

French Premier Francois Hollande. At least one member of the Gallic thespian sisterhood has not succumbed to his charm offensive – or vice versa ...



# You, Sir, are a cad and a bounder! We should revive these wonderful words ...

**T**HE BATTLE of the sexes never quite goes away but it does throw up some interesting skirmishes on occasion. Given that most of us probably assume that the French are having a better time in and out of the boudoir – and are better at having it – than the rest of us more sedate nations put together, I was tickled to see that very glamorous French actress, Sophie Marceau, getting into the ribs of Premier Francois Hollande, for his cavalier attitude to les femmes. At least one member of the Gallic thespian sisterhood has not succumbed to his charm offensive – or vice versa ...

It wasn't so much what she said, however, as the way she said it. Maybe it lost or gained something in translation but according to reports, her remarks went something along the lines of: "He has mistresses and when that is found out, he refuses to talk about it. A guy who behaves like that with women is a cad."

A cad? I haven't heard that word since about 1965 and even then it was going out of style. Somehow a cad is a very British – even English – concept, redolent of the 1950s, with the delightfully gap-toothed, morally reprehensible Terry-Thomas or the suave stinker Dennis Price in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

It fits the bill, though and I think we should bring it back. Cad, bounder, ne'er-do-well and scoundrel somehow sound much more stylish than slimeball, git, jerk or scumbag.

In the week of the 450th anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, I admit freely that I have always wanted to say to someone: "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!" So much better than any phrase of which the second word tends to be "off", however loftily delivered.

Country Life magazine has also just revealed new definitions of a gentleman which include not writing with a Biro, not wearing pre-tied bow ties and taking the weight on your elbows when, well, attempting to emulate M Hollande.



HELEN BROWN

In my circle, the definition of a gentleman is a man you can leave alone in a room with a tea cosy or a colander and he doesn't put it on his head. Suffice to say that I know few – if any – gentlemen.

And I certainly wouldn't put my last euro on the chances of the fragrant Frenchman emerging from behind such closed doors, flashing his bald spot to the waiting world ...

*(With apologies to Alf Garnett)*

I DUNNO; see older women? What do they think they're doing? Take that Hillary Clinton, thinking of running for president of that there USA. And now it turns out she's going to be a grandmother! That Chelsea is having a baby. Well, that puts the kybosh on her mum's ambitions, doesn't it? Imagine voting for a grandmother. How's she going to run a superpower and knit booties? She'll be too busy wheeling the baby round the back yard singing *The Wheels on the Bus* while her daughter nips off to do a quick trolley-

dash round Walmart to worry about banking crises, healthcare, Syria and keeping up with that Vladimir Putin. Don't see any grandchildren hanging around the Kremlin do you? I rest my case.

At least that Margaret Thatcher had the decency to wait until she was actually in office before ordering her offspring to reproduce unto the third generation. "We are a grandmother!" – remember? Well, what can you do about a *fait accompli* although if you ask me, that was the beginning of the end of her cred with the punters. Stands to reason.

Hang on, though. This is a Clinton, right? And they're as sneaky as a bag of ferrets and willing to do anything for power, mwa-ha-ha-ha! I bet she's orchestrated this with that Chelsea (husband would have no say, let's be honest!) to "soften her image" so that she can start redecorating that White House in pink or blue PDQ. Not to mention winning more women's votes than the opposition.

Who is likely to be Jeb Bush. A grandfather. And son and brother of a former president. Now there's family baggage for you and no mistake ...

What do you mean nobody suggested that grandparenthood made Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan or George Bush senior unfit for office and unelectable or the male equivalent of that conniving Lady Macbeth? 'Course it didn't; they had the wife (and gran) to take care of the family, although I wouldn't like to have been hanging around when someone suggested to Barbara Bush that she tiddle off and bake a nice cookie or two to keep Dubya's mouth busy so he couldn't attempt to speak English to anyone vaguely important.

A woman president. And an older woman president? After that Obama? It'll never catch on.

# Recalling that super goal by Super Frankie



GORDON CRAIGIE

**L**IFE IS what happens to you while you're busy making other plans. The poignancy of John Lennon's words, shortly before his life was cruelly cut short on a New York pavement, resonated with me last week as I learned of the sad passing of Frank Kopel.

Readers of this newspaper will be familiar with Frank's recent battles with dementia and Alzheimer's, and of his wife Amanda's brave campaign to get government recognition of the financial plight of under-65s affected by similar conditions. My memories are rooted in happier times. I can still see Frank in his 1970s heyday patrolling Dundee United's left flank in that slightly wobble-headed, bandy-legged manner he had, exacerbated by his frizzy, of its day, hairstyle.

Many players get mistakenly elevated to legendary status, but Frank truly was a United legend. Not because he was the world's greatest footballer – he wasn't – but he was good and well recognised and loved by the fans who sang Frank, Frank, super Frank, super Frankie Kopel. Why? Well, simply for his personality, dependability and sheer durability. Only a handful of times in 10 years did the name Kopel not appear beside the number three in the United line-up.

On October 2 1979, young, all-consuming and in Carnoustie, not Brussels, I was desperate to know how United were doing away to Anderlecht in the UEFA Cup. Only one thing to do: twiddle the dial carefully on the medium wave in the hope of catching something in the ether!

Hisses, wizzes, then ... "something-something, Narey ... something-something, Payne ... McAlpine ..." Satisfied with only understanding the names of United's players, I listened intently to the Flemish commentary as the evening's tension progressed. The commentator's voice grew slightly more intense as he built up to "KOPEL" and then, it happened. The most intense silence I have ever heard, on a radio or, indeed, in a football stadium. We've scored ... haven't we ... ?

The rest of the game passed with the same pattern of occasional familiar names interspersed with impenetrable Flemish and then more silence. When the final whistle blew there was another helping of nothingness.

Excitedly, I ran to tell my Dad: "I think we won!" Actually, we'd drawn the game. Frank's goal was a stunning equaliser. But we had won on the "away goals" rule – though this wasn't confirmed until right at the end of the late evening news bulletin on TV; Anderlecht 1 – Dundee United 1 (Kopel).

I remember this like it was yesterday. The same scenario today would see me finding, at the very least, some live satellite feed online, or having the commentary pushed to my iPhone via Sky Sports. How primitive we used to be. Are we better off now? That's a discussion for another day, but would my "Frank Kopel moment" be as deeply ingrained today? Probably not.

For all Arabs looking forward to another Cup Final, let us also look back and celebrate a true legend, a true sportsman and a true gentleman. Thanks for the memories Frank.

Gordon Craigie is a freelance writer, learning and technology consultant and lifelong Dundee United supporter

*"I can still see Frank in his 1970s heyday patrolling Dundee United's left flank."*