

SCUM

THE UNKNOWN PLAYER OF THE ANU FC

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And A Good Night Was Had By All

Saturday saw the ANU FC FACTN (FA Cup/Trivia Night) rise to a pitch of success so high, dogs were heard squealing in Bungendore. Charred calamari rings were washed down with beer, whose free availability next to Andy Allan turned out to be the only logistical blemish of an otherwise brilliant night.

Old Jim Dawson's trivia machine was relentlessly knowledgeable and took out the quiz amid half-hearted calls for "trivial old farts to be disqualified." That anything could be heard over the nonsensical wailing of pie-eyed Andy Allan was a minor miracle.

The General Meeting was held, the constitutional amendments voted on, and passed. The S.C.U.M. would like to voice the appreciation of the Committee for **Iain Warner**'s hard work on the new Constitution. Thank you, Mr. Warner, and well done to the Club for ushering in a Constitution drafted by someone known among friends as "Turps."

The future looks bright.

Spot The Difference...



... send what you think is the difference between these two pictures for a chance to have your wit published in the S.C.U.M.

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Effective Coffee-Making

The Week That Was

Premier League		
First Grade	v. Canberra City	2:3
Reserve Grade	v. Canberra City	2:1
State League		
Division 1	v. Narrabundah	1:0
Division 2	v. Canberra City	1:2
Division 4	v. Narrabundah	3:2
Division 5	v. Zen Yai (Rat-On-A-Wire-Restaurant)	1:0
Division 6	v. Woden Valley	4:1
Division 7 Orange	v. ADFA	6:2
Division 7 Blue	v. Canberra City	6:0
Masters	v. Queanbeyan City	5:0

Screening Next Week

Premier League		
First Grade	v. Gungahlin Juventus	Saturday, ANU North
Reserve Grade	v. Gungahlin Juventus	Saturday, ANU North
State League		
Division 1	v. Southern Tablelands	Saturday, ANU North
Division 2	v. Southern Tablelands	Saturday, ANU North
Division 4	v. Harmonie	Saturday, Narrabundah
Division 5	v. Monaro	Saturday, Riverside Stadium
Division 6	v. RMC	Saturday, ANU Willows
Division 7 Orange	v. Canberra City	Saturday, Kaleen Enclosed
Division 7 Blue	v. RMC	Saturday, ANU Willows
Masters	v. Tuggeranong Utd	Sunday, ANU North

Announcements

Blue Devils To Show True Colours

The Belconnen Blue Devils will tackle the Bankstown City Lions in the Major Semi-Final of the NSW Premier League on Saturday 29th May at the Belconnen Soccer Centre, kick-off 5:00pm

After finishing the NSWPL competition in first place after the regular season the Blue Devils are now one win away from the Grand Final which will be played at the Belconnen Soccer Centre on Saturday 12th June if the team is successful over Bankstown.

The Blue Devils would encourage all Canberra soccer fans to come out and support the Blue Devils as they attempt to reach their first ever NSWPL Grand Final and watch some top quality soccer with the best local players are on display.

The Blue Devils Semi Final will be proceed by the NSWPL U20s Major Semi Final between Parramatta Melita Eagles and Bonnyrigg White Eagles which will kick off at 2pm.

Gates open 1:00pm

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Perforated Numbers

Nearly half way through the season, and things are settling down in our weekly number news. The S.C.U.M. now feels confident enough to predict the winners of the Golden Boot and the Ben Paull Golden Gloves.

After an early stint at the top of the pops, Own Goal has slid down into the obscurity of the middle rungs. When questioned on his decline in form, Mr. Goal said, "It's an affirmation of Darwin's evolutionary theory. Intelligence is on the rise; the corollary, of course, is my slide down the Golden Boot table."

Enscorced at the top of the table is Rod Lynes, reaching double-figures in admirable, if not record, time. The standing record, of course, belongs to Own Goal, who, in that memorable season in 1991, raced to the top of the chart and into Golden Boot folklore by amassing an astounding 13 goals in the first round. In a display of no small anthropological import, ANU Division 2, under the youthful leadership of a somewhat ungainly Andrew Allan, blundered their way to a meaningless victory against a bewildered Majura U16 squad. Those boys, who stood and wrung their ivory-soaked hands, the blue-and-white tops so

difficult to distinguish one team from the other, did not know which goal to attack and which to defend. Mr. Allan later said of the game, "Intelligence is a biological mistake."

Science and experience has yet to prove Mr. Allan incorrect. However, as intelligence seems to gather momentum, we bid adieu to Own Goal, and welcome Rod Lynes. While the Masters competition refuses to perform age-checks on its participants, Mr. Lynes will continue to score goals. He was overheard boasting at his 18th birthday last week, "My testicles dropped yesterday. It means I can have sex before the game. Imagine how many goals I'll score then." We wait with bated breath.

J.C. leads the Ben Paull Golden Gloves, and no throng of angry rabbis nor ambivalent Romans can knock him from his throne. Blessed with a safe pair of hands and a career-ending back injury, J.C. is king of the kid gloves and sitting happy on a perfect blunder rate of 0. Short of a miracle, the likes of which we haven't seen in two thousand years, the S.C.U.M. predicts J.C. will remain at the top until the proverbial cows come home.

Golden Boot

Player	Round 6	Total
Rod Lynes	2	10
Jeremy Murray		6
Kelven Hawke	1	6
Nick Lawler	3	5
Scott Barsley	2	5
Wendell Zwiers	3	5
Adam Hawkins	1	4
Andrew Mischevich		4
Dave Spence		4
Rob "Stods" Stodart		4
Tim Webb		4

Ben Paull Golden Gloves

Player	Round 6	Rate
John Coates		0.00
Nick Young	2	0.33
Graeme Dunn	1	0.40
Simon Twisk	0	1.00
Dave Collings	1	1.50
Bruce Fuda	2	2.00
John Ely	3	2.17
Mat Grieve		2.40
Stephen "Wilko" Wilkinson	0	2.40

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Match Reports

ANU PL Reserves defeat Canberra City 2-1 By Darren Viskovich

ANU PL reserves defeated Canberra City 2-1 on Saturday at North oval in a very tight encounter. Both sides played well and were impressive. The win gives us five wins from five starts.

Canberra City took the game to us and played some impressive football in the first 20 minutes. Although they created no real chances they still dominated the play and we had to rally to keep them at bay. After the initial onslaught we managed to get some quality possession and looked to get back into the game.

Our good passing and pace out wide was causing Canberra City problems and we began to get some ascendancy for the remainder of the first half. We took the lead thanks to a great goal by Brin. After some good build-up play a ball was played forward and John Jenvey flicked on and Brin used his pace to get behind the defenders and with a cool finish gave us a 1-0 lead. We created a few chances before the break and could have got a second but for some good keeping and wayward finishing.

After the break Canberra City to their credit came out swinging and looked dangerous. They pushed forward in droves and our defence was working over time to keep them at bay. Eventually Canberra City scored an equaliser. The goal itself was a soft one to concede. A Canberra City player intercepted a pass out on the edge of the box and crossed to a team mate who smashed the ball home.

After this Canberra City really attacked sensing they could get a second goal but to our credit we rallied and held firm. Defensively all the players stood up and we kept them at bay. After about 10 minutes of this we got back into the rhythm and started to get on top.

Our winning goal was scored by Captain Courageous John Jenvey. Following some good play we got a corner and with a great delivery from Dan the ball was headed in by John to give him a well deserved goal and us the lead. The goal came with about 15 minutes to go.

After that we held strong and kept City out to hold on and win 2-1.

The game was a very tough one against an impressive Canberra City. All 14 players for ANU played well and fully deserve credit for a great win.

From a coaching perspective it was great to see the team play with such determination and spirit. At times things looked tough but all the players stood up and worked together to get a great team win.

Well done lads.

Division 2 ANU 1 : Canberra City 2 By Adrian Walkowiak

Having finally got the monkey off our backs with our first win of the season the previous week we faced top of the table Canberra City on the carpet like surface of Kaleen Enclosed. After three close losses we knew there are no easy games in this league. With a short season and the midweek withdrawal of Fyshwick we were behind the eight ball, and this would be no cakewalk. With a win the previous week it was time to turn our season around and right the ship.

On any given day any team is capable of beating another team, and the small pitch looked to suit our experienced team, and we were out to show we were no pushovers. However after a nervy start from our goal keeper we were soon on the back foot after he fumbled an easy catch and a City player scored from a tight angle. But we weren't going to just roll over we weren't out of it yet. There was no need to panic, there was plenty of time left and we struck back just after the kickoff with Graemes deflected shot looping over City's keeper. With the wind in our sails we started to really take it to them. I'm not sure if it was the fact that we were passing like a well-oiled machine or that they were unable to break down the leagues cellar dwellers but we took them out of their game. We put in a workman-like effort shuffling our defence to stifle any attacks, while countering with Andy Malloys blazing speed on the right and Bens blinding speed on the left. Failing to capitalize on our chances the first half finished one a piece.

We started the second half playing with a sense of urgency, as we strode forward trying to go for the jugular. You have to take what the defense gives you, but we failed to take our chances. The match was building into a nail biter, a real pressure cooker when a City player

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was brought down just outside the box and against the run of play scored from the resulting free kick. That was to be the nail in our coffin, as time started to run down we could feel any chance of coming away with points slipping away. With the time ticking down we started to play with reckless abandon throwing everyone forward, but we were foiled by some lightning-fast reflexes from City's keeper. The match finished 2-1, we came up a little short and City really dodged the bullet.

We outplayed them in every facet of the game, but the final score is the only statistic that matters although not a true indication of the game. They just made the big plays and we didn't. This is a bitter pill to swallow. We had our chances but we let them slip away. We'll just have to put this loss behind us. There are days like this, but who would have thought there would be seasons like this?

You win as a team, you lose as a team and we drank as a team at the FA Cup trivia quiz. But it turns out we we're not the smartest tools in the shed, only managing to finish mid table in the trivia.

We're still missing a few pieces to the puzzle, but we have to look forward. We're a better team than our record indicates, it's time to move on and we'll be out to prove it next week when we take on Southern Tablelands in a must win situation next Saturday in yet another pivotal game.

Division 5
ANU 1 : Zen Yai 0
By Brian Crowe

The match was played on the bottom oval at Uni of Canberra, the field had a good covering of grass which hid the bumps on the ground underneath. We made a few changes to our game plan this week in a bid to prevent the usual 2+ goals conceded during the first half before realizing the game has started. These were, to include a stopper in the back line with the 2 other fullbacks and sweeper, and a more aggressive warm-up.

We dominated the game for the first 20 minutes with the ball rarely leaving Zen Yai's half. The Zen Yai fullbacks gave away a penalty when they tripped Nick in the box. This was converted into a goal by Kelvin. ANU became a little overconfident the rest of that half with the fullbacks occasionally pushing a little too far into the attack, leaving the fast little Zen Yai strikers with a few opportunities on our goal. They were denied by the combination of Michael 'Milo' the sweeper and the hands of Bruce. This part of the game was when I also started to question the referees knowledge of the rules after a gridiron style block on Nick resulted in a free kick for Zen Yai, which was then changed to a drop ball.

The second half was plagued by more questionable refereeing resulting in a stream of free kicks against ANU. There was no velvet soccer this half and I don't think anyone was particularly happy with how we played, but we did enough to keep the ball out of our net for a 1-0 victory.

Division 1
ANU 1 : NARRABUNDAH 0
AMBITIONLESS WONDERS, PAELLA MUNCHERS
By Cully

PRESENT: The one the only the amazing Wilko, Christian, Aids, Choofa, Polly, Vaguey, Chucky, C***ox, Drug fucked, Big head Little toe, De Ruyts, The Man from Hong Kong, El Flog, Gazza, Supercoach.

Picture this; 4.45 on a Saturday afternoon in the dying light, out in the Bundah boondocks, our exhausted but relieved team of ambitionless wonders belt out a series of savage "yeah yeah yeahs" in such a crazed fashion that would have been beyond the Beatle's comprehension when they began doing it in 1963, more like Regurgitator sang them in 'Fat Cop' – "Fat cop yeah yeah yeah" (pop music with real menace), or Nick Cave sang them in 'Jack the Ripper' – 'I've got a woman and she hollers what she wants from a where she's at. Yeah yeah yeah" (pure unadulterated rock). So what does this signify. That ANU Div1 had just escaped the Siege of Boominulla with the 3pts in such a manner that made Lazarus look like a loser (after all what did he have to do with it, he just laid back and let Jesus do all the work). In the process the Narrabundah Paella Munchers were left stranded on the edge staring into the abyss, all hollowed out, bereft, abject, contemplating if loss could weigh, as is if such a concept could quantify the cost of their days efforts.

It all began when I awoke and left my home to pick El Flog up on the way to the game. As far as passengers go I found El Flog's ability to talk your arm off was right up there with that of Teflon kate Carnell's in her efforts to espouse the virtues of Canberra to unsuspecting cab drivers. So, I got the lowdown on;

1. El Flog's presidency- "couldn't be better, a true visionary period"
2. the ANU Premier League crisis- "reaching critical mass. Rats in the ranks, Big Nose faces either a team mutiny or a board sacking"

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3. El Flog & Narrabundah- “couldn’t stay, they were too stupid and too working class for the likes of me”
4. History of the Narrabundah Velodrome- “never been used, bit of a white elephant really, builders f*cked up the gradient, she’s just too steep.”

As if I gave a f***.

Eventually, we arrived. I felt like I’d aged immeasurably. Our fellow ambitionless wonders arrived to cheer on Los Muchachos to victory. Vamos vamos vamos...

El Flog put us through our warm up paces- he’s pumped, he’s cranky, he’s muttering away like some maddie on day release, like he’d a neon sign above his head high-lit to read “hey everyone look at me I’m a flog”. I saw it, the others saw it. Unsaid –“he’s not called flog for nothing is he.”

So the game began. We went in high intensity, everybody talking, “switch it” “get him” “shoot” “get the bits” “kick him”, had the actions to go with the words too; showed em the studs, let em feel the Bundah earth on their young skins, let em feel the breath of the hunter and gatherer chasing his prey to kill it with his bare hands. Maximum ferocity, showed em we meant business, a quick smash and grab YEAH YEAH YEAH we were menace writ large f***en brutal. We’d been doing great, going gangbusters and then we hit the jackpot, get this- C***ox is fouled...Choofa floats in a floater...goal mouth scramble, ball comes to Drug F*cked, he volleys Pablo parries, Big head Little toe slides leads with the toe...bingo...1-0 to the ambitionless wonders. O f***ing A, it felt like Camelot like Aladdin’s Cave. Everything was hunky dory and then.

2nd half – The Siege of Boominulla .

Yeah like that. With nothing to lose the Paella Munchers went for it. They pushed numbers forwards and wave after wave of munchers marauded into our half. I scoped the sideline; the Bundah crowd were going f***ing nuts, munching paella, swigging from hip flasks cheering their team onwards. Check those ex or current referees in the throng indulging themselves, making friends and screaming maniacally and laughing always laughing. O what a scene. If only I was a painter, I’d paint it Big, grotesque, splashes of red, black and yellow, a little bit out of focus, very vivid, surreal like. Then we were in the middle of it. I gotta tell you. You know it’s funny what goes through your head in the middle of a crisis. I thought about the Alamo, I thought about Bonnie and Clyde. You know that scene when they look at each other just before they go out to face the inevitable bloodbath. One look, that look said “hey we’re just a couple of crazy vicious murdering kiddies juiced up with bloodlust and we are going to die alright, but at least we found each other and for a while we had us some kind of fun.” F*** that I thought, f*** those crazy goodlooking kids, they wanted to die, f***ing losers. Mostly though, I thought about that Moscow theatre siege, when those dirty little Chechens brought that dirty little Russian war home to the theatre loving Russian middleclass. Now I want to ask you all, whoever, for one second thought that was going to end any other way than the BigUgly. Not me I said to myself, not me. Now I’ve never known much, but I took comfort in the fact that I knew that. I kept repeating that to myself “not me, not me” and then time seemed to skip and I could feel the seconds running by and I smiled, and then little Manuel missed a sitter from 5yards one on one with The one the only the Amazing Wilko, and I laughed and I patted Manuel on the head and said “gee little guy hold your head up, it’s just not your day is it”. He didn’t know how to take me I guess, so as he scowled I just had to laugh some more, and then I could see the light at the end of the tunnel and I happened to laugh even harder. It’s a wonder I didn’t fall over as by this stage I was laughing uncontrollably. I knew now that everything was going to be alright, I knew that with the certainty that a cashed up punter knows that when he walks into a brothel that he’s going to get laid. I knew that the ref was going to blow her whistle, that we would take the 3pts, that we would leave the badlands, get drunk, finish second in the trivia quiz and then watch Millwall stumble into a siege of red shirts all of their own...somewhere in Wales.

Division 6

ANU “Pelicans” 4 : 1 Woden Valley By Adam ‘You can’t miss from a yard’ Hawkins

Most people agree that ANUFC is entering a Second Golden Age but I remember the glory days of the First Golden Age of ANUFC, so much has changed. Never was this more evident than a return to North Oval.

The First Golden Age was a time when:

1. Slim Jim didn’t have to yell from the sideline ‘It’s in the bag’. It was assumed by all opposing teams before the commencement of play. To the point where ADFA and RMC would rarely bother to field a full team. A time before draw tampering.
2. Ben Nicholls was never accused of being lazy. He had license to. He lived to be called a loafer.
3. Turps would swear more freely, with less occasion to do so.
4. Chris Wall would look relaxed and would canter at an easy pace around the field.
5. Where you would not be bogged at training on a pre-refurbished South Oval, nor would you be overlooked by a green monstrosity.
6. Plastic’s last page of the SCUM was controversial.

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7. The G-spot was unheard of; no one knew what it was.
8. Macca urged supporters to raise their voices in the club song. Or a chanting of some sort, related to ANU in some way.

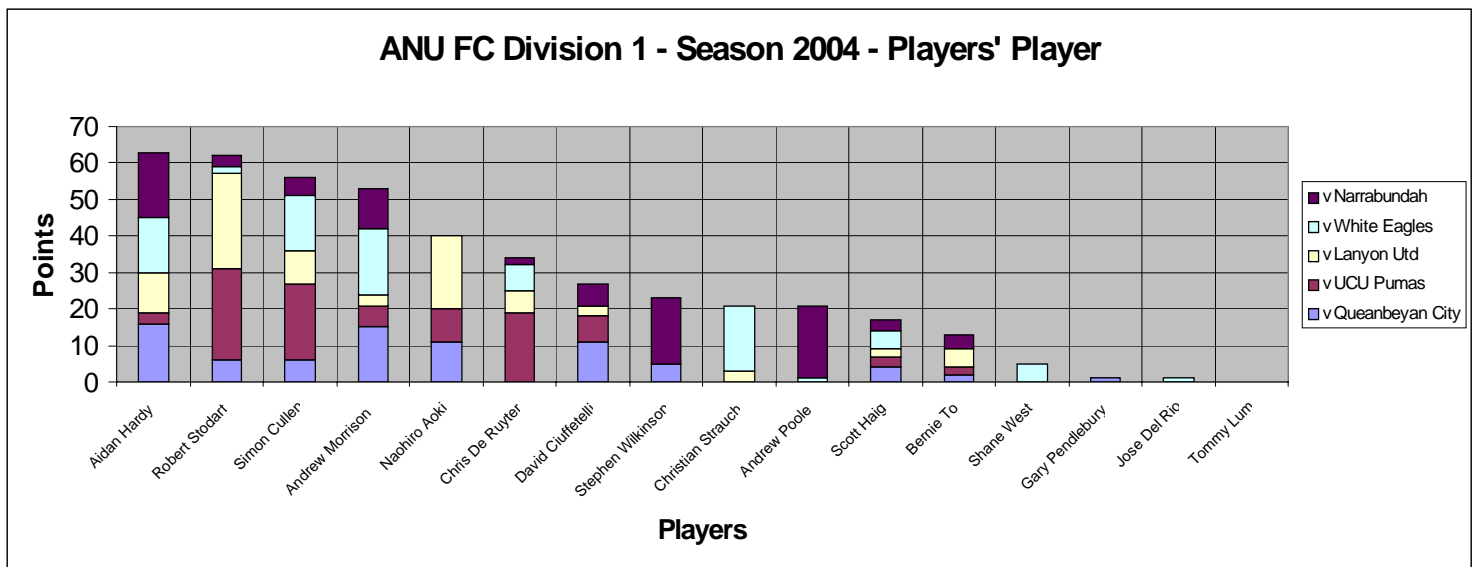
The Second Golden Age is a now upon us. It will be remembered as a time when:

1. Division 6 is 'bringing back the crowds' to State League games. Resplendent with skill and talent. Reverse curling free kicks!
2. An ANU team can confidently say, 'We are fitter than these guys'. (Only when the average age of the opposition is 45.)
3. Macca plays for the opposition.
4. 'Football was the winner today' is a phrase in decline.
5. Team nicknames are taken seriously. Pelicans notwithstanding.

I suddenly realise that I have given you little information on the game itself. So, don't blink or you'll miss it: in the first 5 minutes they scored a 'sneaky' goal on us, though it was a well needed wake-up call for those players who appeared to be shaking off the effects of alcohol. Realising we had to take this game seriously in the remainder of the game we put 4 goals past the opposition. An effortless hat trick by Srema was the cream on the top the cake.

I don't think we are going to take any game lightly after the last couple of rounds. It looks like an enjoyable season ahead.

Division 1 Invites You To Admire The Self-Proclaimed Popularity Of Its Players



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