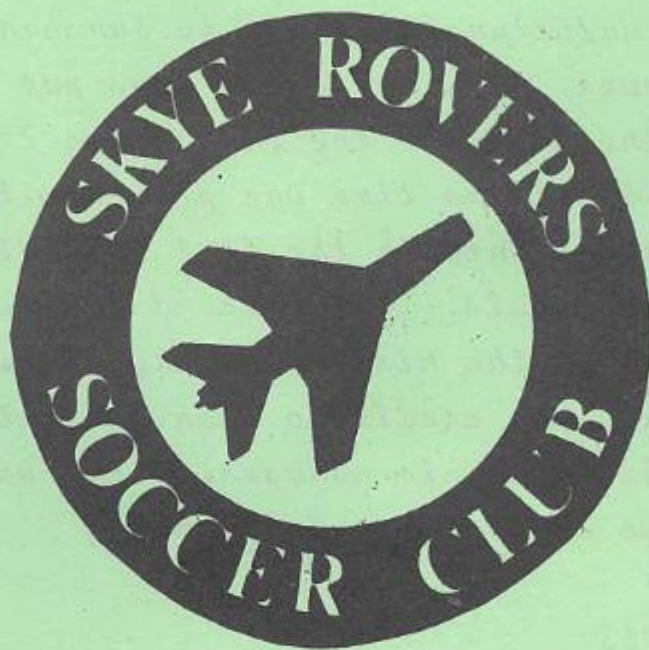




THE MIGHTY JETS

If you were unable to watch Skye under 11's "Jets" on Saturday the 30th July, when they played in the quarter finals of the cup round, you missed a great game. Skye unfortunately lost to Sunshine George Cross. However, Alan Parrott's boys put in a valiant effort, as the score at the end of two 25 minute halves was 1-1. Extra time was played with two 8 minute halves and only in the last half did Sunshine score two more goals. This record in cup games is unprecedented in the history of Skye Rovers. The lads certainly are credit to Alan Parrott their coach and Graham Sambol their manager. Keep up the good work boys, we are all proud of you.

REGIONAL GAMES

From the under 12's on the most skilled boys from all clubs in the Peninsular area are assembled together and out of those a team of 17 boys is elected to represent the area, after a number of trials. Only players of exceptional skill can make the grade, therefore we are delighted that Paul Helmore of Skye Rovers under 15's team has been picked 3 years in a row. A record to be proud of.



★ SOCCER mums (and dads) ... loyal to the last bootlace.

Secrets of a soccer mum

★ I AM known as Jenny's Mum, Trevor's Mum or William's Mum. The other day I even gained recognition by introducing myself as Kimba's Mum.

Kimba is our dog!

But I digress. I want to tell you about us soccer mums.

A more loyal band of supporters you wouldn't find anywhere. I doubt if the Liverpool Club in England has such fervent supporters.

We come in all shapes and sizes: some tall and slim, some short and not so slim. Then there are brunettes, blondes, brownettes and redheads, and they may be blue-eyed, brown-eyed or grey-eyed. Needless to say, we are all **ONE-EYED**.

We all have one thing in common: our boys play soccer, and we are all a little (?) biased as far as our sons and heirs are concerned.

If they score a goal we scream: "That's my boy!". If they are ruled off-side, we tell the referee that he doesn't know what he's talking about.

It is Saturday afternoon at our home. Number One son is scheduled to play at 1.30. Number Two son is to play at 2.30.

"Where's my soccer boots, mum?"

"I don't know. I don't wear them. Find them!"

"Come on mum, you know we've got to be there by 1 o'clock."

"Have you got my chair? You know, my old legs won't stand up to the strain. Anyway, there's no hurry, the sky is pitch-black, there'll be rain soon."

"We'll be playing, let's go."

Every other sport, so the radio tells us, has been

cancelled on account of the weather. No such luck with soccer.

After the match at Dimbulah recently, eight of the Cairns boys were chosen to train for the North Queensland side, which must have made Mr and Mrs von Senden very proud, as they are the ones training and supervising the boys.

The soccer season is still in full swing and there are many more games to be played, with successes and failures.

However, when they are grown men they will remember the comradeship of their soccer mates and the good and bad times together.

Hopefully, the skills and discipline they learn on the soccer field will stand them in good stead in their adult life.

— Norma Gaard,
Whitfield (Q).



The parents' role

There is nothing more frightening in soccer than to see a handful of fathers racing up and down the touchline yelling at their young sons.

Often you also see the mothers, even more vociferous. They call their urging-barracking. We call it a harmful extension of parental love. The boy you are shouting at - your son - is probably enjoying his game and playing it to the best of his ability. So let him enjoy it. To more than 80 percent of the players in the junior grades, the matches are fun and recreation - a chance to be with their mates.

Only the other 20 percent have a chance of staying in the game after they are 15 or so. Of these, a handful may reach the top. Perhaps one of two may rise to stardom, but we are concerned with the 80 percent - the happy majority.

It's utterly useless hollering instructions to these boys during a match; the chances are they will play worse than they normally would. When they hear the deep, resonant yell of their father. They want to please and flatter, but a mixture of resentment, fear and their own technical limitations will cut against them. More often than not, these "instructions" are not terribly constructive anyway, and the boy, even when he is very young, instinctively knows it.

You shout at him "Boot it big", but your son knows that he can't boot the ball more than 10 metres or so, because nobody has taught him.

So he feels that his father is unreasonable and too demanding; his confidence wilts and his fun evaporates. At the earliest stage - in cases of boys under 10 or so - simple, logical and reasonable instructions from the sideline can bring results. Boys are apt to lose concentration and watch not the game in progress 40 metres from them, but a low flying aeroplane, a bird or a stray dog.

By all means, draw his attention back to the game, not with a yell, but with a quick and brief remark. But yelling won't get you anywhere. The worst is when fathers shout "instructions" - and they are the wrong kind. This happens when dad himself is only vaguely familiar with soccer and he supposes that his more advanced age gives him an edge over his son. Every team has a coach or manager, so leave matters to him.

Imagine if every boy had to obey the loud instructions of his father; you'd have an orchestra with 11 conductors. Give encouragement when things go wrong-when the boy completely miskicks a ball or misjudges the flight of a pass. Give him back his confidence with a casual remark - don't destroy it completely with a pained outcry.

If you feel you know enough about the game to offer your boy some criticism, keep it until after the match, preferably after the boy has had a shower, a bite to eat and some rest.

Don't drown him minutes after a match with your "brilliant" tactical advice, don't tell him what you would have done in his position. Let him cool down and then, provided you know what you are talking about, have a father-to-son chat about the match and his role in it. But always remember one thing : you can't put old heads on young shoulders.

It's his team and his game : he is not reliving your youth for you. You may have been a veritable champion; your son may have inherited the wrong genes.

There is nothing sadder and more ridiculous than a father who wants to make his son into the champion he never was. This is the surest way of robbing your son of any pleasure he may get from his game.

**** SOCCER - THE ALTERNATIVE WITH A FUTURE ****

Not so very long ago, anyone who played soccer was a migrant to this country. He was probably born either in the "old country" the United Kingdom - or Europe or South America.

The game was known by some not so complimentary names, and at best, was seen as a curiosity, and certainly as no serious challenge to the established Australian football codes of Australian Rules or Rugby League.

Today, it has all changed. Not only are the Australian-born and raised playing and loving our ancient game, but the code itself is a distinct and real alternative to the others.

It might be some time before we see soccer at VFL Park-perhaps we never will - but we do have a large and ever growing band of followers. As their children begin to play, so that band will grow and grow. We may eventually find soccer is the only football code played all over Australia.

It is ideally suited to be a national game. None of the other codes can boast the world competition you get with soccer. No boy playing any of the others can dream about representing his country before an audience of hundreds of millions at a meeting second only to the Olympic Games in television coverage and general popularity.

A little over two years ago, in 1980, former Socceroo coach Rale Rasie wrote in Australian Playboy: "It is inevitable that soccer will one day be the dominant code. It will probably take 10 to 15 years, but the signs are already apparent."

"The International pressure of having so many countries playing the game, is bound to alter Australian attitudes. At the moment, soccer is the only true national football code and I'm certain that the impression of next year's Third World Youth Cup will be felt throughout the sporting community".

"Competitive soccer has been played for 100 years in Australia, but it is only in the past few years that we have started to make any progress. There are now half a million people plus administrators actively involved and most of them are young people. Australian Rules is even older than our soccer, but despite that, it still hasn't succeeded in establishing itself on a national basis. We've got that plus the incentive of international competition".

The Third World Youth Cup has come and gone and the game goes on from strength to strength. When Skye Rovers began way back in 1978, there were just 18 junior players. Today, at the beginning of our 1983 season, we can look forward to having 180 on the books. We have two senior teams, and the future looks good.

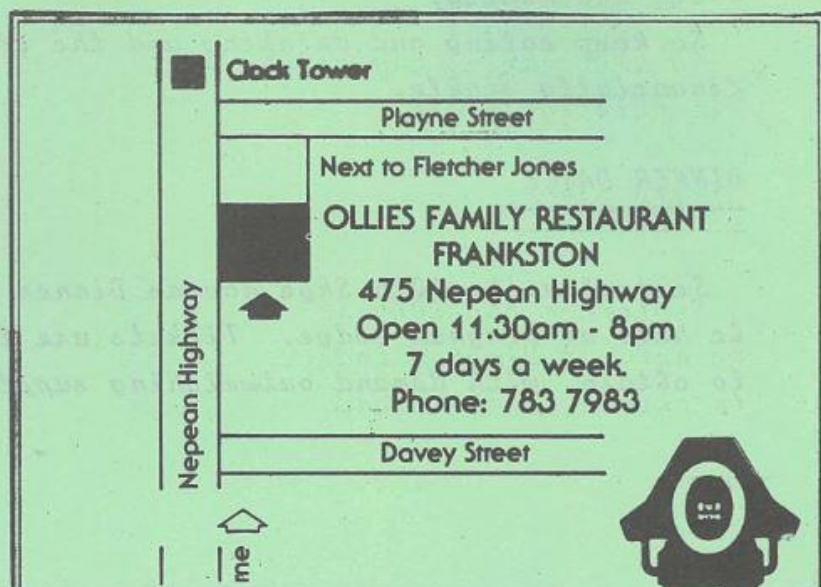
Soccer is today's in-game, and offers a big future to our youngsters.



**** CLUB AWARDS ****

Once again this season, Ollies Family Restaurant, and McDonalds Frankston are generously supporting the club, with weekly awards to a player in each of our teams.

Please give your support to these restaurants, as they do for our boys.



Where Does All The Money Go?

It takes a lot of money to run a club and equip the 200 boys who play for Skye. Providing them with shirts, shorts, socks, a medical kit, soccer balls, registering passports with Soccer House, paying professional referees \$4.00 per game. The grounds at Skye reserve are much appreciated by the club, but we do pay a fee of \$670.00 a season plus all expenses such as water rates and electricity.

The fee of \$25 charged by the club per boy does not cover the costs incurred by the club so many other fund raising activities are organised. In particular, the canteen which is run by Anne Gardner and the Ladies Auxillary with considerable help from Graham Baulk and Family.

So keep eating and drinking and the club will remain financially stable.

DINNER DANCE

September the 10th Skye Rovers Dinner Dance is to be held at Wingham Lodge. Tickets are like hens teeth to obtain, with demand outweighing supply.