place. He reached the edge of the box where his shot (or cross, it was hard to tell with Forrest) took a deflection and curled over the lunging McCulloch and into the net for the winning goal. Right in front in front of the aforementioned Killie nutters in the enclosure; Ecstasy.

As for John Waddell, Leishman took the huff with him and he only made one more appearance as a substitute at Dumfries, where he played in the midfield and looked quite good. I seem to remember he made his mouth go a bit about not getting a game and not surprisingly he was freed at the end of the season. At least we can thank him for getting sent off and helping us to win 2 points. The team at Kilmarnock that day was;

Westwater, Waddell, Forrest, McCathie, Reid, Heddle, Morrison, Thompson, Watson, McCall (Smith), Jenkins (Campbell)

Taken from  
Complete  
Football  
Nigeria Aug



## BALL BOY

How many times have Rangers and Celtic both reached the semi-finals of the Scottish Cup and how often have they met at that stage? - A.W.

Rangers and Celtic both reached the semi-finals for the first time in 1891-92, when Celtic beat Rangers 5-3 at that stage.

Since then, in the other 26 times they have both reached the semis, they have met only four times - in 1899-1900 - 4-0 Celtic after a 2-2 draw; 1904-05 - 2-0 Rangers; 1924-25 - 5-0 Celtic; 1959-60 - 4-1 Rangers after a 1-1 draw.

in the 12 occasions they have both reached the last four since, they have never been paired.

# Travels with a Goat

NIGERIAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE DIV 2. EL KANEMI (MAIDUGURI) V BANK OF THE NORTH KANO

The major reason why this issue of W.D.H.R is so late is due to the fact that I spent the greater part of the summer in Nigeria, arriving back jet lagged just in time for kick-off in the Dundee match. Being in the home of African football I naturally wanted to see some football, unfortunately the sheer size of the country, and the fact that I was staying in the Bornu State, in the north East of Nigeria. The two international matches I wanted to see Flying Eagles v Indomitable Lions of Cameroon in a World Cup match in Ibadan, and Eagles v Zimbabwe in the African Cup of Nations at Adamasingba Stadium were as far away from Maiduguri as Lands End is from East End, and not so easy to get to, however any disappointment at missing these was quelled by the results; 2-0 and 3-0 respectively for the Eagles.

The one sunny afternoon, after being sent to the market with a list of shopping I happened to pass by what looked like a football ground, and indeed it was. The huge 10ft billboard outside advertised this fact and also that El Kanemi, the darling boys of Borno state were at home to The Bank of the North Kano, that very Saturday, this being Tuesday. Intrepidly I ventured into the ground and found my way to the office of the Supporters' Club, and after the usual Nigerian greeting and handshakes, I was told to come along that Saturday at 4.15pm.

The Nigerian football league is split into four divisions, the first being the same as our Premier League and featuring most of the international players who aren't playing in Belgium, and so on with the exception that the third and fourth (fourth especially) are used by the bigger teams as run outs for their youth teams or second string teams. El Kanemi Juniors are currently leading Div 4. All the teams are sponsored by Banks, Supermarkets or industry, which means that the team with the biggest sponsors can attract the best players. El Kanemi had two years previously spent a fortune on International players and had failed this year, it was more a blend of the youth team and a few minor signings from other clubs. The season is divided into two halves, it being too hot in the dry season for grass to grow. This was the first game in the second half of thirteen matches and El Kanemi lay eighth with 13 points whilst Kano sat 10th with 10pts. The El Kanemi coach Zachary Bajaro had stated in STAR SOCCER, Nigeria's wonderful monthly soccer paper, that his men would not play second fiddle to anyone and were determined to join the big boys in Div 1 (now which boss does that remind you of), at the time they were 7pts behind the favourites Enyimba of Aba, so they had some catching up to do.

The ground is located in the corner of a massive central sports stadium, just off mudfish roundabout, also on that day a huge horse race and other innumerable other games of football, and Nigeria's other great love Handball. As I was saying some 10km out of Maiduguri at Molai, it took me some time to get into town as all the taxi drivers were praying to Mecca, about two hours to be exact, but I made it into town with just enough time to once again fetch the shopping from the market. Transport in Nigeria is not for the faint hearted, but it's cheap and gets you where you want to go fairly quickly. The minibus I caught cost around 10p, and if you don't mind sharing a 14 seater with 20 other people and all their bundles and the occasional goat or chickens, it's the perfect way to travel.

If I'd thought that Nigerian football would be different from its Scottish counterpart, then the answer was Yes AND No. As I disembarked from the minibus, trying not to let the goat eat any more of the vegetables I'd just purchased, the familiar queues were forming at the gates, and already inside the drums and horns were in full song. It cost 3 Naira(25p) for the cheap seats and 5 Naira (40p) for the expensive ones, however as the average daily wage in Nigeria is 7-10 Naira you can see how much their football means to them. The 4 Naira gates were very busy so I opted for the 5 Naira end, it was chaos at these gates, lot of people milling around the one turnstile and my arrival coincided with the arrival of the Kano team bus, a 30 seater with at least 50 on board including some supporters and the team already stripped for action. This caused more chaos around the gates and the Air Force cops moved in with their batons to clear the way; this may seem bad but it was all done in semi-seriousness, everyone was laughing and it ensured the visiting team had an easy entry into the ground. B.o.N Kano play in gold and green stripes, but I had to look twice to make sure the girl wearing the Celtic strip actually existed, and she did.

After a great deal of Jostling I eventually gained access into the ground and proceeded to the nearest refreshment stall for a lemonade, which was called Zit. There was a local used by supporters called the West End Hotel, but I'd arrived too late, which is probably just as well as the favourite tipple Star Beer's lager comes in enormous bottles, is about the same strength as Red Stripe and costs about 30p. It was a hot muggy day and a chilled lemonade was the perfect drink.

At this point I think it's time to talk a little of the refreshments that are available at Nigerian matches, no pies and no bovril, but give me Nigerian snacks anytime, they were as wide and varied as the length of the grass on the pitch. The stalls sold chilled minerals, doughnuts and bubble gum, while innumerable small boys walked about carrying trays on their heads of ciggies, sweets, boiled eggs, fresh mangoes and pineapple chilli cakes (delicious) and some other things called Kola Nuts which tastes foul but the effect is similar to certain substances that are illegal in this country. All in all a great contrast from the Mars Bars and crappy crisps on sale at East End Park.

The ground itself is an open air stadium, with high tiered seats all round three quarters of the ground and a covered stand for the remainder, as I ambled along, everyone I passed stared and then said hello, they were all really friendly and as was the only 'Batturi' (White Man) in the ground. I couldn't exactly blend into the background. The question of where to sit was answered when my friend from the supporters club came up and led me through the gates to the centre stand V.I.P. seats. There I was sitting with the club officials and the local Al Hadjis (people who've been to Mecca) in the softest most comfortable armchair I've ever sat in. I bought a chilled yoghurt drink and some pineapple and suddenly had a flashback to a year or so ago standing on a bitter, wet sodden terracing at Cappilow watching players falling on their arse in the mud with nowt but a cup of 'Tea' to warm me and I further thought 'How about staying here and doing an El Kanemi fanzine'.

Then the teams who had been standing by the side of the pitch took the field, and the biggest surprise of all for me, El Kanemi's change strip was exactly the same as the Pars strip even down to the socks, there was only one team in it for me after that. At first it was a little strange seeing a black keeper in a Pars jersey but I soon got into the swing of things as did the players with their tackles. The pitch wasn't too bad seeing as there had only been rain once in the last three weeks, there was grass in places of varying length but some areas were rock hard sand. The opposing fans started a cacophony of noise mostly drums and tribal chants with the odd burst of "Give us a goal", the people in the stand with me were a little more subdued but equally as keen, making comments on the skills of certain players or laughing at some of the tackles. One other revelation is that 'trannys' are alive and well and living in Nigeria, almost everyone around me had a 'tranny' pressed to their ears, some listening to the reports from other league matches and quite a few were tuned into the excellent music provided by Radio Cameroon.

The match itself was pretty ordinary, reminiscent of some of Dunfermline's desperate games in Division 2 a few years back, the pitch didn't help much and it was mostly aerial football with a lot of clumsy challenges, not to mention a few tackles that Big Rougvie would have found a trifle hard. The tiny referee had a good game and was ably assisted by the linesmen and the NFA official who set on the half way line at a desk and made notes on the game, there was also an official observer from the NFA in the stand. There were innumerable opportunities for both sides to score, although B.o.N Kano looked the better team although the players seemed to prefer acrobatic shots from anywhere which generally went anywhere rather than the more conventional square ball across goal. Overhead kicks and volleys seemed very popular, at every opportunity, goalmouth clearances, shots, boots up field and rather spectacularly, direct from a throw-in, which landed somewhere near the mango stall. Some of the individual skills were very good indeed and a pleasure to watch, both keepers had excellent saves, but some of the time they would hurl themselves skyward to touch a fairly weak shot over the bar. The only goal of that half, and the game came just before half time when the El Kanemi No.10 beat three men, entered the box and muffed his shot only to see the keepers reflex save bounce off a defender end into the net. Half time was spent telling my friend from the supporters club all about the Pars and giving him a pennant for the club office, then after the El Kanemi players had said their prayers it was all go for the second half in which the honours were shared but no more goals.

The highlights of the second half were not on the pitch but around the ground. The people near me in the stand spent the largest part of the afternoon reading newspapers or staring at me and wondering which Belgian club I was scouting for. Actually Leish, the 6 Ft 2 in Kanemi striker Mike Odu is rather good and big enough to flatten Roy Aitken without changing his stride. There is poverty in Nigeria, that's a fact and for many of the wee boys it's a daily struggle to beg enough to eat. They wander round with enamel bowls, mostly carried on their heads upside down like a hat, and about a hundred or so were perched on the back fence watching the game. At a signal from the club official the police ran towards them, batons out; it was a mass of wee boys running about and dropping their bowls and laughing. They maintain a healthy disrespect for the police too, and the police knackered after a short chase giving up and having a ciggie. I left shortly before the end to catch my lift, but I really enjoyed the experience. As I left loads of people came down to shake my hand and say goodbye. I was apparently the first 'Buttari' to visit the ground, and they were genuinely pleased to see me there. I was invited down to Imo State the next week with the team (Imo State being 400 miles away), but declined as we had a weekend arranged in Bama the following week. Thanks to everyone at El Kanemi for making the whole afternoon and enjoyable affair.

### AROUND THE WORLD WITH W.D.H.R

#### JUVENTUS V LAZIO ITALIAN SERIE 'A'

It is the penultimate week of the Italian league season. The Stadio Communale in Turin is barley half-full as Juventus, already certain of a U.E.F.A cup place next season take on Lazio of Rome. The visitors don't have their troubles to seek as they were certain to make a quick return to 'Serie B', the Second Division from which they had gained promotion a year ago.

After only four minutes and with the ball out of play an evil sadistic roar erupts from the 'Filladelphia' end of the ground where the notorious Juventus Ultras are massed. Banners are unfurled and flags are waved in unrestrained joy. Those with transistor radios understand immediately, many look puzzled and others shrug their shoulders when asked the obvious question. A minute late the giant scoreboard proclaims 'COMO 1 TORINO 0 ', in cruel red letters. The hated city rivals have been drawn into the relegation quagmire. A defeat today will almost certainly condemn them to Division 2. 'SERIE B', 'SERIE B' chant the Ultras in unholy delight.

A Torino equaliser in the 15th minute is greeted with stony silence. Six minutes later they score again, COMO 1 TORINO 2. A spontaneous round of applause, loud and long breaks out from those occupying the best seats in the stand. The standites are not Torino supporters; they are merely manifesting their appreciation of a gutsy performance by the city rivals as they teeter on the brink of the relegation abyss.

From the terracing comes a cacophony of angry whistles, jeers and cat-calls. A sporting bunch the Juventus Ultras are not. Just before half-time Torino grabbed a third goal, to more applause from the stand and derisive whistles from the terracing.

This is CALCIO, Italian football, where some follow football and some merely follow a football club.

Juventus did their rivals a favour by beating Lazio 4-2, but it was to no avail. Torino were relegated to the second division for the first time since 1959, after losing the final match to Lecce, one of six clubs battling to beat the drop on the last day of the season.

SANDY GARDEN



## DUNFERMLINE . . . THE RE-BIRTH OF . . . er . . . . DUNFERMLINE

This is the story of a humble street cleaner's son who rose from the depths of obscurity 'Cowdenbeath', to lead fight after fight for promotion, and occasionally relegation. This is a tale of total commitment to the art of bullshitting.

Yes - This is the Legend of Jim Leishman Esq.

The story begins several million year ago . . .

**In The Beginning** ... there was nothing but darkness. Black, Ugly darkness, blacker than black, and yet Darker. Everywhere was Black and dark interspersed at intervals by varying shades of black.

It was late Monday morning. As usual GOD had a hangover and felt generally pissed off. As usual it was dark so he couldn't see a thing.

" Fuck This ! " He thought, Gie's a Light ". Instantly, everywhere was blazed in a bright, shining, whiter than white DAZ whiteness, which brightened everywhere.

" That's brilliant ! ". GOD exclaimed. " Now, Gie's a cure fur a hangover ! ". Instantly, Heaven was devoid of alcohol and GOD saw that he made an arse of himself.

" What do I dae now ? ", enquired GOD. " Nae booze ! Life will be bloody boring now ". Suddenly a thought occurred to him " LIFE ! !".

" That's it I'll create Life. Should kill a few days. "

Several days later the job was finished. " No bad " GOD reflected.

Unfortunately there were a few teething troubles. His creation of Life had met a few problems. There was Adam, alone in the Garden of Eden, " discovering " himself, then Adam " discovered " a sheep, then a dog etc. It soon occurred to GOD that Adam had been involved in a few "creations " of his own. Being a just and forgiving GOD he finally put his foot down on Adam's behaviour. Thus Adam became the first eunuch.

In despair GOD returned to the drawing board and created Adam MK II - but with accessories. First there was an inflatable sheep, which sadly failed. Eventually GOD had a brainwave, and using a reconditioned Adam MK I added a few bits here and there, subtracted this and that, and " Hey Presto ! ", created Eve.

And GOD surveyed his creations and saw that he had done pretty good. There was Adam and Eve breeding like rabbits, and the other creatures doing much the same. David Attenborough was having a good look and GOD looked on contented.

Until one dark Monday morning several million years later, GOD woke up in a foul mood. He had not consumed alcohol for millions of years and his enforced " teetotalism " had upset him slightly. In a blind rage he stormed around heaven concocting a terrifying nightmare to inflict on his creation. With terrifying dexterity and meticulous precision a machine of destruction was created.

And so Crawford Baptie was born !

But GOD did not stop there. Crazy with anger he created the epitome and personification of evil itself - FALKIRK FOOTBALL CLUB, which came to be led by the DEVIL himself, a balding little shit named " Jim Duffy ".

## DUNFERMLINE . . . THE RE-BIRTH OF . . . er . . . . DUNFERMLINE

It was only then that GOD realised the full horror of his creation as the anti-Christ Jim Duffy led his butchering bastard around the football grounds of Scotland, mercilessly hacking to death all which dared to stand in their way. Shocked at Falkirk's unrestrained evil GOD resigned himself to curbing this pestilence by guiding the forces of good to battle and glorious victory against Falkirk.

But how could a simple Grade 3 GOD with only two 'O' Grades expect to overcome the might of Satan's Empire ? He needed outside help and a means to attack the Evil Falkirk. He needed a trustworthy and cunning disciple and found such a leader in a place called Cowdenbeath. The Ayatollah Leishmanei was the noisy leader of a sect known as the Abu-Nidal ( Cowdenbeath ) Football Club. Famed for his inspirational parables and popular Gospel readings, he seemed an excellent choice.

And so the Ayatollah Leishmanei came to the chosen club, Dunfermline Athletic.

But the Leishmanei, or Jim Leishman as he came to be known was in a pitiful state, living on DHSS handouts in a cardboard box, near a secluded, primitive part of Fife known as Kelty. Many times Jim had dreamed of finding a stale crust of bread so that he could feed his family. He was a poor, depressed pile of human remains, a cesspool of religious fanaticism and a victim of Thatcher's Britain. Rejected by the Dunfermline Literary Society and shunned by the Junior Poetry Club he roamed the streets thrusting his poetic similes and dramatic metaphors on passers by. Eventually after years of degradation he found himself alone, abandoned in a world that did not understand him.

Suddenly his cardboard box was filled with light, and thinking that it was the bailiffs coming to repossess his Grecian 2000™ he dived behind a bush for cover. Then ... a shrill, heavenly voice proclaimed, " Will you accept a reversed charges call from GOD ? " .

" Yes ", squealed Jim.

Suddenly GOD's voice boomed through the celestial telephone.

"Fine", now its . . er . . . posh voice, . . . booming . . er . . . yes "

GOD paused for a breath before proclaiming, Jim Leishman I have been watching you and I am satisfied at what I see. You are an inspirational leader, a character, but most importantly a complete " \*\*\*\*\* ".

" Thank You ", squealed Jim.

" You have been chosen for an important task ", GOD continued. " You will lead the army of Dunfermline Athletic from the depths of the Second Division to the heights of the Premier League. You will be popular, you will be famous. Alex Cameron will patronise you in his newspaper column, Jerry McNee will write about Rangers, as usual " .

" The media will love you, except Radio Clyde. Every football fan will know your name. You will be a celebrity, and open supermarkets, close hospitals, pay your Poll Tax . . . . ". GOD stopped and Jim heard the sound of paper rustling before GOD boomed apologetically. Er . . . sorry about that, got the speech to you mixed up with Margaret's. But anyway, you get the idea ? "

" Er Ah think so ", began Jim " You want me to be a fitba manager ? "

Not A manager, THE manager of the team to brat all teams. The team which will win the League Cup, the Premier League, the Scottish Cup and the European Cup in the 1990s.

" You mean . . . . ", exclaimed Jim " I'm going tae be Rangers Manager ?????? "



## DUNFERMLINE . . . THE RE-BIRTH OF . . . er . . . . DUNFERMLINE

Before GOD could answer and Jim could change his mind, his world began to spin faster and faster, until the cardboard box disappeared. His poorly made clothes ( from Burtons ) disintegrated, to be replaced by tailor made trousers, expensive shoes, crisp white shirt and a Dunfermline tie and blazer. Suddenly Jim found himself in the boardroom at East End Park. The directors were shaking his hand and saying " Congratulations, Jim " and " We'll show those Huns who can play fitba ", and even " I see ! You . . . want . . . to . . . make . . . a . . . pop record ? " .

" You see Jim ", said the Chairman Mel Rennie, pacing his left arm around Jim's shoulders.

" Dunfermline ", he began, " are a big club, a *Great* club, a club that is going places " .

" Aye ", interrupted Jim, " Tae the bottom of the second division " .

" Yes ", replied Chairman Mel, hastily removing his arm. " That's where you come in. We want you to get the club recognised. Build us up, bring back the fans, and make the team successful again ! " .

" Excuse me Mr. Rennie. You don't need a manager - you need a miracle ! " .

" Funny you should say that Jim. An Angel came to me in a dream and said " *For Today, in the city of Keltie is reborn a saviour, who will rebuild Dunfermline.* " .

" That's what he said ? " asked Jim.

" His words, exactly ! " , replied Chairman Mel.

" Mr Rennie ? " , asked Jim, " are you feeling alright ? " .

The Chairman was unhappy with Jim's apparent lack of faith, and decided a new strategy was required to inspire this Leishman.

" Come on ! " , commanded the Chairman as he strode from the boardroom and led Jim onto the pitch, to stand in the centre circle. The Chairman stood, proudly looking at the stadium.

" What a dump, eh ? " , Jim enthused.

Spinning angrily on his heel, the Chairman faced Leishman, his face red with anger.

" I can remember the Glorious European days when the best in Europe stood proudly on this turf ". I can remember when the greatest teams in Europe fought for the honour of playing at East End Park - Everton, Valencia . . . . . Huddersfield Town ! " .

The Chairman paused, allowing his words to permeate Jim's brain.

" I remember the night we first won the Scottish Cup in . . . er . . . 1961 " .

" I remember the last time we won the Fife Cup, and when we last beat Falkirk at Brockville " .

Looking round the stadium, the whole scene melted into a picture of nostalgia and sentimentality as tacky as one on 'Saint & Greavsie'.

Some hours later we return to our heroes. The sky is dark, the rain pours down and the thunder crashes but still Chairman Mel continues.

" AND I remember when we narrowly defeated Burntisland Shipyard 26 Nil in the second leg qualifier for the first round of the inter-district knockout entry to the Fife Cup, first round in 1892 ! " .

He paused to regain his composure, then continued quietly, the fanaticism gone, his bloodshot eyes returning to normal.

" Yes Jim " , he summarised, " Many's the time I've sat in the Directors' box with nothing but a Thermos flask and a Tartan Travel Rug for company and dreamed that a new Messiah, a new " Jock Stein " would return and lead the Pars to further glory, and greater achievements.

" Did you say Messiah ? " , interrupted Jim who had been enthralled by the Chairman's ramblings.

" Yes ", replied the Chairman.

## DUNFERMLINE . . . THE RE-BIRTH OF . . . er . . . . DUNFERMLINE

Suddenly Leishman was bathed in light and standing proudly, his hair blowing provocatively in the wind and his powerful frame silhouetted against the lightning proclaimed:

" Yes, I am the Messiah ! I will lead the Pars to the Premier League and back again. I . . . "

Then inexplicably, Leishman in full bullshit mode was cut short by a harsh, guttural cry from nowhere.

" I've been tellin' you fur hours. Get aff the fuckin' pitch ", insisted the groundsman waving his powerful torch.

" Do you know who I am ? ", enquired the chairman politely.

" I don't give a shit who you are, get aff the fuckin' pitch "

" You're fired ! ", bellowed chairman Mel.

" Just who the hell dae you think you are ? ", enquired the groundsman.

" MY NAME ", snarled the chairman " is MEL RENNIE ! "

" Fine - OK ", replied the groundsman. " Get aff the fuckin' pitch - SIR ! "

Leaving them to their argument, Leishman wandered out of the stadium hypnotised by his own bullshit and dreams of the future. But that future belonged to him. Already Jim was heading for the big time! Since being appointed Dunfermline manager, he could afford to move from his dilapidated, terraced, cardboard box in Kelty to a luxury three bedroomed semi-detached packing case just outside Lochgelly. There was a swimming pool and an adjoining garage, with space for three Ladas and two Skodas.

But a return to the big-time would not be easy. It would take hard work, determination and an unbelievable amount of bullshitting. At the end of season 83-84 Dunfermline languished ninth in the second division. It would take a superhuman effort and very astute signings to fulfil the promotion dream, part one.

But Leishman was not completely stupid. He saw the need for an effective and consistent strike force. But instead we signed Grant Jenkins and John Watson.

" Honest ", Jim insisted, " this Watson's brilliant!, sma', fast, intelligent, reads the game like a book, an' only four hundred quid "

" Four hundred quid !, exclaimed the chairman, " That's within the budget. Okay nip along to the Building Society and get the money "

Then the chairman paused, " Where did you meet him ? ", he asked. " Och its really funny ! ", replied Jim " I was in this pub an' I got talkin' tae this guy, and he say he knew a wee Chinese fitballer fae Hong Kong. You know, not too keen on communists, wants a job in Britain, says he's a good player So I says, where can I meet him ? Well the guys showed me a video, and he's ace, really brilliant. So I'm meeting him tomorrow when he gets in fae Hong Kong "

" So ! ", interrupted the Chairman. You've not actually met this Watson yet ? "

" No ", Jim replied Jim. " Does it matter ? "

" Well, John Watson doesn't sound very Chinese ! "

" Aye it does ", insisted Jim. " Say it with a Chinese accent "

" Oh Yes ", replied the Chairman, unconvinced.

The next day Leishman stood outside East End Park awaiting the arrival of the Chinese soccer genius. The friend in the pub was only too keen to see Jim again and was such a trusting businessman he didn't even bother to count the transfer fee. Yes, thought Jim, remembering the mans face as he finished his Guinness and cheerfully left the pub. Football is a wonderful business, nice people. Suddenly a Mini screeched to a halt in front of him and a six-foot mass of red hair and muscle squeezed out. Dropping a can of lager, he swore then staggered over to Jim, his knuckles dragging across the ground.

" Are you Leeshman Pal ? ", he slurred. " Ma name's Watson. Pleased tae meet you "

## DUNFERMLINE . . . THE RE-BIRTH OF . . . er . . . . DUNFERMLINE

Sometime later, the Chairman arrived at the ground. The great Watson was slumped in the dugout watching the team training.

" For fuck sake Leishman ", shouted the Chairman. " The guy's pissed, and he's not even Chinese ! "

" Well . . . , Jim began. " The picture wasne so good, but he's a great player ".

" We'll see", replied the Chairman, still fuming.

Moments later John staggered onto the pitch and showed the languid fluidity and effortless style for which he is famous. The ball broke to him inside the half-way line. He collected and strode up-field, bypassing tackles and gliding round defenders before twisting and collapsing exhausted.

"So, he's a wee bit unfit, but we can fix that ", Jim suggested.

" You'd better ", hissed the Chairman, as he returned to the boardroom.

And fix it they did. Soon Watson's silky red hair was a trademark of the Dunfermline revival. Pars fans were thrilled by Watson's daring acrobatics, his daring back somersaults deceiving the most resourceful 'keeper. In time Watson became the club's top scorer, only beaten by the youthful exuberance of Vetjle Anderson whose incredible sexploits became legendary during Dunfermline's Premier campaign.

Yes, incredible as it may seem, girls and housewives flocked to East End Park to gaze lustfully as " Super John Watson " ambled gracefully around the pitch, occasionally joining in the game by sending the ball past 'keepers with diverse parts of his body.

It could be said that Watson's position as top scorer, on - and off the park are significant reasons for the Pars revival. However faced with the likes of Grant Jenkins in competition, the result was a foregone conclusion.

However, Watson did not do justice for the club every time he donned the noble Black & White. It is rumoured that he occasionally missed easy chances and gifts possession to the opposition. This I do not believe. Watson is also blamed for the failure of Dunfermline's bid to storm the pop charts.

The classical composition " Eastenders ", a Stock, Aitken - Waterman like attempt to capture the teeny-bop market failed to make the Top 1000 because of Watson's dismal attempt at the " la - la - la - la - la's ". Watson is the one out of tune. As a result he was fined two weeks win bonus.

" JIMMY DEE "

.....  
OUR ESTEEMED THANKS GO OUT TO JIMMY DEE FOR THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF

" DUNFERMLINE . . . THE RE-BIRTH OF . . . er . . . . DUNFERMLINE "

WE HOPE THAT YOU, LIKE US ARE WAITING FOR THE SECOND INSTALMENT ALTHOUGH CERTAIN PEOPLE AT EAST END WILL NOT BE AMUSED, BUT THEN THEY DON'T READ WALKING DOWN THE HALBEATH ROAD, DO THEY ? ONLY TIME WILL TELL. LOOK OUT FOR MORE NEXT ISSUE DUE OUT OCT / NOV.

### SOME RECOMMENDED NON-FOOTBALL READING

BATMAN YEAR THREE	( D.C COMICS )	MARSHALL LAW	( EPIC COMICS )
DETECTIVE COMICS	( D.C COMICS )	LEX LUTHOR THE UNAUTHORISED AUTOBIOGRAPHY	
HELLBLAZER	( D.C COMICS )	( D.C COMICS )	
SWAMPTHING	( D.C COMICS )	THESE ARE A SMALL REPRESENTATION OF MY FAVE	
DEADLINE	( DEADLINE PUB LTD )	COMICS. NO LONGER ARE THEY JUST FOR KIDS. ALL	
SKREEMERS	( D.C COMICS )	ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE SCIENCE FICTION	
SANDMAN	( D.C COMICS )	BOOKSHOP, EDINBURGH OR FORBIDDEN PLANET,	
		GLASGOW. CHECK THEM OUT NOW AND GO AND SEE	
		BATMAN AS WELL	

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# **I.D. Cards - Why Scotland Could Be Next**

If the Tories' Football Spectators Bill becomes law, ID cards could be introduced north of the border too. For contained within the legislation are powers to extend their use to Scotland and Northern Ireland without specific parliamentary approval. All it will need is for the Minister to give his say so and ID cards become compulsory for Scotland under the same terms as in England and Wales.

Therefore it is essential that every Scottish fan acts now to oppose the Bill. Below, the Football Supporters Association explain their key objections to the legislation and what you can do.

All ticket games can severely hit attendances. Football relies on casual supporters to bolster crowds on big occasions.

Many make their decision 'on the day', and simply won't want the hassle of applying for a card. To add to the inconvenience, ID cards will only be obtainable in person; no postal applications will be accepted.

Scottish fans travelling to games in England will be forced to buy a card in order to become an 'authorised spectator'. It is typical of the government's approach to this scheme that the cost of a card has not yet been identified. Estimates vary between £2.50 and £12. Either way, YOU will pay extra on top of your normal admission money for no discernable benefit. Clubs may also have to charge a higher admission fee to cover the cost of installing computerised turnstiles, extra policing etc.

Delays will be caused by the new turnstile readers, even in small crowds. Queues will build up, leading to crushing. At big matches, the problems will be even worse and hold-ups could place fans in serious danger or mean them missing much of the game.

And the powers already exist to ban troublemakers. In addition to the full range of prison sentences, fines, probation orders etc judges can ban fans from attending matches and young offenders can be forced to spend matchdays at attendance centres. Also, clubs can ban any individual they see fit. These facts alone render the whole Bill **TOTALLY UNNECESSARY**.

In both Scotland and England attendances are rising, proof that public confidence in football is increasing. Not only will ID cards deter many of the game's returning fans, but they are bound to put off others by giving a misleading impression of match-day violence. Many small clubs could be bankrupted and all will be forced to divert resources away from new players and better facilities. Two examples show the dangers. Despite all the propaganda, Luton's 'membership' scheme has seen attendances fall 20% at Kenilworth Road in the past three seasons - the most successful in the club's history. They were even forced recently to sell their ground to the local Council to help clear multi-million pound debts. And Colchester had to drop their 100% 'membership' scheme last season because of poor crowds.

Under the proposals, fans could have their ID cards confiscated without committing any offence. Cards could be

withdrawn for ANY reason deemed 'suitable' by your club the police or the new Football Membership Authority. This constitutes a gross and unprecedented infringement of civil liberties. No other country in Western Europe treats its citizens so contemptuously. And the FMA will in effect be a self-contained legal system accountable only to a government minister, with none of the safeguards and rights you enjoy in an open court.

The sketchy proposals Moynihan has presented to parliament deny MPs the chance to vote or debate crucial details in one of the government's key Bills. One former Tory Minister has described it as the worst drafted piece of legislation in the last 30 years. It does no more than establish a framework for the running of the scheme leaving almost all the decisions - and problems - on its operation to the FMA.

The Bill is now stumbling through parliament, so there's never been a more important time for football fans to get active. Visit your MP at his local surgery or write to her him c/o the House of Commons, London SW11. If you've a non-Tory MP, although they should be opposing the Bill it's important that you make it clear how strongly you and other football fans feel about it - and why. This is because we're partly dependent on these MPs putting forward logical arguments to defeat the measure.

If your MP's a Tory and you aren't happy with their response when you contact them, then tell them so. Explain that they're in parliament as your representative and ask exactly what they've done to canvass their constituents' opinion on this issue. Most MPs know very little about football and the Tories will probably initially just quote from a circular sent to them all by Moynihan. If they mention arrest figures, point out that they're irrelevant - people are innocent until proved guilty - it's the number of convictions that count - ask if they have these - tell them to find it out before they start slandering football fans.

Tell your MP that as ID cards have never been in the Conservative Party Manifesto, they have no mandate from the public to vote for it. Don't be afraid to tell them that if they support the Bill in parliament, they've no chance of getting your vote again. Point out that many football fans are young first time voters and this legislation will probably alienate them from ever voting Conservative. MPs will only see people who live in their constituency so urge as many friends as possible to visit theirs and then accompany them when they do so.

### **Here's what else you can do:**

\* Sign the FSA's anti-ID card petition, a copy of which should be included in this magazine. So far over 250,000 supporters have - now here's your chance.

\* Use the facts to get the fans' message across on local radio, TV and in the papers.

\* Photocopy this sheet and pass it on.

\* If you've any ideas on campaigning, or want more advice, contact the Scottish FSA at 12 Montague Street, Glasgow G4 9HX or telephone 041-339-3172.

An annual subscription costs £2.



# On The Move

In the last issue of W.D.H.R. the article "The Times they are a changing" carried Nearside Linesman's ideas on what he thinks could be done to improve East End Park. Since Hillsborough many opinions have been expressed as to the future of football in Britain with much of it consisting of fatuous exercises such as comparing our stadia with those in America.

Despite all the talk there seems little chance of any great changes in league grounds in the near future, without massive subsidies. The Scottish league believes that the cost of converting a stadium would be around £200 per seat when the work needed to convert terraces and aisles is carried out. How much more it would cost to cover the seated areas is anyone's guess. Obviously it puts it out of the reach of most Scottish clubs.

Apart from financial reasons another stumbling block would be the reluctance of supporters towards the all-seated stadia. Aberdeen have been held up as a shining example to the rest of the league, but surely the resistance of their support to watching a match whilst seated was partially overcome by the fact that Aberdeen were successful during the conversion. By now of course Dons fans are used to sitting. However I refuse to believe that they are as ignorant about facilities in the rest of the league as club secretary Ian Taggart is;

"Some of them know nothing else and when they travel they are surprised to find supporters still standing".

Taggart also considers Pittodrie to be safer because it is all seated. Fair enough, as accidents on stairways have led to many deaths in the past few years, in Greece and Russia in particular. Anyone who has left the Beach End at Pittodrie in a big crowd will know just how dangerous that exit stairway is, if someone were to stumble God knows what would happen. The Aberdeen secretary was also quoted as saying "It is also easier from the security angle as stewards can spot the trouble makers more easily". In that case the stewards at Pittodrie must be particularly inept, as they not only failed to spot the troublemakers at last season's Scottish Cup replay against the Pars, but were responsible for allowing Aberdeen supporters and casuals into an end supposedly reserved for visiting supporters. When hooligans were pointed out to them they refused to go down and do anything about them.

For every Pittodrie there is also a Kilbowie. I wish someone would explain to certain directors that there is absolutely no point in having an all seated stadium when a good percentage of it is exposed to the elements. It seems fairly obvious that spectators would rather stand under cover than sit in the rain.

Most important to Dunfermline Supporters is how their directors feel about East End Park since Hillsborough. Despite the Pitreavie deal falling through, I think that the board, especially Mel Rennie would still like to move to an purpose-built stadium on the outskirts of town. After all it was Rennie who said "Asda was a big one, but we will still be looking for another big name retailer". Whether another big name retailer would be interested in East End Park is another matter, and in any case the cash raised from the sale of the ground would certainly not be enough to finance the construction of a new stadium. According to an interview in the Scotland on Sunday newspaper, a spokesman for the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors reckons that a major stadium would around 25 acres, which would cost around £35 million (and that's before the building of any ground or roads). There's no way that East End is going to sell for anything like that, so the co-operation of the council or a generous donation from a local farmer of land at no cost (as in the case of St. Johnstone) would be essential.

It seems that many councillors and officials fought hard for the Pars to move to Pitreavie, but politicians are notoriously fickle people - could supporters rely on them to regard football as a high priority especially if costs rise and the team hits another slump.

A group of local business men known as Bridgehead 2000 are keen to develop a large area of land to the south west of Dunfermline. Pars director Blair Morgan is involved with this organisation through his work with solicitors Macbeath Currie, so it's not delving too far into the realms of fantasy to wonder if D.A.F.C. would like to attach themselves to this group and aim for a new stadium cum sports complex to be built in the area.



There's already fierce opposition to the Bridgehead 2000 development plans from residents of Crossford and Charlestown, etc, and I can't see them being any more welcome to a football club.

The club deserves credit for continuing to upgrade East End Park, but it would be a terrible waste of money if the club were to move. However Mel Rennie makes no secret of the fact that he regards maintenance costs as getting too high. Although the Pitreavie move was supposedly backed by half the support, I've personally come across very few who were in favour. East End is a very popular stadium. As the article in issue 8 stated there is undoubtedly potential for further development at the present ground, even to the extent of seating and enlarging all the terracing.

The Board of Directors are bound to have long term plans for the club and I can only urge them to be more forthcoming to the fans. There has to be a better form of communication than Jack Kyle surreptitiously phoning secretaries of supporters clubs.

BALL BOY

While the Dunfermline Press rabbits on about it's "Player of the Year" Award, W.D.H.R. can state quite categorically that Westie was not the true recipient of the award. It doesn't take a genius to work out that Westie won the award because he was the only player who played in every bloody game. Taken on average i.e. total points divided by total appearances, the trophy would have gone to Tierney, with Sharp runner up and G. Robertson third.

The mind boggles as to what Raymond Sharp would have achieved if Leishman had had the guts to play him earlier in the season. In only 9 appearances he won the "Pars Man of the Match" award three times. With his potential there would have been no place for B. Smith at East End.

Another surprise is that, on the averages table there are three centre halves in the top 7. If John Holt and John Watson are counted, the ratio becomes 4.5 out of 8 (It's fairly obvious who the .5 is)

However if our esteemed local rag had awarded their trophy to the player with the most individual Man of the Match Awards, the winner would have been Raith fans fave the reborn superhero John Watson. Really I can't see how he won M.O.M 8 times, but I'm the first to admit that his goals have been priceless this season and before none more so than the Meadowbank game. Speaking of which we at W.D.H.R. would like to nominate two players for a trophy to reward them for sterling service in the Pars push for promotion last season. Take a bow, WATTIE BOYD and JIM HOLMES.

AVERAGE POINTS TABLE

TIERNEY	-8.2
SHARP	-7.8
G.ROBERTSON	7.6
MCCATHIE	-7.5
WATSON	-7.4
WESTWATER	-7.2
RIDDELL	-7.1
JACK	-7.05
T.SMITH	-6.96
B.SMITH	-6.9
P.SMITH	-6.8
IRONS	-6.7
BEEDIE	-6.6
WILLIAMSON	-6.6
BURNS	-6.4
M.SMITH	-6.4
GALLAGHER	-6.14
FARNINGHAM	-5.8

INDIVIDUAL M.O.M AWARDS

8	-JOHN WATSON
7	-ROSS JACK
4	-TIERNEY, P.SMITH
3	-SHARP, RIDDELL, IRONS
2	-BEEDIE, WESTWATER, MCCATHIE G.ROBERTSON
1	-T.SMITH, GALLAGHER, B.SMITH HOLT

BALL BOY

**WELL DONE LADS, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU!**  
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As the close-season at last draws to a close and the mighty warriors of Scottish Football try on their new suits of armour and prepare for the noble fight. The Football Fan, a teetotal, well-spoken individual, well versed in the teachings of ancient Greek Philosophers is at once transformed into a slaving, foul-mouthed slob whose one ambition is for the Referee to hear one of his witty comments. "I say chappie!", he may begin "Why don't you make the right decisions?". Is perhaps the type of question a sober, educated individual may ask when a Referee makes a bad decision. However, a Football Fan - a true Football Fan would alternatively state: " WHOSE THE BASTARD IN THE BLACK? ". A traditional Scottish way of contesting refereeing decisions.

For a Football Fan, the Season starts long before August. As soon as the fixture lists are released every Fan in Scotland scans them intently. Identifying the Games his team will win, draw or even win. The concept of defeat is never mentioned, or considered except in the case of Berwick Rangers who count a low score defeat as a proud victory.

As the season approaches, the fans gradually come out of their Zombie like state. Their glazed eyes slowly return to normal, like the re-birth of the dead until finally with the blow of the first whistle of the new season they return to their position as normal citizens six days a week. Crazy psychopathic referee killers on Saturday afternoons.

But, it is not only the Football Fan who suffers. For a small group of people, the Football Season never stops but is held in suspended animation between May and August. Of course, I am talking about the Sportswriters, Journalists and Archie McPhersons of this world who scour the country for some footballish story to fill their columns. When this is not possible, they fill their columns with as much garbage as humanly possible. This is known in newspaper jargon as "Exclusives". For instance, completely ridiculous stories like Rangers signing a catholic, Rangers signing Mo Johnstone, Souness having a nose-job, Rangers signing: Diego Maradona, Gary Lineker, Chris Waddle etc...

If however, Rangers are not doing anything. Stories like Rangers chances of winning the European Cup, the Premier league, the Scottish Cup, the Skol Cup or even, shock-horror, the Glasgow Cup are considered. To balance these articles with coverage of the rest of Scottish football, the Scottish media print "Celtic almost signed..." stories about obscure East-European players no one has heard of. When Rangers are doing nothing, and Celtic even less than usual. We open our newspapers to find "Rangers boys under-sevens team beaten 4 - 2 by Benbecula United Boys Club". We also get a full page report on the match and even HRH Alex Cameron sees fit to add his own bigotted remark in his "This is what I think so Fuck You!" column. With the added benefit of an Open Letter to the Benbecula United Captain stating that the result was not really important - since Rangers lost.

Of course, coverage of the lower leagues is provided by a miniscule column at the bottom of page 38 where a small black dot signifies a sentence about some supporter-less club, like Motherwell for instance. In these columns, the supporter strains his eyes hoping for some mention of his team. However, usually all there is to be found is

"Celtic boys club recently enjoyed a European Tour and managed to score over three goals, despite losing a disappointing fourteen games out of fourteen. Well done lads, we're proud of you! "

**WELL DONE LADS, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU!**  
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And so, the Football Season is upon us and the Sports pages are literally packed with the latest news and gossip. Interesting, informative "Exclusives" like Rangers set to sign a Catholic, 'Rangers will win the European Cup', Souness HAS had a nose job, or 'Celtic swoop for Drukizgavak Sleminkockov of Locomotiv Leipzig. But, the coverage does not end there. The newspapers fight for the honour of an interview with Billy McNeill or Graeme Souness. Of course, the interview is in reality a chance to make up excuses for a bad result or a blatantly obvious chance to appear as a modest and altogether wonderful person by giving all the credit to yourself. The latest innovative piece of reorting (and the easiest) is the "Telephone Hotlines" where an unbelievable number of Old Firm fans from all over Glasgow ring up and say:

"Rangers were rubbish. We must sign a new player!"

or

"Celtic were rubbish. We must sign a new player!"

or

"I think its scandalous that in Aberfeldy, a cup of tea and a biscuit costs £3.58. What must tourists think!"

or even

"I'm sure Souness has had a nose-job!"

The Hotline column always states *"The voice of the fans"*

Who are they trying to kid?

Obviously, the Hotline idea extends easily to Radio and Television. And so, after a discussion about the match of the day which, curiously enough always includes one of the Old Firm. Football Fans from all over Glasgow ring up on a variety of topics. The Phone-ins are a hotbed of action and a lively debate always ensues. The callers one by one offer their questios to the panel of 'experts'.

"Rangers were rubbish. We must sign a new player!"

or

"Celtic were rubbish. We must sign a new player!"

or

"I think its scandalous that in Aberfeldy, a cup of tea and a biscuit costs £3.58. What must tourists think!"

or even

"I'm sure Souness has had a nose-job!"

The Panel of 'experts' who, strangely enough used to play for Celtic or Rangers and who also write columns for the Scottish Tabloid press then totally ignore the callers question and repeat the Gospel accoring to the Old Firm which soon re-appears in their columns on Monday mornings.

However, on the BBC's Saint & Greavsie like attempt to capture the lunchtime football audience. The Phone-In idea has been turned upside down. In this case, Football Fans from all over Glasgow are invited to discuss their opinions on the previous weeks game or if their mental capacity allows, speculate on that afternoons game.

Not surprisingly, the panel is made up of ex-Old Firm players who always defend their team and rubbish the innocent fan who dares to suggest:

"Rangers will be rubbish. We must sign a new player!"

or

"Celtic will be rubbish. We must sign a new player!"

or

"I think its scandalous that in Aberfeldy, a cup of tea and a biscuit cost £3.58. What must tourists think!"

or even

"I'm sure Souness will have a nose-job!"

**WELL DONE LADS, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU!**  
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Occasionally, the Panel is lost for words, totally confused by a question or simply does not understand. This usually happens when the question has absolutely nothing to do with the Old Firm.

On the Television, this situation is blatantly obvious. Jim Craig stares at the wrong camera, Derek Johnstone giggles. The panel will usually attempt to twist the question to include the Old Firm.

"Er....well..AH! ...Well if Celtic were in this position....."

Of course, there are easier ways to avoid a difficult question....

"Pardon caller?....Sorry, I can't hear you.....We'll try to get back to you later, alright. Perhaps when the line is clearer."

Of course, this season, the style of these paid up members of the 'Old Firm Fan Club' will change ever so slightly as a result of Rangers signing a self confessed Rangers fanatic and international striker (no more clues). Who is quoted as saying:

"Nothing would make me sign for those orange bastards!"

Now, everyone has expressed their opinion about the Mo Johnstone saga. Most people have accepted it, marvelled at it and made sure they are nowhere near Parkhead on August 26th. However, it does not really affect fans of other teams (except that M.J may score against them). But, this does not stop the media ramming the signing down our throats. Whenever Johnstone takes to the field from now till his assassination, mere football will take a backseat and "reporters" will exaggerate the crowd reaction and their articles will contain what Johnstone did, or did not do.

"Will he bless himself?", "Will the Pope write and congratulate him?", "Does Billy McNeill still speak to him?" and "Who gave him the black eye?".

But, these Journalist also have to wrestle long and hard with their consciences. Imagine their position. They. Mere mortals have to decide after long and hard deliberation whether to back Rangers, or Celtic for the Championship. And, if they back Rangers for the League, do they back Celtic to defeat Dundee United in the Cup Final? Or, do they go for a Radical formula like Celtic for the League, Rangers for the Cup? Of course, the problem is then who to back in the Skol Cup - Celtic or Rangers?

Of course, if one of these prophecies goes badly wrong, who is to blame? For instance, a totally hypothetical situation. A large West of Scotland football team wins the League, the Cup or both. Next season, they are soundly gubbed 5-1 by their deadliest rivals.

Q. Whose fault is it?

The media? - no.

The team?- no

The manager? - no.

A. The goalkeeper. Because he is English.

But, when the great St. Mirren triumphed in the Scottish Cup then were gallantly kicked out of Europe only to dive straight back into the relegation zone. No one, absolutely no one gave a shit. Ha! Ha! they thought.

Are these journalists two faced?

"JIMMY DEE"

# Barrie Mitchell

If you hang a left before Manchester when heading north on the M6 and cross the bleak pylon dominated landscape by Runcorn and Widnes, eventually you'll arrive in Birkenhead. Unfashionable, grim and a prime casualty of the declining industrial base. Carry on past the fresh blue painted gates of Tranmere Rovers ground and head towards the poorer end of town. Tucked among the small red brick houses is the Victoria Lodge, a dark pub now run by Barrie Mitchell. His very name conjures up memories of that great era of the late sixties when Dunfermline were arguably the best team in Scotland outside the Old Firm.

Mitchell is now forty two years old. He looks trim and fit. His face is craggy but then again wasn't it always? He is now divorced, with three children. Will any of them follow their father's footsteps into football?

"I doubt it" says Mitchell, "Stephen spends too much time on his arse when he's playing. Mind you, he's got brains. I don't know who he gets them from."

Mitchell joined Dunfermline in 1967 from Arbroath, for whom he only played six games, all in the league cup. Manager Farm paid what was a record fee for a second division player, - £14,000 and caused an uproar because he'd then smashed the second division transfer market wide open. For Mitchell, signing as a full time professional meant he could give up his £5. per week job as a diesel mechanic.

"It's just as well, because I was hopeless at it"

The first season for Mitchell as a £30 per week professional was a bit of a turmoil. He failed to really establish himself in the team having taken appendicitis during his third game, breaking a bone in his foot during a comeback and then rounding that off with a car crash. He readily admits to being one of George Farm's flops in that season, until the USA tour.

"It was during that tour that I became properly fit and played myself into a permanent position. I finished joint top scorer along with the highly underrated Bert Paton. Consequently, I started the 1968-69 season in the first team and was never left out again."

Looking through press cuttings from Mitchell's playing days he is invariably mentioned whenever there was any sign of trouble. Certainly if he was not directly involved, there was always the press insinuation that by some stroke of luck he'd managed to avoid being implicated. Mitchell feels his reputation as one of the harder players in the game is unjustified.

"Look if you're going to be mixing it with the likes of McNeil and Greig

## Barrie Mitchell

you've got to be able to look after yourself. But I had no problems with anyone in those days. Sure we'd kick and needle each other for 90 mins, but we'd always have a few pints in the bar after the game and laugh about it."

" If you look at my record I was only ever sent off twice in my career, and both times were abroad - once in America when I chased a guy for forty yards to kick him up the arse, and the second time against Olympiacos where we were heavily intimidated. I was actually the first British player to receive a 3 match European ban, as previously you were simply suspended for one game automatically. That suspension ruled me out of both West Brom games in the Cup Winners and the first leg of the Slovan Bratislavia game.

Staying with the European theme, Mitchell recalls the games against Bordeaux, the return match in France being one of his memorable moments in Dunfermline shirt - even if for the wrong reasons. Dunfermline

won the first leg of the tie 4-0. They travelled to find the French equivalent of Alex Cameron, had built the whole game into protestant/catholic confrontation. Mitchell never experienced anything else quite like it.

" Even when we went out to warm up before the game, their fans were onto us, booing, whistling and barracking non stop, real hatred. When the game started the bordeaux players were kicking anything that moved. I was being marked, literally, by Grabowski. If he kicked me once he must have kicked me a hundred times. Anyway, we held out to go through 4-2 an aggregate. It was then that the real trouble started. We were fighting in the tunnel with their fans dropping bottles on us from above. The tunnel then considerably opened on to a courtyard which gave us all a bit more room to swing. I was lucky to have big Doug Baillie by my side as we exchanged blows with the French players. Eventually we all made it back to the dressing room except George (Dandy) McLean who forced his way in five minutes later with a big gash on his head. This led to the famous story that yes he'd been hit by a bottle, but it was not too bad as it was only a light ale."

Mitchell was around at a time when Dunfermline and Scottish football as a whole were enjoying a golden era. Of the players around him at the time, certainly he would rate Alex Edwards as one of the best uncapped players, and who, but for an attitude problem would have gone further.

" Ability wise Alex was absolutely brilliant and great to play with. Bascically though, Alex had this chip on his shoulder and felt he deserved better and should have been playing for a bigger club. In the five years I



# Barrie Mitchell

was at the club, it's probably safe to say that Alex was always wanting a transfer. As a bunch of players, we all got on well but Alex was probably the most disliked, only because he was always moaning about something or another."

George Farm was the man who took Mitchell to Dunfermline, but Mitchell is less than complimentary about him saying he's better qualified to do his present job - a lighthouse keeper. As a figurehead and PR man, Farm was excellent. always immaculately turned out and professional in appearance. However as a coach and tactician, Mitchell reckons that non of the players in the team rated him.

" I remember before the Bordeaux game, Farm was holding a team talk and running through their team. He came to their centre half and simply said " Aye he's a chocolate coloured bastard - you can't miss him." That was it. Nothing about what he was like as a player. A similar thing happened before the Anderlecht game when he summed up their attack by saying 'They play with three up front. Big lads but very ordinary.' The players he was talking about were Van Himst, Mulder, and Deverindt who were all over six feet, built like brick shit houses and had over one hundred international caps between them. Farm really didn't have a clue. He wasn't helped by not having anyone else around him who could coach. There was only really the physio Andy Stevenson, but he always wanted to be manager.

Mitchell also recalls Farms words of wisdom when apparently Liverpool were bidding £70,000 for him in 1969,

" You stay with me son " said Farm " and I'll make you a £100,000 player by the end of the season."

Three years later Mitchell was transferred to Aberdeen for £40,000.

Mitchell was probably the last real asset Dunfermline had left to sell in 1972. From a position of apparent wealth a few years earlier, Dunfermline had fallen into serious financial difficulties. No players to sell, no money in the bank, and relegated to division two. What had led to the downfall? Mitchell feels there were a number of contributing factors not least that the team got old too quickly and players were never adequately replaced. Roy Barry went to Coventry, Alex Edwards to Hibs Players such as Willie Callaghan, Paton and Thomson had seen their best years. Mitchell feels the players brought in were simply not good enough.

" Jim Gillespie for instance. The guy didn't really have a brain in his head. Open the gates and he'd end up in Kircaldy. Peter Millar was another. How he got a Scottish Cap I'll never know. He just couldn't play, he didn't

# Barrie Mitchell

have a clue. Dandy (McLean) was a great guy with a lot of natural ability but bloody lazy. He was a luxury in a team that was beginning to struggle. Because it was a bad team it was difficult to bring in the youngsters. The ones brought in couldn't really handle it. Its bad enough bringing kids in to a good side at that level, let alone a bad side - which we were at the start of the seventies "

Undoubtedly, the club looked after its players well - possibly too well. At times says Mitchell the bonuses were almost embarrassing.

" It was a great time to be at the club in the late sixties. The set up was terrific and there was always a big time feel. We were probably the best paid players in league outside of Celtic and Rangers, but this eventually contributed to financial difficulties. Going back to 1968, we were on £100 a man to beat Celtic in the league, and against them in the 1st round of the Scottish Cup, we were on £300 a man. We were actually on the same money to beat Hearts in the final. It was a hell of a lot of money in those days, especially when you consider we drew Celtic in the first round three times in four years. I can even remember one day we went to play Celtic in a league game. Farm told us we were on £100 a man just to turn out, £100 regardless. As it happens they stuffed us 3-1 and it could easily have been 23-1 yet we still got the money. The man had some weird ideas about management."

Mitchell dismisses the reports that he was involved in a dressing room bust up before he left the club. While arguments with various managers were frequent there was no actual punch up. The story probably attributed to Mitchells last game with the club against Dundee Utd. Dunfermline had to win to escape relegation, but eventually lost 1-0.

" A report of my transfer to Aberdeen had leaked out in that mornings press, and although it was true that I'd signed, the contract had been delayed so I could play the last game for Dunfermline. The fans were unhappy and gave me a hard time and a lot of stick. I tried as hard as I could in that game, but we were quite simply a bad side. The fans were blaming me for the defeat and in the dressing room George Miller was having a go. Although the other players such as Mc Nicol were sticking up for me, Miller wouldn't let off. Eventually it came to a head and I told Miller he could rip the contract up if he liked, but that I'd never play for Dunfermline again. There was no punch up or anything.

It was a sad way for me to leave the club because I'd had a lot of great times in the five years I was there. In fact that game was probably my

# Barrie Mitchell

biggest disappointment within the club. One of the best memories for me I suppose was the tour of America in 1968. I was only 19 and had never been out of Scotland before and all of a sudden I was spending five weeks in the States. Some of the games were a farce though. We played Manchester City four times. Four of the most boring games ever played. I think they finished 0-0, 0-0, 1-1 and 1-1. Everyone including the City boys and Malcolm Allison and Joe Mercer wanted to spice the games up and chuck a few goals in here and there. You know 6-5 to us one game 4-3 to them the next. Of course Farm was having none of it. He wanted us to defend to the death. Really boring. All the games had to be played to a result and I remember in Los Angeles we lost to City 4-5 on penalties. After the game, both teams went to a reception in a Scots club, where we all had our names called out to go up and receive our trophies or medals. Anyway Farm refused to collect his because we'd lost. It was just embarrassing and showed how childish he could be."

Mitchell moved to Aberdeen for £40,000 at the end of the 1972 season. Retrospectively he recognises it was probably the worst move of his career. Although at the time it appealed going back to his home town and joining a side who were beginning to improve, the move never worked out. Mitchell slipped a disc before even playing a game, and missed over half the next season. By the time he returned to training he'd lost maybe a yard in speed which he never regained.

" I only played about 12 games that season. At the start of the next, Bonthrone wanted me to go to East Fife, but it was the last place I wanted to go to. Eventually Ron Yeats who was managing Tranmere got me down to the club. I liked the set up and agreed to sign. I had three great years with Tranmere, winning promotion with them, as well as being relegated again. After Tranmere I spent two years with Preston as well as spending a couple of summers in the States with Vancouver White Caps. Playing in the States was great. The Club paid two return fares, all your accommodation, excellent money and at the same time I was getting extra money for coaching.

Every game was played to a finish. I remember one of my first games finished 0-0. The ref blew the whistle and started extra time. Anyway, I scored in the first minute and ran behind the goal to celebrate. When I turned round, there was nobody on the pitch. They were all up in the stand shaking hands with the fans. What I hadn't realised was that extra time over there was sudden death. First to score wins. I was still hanging around the centre circle waiting to kick off again."

# Barrie Mitchell

Mitchell is still very much involved in football, currently coaching one of the top Sunday teams on Merseyside. He actually bumped into Leishman and the team in Tenerife last month, and consequently two of his players are due to have trials before the season starts. He thinks he'll probably travel up with them and visit the club.

If you see him, buy him a pint!

THANKS TO CALUM McCAULEY

## GARY RIDDELL



When it comes to football words like "tragedy" are all too often part of the hyperbole surrounding the game. According to commentators it's a tragedy when a team concedes a goal. During the summer however the people of Dunfermline were stunned by a real tragedy, the sudden death of the Pars centre half Gary Riddell. The fact that he was only 22 made the shocking news even harder to comprehend.

It's perhaps going too far to say that Hillsborough claimed it's 96th victim, but it is desperately ironic that Gary died whilst running in the local half marathon to raise money for the Disaster Fund. He was deeply moved by the events in Sheffield, and it's a measure of the man that he actually did something about it rather than just give money.

Gary was known for his big-hearted, caring attitude. Originally from Ellon, he came to love the town of Dunfermline and was often involved in charity work in the local community. Only two days before he died he attended a function at a primary school in Oakley as part of another fund raising scheme. His pleasant personality and sense of humour ensured his popularity with everyone who met him and he was held in high regard by the people he came into contact with during his fund raising activities.

Just four short weeks prior to his death Gary was celebrating the return of Dunfermline to the Premier League. Despite his ineligibility through injury for the final game no-one was happier than Gary when the final whistle blew. He desperately wanted the Pars back in the big time, and undoubtedly played his part in the achievement, with superb displays against Ayr and Forfar (to name but two) in the final weeks of the season.

Now instead of looking forward to Gary lining up against the top clubs in Scotland again all we have are memories and a few all too short memories of the big man in action. However it will be a while before Dunfermline supporters can once more watch the scenes of joy following Meadowbank without a lump in their throat.

June 11th will forever be a sad day in the history of D.A.F.C. as it will in the Riddell home in Ellon. Our hearts go out to Gary's family who managed to travel to Dunfermline for the Memorial Service. I think that it wasn't just Gary Riddell the footballer that we were paying tribute to but to Gary Riddell the man. We'll all miss him....

BALL BOY

# This is my Story

YET ANOTHER NEW SERIES IN W.D.H.R,"THIS IS MY STORY" IS YOUR CHANCE TO SAY HOW YOU BECAME A PARS FAN, WHAT YOU LIKE AT EAST END OR WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE. A CHANCE TO SAY WHAT YOU CAN'T SAY ANYWHERE ELSE.

Dear W.D.H.R,

since reading the last issue of W.D.H.R.,and in particular the letter from CROSSPAR,I feel compelled to write my own story.

Once upon a time I was one of the hardcore of Pars fans.A fanatic who lived and breathed the Athletic,nobody could doubt my loyalty to the club. That was untill the club gained promotion to the Premier League.We were all pleased, nay estatic at our new found success but there ended my love for the club Indeed the club began changing.Full time football arrived which seemed fair enough at the time.It was branded a big step in the right direction.I wonder what Gregor Abel was thinking when he was sacked for turning down a full time position.I feel there had to be more to that situation.Gregor Abel was a component without which Dunfermline would not have obtained such glories.Alas he was gone before he could enjoy the fruits of his efforts.

The season got underway amid boasts of big spending on and off the field.That's great and the increased capacity meant more people were allowed the priveledge of seeing the Pars in action.All ticket matches returned to East End, but in one such match against Rangers,I found myself surrounded by Rangers fans in the "HOME" enclosure.The demand for tickets for these matches was so great,I was both annoyed and surprised that so many of the home allocation was going to away supporters. Ok I'm prepared to accept that it is difficult to prevent this happening and the tokens printed in the programmes did help to try and sort this out but as the season went on,the droves of away fans being led to their own end from the home end by police,illustrated that the measures taken were simply not enough.Even the official supporters club weren't afforded suitable treatment,they had to book and pay for their tickets well in ad vance.No handouts or priveledges for a once appreciated supporters club.

Some would say I'm being fussy but such clubs as Aberdeen and Rangers always ensure that their fans are well catered for.It seems only right that the people who had been so loyal to the club through thick and thin should be rewarded with the benefits of the clubs success.

Money was spent on ground improvements but,what about the disgraceful toilets,not to mention the lack of ladies toilets.Admission prices were increased Well,premier prices for a Premier team.Yet if the attendances were shooting up why did the supporters have to pay more.Especially if more of the fans had less money to spend..In my mind the club should have conceded more to the supporters who had more or less improved the financial state of the club.

After the directors committing themselves to keeping players at East End in a bid to stay in the Premier League Ian McCall was transferred to Rangers. The fee bought players who were supposed to keep the Pars up. It didn't work did it?.

When a small group of fans wrote to the chairman expressing their discontent at this transfer there was almost a witch hunt.One man in the backroom staff and filling in a bonus job threatened the supporters club with eviction and a ban from East End because the fans who wrote happened to be members of a club. Who's side was he on.Others at the club hindered the supporters club in their efforts.The sale of 50/50 tickets was a sore point for various reasons.Again it was the officials in bonus jobs who got in the way when the opposite should have happened.

The club made a big thing about the return of European football to East End,they didn't make a big thing about the increased admission prices for the Bordeaux game(pathetic)

Mr. Leishman then illustrated his love for the beloved Pars by signing a contract worth £150,000. Loyalty indeed, especially when one considers that the first year of his contract ended in relegation.

I didn't stop supporting the Pars because of failure. I was there all the way when we plummeted to 9th in Division Two and I always believed that the Pars would return to the top, but everything that has happened has convinced me that Mr. Rennie and his directors are more interested in the dollars than the supporters. After all the pain and failure, we won success, but instead the club took and took, they never gave anything back.

Dunfermline have illustrated the harsh side of big time football yet I believed they were different. I was naive to do so.

Yet again they have announced massive price increases for next year once again the loyal support has to pay over the odds. If you don't believe me and the attitude I have towards DAFC, then pay close attention to what John Watson has to say about a particular transfer which took place last season. It isn't a bed of roses at East End Park, because the big money men are in charge.

When all is said and done I'll always have a soft spot for Dunfermline, but only for the truly loyal players and coach who put them back on the map. The men in charge have wasted all that was good. It seems that principles go out the window, as well as loyalty where money is at stake. To the loyal fans I congratulate them on promotion.

Yours wholeheartedly

JAMES BARNES

I think that some sort of response is needed to James's letter, certainly he has a few points which to my knowledge have never been truly answered, such as the real reasons for the departure of Abel and of Morrison, why cash in the bank is preferable to having a space on the home terracing to park your scalding bovril till it cools without having the bigoted meatheads from the west coast, waving flags in your face. The club's complete paranoia about criticism from any source i.e. the gagging of the Dunfermline Press and attempts to ban or discipline the fans who write and complain about Boardroom decisions; that is their right. Which is why they prefer to ignore W.D.H.R., although they actually like it, is the day I pack the whole thing in. One certain fanzine editor, John McNeil of the Falkirk fanzine seems to take great delight in the fact (as he believes) that Leishman hates W.D.H.R. and that the entire Falkirk team read his one every issue. Fair enough John but don't you think that's exactly the reason that fanzines were started in the first place? (More on that little publication elsewhere in this issue). In all fairness to the club, there was little they could do to prevent the departure of McCall to Rangers, he wanted to move and not even a contract could have held him, similarly with Craig Robertson. Leishman took over an awful bunch of haddies when he started and was given exactly £7.50 from Mel Rennie's biscuit tin to buy some players, so relegation was to be expected. After he had proved himself he was rightly given a contract, the money doesn't really come into it, it provided security for him and the club ensuring that no other club could easily lure him away because he had no contract. Admission fees are set by the S.F.A., and although clubs are not bound to this, the cost of running a full time team is massive, we're still the cheapest in Europe. What they could have done so easily is re-introduce the unemployed gate. The decision to install a family area is to be applauded but new toilet facilities requires a little more than just a shiny new trough to piss in, some lights that work are a good idea particularly in the winter and during evening games. From your letter James I conclude that you are no longer a regular attender at East End, that's a pity because we'll need all the support we can get this season. I hope that reconsideration will be on your mind, after all we go to support the colours not the board. Keep reading the fanzine and hope to see you on the terraces this season.

SANDY



# Punted?

Towards the end of last season a new Scottish Football magazine appeared in newsagents around the country. Entitled The Punter, it had several interesting articles, but for Pars fans the most intriguing was "From Lendl to Leishman" written by Dunfermline's former commercial consultant Karen Grega.

In this four page expose Karen opened the lid on some of the goings on at the club during her time there. It's certainly well written, often humorous but with several biting comments aimed at the directors in particular. Karen certainly did not deserve to be dismissed in the way she was, although it would be wrong to assume that the article was merely sour grapes.

It's undoubtably an arduous task running a commercial department and our Aussie import put a great deal of effort and time into money raising activities for Dunfermline. The list of jobs she took care of at the club was quite substantial, but it quite often involved work which should not have been her concern.

"I remember one director looking on in amusement as another female and myself were forced to carry ground signs across the park. Being a board member obviously didn't entail having to carry them"

Apart from this it was the sexist comments that upset and angered KAREN THE MOST. A passage in the article states how a director angrily expressed his disapproval over a proposal of Grega's that had previously been accepted by the board. Whilst entitled to his opinion he decided to lecture Karen in front of two members of staff, who were extremely embarrassed by the confrontation. When Karen later told this director that she objected to being spoken down to before other members of staff, this "gentleman" replied,

"You take things too seriously and personally, but then again that's a typically female reaction"

Apart from being offensive, patronising and sexist I would like to know why this director didn't take up the matter with the board, who had already voted the proposal through. Surely the matter was over and done with and everyone had their chance to speak at the meeting. Did the anonymous director take his frustrations out on Karen because she was a woman, therefore (in his opinion) an easier target?.

Another passage from the article shows just how hard-working and open to fresh ideas our beloved board are;

"Having always been a stickler for committing my proposals and recommendations to paper to cover myself, it would break my heart to see my efforts becoming Freudian doodles, or coming across them at a later date filed away in drawers or under telephone tables. Board meetings tended to centre themselves on two basic issues - why we didn't win last week and ticket allocation. Any other subject is relegated but unfortunately not delegated to another time and place"

Perhaps the board could explain why Karen's efforts were treated with this disrespect. If they didn't approve of the ideas wouldn't it be easier just to have told her that and the reason why?. I'd also like to know if Karen's allegations concerning Board meetings are true. The board must surely do more than that - there's enough work needing done at any club which would need the participation of the directors

I thought the days of free-loading football club directors were over - it would seem not. Apart from Mel Rennie (keeper of the biscuit tin) and Blair Morgan (legal affairs) what exactly do the rest of them do (sorry I forgot about Roy Woodrow supplying the lemonade)

It would be good to think that the board might deem to reply to this but as they seem to believe that by ignoring W.D.H.R. it may just go away, that is unlikely.

Karen Grega's work was recognised by the Pars support, the media and other clubs, who were more than a little envious. She not only brought in a lot of money with her innovations, but was also a good advertisement for the club while representing it through engagements as speaker to the likes of Young Farmers and business clubs.

Of course that makes it all the more peculiar that she should be dismissed. On Monday 22nd August 1988, Mel Rennie called her into his office and told her that the club could not afford to keep her on. "Surplus to requirement" was how Rennie tactfully put it adding that it had been a board decision.

It seems that Dunfermline's relegation from the Premier had caused Karen twice to ask the board to confirm her position with the club and was twice assured that she'd be unaffected. Rennie however later denied that he'd said that the club could not afford to keep her on. His selective amnesia surfaced again when he stated that he "could not recall specific assurances being given concerning her position". He went on to say "It is true that she set up money making schemes for the club but it was felt that there were people now within the club who could carry out the work involved in the schemes she had set up."

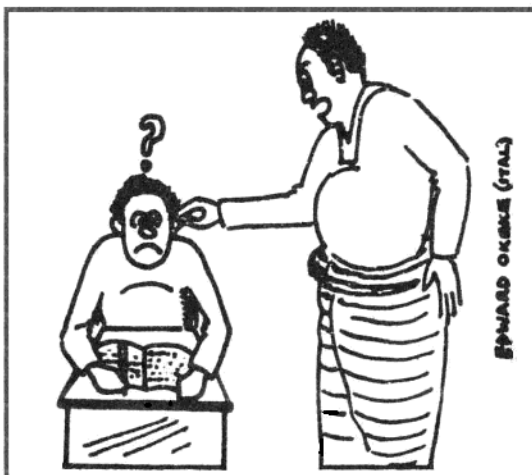
So in reality by cutting out her salary her dismissal was for reasons of finance. It was surely a false economy as the people who took over simply did not have Karen's ability. According to one staff member I spoke to the Commercial Dept. is a pale shadow of it's former self.

Perhaps the best and most typical example of the board's inefficiency was when Karen asked the chairman to give her a week to work out how she wanted the news officially announced. Within 24 hours of the resulting board meeting the players staff, local paper and other commercial managers all knew about it. Gossips spread disgraceful stories that she'd been dismissed for amongst other things, misappropriating club funds. Mel Rennie described the rumours as regrettable.

Although it's clear that Karen has little time for football club boards and Dunfermline's in particular, she does think highly of all the backroom staff who keep the club running despite hindrance from the board. Her article has given Pars fans some idea of what goes on behind the scenes at East End Park, and of the activities of the directors.

In all probability Karen Grega still won't know what she did wrong at Dunfermline—we certainly don't. It would perhaps be unrealistic of us to expect that we would ever be told the full story. But surely there must be one director who liked and appreciated the work that Karen did for the club, and some day when a seat on the board is not as appealing as it is just now we might just get to hear the truth. In the meantime Mel Rennie can go along deluding himself that this act was in the best interest of the club and the supporters.

#### BALL BOY



I TOLD YOU TO GO OUT AND PLAY FOOTBALL, OR ARE YOU DEAF? PEOPLE ARE IN BELGIUM MAKING BIG MONEY. YOURS IS SO BOOK-BOOK. NA BOOK - I GO CHOP?

ANOTHER GEM, THIS TIME CULLED FROM THE NIGERIAN SPORTSWORLD MONTHLY IT REFERS TO THE LARGE NUMBER OF NIGERIAN PLAYERS IN BELGIUM AND SUGGESTS THAT READING BOOKS WON'T GIVE YOU ENOUGH TO EAT (CHOP BEING SLANG FOR TO EAT)

WALKING DOWN THE HALBEATH ROAD QUESTIONNAIRE 1989

1. Which player would you like to see being "strongly" tackled by Rougvie?
2. Which away ground would you most like to see turned into another Asda?
3. How long would you laugh if Falkirk were relegated (expressed in weeks)?
4. How strong is your yearning for a seat while standing on a cold terrace?
5. Which Pars player would you like to see transferred to East Fife for a pitiful amount of money?
6. If the Pars were prepared to open the biscuit tin and pay a huge amount which player would you like to see in the hallow'd black and white?
7. If we had to share a stadium which would you prefer?
8. If you were in the commentary box with Archie McPherson, what would you do? (remember this is a family magazine)
9. If you were commentating on a Pars v Gers match and George O'Boyle scored a hat-trick, how long could you forcibly contain your screams of joy? (Whole seconds only)
10. Which record in Radio Pars would you gleefully smash into a thousand bits? (Apart from EastEnders)
11. How many times have you missed a glorious Pars goal when somebody waves an inflatable banana in your face?
12. How many times have you waved when seeing a t.v. camera pointed roughly in your direction of the ground (be truthful, Babies need not answer this)
13. Would you feel worried about losing if the Pars were 13-0 up?
14. Which plastic inflatable do you think most represents D.A.F.C.? (i.e not a bloody black pudding)
15. Which fanzine is the most informative, funny, witty, amusing, colourful, anti-Falkirk entertaining and all roundly fantastic?



Supplied by Danny Coburn



**Cartoons by G.F.**



# The Rev.

WALKING DOWN THE HALBEATH ROADS LIVELY READERS LETTERS PAGE  
HOSTED BY THE REVEREND I.M.APAR (PERSONAL RELIGIOUS ADVISOR  
TO JIM LEISHMAN). Send your letters or problems to the Rev.  
I.M.APAR at the usual address. Sorry no personal replies.

Dear W.D.H.R.

I recently bought Issue 7 of your brilliant mag. I proudly have my badge on my jacket. As I am a postman, a lot of people notice it and ask what it is, and I tell them it's about Dunfermline Athletic, another brilliant team in black and white. Unfortunately the team in my home town have not been too good and have relegated. I've not visited your ground yet but hopefully will be up this season. I liked the article on Aberdeen and the pic of Dodds. I also love all the articles on foreign football. Anyway keep up the good work and good luck for the season.

Paul  
150 Tunstall Ave  
Walker, Newcastle.

Dear Paul thanks for writing, I was almost a postman myself, but as you can see I have no legs, which makes it a little difficult. Hope to see you at East End. Bye The Rev.

To mistur McNeill and the Celtik Directurs.

Deer srz, ever since i wiz a wee boy in in Glasgow, i hid always dreamed of playing for Rangers. Many times i wiz forced to go to chuche and pretend to be a cathlik but my heart wiz oringe, and i new i would one day sine for Gers. Unfortunatlie i sined for Partik and wizz tought the art of kneeling players in the groine. Suddenly like a nitemare i wiz at Celtik, i wiz a welthy man and loadsa birds fancied me. i evin goat intae the World cup squad but that bastard Fergy wouldne take me tae Mexico. I went tae Watford as i wiz so impresed with Elton's record collection. Then i went to Nantes and got back into the Scotland squad. Then Celtik sined me again, they offered lots of cash so reluktanly i agreed. Then my agent Bil Mcloyalist said Sounis wanted to pay me millons to come to Ibrox. I rushed round was made to renounce the pope as the ant kriste and given a sack full og money. i

Dear W.D.H.R.

Is the mag still going, if so please send subscription details. I'm a Cambridge fan, but like all English fans I follow a Scottish club too and I'm lucky that my team is the Pars. Some of the disappointment of United losing out in the promotion playoffs was lost in the Pars triumph, brilliant scenes here on the t.v. news. Inspired by that and W.D.H.R., myself and a friend will be venturing forth to sample Scottish footy at the start of the season and hope to take in the Raith game. Hope to see you there. In the mean time I'll get an article for the next issue done  
UP THE PARS  
Tom Taylor  
4 Humberstone Road  
Cambridge CB4 0e

Dear Tom, ta for the letter, only just got it sorry if we missed you but we've all been in darkest Africa for six weeks and they didn't have any heavy. We'll be in touch soon. The Rev.

Dear W.D.H.R.

I was up at the match against Clyde and met a few of the lads from the mag and went for a drink with some others later in Edinburgh in the White Swan. Can you thank them for their hospitality. It was a shame we missed out on the celebrations the week after but I'm sure you all had an enjoyable time. I've enclosed £10 for back issues and for next season and I'll try to get an article for the next issue.

George Bridges  
10 Ballard Street  
Thames Street  
London SE10 9DD

Dear George, thanks mate, I'll pass on your thanks to the boys concerned. Yeah after the M'bank game I was too pissed to sing, but I could still laugh at the Falkirk fans crying at Forfar. Was a bit rough next day for my sermon so I just showed the video of the celebrations at East End. That seemed spiritual enough. Bye The Rev.

hope Celtik understand my disision wiz fer persnal reasons no buziniss and hid nothink to do with money or Alick Cameron.

love Mo Johnstone

Dear Mo, get to f\*\*k. The Rev.

Dear W.D.H.R,

Although I am a Hamilton fan I have quite a few issues of your 'zine. Along with Falkirk's I feel its one of the best around. However I felt I should correct you on a point made in Issue 8, "The Times They Are a Changing". You implied that Hamilton weren't a full-time team and were only in the Premier League to make a few quid. Well we've actually been full-time for a few years now, and have 18 of 22 full-time at present. Even when we were up for the 1st time the majority were full-time. The remark about us only being in for the money was insulting, we just weren't good enough on each occasion. If the same fate befalls the Pars what will the difference be ? Anyway I hope you do stay up and send those football purists at Motherwell down where they should have been four years ago. Finally I was deeply saddened by the death of Gary Riddell. I know how you must feel. We lost a young player Paul "Pele" Anderson in 1982. He died like Gary, in pre-season training. However life must go on, and hopefully you will fare better than we did. All the Best, SCOTT HARRISON 159, Wellhall Road, Hamilton.

Dear Scott. Thanks for the letter. Yes, I was incorrect about Hamilton ( Sorry ). Thanks also for the kind words on Gary, and I hope you keep on buying W.D.H.R and beat Falkirk to the championship ....

Dear W.D.H.R,

Can I just say how sad I, and many Liverpoolians were when we heard about the death of Dunfermline's Gary Riddell. We were all devastated by Hillsborough of course, but somehow the death of Gary made it worse for me, as if to say "God, What next?".

I'm starting a Liverpool Fanzine called "Through the Wind and Rain ", and would like you to write an article on Gary for me. I'm dedicating the issue to three people, Pete de Freies (Echo and the Bunny Men's drummer, Alan Johnstone ( one of the 95 ), and Gary. I don't know very much about Gary. But want to make some dedication. On a lighter note, congrats on promotion and good luck for next season. Please consider writing the article on Gary for me, we owe him that much, and thanks also to the people who took part in the charity work for Hillsborough. We'll never forget it.

All the best, Steven Kelly  
57 Dartmouth Drive  
Bootle, Merseyside  
L30 2QN.

Dear Steven, Thanks for your letter. Consider the article done, only too pleased to help. We were stunned when the news of Hillsborough came through at our game, and shocked when Gary died. I hope to come down to Liverpool this year. Lets hope that a solid friendship between Dunfermline and Liverpool can be a positive result of the summer tragedies.

.....  
There was going to be articles on the African Cup of Nations and the World Cup Qualifiers, but there has been so much to fit in on the Pars that they have been put back till the next issue. Watch out for all the gossip from Nigeria's best football magazines. The Eagle's Star who had Angels telling him how to play, and is now a priest; who's been taking a Mercedes Benz to clinch a deal, and its not Mo Johnstone.

TRANSFER RUMOURS - Not being a magazine to publish untruths we wonder what has happened to the transfer of Billy Stark to Dunfermline now that Airdrie have been knocked back ? Will Mel Rennie open the biscuit tin and buy back the player everyone wants back at East End - Ian McCall ? And what about the possible swap deal with Falkirk, Grant Tierney for the larger than life Stuart Burgess ? It seems that Grant Tierney is unwilling to go full-time. The Bordeaux connection seems to be continuing with the possible move of Istvan Kozma to the Pars, which seems to be the fashion in Scottish football at present. Speaking of Bordeaux, members of the Lothian '68 supporters club heard the truth from the horse's mouth so to speak at their Player of the Year award recently, and the surprising thing was, the truth is not too dissimilar to the article on printed in Issue 7.

The popular gossip page " Heard In Lorenzo's " will be making a reappearance in Issue 10, we therefore need material. What we don't want is descriptions of which players were seen in which club, with which girl. Not much point now that Watson and Hagar have gone. All contributions welcome to the usual address.....

# GOSSIP

# THE LEISHMAN FILE

