By Prof. David Starkers OBE WAN KER, England's foremost hysterical broadcaster.



On this most historic of days, the fiftieth anniversary of my country's greatest ever sporting success in which we bested Germany for the third time (if you allow two world wars), I found myself north of the border in the once great imperial city of Glasgow.

Expecting little in the way of celebration from the surly Scotch, I was pleasantly surprised to hear of a parade being organised by the denizens of this dark and dismal town, and I determined to take part.

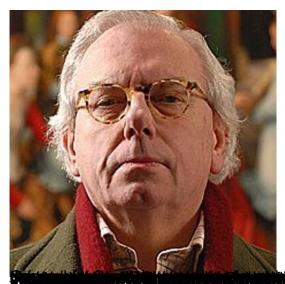
Consequently, I decided to undertake a short promenade along Glasgow's Great Western Road, stopping to peruse the many designer muesli outlets and beard-oil emporia which are its signature.

Shortly, I became witness to what one can only described as a wave of sweaty undesirables, apparently daubed with woad and approaching my current locus. Notwithstanding their appearance, and foul stench, I prepared to join their sojourn.

I noticed a goodly number of Saint George's Crosses being flown but, strain as I might, I could make out not a solitary Union Jack, the traditional banner of the English football supporter.

Even more strangely, the thousands of celebrants assembled included a great many children and young people who could hardly have been around to remember the heady summer of 1966.

Nonetheless, I accompanied the motley group of ten thousand miscreants and neerdowells as they meandered toward the aptly-named St. George's Square in the centre of the town.



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