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WBEN

Sports-

Ralph Hubbell

After years of striving I have finally found the difference between good and great in sports: The Canisius basketball team is good--the St. Bonaventure basketball team is great. It may be better than that although what comes after great is beyond me. Saturday night I saw the Brown Indians play a full game for the first time since Tom Stith became a member of the varsity three years ago. It may be a sad commentary--but my ^{COMMITMENTS} ~~commitments~~ are such as to allow me little time to watch the Brown Indians in action. However--I firmly believe that you need to see the Donovan Dandies in action only once to be fully qualified to hand them the accolade of greatness. Coach Eddy Donovan--who must come in for the touch of genius that qualified the likes of Joe McCarthy, Casey Stengel and Knute Rockne for eternal residence in sport's halls of fame---is the answer to the ultimate brilliance of this band of rampaging Indians from the Cattaraugus Hills. McCarthy, Stengel and Rockne surrounded themselves with individuals second to none. And when the cast was selected each, in his fashion, moulded the individuals into the unit. Donovan can take his place alongside those men who preceded him. Orrie Jirele, the nose to the floor defender--quick of action once the attack starts; Whitey Martin, tentacled barnacle who could easily put an attacker in a psychiatric ward, yet a man who is sixth-sense on offense; Bob McCully, string bean, under-board man, improving, courageous, able to take the physical pistol-whipping and pistol-whip you back; Fred Crawford, whirling dervish, clairvoyant, fast to the point of exhaustion for the opposition, a sharpshooter with gunsight eyes; Tom Stith, the Tall Man of the team--individually a cynosure of all basketball eyes, nationally, yet a man who completely disassociates himself from himself when playing the game for his club. There you have five individuals--plus a ^{sixth,} Coach Eddy Donovan. There you have a six team unit--born of a desire to play as a team under the guidance of a man who would brook no sacrifice to a team for individualism. This is Donovan--and, because this is Donovan, this is Bonaventure. I do not, in any way, detract from Canisius and Bob MacKinnon--a great friend-- in charge of a good, valiant team. But this year--the crowning year of Bonaventure greatness--the credit must go, in it's fullest accolade, to the club that tonight is second in the nation and,

at year's end, could be the greatest.

I realize that this is not a report of the game which St. Bonaventure and Canisius played before a storm-tossed crowd of 11,787 fans on Saturday night. That crowd was a tribute to the brilliance of Bonny--because that crowd went to watch Bonny--not, necessarily, to see a game. As the contest became an exhibition the crowd warmed to the fact that they were seeing one of the truly great aggregations in the nation--and, perhaps, the greatest in the history of Western New York. I'm glad I went--The Griffs had a good time, too. For such as this Indian may not pass our way again.