

DANNY McKAVANAGH PROFILE (1964)

Danny's interest in Clann Eireann affairs can be gauged from the fact that he sold up his house and shifted his nearest and dearest to live beside the Hall. No one else, not counting Gerry Fagan or Pat McMahon, who are peculiar anyway, has taken such a drastic step. He's a chemist by profession, although a feeling persists that he's only a chemist so that he can get things wholesale.



He started his football at C.B.S., Armagh. Normally one would write "He learned his football at C.B.S., Armagh", but what Danny did on the football field, he didn't learn anywhere. It was instinctive. In the process he scored some goals, but he completely wore out his brother Sean who had to run up and down from left back several times a match at great speed, to save him.

He has tried hurling and handball, but recently has decided in favour of that other ancient Gaelic sport - snooker; and his name is probably down on the sheet as often as Francie McGibbon's, which is a lot. Progress has been rapid, but not rapid enough for he was knocked out of the Tournament a bit sharpish. It is kinder not to mention this to him, because the eye glistens and the lower lip trembles. It is snooker which keeps him so fit.

That, and gardening, which he doesn't like. He lays about him half-heartedly with a spade, but keeps an eagle eye on the front gate and welcomes all visitors with open arms, whether they're looking for money or not.

Danny renders valuable service to the Club as joint secretary. His function seems to consist of taking the minutes of meetings, for which he has a beautiful little loose-leafed notebook, filled with what looks like illiterate Chinese. For other less important matters he writes on the back of his hand. After a particularly hard day in the shop, he looks like the tattooed lady, but this system has its own virtue, because he can put aside dull care simply by washing his hands.

He is convivial by nature and he likes lots of things ... Dress Ceilithe for example, where he manages to steal into every photograph. After a measure of liquid encouragement he will sing "Danny Boy", which is unfortunate, as his vocal ability is, to be charitable, quaint. He sings each line on the one note, and raises each succeeding line a semi-tone. Then he has to climb up on a table to finish it. He also insists that he can play "Danny Boy" on the violin, but, when challenged, he mutters something about not being able to find the fiddle.

Other things he likes are Volkswagens, flat caps and Robin Hood hats, shouting "Yahoo", sleeping and Killarney. He has no faults that we can write about, except that he tells his wife that he's going to look after the skating, when he really intends to pot the black. This is a harmless white lie, because, in the first place, Betty knows him better than that, and secondly, he can't pot the black.