
DAS SCUM

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Letters to the Editor

An Open Apology

Seems that my column last week created a bit of a controversy. Well while some might say that is a good thing, we all know that sometimes you can have too much of a good thing. Anyway for what it is worth, and just to clarify the real situation:

- Rod does not coach his team to concede a goal in the last 5 minutes of a game. There are no bookies taking bets on whether he will be in his current job next year. As far as I am aware the Committee and Players are more than happy with his performance. Personally I think Rod is highly credentialed and massively committed to his job and he is doing a very good job. In fact it must be extremely frustrating for him given the way some of the results have gone this year. As far as I am aware, Rod will continue to coach the P/L squad, if he is keen to continue. Capital City Suns are cod-ordinary and a joke though.
- ANU players aren't Nancy-boys and are mostly smarter than their opposition players. I do think that swearing is big and clever though.
- Macca is a great ref (cough) and he doesn't think he is a parking inspector. He doesn't have an average ZT send-off rate of 6.37. He is a dancing dinosaur though;
- SL 4 are not Los Muchatossers, their loss to Olympic was not fair and well-officiated, Pokies' SL5 team are not gumbies (well some of them may be), I am not aware of El Coach needing to counsel his players, and the dropping of some points doesn't necessarily mean the wheels have fallen off. I predict they will gain sweet revenge against Olympic in the GF and that will be a very good day.
- I do not want to play for Olympic and wouldn't encourage anyone else to do so. All the good points I raised about Olympic I made up!

So if I have caused anyone offence may I humbly apologise. It was purely designed to be humorous – a bit optimistic I know.

So anyway, this is really the last time you will hear from me.

Bye Bye

Touchline Tosser (the first)



Results

It's not often you get presented with a report card that reads 7 wins, 2 draws (scored) and 1 loss. Last weekend was the most successful sporting achievement by any football club since Federation. Canberra Olympic old fogies, spurred on by the upcoming Games in Athens provided ANU FC with the only defeat. The Masters, usually the winners of this Club, have shown once again just how mortal they really are. The death knell can be heard all the way to Kankinya Nursing Home.

Premier League Firsts	Canberra City	3:2
Premier League	Canberra City	5:0
Division 1	Narrabundah	6:0
Division 2	Canberra City	1:1
Division 4	Narrabundah	3:0
Division 5	Zen Yai Rats	5:1
Division 6	Woden Valley	3:0
Division 7 Orange	UCU	2:1
Division 7 Blue	ADFA	2:2
Masters	Canberra Olympic	1:4

MEET THE STARS OF ANUFC

Player profiles

NAME: John Martin

NICKNAME: johnnnn..., pass it to me, johnners, take em' on ...

CURRENT TEAM/POSITION: centre mid/defence

CURRENT OCCUPATION: Statistician, data analysis

YEARS AT ANU: 5+

PREVIOUS CLUB/S: Played juniors in Sydney and a couple of years with UNSW. Then had a 8 year stint in the ANU breeding ground of the Purple Shin. This is where

I spent lots of time playing with or against the likes of Eric Ward, Don Greig,

John McGrath, Neil Gunningham, Alan Welsh, Hector Rodriguez, Bongo, Nick

Terrell, Scott Channing, James Mckay, Chris Wall, John Tucker, Alex McKay,

Plastic Pete, Darren Newington ... I don't know whether they saved their best for the weekend or not but I spilled enough blood to know everyone was trying.

The Purple Shin league is also where John Tucker does his best impression of

Alex Ferguson as he networks and builds player lists to combat the juggernaut of

Buildings and Grounds (Facilities and Services) with their ready access to contractor plumbers and carpenters.

BEST KNOWN FOR: talking on the field and heading the ball a long way.

BEST SOCCER MOMENT: Winning the Purple Shin twice, the first one against the might of Building and Grounds, the second against Eric Ward's team.

Just like the recent decades for Geelong, Eric hasn't yet won the Purple Shin.

MOST EMBARRASSING SOCCER MOMENT: missed the same penalty twice, see below.

FAVOURITE TEAM/PLAYER: I knew life before the English premier league existed, ie. Div 1, when Man Utd were also on top, Southampton, Man City, Newcastle were fun to watch and Liverpool were actually threatening.

OTHER INTERESTS: Oh, the joys of solving coupled equations and identifying that important .05% contribution of the third order term. Then there was the day I found dirt in the data and I cleaned it up. Did I tell you about the time I reviewed the whole survey methodology line by line and

MY BIGGEST SECRET: I pass the ball often because I can't dribble.

MY GREATEST REGRET: being talked out of taking the same penalty for the third time (ANU v Fyshwick, 2002) after I'd missed the first two attempts. The ref obviously didn't like the goalkeeper!

VIEW ON CURRENT COACH: Amazingly, the whole team listens to him. His next job will be the Jewish-Arab conflict.

IF I WON A MILLION: The ANUFC will become the second private team in the premier league after the Capital City Suns, and look what good that's done them.

NEXT YEAR: Playing soccer

OTHER COMMENTS (eg. star sign, personality, relationship status etc): I'm a

Taurus, and the personality's a bit like the frozen patients of Oliver Sachs, lively on the field, comatose off it.

NAME: Adam Condipodero

NICKNAME: Condi

CURRENT TEAM/POSITION: PL Reserves – Centre Mid

CURRENT OCCUPATION: ATO Auditor (I'm the friendly face of the ATO..really..I am!!)

YEARS AT ANU: 1 (although 4yrs of study and a thousanddd "Uni Games" experiences means I've really been here forever)

PREVIOUS CLUB/S: Weston Creek (they used to be good...really...they did!!)

BEST KNOWN FOR: being that little annoying italian...oh...and breaking that UC guys leg (it was an accident!! And the fact he was a Tutor in one of my classes at Uni had nothing to do with it!!!)

BEST SOCCER MOMENT: that season...way back when...playin every game of First XI and winning Best and Fairest (true story...really...)

MOST EMBARRASSING SOCCER MOMENT: missing penalty in QF of Uni Games two years ago

FAVOURITE TEAM/PLAYER: Messina (watch out, they're in Serie A this year!!) Toto Schillaci – what ever happened to him??

OTHER INTERESTS: reading up on statutory interpretation of GST legislation

MY BIGGEST SECRET: this one time...at band camp...

MY GREATEST REGRET: that I didn't get the job as the mysterious little man who lives in your printer and laughs every time there's a "paper jam"!!

VIEW ON CURRENT COACHES: two in a million <insert witty comment here>

IF I WON A MILLION: start my own tax office and employ Elisha Cuthbert as my "personal assistant"

NEXT YEAR: start playing lotto

OTHER COMMENTS (eg. star sign, personality, relationship status etc):

Whoever said public servants do nothing and spend all their time reading and writing pointless e-mails to people, while the people in the private sector do all the work and aren't big fat bludgers like we are, sitting here eating donuts and using a wooden drinking bird to press a button, instead of contributing to our society in a meaningful way like all the conscientious peo.....HEY!! Who took my DONUT?!?!...Look at the BIRD!! It's drinking the WATER!!



NAME: Gianni 'Gigolo' Guglielmin

NICKNAME: G, G-man.

CURRENT TEAM/POSITION: Premier 1st Grade

CURRENT OCCUPATION: Immigration Officer (sounds better than pube)

YEARS AT ANU: About two

PREVIOUS CLUB/S: Monaro and Juventus

BEST KNOWN FOR: Skill, raw talent, accurate passing, hot car, good looks and modesty.

BEST SOCCER MOMENT: Winning GF in 95 (with Ciuffa)

MOST EMBARRASSING SOCCER MOMENT: Anytime I get nuttied !

FAVOURITE TEAM/PLAYER: Juventus - Baggio

OTHER INTERESTS: Formula 1, Ducati's, good food/ wine & coffee (wog stuff)

MY BIGGEST SECRET: ANU pays me \$150 a game (Thanks Jose !)

MY GREATEST REGRET: Not asking for more money

VIEW ON CURRENT COACH: Passionate, focussed, regimented.

IF I WON A MILLION: Ferrari F355 GTS – Red with tan interior !!

NEXT YEAR: The new APL looks pretty good

OTHER COMMENTS (eg. star sign, personality, relationship status etc): If I can help it, there is no way ANU 1st Grade is coming last !! Come on boys !!!!



Match Reports

Premier League First Grade By Jonathan Ely

I reserve the right to; hilariously misspell every players name, attribute events incorrectly to both persons and moments in time, fail to mention pivotal events or give credit to the players responsible, place undue importance on actions I performed while omitting any suggestion of error on my behalf and otherwise take the piss out of anyone I choose, without fear of repercussions from those who my errors and lies cause permanent emotional and psychological damage.

Here we go, here we go, here we go, ANU is the best we all know, we're the team we're supreme white and blue, because we love you ANU.

These words, disappointingly absent throughout the majority of our season, rang out loud and clear from the bowls of the Kaleen Enclosed Oval change rooms, stronghold of the once mighty Canberra City, after ANU prem's titanic struggle against the old foe last Sunday afternoon.

Yes boys, I can hardly believe it myself. After a season plagued with narrow losses, missed opportunities and mutterings of "fuck, Jon, not again," we've finally held on to one. And I'll be a monkey's arse if I'm not entitled to a ridiculously disproportionate compo payment for mental anguish suffered in the final frantic minutes of the match.

From the opening whistle the game immediately descended into brutal trench warfare, with players from both sides seldom making more than a few yards through the wretched Kaleen quagmire with the ball before being mown down by a viscous tackle or wayward elbow. The referee, to his credit, did his best to avert his gaze from the carnage, but when Jez was almost dismembered by a City fly kick special, he had no option but to raise his arm, as if in prophesy, towards the City goal.

Memory of who exactly the brave player was who stepped up to deliver that ball straight and true into the City goal box eludes me still, though remaining clear in my mind is the image of Pano rising magnificently above the pack, like a Michelangelo rendered angel ascending into heaven and driving the ball unstoppably into the bottom corner of the goal.

It seemed as if only a mere moment had passed after the ensuing kick-off before we were in again. A sharp counter attack beginning in our own defensive half culminated in Alex knocking a deadly ball which cut back across the City goal like a knife across a throat, carving through the defence straight to Jez at the back post who delivered the ball with a superbly executed shinner into the back of the net.

It was all falling to pieces for City, with the end apparently nigh the City keeper and defender decided the only option remaining was, while they still had a chance, to come out of the closet and declare their love for each other, embracing affectionately on the edge of the eighteen yard box while Pano, although intrigued by the possibility of a ménage a trios, managed to stave off his animal urges long enough to skip around the mess made by the City lovers and slot the ball into

the goal (no sexual innuendo intended) from a ridiculously acute angle.

And then, a quickly as it had begun, it all fell apart. Suddenly and without warning we were assailed from all sides by wave after wave of penetrating City attacks, having little more than a moments respite after repelling each assault before we found ourselves on the defensive once more. Before anyone could even say "wouldn't it be shit if City scored two quick goals just now", City scored two quick goals and once again the writing seemed to be on the wall for another narrow ANU loss. I have to say, less attractive football has seldom been seen as that we played in the last ten or so minutes of the match, nonetheless, packed into our own eighteen yard box tighter than a fat girl in a K-mart fitting room, we held out those minutes for what seemed like hours and emerged victorious... And that's all that matters.

Division 2 ANU 1 : 1 Canberra City

Lee Gordon steps off his plane from the sun-soaked Cook Islands and onto the hard dry surface at North Oval. He walks with a bit of a stagger, his gait somehow more confident. He smiles a lot too, his wit flowing freely. I'm fresh, he tells himself, and what a wonderful world and all that jazz.

It's a pity football is a team sport. Something like one third of the team is out either with injury, prior commitments or old age. The side makes do with what it can, enlists the help of Morry, himself just come back from some place other than here. There's Andy The Elder on one sideline, terminally ill, it would seem; his return postponed until the doctors have sewn him back together. And Andy The Physicist, of course, broken down like a sick Celica with a bung alternator. They're missing players from the middle, from the back, and Wisey's groin has seen too much abuse lately.

But football is a team sport – there are enough players to start the game. Wisey reassures nobody with his ninja-roll, frightens a few children with his enthusiasm and groin massages. He doesn't possess the balletic grace of his youth, and beneath his grin, only a few millimetres deep, he is worried. My groin could snap at any moment, he worries, who will hold the team up then? Everyone else in the team answers the question implicitly, without having to delve into Wisey's neurotic mind and without uttering so much as a syllable: time to step up, they say to themselves, automatically assuming any number of sporting cliches that seep into their psyche; time to step up and be counted.

Because football is a team sport. It's a fragment of everything else, but it's tangible. The players are working hard. Rob seems happy with the way the defensive line is working, players sliding from one side of the pitch to the other. Benny is gasping for air, eight weeks without match practice, and in a role that requires more running than a man with his pants around his ankles in a field of donkeys on heat. A sweeping move down the left ends with the ball and Morry's right foot meeting on the edge of Shitty's penalty area. The ball is fired into the bottom right (no, the other right) corner of the goal. The team is up one to nothing.

Apart from being a team sport, football is a funny game. At times, it is beautiful (if you're Pele or Maradona, it's always beautiful – it's something else if you're Channers); but at the moment, it's a comedy of errors, a farce of Victorian proportions. A clearance from Shitty bounces off a few heads, a shoulder or two, perhaps even a tuft of rare grass. Matt, who has had little to do in goals, has no chance to stop the Shitty striker lobbing the ball into the ANU net.

Football is what it is. In the second half, Morry hits the bar with an audacious overhead kick. There are clearances off the line at both ends of the pitch. Wisey, displaying the agility of a corpse, forces the Shitty keeper to make a desperate save. Either team could have scored; some may say one of them should have. In the end, ragged and bruised, ANU come away with a draw. There is some relief, some satisfaction. The two sides will meet again in two weeks. The wounds will not have healed by then.

Lee Gordon staggers off the field with a bloodied ankle. There is a limp in his uneasy steps. He's grinning now, too tired and sore for a smile. I'm rooted, he tells himself, but what a wonderful world and all that jazz.

ANU PL Reserves defeat gallant Canberra City

ANU PL reserves defeated Canberra City 5-0 in a tough encounter played on a sticky Kaleen. The game was an important win for the team as it was a much needed three points at a crucial time of the season.

The game began well for us and we got into gear very quickly playing some good open football. With this good play we created some good early chances which was pleasing to see. We scored two quick goals half way through the first half.

The first goal was scored by Captain John Jenvey and the second was scored by Chris Gouranamanis. The first goal came from a good set piece that led to a strong shot on goal by Simon Lloyd, the City keeper could only parry the shot and John was on hand to tap in the crumbs. The second goal followed some good team play that led to a good cross from the right that Chris smashed in at the back post.

At half time we collected our thoughts and came out blazing in the second half. Our third goal was scored by Andrew Greenwood who outpaced the City defence and finished coolly beating the City keeper with ease to give us a 3-0 lead.

Canberra City to their credit had a go and tried to get some momentum going but we were able to repel all their attacks. We went on to score a fourth goal from a penalty after a foul on Simon Lloyd who was challenging a corner. Chris Gouranamanis smashed home the spot kick to make it 4-0. The fifth and final goal was scored by left back supremo Maurice Le Guen who ran into the box and hit home an unstoppable shot to give us a 5-0 win.

The win was a very important one for the team as with three games to go we wanted maximum points. All fourteen players played very well and really dominated the City side.

From a coaching perspective I was very pleased with the teams performance and execution on game day.

Thanks guys for a very good performance.

Next week we have a tough assignment away to Juventus which will be a tough encounter for us.

ANU vs Zen Yai 7/8/04

This re-match had been anticipated for some weeks by the whole team, who felt that we had been treated pretty poorly the first time and were looking forward to giving plenty back to them this time around. For a little while it didn't seem that we had an opposition, but it turned out that they had just changed their uniforms, obviously hoping that it would help them beat us this time around.

The game started very brightly for us and after just a few minutes, we won a corner. A quick short pass, some rubbish tackling and we suddenly had a penalty!! Kelvin converted and we were away. If Zen Yai hadn't been worried before the game, they definitely should have been then, because we were really looking good in patches, particularly short passing, and our wings always looked dangerous, both Will and Ned. In fact it was Will who got the next goal, through some great passing from Paimon, Ned and a very good finish. 2-0 up and still a long way to go. The third goal was just very good hustle from Kelvin, who out muscled pretty much everyone to win the ball and poke it into the goal. 3-0 at half time. This scoreline implies that the backs had it easy, but Charles, Brian, Steve and Michael had standout performances and Bruce was looking very solid in goal.

The second half started a bit slower for us, Zen Yai came out fighting and we were under pressure for a while. Full credit to our backs, they held it together, and we hit back with the next goal through Paimon, even though with his recent form, we were all worried that he would kick the conversion and miss the goal!! Jon got the 5th and final goal, and despite Zen Yai scoring a late penalty, which was obviously a bad call by the ref, we came away with a great win. Well done ANU.

Match Report for Div 6 Pelicans vs RMC Blow Hards ANU 2 - RMC 1 By Glen Stretton

What is it about a night game that puts a spark in the eyes and fire in the belly? What is it about seeing a writhing RMC idiot with a broken wrist that fills you with a sense that all is right in the world and that there is justice? What is it that makes Army boys such dirty pricks?

I don't know, and we're certainly no closer to answering any of the above questions after the 2-1 win over Australia's Finest. There really was no accounting for their behaviour or extraordinary lack of originality either in attack (lets boot it really hard toward our goal) defence (lets boot it really hard out) or in their sledging.

Early on a small crowd set out on a sledging mission. The brains trust of RMC clearly worked out a strategy over many a long night and came to the game prepared with such witty, witty jibes as ‘we can beat these poofs’, ‘hey goalie, do you shave your legs’ and the Pulitzer Prize quality sledge ‘are you a girl?’ Alas that David Ives (Totally’s dad and world champ sledger) wasn’t there to respond. In previous years, during a scuffle which involved some RMC wankas pushing and chest bumping his son, David was heard to exclaim ‘Look out, Jase, they’re rubbing up against you.’

So, with no chance of competing against these intellectual giants, the Pelicans just decided to settle down and play footy, duly bagging a goal early on courtesy of a Srema cross and Turps’ clinical thigh/shin/calfmuscle/penis finish. The game then seesawed, with ANU putting together plenty of quality footy and RMC using their fitness for quick counters and taking it in turns to see how far they could kick to ball out when they defended.

A late unlucky free resulted in RMC bundling in dodgy header and things were not looking good for the Pelicans. But 2 minutes later, a scramble from a corner saw Andy nutmeg the goalie for a winner.

There was a good deal of spite in this game, but to be honest points went to ANU. The moment of the game came when Mr Nice Guy Wazza managed to break his opponent’s wrist, thus putting a halt to his, his roommate’s and probably their dog’s Saturday Night Entertainment for the next six weeks.

Overall, a top team performance with great games from Wazza, Pitto, Marcus, Totally, The Shiny Gem, Sweaty, Dale, Andy, Chris, Mike, Adam, Turps, SREMA, Benny and ring-in goalie Jon.

Roll on the finals.

STATE LEAGUE 6TH DIVISION
ANU PELICANS 3 – WODEN VALLEY 0
By Marcus Hassall

(Here we go, here we go, here we go ...)

With minor premierships available for the taking – subject to the unlikely concession of 20-odd goals in the remaining two games – the Pelicans descended upon North Curtin playing fields with considerable enthusiasm, given it was our second game within 48 hours. After finishing off RMC with a last-minute gamebreaker on Thursday night, everyone was keen to complete the job so we could start thinking about finals (except of course Chris Wall, who upon arrival advised he had aggravated a persistent ankle injury during an unauthorised late-Friday-night tango dance class mix-up (read Jana Pittman, only serious)...). On medical advice Sweaty also reluctantly agreed to warm the bench, having been told by his GP that if he lost another 20 litres of fluid within a two-day period, he could not guarantee his survival

The Pelicans started a bit slowly and Belwest looked mildly threatening for the first 20 minutes or so. Once the Pelican’s lactic acid readings subsided below critical, however, they began to take control of the game. At about the 30 minute mark after some good lead up work by Adam, that genius Nicholls slotted confidently past the keeper for a 1-nil lead.

Woden Valley never really got back into the match after half time. Comically, after Srema had stuffed up the previous sublime Nicholls corners, on the second such corner for the half he awkwardly stumbled on the uneven Curtin surface. As he fell like a drunken troll, his noggin inadvertently collided with the ball, sending it flying past the keeper into the corner at Mach 3. Immodestly, Srema immediately claimed that the “header” had been intentional, thus stealing credit from the goal’s true architect, Benny Nicholls. Magnanimously, Benny allowed Srema his moment of reflected glory, comforting himself with the philosophy of Mao Tse Tung (“the only thing sweeter than rice soup is the act of helping a comrade”).

As the saying goes, however, you can’t go down on a good man for long. Fifteen minutes later, Nicholls arrogantly stroked in a cross for the third and decisive goal of the match. Such is the man’s arrogance, that he deliberately mistimed the strike so that, deceptively, it appeared to all that he had missed yet another sitter. The ball knew where it was supposed to go, however, and flew into the net at a pace that can only be described as well, breathtaking, And then another breathtaking, and then another breathtaking, and then “oh sh*t it’s gone in!”

In desperation, Woden Valley rashly blew AUD \$14.5 million, injecting twelve Chelsea players into the midfield for the final 30 minutes of the game. These try-hards were no match for Waz, Dale and Srema, however, whose ruthless hacking and sledging would have instilled fear into the hearts of the soldiers even of Alexander the Great.

In summary, what a fantastic team performance. There is now only a statistical possibility that any side can wrench the minor premiership from the Pelicans’ grasp. Well done lads!
...Now for the *coup de grace* ...

SL4
‘Los Muchachos’ / ‘La Symphonica’
By El Coach

WE’RE BA-ACK ...!!!!

Having just downloaded and read the last edition of the scum I am struck by the audacity of the Touchline Tosser and his ludicrous comments about Los (*Great*) Muchachos plummeting down the ladder, with our “wheels falling off”...

Well, let me assure football aficionados all over the world (and the Club) that *La Symphonica* is ALIVE AND WELL, and in fact *back in tune*...!! Saturday’s performance against a heavily stacked Narrabundah side looking to steal three points and maintain their precarious 4th place was nothing short of perfection, poetry in motion, truly a symphony of soccer !!

Los Muchachos realised that there are few second chances in this wonderful game of ours, and ours was afforded to us after

our surprise (to say the least) draw with Cooma – our ONLY poor game of the season I might add. We were soon to learn that the Malaccas from Olympic had in fact received their second hammering (the first being delivered by our good selves) at the same time that we drew with Cooma..!! Aaaaah how I love that sweet taste of JUSTICE !! for this meant that we still hold on to FIRST PLACE, and are now (ie STILL!!) in prime position to take out the minor premiership in just a matter of weeks.

With this knowledge salient in our football minds, and personally having prepared the card after reviewing the Cooma game on video from 4am on the Saturday we were to play Bundah, we went into the game knowing we could (in fact HAD to) take the next five wins from five games and take out the minor premiership. We have been, after all, THE most consistent team in this competition.

It would appear that the pre-game nerves served only to heighten our resolve to not give an inch in a game against an opponent with well known rivalry against our club and team. From the outset we dominated a very aggressive and hard fought game, where the Bundah Butchers were intent on winning by force if necessary – this is a usual tactic and one which they employed, disastrously I might add, later against our Div one compatriots. Intent, that is, until Alex (Da Bitch / Girl Dog) Jaksic stood up to be counted to score what I think is our first direct goal from a corner / header all season (NB: we usually like to score only after a beautiful *entrée* of skillful build-up, moving into a *main course* of glorious skill and passing, one-two / overlapping football involving most of the team, ending with a *dessert* of a Jezza power shot into an angle, or Phillippo or Nyge's super drives from outside the box). I should add that many of the teams players have scored this season, including defenders...who will ever forget Dimanovich's unbelievable drive from an acute angle on the right hand side of the park..?

This was a lovely taste indeed, though I'm sure the goal went down with a tad more difficulty for the Bundah bench and players, who were staring down the barrel of being sent home with no Spanish chorizo for dinner after only 20 mins of football.

In the second half La Symphonica continued its wondrous style, with glorious passages of play, steadfast resolve and intensity, and what can only be described as a truly magnificent mentality and team character to ride the incessant wave of butchery which was now being dealt out by the *Bundah Butchers*. This time however, unlike during the game against the Mallacas, we had protection. The ref was not going to stand for rough, unsportsmanlike behaviour, and it wasn't long before their most beloved player – (a fat little blondie sporting the number 9 who had been on all of 10 minutes, and who is truly respected by Los Muchachos members...) was sent off for zero tolerance rule, and subsequently, abusing the referee as he stormed off the park, verbally assaulting our camera man as he went – I might add that this lovely and articulate individual was later seen wearing a SC officials bib during the SL1 match which followed our game... mmmmm.

Anyhow, two goals and another *Bundah Butchers* red card later, Los Muchachos celebrated one of the most enjoyable afternoons

in quite some time, having beaten the old rivals convincingly, having dominated the match comprehensively, and having done all of that against a, shall we say, 'reinforced' *Bundah* squad. There's that JUSTICE word again, love that Karma !!!

I should mention that the other two goals also came from headers, from Canada off a glancing header from a throw in, and a never say die attitude from Jarrah to slot home the third after chasing the ball all the way to the keeper...not bad for a team of Hobbits..!

So in closing, please people, a little respect...for we are Los Gran Muchachos. We have been at the top of the ladder virtually all season, and will remain so for the closing 4 weeks (remember we have a game in hand, explaining our current 'official' second place behind the Mallacas). I have never seen the boys play better, and have never been as proud of my team as I was on Saturday. Every player on the park gave their all, and everyone on the park had a fantastic game. I have not a single complaint about the way in which we played our game on Saturday. I only hope we can continue displaying that kind of form for the final 4 games of the season, and into the finals series. If so, then heaven help our opponents, because *La Symphonica* is in *TUNE* !!!!

So please, join me in singing...

[Spanish version]

Si sos Muchacho canta la cancion...

Los Muchachos Campeon, Los Muchachos Campeon...!!

[Translated as]

If you're a Muchacho then sing us a song...

Los Muchachos Campeon, Los Muchachos Campeon...!!

Vamos Muchachos carajo !!!!!!!!!!!!!

El Coach

Los Muchachos, Campeon...

P.S. To the Touchline Tosser...thanks for the motivation...

SL1 - ANU v Narrabundah

7th August

ANU North Oval.

By Never-Fail-Sigo

Chalk and cheese, that's how you'd describe our two performances against Narrabundah this year. In our first outing against these guys we struggled to a 1-0 win. Way back then, it would be fair to say we rode our luck a bit and if it wasn't for some dour defending and Wilko in goal that day we could have had a win-loss record of 1 and 3 after the first 4 rounds.

In the two games leading up to his encounter we had put in very ordinary performances against Lanyon and Weagles. We seemed to just show up and go through the motions. As individuals we tried hard but the team work just wasn't there. Poor passing resulted in constant turn overs and we struggled to maintain possession.

Continuing with the chalk and cheese theme, what a performance on the weekend. Easily our best of the year. So what happened?

Still no Wilko in goal and our third guest keeper in as many weeks. A slightly tweaked lineup, a hurried warmup, no time to partake in idle banter before the start, we were fired up and ready to go. The first 15 minutes of the game was quite even. Both sides were competing very hard for the ball and Narrabundah probably had a little more possession. At about the 10 minute mark a nice move from them forced our guest keeper of the week, young Nick Muchachos, to pick up a well hit volley from his toes. We 'weathered the storm' early on, scored our first goal against the run of play, and then gradually got on top from about the 25 minute mark.

Haigy scored first. The goal came after Nao won a header which Chris gathered out near the left wing. He spotted Bernie at the top of the penalty box, crossed the ball, Haigy (making a great run towards the far post) called, Bernie dummied, Haigy's first touch was excellent, sucked the keeper in, smacked it into the side net across the face of goal. Pretty to watch. A Narrabundah long range effort shaved the outside of Nick's right hand post about 5 minutes later and that was probably the closest they would get to scoring for the rest of the game.

Bernie scored the second towards the end of the first half. Under mounting pressure, Narrabundah turned the ball over. Cully picked up a stray pass. He knocked it forward to Chris' feet early, who then beat 2 opponents down the right hand side, took the ball to the goal line, cuts it back across the face of goal, Bernie beats the keeper to the ball, flicks it Henry style with the inside of his right foot, into the side net, 2-0. Audacious, considering he missed two easier chances previously and could have had a hat-trick in the half! 2-0 at half time.

Half time message was simple. Continue on in the 2nd half the way we finished off the first half. Lets go!

Choof was having a great game. He and Cully were working really well in the centre of midfield. Nearing the half way mark of the 2nd half Choof scored our 3rd goal. Lobbing the keeper from about 25 yards. Sublime, well and truly deflating Narrabundah. Minutes later, Choof had another chance, even better than his first. A one-on-one against the keeper. He missed, nice save from their keeper, but Stods was running on down the right wing into the penalty box (I think he started the move with Haigy), shoots from a narrow angle near the goal line, 4-0. Salt into the wound. A dejected keeper threatened Choof (took offence his celebration), some argy-bargy ensued, and their keeper was subbed off soon after.

With about 10 minutes to go Pooley scored a cracker. Aidan looks up and sees Pooley making a great run down the left wing calling for it loudly, the pass is 'mis-directed' and goes to Chris who is standing on the last defender, he flicks the ball off his head into the path of Pooley. One touch, half volley, smack! It's showtime.

Just when you thought it couldn't get any better... another lame forward move by Narrabundah down the left resulted in yet

another turn over from a great tackle. Westo picked the ball up just outside our penalty box, looked up and had an empty paddock in front of him. Like waving a red flag in front of a sleeping bull. Off he went. Beat one lame defensive attempt, approaches half way, sees Jose make a great diagonal run, ignores it, Jose runs off side, Narrabundah defenders step up expecting an off-side pass, Westo steps around last defender, runs at goal all alone, one-on-one, could have run around the substitute keeper, instead shoots from about 20 yards with the outside of his right foot, inside the keepers right post, 6-0. Superb.

Our overall effort (and the result) was excellent. We competed hard all day. Gave away nothing. A 6-0 thrashing, six excellent goals, could have been more, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer bunch of blokes. Adios amigos spasticos.

So where does this result leave us now? Alone in 2nd spot, 2 points clear of Burns (who we play in two weeks) and 4 points clear of Qbyn (who have had some very good results lately). With three games to go we can finish anywhere from 1st (improbable) to 5th (unlikely) in a comp that will go right down to the wire before our final position is known.

Hopefully we can replicate the way we played on Saturday for the rest of the season. I expect we will and I also expect to finish second - giving us the all important double-chance in the finals.

Bring on Goulburn!

The stats that matter:

Lineup – Young Nick, Westo, Christian, Pooley, Stods, Choof (Aidan 70th), Cully, Nao (Tommy 85th), Haigy, Bernie (Jose 70th), Chris

Goals: Haigy (20th), Bernie (40th), Choof (65th), Stods (67th), Pooley (80th), Westo (85th)

Crowd: Some very happy Muchachos (Nick's cheer squad), some very disappointed Narrabundah supporters, and some very angry Feds who were called in to quell the crowd violence.



TOUCHLINE TOSSER

Apologies to all for my sick, bitter and twisted column last week. My psychiatrist (who says he actually coaches an ANU FC team) says that I have a split personality when under extreme duress. There is currently so much excitement in the Senior Leagues that I can barely contain myself and keep clean sheets most nights. However, this week the real Touchline Tosser returns with a decent grip on reality and his emotions!

First Silverware of the Season!

Turps' Division 6 mob won 3-0 over Woden Valley on the weekend, which means they have practically wrapped up the championship. Well done to Turps and his 'boys' for winning the ANU FC's first silverware of the year. I hear that Coatesy is breaking his strict goalkeeper training regime and cracking open a few tinnies from one of his three beer fridges!

Historically, even numbered years tend to be better than odd numbered years for the club and that looks like being the case again this year. The Reserves have a three-point lead at the top of the ladder with a game in hand, 'Los Muchachos' are two points behind Olympic in Division 4 with a game in hand, while the Old Farts lead Masters Division 2 by six points with three rounds remaining. So I reckon those four teams will win their respective championships. Robbie B's Division 2 may scrape into the Finals depending on their last game of the season against 5th placed Capital City Suns, and Division 7 Orange and Blue look likely to finish second and third respectively. Seven or eight teams in the finals must be a Soccer Canberra record!

I Hear Violins Playing

The Touchline Tosser was not impressed that the best the Canberra Times could do when the Premier League teams registers a rare victory is to publish a whinge from the opposition coach. Last time it was the Capital City Suns' coach Bill Dojcinoski complaining that his players weren't committed and this time it was Canberra City's Steve Bryant whingeing about some phantom penalty claim. Apparently the refs have it in for Canberra City and haven't given them last minute penalties in three consecutive weeks. Let's all shed a tear for poor Stevie B...

Generalissimo del Rio wants To crack Down on Player payments

Let's face it – the ACT Premier League is a Mickey Mouse competition when compared to the NSW Premier League or (fingers crossed) the Australian Premier League. I don't mean to denigrate the efforts of some players, coaches and administrators because it is the top league in Canberra. But the fact is that the players are not finely tuned and committed athletes, crowds are minimal and there is not even a naming rights sponsor for the league. So the Touchline Tosser is flabbergasted, dumbfounded and astonished that all but two of the Premier League's clubs make player payments of between \$50 and \$300 per match. It was up to our great leader Del Rio to speak out and he was quoted as saying in the Canberra Times this week: "The ACT Premier League can only move forward by agreeing to constrain player payments and diverting funds to more productive pursuits. Clubs are spending thousands of dollars on player payments while the quality of the soccer does not improve and the quality of the pitches we play on and conditions for spectators continue to deteriorate. Imagine if the clubs diverted player payments into building better soccer infrastructure and providing development opportunities, better coaching and medical treatment for players. More clubs should follow our lead and put their playing members back in their rightful place as obedient proletarians." Hopefully these clubs will get some perspective soon rather than continuing to buy trophies. Look, I'll even go down myself to the trophy shop and buy one for

every club in the Premier League engraved with "Premier League Champions 2004-2009 – You are the Best".

Say Goodbye to the Theatre of Shite

While I'm sure we all have a special place in our hearts for the Theatre of Shite (aka South Oval), the Sports & Rec Association has promised to upgrade the oval over the summer. Apparently we can expect the soil to be less 'compact' and greater grass coverage will be maintained over the summer in preparation for next winter. They'll also be installing a new grey water system at North and Willows, which should improve the quality of the grass. All of the grounds will be closed for six weeks over the spring to bring them up to a higher standard. Excellent stuff.

ANU FC Player at the Athens Olympics

Keep an eye out at the Olympics for former ANU FC player (Reserves in 2001) and current student Tal Karp who should be playing a key role in midfield for the Matildas. You can watch the girls kick off their campaign against Brazil on Thursday night on Channel 7. When the pretty boys and blonde bimbos at Channel 7 can't be stuffed showing the games you can switch to Soccer Bloody Soccer who will be filling in for them!

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