

WALKING DOWN THE HALBEATH ROAD



**INSIDE;
WATSON
KOZMA
PARS:
THE REBIRTH
BIG LEISH**

**Issue
Ten**

60p

A Dunfermline Fanzine

MAGICAL MAGYAR EDITION!

Walking Down The Halbeath Road

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Welcome to issue ten of W.D.H.R., firstly apologies for the price hike to 60p; printing costs have shot up at an alarming rate, the choice was an increase or cut back to 20/24 pages. We're still cheaper than the programme. The response to last issue was great, some articles are being held back till no. 11, so if you have sent one in and it's not printed, fear not it should be in soon. Still meet the odd Pars fan who has not yet seen an issue, so introduce a friend to the wonderful world of W.D.H.R..

On the football front, things couldn't be much better, a respectable league position, glorious victories in Edinburgh, a cup semi and Istvan Kozma's astounding hat trick in the gubbing of St. Mirren. The team looks very, very good, solid in defence (Big Doug, Norrie, and Tierney), midfield playing some very creative stuff, and what a forward line, Jack, O'Boyle and Kozma. Westie despite the moans is playing quite well, the least said about the Skol semi, the better.

It would be premature to talk about European football at East End Park next season, I'd settle for seventh or eighth place in the league and then go on for the treble in 1991. At the time of writing we are six points clear of Dundee, if the gap is still that after Xmas then we're there. One small problem could be our strength in reserve, should injuries or suspensions force some players out. After watching the Shipyard match, it is apparent, we're short in some areas. But as Istvan says we the fans are the twelfth man so let's get behind the team all the way. Come on you PARS.....

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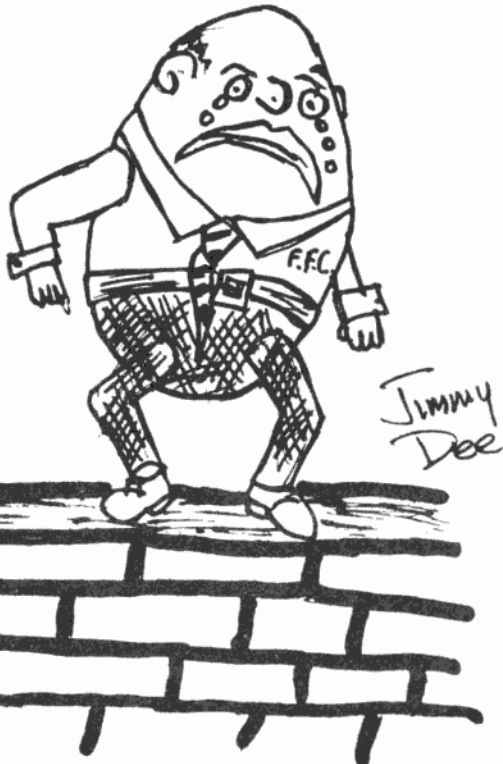
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NEXT ISSUE

NUMBER 11, OUT IN DECEMBER, CONTRIBUTIONS TAKEN NOW, DEADLINE EARLY DECEMBER. WE NEED PEOPLE TO SELL W.D.H.R AT MATCHES COMMISSION PAID, WRITE TO USUAL ADDRESS OR SPEAK TO ONE OF THE CURRENT SELLERS AT THE NEXT MATCH. IN THE MEANTIME KEEP THE CARTOONS, GOSSIP AND ARTICLES COMING.



"No Mr. Duffy! Don't Do it!!"

THE KOZMA CONNECTION

It was hardly surprising that news of a Hungarian International signing for Dunfermline would be treated with just a touch of scepticism by many Pars fans. True Scotland is becoming a melting-pot for footballers of all nationalities, but it did seem unlikely that Dunfermline would sign a top class foreign player. Press reports stating that Kozma was coming here to get "toughened-up" did much to increase the apprehension. An inferior version of Velte Andersen seemed on the cards.

To say that we've all been pleasantly surprised by Istvan Kozma, would be putting it mildly. He's already proved that he is a quality player in his few games so far, and looks far from being the "Euro-wimp" that people were expecting. As you'd expect from a Continental player, his control is superb and some of his passes out to the flanks have been a joy to watch. He's got the knack of laying off perfect backheel passes and subtle flicks. Already he's being spoken of as the most skilful Pars player in many years.

Kozma, now 25 was signed by Budapest club Ujpest Dozsa around seven years ago and information on his early days is scarce, however he did play against Aberdeen in a European Cup Winners Cup match in 1983/84.

From 1987/8, however details are much more readily available. In that year Ujpest finished third in the league with 37 points from 30 matches, four points behind champions Honved. Kozma was an ever present in the league scoring three goals on the way. They had a miserable start to the next season, which included their manager resigning, they struggled to overcome Iceland's Akranes 2-1 on aggregate. Their next opponents were Bordeaux, themselves struggling on the domestic front, but the French side won 1-0 in each leg. Ujpest were lying third bottom at the winter break, 24 pts behind the leader after only fifteen games.

This wasn't to concern Kozma for much longer however, as in January 1989 Bordeaux announced that they'd completed the signing of the Hungarian. The French manager Aime Jacquet was obviously impressed by Kozma when the clubs met in the U.E.F.A. Cup, and believed that Kozma would be a major star. The Hungarians believe that basically he's a defender who likes to come forward, which makes one wonder how much skill their forwards have.

Bordeaux paid 800,000 US Dollars for Kozma, who signed a five year contract. However it seems that he wasn't due to join Bordeaux until July 1st of this year which would suggest that he didn't play very often for them before coming to Scotland. If this was the case then the man who had signed Kozma, Aime Jacquet had already been sacked and replaced by former Belgian boss Raymond Goethals. As always, new managers have new ideas and want new players. Bordeaux signed the ageing Germans Allofo and Kaltz to play alongside the other foreigners Den Boer and Olsen, but were caught out by a new law which only allowed three foreign nationals per team. Kozma was the one deemed surplus to requirements, Dunfermline got to hear about it and promptly signed him for 800,000 US Dollars (£540,000), Bordeaux received a quarter of the fee (£135,000) upfront with no more to be paid until the end of the season, should the Pars decide to keep him. If he left the club, however most of the resulting transfer fee would go to Bordeaux. If Bordeaux have another mediocre season, and get rid of their existing foreigners, I suppose that it's possible that both Kozma and George O'Boyle could be playing for them again next season.

Dunfermline will honour the clause in Kozma's contract which releases him for International matches. Hopefully he'll not be forgotten by the national side manager - there's no excuse at all why he should not. Recently Hungary were playing Antal Nagy in their team, who is signed to Swiss 2nd Division club Yverndan.

In the next issue of WDHR we'll take a look at Istvan's International career and take a peep at the recent miserable record of the once magnificent Magyars.

BALL BOY

This is My Story

Having followed Dunfermline Athletic from afar for many years, this season I decided to find out for myself about that team they call the Pars. So me and my pal Matt ventured north determined to see as much football as possible and discover the magic of East End.

However, we were totally ignorant of the facts of life in Scotland. On our first day we made the mistake of going to watch the new seasons' kick-off at Dumbarton and assumed we could get some food and maybe a pint in the town. The match was tripe and as all Pars Fans know Dumbarton the most abysmal shagbag of a village on God's miserable earth, where shopping facilities consist of a grocers (shut) and Texas.

Stirling Albions' home game against Berwick (at Stenhousemuir) was much better. Positive football was played by both sides and two outstanding players, Tommy and Joe Reid, are both names to watch.

And so to Saturday and the big one, Dunfermline against Dundee. We entered the stadium and found a smart ground with good views (except for the away end, as in England, the away fans see more of the metalwork than the footwork). The Championship pennant of a disappointing manky rag was raised and the game began.

After seven hectic minutes disaster struck. Mercenary Beedie scored from way out on the left touchline with Westwater stranded way out of his goal and on the far post. But six frantic minutes later the Pars were level, this time Geddes presented the impressive Paul Smith with the chance to score with his chest.

Premier division football is great. Technically, the players are only up to about English 3rd Division standard, but the game is far more entertaining. It is played so fast the players can't hack it, and the result is late challenges, personal vendettas slapstick comedy, goalmouth pinball and great entertainment. Added to this is the East End Park crowd, one of the most passionate I have witnessed. They are on a par (sorry) with Chelsea and Leeds (without the English Nationalistic undertones) and much better than Liverpool. If the infamous "boo-boys" can remain positive through the hard times East End will become a real advantage for the Pars and a real git for the visitors this season.

During half-time, Matt and I wondered about the wisdom of seating the open area of the ground, when only a few hundred (in a crowd of about 9,000) choose to sit. Segregation of seated Glasgow fans is the probable reason but would reduce the capacity and increase the number of West Coast Bigots attempting to enter the Pars end.

The teams came out for the second half and after they had been hacking each other for 12 minutes, Billy Dodds made a meal of a clumsy challenge by Nicholl who appeared to make no contact. According to some newspapers, Nicholl had already been booked, but the Pars fans were astonished when referee Syme sent him off. Jim Leishman was not amused either, he ran from the dugout to the nearside linesman and waved his fists at him. Eventually he had to be restrained by the police and led back to the dugout still ranting. A major change from the quiet, smiling, polite gent, who appeared on the telly the evening before. However the most surprising thing about the entire incident was the lack of attention it received in the Scottish media. Is it that his actions are so frequent that they didn't deserve a mention? Or was there no reporter at the match? For the rest of the game the referee careered about like Kelvin Borton (who?) on acid, whipping up the Pars fans to the point of a riot with hid decisions, then giving a ridiculous decision to Dundee. A born entertainer.

Leishman compensated for the loss of Nicholl by bringing on the composed Raymond Sharp for George O'Boyle, who looked skillful enough but may have problems with the physical side of the Premier League, and may seek his fortune down south.

Although Ray Farthingham was a calming influence in midfield the match was slipping away from the Pars, when Davie Irons picked up a ball on the left and played a one-two with Cambridge Utd reject Ross Jack and scored the winner. A winning return to the Premier League and a sign of good things to come; ok so two points in the struggle against relegation. Overall a very enjoyable game and a big ta to the Pars boys who made us welcome.

TOM TAYLOR (from CAMBRIDGE)

Legends No.5 Sandy McNaughton

Sandy McNaughton joined the Pars from Stenhousemuir during the summer of 1979 for the meagre sum of £6000 and went on to score a grand total of 57 league and cup goals, during the course of the three seasons he was at East End Park. Dunfermline had just gained promotion to the First division when he joined them, and it was largely due to his goalscoring abilities, not to mention his ability to create chances that the Pars just managed to avoid relegation in his three seasons with the club. The start of season 82/83, his fourth, Sandy only took part in two league matches before Stanton transferred him to Ayr Utd for the measly fee of £16000, considering that only a year before several English and Scottish clubs had been offering £50000 to take him off our hands (Dundee Utd) Ayr and Wigan Athletic were a few who put in bids). Sandy eventually went at his own request as the players had set up their own cliques, with the Edinburgh mob particularly keen on licking Stanton's bum and with Sandy coming from the West his days were numbered. I was sad when he left, and it came as no surprise to be relegated that season as we had nobody who could score goals on a regular basis.

Sandy appeared in all of Dunfermline's league and cup games during his first season with 18 goals coming in 43 games (17 league and one cup) scoring most prolifically during the middle part of the season but his first goal for Dunfermline came against Motherwell four games into the season, setting the Pars up for a 2-0 win. Jim McAloon scoring the other. Some of his more memorable strikes that season came in a fine 3-1 win at Muirton, another in a 2-1 win over Berwick Rangers at home, thanks to a classic goal by soon to be Cult Hero at East End; Davie Moyes. Plus a goal up at Gayfield in a 3-1 win over Arbroath, where he set up the other two goals for that goal scoring legend Mike Leonard. He only scored one double that season, but it was an important double as the point gained in that game was enough to stave off relegation for another year. It was at East End against Airdrie who later that season clinched promotion to the Premier League the Diamonds had gone in at halftime 0-2 up but within ten minutes of the game restarting the Pars were awarded a penalty. Sandy liked to take the spot kicks and generally hit them straight and hard into the net and this he duly did, although it did hit the keepers arse on it's way as he dived to save it. Fifteen minutes later Sandy scored again with a rare headed goal and the fans in black and white were still celebrating this goal, when Airdrie scored again to make it 2-3. Thirty seconds later though, John Salton (surely another legend) headed the ball through the Airdrie keepers legs to end a great game on the score of 3-3.

Season 80/81 was Sandy's best season for the Pars scoring 23 league goals of which two were actually scored in the cup, including the equaliser against Hibs in the Scottish Cup and the best goal I have ever seen a Pars player score. Sandy scored two hat-tricks that season, the first came in the opening league match at Firs Park, where the Pars gubbed the Shire 0-4, whilst the other treble was scored at Muirton in a 2-4 victory, his third goal at Perth being a particularly memorable back-heeler. He scored twice in a game on four occasions, the first time in a 3-3 draw at Annfield, the second I'll leave for the moment and go onto his third double which came in a 1-4 win at Douglas Park, Russell Dunlop and Graham Hutt being the other scorers, their first goals for the club. Dunlop and Hutt were both rewarded with brand new sports bags as one of the directors had half-jokingly promised them each a new sports bag should they score in the game, as they made their way to Hamilton. The game was also notable for the debut of Davie Robb in a Pars shirt he played two games after that. Double number four was only six weeks away but it was vitally important in the Pars fight to avoid relegation, it came in the 2-1 home win over Clydebank. During this season in which yet again Sandy played in all the Pars games, the match at Kilbowie will always stick in my memory, as it was one of their best performances with Sandy's second double helping the Pars to a 2-3 win. The Pars led 0-1 at half time thanks to a late Sandy McNaughton penalty but Clydebank equalised at the start of the second half and the Pars moved up to top gear. Goal number 2 came from a lovely swerving free-kick from Bonar Mercer, which was met by the napper of Mike Leonard, and the ball duly flew into the net; the best was yet to come. Only a few fans had bothered to make the trip to Clydebank but those who did were rewarded with the goal of the season. The ball broke to Bonar Mercer in his usual left back position, he looked up saw Sandy just inside the Pars half on the right wing and lofted a peach of a ball right to Sandy's feet. He duly sprinted down the wing, glided past Fallon and from the edge of the box launched guided missile shot past Gallagher into the net, who never saw it until it lay in the back of the net. The description does not really do justice to the goal, you really had to be there.

The following season he didn't play in all of their games but still managed to score 16 goals in all (13 league and 3 cup) but on the whole it was not a very memorable season with the Stanton Rot starting to set in and players such as Considine, Hammil and Nicol arrived at East End. No hat-tricks this season but there was one double in a 2-1 victory over East Stirling at East End. Sandy was not a fave with some of the East End faithful for some reason I couldn't fathom. A prime example of this was on a cold frosty night at Boghead. A fan behind me had been slagging Sandy all night, only stopping at half time to take some refreshment. Midway through the 2nd half, with this mouth going off again in the general direction of Sandy, in mid-curse Sandy popped the ball into the net for the only goal of the game. Without pausing for breath, this fan changed his curse to a more constructive "Oh well played Sandy". This led to hoots of laughter from the surrounding Pars fans and a triumphant smile from Sandy aimed directly at one person. Anyway this was his second last game for Dunfermline, his last came the following week in a 1-1 draw with Hamilton, and he only made one appearance as a sub in the next seven games. When he did go he left a lot of Pars fans with plenty of happy memories, with the highlight being the goal at Kilbowie.
Oh happy days.

FU MANCHU

Music by "JIMMY DEE"

OH DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE
FALKIRK HAVE GONE DOWN THE LAVATORY
THEY PLAY CRAP FROM MONDAY TO SATURDAY
WHAT WILL JIM DUFFY DO NOW?

1. HE PROMISED TO WIN THEM THE FIRST DIVISION
HE PROMISED TO TAKE THEM TO THE PREMIER LEAGUE
BUT HIS PLAYERS ARE CRAP AND HE'S A BALDY BASTARD
SO FALKIRK WON'T GO UP THIS YEAR
2. THE BOOKIES DECIDED THAT FALKIRK WOULD GO UP
BUT FORGOT TO REMIND THE SAINTS AND THE JAGS
WHO UPSET MR. DUFFY BY PLAYING MUCH BETTER
SO FALKIRK WON'T GO UP THIS YEAR
3. IF FALKIRK ARE LUCKY THEY MAY DO MUCH BETTER
AVOID RELEGATION AND TWELTH POSITION
BUT LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE AND TRY TO BE POSITIVE
THEY CAN'T DO MUCH WORSE THAN RAITH.

I am sure many Pars fans will join with me in offering Falkirk our most sincere condolences for the repose of the soul of their promotion dreams. Not only did they lose out last year to a superior class of team but they have to suffer the indignity of being lower in the league than Partick. However Falkirk are used to defeat and accept it humbly and proudly. "SportsScene" must be congratulated on that moving piece of film after the Babies finally accepted their mediocrity at Station Park. The sight of that Baby crying into his bovril made promotion taste that much sweeter.

Few would have believed that Falkirk would experience such an awesomely amusing start to their season. However we should not gloat. It could have easily have been us who lost the Championship and had to endure another series of visits to Meadowbank. But we didn't so we have every reason to slag the Babies as much as possible.

STUFF YOUR SUPER TUESDAY- REMEMBER HOGMANAY

As we look towards the future and Premier survival. We should remember Falkirk and their insane dreams of promotion and dismiss them accordingly. Perhaps Falkirk will stage a mini-revival and climb up the table. But they can have no realistic chance of winning the league after such a poor start. In a league as competitive as the first division, to fall four points behind the leaders spells disaster for a club chasing promotion. Falkirk are currently nine points behind Saints. To win promotion from this would take a miracle and indeed the leadership of a Messiah (Our Jim) and the luck of the devil and a large group of fairy godmothers known as the Falkirk Board.

How The East Was Won

Two league Championships,two League Runners -Up positions,Two seasons in the Premier League,a Scottish Cup Quarter-Final,a Skol Cup Semi-Final, over 100 goals for in a season,Scotland's top goal scorer in one season,lots and lots of media coverage,a thousand differant joyous memories of great games and of great goals,not to mention bringing a sense of pride to a support who had long since resigned themselves to a succession of weary willies as so-called managers That give or take a few good excuses for a really good drink,is the essence of what Dunfermline have achieved under the leadership of one James Leishman esq.,he of the flowing grey locks,and the duvet overcoat.Obviously there have been times where even the most loyal fan,would have been forgiven for taking Big Jim's name in vain,but be honest even the "best" managers have to smash the teacups after the team has made a complete arse of itself.This then is an attempt to compare the men who have been in the boss's chair at East End,since I started watching the Pars, which means we start roughly about the late sixties,just after the the cup win in "68,'68,'68,'68"(a favourite song of the Lothian '68 Club) and the rooting,tooting sheriff of East End at that time would be George Farm.

<u>GEORGE FARM;</u>	Sworn in as Sheriff July 1967	Asked to hand in the badge Oct' 1970
Major Arrests;	Major Escapes;	Major Scalps Taken;
Pat Gardner	Alex Ferguson	Scottish Cup Winners 1968
Willie Duff	Tommy Callaghan	European Cup Winners "
Barry Mitchell	Roy Barry	Cup Semi-Finalists
Stewart Kennedy	Stewart Kennedy	4th in First Division1968
Ian Lister	Ian Lister	League Cup K.O. 1968
Doug Baillie	Bent Martin	Fairs Cup 3rd round 1969
		First Division 3rd 1969

Although I was not a regular attender at East End in those days,well being only 7 when we won the Cup in '68,my outings were limited to home matches or the occasional day out in Kirkcaldy or Cowdenbeath.My own personal memory of George Farm is that he looked just like the guy from Space 1999 (Martin Landau)and that my dad towards the end of Farm's time as sheriff spent longer than usual in the pub after the matches and was not very complimentary to Sheriff Farm's tactics.However if we look at the team that Farm inherited in 1967 it was already a great team with the Callaghan brothers, Barry,Edwards to name but three or four and their previous record since Jock Stein had been one of many other teams envied.Two Cup finals,one win,every season a European campaign and giving the Old Firm a fright in the League Championship.

The interview with Barry Mitchell,last iss' tells a little of Farm's tactical analysis of the opposition,referring to Anderlecht's Internationalist forward line as "three big boys,but no very special",that was it,albeit he wasn't helped by having no one to support him,Andy Stevenson knew even less about football than George Farm.He did make some astute signings for bargin prices,Pat Gardner for example was to play a major part in the final few years of Dunfermline's last time at the top. Many of the financial problems which were to affect the club for the next ten years were started in the sixties,although the Pars had a good deal of success they lived by nurturing their own young talent and the occasional minor foray into the transfer market and tried to maintain the players they had and only sold as a last resort.The main problem came with wages,at the time Dunfermline players were on almost the same or more than the Old Firm players were but the crowds who wheeled up to the European games were frequently less than 10,000 and the upkeep of Humbug Park was providing another drain on resources.Laterly the club began spending huge amounts of money on players who were simply not worth it,eventually in July 1970 it was crunch time,we were facing a crisis which threatened to wipe DAFC off the football map.Thankfully this was averted but the repercussions carried on for much longer,the team was showing signs of aging too quickly and some of our best players were sold for next to nothing,the ones who replaced them were simply not the same class and the much vaunted Youth Policy would take several years to be fruitful.After a very poor start to the League and the League Cup campaign in 1970 Sheriff Farm declared that he was not about to resign;this

in football as we all know means exactly the opposite and leave he did, turning in his badge and riding out of town into the sunset to seek his future in lighthouse keeping. Perhaps many of the problems were not solely his but he took a great team and did absolutely nothing with it except let it decline after the success of 1969. As he rode out a young desperado by the name of Alex Wright was immediately sworn in as the new Sheriff.

<u>ALEC WRIGHT;</u>	Sworn in as Sheriff Oct 1970	Asked to hand in the Badge Feb 1972
Major Arrests;		Major Escapes;
Ernie McGarr	Ken Mackie	Alec Edwards
Jim Leishman	Graham Shaw	Joe McBride
Joe McBride	Bonar Mercer	Hugh Robertson
John Cushley		
		Scalps Taken;
		Quizz Ball Winners
		1971.....

71/72, This was the first real season of me being a "Par", unfortunately it was also the season that the Pars took the drop to Division Two for the first time since 1958. To be fair to Alec Wright he inherited many of the problems left by George Farm. However the Youth Policy was beginning to show some signs of working with young players such as Mackie, Shaw, Leishman and Mercer breaking into the first team. The Pars fight against the drop was desperate and it was certainly no time to blood young players. As a ten year old I began to associate football with a long cold walk to the car after another home defeat and quite naturally went daft when Dunfermline actually won a match, this was not very often. Things were so bad I had yet to see the Pars defeat Cowdenbeath and after a particularly depressing 2-0 defeat by Raith Rovers in the 3rd round of the Scottish Cup the board had had enough as well. Sheriff Wright was duly asked to hand in the badge and spent the next few months sitting on a bench at Limekilns being photographed by the Daily Express. One wonders what may have happened had the much vaunted Youth Policy been in force in Sheriff Wright's term of office, he was only at the club for a very brief period and he did help win us the coveted "Quizz-Ball" trophy, although that may have something to do with John Cushley's degree and the fact that the average footballer's intellect at the time didn't go much beyond sideburns and where their next sexual encounter was coming from. Sheriff Wright headed west and settled as Sheriff at Fort Boghead, then in an act of betrayal a Falkirk person was appointed as Sheriff of East End in the guise of one George Millar.

<u>GEORGE MILLAR;</u>	Sworn in as Sheriff Feb 1972	Asked to hand in the badge Sept 1975
Major Arrests;		Major Escapes
Alec Kinninmonth		Willie Callaghan
Joe Hughes		Alec Kinninmonth
Alan Evans		Dave McNicoll
Jackie Sinclair		Barry Mitchell
Geir Karlson		
		Scalps taken;
		2nd Division Runners
		Up 1972/73.....

The team which won promotion in 1973 was one of the youngest and the most entertaining Dunfermline have had, they scored goals: plenty of goals, 8-0 against Brechin 7-2 against Hamilton, 0-6 at Forfar, Ken Mackie and Graham Shaw were my heroes and now it was a long walk back to the car after winning a home match. The only thing I will never forgive them for is the all-white strip they played in that year. The Pars to me always play in black and white. The formation of the Junior Supporters Club did much to try and bring back the young fans to East End. After a near thing the following season when a 0-1 victory was enough to send the Pars fans home from Tanndice happy and keep us in the first division (and relegate East Fife) season 74/75 was to be the one from which the new Premier League was to be selected. Despite being in 7th position in the latter part of 1974 the Pars took the characteristic slump after Xmas and plummeted eventually to 15th position. The following season was only one game old a 3-3 draw at home to Airdrie when Sheriff Millar voluntarily handed over his badge and left to join the forces of darkness at Falkirk. All in all he was a fairly successful manager if we had of qualified for the Premier things may have been different. However another trait of the board was that if the sheriff hadn't cleaned up the town in 2-3 years he was run out of town. Over the horizon from Berwick rode a man who had delighted Pars fans in the sixties. Sheriff Melrose was back in town and he hadn't come to do his shopping.

HARRY MELROSE; Sworn in as Sheriff Sept 1975 Asked to hand in the badge Sept 1981

Major Arrests;	Major Escapes
Hugh Whyte Paul Donnelly	Graham Shaw
Jim Bowie Mike Leonard	Ken Mackie
Bobby Robertson Ricky Sharp	Allan Evans
Andy Rolland Sandy McNaughton	

Major Scalps taken; Second Division Runners - up 1978 /1979

Sheriff Melrose came to East End when despite a brief flurry at the start Dunfermline's drop to the Second Division looked an absolute certainty. He was a great guy to talk to and quiet without being dour, like Mr. Happy at Tannadice, unlike the ones who were to follow in the next few years. At the end of his first term of office the Pars were relegated and it was to be three seasons before they came back up. The first two we came third pipped by Alloa yet again in the first and Raith in the second. The next season was remembered for one game, the last match of the season against The Forces of Darkness from Falkirk; a late penalty by Andy Rolland was enough to promote The Pars and consign the Unholy Ones to the deepest pit for another year. The following two seasons a struggle some good results and we weren't really near to being relegated. Sheriff Melrose spent a while in hospital and Deputy Rolland took over the reigns for a while and the team shot to the top of the league, when Sheriff Melrose returned the Pars embarked on the now infamous crusade which resulted in promotion. The team struggled, no money to buy players, dwindling crowds and as is usual in that sort of situation, someone has to go, and it's always the Sheriff and never the Town Council. So Sheriff Melrose left town, in all fairness he wasn't a bad Sheriff, his signings would form the backbone of later success, perhaps if anything he wasn't hard enough. Thus from the gold rush town of Cowdenbeath rode a stranger, Sheriff Stanton was in town, over the next three seasons a new "No more Mr. Nice Guy" style of justice was to prevail at East End.

PAT STANTON: Sworn in as Sheriff Jan 1981 Deserted the post Sept 1982

Major Arrests;	Major Escapes;
Craig McFarlane Norrie McCathie	John Salton
Grant Jenkins Doug Considine	Kenny Thomson
Bobby Forrest Jim Brown	Bonar Mercer
Hugh Hammil Trevor Smith	Sandy McNaughton
The Dall Twins	

Major scalps taken; absolutely none.....

Sheriff Stanton, had come to town via Aberdeen and Cowdenbeath where he was Sheriff for a few months, apart from a brief respite in the cup taking Hibs (who else) to a replay he did little else that season, the club finishing third bottom of the 1st Div. At the start of the next season Stanton signed 15 deputies, one of whom Jim Brown was gunned down by one John Pelosi and never recovered. Other notable signings that year were the famous laundrette owner Doug Considine and Trevor Smith. He sent veterans K.T. and Salton away for nothing, K.T. can now be seen doing exactly what he did for us with the Saints of Perth. The following season saw us finish a healthy fifth bottom and hopes were high for the next season. However the season had only begun when Sheriff Stanton showed his true colours, yellow, and loped off to become Sheriff of Easter Road. Not before he'd transferred Sandy McNaughton to Ayr first though. He never got the heather even remotely warm let alone set it on fire and the lynching squad duly dispatched to Edinburgh were not able to find him as he had been deposed as Sheriff of Easter Road before the wagon train could cross the Forth. The "Town Council" were desperate, who could they get cheaply the answer came riding through the mists surrounding Lodge 1690. A fearsome warrior was destined to be Sheriff of East End, he was cruel, vicious and not a very nice person, he was Bone Crusher Forsyth, the Terror of the Copeland Road.

TAM FORSYTH Sworn in as Sheriff Sept 1982 Handed in the Badge Oct 1983

Major Arrests;	Major Escapes;	Major Scalps taken;
Jim Moffat	George Young	Relegation to Div 2 1982
John Perry	Doug Considine	
Bobby Dall	Hugh Hammil	

TAM FORSYTH; Well Dunfermline's fans fear that a new regime of terror was to start with the appointment of Sheriff Forsyth, were well and truly founded. The season had been bad enough, allowing ten men Dumbarton to win 3-0 at East End, but what was to follow on the first day of 1983, would be enough to have the lynching party out while the current Sheriff was still in office. In the Massacre at Pratt Street, Dunfermline lost 6-0 to the Wild Men from Kirkcaldy, after that not even a great 3-3 draw at Tynecastle could save Forsyth, nor could it save Dunfermline, relegation was the net result. As the following season got under way, the first few results proved that promotion wouldn't be as easy as the faithful had thought. Eventually in October 1983, Sheriff Forsyth handed in the badge and headed back west, when he heard that "The Pale Rider" was heading in from the East, with a poem or two in his head and a vision of knocking the Huns out of the cup. Good times were coming back to the town, and they were coming soon (ish). Sheriff Leishman, got off his horse and drank his voddie and coke.

To repeat, yet again the past seasons with Leishman would be only preaching to the converted; so where is this article leading to? As I stated at the outset, this is based on personal experience and in my humble opinion Jim Leishman has done more for this club than any manager I can remember. It's a lot harder to take a poor team with no money to the top league, than it is to take an already great team to a Hampden triumph. Admittedly this fanzine has been less than complimentary to Jim on occasions, but there were times when it was deserved and we do try to print all the views. Perhaps it's a case of familiarity breeding contempt, you only have to read what other teams think of Leishman's career so far and compare that to what the punters are saying on the terraces to understand what I mean.

Leishman is an inspiration to the fans, the team and to the media. Over the past few years since our last visit to the Premier League, he has stopped the clowning to a certain extent and concentrated on the job in hand, namely getting us back to the Premier League. It has to be said that it now looks as though Leish is becoming a football manager to rival Jim McLean, but thankfully not as miserable as him. With absolutely no cash whatsoever he built a team from nothing and in the meteoric rise to the top we all know so well, and now it looks as though the best is yet to come. Perhaps the influence of Phil Bonnyman is helping, or the fact that Mel Rennie has found and opened the shoe-box, under his bed (apologies to Not the View for pinching the "biscuit-tin" tag) whatever it is, I'm sure that what we will see, is a reborn Leish and a reborn team, one which can not only be a permanent fixture in the Premier League but go on to greater glories. Look back at what we've had in the past and be grateful, that we've got Leishman.

Nearside Linesman

DAVE DODDS
"THE ELEPHANT MAN"



Right Dave, you know what the plan is?
Yeh Boss, I take the food off and
scare the shit out of them.

Cartoon: Steven Devine

The "Big" Doug



Have you memorised those
words yet Doug?
You know, the ones that go
like kill, destroy, snap,
execution, death etc....

Cartoon: Steven Devine

Dunfermline The Rebirth

part two: The Saga Continues

The story so far:

Firstly, the earth was created. Then, as the horrific result of a bad day at the office, the forces of darkness – Falkirk F.C emerged from the bowels of creation. To counteract this hideous evil, Dunfermline Athletic were sent forth to confront the demons of Palkirk and resign them to the second division where they rightfully belong. And so it came to pass that Jim Leishman was appointed Manager and charged with dragging the Fars, kicking and screaming towards the Premier League.

Sometime in October 1983, a date went down in history as the day when the Pars began their journey back to the summit of Scottish Football. For on this wonderful and historic day, Jim Leishman was appointed Manager and promised to take Dunfermline into the "Big Time". His infectious ambition was evident for all to see at his first press conference. The press were falling over themselves to attend the historic meeting in the Dunfermline Boardroom. Surrounded by the relics of Dunfermline's illustrious past was Leishman – dressed as a giant banana ready to take questions from those assembled.

"Dunfermline District Pigeon Fanciers Gazette", announced a fat, balding journalist who was occupying the back-row.

"It it true, Mr Leishman", he continued, "That you will go to any lengths to gain media publicity?"

"Er... no ,he began," I wouldnae dae anythin' detrimen... er..bad for Dunfermline Athletic"

"So!", interrupted another journalist, "you don't see yourself as inappropriately dressed for this occasion?"

"No!", replied the banana, "My dream is tae take Dunfermline tae the top of Scottish Football – and if it means a wee bit of publicity, then so be it!". The journalists were by now unsure whether Leishman was a joke or a serious contender for Labour Party leader as he effortlessly spawned the gospel according to Leishman. Several notebooks later, Leishman sat down and looking smugly round the room asked if there were any questions.

"Just one", said the journalist at the back.

"When you mentioned standing for Prime Minister, which party did you mention?"

"Er..are you taen' the piss'", enquired the banana.

"No', replied the journalist, "But your plans seem a little far fetched. Is the UEFA cup a realistic aim in just six years?"

Leishman, red with anger left the room with the defiant cry of

"What's the use, you'll just make it up ! ! ! " ringing in the journalists surprised ears.

And so, Leishman's special relationship with the press had begun.

But, Leishman was not all mouth and proved this by doing everything he prophesised. First came the assault on the Second Division Championship. The Pars roared in with all guns blazing. Leishman reminded the players of the glorious traditions they were following in. He instilled in them a sense of honour and righteousness befitting a Pars player. His team talks became legendary as he took a ragged band of has-beens and never-will-be's and created a side worthy of wearing the noble black and white.

The players responded magnificently to Leishman's inspiration and finished season 83-84 in a breathtaking ninth position.

Dunfermline The Rebirth

part two: The Saga Continues

The embarrassment of the previous season was quickly forgotten as Leishman sang the praises of Dunfermline and heralded the start of the Centenary Year celebrations. As Pars fans looked back wistfully on the previous hundred years – the glories and the pain, it suddenly became obvious that everything was not as rosy as Leishman suggested. A small isolated group of ' Pars Fans ' (who, incidentally were later found to be former inhabitants of Falkirk and therefore, the Devils offspring) decided to lead a Coup d'etat and oust the ever-popular Leishman from his position at East End. The rebels – known as the Gang of Five (which suspiciously enough is also equal to the number of known Falkirk supporters) attempted to prove that Leishman was not the messiah but an impostor and worse still, related to the antichrist – Dave Clarke.

This twisted group had taken passages from Leishman's historic sermon on the Mount Hill O'Beath and tried to suggest that he was the cause of the Clubs downfall from the top to the bottom of Scottish Football.

They had stolen entries from his secret diaries and compared them with his press releases and several profound statements found in his match-day column. They had subsequently claimed that at the instant Leishman began to 'support' the Pars, their fortunes had changed irreversibly. This was denied by Leishman who staunchly repeated his claim to have loved the Pars since the final whistle of the 1968 Scottish Cup Final. Leishman also reminded everyone of the time he walked over ten miles to see Anderlecht play at East End in 1970 – suspiciously, our last game in Europe. The Gang of Five backed up their claims by exposing the fact that when Leishman came onto the playing staff in the early seventies, Dunfermline were well on their way towards oblivion. They claimed his own goal against Celtic was final proof of his guilt.

However, before Leishman was confronted by these ' purely fictitious accusations ' each one of them met a somewhat unexplained and mysterious death in dubious circumstances.

Gang Member 1: Found bound and gagged, upside down under the Forth Road Bridge. Shot three times in head, once in chest.
VERDICT: Suicide.

Gang Member 2: Accidentally castrated himself and bled to death whilst cutting his toenails.
VERDICT: Accidental Death.

Gang Member 3: Committed suicide after leaving a written confession to killing Gang Member 4. Hacked his own head off with a pair of Mr. Remus Play Scissors.
VERDICT: Death by Misadventure.

Gang Member 4: As above, pushed under the 7:59 Edinburgh-Glasgow.
VERDICT: Murder by Co-Conspirator.

Gang Member 5: After his four friends had died in painful circumstances, he pissed off to South America and is thought to be living under an assumed name.

NOTE:

The late Carlos Pendrosa, a secretive, cunning inhabitant of Rio De Janeiro died recently in a violent street brawl when he was mysteriously hacked to death by a crowd of tourists bedecked in black and white scarves. The case is one of Brazil's great unsolved crimes. Not one of the three thousand tourists identified by a passing Allan Whicker documentary were ever brought to justice. So the question remains: Was Carlos Pendroza the fifth member?

We shall never know.

Dunfermline The Rebirth

part two: The Saga Continues

But enough of this gossip and scandal. Eventually, the 84/85 season, heralding the start of the Centenary Celebrations finally began. Pars fans were ecstatic at the prospect and a huge crowd of 972 squeezed into East End to view the start of the success. The opponents were the mighty Stranraer who showed they were yet again in line for the wooden spoon with a narrow four nil defeat. Surprisingly, John Watson scored all four goals and had time to arrange three dates at half-time.

The scoreline was repeated against Arbroath in the first round of the Skol Cup. However the gallant Pars were to go out in the next round courtesy of Celtic. It seemed as if everything was at last going the Pars way with six wins out of six. Leishman wallowed in his success proclaiming it as the best ever start to a Dunfermline league campaign. However, somewhere the bubble must burst.

This time, the bubble did not simply burst hut exploded into a million tiny bits at Stenhousemuir on the fateful Saturday of 22, September 1984. 1984, was the year of 'Big Brother'. The Orwellian Nightmare was soon to descend upon Ochilview. Louis Thow the popular match official and all-round nice guy was on match duty and proceeded to become the 'Referee Most Deserving Of A Round With Mike Tyson' as he persisted in delighting the visitors with countless dubious decisions before raising the proverbial roof by sending off Steve Morrison for retaliating to attempted open-heart surgery. The 'Warriors' had the decency to score the winner three minutes from time which resulted in several dosen Pars fans deciding to shake the forementioned Thow by the throat immediately after the game. While a Lynch mob moved towards the little shit in black, a rope was slung over a crossbar in preparation for the referee's neck. Unfortunately, the Police intervened and secured clemency for Mr. Thow on psychiatric grounds. However, a well aimed fist reminded Mr. Thou of his eventful afternoon at Ochilview.

However, after the 'Battle of Stenhousemuir ' the Pars promotion push vent into overdrive and, by February were in third spot, nine points behind leaders Alloa. But it was not all bad. Having revelled in his position as Part-Time Manager, Leishman also took on the added responsibility of Part-Time Commercial Manager as well. This was in addition to his 'normal' job of telling the unemployed I'm Sorry, Nae jobs today' The position of Commercial Manager gave Leishman a whole new field to diversify in. But, Leishman was not a fool. He knew the punters would not fall for cheap, embarrassing publicity stunts although this knowledge did not stop the same publicity stunts. It soon became evident that Leishman did not take his responsibilities lightly. Everything where a crowd exceeding two people were present you could bet that Leishman, or a Pars player would be there too.

"CHARITY BED PUSH" - send round the back four.

"CHARITY PRAM PUSH" - send Norrie McCathie and young Trevor.

"BEAUTIFUL BABY COMPETITION" - send John Watson.

"AEROPLANE IMPERSONATIONS" - Wing Commander Leishman, At your service'

Half Marathons, Civic Weeks, Christian Aid Week, Fun Runs, School Sports Days, you name it, somewhere, somehow, Leishman's involved.

It is also a little known fact that the 1984 Miners Strike would have lasted a little over four weeks were it not for the opportunism of the saviour, Jim Leishman. As soon as Jim saw the T.U.C pictures of hundreds of miners outside closed pits he knew there was publicity to be gained. Leishman quickly became a popular figure on the remains of the Fife Coalfield as he toured the Pits, preaching to the miners, describing the delights of supporting the Athletic. Some were hard-line, do-or die Cowdenbeath fans but Leishman 's powerful persuasion led them to forsake their little teams for the team of the future - Dunfermline Athletic. But, in Leishman's efforts to gain the support of the miners he rapidly became the P.M's public enemy number one. Summoned to Downing Street, Jim Leishman stood before the arrogant life-long Falkirk fan and Right Wing Dictator: Margaret Thatcher.

Dunfermline The Rebirth

part two: The Saga Continues

She stood before him, small and insignificant next to the Living God. She begged and grovelled for him to end the strike and allow the Police to return to their full-time job of persecuting everyone - not just the Miners. She cried and wept, writhed on the carpet and offered sexual favours before she eventually collapsed and begged him to stop the strike. "Anything", She wailed exhausted, "I'll give you money". Leishman stood before her, resolute and proud. A sly smirk spread across his face. "I'll stop the strike If ma poems get national recognition". And So. The miners who still had jobs went back to work and Leishman was presented with his own Poetry programme, to be broadcast on Radio Four, twice a year at 3 o'clock in the morning. But Leishman's exciting poetry show was not Dunfermline's only national recognition. Dunfermline were awarded first prize in the Dickheads of the Year awards, held annually at Castle Doon, Falkirk after the infamous end of season clash with Berwick Rangers at East End.

The Clash of the Titans took on extra significance because of the peculiar situation that would arise if Dunfermline defeated Berwick and Alloa drew or lost their match at Arbroath. If Alloa lost or drew, the Pars would be promoted as runners-up. However no-one at East End was to realise that a Trotskyist-Falkirk movement had infiltrated BBC Broadcasting House and forced a presenter to read out a false and cruel suggestion that Alloa were drawing their match at Arbroath. The Presenter - probably bloody Derek Rae duly announced the false result and caused much jubilation and happiness amongst the massed ranks of Dunfermline supporters. As the fans, players and directors (well nearly), danced with joy the correct result was finally broadcast. How the twisted Sado-Falkirkist Trotskies must have laughed. The infamous event led to one of Leishman's most famous and profound quotes.

" It was like being told you've won the pools, then realising yer' name isn't Willie McTaggart! ".

This time the promotion battle had been fought, but lost. However the future would be different.

* * *

The previous season had finished as a cruel anti-climax. Promotion had been snatched from the supporters in the first few minutes of celebration. Without warning the cause of the celebration had been stolen, and left everyone pretty "miffed" to say the least. However the disappointment of the previous season and the ultimate "We're promoted! - No we're not ? " humiliation was quickly, if painfully forgotten. The fans turned their heads arrogantly and proudly toward the future - promotion to the First Division and ultimately the Premier League.

Sadly Dunfermline had not managed promotion as an opening to their next one hundred years, but rather postponed it in order to celebrate one thing at a time. The commercial department was rushed off its feet with charity and local events, and had no time to organise promotion and centenary celebrations at the same time. So as a result of Secret meetings with the Scottish League, it was decided to let Alloa steal promotion, so that the Pars had more time to celebrate the promotion party.

Dunfermline The Rebirth

part two: The Saga Continues

One of the first actions of the new century was to setup the Centenary Club – a curious set-up which somehow generates Loadsadosh for the club and lets anyone who joins have the chance of winning a small sum. But a secret clause in the membership is that winners MUST come from, or live in Crossford.

A Centenary Challenge Match was arranged with Aberdeen which the Pars won by a single goal. Leishman thrived on this chance to rub shoulders with one of the most respected teams in Europe and not one picture from the event is without a small piece of Leishman somewhere at the back. The game itself was preceded by an "Old-Timers" Six-a-Side game and as a small courtesy to Aberdeen, Willie Miller and Alex McLeish were allowed to join in as over-age players.

But the fighting was soon to start. The season commenced with a three all draw at Arbroath. Stenhousemuir were the next to feel the full force of the Pars strike force losing four nil in the Skol Cup, first round. Morton were to prove tougher second round opponents and eventually defeated the Pars on penalties after a two all draw. August however was not the Pars best month. This was mainly due to the Centenary Booze Up – sorry, Official Centenary Dinner. Fans, directors, players and guests all got pissed together in a memorable show of comradeship. The effects of the 'dinner', were slow to wear off and the Champions-elect almost succumbed to a surprise home defeat by country cousins Cowdenbeath. However, a magnificent fighting comeback saw a two goal deficit transformed into a three-two win.

Dunfermline seemed to be losing some of their early season form as early as September with a goalless draw at Palmerston but regained some respect in a three goal draw across at bleak, depressing Starks Park.

The game at Starks Park, was marked by a minutes silence in memory of the great Jock Stein who had died posthumously, and tragically earlier in the week whilst leading Scotland to another World Cup. As everyone knows, Jock Stein put Dunfermline on the footballing map and built the foundation of our Golden Years. It is perhaps a fitting epitaph that he died, if prematurely in the service of the game, and country he loved.

Later in September, the club saw fit to honour four players – Hugh Whyte, Bobby Robertson, Jim Bowie and Paul Donnelly with a Testimonial in recognition of their invaluable service. The game with Hearts raised the huge sum of £43.76 and once divided paid for their Taxi's home.

The League form continued to improve with nine games without defeat including a six nil annihilation of Albion Rovers. By the end of October, the Pars were second, behind Queen of the South. November saw four straight wins and took Dunfermline to the top of the table. With an almost outrageous 42 goals scored, Dunfermline were well on their way towards promotion. The fans were also noticing the Pars success with over 4000 regularly squeezing through the turnstiles, to gaze lustfully on the Pars pin-up of the decade John Watson. The Commercial Department had also noticed Watson's popularity and sought ways to market it effectively. Soon, East End was a colourful array of Watson memorabilia.

Yes, the terrifying nightmare finally came to reality as Watson was elevated to the status of Demi-God, second only to the messiah in importance. Watson became a Guru to the fans and they tired to follow in his image in order to achieve perfection and a place in paradise – the first team pool. The believers were fanatical in their desire to image their God. Some grew their own dreadlocks, some became unemployed, some took up football and imitated their hero – walking around the pitch, not really joining in the game.

When the shrine to the great Watson, known as Cagney's was opened, the Dunfermline Licensing Board was inundated with crazed fans imitating their hero by attempting to open their own pubs. Unfortunately, each application was turned down else there would have been another two pubs in the town.

Dunfermline The Rebirth

part two: The Saga Continues

The Scottish Cup, first round saw Raith Rovers let off with a friendly two nil defeat and sent back to Kirkcaldy to once again dream of defeating their neighbouring superior beings. The second round saw Dunfermline drawn with the mighty Threave Rovers. Once the massed legions of Pars fans had examined their road atlases with microscopes and "Wee Red Books", they found that Galloway was their objective. The game was a minor diversion which saw the Pars through to meet Hibs in the third round.

Hibernian were enjoying an unusually quiet season. They hadn't won anything and they weren't going to but nevertheless hacked, kicked, pulled, jerseys and generally cheated their way into the fourth round. The less said about Hibs the better. (Except perhaps the Skol Cup, 4th Rnd, 1989)

The more mundane league business fell foul to the weather but luckily a more fruitful pastime was adopted. As soon as " Eastenders " was thrown onto our televisions the theme tune was " adopted " by the fans. Inevitably, the corny, tuneless, football-song cum publicity stunt had to be born.... First came the interview with Leishman, then the recording of the song for Reporting Scotland, then horrors of horrors, the unforgettable Pebble Hill performance when the Players warbled the hideous song and caused three suicide attempts in the studio audience.

Thankfully, it was the only public performance as a result of the 18,000,000 complaints which the programme received - suspiciously, six times the average viewing figures for the show. Perhaps some fiendishly clever group of illegal-Falkirk supporters found a way of convincing fifteen million people who missed the show that they hated the Pars. Whatever they did, they prevented all subsequent publicity and entry to the top forty. Despite this, when the record was finally released there were unbelievable scenes in record shops as fans fought each other for copies of the dreaded song and players autographs. The experience of actually touching the Demi-God Watson was too much for several hundred female fans who had to be treated for hyper-ventilation. Unfortunately, even today we are not free of the bloody tune. Every time Radio Pars announces another eight year olds birthday, they always play the little bastards professed favourite song - " East-bloody-Enders ".

To return to the football however - March was an extremely hectic month for the Champion-elect. As a result of cancellation, the Pars played eight matches and the goal machine had slowed down somewhat. Some results were dodgy, some bad, others pretty embarrassing (only Two - Nil against Cowdenbeath). March and April saw the number one position fluctuate between Queen of the South and Dunfermline almost weekly. The lead was only ever one point until the fateful Saturday of April 5th.

The problems began when Ian Westwater had to visit his Auntie Jeanie that afternoon and was forced to miss the game. The disturbing choice of second keeper was Hugh Whyte who thankfully was on holiday and unavailable. Third choice keeper Robbie McGregor suddenly decided to go AWOL and was eventually tracked down to a Turkish Brothel in Istanbul, too late to return for the game. At the last minute however, Dunfermline's bacon was saved when veteran goalkeeper and old campaigner Hamish McAlpine gallantly offered his services against Meadowbank. With his simmer thrown carelessly behind the goal, McAlpine proved that his time as a top-class goalkeeper was not over as he effortlessly conceded four goals in a style more akin to the inimitable Dave McKellar.

Dunfermline The Rebirth

part two: The Saga Continues

Suddenly, Queen of the South had opened a three point gap at the top and looked on course for the title. The championship, had long been a two horse race so there was no danger of a Berwickesque anti-climax but, the Pars deserved elevation as champions. Thankfully, the goal machine finally regained top form and crashed another four past Albion rovers.

The Demi-God Watson, scored his 30th of the season against St. Johnstone and was awarded the Daily Record's Golden Shot - a trophy and huge case of champagne which perhaps explains the sudden drop in his scoring-rate. Promotion was eventually assured on the 19th April as the Pars easily gubbed East Stirlingshire, our country cousins defeated Queens Park.

Thus, there was only the Championship to decide. The fans were ecstatic and invaded the pitch to celebrate promotion which was not spoiled by an evil Falkirk plot. The championship was finally won also courtesy of Cowdenbeath. As the Pars journeyed to picturesque Ochilview and Q.O.S travelled to Central Park the two buses passed on the Kincardine Bridge amid unimaginable scenes of violence as the Queen of the South players, knowing they were doomed as runners-up, made faces and heckled the champions-elect. As the final score - Cowdenbeath 3: Queen of the South 3 was announced at Ochilview, the pitch became a sea of bodies as the fans erupted in an orgy of love and happiness.

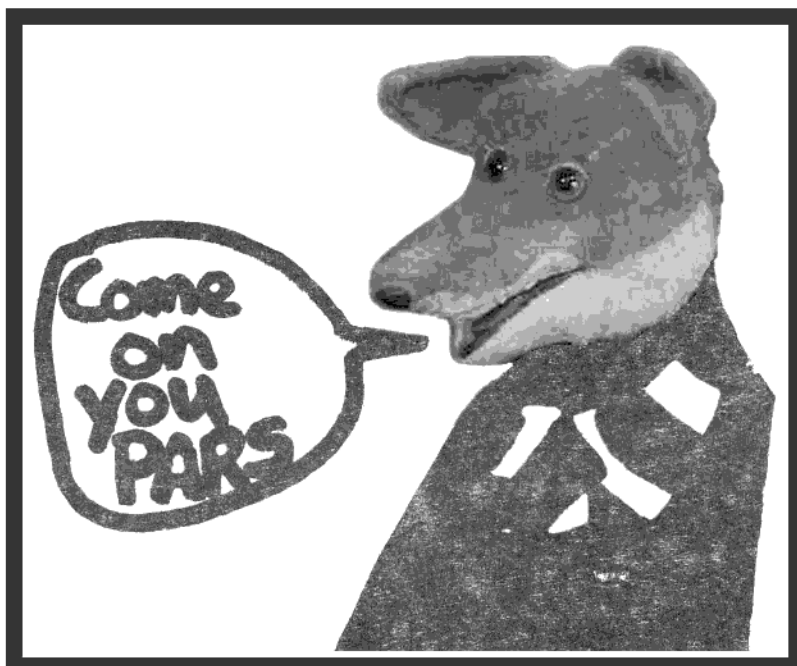
The fans rushed frantically onto the pitch to congratulate and have sex with their heroes. The celebration continued for much of the night and following weeks as Leishman revelled in the glory he had created and made yet more prophetic speeches to the East End faithful. Dunfermline were the Fine-Fare, Scottish League, Second Division Champions, 1985-86. They had managed the incredible feat of scoring one hundred goals and even Watson managed to grab thirty. More success was to come, this was simply a beginning.

The future belonged to Leishman.

COMING SOON: In Part Three of the epic story of Dunfermline's revival...

" WHERE'S THE **BLOODY** FLAG ??? " - The untold story....

(and promotion to the Premier League)



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BASIL BRUSH

MEL'S SHOEBOX

In these days of outrageous transfer fees, millions rather than the singular million, it did come as rather a surprise to many followers of Dunfermline F.C. to learn that George O'Boyle had been signed from Bordeaux for the sum of £100,000 when our best before that had been the massive sum of £80,000 for Davie Irons. However it came as no surprise to learn that we had not actually paid the cash for Georgie, rather he was on loan until the end of the season when the fee would then be due.

However the next signing by Dunfermline left the entire town end the club's financial advisors in apoplexy. Rumours abounded that Ian McCall or John Clark were to come to East End, but were negated by other rumours that the ceiling on transfer fees was to be £100,000. It became apparent that Dunfermline would have to pay serious money if they wished to attract the quality players to East End who could assist in retaining the much desired Premier Status. If a survey of Pars fans had been completed in the town's pubs, asking two questions; "What would you say if Dunfermline bought an Hungarian Internationalist ?", and "What would you say if the fee was £540,000 ?", the answers would have ranged from laughter to outrage, with a sneaking suspicion that the said interviewer had sampled the wares in at least ten pubs before stumbling into this one. But it is in fact the truth, the worst kept secret ever, we've paid a third down and the balance due at the end of the season.

Far from criticising this spending, we say pay the full amount now, they are two of the best players ever seen at East End and sooner or later the gruesome twosome in Glasgow are going to take more than a passing interest. Once they are fully signed and the fees are paid it will be a lot harder for others to take them off our hands. The Board and whoever recommended them are to be applauded for at long last persuading Mel Rennie to reach under his bed and open the shoe-box. Our previous biggest spend prior to Irons was the man-laundrette Considine for the fee of £40,000. To suggest to the board at that time that we invest half a million on a Hungarian player would have brought about comments such as "Eh... does that include ten of his team mates and a stake in the Tractor Industry?" Now, thankfully they've realised that the days of a bargain £15,000 striker, "Who's just the job" are long gone. We need a few more additions to the pool, and let us hope that the big money spending doesn't end with Istvan Kozma.

..... OH DEAR

Once again the Fife Cup proved a nightmare for Dunfermline. Although a very well kept secret, i.e. it appeared in no national daily papers, the truth will eventually come out. On Monday 23rd of October 1989, Dunfermline Athletic lost on penalties after a tough 2-2 draw to the mighty Burntisland Shipyard at East End Park.

Four of us drove over from Edinburgh looking forward to seeing the lads pop in a goal or twelve and the chance of a few swift beers in the Paragon Club before and during the game. A rather poor crowd of around 400 had turned up, most of whom seemed to be away fans. An awful night, pouring down, cold windy but with the sure knowledge that a final against Raith would be a laugh if nothing else, we took our seats in the stand and watched the teams warm up. I still find it hard to try and find something of interest to say about the first half, but the only incident was a rather well taken goal by Dunfermline's Black towards half time. The pars team was Westwater, Burns, Cunningham, Bonnyman, Tierney, Gallagher(not Eddie), M. Smith, Black, Callaghan, Irons, can't remember, and on the bench Strang and O'Boyle.

A brief pint in the Paragon and back to our seats, safe in one of the groups quite confident prediction of a 5-0 win for the Pars. However disaster struck quite quickly and sent the Shipyard fans into orbit; firstly no sooner had we taken our seats than a penalty was awarded to Shipyard after Hugh Burns had been seen to foul the forward, it looked pretty soft to me but the penalty was struck home well enough. Two minutes later or so it seemed, an attempt at a pass-back by Hugh Burns was intercepted and the striker rounded Westie with great aplomb before squeezing the ball home from an almost impossible angle. "Stunned" was the word we were all looking for. From then on the Pars really began to play, some were none too hot, the least said the better, but there were more than average performances from Cunningham, Black and Gallagher. Mark Smith had a few good runs which may suggest a return to form and Callaghan looked miles better then the last time I saw him. It was Callaghan who nodded home the equaliser to take us into penalties, and then missed the kick which put Burntisland through. When the final whistle blew (metaphorically speaking), it took an advert to sum up the evening; TIME FOR A SHARP EXIT ...



S.F.A (STRATHCLYDE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION)

I belong to Glasgow, dear old Glasgow toon
There's nothing the matter wi' Glasgow
when you know you'll never go doon

I'm only a wine drinking, glue sniffing bigot
As anyone here can see
If I here Chic Young or Gerry McNee on
Scottish fitba' belongs to me

We'll play all our semis at Glesga
That way it'll be harder to lose
Complain to whoever you want Pars
The Old Firs will just say stuff you

We always get wan team to Hampden cowp
If we didnae, we'd cry that's no fair
An Old Fire semi you will just not see
Cause like grouse, they're so bloody rare

On one side there's big Bhouy Aitken
He's their referee, judge end empire
But tell him his faults could just be him and
McNeil will call you a damn liar

On the other, Big Tel is their leader
He plays wi' his dick we can tell
He fell oot wi' a door at Pittodrie
And the pigs said all right here's your cell.

Graeme Souness won't talk to the pressmen
Cause you Pars drew with them, just for once
But he'll tell all, if the "Bears" are winning
But he's had nothing to speak of for months.

All the media have soft spots for Thistle
Reaching Premier fame is their dream
Chie(The Prick) Charnley and Chick (The
Dick) Young
Won't make it for arse licking it seems.

When new players come to Glasgow, they tell us
It's like a dress come true

but offer big money, their loyalty will go
So stuff you, stuff you, stuff you.

On Sundays we buy oor best papers
The Sunday Mail or Blue Rangers News
We read all about oor greet heroes
And Alec Cameron's unbiased views ?

When you take your motor to Auld Glesga Toon
Parking spaces won't be hard to find
For ten bob your car's guarded by a thug or a
goon
We're smiles better end we're always kind.

When Celtic have Protestant directors
When Rangers have more than one Tim
We can say our city's got culture
But the chances of this are quite grim.

Cartoon and song both by STROPPIY.

Great Early Baths No.4

On December 29th 1984, Dunfermline traveled to a still grass covered Annfield to play Stirling Albion who gave us more than the occasional tough match back in the Second Division days. Only three weeks earlier Stirling had played Selkirk in the Scottish Cup and to remind us of the Borderers first love, the score was of rugby proportions.

Selkirk were shown no mercy as Stirling romped home 20-0, although they weren't so much bothered by the scoreline, just that Willie Irvine had scored against them. The same Willie Irvine who wouldn't have scored five for Dunfermline had he been there five seasons.

At the heart of the Pars defence was Allan Forsyth, "Elvis" to his friends "Bampot" to the vast majority. I admit I found it hard to take to Forsyth, mainly because his career at Raith Rovers consisted of kicking lumps out of opponents with his chief partner in crime Donald Urquart. He certainly helped shore up the Pars defence, along with Dave Young, but in the early stages of that match it looked like the Pars were on for a real stuffing. Numerous chances were squandered, including a sitter by Irvine, but that doesn't really surprise me.

Dunfermline took the lead against the run of play when Young's shot was handled on the line. John Perry scored from the spot, and it seemed as though we would stay in front at least until the second half. Just about on half-time Whyte dropped the ball and there followed an almighty goal-mouth scramble. Centre-half Gary McTeague, recently signed from Albion Rovers poked the ball into the net, but before anyone had time to celebrate a massive punch-up broke out. Forsyth led the way showing that his years at Stark's Park hadn't been wasted. He "wellied" the goal-scorer who responded with a nifty right-hook to our hero's jaw. Once the situation was sorted out both players were sent off. Not even Forsyth's feigned unconsciousness saved him.

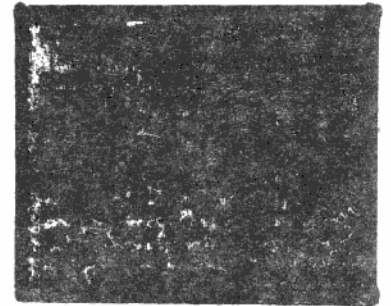
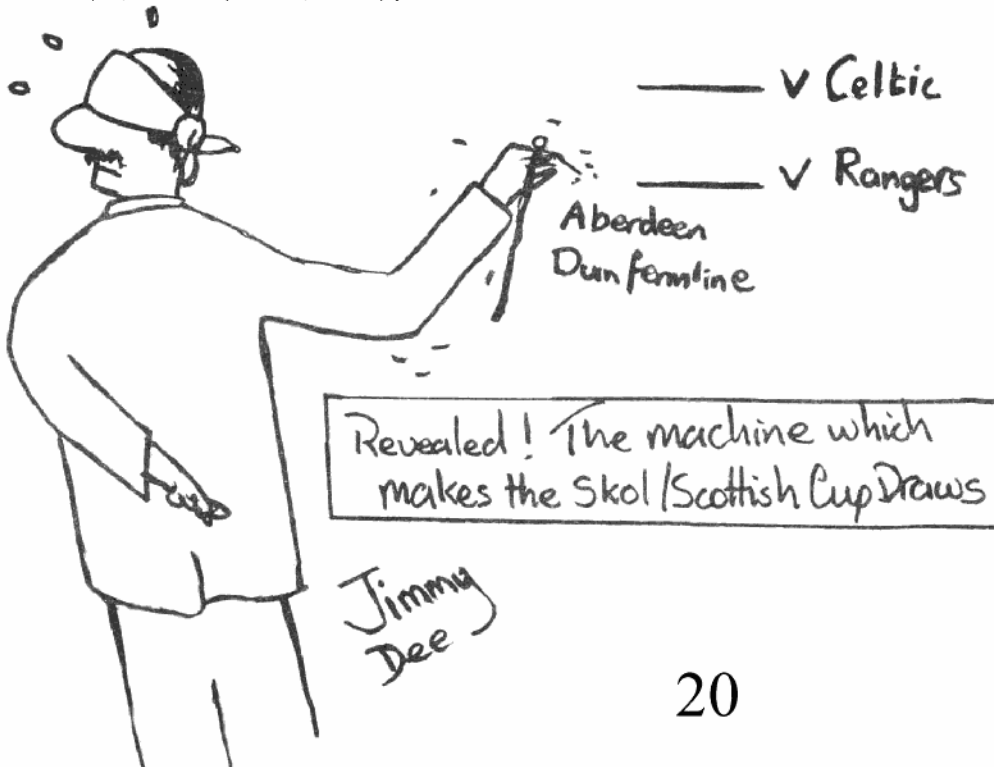
With the interval calming things down the 2nd half was a vast improvement. With McCathie dropping back into defence Dunfermline looked much better. With the half only a few minutes old Dunfermline took the lead with a typical Stevie Morrison thunder-bolt. He took a short pass from Jenkins and crashed a 25 yarder into the top corner of the net, something he's been doing with alarming regularity for Hamilton.

It wasn't to last though, in the closing stages Stirling equalised from the spot after a controversial decision - As if anyone would foul Willie Irvine!

As for Forsyth, well once Leishman discovered that McCathie was a far better defender he was kicked quietly to the sidelines. In fact I don't think he ever played for the first team again. It somehow seems appropriate that Forsyth was sent off in his last game for the Pars.

The Pars team that day was: Whyte, Robertson, Forrest, Forsyth, Young, McCathie, Perry, Hamilton, Watson (McGlashan), Morrison and Jenkins.

BALL BOY.



Above: Hmm, about what you'd expect from a Raith player.

Hall of Shame; Craig McFarlane

One of the less inspiring signings by Harry Melrose was that of Craig McFarlane, a bit of a lazy bastard who suffered from delusions. He thought he could play football. It took Newcastle United, his previous club three years to discover this, whereupon they took it upon themselves to send him back to where he came from; Dunfermline.

The signing took place near the end of season 79/80, he went on to make six appearances that season and scored no goals. They put it down to lack of match practice when he looked slow and ponderous during these games but it took until the following season to realise that this was his natural style.

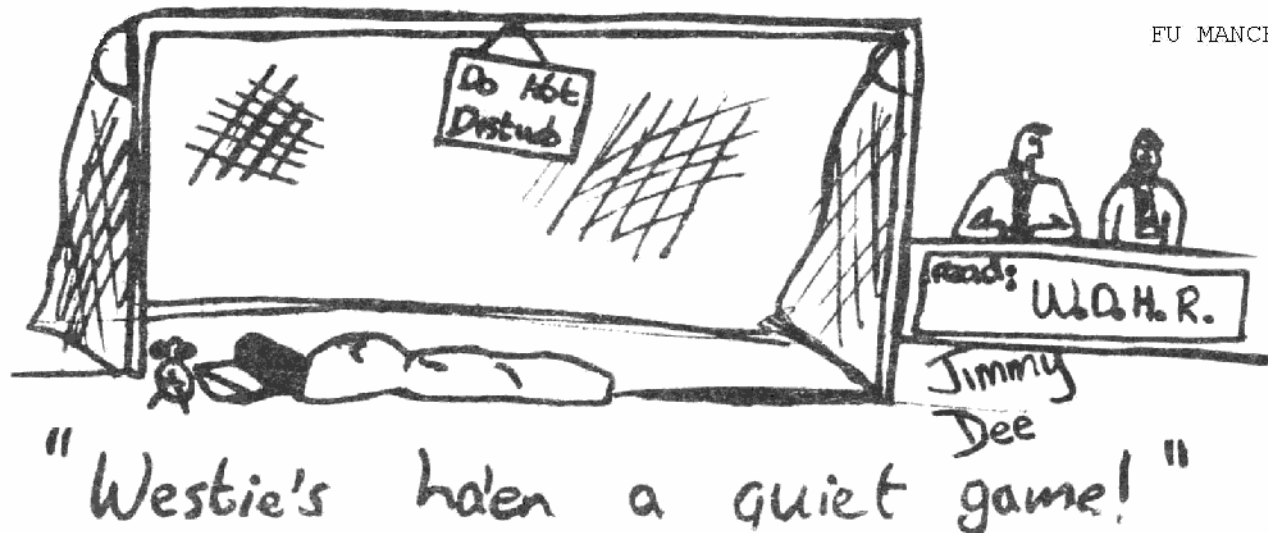
Season 80/81 was his first and thankfully last full season with the Pars, turning out in only half the Pars games and scoring three goals and one more in a pre-season friendly. Swansea City were the visitors in that game, they went on to win the game 2-3 with the other Dunfermline goal coming from Mike Leonard, a cracking goal but somehow the memory of Craig's goal eluded me.

His first league goal came in a 3-1 home victory over Clydebank, and I have no recollection of this goal either (at this point the question that springs to mind is where exactly Fu Manchu took refreshment before these games and how many he had ..Ed) although I do remember Cohn O'Brien scoring an excellent goal after playing a superb one-two with Mike Leonard. Number two in the league came in a particularly memorable 2-4 win at Perth, memorable for a great Sandy McNaughton hat-trick (see article LEGENDS), his third being a cheeky back-heeler. You won't be surprised to learn that I cannot remember Craig's goal that day either (No we are not ..Ed). The third and final league goal came in a 1-1 draw at East End against Dundee and you are correct I cannot remember that one either.

My most outstanding memory of Craig McFarlane comes from the Scottish Cup replay against Hibs at East End Park, an action alone which qualified him for a place in the "Hall of Shame". The score stood at 1-1, Sandy McNaughton having scored a penalty in the last minute to put the game into extra time, we were in the second period of extra time when Cohn O'Brien fired in a superb cross from the wing into the Hibs penalty box. Big Craig McFarlane was perfectly placed and only had to Jump ONE FOOT in the air to nod the ball into the net, however he elected to punch the ball into the net instead, not surprisingly the goal was not allowed, and shortly after this Hibs scored what was to be the ultimate winner. Thus began a sad list of disappointing results against Hibs in the cup until "Whacky Wednesday" this season's SKOL Cup Quarter-final.

Pat Stanton was in charge of the team by that time (bit of a contradiction there surely ..Ed) and he completed the deal, sorry "steal" of the century at the end of that season when he swapped McFarlane for a young central defender from Cowden called Norrie McCathie.

After that? Well the rest is history, Norrie went on from strength to strength, obviously still a Pars player, whilst Craig McFarlane after a short spell at Cowdenbeath went on to play Junior football with Jubilee Athletic. Apparently his team mates at Jubilee found him arrogant, lazy and still suffering from the delusion that he still could play football.



SUPPORT THE C.B.B.B.P

>>> The Campaign to Ban *the* Bloody Black Pudding <<<

Rangers have their inflatable Red Hands, Celtic, their inflatable Popes. Even Falkirk have their novel little balloons to play with on a cold, dark Hogmanay. Aberdeen, now use condoms with their sheep yet still have their inflatable sheep for those long winter nights. Motherwell have inflatable crowds' Other fans had merely settled for the more neutral giant banana or champagne bottle.

B U T ! When our glorious leaders at East End finally leaped onto the Inflatable Band-Wagon, what do 'choose to come up with ?
A bloody inflatable Black Pudding ! ? ! ? ! ? ! ? ! ?
Considering the length of the close season, what was the mighty Commercial Department doing if they could only manage this pitiful object, what were they thinking of ? What were they on ?

For a time, it seemed that the infamous Black Puddings would die an early and not premature death by being conspicuous by their absence at East End (assuming we ignore the robots in the stand!)

B U T ! Then came the horrendously embarrassing feature on " Scotsport Extra Time " when Jim White grinned and Hazel gazed lovingly at the frightening article (Not John McCrirrick) as it filled the screen with the words ... ' **THE PARS' BLACK PUDDING.** Since the terrible twosome - " Saint & Greavsie " also featured the dastardly articles on their 'English League and Old Firm Only' Show, the Pars have now experienced unnecessary national humiliation which was increased by the Hampden Disaster a few days later! Also, it means those twisted Leishman haters, who write for every fanzine on earth now have even more ammunition to throw at the poor soul.

These Puddings Must Be Stopped

If you are repelled by the mere thought of a Black Pudding and would like to lend your support to our campaign, please send long, abusive letters to:

James Leishman Esq.
CHIEFTAIN O' THE PUDDING RACE,
East End Park
DUNFERMLINE.

"The Horror of Hampden"



Heard in Lorenzo's

After the battling display at Easter Road in the SKOL Cup Quarter Final against the Hibeas, rumours abound that the Pars were on £1,000 a man to beat the Edinburgh bunch.

It appears that Dunfermline's directors took great exception to the article by Karen Grega in Issue 1 of The Punter and threatened the publishers with legal action. It doesn't seem to have been a serious threat, mostly because it's her word against theirs. Anyone who wants a good laugh should read the issue of the Punter concerned or check out the last issue of W.D.H.R for the general idea.

A new instalment in the "Whatever happened to Hugh Burns" story. Recent gossip has it that during the 0-6 cuffing at the hand of Aberdeen reserves at hose, our Shug got involved with a spectator in a shouting match. With the game over Shug came storming out into the Halbeath Road, semi-changed, ranting incoherently, to confront his tormentor. With nobody willing for a spot of fisticuffs Shug was quietly escorted back inside by a friendly bobby

After Istvan Kozma's joining the Pars and newspaper reports of us signing another foreign player the Dunfermline directors were quite alarmed at how both press and supporters were getting hold of supposedly secret information. Well we at WDHR know exactly which director has been blabbing, so if the gentleman concerned will send us a tidy pile of used fivers we won't print his name in the next issue.

Stories of pre-season trouble at Dingwall. It seems Pars fans going to the friendly against minor opposition, stopped off to watch the Forces of Darkness (Falkirk) w Ross County, but had to leave the match due to the Devil's Disciples (Falkirk Fans), singing anti-Dunfermline songs and rampaging through the streets looking for a Fifer to hit. Full marks to the Pars fans who proudly wore the colours amongst the Disciples. Falkirk fans are now banned from Ross County's social club. It seemed the club officials and people of Nairn didn't take too kindly to the redecoration these "Fans" gave the bar scrawling Super Tuesday over a Pars team photo donated to Ross County. Dear, Dear boys, How childish! Next time I'm in the Falkirk boardroom I'll remember to scrawl Wonderful Wednesday on the wall, when not one, not two, but three Falkirk players were sent off against Hearts.



PARALLEL LINES with the rev.

Dear W.D.H.R,

Here's issue one of the fanzine, your article and my own little bit on Gary are included. Sorry about the SKOL Cup, still you did well getting to the semis. I was thinking about you on Wednesday when I was watching the British teams play in Europe. Not a good night for Britain says Steve Rider. He said it with a straight face too. It's about time the Pars got some away points isn't it. It would be a pity to come down again after all the hard work of last season. Fingers crossed for an improvement. Dunfermline versus Bayern has a nice ring to it.

All the best Steven Kelly.

P.S. Hearts away 2-1 that's more like it.

The Rev. Thanks for the fanzine Steve, a good start, keep it up. "Through the Wind and Rain" is available from P.O. Box 23, Bootle, Mersey Side, L30 25A. 60p + 30p p+p.

Dear W.D.H.R,

I would just like to reflect on my time of being a Pars fan. On a bright and sunny day, I along with my father, sat down in the deteriorating stand and awaited the arrival of the respective teams, Albion Rovers and Dunfermline. The score ended 6-0 in the Pars favour and this performance of top quality striking endeared me towards these "Zebras" in black and white. This happened about five years ago, and while being only sixteen, have only been absent for six home games. So I feel I as well positioned to comment on Dunfermline's big return to the Premier League.

I feel we have made some big boos player-wise and some good catches. For instance what did Willie Irvine do, apart from score that goal against Queen of the South, or was he not given the chance in the Premier to prove that he was probably not a bad player. There are many players, also, who have not been given a fair chance; Trevor Smith, Grant Reid, Grant Jenkins and Raymond Sharp.

Another one we will regret loosing will be Stuart Beedie. Stuart was a superb player, who on his day (v Hibs 1-0) was a top quality midfielder. In my five years of watching nobody was more accurate than he at set pieces, or corners. Although I rate Stuart Rafferty and will give him a fair chance to prove he is.

Dear W.D.H.R,

Thanks very much for the last issue, which I enjoyed. The next issue of Raise the Roof is out in December, Issues 1&2 enclosed. Its great doing the Doncaster Rovers fanzine. We have so much material to work on. Since Billy Bremner left the club in 1985, it's been abysmal. We've lost two stands, that's why we're called Raise the Roof, had three managers this year, and an amazing turnover of players. Most Rovers fans have favourite Scottish teams, Celtic and Rangers mostly. But I'm a big fan of the Pars. I love Scottish football on the whole, Scotland seems to play with much more passion than England.

Up the Pars and the Rovers

Chris Worrall

Raise the Roof

3 The Hawthorns

Vyegate Road

Thorne DNB 5PE (50p plus p.p.)

I fear we will miss Beedie, Ian McCall, Craig Robertson, Mark Smith, Steve Morrison, and who could forget big John, were all simply pieces of astute signing by Leish and these balance out the aforementioned mistakes.

The Pars support, both home and away is astounding, but I ask you where were when we were trying to get promotion in the 2nd Div, and before. One other complaint in that direction, is the lack of vocal support in the hoar matches against Dundee and Motherwells of this world. The Pars fans could be a twelfth man for them. Finally, I am confident that with the return of Mark Smith we will stay up.

Anon, Kinross.

Well Anon, Glad to hear the Pars impressed you and that Willie Irvine did not. As such as we would like to see players like Beedie, McCall and Robbo stay at East End, I'm afraid that money plays a large part in club loyalty in these days. To be honest, Shaggy and Reid are first division players, and no more, Sharp has already shown he's good enough and Trevor is still injured. As to the sudden upsurge, well at least these fans are staying with us, what I may ask has happened to the 30,000 St.Mirren fans from 1987?. Even in their halcyon days (my fave "Bunnymem" track by the way), crowds were not such better than today if not poorer,

Ta for the letter,The Rev.

It's a Funny Old Game

Ah!, the dull splintering thud of studs on bone, the gentle appreciation of the loyal bend of supporters and the occasional disagreement between officials and fans. Yes, the football season has returned to the quiet, sleepy hamlet of Dunfermline. Once again, our heroes march forth to do battle with the greats and the not-so-greats of the Premier League. Everyone is anxious - can we stay up?

But it is not only Pars fans who worry. As the hunt try to comprehend that even the Champions-elect have to actually win the Premier League before the Daily Record presents it, the rampaging band of Aberdeen fans begin their first forays into the hills in search of the elusive lesser-spotted "prolific goal scorer" for which they search in vain. But life is no easier at Parkhead. The Celtic board agonize over the tough day to day decisions which govern the game. DO they BUY a new biscuit tin? Should attendances be subject to the Official Secrets Act ?????

Hibernian, still recovering from the shock of their new crest (and their 'surprise' elimination from the SKOL Cup) hope to humiliate Hearts by advancing further in the U.E.F.A Cup with their fast, exciting brand of attacking football. All over Europe their name will be whispered in terror. Horrendous images of Steve Archibald, Hibs' ace striker and number one fan will be tattooed on their minds. Led by their colourful, charismatic manager Alex Miller they will set the European glory trail alight as they huff and puff towards ultimate obscurity.

Of course, Hearts cannot be completely ignored. Now that the hilarious double-act Jardine & McDonald (or the Two Johnnies) have gone their separate ways there remains only the great sweaty pig himself: Sir Wallace of Mercer to preach the gospel according to Hearts (Potentially the third best supported club in Edinburgh). While Hearts easily sweep opponents aside in their attempt to win the 'Sunday Post Crime Count', others will marvel at Hearts rugged determination and rigid discipline.

However, besides these small teams there remains a Hercules in football terms (Dundee United). Led by their colourful Chairman/Manager, Mr. Personality himself, jovial James McLean. An exciting, colourful Manager famous for his witty one-liners and outrageous sense of humour. How many BBC cameramen would disagree with such a statement? McLean is famous for his impetuous behaviour and generous nature. He is also a fairly successful maintaining a creditable 100% success rate in his previous encounters with the press. Unfortunately, he has yet to defeat the S.F.A in a competitive match. Dundee United have a string of runners-up successes as long as their gate receipts. They have consistently fought hard for 2nd place in the Scottish Cup in recent seasons - surely, a marvelous achievement. But their finest 180 minutes must be their outstanding U.E.F.A Cup Final defeat followed days later by the traditional Scottish Cup defeat courtesy of St. Mirren.

After the Cup-Final, McLean won many admirers for his spontaneous and outrageous after-match interview with Jim White where he immediately burst into song with a tear-jerking rendition of: "I'm forever blowing doubles".

It's a Funny Old Game

As well as Dundee United there is another team who always manage to be favorites for the runners-up position: Aberdeen.

Since Alex Ferguson followed the yellow brick road to Old Trafford in 1986, Aberdeen has fallen on hard times. Despite the valiant efforts of Ian Porta-Loo, Aberdeen could not re-establish themselves as the only real challenge to the Old Firm. Despite the efforts of Porta-Loo Aberdeen could only win runners-up medals for the Skol Cup and League. Eventually the writing was on the wall for the luckless Ian, but in a brave rearguard two-fingered salute to the Aberdeen board, he made a huge investment in the past - Charlie Nicholas. The sheep-men now have a slightly more successful management team in the form of the 'Dynamic Duo' themselves, Alex Smith and Jocky Scott. Both come from 'successful' and awe-inspiring teams, Dundee and St. Mirren. Already, they have set with huge successes - Skol Cup runners-up and surprise, surprise League runners-up medals.

At the other end of the Premier League, sit immovably and consistently second bottom Motherwell. Led by the ebullient tactical genius Tommy McLean, the 'Well have managed to avoid relegation time, after time, after time. Surprisingly enough, their attacking 8-1-1 formation has brought them success in avoiding the drop and even brought them the occasional good result. Despite Motherwell's apparent success and consistent survival in the Premier League, the discerning Lanarkshire football fan has equally consistently avoided Fir Park and McLean's inspirational displays. St. Mirren are another half-hearted bunch of duffers who blunder around in the Premier League, just managing to stay above Motherwell and generally gaining a reputation as no hoppers, until suddenly they had the audacity to win the Scottish Cup (although with Dundee United in the Final the result is a foregone conclusion).

After their momentous victory St. Mirren looked with joy and anticipation towards the future. However, normality soon broke out when they crashed out of Europe only to dive straight into the heart of the relegation zone. They were then bundled out of the Scottish cup by Partick Thistle and finally sacked Alex Smith in preference to 'Babyface' Fitzpatrick and his partner in crime Frank McGarvey.

The following season proved to be equally eventful when they crashed to an inglorious 7-1 slaughter courtesy of Celtic. This awesome feat was only surpassed by the mighty Accies on their brief excursion to the Premier League.

Dundee also surpassed themselves in mediocrity, all too aware of the fact they continue to live in the shadow of their "more illustrious neighbours" but brightened up their otherwise dreary season by defeating Celtic, meeting a new manager, sacking the new manager who left Dens Park quicker than Mo Johnstone could solve "Personal and Contractual difficulties". Before Coco had left on the first train south Angus Cook, Mercerian entrepreneur and Chairman of Dundee tunneled through to Tannadice and enticed Gordon Wallace across the road away from a promising career and back to obscurity.

Hamilton Accies showed they were no pushovers and fought valiantly to avoid relegation. Sadly, the fight was in vain and by the end of August bets were being taken on when EXACTLY. Hamilton would go down. Hamilton were soon bottom never to recover and by Christmas virtually relegated. Their manager, John Lambie had been through it all before and was not one to "throw in the towel". So he packed his bags and left on the first bus for Partick. It was left to Jim Dempsey to lead the sinking ship, holed and waterlogged back to the first division. In a magnificent effort to avoid the worst ever Premier Division record, Hamilton managed to defeat Celtic Two - Nil in an epic encounter at Douglas Park. The player who scored both goals was awarded the Freedom of Hamilton, although it was later withdrawn when he admitted to taking steroids.

It's a Funny Old Game

While the rest of the Premier League fought out their petty squabbles, the self-proclaimed guardians of Scottish Football – Rangers and Celtic fought to outplay each other on, and off the field. Celtic's awesomely amusing start to the season brightened up many a supporters afternoon as did some of the mediocre efforts of the M.I.M Works team to win the treble. Aside from this, the efforts from Ibrox which brought most appreciation to young and old alike was the 'True Blue Rangers Own Goal Of The Season Competition'. Terry Butcher looked to be onto a winner with his superb diving header against Celtic. However, Richard Gough's superhuman effort against Motherwell provided stiff opposition. The award was eventually awarded jointly to Gary Stevens and Nicky Walker for their hilarious combination at Tannadice.

However, while the rivals of the Premier league battled to make their mark a much greater and more titanic struggle than ever before was unfolding in the First Division. In a league where the relegation zone included the sixth placed team, promotion was always going to be difficult. Each team had to fight to overcome the forces of darkness – Falkirk F.C. to ascend to the Premier League. Only one team could be successful and that was of course the chosen team, Dunfermline Athletic. Yes, incredible as it may seem it is written in the Old Testament that the Children of East End shall be led out of the first division wilderness by the Prophet Leishman and into the Premier League. And so it came to pass that after many epic battles with the Kingdom of Darkness (Falkirk F.C) the Pars came unto the Premier league after a draw with the Meadowites, from the great Concrete Carbuncle, Meadowbank Stadium.

For as it is written in the Book of Proverbs.

"It is easier for a camel to climb through the eye of a needle than it is for Falkirk to win the First Division".

It is also written in the First Book of Leishman.

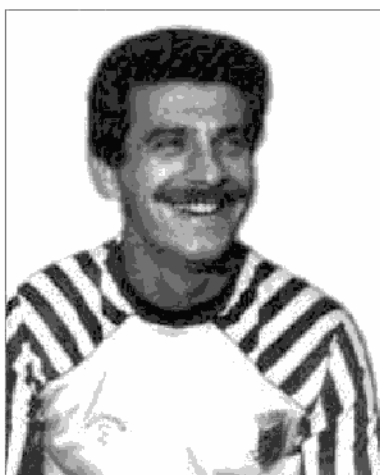
"Suddenly, a great awakening light will come from afar and shall speaketh unto you in many tongues. Yet, Thou shalt understand and henceforth preach to the heathens of Falkirk "Who's the Champions now, Scum? "

And so, in accordance with the scriptures, Dunfermline regained their rightful position at the very bottom of the top ten in Scottish football alongside legendary greats such as Kilmarnock, Hamilton, Clydebank and many, many more . . .

IT'S A FUNNY OLD GAME

WRITTEN BY JIMMY DEE.

"And for today's Match Analysis."



SCOTLAND ON SUNDAY
15/10/89

JUST GOES TO SHOW
WHAT A PATRONISING
GIT FITZPATRICK IS,
The players families
the fan's families.
NO MENTION OF THE
FACT THAT WE PLAYED
THEM OFF THE PARK.
IF IT HAD SEEN AT
IBROX THE EXCUSE
WOULD BE DIFFERENT,
WHAT A PLONKER).

"...Davie Dodds!"



Jimmy Dee

FANZINES

- ONE TEAM IN GLASGOW No.1(PARTICK THISTLE);50p P.O.Box 5 Erskine Renfrewshire Pa8 6E2
There may well be, but there's still two teams at Firhill (sorry lads). A Partick fanzine which you may have already guessed, which bids a less than fond farewell to Bates, interviews Jim Duffer, and has 20 astounding facts about the Pars. Predictions are quite good, including this quote; "Falkirk look to be in for a bad season". Quite a witty first ish, but not much to get your teeth into. Too modest to tip themselves for the league so I'll do it for them: Jags for the 1st Div. Championship.
- WHEREVER YOU MAY BE No.1(MOTHERWELL);50p P.O.Box 2 Lanark
At long last a 'Well fanzine, no.1 apparently was free and as the response was good, hence no.2. A bit thin but some good bits, including an interview with Craig Paterson, digs at St. Mirren and the premature thought of Motherwell in Europe (steady on chaps). Also the predictable slappings of Leishman and Rougvie (yawn, yawn). Some people have very short memories of 'Wells' hatchet men, will get better.
- GLORGIE WAVE No.1(HEARTS)50p c/o Robin Mathison 11 Corriene Gdns Edinburgh
Seems to be as many Hearts fanzines as broken hearts the other week when the Pars stormed to a well deserved win at Tynecastle. Targets apart from the expected digs at Hibs, are Mercer, Mo Johnson, a review of last season and the usual little snippets that make fanzines what they are. Yet another one who seems to think our Doug is a thug.
- THE FINAL HURDLE NO.9(DUNDEE UTD);30p P.O.Box 91 Dundee DD1 9DW
Complaints about not spending dough on new players, the Dundee merger, the Ibrox revolution etc etc. Article on ticket prices around the Premier League criticises Dunfermline's price of £80, but conveniently forgets to mention discounts - some cost £70, others £63 - so there. They think the Pars will finish last, but the way that Utd are playing just now, they'll be challenging Dundee for the relegation spot. We will see who is right.
- ONLY THE LONELY No.4(AIRDRIE) New address; c/o P. Smith (2/1) 137 Sinclair Drive, Langside Glasgow G42 9SN. 50p
An alarming side to the world of fanzines these days, is the number who are on the verge or have packed it all in. The editorial asks if the ones who buy the mag want it to continue, the material seems to be drying up and perhaps some of the initial enthusiasm has gone, who knows. I would certainly miss what I consider to be a great fanzine. It's loyalty to the team and colours, unquestioned and in this issue they cover football in Malta, several reminiscences of the good days for Airdrie, an interview with Bobby Watson and a focus on Jimmy Boyle. Don't give up.
- THROUGH THE WIND AND RAIN No.1(LIVERPOOL) P.O.Box 23 Bootle Merseyside L30 2SA 60p
Another new fanzine, and also another one to take its name from a supporters song. A very impressive first issue indeed, A4 format and a glossy cover to boot. Fortunately the impressiveness continues in the fanzine itself. It features a frightening tale of what could be a reality if an I.D. system came in up here, target for the jokes/abuse seems to be Man. Utd., a few laughs, some quite deserved pride in the team and a tribute to Gary Riddell. Worth a look.
- RAISE THE ROOF No.2(Doncaster Rovers) 3 The Hawthorns, Vyegate Road Thorne, Doncaster
The best of the English fanzines more often than not, come from the lower divisions. Doncaster are currently in the 4th division and have re-appointed Billy Bremner as manager. Good little mag, like the jokes mix of historical and current issues, away grounds. Worth a look.
- THE BANKER No.4(LINCOLN CITY) P.O.Box 1211 London N3 1RF 50p
Not strictly a fanzine, more a magazine published by supporters with the backing of the club, obviously some of the more controversial aspects are missing. Impressive layout but quite a lot of space blank, it does contain part 1 of a Ross Jack interview, shortly after he had hit the bar (as in public) after the M'Bank game. And a Grimsby away day misery. The early days of Ross Jack are worth a look themselves.

JOHN WATSON

" John, John, Super John! ", I wish I had a Fiver for every time I heard the Pars fans singing that one over the last few years. Loved by Dunfermline, hated by the opposition. John's courage, charisma and 85 goals for the club made the man a living legend. The best £300 we ever spent(as the press always reminds us).

We'd been crying out for a decent striker ever since Sandy McNaughton had left. Watson's arrival gave a new lease of life to his team-mates. He gave Ziggy Bowie someone to cross the ball to, gave Shaggy Jenkins someone to share the attacking workload with, gave Stevie Morrison someone to hit balls to and gave Norrie McCathie someone to run a pub with.

Signed in November 1983, a month after Leishman arrived, John didn't immediately strike us as being a player we could rely on to grab a few goals. Playing in the worst Pars team ever, Watson scored three times in season 83/84, the first being against Forfar in what was easily their best display of the season. Dunfermline clapped their opponents onto the field and then proceeded to play them off it(Fofar being the 2nd Division Champions). Watson's goal was something we were to see so often in the years to come. A flying header from an inch perfect cross.

1984/85 was when Dunfermline arose from their slumber. Perhaps the three main reasons for this were Leishman beginning to get to grips with the job, a duff midfielder(McCathie)becoming an excellent centre-back, and Watson starting to find the net regularly. On the opening day of the season he scored four against Stranraer and soon afterwards almost put Celtic out of the SKOL Cup with a single strike in each half. Watson got 18 goals that season, and but for a mid-season slump the Pars would have been promoted.

But then we'd have missed John's finest season, the 1985/86 2nd Division Championship season, with Watson becoming the first Pars player for 20 years to hit 30 goals in a single season. The combination of Bowie and Watson was lethal, with John very appreciative of the winger's skills. There are some great memories of that season. They include: four goals in a cup match at Threave Rovers, his 30th goal against St. Johnstone, and five goals in four games against Raith Rovers.

Although his best season was past Watson still proved to be a potent force. Another 13 goals came in 1986/87 despite him suffering a groin strain, which was never given time to heal until the season finished. Because of this injury he missed the start of the Premier Division Campaign, but still managed to give the support another magical minute with the flying header which helped dump the Huns out of the Scottish Cup.

With many supporters now seeing him as a squad player rather than the number one choice for first team center-forward, John surprised many people by returning to goal-scoring form last season (mainly while the media spotlight was on Ross Jack). For a while Leishman thought that Watson was the great white hope at centre half and although his bravery and heading ability were undoubted assets his positional play and making were at times, hopeless.

During 1988/89 his goals often varied from the sublime to the ridiculous. A spectacular volley against Airdrie, a simple nod-in against The Forces of Darkness (Falkirk), and a slice-shot into the top corner at Ayr. Towards the end of the season, with the team not playing particularly well it was Watson who kept his nerve and scored four times in the last six matches. Though not his most spectacular, the goal against Meadowbank was the most crucial he ever scored for the Pars. It seems fitting that his last goal for the club was one that meant so much.

The goals, the memories, everyone has their own favourite memory of the contribution that John made. Perhaps it will also remind you of some of the other forwards John played alongside at East End Park - Derek O'Connor, McGlashan, Campbell, Irvine, Jenkins and Ferguson. Who do you think was the best?.

There were times however, when (to use his own words) Watson couldn't trap a bag of cement. He sometimes looked the laziest sod on the pitch, often infuriating Pars fans by being unwilling to go for any pass that didn't take his fancy, or was a fraction of an inch imperfect. But sod it, I'm writing this to recall the occasions when he infuriated opposing supporters not us. Especially the Raith fans ,he'd drive them up the wall.

JOHN WATSON

In his time at Dunfermline, he scored against Raith six times, and all of them were magic (well they would be wouldn't they). His best scoring record was against Albion Rovers, against whom he scored seven goals. Despite his power in the air, 70 per cent of his goals were from shots. Perhaps the most surprising statistic is that in the 67 games he scored in the Pars won no fewer than 45 of them. On only seven occasions did Dunfermline lose a game in which Watson had scored.

As well as 1st and 2nd division Championship medals, John won several individual awards. The Scottish Brewers' Player of the Month in Aug 1984, the Daily Record Golden Shot Award in 1986, selection to the squad for the Four Nations Semi-Pro Tournament in 1987, and the B&Q Super-Skills Award in September 1988.

John Watson is as much a hero to this generation of Pars fans as good old Charlie Dickson was to a previous generation. In fact only Charlie Dickson and Harry Melrose surpassed Watson's 72 league goals for the Pars.

There was only one man who deserved to score that now famous goal against Meadowbank - John Watson, the player who did most to raise Dunfermline from the obscurity of second division football to the top flight in Scottish football.

BALL BOY.

N.B. Walking Down The Halbeath Road would like to thank John for the goals, the memories and the laughs he has given us in his time at East End. We wish him every success at Fulham and note that he has already got on the goal trail down there. It'll be little strange to hear " John, John, Super John" sung with Cockney accents though.

CHARLIE D

(Now just to show you how well organised we are here in the W.D.H.R nerve centre, here's a song by John Watt, on the one and only Charlie Dickson)

There's a team that plays at East End,
they wear the black and white,
And a boy that is a'bodies friend,
Wi' baith feet dynamite,
Batter the ba' tae Cowdenbeath,
Duck your heid and watch your teeth
For here comes Charlie "D"

When Chic he meets that Judgement Day
And stands outside the gate,
We'll a' hear St. Peter say,
It's time tae celebrate,
Pit doon yer wings, let's hear you
sing,
For here comes Charlie "D"

Chorus, Shoot on sight was the name o' the game
Charlie Dickson was his name.

He made his debut at Ochilview,
They brocht three dozen pies,
Tho' Jimmy had joined the boys in blue,
They cheered Chic to the skies,
Diddle doon the middle like a bull tae a rag
Goal-post, cross-bar, corner flag,
For here comes Charlie "D"

He wisne tricky and he wisnae neat,
but the goals came thick and fast,
His shots would sometimes hit the street
and often Halbeath glass,
But his goal was the one that that sealed
the Cup,
Gied Big Haffey his last hiccup,
For here comes Charlie "D"

His tally o' goals was ower twa ton,
'Gainst the buddies he got six,
at East End Park there was aye some fun,
When Chic got near the sticks,
It was '64 they showed him the door,
Sure we'll love him for ever more,
For here comes Charlie "D"



REVIEWS

" OUT OF HIS SKIN - THE JOHN BARNES PHENOMENON "

by DAVE HILL (FABER AND FABER £4.99)

When John Barnes arrived at Anfield in the summer of 1987 he was no ordinary big money transfer. Not only did he play in a style completely different to that which had taken Liverpool to the top of the heap in recent years, he was also black. In this book Hill tries to establish why no big-name coloured player had ever signed for either Liverpool or Everton, and why Barnes was to be such a success at his new club.

Such of the early part of the book compares the upbringing and career of Barnes with that of Howard Gayle, the first black player to make it into Liverpool's first team. Barnes was born in Jamaica, the son of an army colonel. He went to a good school there and had little to worry about financially. Gayle was born in Toxteth, home of the largest native black population in Britain. Their reactions to racism reflect their childhood. (Barnes tends to ignore or laugh off racist taunts as ignorant and not worth bothering about). Gayle tends to stand up and fight back. In the macho world of the dressing room, where everyone has to slag off everyone else, Barnes quickly became one of the lads, giving as good as he got, calling the others "honky" and turning up at a fancy-dress party as a "Klu Klux Klan" member. Gayle on the other hand, earned a reputation as a typical "black chips on both shoulders", touchy, even racist in reverse. It's easy to see why only one made the grade at Liverpool.

On this side of the border, we don't get much idea of the racism of English crowds. The odd bland reference by John Motson to "good-natured barracking" from the crowd is the closest we've got. By all accounts Liverpool and Everton are the worst. Howard Gayle and his friends stopped going to watch Liverpool because of the abuse that the Liverpool fans gave to black players and also their own black supporters. The message is clear Liverpool are white, "There Ain't No Black in the Union Jack". The change in attitude of Liverpool fans since Barnes began playing, and winning for them is very interesting. It is difficult to throw bananas and chant monkey noises when you have a black player in your team. Compare this hypocrisy to a certain Glasgow team. It's all-right to call someone a "fenian" bastard but Mark Walters is black, OK? Scotland didn't have a racism problem until a decent black player arrived. And it is in no way comparable to calling someone a fat bastard or a baldy bastard.

Hill has a lot of time for Kenny Dalglish, who he sees as a new breed of manager. Dalglish played football against a lot of black players and experienced the abuse at first hand. His generation now coming through into management selected Garth Crooks as President of the Players Association. There are still no black managers though, and until there is one racism within clubs will always be present.

There are many more interesting and controversial points made in the book. Barnes, like all "good professionals" had nothing to do with the book. This is a pity in some ways, because it would have been good to know his thoughts on the matter "first hand". However without Barnes' influence Hill is able to say much more about racism in general. There are long passages where Barnes is not mentioned at all. This is a book which any "thinking" football fan should read. It hasn't happened in Scotland yet, but with clubs increasingly going to England and abroad for players, it will. How long will it be before some of Scotland's native born Asian or Chinese players find themselves find their way into one of our clubs. And will they be described as a Black Kenny Dalglish, or a Brown Denis Law, instead of just a bloody good footballer?

DAVE McPHERSONS HAIRNET

THE BEST OF FOOTBALL FANZINES - FANZINE PUBLISHING LTD £1.50

Presumably the first in a series of best of publications. An A4 glossy magazine with the original script, re-typeset and processed into a very readable format. Only one gripe and that is, only one Scottish fanzine is featured "The Absolute Game". Aside from that it's a great chance to catch up on the classic fanzine articles from the early days. It gives a fair idea of what to expect from the more recent editions of the fanzines reviewed and used. At the price of £1.50, it is certainly value for money. It should be available from larger newsagents or from the shop where you buy your fanzines.

An excellent publication and an ideal Chrimbo pressie for a football friend. Possibly the definitive collection of excerpts from fanzines, uses material from almost every fanzine, nothing from W.D.H.R. (the copy was sent in too late) but it does feature the cover of no.6. I especially like the style and the layout, no attempt to divide it into chapters or sections, it runs on through subjects such as, fans, players, rivals, police, and racism, a foreword by John Peel and a bibliography of every available fanzine at the end. The majority of the entries have been kept in their original type, which keeps up the fanzine image and they have thankfully resisted the temptation to totally redo articles, which keeps them in the spirit they were intended. Hopefully there will be future editions of "Whose Game is it Anyway", this is certainly worth buying. We are giving our review copy away as a prize for the star letter in issue 11, so get writing and you may get your copy free. We are also offering a copy of the wonderful B.B.C. cassette mentioned below as the second prize.

ONLY ANOTHER EXCUSE" SCOTTISH FOOTBALL SEASON 1988/89 by THE NAKED RADIO TEAM, BBC Tapes.

If you heard the last tape and have watched the series on telly, you'll be aware of the talents of the contributors to this tape. It's the Scottish game lampooned no end, which funnily enough makes it seem very realistic. The story of Rangers double but not the treble, funniest bits include the pre-SFA Cup final press interviews, lays waste to the blandness of the media commentators and deals hilariously with the Mo Johnson scandal. It's very, very funny indeed and is guaranteed to cheer up a bus load of fans after a depressing away defeat on the way home. Available from most record shops so go out and buy yours soonish.

the big doug

Perfect



I had always regarded Doug as something of a liability on the occasions I had seen him play for the blue filth down the road. His nickname "Rambo"-was ideal, as was his replacement for Joey Jones.

Although Dougie scored on his debut at Wolves, the goal machine Bull helped himself to a hat-trick and the team five in all. But it soon became clear that his influence was helping the less experienced players. He was also taking some of the weight of Jeff Eckharts shoulders and even finding time to help Scottie in the art of kicking backsides-even those of his own players on some occasions.

As Doug settled in the side so we made our burst up the table winning five games on the spin. From then on until the clinching of a playoff place Fulham remained unbeaten in eight games. It was during this spell that Dougie had his best games for the fun loving crowd pleasers. There was his role in the marvellous comeback at the Park one rainy night in Aldershot; at the end of April he totally shut out Sheffield's beanpole Brian Deans with great aplomb, although Agana was more of a handful; in May at Twerton Park Dougie took on all comers as we secured the point needed for a play-off spot. It was, with hindsight a pity that Fulham's season could not have ended there and then, with the supporters celebrating, but t'was not to be.

Dougie's Fulham career spanned just three and a half months twenty games and at least four cautions, but together with Clive and Ivor he made an excellent case for experienced players being needed at the winning end. Football after all needs characters.

So I for one will miss the sideways run from the halfway line to get a flicked header on to a long throw and of course the classic Doug pose of outstretched hands protesting to the referee.

Perhaps not as good a player as another former Fulham fave, who now resides in Scotland but I'm sure that Last End Park will now be a much livelier place on a Saturday afternoon.

Taken from the Fulham fanzine "There's only one F in Fulham", written by Richard Bampton, as was the only photo of John Watson so far in a Fulham strip. The fanzine is available from 37 Ember lane, Esher, Surrey KT10 8EA for 50p plus p+p. In case your're interested John has one goal to his credit against Sunderland and the article on Big Doug certainly sounds like the Doug we know.

(4-3-3)

McCART (Motherwell)	WESTWATER (Dunfermline)	WHYTE (Celtic)	McPHERSON (Hearts)	* SHARP (Dunfermline)
AITKEN (Celtic)	BOYD (Motherwell)	O'NEILL (Dundee United)	* RAFFERTY (Dunfermline)	COOPER (Motherwell)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	R	A	Pt
Celtic	10	3	2	0	8	4	2	2	1	8	8	18
Motherwell	10	4	1	1	11	6	0	3	1	5	0	15
Dunfermline	10	2	2	0	8	4	2	1	3	5	0	11
Hearts	10	1	1	2	4	6	3	1	2	11	3	10
Aberdeen	9	3	1	1	6	5	1	1	2	2	5	10
Rangers	9	3	1	1	6	4	0	2	2	2	5	9
Dundee Utd	10	2	2	0	7	4	0	1	4	7	12	8
St Mirren	9	2	0	2	5	6	1	1	3	4	10	7
Dundee	10	1	2	2	8	10	0	1	4	5	11	8



The TOOFIF lensman was on the spot to capture John's Fulham debut at Chesham