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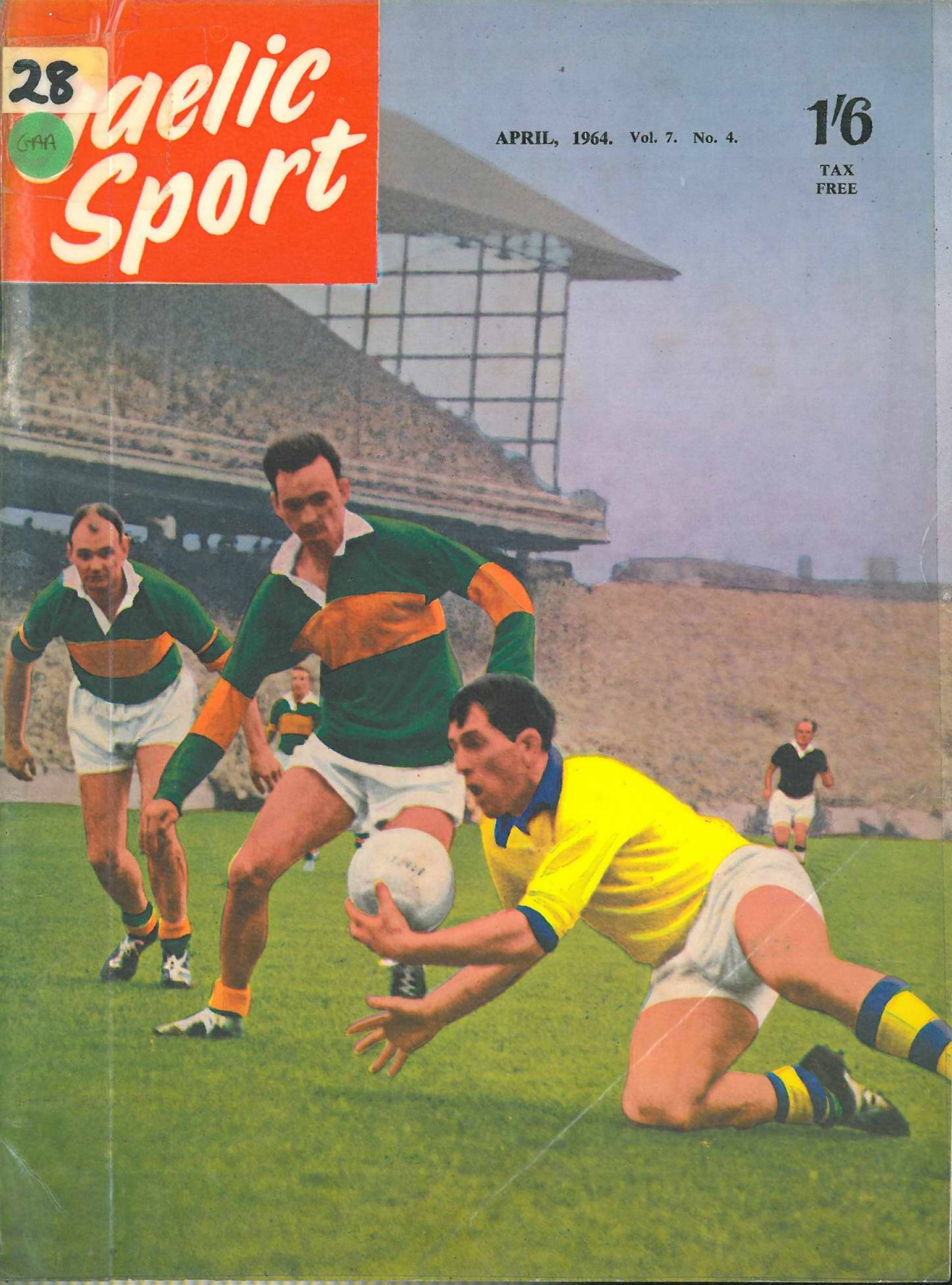
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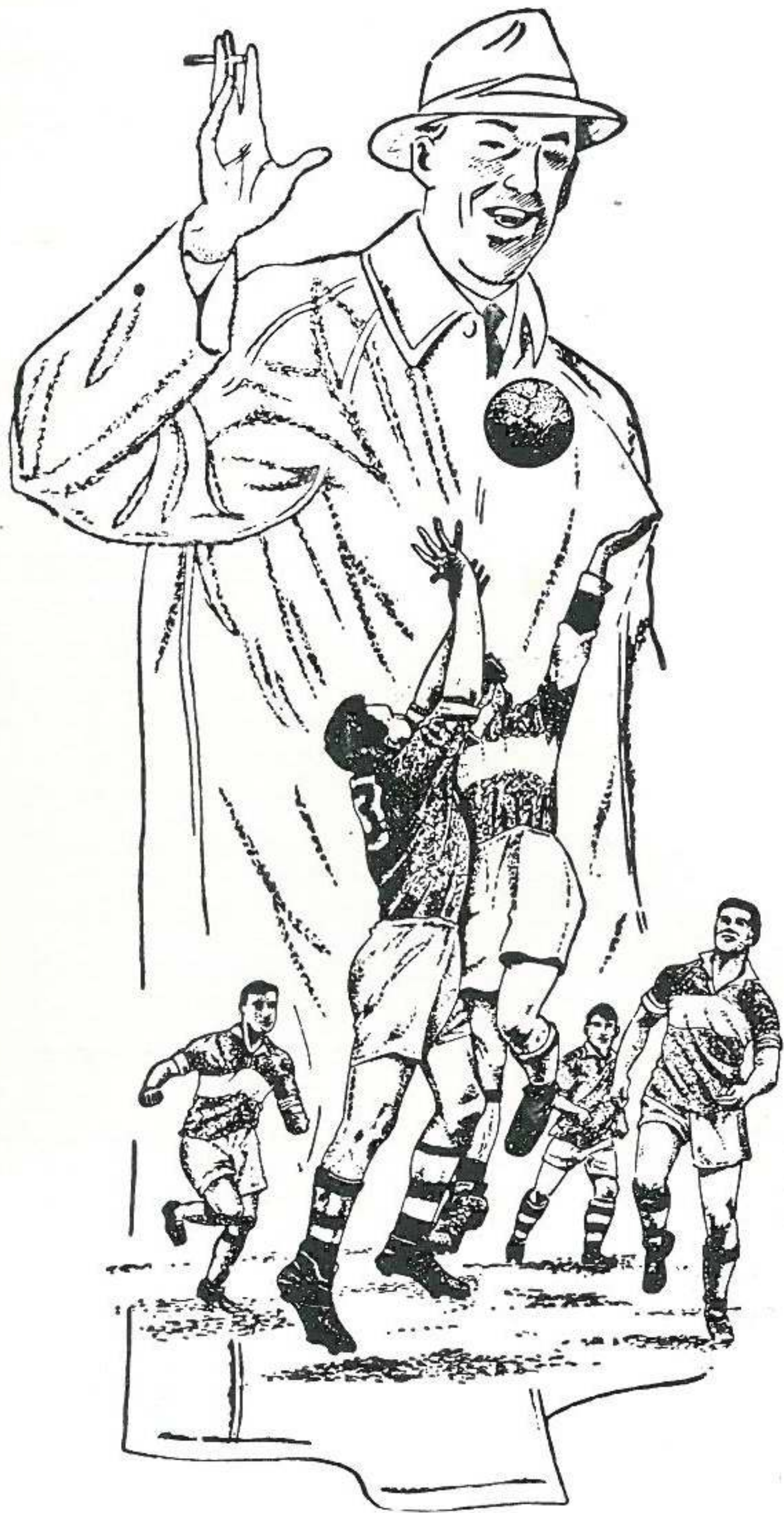
Gaelic Sport

APRIL, 1964. Vol. 7. No. 4.

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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 7. No. 4. April, 1964.

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COVER PICTURE

We feature on our cover this month a flashback to the Football Final of '62—Kerry and Roscommon. As the Championship race for '64 prepares to get under way we wonder what teams will run out on the field at Croke Park on September 27th next. Do you?

Have you read the rules?

YOU are no doubt a regular follower of Gaelic Games—otherwise it is unlikely that you would be reading this publication. It is quite possible that you are a current player—or perhaps a former one. Gaelic Games mean a lot to you. They are your main source of enjoyment. You know all about them . . . or do you? Have you, for example, ever read the rules on which the games are based. We believe that the odds are virtually ten to one that you have not.

Recently we put this question to one hundred keen followers of our native Games. Only eleven could claim to have read the Official Guide. Of this eleven, three had read it because as club officials it was necessary that they should. Two others were regular referees. This then in fact left but six out of one hundred who had read the rules without being compelled to do so.

We would emphasise that the one hundred men to whom the question was put were a fair cross-section of the G.A.A. community. Virtually all of them had played either hurling or football at some level, while thirty are still playing. Eighteen of the one hundred had played in one or another grade of intercounty competition. Still the fact remained — only eleven had read the rules.

Many of those who had not did, of course, claim to be reasonably familiar with them—but "vaguely familiar" would be a more correct term as more detailed questioning was to clearly establish.

We make no secret as to what prompted this survey. The controversy which followed the suspension of Tom Cheasty last year made it clear that a large section of the G.A.A. community failed to understand the rules as applied in the Waterford case.

Many seemed to think that the Ballyduffman was suspended for having attended a "foreign dance"

and that there was a rule prohibiting members of the Association from attending such dances. Need we say that there is no such rule? All indications are that it does need saying—and even repeating.

We think it is tragic that when the Association is assailed from without, many members and regular followers should fall victim to the ill-informed and oft-times ill-willed propaganda. Ill-informed criticism and untrue aspersions can only be met and dealt with by fully informed men—and no man is fully informed as far as Gaelic Games are concerned unless he has read the rules which enshrine, not alone the basis of our Games, but also the entire principles of the Association.

But this entire question does not even confine itself to issues of foreign dances and foreign games. It has a much wider context. One must conclude that much of the abuse which is showered on our referees and also many of the incidents which at times despoil our Games have their origins in this same lack of knowledge with regard to the rules.

What should be done? Certainly it is a problem which can largely be overcome if clubs and county boards take it upon themselves to see that the Official Guide is widely distributed and read. Every club should have a supply of copies—not just one to be consulted in the time of an objection.

Chairmen of boards and clubs—and indeed all other officials too, should get across the very logical idea that familiarity with the rules is essential for both full enjoyment and full understanding of our Games.

We are living at a time when the Association requires all of its strength and vigour. It cannot be said to be truly strong while the vast majority of its members and followers do not understand the elementary functionings of its operation and the basic principles of its existence.



KERRY ARE GOING WEST!

AS I see it Kerry have those return air-tickets to New York virtually tucked away in their hip pockets. Not that I don't expect All-Ireland champions Dublin to strenuously try and upset matters on April 12, but nonetheless it should be Kerry for the League final and for New York in October.

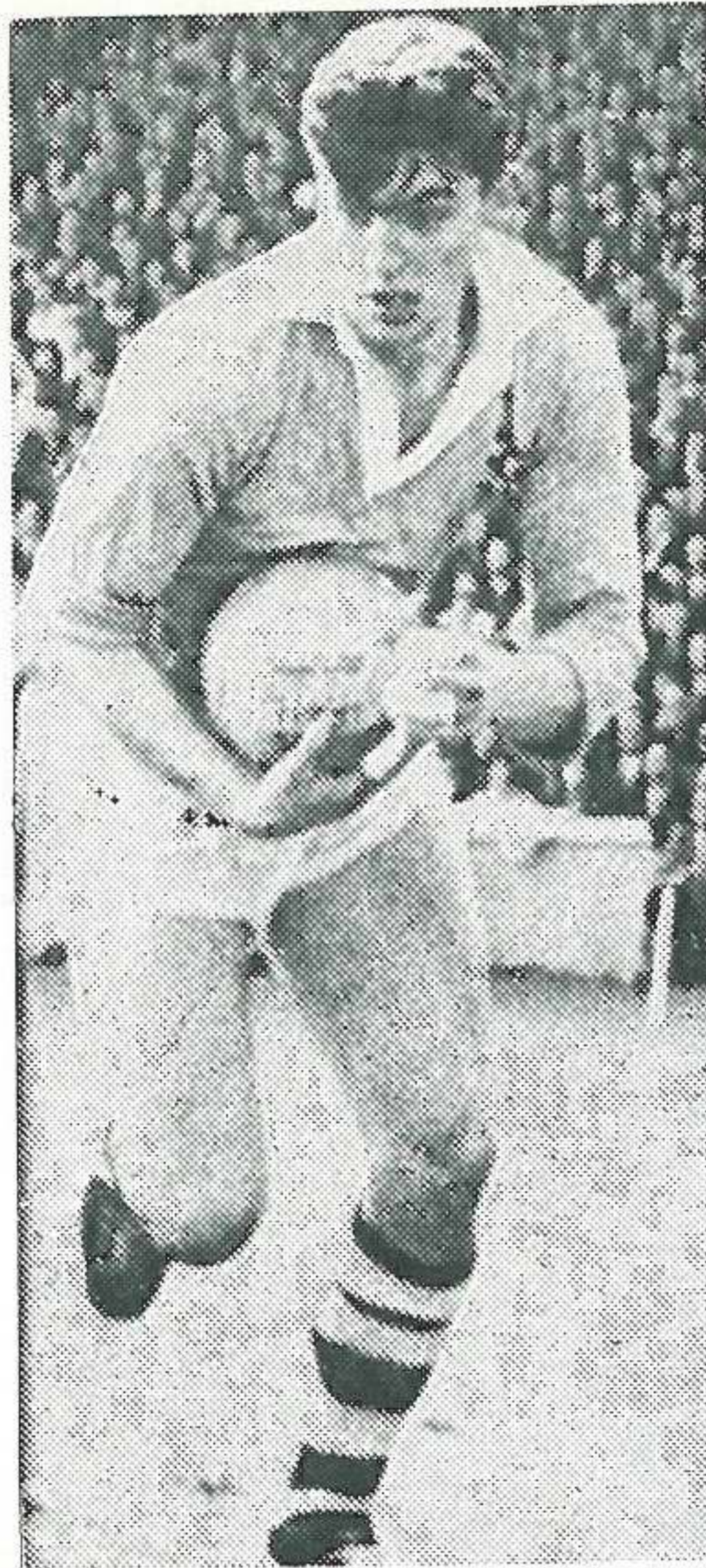
That defeat by Galway in last year's All-Ireland semi-final was the biggest set-back which the Kingdom had received in years. They had their hearts set on that 21st title—but they underestimated the grit and speed of the men from the West. Now Kerry sights are set again. This time it is the Statue of Liberty that is beckoning and it is difficult to visualise a second major failure in the space of eight months.

I am not, of course, forgetting Dublin's magnificent victory over Kerry in the Grounds Tournament. That win was surely one of the greatest in the proud history of Metropolitan football — but let's face it, they did have a considerable advantage on that occasion.

They were a perfectly trained and fully fit side. They had all the confidence which the All-Ireland title can give and so they fought back to overcome, what was at one stage, an eleven points lead. But would they have done it had Kerry been equally fit? Certainly it was fitness, plus of course, the great

unconquerable spirit of Lar Foley, which saw them clinch the hour in the dying seconds.

This time though there will be no advantages. They meet on level terms and the better team will win.



Dublin's Des McKane

In my book it will be Kerry.

Form suggests that it will be Cavan who will come through in the other semi-final but you never really know. Down are capable of improving while this present Breffni side have a habit of failing when least expected.

And speaking of New York, what a busy year it is going to be for the Gaels of that city. First there are the John F. Kennedy Memorial Games on April 19. A month later there will be the Cardinal Cushing Games. In late Summer the city's footballers will set out on their vast world tour and finally there will be the League deciders in October.

It is surely the biggest annual programme ever undertaken by the New York G.A.A. Only men of vision and great determination could carry it through but carried through with flying colours it will be.

I wonder though if there is any danger that the presence of home stars at the April and May games will take away from the attendance at the League finals? Perhaps not.

It is interesting to note how the first G.A.A. tour originated. The Association was but a year old when in Autumn 1855 a group of Irish athletes went on a U.S. visit. They were well received until one morning a letter appeared in the New York "Irish World" pointing

out that these men were only Irish in name and that many of them were in fact members of the British garrison which was occupying the country.

The letter had the full effect which it was hoped it would have and shortly afterwards the "Irish World" carried a leading article calling for a visit from a true Irish group and suggesting that the young G.A.A. was the body to organise the trip.

It was three years latter—September 16, 1888, to be precise, before that call was answered. But answered it was. Fifty-one of our finest men sailed for the new world and were received with open arms and tremendous hospitality everywhere they went.

When the ss. City of Rome docked at Cobh in mid-November only twenty-four of the party were on board. The rest had decided to stay in America. It was a great loss to the Association.

That tour was a failure in many ways. Historians tell us that it greatly rocked the young organisation—and no doubt they are correct. But nonetheless it was a beginning — a beginning which sowed the seed and brought forth fruit.

There were, of course, many great men in America who toiled and cared for the growing plant before it blossomed forth into a mighty tree. Men like "Wedge" Meagher, who proved as gifted with the pen as he had been with the camán; Paddy Grimes, John "Kerry" O'Donnell and a host of others.

They worked hard and earnestly and now that tree is in full bloom. This year New York will see more of our stars than it has ever seen before.

Still there is one thing about these visits which never changes. It was there in 1888 and is still there in 1964. I am, of course, referring to that extraordinary warm welcome which is New York's alone. It is a prize worth playing ones heart out for.



Tom Long, one of Kerry's greatest footballers of modern times, and one of the men upon whom the Kingdom depends to win the coveted prize of a trip to New York this year.



Jim Dermody

THE JIM DERMODY STORY . . . as told to Tomás O Faoláin

JOHNNY DUNNE'S 'GOLDEN GOAL'

EVERYTIME I look at the little finger of my left hand I am reminded of the 1933 All-Ireland final. There is a piece missing from that finger — but it was a small price to pay for an All-Ireland medal.

I doubt if there ever was a harder fought final. It was grueling and fierce all the way. I have often wondered how those men lasted the pace—but last they did, every second of it.

We were, of course, the reigning champions, and we took the field rather confident. Last month I told the story of our extraordinary clash with Dublin in the Leinster final. The second half of that game proved that Kilkenny were a mighty side and we had maintained that form with an eight points win over Galway in the All-Ireland semi-final.

Another reason for our confidence, was, of course, that we had beaten our opponents, Limerick, very handsomely in the National League final, the previous April. The actual score was Kilkenny 3-8 Limerick 1-3.

We did expect them to have improved in the meanwhile—but surely not to the extent necessary to beat us. But the game was hardly on before we really knew how those Shannonsiders had improved. They came at us like a mighty storm and we were holding on grimly. Only the cool hurling of Eddie Doyle and Paddy Larkin kept us afloat.

Once I was caught out of goal and Chris O'Brien went through but somehow Pat O'Reilly was there and saved. A few minutes later I saw this hulking figure come

thundering through the Kilkenny defence. He really swept all opposition aside and a second later I was facing him — the lone barrier between him and the net. He was twenty yards from me and he fired low and hard but somehow I killed it, picked and cleared. Mick Mackey's first attempt at goal in an All-Ireland had failed.

As I stepped back, I happened to glance at him and he was standing, his hurley still half raised and a look of, what I interpreted to be, surprise on his face. Then he turned and walked away and as he passed Chris O'Brien, he made some remark. Chris looked back at me but did not reply. I often wondered what it was he said —perhaps "Dermody won't stop the next one," or something to that effect.

Anyway the issue was never put to the test for Mick never cut through again. The backs saw to that—he did, of course, have quite a game nonetheless.

We were all glad to hear that half-time whistle and we left the field with the scoreboard reading 0-4 apiece.

The second half was even more hectic and it remained score for score all the way. Then came the last quarter. Matty Power put us in front with a glorious point. It was now seven points to six. The crowd was in a frenzy. Anything could happen . . . and it did.

With five minutes left Matty Power got a ball and crossed to Johnny Dunne on the left wing. Johnny raced for it closely followed by a Limerick defender, I think it was McCarthy. The ball was near the line when Johnny got

his stick to it and with a neat flick and a swerve, he slipped his man, picked and went. He dashed for the Limerick goal with Shannonsiders closing in all around.

The crowd held its breath as Dunne came across to face the goal and then suddenly he fell—but in falling he connected with the ball and the net shook the same split second that his body crashed to the ground.

There was an amazing silence—and then pandemonium broke loose. The cheers were deafening. There were Black and Amber flags everywhere. Some of the Kilkenny players were swept away on the wave of excitement and threw their hurleys into the air.

A score of hands were helping Dunne to his feet. What a goal! The entire scene was beyond description. But then suddenly the game was on again and Limerick really tore into us. After one attack I had to retire and Jim O'Connell took my place in goal. Half a minute later Limerick's Paddy Roche hit the crossbar with a great shot. Kilkenny were holding on desperately and seconds ticked slowly away. Then it came—the final whistle and the crown was safe.

It was a low scoring game; 1-7 to 0-6—but how those scores were fought for and earned. Johnny Dunne's "Golden Goal" was, of course, the feat of the hour and it will never be forgotten.

I would like to take this opportunity to clear up a point about that injury which I received and which forced me to retire near the end. Paddy Ryan of Limerick came

in for fairly strong criticism afterwards from both spectators and newspapers.

True Paddy came in rather robustly on a few occasions but I know well that there was no deliberate intention to injure me. We were all pulling hard and fiercely and while I did get belted on the arms and head it just was one of those things.

Limerick, although defeated, had many heroes. There were the Ryans, Mick Mackey, Paddy Roche and, of course, my opposite number, Paddy Scanlon. For us Pat O'Reilly, Paddy Phelan, Matty Power, Tommy Leahy and the lone goal-getter, Johnny Dunne, were the big men. But if I were to pick the man of the thirty I would hand the award to Eddie Doyle, who for the entire hour played tremendous hurling as well as keeping Limerick's dangerman, Dave Clohessy, under control.

Eddie was a shining example of leadership and courage — a really worthy captain. He kept the entire defence on its toes and when there was the odd slip by one of his fellow backs, he was there to cover.

If there is a special place in heaven for men of valour and of greatness then there we will find him—Eddie Doyle—hero of 1933.

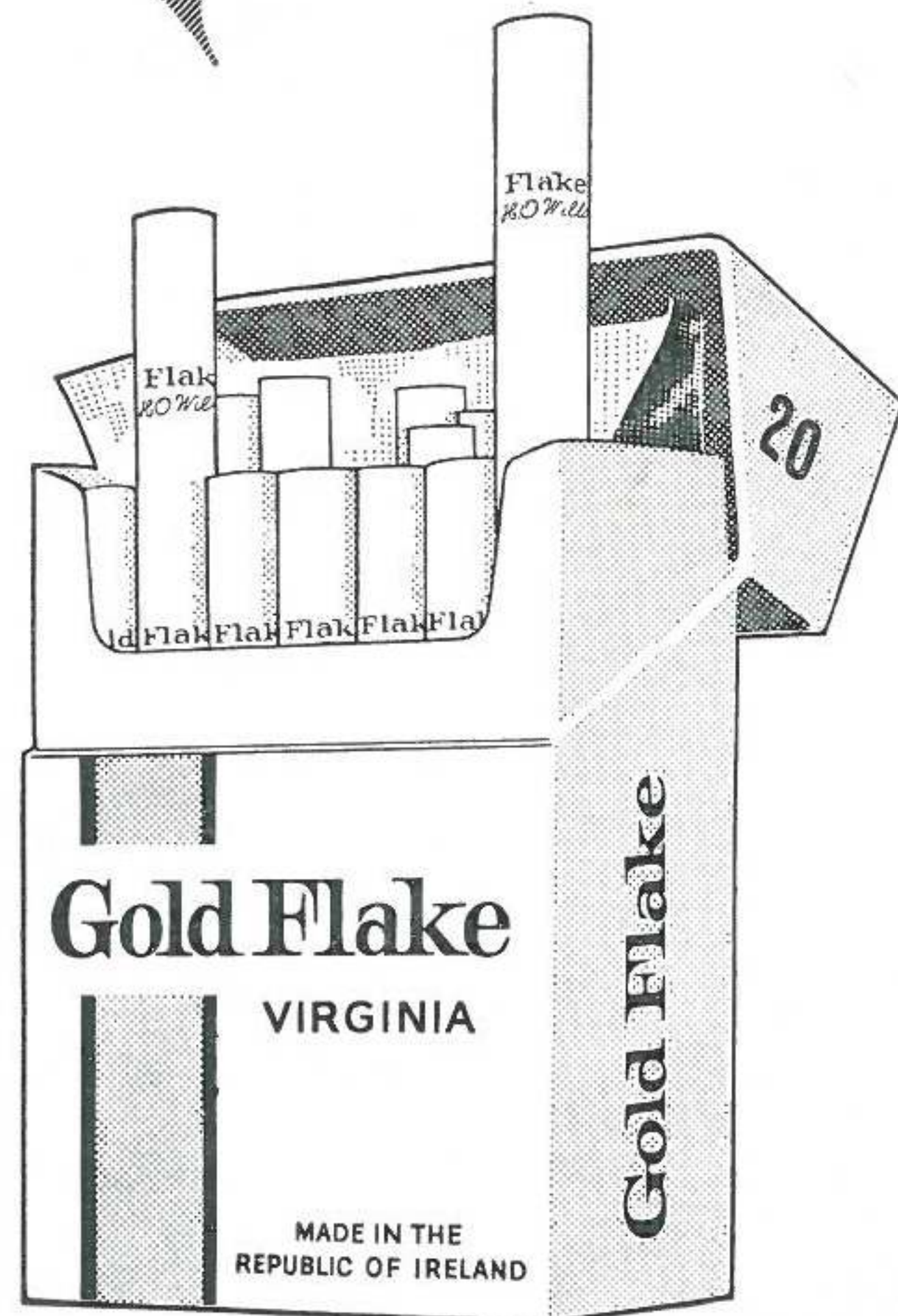
We were champions and there was great excitement in the dressing-room. Excitedly Matty Power explained how the "Golden Goal" was in fact a well planned strategy. As the last quarter began he had agreed with Johnny on what they should do. Matty was to get possession and draw the backs — Johnny was to run towards the corner and then at the precise moment Power would cross to him. And it worked.

Before I left that dressing-room Limerick's Paddy Ryan arrived to enquire if I was O.K.—and I was.

Well my story is drawing somewhat to a close but I will have another tale or two to tell next month.

"Where do we score
over all the others?
Is it in our
blending, perhaps?
Or in the way
we're put together?
Or maybe because
we're so quick on
the draw? Whatever
it is, we do seem to
satisfy the fans."

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match!"



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A War-time Memory

By PHILIP RODERICK

I THINK it was a Thursday evening. We were sitting as usual around the fireplace in Kearney's pub and, of course, there was only the one topic of conversation — the All-Ireland hurling final the following Sunday between Cork and Dublin, at Croke Park.

Not one of us was going to Croke Park. The war was on, travel was next to impossible and few of us had enough money to brave a long journey from Co. Cork to Dublin on a Saturday morning, a hotel bill in Dublin for Saturday and Sunday nights and then the prospect of a long train journey back to Cork on the Monday.

For this was 1941 and for all those of you too young to remember those dreadful days, I had better remind you that a train trip from Cork to Dublin in those times could mean anything from eight to eighteen hours on the train. And there was always the possibility that the train might never arrive in Dublin.

Anyway we weren't terribly interested in the final between Cork and Dublin. We had been following Cork ever since that thunder-and-lightning day at Croke Park in 1939, and we knew what they were capable of. They had beaten every team of consequence during the preceding two years and the final against Dublin promised to be nothing more than a good gallop at half stretch. We dismissed Dublin as milk-and-water opponents. Six Corkmen could do the job.

Yes, indeed, we had no intention, whatever, of going to Dublin. Not, at least, until the bold Miah made his famous remark.

"Begor," says he—"I wouldn't mind seeing Micka win his medal at last."

And that was what started all the trouble. Because I think that same thing was in the backs of all our minds. We all wanted to see Micka win his medal.

If you are from Cork, I do not have to explain to you who Micka was . . . but, just to put you all in the picture, I suppose I had better explain that he was Mick Brennan of Sarsfields, one of the best we ever had in the county.

Micka had been playing with Cork for many years at that time. He had come on to the county team shortly after the Cork victory of 1931 and here now ten years later he was trying for the second time for an All-Ireland medal. He had missed it against Kilkenny in 1939—that devil Jimmy Kelly had ruined our chances that year—but now he was back again in Croke Park and this time the prospects were bright.

Miah's remark, as I have said, caused all to think again. Someone else took it up and, between all the talk and a few more pints, we were no time at all in making up our minds that, one way or the other, by hook or by crook, we were all going to be in Dublin for the final.

One man—he's a respectable public figure these days so I cannot mention his name—suggested that we should travel by car. The car was owned by . . . well, we'll call him "Smiler", for that was the name he was known by in North Cork.

Petrol was out of the question, but "Smiler", God bless him, had a gas producer on the car. Maybe, you remember the gas producers

THE DAY 'MICKA' GOT HIS MEDAL

. . . fiery furnaces at the back of the car that needed stoking every ten miles . . . and that had to have the 'clinkers' removed every now and then.

Stoked up—in every sense of the word—we hit off for Dublin just after three o'clock on the Saturday afternoon. If I remember correctly, there were six of us and the only reasonable sober one among the lot of us was "Smiler", who was driving.

Everything went grand for a while. We whipped through Doneraile and Kildorrery in fine shape and we chugged into Mitchelstown about quarter after four.

We dallied in Fitzgerald's Hotel while "Smiler" and Miah cleaned out the clinkers and got the car into shape for the next stage.

We made Cahir in one piece and then if my memory serves me correctly "Smiler" struck a good deal with someone. I know we didn't use any gas for the next stage which brought us all the way to Urlingford but there was a good old-fashioned smell of petrol . . . or perhaps it was tractor vapourising oil.

Then the trouble really started. We ran out of whatever we were using and we had to go back to gas. The only difficulty was that we couldn't get the car started. It was eight o'clock by now and there seemed to be little hope of doing anything. "Smiler" told us the whole gas "business" would have to be cleaned out. That took an hour and by the time we got all the coke or whatever it was he used in the producer, it was well after ten o'clock.

Eventually we got moving again
(Continued overleaf)

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and with smoke billowing out behind we eventually got to Monasterevan . . . and, for the rest of my life, I'll bless that town in my prayers. We stopped again and when "Smiler" suggested another clean-out of the producer, we all rebelled. We were staying in Monasterevan and that was that.

We had a great night in the town. A fine decent man threw open his pub—behind locked doors, of course—and an equally fine decent woman opened up her hotel so that we could stay there.

And the following morning, after duly stoking the car, we got off to a great start with the help of a garage owner there—I am almost certain his name was Finlay. He towed us for about four miles out the road to Dublin and we eventually caught fire when Kildare was almost in sight.

We clocked about ten miles an hour on the way to Dublin, but, even allowing for a liquid lunch, we were sitting on Hill 16 a good half hour before the game began.

Now I don't have to tell you how the game went. Fourteen Corkmen in red jerseys and white knicks and one Corkman in a red jersey and black knicks, had no trouble at all in subduing Dublin. The man in the black togs was, of course, the bold Micka and he played his part that day in a great victory—the first of four great All-Ireland wins for Cork.

Micka had to go off before the end of the match and I think he was replaced by young Bobby Ryng, but it did not matter at that stage. Cork were champions and Micka had his medal.

That all happened nearly twenty five years ago but everytime I meet Miah or "Smiler" or any of the others who made that trip with us, it only takes someone to say—"Do you remember the day we saw Micka win his medal?" . . . and I am back again on the road . . . and I can smell the gas and the tractor vapourising oil.

And, you know, I would not mind doing it all over again.

AN IOMARCA COMÓRTAIST?

Ceist ag Seán O Dúnagáin

AN bhfuil an iomad comórtaisí de gach cineál á reachtáil ag an gCumann Lúchleas Gael i láthair na huaire? Táid ann adeir go bhfuil, agus duine díobh siúd mise; ní aontaím leis an méid Domhnach sa bhliain a caithtear ar comórtaisí.

Cúpla uair cheana féin 'san iris seo mholas go bhfuillfí ar na comórtaisí club uile-Éireann a chur ar siúl arís, go háirithe san iomáint. Comórtas breise? B'fhéidir, ach fan liom. Mholas freisin go gcuirfí comórtaisí ógánach (fé bhun bhliain ar fhichid) ar bun agus táid siúd le tosnú i mbliana. Agus anois táim ag caint faoi an iomarca comórtaisí.

Deirim anois go bhfuil cúpla comórtas gur cóir a scriosadh gan mhoill. Ní fhacas riamh maitheas ar bith san comórtas ar a dtugtar an téarma "sóirear" agus ós rud é go bhfuil an comórtas ógánach againn anois tá sé in am an comórtas idirmheánach (pér bith brí atá leis an bhfocal sin) a chealú. Dhá cheann imithe! Ach nílím críochnaithe go fóillín.

Tá turnaimintí thar cuimse againn agus cé nach bhfuil tada agam 'na gcoinne ceapaim go bhfuil sé in am ag an Árd-Chomhairle treoir a thabhairt nach gceadófar d'fhóirne contaethe bheith páirteach iontu a thuilleadh. Aontaím go bhféadfadh fóirne club (ó chontaethe éagsúla) páirt a ghlacadh sna túrnaimintí seo.

Deirim fosta nach bhfuil gá dá laghad leis na comórtaisí ar a dtugtar "accident fund." Níl ann ach magadh. Má abran éinne liom nach bhfuil go leor airgid ag an bC.L.G. le hárachas ceart a bheith acu in aghaidh síor-ghortú nó marbhú imreoirí, dhéarfainn leis dul chuig dochtúir cinn. Tá an

gnáth-imreoir clúdaithe cheana féin in aghaidh mion-ghortaithe gan buíochas don Ch.L.G. Agus má tá ciste ar leith de dhith chun cúpla punt tuarastail sa tseachtain d'íoc le imreoir a coinnítear in ospidéal de dheasca timpiste ar pháirc an imeartha, tá slí ann chuige.

Cén fáth nach gcuirtear abair deich faoin gcéad den teacht isteach sa Sraith Náisiúnta nó sna Craobh-Chluichí i leataoibh don "Ciste Timpiste". Nó an teacht isteach iomlán i gComórtas Corn na Iarnród—cúig nó sé mhíle punt.

De na turnaimintí ar fad ní fhágfainn ann ach Comórtas an Oireachtais. Tá gradam ag an gcomórtas seo gan tagairt don chúis atá leis. Fosta ní aontaím leis na "trialacha" do na fóirne cúigí mar adúirt mé cheana san iris seo. Agus mar bhuille scoir deirm gur cóir sos Geimridh a bheith ann ó dheireadh Mhí na Samhna go dtí deireadh Mhí Feabhra.

Mar sin, tá comórtaisí eadar-chontae de gach cineál seachas comórtas an Oireachtais cealaithe agam. Tá an chraobh sóisear agus an chraobh idirmheánach fágtha ar lár agam. Agus tá na comórtaisí oifíúla ins gach cúige ar a dtugtar cluichí "Accident Fund" scriosta agam. Anois tá go leor ama againn leis na cluichí is fiú a bheith ann d'imirt. Ar chuala mé duine éigin a' rá "Cad fé chraobh uile-Éireann club?" 'Sea, céard faoi—tá go leor Sathairn sa bhliain agus tá an tseachtain oibre cuig lá anuas orainn.

Agus anois chím go bhfuil Coiste na Mumhan ag dul ar aghaidh le comórtas eadar-club sa Chúige, mo ghreidhin iad.

TOP TEN

Our current Top Ten lists are based on games played from February 16 to March 17 inclusive. Dublin's versatile mid-fielder, Des Foley, who had five football outings during that period heads the football list, while Eddie Keher of Kilkenny, who had the benefit of a like number of games, tops the hurling list.

FOOTBALL

1. Des Foley (Dublin)
2. Gerry McRory (Antrim)
3. Leo Murphy (Down)
4. Gabriel Kelly (Cavan)
5. Sean O'Neill (Down)
6. Paddy Holden (Dublin)
7. Charlie Gallagher (Cavan)
8. Mickey Whelan (Dublin)
9. Mick O'Connell (Kerry)
10. Seamus Leyden (Galway)

HURLING

1. Eddie Keher (Kilkenny)
2. Phil Wilson (Wexford)
3. Mike Sweeney (Galway)
4. Ollie Walsh (Kilkenny)
5. Austin Flynn (Waterford)
6. Jimmy Doyle (Tipperary)
7. Dan Quigley (Wexford)
8. Willie Rackard (Wexford)
9. Jim Hogan (Limerick)
10. Pat Fitzgerald (Cork)

SCORERS

The list of National League top scorers up to and including Sunday, March 15, reads:—

HURLING

1. Eddie Keher (Kilkenny) 3-20
2. Nick O'Donnell (Wexford) 6-1
- Jimmy Doyle (Tipperary) 3-10
4. John McKenna (Tipperary) 5-3
5. Sean McLoughlin (Tipperary) 5-1
- Jimmy Smith (Clare) 4-4

FOOTBALL

1. Charlie Gallagher (Cavan) 4-28
2. Mick O'Dwyer (Kerry) 1-26
3. Paddy Mulvaney (Meath) 7-7
4. Mickey Whelan (Dublin) 2-21.
5. Bobby Burns (Longford) 1-23

Note—Division II hurling games not included.

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MUNSTER MEDLEY

By SEAMUS O CEALLAIGH

SOUTHERN eyes are turning now to the intercounty championship ties only just around the corner, and speculation is rife concerning the likely outcome.

Hurling fans generally agree that the senior title is wide open this year. Many feel that the holders, Waterford, are gradually fading from the picture and that their best days are over. Most good judges think they could hardly mount the offensive necessary to retain the crown. They have had a splendid spell — maybe not as productive of success as their prowess suggested, yet a very satisfying period and one that will always be recalled with pride by Siurside.

The only chance the champions have of saving the day depends on their ability to draft suitable new blood on to the team, and to the onlooker from the outside this does not appear too plentiful at the moment.

The inability of both Waterford and Cork to field good minor sides, particularly in recent years, has always puzzled me. They are counties where under-age competitions are exceptionally well organised, and where youths from 13 to 14 years onwards are really well catered for in the matter both of competitions and playing facilities. On the face of it they should be able to produce outstanding minor combinations but in practice things have not turned out that way.

Which leads to the question as to what happens these lads who often show such promise in juvenile ranks. They fail to reproduce this form in the next grade, and oftentimes are lost to the Association for good. This is a

growing problem deserving of careful study in the hope of finding some suitable remedy.

Having more or less written off the champions where do we go for their successors? The team that has kept step to step with them as it were since 1957—Tipperary, is also feeling the weight of the years. Replacements are needed but again the right material is not all that plentiful.

Limerick has been hailed by many as the up and coming team in the province yet confidence in the side is not easy to build because of a few doubtful factors. The players often give me the impression of lacking that absolutely essential faith in themselves without which no team will ever get anywhere. And they badly need leadership, both on the field and from the sideline. Could these handicaps be overcome the hurling world might be at their feet.

The Shannonsiders profited better than most from a single journey to the minor top in 1958, and if they can get the same benefit from last year's bid the future for them could be bright.

Clare meet Limerick in the opening tie of the championship. The Banner County boys have gone through a very bad spell since their sensational defeat by the same opposition in the 1955 Munster final. Recently, however, we have noticed distinct signs of a revival and it is doubtful if the spirit in the county was ever better. The will to win can do a lot for a team and I think we will be hearing quite a bit from Dalcassion territory as the season advances.

Their recent display against the pick of Munster in the Railway Cup semi-final must put Galway well in

the reckoning. They would have won their way to the St. Patrick's Day Final had a few of their established players the stamina to stick the hour, for it was lost opportunities in the vital closing stages that robbed them of what looked almost certain victory at one period in the play. It seems reasonably sure that the Connacht men's bid this year will be the toughest since they entered the Southern title race, and with things going their way they could turn out the surprise packet of the competition.

We have only Cork left, and nobody could ever lightly write them off in a Munster championship race. They do not look the goods at present, they have unfamiliar figures to many close hurling students in every sector, still I cannot find the fan who has not some reservations concerning these lads in the red jerseys, who have so often and so unexpectedly come up to take Munster honours in the past. All agree they have a right tough fight in the opening round against Galway. They will have to train more earnestly than was the case last year, and if they get over that, well the odds won't be that heavy against their ultimate triumph.

I wish I could say the same about the football, but no use wasting time about it—honestly I cannot see any team that can oust Kerry—and more's the pity!

That's not said in any feeling of ill-will against the boys from the Kingdom — for whom we will be shouting our heads off later in the season; rather in regret that in Munster we cannot produce even one other side fit to match science, spirit and skill with them—and brawn too!

MOONDHARRIG'S DIARY

WHEN I was young there was a certain tasty but temperamental hurler down by Suirside, who would be brilliant one day and worse than mediocre the next. Eventually the old men got his case figured out and analysed, and they used to say about him that "He couldn't hurl, unless he felt the sun warm on his back."

I never appreciated that judgment at the time, but I see the point in it now as the years grow older and the blood runs colder. When the winter is gone and the grey skies life, any man with a bit of hurling in him at all must feel the buoyancy of it when he does find the Spring sun "warm on his back" for the first time in a new season.

Indeed the first day that the Spring sun did shine out this year proved the point, even though it was in football and not in hurling for, with the sun on their backs, Galway and Dublin gave us a match in Croke Park in the first Sunday in March that will long be talked of by everyone who saw it.

Now, at the moment, I think the sheer brilliance of much of the football in that match is overshadowed by the result of it, which was I suppose a surprise to a lot of people. But, to my mind, leaving the matter of who won or who lost out of it altogether, this was one of the best and brightest games of football that I have seen in the past decade. Indeed it was a better game than many an All-Ireland final.

Let me give two instances of how gripping it was. Beside me sat a man who goes to Croke Park almost every Sunday of the year and who had no strong feelings one way or the other. Often we sit together and often we fill in much

of the playing time chatting about this and that. On this occasion we sat absorbed, not a word from either of us, until I happened to glance at my watch. "Only three minutes to half-time," said I. My companion spoke up in amazement, "By heavens," he said, "seemed like they weren't playing ten minutes."

On the way in I met a well-known soccer writer who has been a colleague of mine for many a year, I was joking him on the way in, asking him had he lost his way. He told me he happened, for once, to be on a day off and had decided to come to Croke Park in preference to any of the matches in his own code that were on in Dublin that day.

On the way out I made a point of meeting him again, and said to him. "Well, what did you think of that?" The man in question is fair-minded, and he answered straight away, "It is Gaelic matches like that one that make me afraid I've been following the wrong code most of my life."

That's the kind of game it was, the kind of game that left everyone looking ahead with eager anticipation to the year before us.

For here we are, with the sun at our backs, and looking forward to another championship season, even though the league semi-finals and finals have yet to be played and won.

Of course, nowadays, the championships have begun in Leinster and Ulster before ever the National League campaigns are concluded and I saw, a couple of seasons ago, a man play on his county's second string and lose in the first round of the championship, and the following Sunday he gained a senior National League medal with his county's senior side, and yet he

never figured on his county's selection at any level since.

But what always keeps me interested at even "ordinary" National League matches through the Winter is this, I like to keep an eye and an ear for the good young prospects that these league games so often produce, and then I watch out for the progress these youngsters make during the championship. To take a case in point—actually it is the case of a man I have not been able to see play as yet—and that man is the current choice in the full-back role for Kilkenny, Jim Lynch.

Before the All-Ireland final last September, when I took a trip down Kilkenny way, I was told by more than one good judge of hurling that the best full-back prospect in the county was this young Lynch from Mooncoin.

Indeed the only thing they had against him was that they thought it would be too much of a risk to send a lad in to play at full-back in an All-Ireland final in his very first inter-county senior game.

After the All-Ireland, though, Kilkenny did not seem too keen to put him into the line-out either and it was only in their last league match before Christmas that he made his first intercounty appearance. Now, while he has not won very spectacular notices thus far from the critics, he is the only member of the Kilkenny full-back line that has been retained in the same position ever since, and the number of scores obtained off him by opposing full-forwards has been amazingly small.

And I noticed that, after the league game in Cork, when the Leesiders so surprisingly, and convincingly beat Kilkenny, full-back Lynch was the only man on the

whole Kilkenny side to whom the *Cork Examiner* reporter paid special tribute. It will be interesting to see how he fares from now on, all the more so as I understand that Jim Lynch began as a full-back, moved to full-forward, while still a minor, and then moved back to full-back again.

But I thought the big news recently was that Cork revival as shown in that victory over Kilkenny. Whether that was a flash in the pan or not remains to be seen, but the very fact that Cork have conquered the All-Ireland champions sounds a warning to every other county in Ireland. After all it is ten years since the Corkmen last appeared at Croke Park on All-Ireland day. Their return is long over-due. But there is a hard row for anyone to hoe in Munster this year!

* * *

CLARE'S NEW 'FULL'

JIM WOODS of Newmarket-on-Fergus is Clare's new hurling full-back and it is interesting to note how he was discovered. Prior to meeting Galway recently in the National League a trial game was arranged between county champions, Newmarket-on-Fergus and the rest of the county. Jim Woods was the Newmarket goalkeeper of long standing but when a defender failed to field he was moved out into the full back position. There he was opposed by none other than the county's leading forward and Railway Cup player, Jimmy Smith. However, Woods surprised the entire attendance by not alone blotting out the great Ruanman but also proving to be one of the finest defenders on the field.

The result was that when the selectors sat down to pick the team to meet Galway the Newmarket man was an obvious choice for full back. And so it was that a week later he made his inter-county debut and had yet another good game.



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FOOTBALL IN THE 'SIXTIES

By JOE LENNON

LET me make it quite clear at the outset that this is not a general directive to all those people who are in charge of a panel of county players. Furthermore, do not assume that what I suggest might be useful for a group of skilled players is applicable in its entirety to a school or club team.

The first thing a coach must do is to ascertain the level of skill and then estimate the skill potential of individuals and of the team. He will then plan his work to revise basic skills and practices and to present a challenge to the players which is within their capabilities. Each session must include the following ingredients. Five minutes warming up period in track suits, ten minutes practice of basic skills, ten minutes functional training and then a twenty five or thirty minute game which has a very clear and well stressed objective.

Bear in mind that players require the session to provide them with general conditioning — strength exercises, cardio-vascular exercise, skill training, functional training and an opportunity to play a reasonable amount of football. It should be satisfying, challenging, enjoyable stimulating and recreative. Every player should finish the session feeling that he has gained something from it and he should be looking forward to the next session.

I cannot over-emphasise the importance of the warming-up. It is essential if the risk of strains, sprains and bruising is to be kept to a minimum. (I may add that players should ensure that boots

especially, and the rest of their kit is perfectly comfortable). If the ground is very wet, warming up should be done indoors. The major muscle groups in limbs and trunk should be exercised gently at first, and within a few minutes fairly vigorous movements should be done. Fingers, hands, wrists and arms should have been warmed up, tensed and relaxed several times. The ankles, knees and hips should be put through their full range of movement and by lying and rolling on the floor all the major surfaces of the body should have borne the body weight to tone up the large muscle groups in the back and shoulders. In the last thirty seconds, the exercise should build up to a vigorous work out which will produce about 100 per cent increase in pulse rate—this is part of the cardio-vascular phase. In other words, by the end of five minutes the most of the blood will have been shunted from the gut to the skeletal muscles and the heart prepared for maximum work output.

Without any break, the players should then start a skill phase. With a ball to every two or three, name the skill and start the practice. If it is the catch for example—they should build up a resilience in fingers, arms and shoulders by catching easy balls with an over-emphasised “snatch and grab” action. While they are waiting for their turn, they should clap their hands vigorously, tense upper limb muscles and generally build up to a keen pitch of kinaesthetic awareness. This only takes a couple of

minutes but is well worth while remembering that the first ball they try to catch may turn out to be the most important one of the whole game—be it for the goal-keeper, back or forward.

Do not spend any more than a few minutes on this and then proceed right away to skill practices which are applicable to match situations. Hence, most catches will be made at full speed, under pressure and with possession as the objective. Do not forget all the phases of the skill. It is essential to practice catching low and high balls, and here the coach may need to correct faulty positioning of the hands, trunk and legs. In general—keep the eyes open ALL the time, the weight behind the ball and the legs ready to sprint on after possession—rather than land and stop. Aim for fluency—sprint forward, spring or crouch, grasp firmly, clutch tightly, land and move off—at speed. The use of peripheral vision should be stressed from the outset in all skill practices. Even though the player has his eyes fixed on the ball, he should learn to “notice” what is happening in almost the whole 180° plane in front of him. This awareness will give him that extra split second to decide what is best to do after gaining possession.

Every player should keep moving all the time during this phase, it should serve as general conditioning for play. However, the players should try to put in as much effort as possible into everything they do in this phase.

(Continued overleaf)

(Continued from page 17)

Moving on then to the functional training of various sections of the team. This means putting the players in their position in separate small groups and giving them practices which will improve their game in their position. Hence, the full backs and full forwards can be in one group and situations created which resemble match conditions. For example, positioning and preparation for high balls delivered into the goal area. A steady supply of high, low, fast and slow balls arriving inside the twenty-one yard line; the forwards endeavour to score and the backs try to clear to a certain area of the field—not just a wild kick out.

In this phase the coach will prompt the players on how they might perform their role better. This should be competitive. The backs should prevent a score four out of five or six times and concede only occasional fifties.

It is in this vital functional phase work that the basis for team tactics is laid. These tactics will evolve from the coach and players in conjunction rather than be superimposed by the coach. Spontaneity should not be surpassed unless it has obvious bad results. If necessary the speed of the game may be artificially slowed down to enable the tactic to be explained and performed but this should not happen often. If it is not fairly

obvious right away then it is probably too sophisticated. Simplicity should be the keynote for tactics.

In any one session, the coach should plan one main objective and emphasise this all the way through. It may be the improvement of kicking (and scoring) and so in the skill phase, the functional practice phase and the practice game, he must keep emphasising and prompting the proper kick for the situation in hand.

In this short note, it is extremely difficult to put down what precisely will benefit the group most. Bear in mind that the whole session should be carefully planned so that there are no breaks or time wasting. If anything has to be said to the group as a whole, the coach should be able to collect the players, say his piece and start the work again in two minutes. Generally, advice will be given to individuals or groups and the coach should move around to do this rather than fetch the players to him.

Warming down is an important part of athletic training and if players are hearing of this for the first time, perhaps it is easiest to explain that just as it was necessary to build up slowly and force the blood to the skeletal muscles so it is now necessary to reverse this process. Much of the early season stiffness can be avoided by paying careful attention to this aspect of the session. Physiologically speaking, it is sound advice to put the feet up even on the mantelpiece) after strenuous work. This allows the waste products in the muscle tissue to be drained away in the blood rather than stagnate in the tissue where they can cause distension, pain and stiffness.

Don't get the idea that all this business is too complicated to understand. Basically it is just plain common sense. At the same time, don't ignore the fact that there is much more to it than meets the eye.

(Continued next month)



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O'DONNELL ABU

By PÁDRUIG Ó NEÍLL

DOWN Wexford way, they breed men big and strong, active and independent men, men of rare character and men of rarer sporting quality. You never need worry about whether you ought or ought not attend a hurling game when Wexford are playing: they always play an outstanding game, and they are never disgraced.

Not mind you that they always win. And, in fact, I do not think that it worries them too much if they lose. Once the game is over, Wexford men turn their thoughts to other things. It's all or nothing for them for sixty minutes and then, let it be said at the end that the better team has won.

People say from time to time that the reason why Wexford teams always look bigger than the opposition is that the jerseys they wear tend to give some kind of optical illusion. Do not believe it. The reason is far simpler. Wexford men are bigger—in body and in heart.

Many of the great players of Wexford have been considered as symbolic of their county's men, from Seán Kennedy, the namesake of the late U.S. President, who led Wexford to four All-Irelands in a row, down to Nickey Rackard, symbol of the modern era, with skill to mark his magnificent physique, and spirit to go with both.

If the symbol of the more recent Wexford were to be anyone in particular, I think that it should be Nick O'Donnell, a man who served a good hurler's lifetime at full-back, and now bids fair to

start another one at the field's other end. I watched Nick the other Sunday playing the important League game against Waterford, and truly I was amazed at the man's enthusiasm and dash; and his knowledge of the play of the full-forward position was so thorough that it could only have been learned by close observation of the best points of all his opponents over the years.

On this performance it was difficult to realise that Nick had decided last year to retire from the game. Indeed, Dan Quigley, was being trained to take his place. Incidentally, Dan looks like doing a very good job of Nick's old place. And, I think I can understand why Nick was ready to call it a day. He looked much slower than his usual form in the All-Ireland of two years ago, when Tipperary outstayed the Wexfordmen. Nick, I'd say, blamed himself a little for the inability of the Wexford backs to keep out that strong Tipperary last quarter attack. I'd say he realised that he might have stood between Wexford and defeat three or four years earlier if presented with similar circumstances.

Well, that may be right, and then again it may not. The point surely is that any man cannot be perfect all the time, and age is a great leveller even of the greatest. So Nick thought that only worse days lay in store. It was surely a lucky chance that caused the selectors to ask him to try the full-forward position. Nick now looks like a man who knows full well that he has been given a new lease of life. He bounds around like

the youngest of them before the throw-in, full of the tingle of excitement, ready for the adventure which every game now holds for him in his new position.

It is another example, of course, of the rejuvenating effect of a change of position. Many a good player has lost his form simply by being too long in the same position; equally many have regained it in the adventure of facing the problems of a new one. O'Donnell is one more such. But, the most remarkable thing about his new lease of form is that he seems to have regained all his old speed and dash, his quickness off the mark is far more marked than it was in his last years at full-back.

Nick is big built, sinewy in the legs, and heavy in the trunk, with the wide hips of the farmer and the rolling gait practised of many days in strenuous work. The black hair, the long, strong line of the face, and the typically Irish nose show an ancestry as native as the soil of Wexford itself. He looks like a man who enjoys his game of hurling for the pleasure it gives him, and the relaxation which it provides from the week's work.

O'Donnell has a great name as a sportsman, truly earned in an unblemished career. He has also a great name as a wholehearted trier as well as a magnificent full-back. Who knows but that before he does retire he may well have done sufficient to be remembered too as a great full-forward. What an object-lesson to young hurlers is this 38-year-old Kilkenny-born Wexford hero.

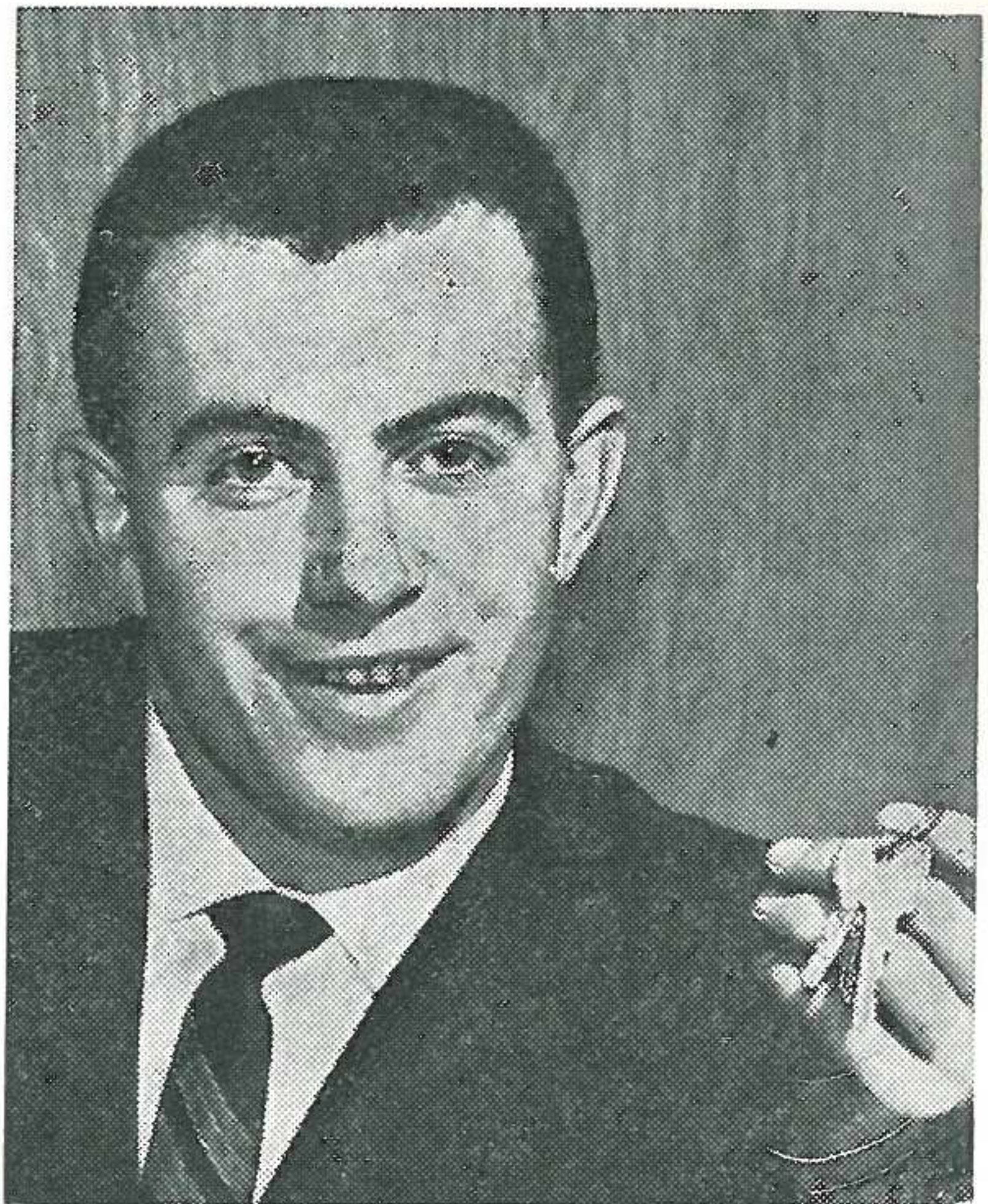
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KEVIN MUSSEN

Down's new team manager

I FIRST learnt of Kevin Mussen's appointment as Down team manager through the local press. The news article was brief and to the point. It stated that Kevin Mussen, who had captained the Down team to its memorable and historic 1960 All-Ireland triumph, was now the new team manager. He was succeeding Warrenpoint man, Barney Carr, who had relinquished the post but who was remaining on as a selector. With the thought in mind that 1964 could well be "make or break" year for Down, I set out to find the man, who had been entrusted with the task of leading the Mournemen back once more.

Newcastle, Co. Down in Summer is a beautiful holiday resort. When I visited Kevin Mussen there, on a cold and rainy February night, it was as dreary and uninviting as the bleakest moor. Seated beside a glowing fire, however, I soon forgot the weather.

Whilst I drank a cup of tea provided by his charming wife, I discussed with Kevin his new position as team manager, and his hopes for Down in 1964.

The appointment of a manager for county teams is a fairly recent innovation on the G.A.A. scene. I asked Kevin therefore what exactly were his responsibilities as manager, and if he felt this innovation was a good idea. He told me that he would be in charge of tactics both on and off the field, but would not be directly responsible for the team's fitness. This task would be left in the capable

hands of trainer, Danny Flynn. Kevin is enthusiastically in favour of the team manager idea. In his opinion players will pay more attention to the instructions of an individual, than they will to the collective advice of a group of people.

Kevin has no illusions about the difficulty of Down's task in trying to recapture major honours this year. He feels that it requires a tremendous effort on the part of any team, no matter how great, to reach its peak twice during its playing career. Furthermore, Down's long run of success is in Kevin's estimation, more of a hindrance now than a help, because the team has nothing new to aim at—no new frontiers to conquer.

However, he is anything but despondent. He believes that the introduction of fresh talent will help foster a new zeal and determination within the team. Young players like Val Kane, Larry Powell and Eamonn Downey will in time, Kevin hopes, fill with distinction the positions vacated by older players going into retirement. He is confident Down can remain on top in Ulster despite the emergence of new teams like Antrim, Fermanagh and Donegal. Outside of Ulster he expects Dublin, Kerry and Galway to provide the toughest obstacles to Down, in their quest for highest honours in 1964.

These then are the views of the man who will endeavour to lead Down back into prominence. They can hardly be taken lightly, for

few are better equipped to assess the Mournemen's capabilities than Kevin Mussen — one of that county's most illustrious football sons. Kevin's long playing career in the Red and Black of Down began about seventeen years ago, when he lined out for the Down minors. Prior to that he had already made a name for himself in college football. A pupil at St. Colman's College, Newry, he won two McRory Cup (Ulster Colleges S.F.C.) medals with his school in 1948 and '49. He also helped the Ulster Colleges to two memorable inter-provincial titles in '49 and '50. Playing alongside Kevin on those occasions were schoolboys later to become famous with other counties — John McKnight (Armagh), Patsy Breen (Derry) and Kevin Beahan (Louth).

It was not long until Kevin was promoted from the Down minor team to the seniors. There he began a distinguished career that culminated in his captaincy of the Down team to its first ever All-Ireland triumph in 1960. But long before Down's emergence as a top class county, Mussen's name was a household one throughout Gaeldom. He had given many fine displays for Ulster, with whom he won a Railway Cup medal in 1956, and had represented the Combined Universities and Ireland before Down's rise to fame.

From the many famous footballers he has opposed Kevin rates Sean Purcell of Galway and Pdraig Carney of Mayo as the greatest. The most unforgettable moment of his momentous career was in 1960 when he stepped up to receive the Sam Maguire Cup, after Down's crushing defeat of Kerry in the All-Ireland final.

As I said goodbye to Kevin Mussen, fondly holding his young daughter Grainne, two thoughts were upper-most in my mind. Firstly, that he has remained completely unaffected by all his success. Secondly—Down could hardly have chosen a better man for the difficult job which lies ahead.

SCRAPBOOK

By EAMONN YOUNG

IF I moan any further about the failure of Munster football teams they'll stick me, head first in a lonely mountain bog-hole. So I'll concentrate on my own personal formula for success and in striking an affirmative note we will perhaps avoid the melancholy which has since 1949 attended our Railway Cup efforts in football.

We must have a trial—a real one—early in November. The players, no matter how hard-worked, will not object for they will know how important the game is and the honour of the provincial jersey is not lightly taken by any of them.

In fact some of these Munster players train hard on their own and most of them resent very vigorously the suggestion that

they make no real effort to get in trim.

After this trial, which *must* be approached by all in serious mood, the team should be announced straight away and the selected men will settle down to a months well-earned rest and forget about the games until Christmas has passed.

Then when the days lengthen the cock's step between Christmas and the Women's Feast the players will be getting gradually into form and don't let anyone fool you into thinking that the men who are selected won't be anxious to get a bit of training done.

In these days there are facilities for indoor training that did not exist twenty years ago and the lads will avail of them. The first games

of the National League in the spring will thus show the Railway Cup men in good form and don't forget they know well that the public expects a good performance from them in these intercounty games.

A bit of encouragement, a spot of criticism, a guiding hand now and then—all players, and children need it. In Munster we must wake up and give it, for the days when we can send out a half-fit team to beat either of the other three provinces are gone forever — and rightly so.

—oOo—

Coláiste Ollscoile Corcaí had a really memorable year in 1963 for they won both the Cork hurling and football championships. So very rightly they decided to celebrate and their guests included representatives of the teams they beat—such rather formidable personalities as Christy Ring, Doney Donovan, Liam Dowling and Jimmy Brohan. Tadg Carey smiled rather ruefully at the fact that the toast to the guests which he was proposing saluted the major portion of the gathering and he wondered if he was going to leave someone out. The students are always a stimulating gay bunch and indeed their enthusiasm is personified in the ever-youthful inspiring and provocative approach to everything shown by that champion hurler mid-fielder Jim Hurley.

Jim Hurley of Clonakilty was a battalion commandant in the I.R.A. before he was twenty. When peace came to Ireland again he worked hard at public administration and at his studies. In 1926 he won the first of his four All-Irelands with a Cork team that was to be great, and he finished at full-back in '34 after a career that is not forgotten

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by those who know hurling. After a spell away from home as Meath County Manager, Jim returned and for some years has been the a very energetic secretary of U.C.C. Regularly a Cork selector in either football or hurling Jim is this year helping in the long-awaited return to hurling glory.

—oOo—

Speaking of that, the hurling world (including baffled Kilkenny) is wondering just how good this "new" Cork team is. Certainly in the hiding it gave the All-Ireland champions it surprised us all. Yet eleven of those players were on the side that went under to Tipperary in Thurles last November by more points than I'd care to say. The men are fundamentally the same; it's the spirit was different. At this time of year the gap in performance is caused not so much by ability as by training and I'm convinced that the grim humour in which the Cork public has of recent times approached the hurling problem has inspired players to get out

there and get fit. There was always a Corkman on the ball in this Kilkenny game and when a Noresider was slow to clear there were two red-jerseyed opponents breathing fire down his neck. This is the surest sign of a fitter team. But let's not get over confident. From this on everybody will be getting fitter and then it's ability and guts will matter. Let's hope we have those also.

—oOo—

B.Q.M.Sgt. Stacey of Athlone Custume Barracks caused a few eyebrows to lift at the annual meeting of the club. He said that only those who knew their jobs should be appointed to officiate at matches. It appears that in a football game in Athlone an umpire wanted to disallow a point because the man who kicked it *WAS OFF-SIDE*.

I wonder was it from Television the umpire got his knowledge?

—oOo—

Crosshaven were playing a junior football game some time ago when

they met an unusual set-back. One of their men was put off the field for heading the ball and the referee reported the player for using soccer tactics. At the subsequent meeting at which the Crosshaven delegate bemoaned the player's fate, he admitted that heading the ball was indeed a foul but it was hard luck to be put off the field when the lad had never been connected with soccer. Now I don't agree that the man should have been sent off at all. There's nothing in the rule book which says it's wrong to head the ball, but the incident reminds me of a story.

About 50 years ago there was a football game in Youghal between the local men and a team from Cork. The referee was Jerry Beckett who won All-Ireland championships in football, sprinting and should have had a hurling medal also but that's another story. Jerry was a great character, witty, shrewd and a great debater. Anyway he didn't like soccer and soon after the game started it was obvious that the city men were pretty good at the game.

In those days many players played both games. Anyway there was a very neat little city forward whose twinkling feet were fooling the country boys and things really came to a head for Jerry when a fast ball flying across the goal was met by the little city man's head rocketted to the back of the Youghal net. Jerry's whistle blew madly, he called the small man and like our referee of recent weeks sent him off. The city followers were aghast and streamed on to the field led by a highly irate priest with a big umbrella.

"Jerry, Jerry" says the priest, "Why did you do that? Why did you put the man off?"

"Dangerous play Father," says Jerry evenly.

"Dangerous play?" repeated the priest with dismay.

"Yes, Father," says the referee. "That poor boy could have broken his neck."

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THE MAN WHO HURLS WITH

THERE is a song which enjoyed a little basking popularity a year or two ago, all about a great hulking train stuck half-way up a steep hill. Like the man who fell among thieves all manner of powerful snobbish engines passed it by and never gave it a glance, until the little hero-engine came to the rescue. Little and sturdy. It tackled in to the task of getting that huge load to the top, chugging along industriously and clicking out its song:

"I think I can, I think I can..."

A great little grafter that little engine. And every time I see Theo English play, for some strange reason I think of that little engine tolling away, chugging away, up that tough incline with all that great load behind. Though maybe it is not so strange at all, for Theo is the prince of grafters. Somewhat little, too, and the sort of chap you really ought not to expect to win games on his own.

Theo English is a surprise packet in more ways than one. I think he surprised the Tipperary selectors even before he surprised Tipperary's opponents. First of all, he came from a place which had no right to produce a great Tipperary hurler; and from a team, Marlfield, playing junior, and moderately, too. There is a tradition, of course, that Carrick-on-Suir is hurling country, but Tipperary men will not believe you if you say that you have discovered a good hurling prospect in the rest of the south. That is football territory, they will tell you.

So, I say, Tipperary selectors could simply not believe their eyes and ears when English of Marl-

field forced himself into their reckoning amongst the prospects for centre-field. He got a game or two. Someone else was tried, when he was not a spectacular success. Even his style could not have aided him: spectacle is sometimes better than industry, at least where catching the selectorial eye is concerned.

But, at last, everyone came round to the inevitable conclusion that he was the man for the centre of Tipperary's field. John Hough,

By JAY DRENNAN

big burly reliable John Hough, was hurling great stuff: it was a good time for a promising newcomer to come on to the Tipperary team in the centre position. Theo English was soon established, and the selectors have since broadened their minds to include the deep south, and even junior clubs.

Ever since then Theo has been chugging up and down and around with his short-legged gait, apparently only moving from the hips down, his twinkling legs pitter-pattering across the hurling fields of the country. And Theo may be small, but he is strong and sturdy. And from that sturdy strength comes his immense stamina, for he always seems to be on the move. And he doesn't give the impression of being electrically fast, yet, he never fails to get there. That is the secret of Theo's hurling brain, his anticipation and reading of the game, which his innate intelligence guides.

More than almost any other

Theo English hurls with his legs and his head. Year by year, you notice a little extra thickness in the trunk, and maybe a pound or two on the rere but the legs are always the same—give or take a bandage round the knee. They are strong, firmly made legs—the legs of a stayer. It is on them that Theo's career depends. If one day they begin to grow flabby, or if they get weak under pressure, that will be the end of the road for him. We have no indication of that happening: long may it be averted.

Black-haired, sharp-eyed Theo English is not shaped on the lines of the classic hero of fiction, but he has countless times been the knight in armour to rescue damsel Tipperary from a fate at least as bad as death. Not by spectacular hurling, though I believe that what Theo does would look supremely spectacular done by anybody else. The way he does it, it always has the look of the utilitarian about it — just good journeyman work. Even when he launches his solo runs deep into the enemy trenches, it does not look spectacular: no more than a small boy running an errand for his mother would look spectacular.

It seems to be the necessary thing to do at that stage; the thing you feel that you would have done yourself in the circumstances. And when Theo pushes up behind the forwards, and picks up a loose clearance which he forthwith bangs to the top-corner of the net, it seems altogether so logical, so much the thing one would have expected of any centre-fielder worthy of his salt, that it causes little comment. Yet, there is the

HIS LEGS AND HIS HEAD

very reason for Theo English's worth as a player, if only we had thought of it at the time.

The very reason why he looks utilitarian is because he is utilitarian. He has realised better than anyone I have ever seen play that the secret of effectiveness is to do the basic essentials really well. He does them simply but efficiently. Nothing spectacular, for he knows that the spectacular is only achieved by someone who is over-reaching himself in trying to do what is normally not possible. He knows that those who manage one thing which is spectacular, must fail in ten or twenty or thirty other attempts like it.

So he concentrates in eliminat-

ing the element of chance by making sure to succeed as often as possible, and being confident that simple, modest, but continuous success is better far than crowd-raising exuberance which succeeds just once in a while. And that is why, when Theo sets off on a solo, that it is the only logical thing to do—the field is untenanted ahead, there is no colleague unmarked, he is out of range for a score—so he carries the ball forward. But, think hard. Have you ever seen him soloing for the sake of soloing, or even trying to beat a man by soloing round him. I doubt it. Because that would be introducing the element of chance; and the element of chance is what

Theo English has spent most of his days eliminating from his game. And that is also why he hardly ever plays less than most efficiently.

In fact, greatness is not a word to be applied to him, nor magnificence, nor any other of those superlatives. They insult his game. Its highest praise, and his highest praise, is to say that he played with the utmost efficiency. Like the little train I told you about, Theo just chugs about his business: let others court the brilliance, if they wish. A wonderful grafter. But, then, did not somebody say that genius is — what was it—ninety nine per cent. perspiration and one per cent inspiration.

Michael Connaughton — Veteran At Eighteen

By Brian Dyson

MAYO is struggling to get back. It is an arduous battle, often frustrating and at times disheartening. During the periods of depression there are wishful sighs for the men that are gone — for Padraic Carney, Prendergast, Langan and the other greats of a decade and more ago.

But then the cloud passes and hope blazes forth once more. Young men perform feats very much reminiscent of the glorious past. A new Carney or Langan is hailed and then anxiously watched lest he be but a vain promise. One such current Mayo hope is Michael Connaughton of Claremorris.

Connaughton comes on the Mayo senior scene backed by an almost unequalled minor record. In 1961,

when he was but sixteen, he was one of the stars of the county side which qualified for the All-Ireland final. They lost to Cork—but the fault was not his.

In 1962 he was even better but once more they failed to capture the minor crown—this time being beaten by Kerry. Last year it looked like been third time lucky but it was not to be.

Still all of this top-grade minor competition has moulded Connaughton into a most competent and skilful performer. He had the benefit of a thorough apprenticeship and is now fully equipped for senior service.

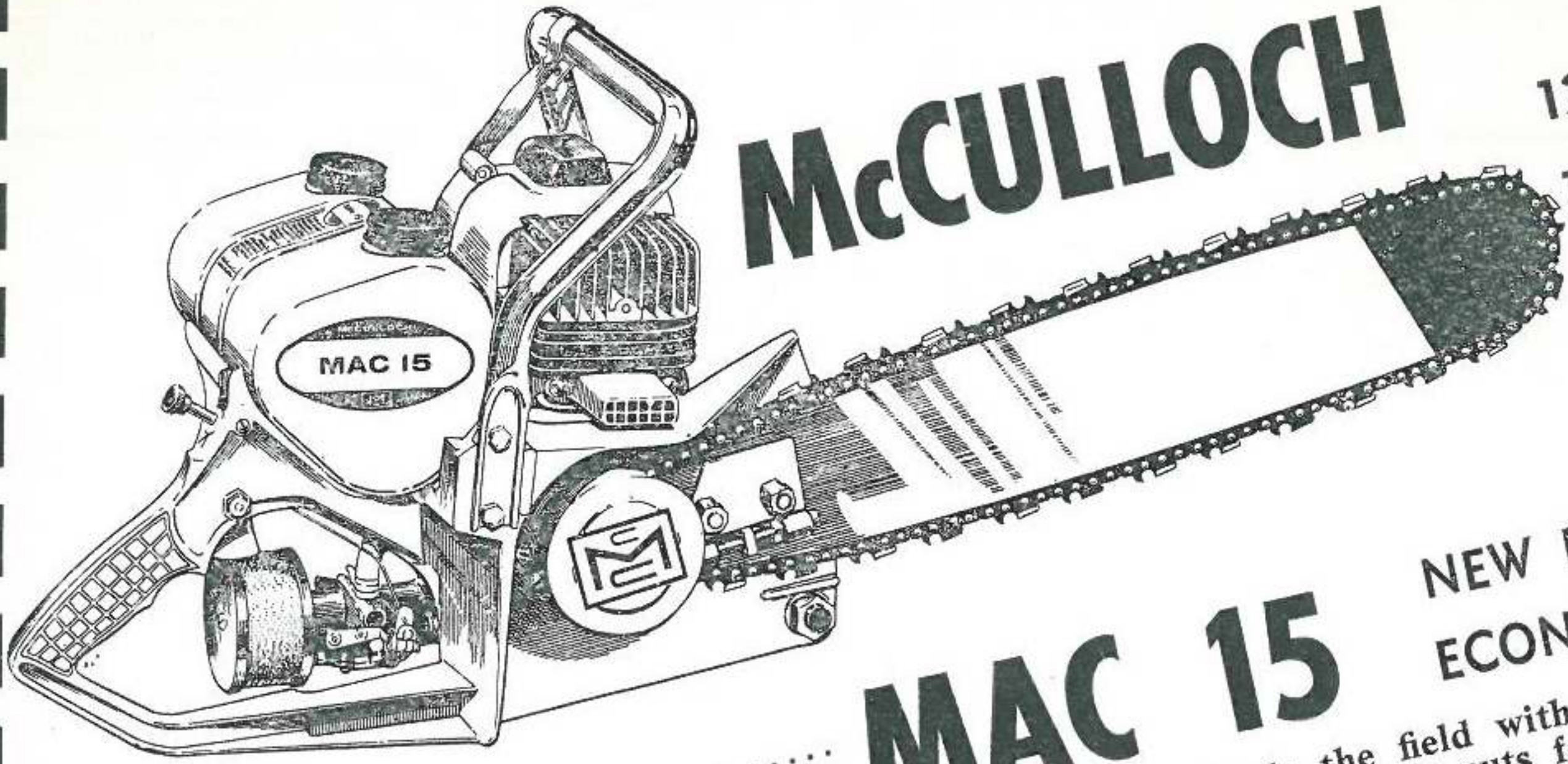
Michael is a product of St. Colman's College and during his short career has given tremendous service to the home club. They

graduated to senior ranks in 1961 and a year later captured the county title. Quite recently they were back to take the county senior league crown and on that form are well fancied to regain the championship this year.

Connaughton certainly has much in common with the great Padraic Carney—in physique, early recognition and in being equally at home at mid-field and on the forty yards.

He has all of the confidence and football maturity necessary to don the mantle of the "Flying Doctor" and I believe that here is one instance where early hopes will be fully justified.

Michael Connaughton, a veteran at eighteen, is one reason why Mayo will be back.



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MATT BRITTON: STILL ACTIVE AT 88

IF you wish to contact him on a Sunday afternoon, just call into the handball alley at Bray, and whether it is a senior championship game or a batch of juveniles playing in the local league, you can rest assured that he will be there. For such is the calibre of Matt Britton, the grand old man of Wicklow handball, who has been the mainstay of the Bray Club for nearly half a century—sharing in its many successes and urging it on to better effort in the days when victories were not commonplace.

Today, at eighty-eight his appetite for the game is not yet satiated, and he shines as a beacon for the younger generation of Wicklow handballers who are now carrying on the good work, that he helped in no small way to initiate.

From his earliest years Matt Britton showed signs that he possessed all the qualifications for a top-class player, but unfortunately he lived in an era when only world-beaters gained recognition and a twist of fickle fortune would reveal the capabilities of a good handballer. Still he enjoyed regular sessions in the playing court and his memoirs tell us that his favourite haunts were Oulart and Blackwater and the court in Wexford Park.

This century had just been born when Matt arrived in Bray to play his part as a pioneer of handball in the area. About 1920 the Bray Club entered competitive handball and took part in the Dublin leagues and championship. Shortly afterwards it transferred its allegiance to Wicklow and here again Matt as, chairman, was the

leading light in guiding the club from success to success. League and championship trophies were triumphantly returned to Bray with monotonous regularity. And it goes on record that the club took eleven senior, eleven junior, two minor, two novice and one league title during Matt's reign in this position.

But, perhaps, it is the year 1930 that stands out most vividly in his handballing memories. In the role of county selector, he played a major part in coaching present-day Leinster Council G.A.A. Secretary, Martin O'Neill and the late L. Sherry, to an All-Ireland senior softball doubles success. The pair of them won out again the next year and stand supreme as the only Wicklow players ever to have won a senior All-Ireland. Both of them have always acknowledged the benefit of Matt's training and even to this day Martin O'Neill will sing his praises.

In latter years Mr. Britton has taken a well-earned rest from the rigours of administration and after his many years of loyal service does he not deserve it. Yet is it a coincidence that his son-in-law,

Dick Arnold, is carrying on the good work and playing a major part in keeping Wicklow handball to the forefront. Secretary of the County Board, he was elected Chairman of the Leinster Council at last year's convention, and in a season where diverse situations found their way to the boardroom, he showed himself as an official with integrity and the courage to make decisions, irrespective of how any party might accept them. His interest in the general welfare of the game knows no bounds, and when necessity demanded it some-time ago, he made a number of hardballs, an art at which he is highly proficient.

That is the story of Matt Britton and the man who has stepped in to continue the good work where he had left off. A short while ago, the Bray club held a very enjoyable function and made a presentation to the old Maestro.

The enthusiasm with which he was received that night was only indicative of the esteem in which he has been held down the years, for his contribution to handball has been incalculable.

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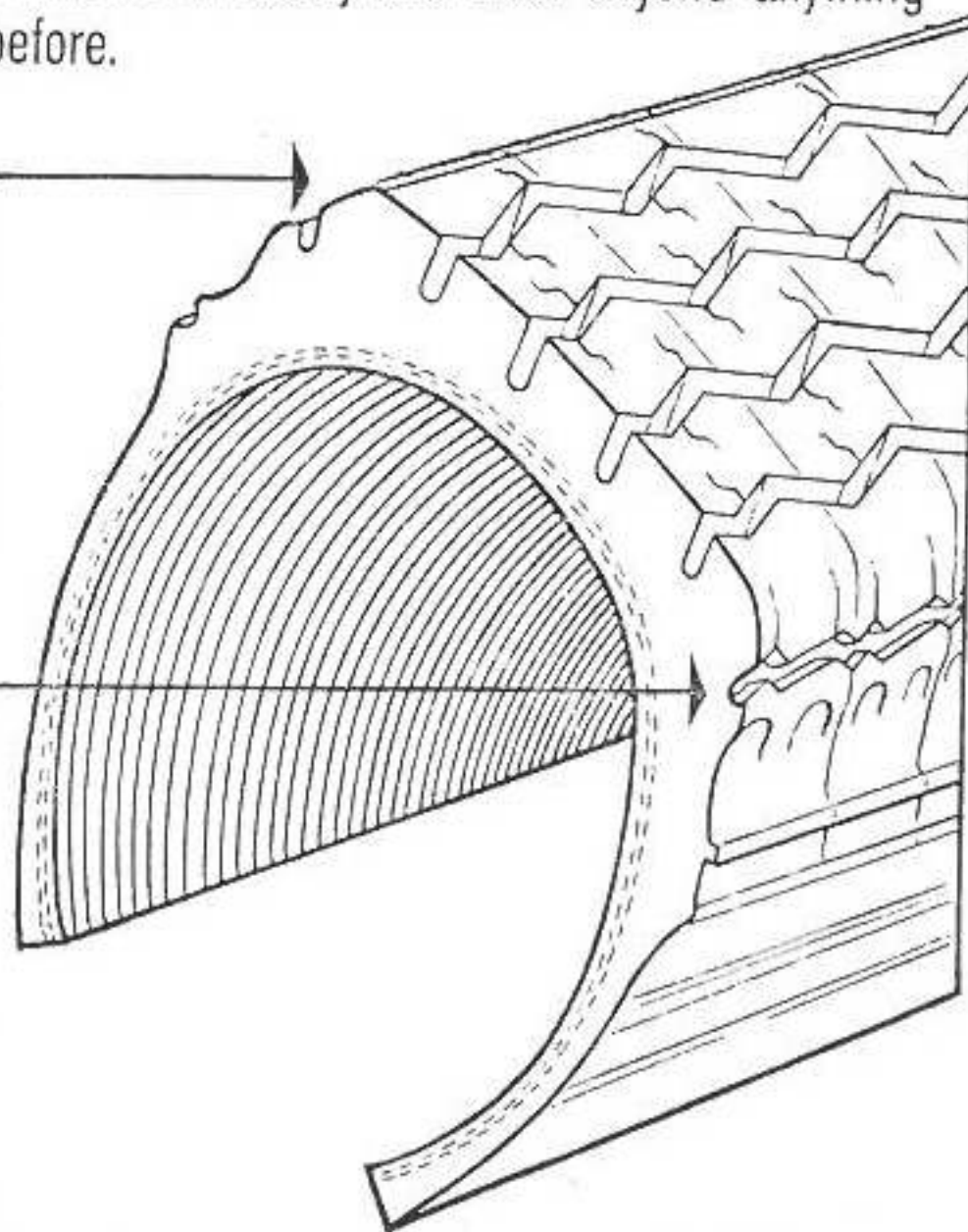
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NEW SEASON GETS UNDER WAY

By Agnes Hourigan

WITH the coming of Spring, the camogie season really starts throughout the country, for only in the cities like Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, is the game kept going throughout the year. It is true that, in some counties we have games going on up to Christmas and after, but these are the back-log of the previous year's championships, and are usually played under bad conditions and at a time when enthusiasm is at its lowest ebb.

In recent years we have had the Leinster Colleges' competition in the Autumn which has given a brief but tasty fillip to the game in the East of the country, and I do feel that, if and when an All-Ireland Colleges' championship comes into being a move that cannot be much longer delayed, it would be a good idea for the various provinces to do as Leinster do now and play off the provincial championships in the colleges grade before Christmas.

Then the All-Ireland games could be played off between Christmas and Easter and the last term of the school year would be left free for studies, an all-important consideration and rightly so, with head-mistresses.

Incidentally it is slightly amusing to note that one of the results of the success of the Leinster Colleges' camogie championship has been an attempt to revive interest in hockey in the schools around Dublin.

One wonders if the hockey people became worried at the progress camogie was making, or was

it just that the publicity accorded to the colleges camogie games, inspired the hockey people to become more active too?

In any case with a junior as well as a senior competition in Leinster next season, and every prospect of a colleges' camogie championship being inaugurated in Munster, there is every hope that we shall see the All-Ireland Colleges' camogie championship established in the not too distant future.

Incidentally I was surprised recently to discover that hockey has made so much progress of late in Munster and I feel that it is lack of camogie in many schools in the southern province that is causing the trouble. An intensive drive to spread camogie is needed in all provinces. And again the answer must come from the schools.

Indeed I was amazed to find, when I went down to Galway for the Ashbourne Cup competition that all the Queen's players and the vast majority of the young U.C.D. players were all products of the Ulster Colleges' competition. One would expect that, of course, from Belfast but not from University College, Dublin which traditionally used to draw its strength from the city and the South.

Now the majority of the U.C.D. players hail from Derry, Armagh and Down. Indeed the only Leinster player from outside Dublin itself who played in the Ashbourne series was a Kilkenny girl on the winning Galway team.

Incidentally it would be unfair to close the ledger on a very

pleasant Ashbourne series without paying tribute to an institution which has not been too popular in camogie circles before now, Telefís Eireann. Not alone did the television people give a good pre-view of the games before hand, but they provided a very enjoyable and reasonably long view of the game itself on the following Wednesday night.

The extract showed, as the brief flash of last year's All-Ireland showed, that few games come across on television quite as well as camogie does and let us hope that we will see flashes from the big camogie games once the championship starts.

In the meantime, championship time will soon be at hand. The Munster draws are already made, with Cork and Tipperary "guarded" so that they cannot meet except in the final. And that should be a great game if and when they meet.

Congratulations to Deirdre Sutton and Una O'Connor on gaining All-Star Awards, it is high time that someone acknowledged the existence of camogie as a native game fit to rank with our other native games. The assumption for far too long has been that the only games worthy of mention were hurling and football.

And there could not have been more worthy recipients than Una O'Connor of the ten All-Ireland medals, and Deirdre Sutton, who though only a youngster yet has already showed wonderful brilliance as goal-keeper for Cork and Munster and of course for Glen Rovers.

BERNARD BRADY

FACE TO FACE WITH SEAN O'DONNELL



BERNARD BRADY is synonymous with the new-found football status of Donegal. He is a part of the county's future. With him and his fellow players rest the dreams and aspirations of the ancient territory of Tir Chonaill. At twenty-two he has still to reach his peak — the future therefore cannot but surpass the past.

Bernard first donned the county

jersey as a minor in 1958. the following year he graduated to the junior team and shortly afterwards joined the senior side. A medical student, he is at present a star among the host of intercounty players on the University College, Dublin team with whom he has won Dublin county championship and Sigerson Cup medals. While in the home county he plays with the Bundoran juniors.

I recently had the pleasure of this interview with him.

O'Donnell—How do you think Donegal will do in this year's championship?

Brady—I think we should come out of Ulster. The team has gained an amount of experience during the past year and it will pay dividends.

O'D.—What do you think went wrong against Down in last year's Ulster final?

B.—Nerves—that was the main trouble. Furthermore though, I believe that we were over-trained. Then there was that feeling which prevailed among many of our supporters that the game was little more than a formality. Our big victory over Cavan had made us invincible in some people's eyes and perhaps a few players shared this view too. Anyway it taught a great lesson and we all learned from it.

O'D.—Why did the team continue to show such poor form after that game?

B.—We didn't really show bad form after the Ulster final. Remember we beat Down a few weeks later in a tournament game at Irvinestown. That game, in my opinion, saw Donegal in its proper light. However towards the close of the year we did lose a few games which perhaps we should have won—but remember that we had been going hard almost the entire year.

O'D.—Do you think Donegal lacks experienced mentors on the sideline?

B.—My only criticism in this

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regard, is that there are at times too many sideline mentors. However, as far as experience and competence goes Donegal is as well served in this department as is any county in Ireland. The county owes a lot to its mentors, selectors and Board officials. They have all played a valuable part in the present resurgence. Without them it would probably never have come about.

O'D.—*Last year's selectors came in for a lot of criticism—do you think it was justified?*

B.—The criticism was most unjust and indeed unfair.

O'D.—*What do you consider to have been your finest intercounty game?*

B.—The McKenna Cup final against Cavan last year.

O'D.—*Did you always play at full-back?*

B.—No. Actually centre-field is my favourite position. I have played for the county also at full-forward and centre half-back. It was only in recent times that I was moved to full-back.

O'D.—*What forward do you least like marking?*

B.—Jimmy Whan of Armagh. He is very fast and tends to roam out-field thereby making it very difficult to mark him. I actually played on him in my first senior inter-county game and I certainly remember it.

O'D.—*Do you think that country players benefit from playing in Dublin club competitions?*

B.—Definitely — club games in Dublin are of a standard almost equal to intercounty competition and there are plenty of games. A player cannot but benefit.

O'O.—*How did you feel about marking your friend and U.C.D. team-mate, Sean Murray, in the Railway Cup final?*

B.—It was a novel experience, and a difficult one—like coming up against your brother in a boxing tournament.

O'D.—*Why do you think Donegal never won the Ulster title?*

B.—A difficult question. Perhaps they never got the support and encouragement necessary to

succeed—or they lacked experience. It is not something solely confined to Donegal whatever is the reason. Numerous other counties have failed to win a provincial senior title.

O'D.—*When you were growing up was there any player whom you idolised?*

B.—There were two — Sean Purcell and Jim McKeever.

O'D.—*When you were playing in the forwards who was the best back you came up against?*

B.—Leo Murphy — a wonderful sportsman and easily the finest defender I have played on.



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TWO GREAT ONES LEAVE THE SCENE

By Chris Murray

THIS month we bid adieu to Leitrim's sporting corner forward Cathal Flynn, who has bowed gracefully out of inter-county football. A grand forward, Cathal was a credit to his county and his football skill was second only to his sportsmanship. His fellow-county star Packy McGarty, together with Roscommon's Gerry O'Malley will represent Connacht in Gaelic Park, New York in the none too distant future in a tournament sponsored in aid of a John F. Kennedy Memorial Fund. This is due reward to two great-hearted footballers for great service to the G.A.A. We wish both bon voyage. Another retirement is that, of course, of Aidan Brady—the long-serving and magnificent Roscommon goalman. Both he and Flynn will certainly be missed on the playing fields of the West.

ST. JARLATHS

Once again St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, have won the Connacht Col-

leges S.F. title. This year they defeated a gallant St. Nathy's College, Ballaghaderreen, by 0-12 to 1-2 in a hard fought final. Their heroes on this occasion were Joe Earley of Balla, a grand corner-back, Senan Downes, the captain at full-back (a Clareman by the way) Martin Shannon of Kiltimagh at left-half back, Colm McDonagh (nephew of former star Big Pat McDonagh) and Noel McCormack of Milltown at midfield. Forwards to shine were Jimmy Duggan (son of Joe Duggan of Galway fame) and Martin Lally of Ballintubber, who shot some capital points. When this reaches print the Tuam College will, I hope, be well on their way to another Hogan Cup success.

NEW CHAIRMAN

Mr. Denis Gallagher N.T. was unanimously elected Chairman of the Connacht Council recently in succession to Mr. Luke Colleran of the well known Sligo football

family. Denis hails from Achill Island and is a former Chairman of the Mayo Board. A thorough Gael, he is a supporter of everything Irish and is equally at home when conversing through the native tongue. A man of placid temperament, Denis should make a very fine provincial chairman. Brendan Nestor of Galway fame was elected vice-chairman.

SUSPENSION

The Leitrim Board recently suspended for six months the Melvin Gaels and Aughavas Clubs after investigating scenes which occurred, when the sides met in a game at Kinlough last October. The suspensions date from the day the game was played. Aughavas are the county champions and Melvin Gaels are a very good club side too. Not so long ago we remember similar suspensions concerning Melvin Gaels and Ballinamore. It is a great pity that club games are not run off smoothly and enjoyed by the participants. We applaud the Board, for a courageous decision and hope for Leitrim's sake there will be no repetition.

DUNMORE FOR LONDON

Dunmore MacHales', Galway's premier football club are spending the Easter week-end in London. They are flying out on Holy Saturday and returning on the following Tuesday. On the Sunday they oppose a London selection at New Eltham, while on Easter Monday they will meet a leading London club side. Dunmore have a sparkling club team including John and Pat Donnellan, Seamus Leydon, Jack Mahon, Bosco McDermott, John and Tommy Keenan, Edward Sharkey, Eamonn Slattery, John Glavey, Andy O'Connor and Sean Gannon, all of whom have played

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for Galway. They should prove very worthy representatives of the Irish club scene. We wish them luck.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS

The Vocational Schools' are making their presence felt in the G.A.A. scene. Chairman of the Connacht Vocational Schools for another year is Tony Molloy, the popular Mayo official now stationed in Ballinrobe, while Eddie Gibson (Galway City) was re-elected secretary. Many county stars of past and present are making their presence felt in the organisation of these games. In Leitrim Jackie Gallagher, the former county goalkeeper is a key organiser, while over in nearby Sligo the key mentors are Padraic Keane the Sligo half-back and Colm Mullarkey of Tubbercurry, a former Sligo player. In Galway, Jack Mahon and Seamus Cullinane are playing their parts while in Mayo, Owen Roe O'Neill of Ballinrobe and Johnny Biesty of Ballyhaunis are kept busy organising competitions. Finally there is Frank Kenny of Kiltoom and Roscommon looking after affairs in that county. No wonder the Gaelic Games are becoming more popular in the Vocational Schools throughout Connacht.

MAYO'S BIG FIVE

Mayo have elected a Training Committee of FIVE to look after the senior football team's preparation for the championship campaign. All five carry fine credentials and present a first class panel of experts. They are Dr. Mick Loftus, the current referee, Sean Flanagan, Dan O'Neill, Seamus Daly and John "Dinny" Forde.

MOUNTBELLEW

Further news on the opening of Mountbellew's new G.A.A. Sportsfield is to hand. Opening day will be May 3 and it is hoped to stage a senior football game between Galway and Roscommon preceded by a hurling club challenge game between Turloughmore and Ballinasloe.

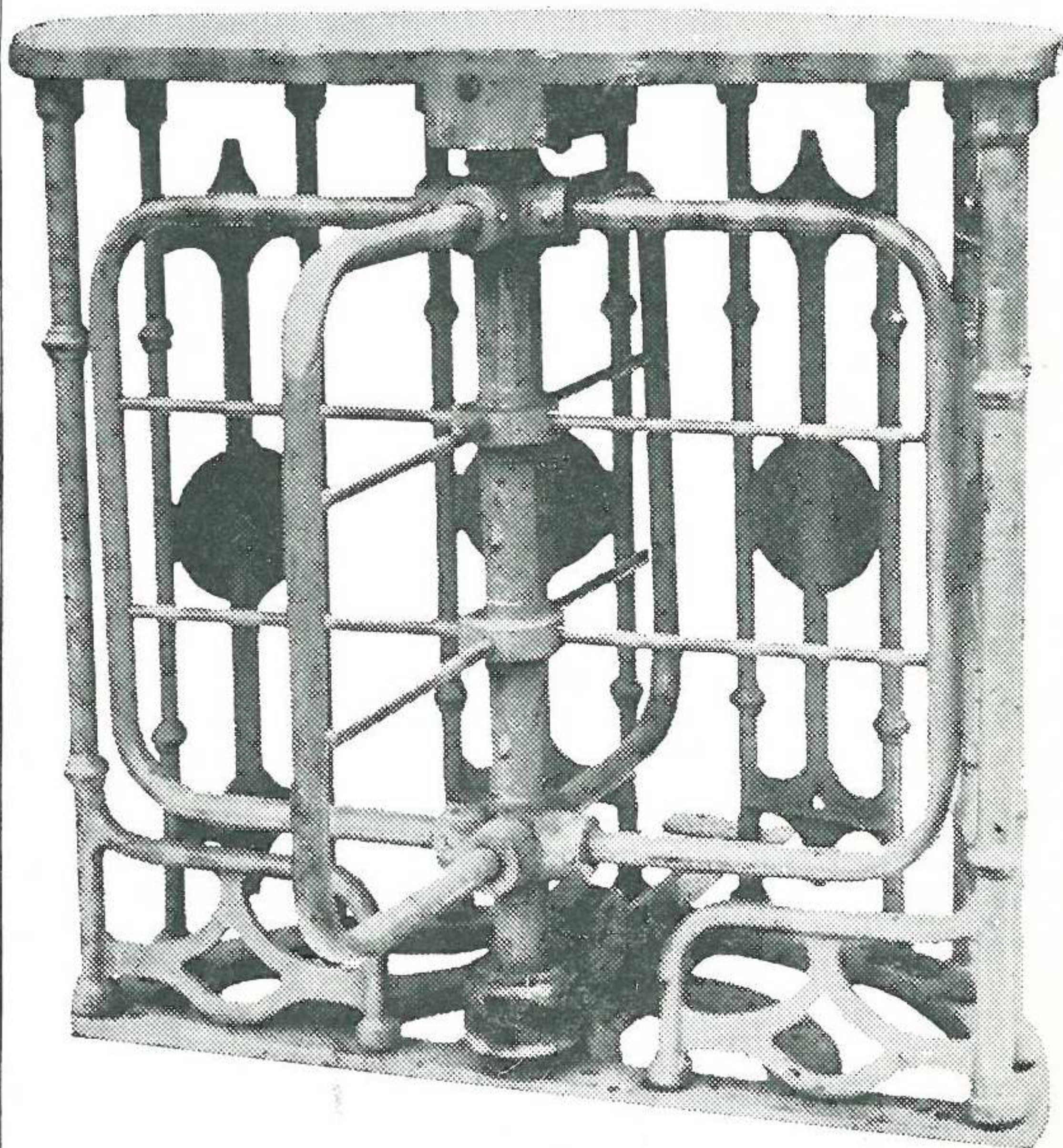
COURSE FOR REFEREES

Mick Quaine and Rev. Fr. L. Morahan, two of Galway's best referees are the men largely responsible for inaugurating a very informative course for referees held in Galway recently and sponsored by the West Galway Board. The course was well attended and we hope it will result in an uniform interpretation of our rules at least in West Galway.

CONNACHT CLUBS

Connacht has a total of 388 clubs. This is made up as follows—Galway 164, Mayo 81, Roscommon 55, Sligo 47, Leitrim 41.

The 1963 county championship roll of honour reads. Galway—S.F., Dunmore; S.H., Turloughmore; Mayo—S.F., Castlebar; Roscommon;—S.F., St. Brigid's Kiltoom; S.H., Tramore; Sligo—S.F., Ballisodare; Leitrim—S.F., Aughavas.



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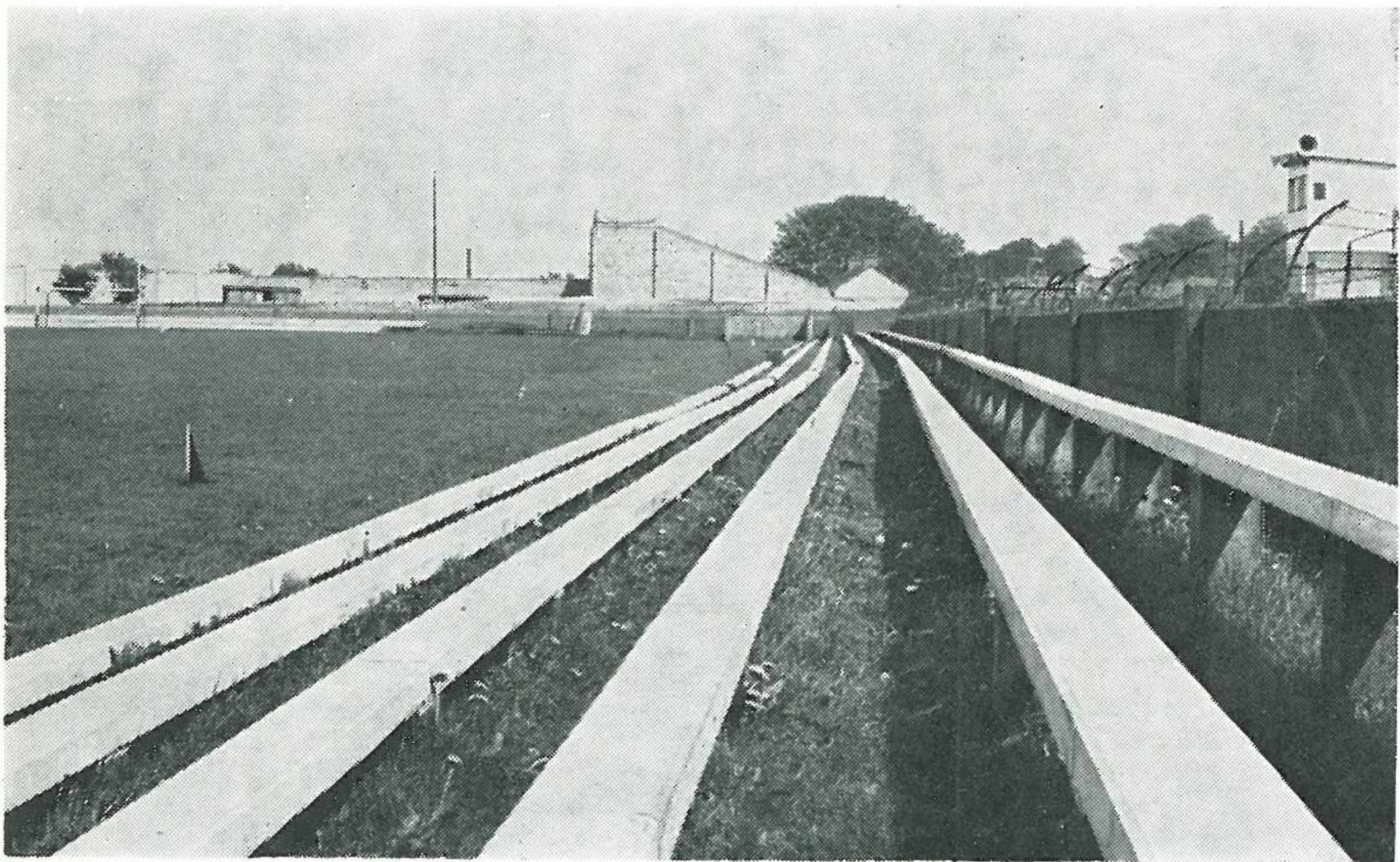
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GROUNDS DEVELOPMENT

A SURVEY OF THE G.A.A.'S NEW SCHEME

By EAMONN MONGEY

IN his report to Congress in 1956 the General Secretary wrote—

“I strongly recommend Provincial Councils to concentrate on playing fields: one ground in each province should be fully equipped to house provincial finals; this achieved, each county should concentrate on a first-class county ground. In addition, all concerned must endeavour to provide playing fields for all our clubs.”

Two years later he again drew the attention of Congress to the problem. I quote—

“The biggest problem continues to be the provision of a sufficient number of club grounds and the adequate equipping of county and provincial grounds.”

This then has been something which the General Secretary has been stressing for many years past and he makes no apology for harping on it. He was (as usual) quite right but the surprising thing is that he didn't succeed in persuading the parties concerned to formulate a proper grounds policy long before this. Perhaps this was due to the heavy Central Council commitment in developing Croke Park. Now, however, with the acceptance by the Central Council of the recommendations of the Grounds Committee the path is virtually cleared for the first big step advocated by the General Secretary—the provision of at least one ground in each province, fully equipped to house provincial finals.

The following grounds have been selected for development, the

amount to be spent on each appearing in brackets — Castlebar (£11,000), Casement Park (£30,000), Kilkenny (£40,000), Limerick (£25,000) and Thurles (£90,000).

Some of the selections have met with criticism but those who are quickest to criticise often fail to appreciate that it is not necessarily the obvious qualities of the ground which can tip the scales one way or the other. Space for parking cars, accessibility from a number of directions, even the hotel and restaurant accommodation in the town are also important considerations.

From the amounts which it is proposed to spend (half of which must be provided by the respective provinces) it is obvious that the authorities are determined to do a first class job. I couldn't agree more.

One of the dangers which confronts the G.A.A. is, paradoxically enough, that it is becoming too popular. These were some, for instance, who had misgivings about the ambitious scheme for Croke Park which was completed in 1959. This provided seating accommodation for 23,000 and standing accommodation for a further 62,000. But, not only has all this been more than filled on a couple of occasions since, there is also the fact that the seating was so much in demand that it could be sold two or three times over.

As further proof of the popularity of our games in the provinces, we saw a couple of years

ago how the gates had to be closed in Limerick for a Munster hurling final, and how last year, the crowds which attended the Ulster football final nearly enveloped Cavan town.

It was all this which prompted the recommendations of the Grounds Committee from which I quote—

“The primary purpose of these developments is to increase the grounds' capacity to accommodate the growing attendances which we believe could be still greater if our patrons and would-be patrons could be assured of seeing the games with moderate comfort . . . there is also the vital necessity in the interest of public safety and the good name of the Association of avoiding over-crowding and to make for ease in the assembling and dispersal of the crowds.”

The provision of covered seating accommodation for spectators is necessary for two main reasons. First, we have become an affluent society (*buíochas le Dia*) and are in a position to look for, and pay for, the best in spectator comfort. Second, there are among the staunchest followers of our games many who have left their youth and their health behind them. They cannot take their chance in the terraces and, so, unless we can provide them with comfortable seating, they will be unable to attend and watch the games they love so well.

In future year's it is almost certain.
(Continued overleaf)

(Continued from page 35)

tain that there will be even greater demand for accommodation at our big games as television and the press make their impact on those who are not with us at the moment. Furthermore the country is becoming more and more motorised making long-distance travel no bother.

But, of course, all these ambitious plans are not to cater for spectators alone. The comforts of the players are also of paramount importance in the development of our major stadia. On this point, the Grounds Committee report mentions "the need to provide greater comfort and more agreeable conditions for the players."

I have for many years been pointing out how totally inadequate are our facilities for players even at provincial grounds. I was at one Railway Cup semi-final in the middle of the arctic spell at the



PADRAIG O CAOIMH
Man behind the scheme.

beginning of 1963 and there was no accommodation of any description for the players. Even where

there is some shelter, the facilities within often leave a great deal to be desired.

It is essential that provincial grounds should have full dressing-room facilities for the players. The main reason for this is that, inevitably large crowds turn up for the important games and these crowds hamper the players in getting back to hotels to dress. Hence, each provincial ground should have two large dressing rooms, with ample clothes-hanging facilities, showers, hot and cold running water, toilets, electric light, etc.

It is on this point of facilities for players that I part company to a certain extent with the Central Council. I believe, that the plans should have gone further to help in the provision of proper pavilions, not only at provincial grounds but at all county grounds and club grounds, as well.

Now, I know that the Central Council plans to borrow £150,000,

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almost £100,000 of which will go towards the four provincial grounds with the balance going to Clubs and county boards which apply for grants. Personally, I feel that this balance of £50,000 is not nearly enough; I am borne out in this by fears which have been expressed by G.A.A. officials in counties like Clare, Kerry, Cavan, etc. that club and county grounds will not get enough to carry out their plans. Even more, the fact that there is so little available will not encourage clubs and county boards to embark on ambitious projects.

What I would like to see at this stage is a million pound plan to improve facilities at G.A.A. grounds all over Ireland. I would suggest that the Central Council put up £½ million and undertake to pay one pound for every pound raised locally. This type of plan, where every club or county board would get half the cost involved in the provision of facilities would I feel, be the ideal stimulant for local endeavour.

Where would the Central Council get so much money from. A good suggestion was that put forward at a Dublin County Board meeting recently namely that they issue G.A.A. bonds at, approximately, 6 per cent. for 20 to 25 years. They are already paying (I presume) 6¼ per cent. on the accommodation received so that this could represent a saving on interest.

What, in effect, this means is that we would be mortgaging our gate receipts for the next 20 to 25 years. But, to get an urgent job done isn't this worthwhile? Anyway, I have sufficient confidence in our future to know it would be a success.

As I have said then I welcome the plan to develop these provincial grounds on a grand scale and if the plans are half as successful as the Croke Park scheme then we can be well satisfied. But I do look forward to a further announcement embracing all grounds in the country.

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THE IDEAL PITCH

There is no Short-cut

By A Civil Engineer

THERE is no short-cut to success in producing the modern G.A.A. pitch—and modern is the operative word for most of us can well remember when the approach to this very necessary and basic requisite was very elementary — particularly at club level. However, during the past decade or so the general outlook has changed and the approach in most instances is now thorough and painstaking.

We are all well aware of the

huge scheme for the development and extension of provincial venues which has already been taken in hand by the Central Council. By the time this has been completed we can probably look forward to a like plan for the development of one first-class venue in every county—but it will all take time and meanwhile the clubs must fend for themselves and it is with the question of club grounds that I intend to deal in this article.

How should a club go about

developing a first-class pitch? Well, the first thing that must be done is to decide what type of a first-class pitch is required. As I see it there are three types within the scope of the average club.

Firstly there is the venue whose primary function will be to cater for the club's own needs and, of course, inter-club games. Secondly there is the more advanced pitch which together with ordinary inter-club games is also capable of accommodating county finals. Finally there is the club grounds which is suitable for intercounty games.

The average senior club in the average small town has, as I say, the choice of deciding which of these it is to be and making this choice is a very important first step.

Many clubs make the mistake of opting for the latter and larger types of pitch without giving the matter sufficient thought. They are carried away on the wave of their own enthusiasm—little realising the huge task that is involved. Eventually though the job is done—or half done—and we hear that the new pitch can accommodate 40,000.

Luckily, of course, no such crowd ever turns up. Wiser men at county board and provincial council level see that no such crowd-pulling fixture comes that way. Should it have come there would have been complete chaos—with little or no parking facilities, no proper terracing to control such a crowd and not sufficient entries

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The result is that the new "stadium" stands large and bare. Now and then a few hundred people huddle on one side and everybody who had envisaged the "second Croke Park" are greatly disappointed. And so the position remains—with even the pitch beginning to deteriorate in time and nobody having the heart to do anything about it.

We all know a few such major projects—monuments to the over-enthusiasm of men of good intentions.

All this is not to suggest that a club should not be ambitious in its plans. Ambition is first class provided there is room for it. If there are two or three other venues in the county well developed and capable of catering for say a first or second round provincial championship senior game then there is no room for another such pitch. If it is brought into being it will not receive the use which it was developed for. Every now and then it may be handed the consolation prize of an unimportant intercounty senior game but these will be very few and far between.

However, if on the other hand the county is not well catered for as far as large first-class pitches are concerned, then there is room, and provided the club is strong enough, the town of reasonable size and possessing at least the minimum in hotel and catering accommodation, then the task should be tackled carefully and the aim should be a first-class job.

There is nothing as depressing as a big pitch which has been wrongly or carelessly developed. Most of it is wasted work and the pity is that it will remain so, for enthusiasm to retackle the job is not likely to be found in the same generation.

To revert back to the first type of pitch which I mentioned—the small compact club grounds. This is well within the reach of almost

every club in the country and it should be aimed for without delay.

What I have in mind is a neat, enclosed pitch which will accommodate at least 3,000 spectators. The basic steps here are straightforward. Firstly the ground must be acquired. If the club already has an undeveloped pitch which is suitable for development then that first problem is solved. If it has not got a pitch or if it has a

pitch which cannot be developed then considerable care and patience must be taken in choosing the ground.

In this regard I would advise all clubs not to rely solely on their own judgment. Professional advice is necessary and the easiest and cheapest way to get it is co-opt. the local engineer and agricultural instructor on to the committee.

(Continued overleaf)

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(Continued from page 39)

These men are invaluable in this work—as a matter of fact they are vital and if they are not available for co-option then they must at least be consulted.

There is no set plan for the development of a pitch. What may have worked wonders in the next parish will not necessarily work at all in your parish. Soils vary, so does natural drainage, while in all cases the position of the actual pitch will be different. This is where the qualified opinion comes in and with the advice of these men a club is not likely to go too far wrong.

However, it is the club itself which must decide what it wants and what it can afford. And speaking of money—here again there is no set figure. The same pitch could cost £20,000 in one parish and only £5,000 in the next—depending on how much voluntary labour is available and from what basis the development is

taking place—for example, one piece of ground may require a bulldozer to level it and build-up embankments while another may be quite level and have natural embankments. So there is no set figure.

However, the cost of developing a first-class inter-club ground is well within the reach of the average club. I have not the space to deal with how funds should be raised, credit obtained and grants procured, in this brief article but this is something which does not need an amount of advice. All that is needed is an active committee. The money can always be had—and, of course, it can be paid off over the years.

The details of the actual playing area—drainage, sodding, grass, etc. I leave to the engineer and agricultural or horticultural instructor. Only the men on the spot can properly assess what is required and most suited for that particular piece of ground.

However, I will mention a number of other points. Firstly dressing-rooms. These are a 'must' in this day and age—so is running water and toilet facilities. The structure should be a proper one and I would be entirely against any type of skimping in this regard.

Let the club show that it has regard for its players and for visiting players—let them have proper facilities to hang their Sunday clothes in safety. The addition of shower baths will cost very little and this too should be included. The dressing-rooms should be large, well lit and reasonably comfortable. That is to say, there should be no shortage of seating accommodation. Also from the point of view of warmth, I would advise a timber flooring—but this is not vital.

The entire grounds should be enclosed by a proper wall. In this regard too a little more attention and details will result in a very attractive appearance. The wall is the most expensive part of the entire project—it therefore deserves an attractive piece of workmanship.

It may not always be necessary to encircle the entire ground with a wall but the side which adjoins the public road must certainly be seen to. Here too there must be the main entrances and once again these can be done very attractively for little or no extra cost—provided good workmanship and supervision is applied.

Should the playing area itself be enclosed? It is most advisable. A wall is best but as a temporary measure neat wire fencing will do.

These then are the main points but I would emphasise once more how vital professional opinion is at every stage.

The second type of pitch to which I originally referred to was that which would be capable of accommodating county finals. The entire position does, of course, vary from county to county but

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I have in mind the average county which will have an attendance of around 10,000 at a county final.

Here again the basic points are the same as that of the smaller pitch—the professional men are even more necessary than before and the cost is, of course, larger. Furthermore there are quite a few extra things which must be taken into consideration. Parking space must be available. It need not be provided in the development of the ground provided the town is reasonably large and the road approaching the pitch is a main thoroughfare. However if the local and natural amenities are not sufficient then there is a problem and once again an engineer is best qualified to deal with it.

Entrances will need to be more numerous than in the pitch which I have previously dealt with and it might be worth considering the use of turnstiles—a very helpful addition and in more ways than one.

This type of pitch is a challenge to any club and a first-class one requires tremendous effort and enthusiasm. However, to successfully develop a ground for inter-county competition is a much greater task and I would emphasise once again that a club should think very carefully before embarking on such a project. Better by far a well-equipped, well-developed pitch that can accommodate the type of crowd which it is likely to get than a constantly three-quarters empty stadium which will be a burden on the club for years—and perhaps eventually a local eye-sore.

However, where there is room for such a ground and where the club has access to the necessary requisites then the job should most certainly be taken in hand. Once again the development is as hithertofore outlined—only in every instance perfection must be aimed for. No half-measures will do in an intercounty ground. If the

job is to be tackled it must be carried through to full success so that it will be an attractive venue—one that teams would like to come to knowing that every facility will be there for them. A pitch of this kind will not be perpetually three quarters empty for it will get the fixtures necessary to fill it.

With the development of such a pitch, consideration should be given to such necessary extra items as press accommodation (enclosed) and perhaps broadcasting facilities. Also a pavilion should be considered—one which could be used by the clubs for indoor training, meetings, etc.

Such things as parking facilities, entrances, walls and an enclosed pitch, etc., must be properly seen to. It is a mighty task. But it can be done and done well as some clubs have proven. But again, the question must first be asked as to

whether there is room for it in the county? Is it going to be used to its capacity?

One other point and this is something which applies to all types of pitches. Never choose a site which is so confined as to prevent extension at a later date and when developing—always take into account the possibility of later development.

Finally when the ground is completed and the big opening day is over remember that the work has not ended. It never ends. The pitch must be kept in shape. Paint is cheap—limewash is even cheaper, while cleanliness never costs anything at all.

If it is worth developing a pitch it is worth keeping it in top shape. This applies to the sod and the playing area even more so than to the structure. But it all should be done and pride should be taken in doing it.

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IT IS CORK'S TURN AGAIN

By PATRICK CARVER

I SUPPOSE, for most of you, that Sunday night recently was just another ordinary Sunday night... but, for me, having waited patiently for hours for the result from Cork, it was just like that famous Sunday back in 1954 when we walloped Wexford and proved conclusively that we were the best hurlers in the country.

Of course, I did not believe the result at first. I heard it on the radio... but it took only a few minutes to convince myself that the announcer had made a mistake. He could never have said that Cork had beaten the All-Ireland champions. Maybe I had heard him incorrectly.

Still, he could have been right. There was nothing for it now but to ring the *Irish Press*. Putting on my best Oxford accent and assuming an indifference that should have fooled everyone, I asked the young man on the telephone how Dublin got on against Galway. I had been at the match... but this was to pave the way for the big question.

He gave me the result and a few more that I had not even asked him for. Then, still with that beautiful, casual accent I asked him the 64-dollar question. "And tell me, old boy, how did Kilkenny do down in Cork?"

His reply crushed me:— "Ye beat them easily."

So it was true; Cork had beaten the champions. Now for the All-Ireland, I told myself.

No mean feat to beat the reigning champions—particularly as the same champions had a date to meet the Rest of Ireland the following Sunday. And need I tell you what happened the following Sunday?

Kilkenny, of course, beat the

Rest of Ireland and did it quite handsomely. And, in the light of the previous Sunday, where did that put Cork?

We had beaten the champions of Ireland; the champions had beaten the Rest of Ireland. Ergo... that meant Cork must be the greatest thing in the country.

I would have been prepared to go along with that line of reasoning but for one thing. On the same day that Kilkenny were giving a lesson to the Rest of Ireland, Cork were getting the hammering of their lives from Tipperary in a challenge game.

Such is life!

But, seriously speaking, when are we poor, misfortunate Corkmen going to see our countymen in another All-Ireland hurling final? When are we going to see them win another title?

Now that is a major question—for Corkmen, particularly—and I am certain that we are going to see it very shortly.

First of all, let us take it by statistics. The records of the hurling All-Irelands indicate quite clearly that Cork must win another All-Ireland final between now and 1969. In every decade since 1890, Cork has always managed to figure among the honours.

We started off with a great lick by taking the title in 1890 and just to show that this was anything but a flash in the pan we took two more in 1893 and 1894. That was the first decade looked after.

For the next ten we were a little slower off the mark but we chalked up two in 1902 and 1903 and, irrespective of what was to happen after that the second decade had been taken care off.

The third decade was a frightening one and we only barely made it. After several barren years we just scraped in in 1919.

We did things pretty well in the fourth by taking three titles in the 1920s, but the following ten years were precarious ones. Eudie Coughlan led us to a memorable win in 1931... and it was just as well that he did because that was the one and only time we figured among the honours during the 1930s.

There is no need at all to talk about the 1940s. We were out on our own all the time and nobody got within a mile of us.

And, mind you, you could almost say the same about the 1950s. We got away to a spanking start and we did remarkably well in the first half. We slumped a little in the second half and God knows we appear to be in the same slump ever since.

So, on statistics alone, we must come back into the reckoning between now and 1969. And don't bother telling me that Tipperary have also won titles in every decade. They have already used up their quota for the 1960s.

But, getting even more serious, I think the tide is on the turn and it has nothing whatsoever to do with statistics or tradition or anything else for that matter.

Why, when I saw the picture of the Cork team that beat Kilkenny recently, I suddenly realised that I recognised only five of them. The other ten were strangers to me.

And that is a good thing for Cork. For quite a few years now we have been carrying a few aged members on the side. True, they played their part nobly... but who goes on forever?

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LOOKING ROUND LEINSTER

By JIM O'BRIEN

YOU know, economic statistics can be very misleading. For years now we have been told that Leinster, with its heavy industrialisation in Dublin and Louth and its rich land in counties like Meath, has a major predominance in national wealth and annual income per capita. But, of course, this is all wrong — as has been clearly proven in recent weeks.

It began when the Central Council announced a rise of a shilling in the ordinary admission price to Croke Park. No sooner was the deed done than Meath, Louth and Dublin County Boards protested very strongly—pointing out that the ordinary follower under their jurisdiction could not afford such a 40 per cent. increase in the cost of living.

Down in the West, where we have been told it is barren and infertile, they accepted the shilling raise without a murmur, while in the South, Kerry County Chairman, Dr. Jim Brosnan, summed up their attitude by saying that a shilling made no difference to a Kerryman who anyway had to spend at least £4 getting to and from Croke Park—not to mention getting inside it.

Yes indeed, uneconomic holdings how are ye? Who said they were depressed areas? It is now all out in the open. They have plenty money. A Kerryman can spend £4 on a visit to Croke Park—and no doubt those Galway and Mayo chaps spend every bit as much, while the cute Donegalmen can spend even a pound or two more. But the poor hard-working Dublinman is so badly off that three shillings and six pence — plus a one

shilling return bus fare is too much for him.

And, of course, the gallant men from Louth and Meath are victims of the same economic depression. They are very near Croke Park but nonetheless this extra shilling is going to prove a mighty burden.

Yes, it is true what Abe Lincoln said: "You can't fool all of the people all of the time." Well, I was sure fooled for many years by those national income statistics—but not any more. Now I know.

NEW COMPETITIONS

Some months ago in this publication that respected Limerick scribe, Séamus Ó Ceallaigh, commented on the unsatisfactory position of lack of competition for weaker clubs, who year after year make their exit in the first round of the championship and are then forced to remain virtually idle for the rest of the year.

Well both Wicklow and Laois have since then come up with their answer to the problem. Wicklow have decided to operate a competition confined to teams beaten in the first round of the S.F. championship — but it does not end there. The losers in the first round of this competition will be absorbed into the intermediate championship which will be run on the league system. The result should be at least five Summer games for weaker clubs—the Wicklow S.H. championship will also be operated on a league basis.

The Laois system calls for senior and junior football leagues beginning in early May. The games will be mainly played on week-evenings and a special sub-committee has been set up to supervise what

could amount to three hundred extra games.

TOMMY MULHALL

It has just dawned on me that I overlooked commenting in this column on the tragic death a few months back of Tommy Mulhall—one of the finest footballers ever to come out of Kildare. Tommy was an Athy man and a product of the local C.B.S. From 1932-'44 he was a regular with the county seniors and for quite a few of those years also played with Leinster. His death at a comparatively early age was quite a shock to all who knew the ever-popular, ever-sporting Tommy. I hope to have sufficient space at a later date to pay a proper tribute to the memory of this grand player.

WESTMEATH ANNOYED

I hear that Westmeath are rather sore at the decision of the Leinster Council not to allow them to play their second best fifteen in the junior football championship. The argument is that Longford, who beat Westmeath in the first round of the senior championship in 1962 and '63 have been allowed to field their number two selection. Westmeath certainly have a point—but come to think of it the county did get the right end of the stick last year when they fielded both a senior and junior hurling side—and went on to win the provincial junior title at the expense of Wicklow. The point then was that Westmeath should have been forced to play their second string team in the intermediate championship.

PARTITIONED AREAS

Last month I pointed out that
(Continued overleaf)

(Continued from page 45)

both the Offaly and North Tipperary County Boards were being somewhat hard on their isolated fellow-countymen by refusing to have them back. The position is that part of Offaly is under the jurisdiction of the North Tipperary Board, with the Carrig and Rivers-town areas of Tipperary being ruled by the Offaly Board. Well, I am now glad to report that moves are afoot to remove the borders. The adjourned North Tipperary convention decided to recommend to the County Board to open negotiations with the Offaly Board.

WICKLOW REVIVAL

Well done Wicklow. Five points for six National football League outings was no small feat — but more than that they played some very sound football. Carlow could

be in for quite an hour at Athy on May 10.

KILKENNY FREES

Was it a record when Kilkenny lost to Cork in the National hurling League and failed to score even one point from a free. What a change from Eddie Keher's fourteen points in the All-Ireland final. By the way Wexford have eight of the side which won last year's All-Ireland minor title and they should certainly be a force again this year.

ST. LOMANS

Last month I mentioned the very fine club membership-card produced by Galway S.F. champions, Dunmore. Well it seems they are not the only club with progressive ideas. St. Loman's, Mullingar, who won the Westmeath football crown plus a host of other competitions, marked the year's achievements by producing a very fine pictorial

souvenir brochure. Club secretary N. Fitzgerald recently sent me a copy. It is on art paper and contains a wide selection of exciting action photographs plus of course team photographs and fact and figures on the club's 1963 outings. Well done St. Loman's.

IN BRIEF...

Former Offaly star goalkeeper and captain, Willie Nolan, has been called for service with the U.S. Army. Brother, Peter, is the New York Offaly captain for 1964. Word has it that the side will shortly be further strengthened by the arrival of Paddy McCormack.

The Louth County Board have arranged a special course for the county's panel of over one hundred referees. Man in charge — former County Chairman, James Mullen. Lending a hand will be prominent knight of the whistle, Mickey McArdle.

Louth S.F. champions of long standing, Newtown Blues, hope to get the all-clear on a 1965 U.S. visit. Offaly mid-fielder, Larry Coughlan, is due back from Congo service any day now.

Laois are to honour long-serving personalities Jack Delaney and Lar Brady with a suitable presentation. Wexford, with a huge entry (32 hurling and 27 football) have their under-21 club competitions well underway.

Westmeath have borrowed a leaf out of Dublin's book by setting up a special Disciplinary Committee. The committee will have the power to consider incidents not noted by referees.

Club strength in the province— Dublin 181; Wexford 177; Kilkenny 130; Meath 128; Laois 90; Offaly 76; Kildare 64; Louth 61; Wicklow 59; Westmeath 54; Carlow 50; Longford 42.

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IS THIS THE BEST CHOICE?

NOW that we have had time to reassess the entire position, the question must again be asked as to whether the choice of Casement Park as Ulster's provincial venue was a wise one. In its favour is the fact that it requires but a sum of £30,000 to develop it to the required standard, while both Kilkenny and Thurles will need considerably more capital outlay. This is something very much to the credit of the men who originally developed the Belfast venue. But then there are other considerations.

Firstly Belfast is not the ideal centre for an Ulster final—and "centre" is the operative word. Each of the other provincial venues, Castlebar, Thurles and Kilkenny are in the centre of their respective provinces. Belfast on the other hand is tucked away at one extreme end of Ulster—providing a particularly long journey for those who might be travelling from say Donegal or parts of Cavan and Derry.

Furthermore there is the fact that Belfast is virtually a deserted village on a Sunday. Catering facilities are non-existent.

Cavan Gaels to whom I have spoken are more than disappointed at the fact that Breffni Park was not chosen. However, the work of Coiste na bPáirc came at a bad time as far as Cavan was concerned—right after all the dissatisfaction at last year's Ulster final. This must have militated against the venue.

Clones was the other venue which might have been honoured. It is ideally placed in the centre of the province, the pitch has tremendous possibilities and is already well developed. It was for many years the province's leading

venue and it served well. The All-Ireland Fleadh Ceoil will be held in the town this year.

I do not know how irrevocable the decision of Coiste na bPáirc with regard to Ulster is, but it might be no harm if it were reconsidered.

FANAD RETURNS

Fanad peninsula is back on the G.A.A. scene following a quarter of a century of inactivity. The success of Donegal in intercounty competition has brought about the formation of the new club—Gaeil na Maolruaidhe, and it will cater for the area which includes Rathmullan, Ramelton, Milford and Fanad.

Heading an enthusiastic committee are Fr. Collum, John Harkin, Peter Conlon and Eddie Shields and the club will have the services of Leitrim goalkeeper P. McGowan and ex-Donegal minors, S. McGee, J. Carr and S. McCormack. A playing pitch has been acquired at Traighlough and the future is being faced with confidence.

This is an area very much hit by emigration and the new club can look to frustration in this regard. Another problem to be faced is the one of distance. It is approximately thirty miles from Fanad Head to Rathmullan and this is something which few clubs have to contend with.

Still I have every confidence in the Gaels of Fanad to overcome each of these problems—and more if needs be.

DERRY SELECTORS

Derry city and the northern end of the county will have quite a say in affairs during 1964. They have four of the five county selectors. Fr. McNally of Ballinascreen is the lone South Derry represen-

tative. Times have changed. Once it used be South Derry who supplied the bulk of the county players. However, it is good to see North Derry to the fore and who could ask for a better county selector than Harry Owens of Limavady—once the county's unbeatable centre half-back.

HENRY GRIBBEN

And still on Derry. Back home after completing his studies at

(Continued overleaf)

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B.B.C.-Radio Eireann Stars

(Continued from previous page)
 Edinburgh University is veterinary surgeon Henry Gribben, the youngest of the great Newbridge clan. Henry has started a practice in Toomebridge, Co. Antrim, where his brother Mick resides. However, he will play with the home club and I would not be at all surprised to see him join Hugh Francis on the county fifteen.

NEW CHAIRMEN

Only two counties in Ulster elected new chairmen for 1964. Armagh now have prominent referee, Dan McAreavey of Portadown, who replaced former county player, Johnny McBreen, who did not seek re-election. Donegal chose Clement Sweeney N.T., a native of Ardara now residing in Inishowen. He is an outstanding traditional Irish singer and let's hope that his election will mark a revival of G.A.A. affairs on the Inishowen peninsula.

GLASGOW

Glasgow G.A.A. continue to forge ahead under the capable leadership of chairman, John Quaile. The Board's new secretary is Owen McElwee, a native speaker from Gweedore. Other officers are: vice-chairman, Owen Kelly; assistant secretary, L. Tierney; treasurer, Charles Quinn and registrar, Gerry Doherty. It is intended to enter a team in this year's junior All-Ireland championship.

TYRONE LOSS

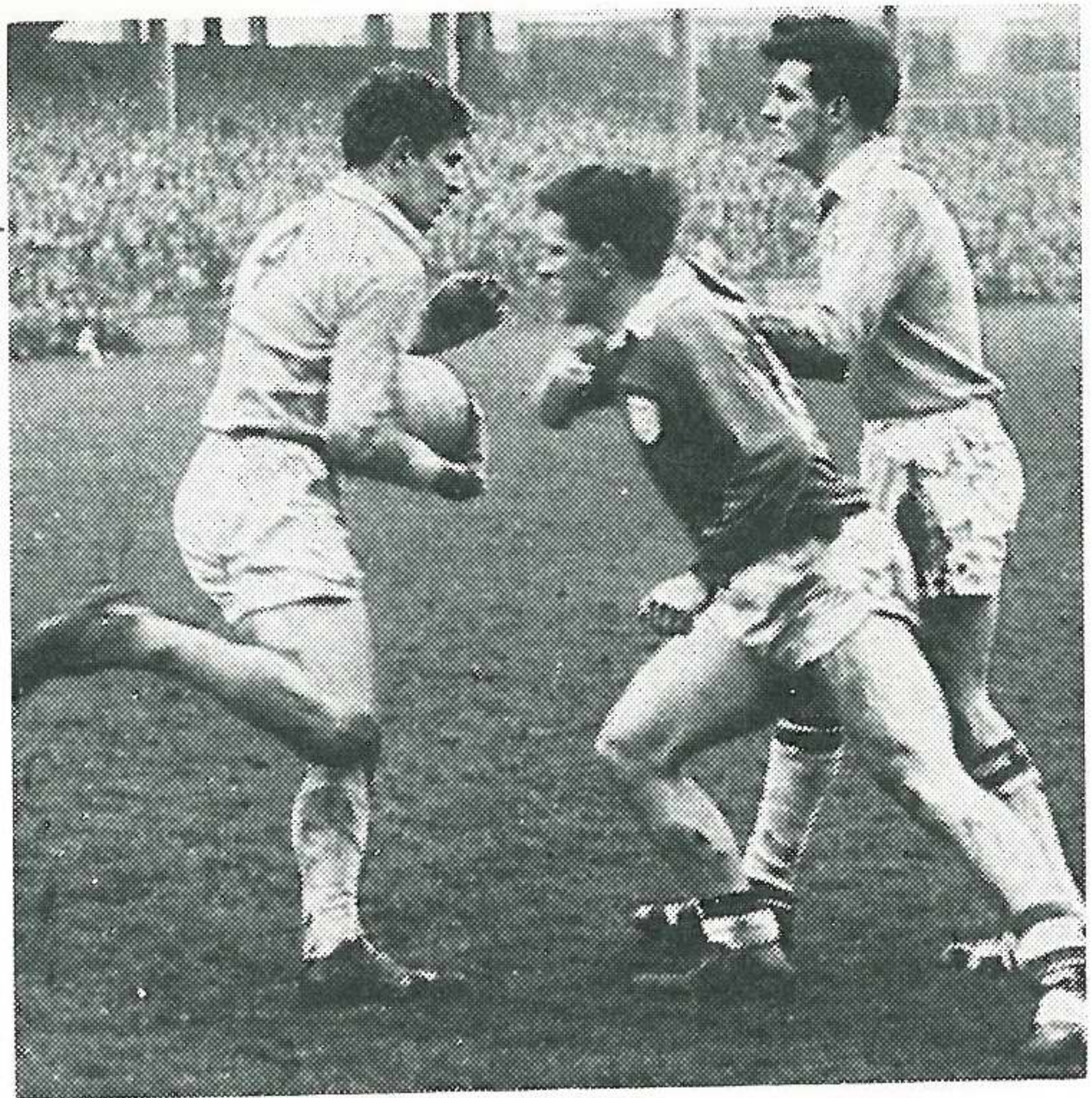
The untimely death of Joe Skeffington at an early age has robbed Dungannon and Tyrone of a loyal and very capable mentor. "Wee Joe" incorporated all of the ideals of the Association in his approach. He was a former county player and Ulster Council representative. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

PHIL BRADY

Former Cavan star, Phil "Gunner" Brady, who is now stationed in Castleblaney, is making quite a name for himself as a referee—and a good one he is too.

PAST PUPILS

Last April a new G.A.A. body—the Past Pupils Gaelic Football



An unusual situation arose in this action shot from the Railway Cup Football Final at Croke Park, March 17th — Bobbie Burns (Leinster) about to challenge his U.C.D. clubmate Bernard Brady (Ulster). Gabriel Kelly (Ulster) in background.

Society, came quietly into being. As its name indicates it is made up of former college players and the following are affiliated: C.B.S., Belfast; St. Joseph's, Belfast; Garron Tower, Co. Antrim; St. Patrick's, Armagh; Queen's University and St. Malachy's College.

Each group of past pupils entered a team for a series of games last year and this year's competition is already well advanced.

Perhaps the most commendable aspect of this entire effort is the social gatherings which it provides. We often hear comment on the lack of social activities in the G.A.A. and this is certainly one contribution towards filling the gap.

Speaking as a former college player I certainly look forward to renewing acquaintances with many

former team-mates and opponents—men like Kevin Mussen, P. J. McElroy, Pat Duggan, Charlie O'Boyle, Colm Ó Loan, Jim McKeever, Sean Young and Pat McCrystal just to name a few at random.

The Past Pupils Society owes its being to former Antrim star, Father Frank McCorry. It now has a hard working secretary in Charles Jenkins formerly of St. Malachy's College. Already one very successful function has been held and I am keenly looking forward to many more.

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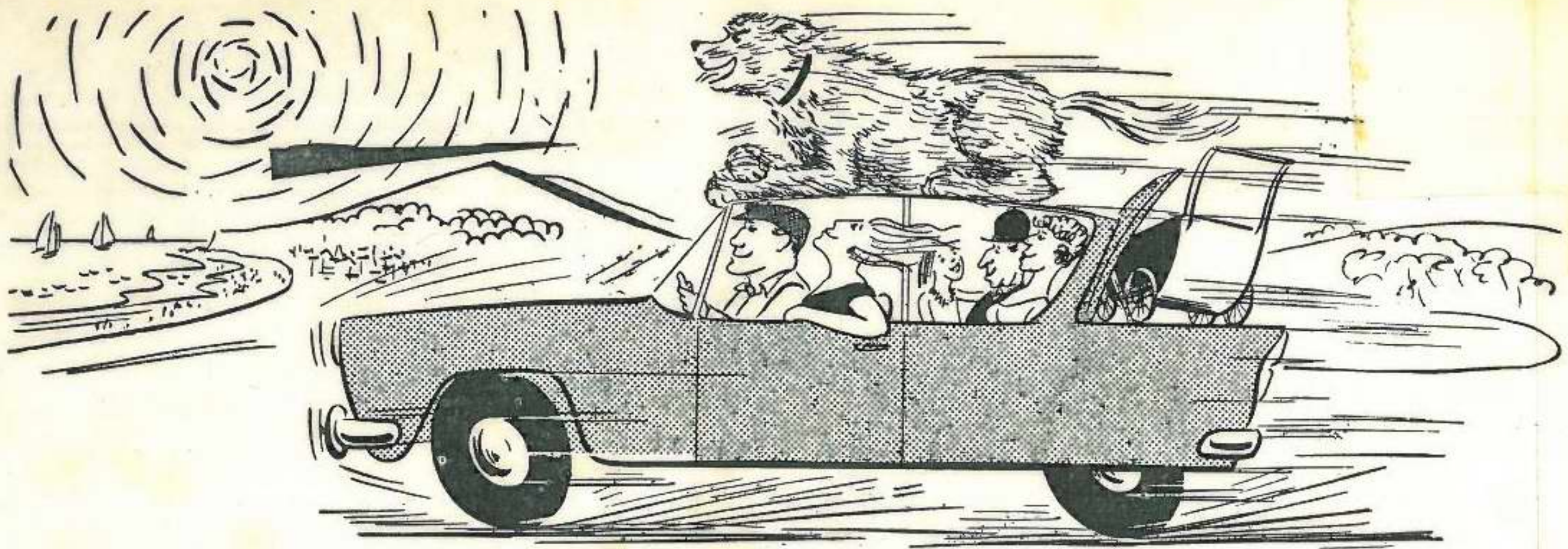
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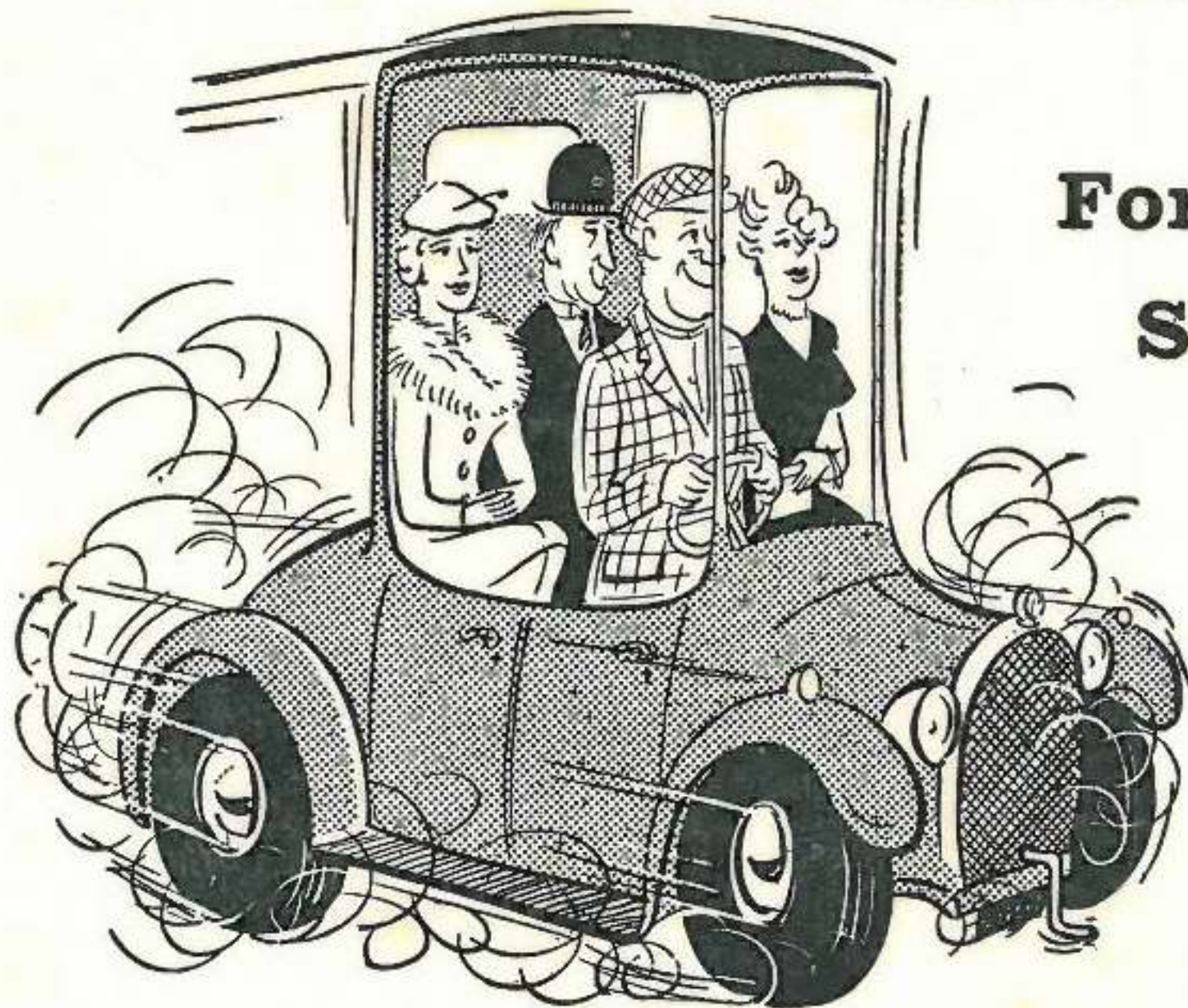
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