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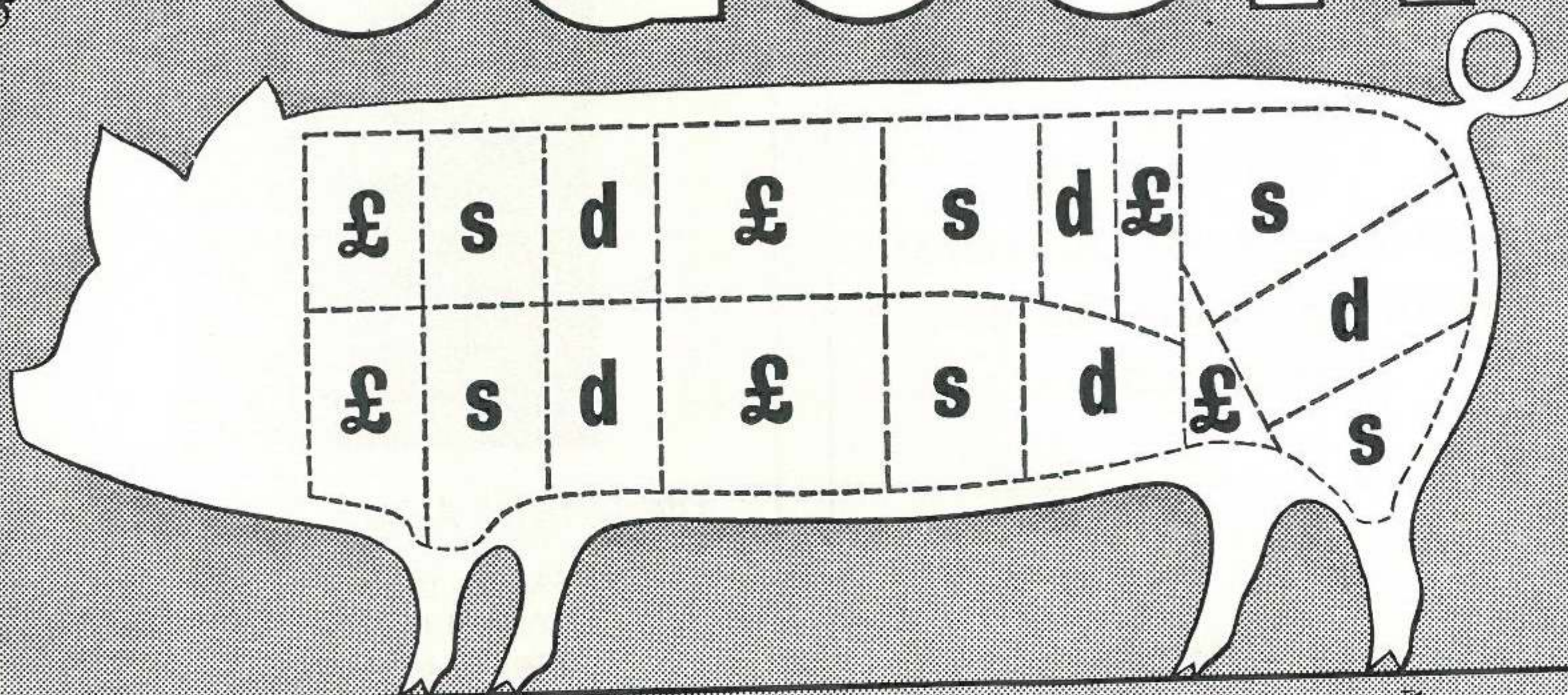
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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 9. No. 12. DECEMBER, 1966

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INDEX

	Page
<i>The Vanishing Ruin</i>	
—by The Editor	5
<i>Man Among Men</i>	
—by Jay Drennan	7
<i>Game Of All The Graces</i>	
—by Jay Drennan	10
<i>'Oscars' for 1966</i>	
—by Owen McCann	13
<i>Grounds Development</i>	
by Dan McAreavy	15
<i>In The Galway Dressingroom</i>	
with Sean O'Donnell	17
<i>It's Limerick's Turn Says</i>	
Raymond Smith	19
<i>Stars of the Season</i>	
—by Eamonn Young	20
<i>Presidents of the G.A.A.</i>	
—by Terence Roynane	25
<i>Moondharrig's Diary</i>	26-27
<i>Men Who've Done Monaghan</i>	
Proud—by Seamus McCluskey	28
<i>Caidreamh is Caradas</i>	
—le Seán Ó Dúnagáin	31
<i>Munster Medley</i> —by Seamus	
Ó Ceallaigh	32
<i>Camogie</i> —by Agnes Hourigan	35
<i>Crossword</i>	37
<i>Book Review</i>	38
<i>Connacht Front-Rankers</i>	
by Chris Murray	39
<i>Handball</i> —by Alleyman	41
<i>The Games in the Banks</i>	
—by Pat O'Donoghue	43
<i>Looking Around</i> —by Brian	
Doherty	45
<i>Ulster Spotlight</i>	
—by Conallach	46
<i>Leinster Round-up</i>	
—by Frank Hughes	47
<i>Bobby Burns</i>	
—by Seán O'Donnell	49
<i>Con O'Sullivan</i> —by Tim Horgan	50

*Beannacht an Linbh Iosa um Nollaig agus san
Aithbhliain ar ár gcáirde uile.*



COMMENT

One of our own

IN extending heartiest congratulations to the new Taoiseach, we are not being in the least political—no more than were the 27,000 who gave him a standing ovation at Croke Park on Sunday, November 13, when he threw-in the ball for the Cork-Wexford under-21 final. We, like them, are paying tribute to a man who was a national figure on the playing fields of the G.A.A. long before political honours came his way.

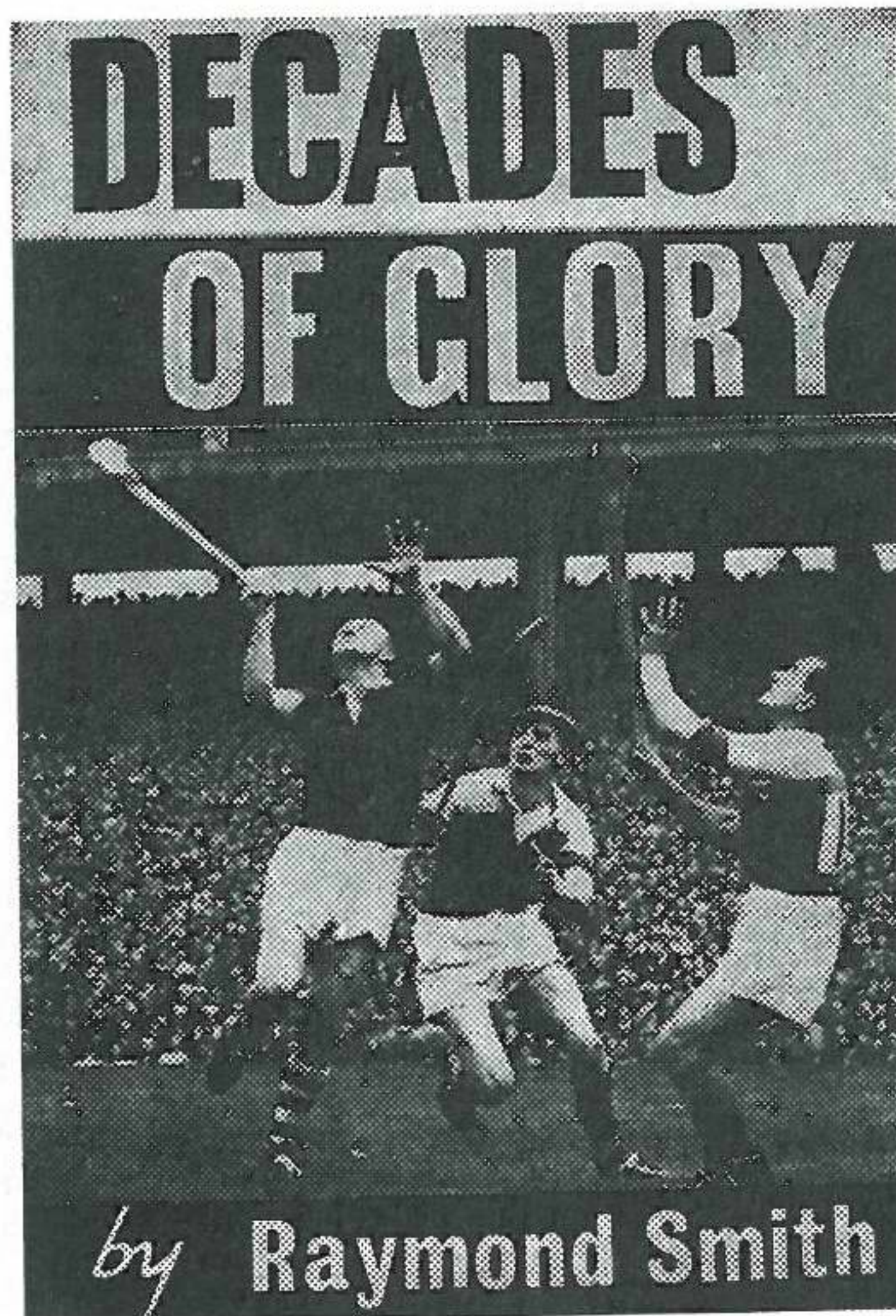
Jack Lynch was one of the greatest players of all-time. He was also, throughout his long career, a model sportsman who won and held the respect of team-mates and opponents alike. He did the G.A.A. and his county proud and, now that he has been chosen for the highest political office in the land, it is only natural that all followers of our native games should take pride in his election.

It is not our function to list the legislative achievements and political qualifications which resulted in Jack Lynch being so readily chosen for his new office—but there can be no doubt that these are very much complemented by the stature and lasting fame which he won in the ranks of the G.A.A.

We wish the new Taoiseach every success and sincerely hope that, in the not too distant future, he will succeed in achieving for all of us one more all-Ireland.

Cover Picture

A FLASHBACK to brighter days . . . and the football match of the year—the Galway v. Cork All-Ireland semi-final last August. Seen in action here are Cork's Brian Murphy (in possession) followed by Mattie McDonagh of Galway and Cork's Jerry Lucey just behind. Kevin Dillon of Cork appears in the left background.



Wills of Dublin and Cork, who have always taken an active interest in the development of Gaelic Games, are proud to have played a part in making possible the publication of Raymond Smith's 'Decades of Glory.'

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By THE EDITOR

THE VANISHING RUIN

... Cusack's birthplace unmarked

THE recently published 1967 issue of OUR GAMES ANNUAL—the official year-book of the G.A.A.—is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine and for that reason I will confine my remarks concerning it to one article. It is very simply entitled “A House” and is written by the G.A.A.’s Executive Officer, Brendan Mac Lua.

In very succinct, and yet very moving, prose, the author describes a visit to the Michael Cusack homestead in Carron, Co. Clare. In a few hundred words he succeeds, as it were, in bringing the reader along with him step by step as he travels the craggy-surfaced land of the Burren. To complement the article, there are some excellent photographs.

This piece of writing is purely descriptive and avoids making any comment at all. However, on reading it one cannot help concluding that the author purposely refrained from making comment—because he felt it might be improper for him to do so or, alternatively and much more subtly, because by not doing so he was being much more effective in making the point that the G.A.A. has not been at all true to itself or to the memory of its founder in letting the house where Cusack was born and reared fall into complete ruin.

Apparently what remains of the house stands unmarked and unattended and from the photographs it is obvious that in a matter of

years it will be completely obliterated.

But it is not yet too late. Surely the Central Council or the Clare County Board should step in and take the matter quickly in hand. Bord Failte would probably be more than willing to co-operate in such an undertaking.

Quite often we read of the Bunratty folk village and how various old-time farm houses are being preserved as tourist attractions. It is ironic that all of this should be happening while the homestead of Clare’s most famous son lies unmarked and overgrown by weeds not many miles away.

SOCCER ATTENDANCE

Normally when there is a major attraction at Croke Park it far out-draws anything which might be on in Dalymount on the same day. Not so on Sunday, October 23. A crowd of 13,714 turned up at Croke Park for the Grounds’ Tournament semi-finals, while a much larger crowd attended at Dalymount for a soccer game between Ireland and Spain.

The “Irish Independent” gave the Dalymount attendance at 40,000 and stated that there was a “gate” of £11,000. It further referred to the attendance figure as being a record.

We could be wrong in this, but we do feel that there must be a mistake somewhere. We checked the admission prices for the soccer game and found them to be as follows:

Stands 25/- and 20/-; Terrace 7/6 (reserved); General admission 5/-; Boys 3/- and 2/6.

If there was 40,000 at 5/- each it would total £10,000. However, with stand seats costing 25/- and 20/- and reserved terracing costing 7/6, it is very difficult to see how it all could have added up to an attendance of 40,000.

A possible explanation would appear to be that the stands were empty or, alternatively, that there were an awful lot of boys at 2/6 and 3/-.

But then perhaps that ever so round figure of 40,000 was a misprint on the part of the “Irish Independent”.

R.T.E. TO THE FORE

No marks at all to the News Department of R.T.E. who insisted on allocating Jack Lynch “four All-Ireland senior hurling medals and two All-Ireland senior football medals” in various news bulletins on the day he was elected to his new office. Having given these figures on television throughout the evening, they were repeated again on radio the following morning.

A day later a radio news bulletin was to state that Scotland was the leading “British Isles” team in the Canada Cup and went on to make it quite clear that “British Isles” meant Britain, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

Come to think of it, perhaps it is the R.T.E. Sports Department

● CONTINUED OVERLEAF

● FROM PAGE 5

which supplies the News Department with such items. Anyway, whoever was responsible should be ashamed of themselves.

SPLIT VOTE IN N.Y.

In last month's issue we wrote a sort of hypothetical article on what might have been New York's point of view on the happenings of Sunday, October 9, when themselves and Longford 'clashed' at Croke Park.

It brought forth a number of letters—four of which came from New York. One of the letters praised us for our impartiality and fairness in realising that New York had a case and grievances as well. However, strange as it may seem, the other three U.S. letters admonished us for having taken New York's point of view and "condemning their actions".

So what do you make of that?

NEW BOOK

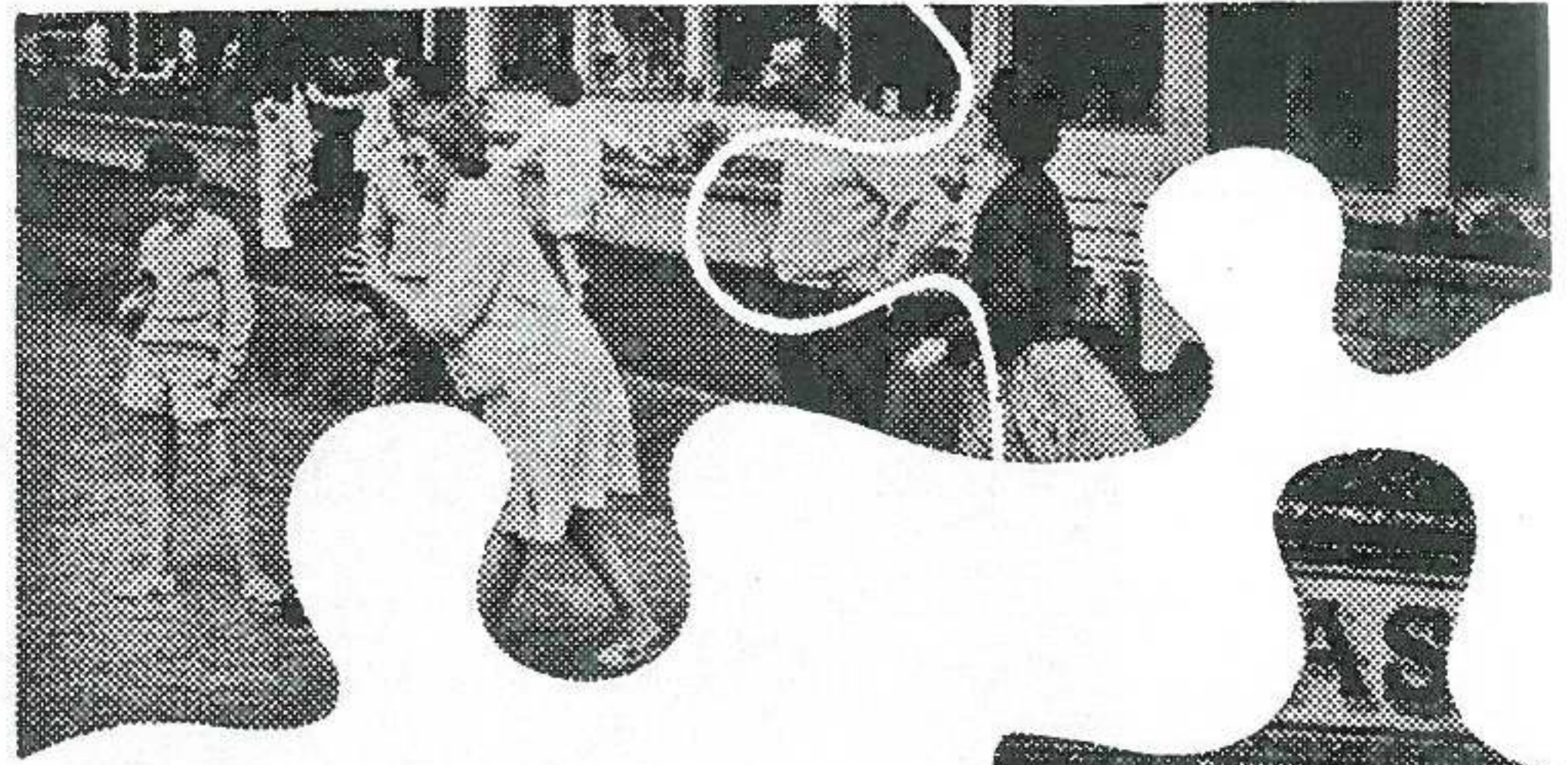
Finally a wee spot of news. Raymond Smith, whose hurling book "Decades of Glory" was so well received earlier this year, is now well on his way towards producing a football companion.

To be called "The Football Immortals", it will cover the great teams and players from the earliest years right down to Galway's three-in-a-row.

As was the case in the hurling book, the author is insisting on first-hand accounts throughout and has already spent time in Meath, Roscommon, Kerry, Galway, Cavan, Down, Wexford and Carlow. He expects the book to be published late in 1967.

Incidentally "Decades of Glory" sold fastest of all in Cork. Not surprising, seeing the hurling fervour which swept through the Lee in recent months. Furthermore, of course, Christy Ring was prominently displayed on the cover.

We certainly look forward to "The Football Immortals". If it is anything as good as was the hurling book it is worth waiting for.



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Brindley

MAN

AMONG

MEN

AT the end of an October day, at the close of the football season, came the news of the death of Eamon Naomh Michael O'Sulleabháin—Dr. Eamon as most knew him. Man of letters, man of principle and courage, who loved his fellow man and in his work and his leisure devoted his life to making their's more full; athlete, scholar in all the liberal arts, footballer, unimpeachable authority on psychiatric medicine, on sports, on human minds and bodies; the greatest trainer and coach of Gaelic Football; man of God, and man among men.

His loss, of course, is irreparable.

His father and himself may be justly said to have played the greatest part in making the G.A.A., of any two men; for, they made Kerry, and those who made Kerry made football. What would football have been without Kerry? They made it a game which attracted the people to it with their first All-Ireland title in those finals against Kildare; and, ever after, it was they who set the standards for others, and when those standards had been reached by others, set new ones.

Kerry football began with the

Laune Rangers, and the pillar and captain of the Laune Rangers was J. P. O'Sullivan, the father of Eamon. He was one of the outstanding footballers of his generation. The late P. D. Mehigan ("Carbery") quotes Dick Curtis well-known footballer of the Dublin-Young Ireland Club and winner of three All-Ireland medals. "J. P. O'Sullivan of Killorglin was the greatest footballer I ever played against. O'Sullivan was equal to any three men". And he was All-Round Athletics champion of Ireland, too, in the Tom Kiely era when that honour marked out a man of extraordinary physical capacity. But, his greatest claim to immortality is that he was the moving force behind Kerry's earliest interest in Gaelic football and their entry into the inter-county competition. His enthusiasm fanned the spark into a forest fire.

And his son, in later times, controlled the flames and harnessed them to blaze a trail of Kerry greatness through the 1920's, '30's, '40's, '50's and into the 'sixties. When a student, Eamon was a very good footballer himself, and a first rate athlete. He played for Kerry in a number of intercounty games,

A tribute to the late Dr. Eamon O'Sullivan by Jay Drennan

and was a member of the Munster team which won out against Leinster in the Tailteann Games final in Croke Park in 1924.

But his studies and his duties took him too soon from the active scene; men of special brilliance in a profession such as his have to place their lives at the disposal of others rather than indulge their own desires. And while he was playing well, Kerry were down and out—the "Troubles" had hit them hard—and at the beginning of the championships of 1923, they had to call in three men from the crowd to make fifteen for the game against Cork, in Cork.

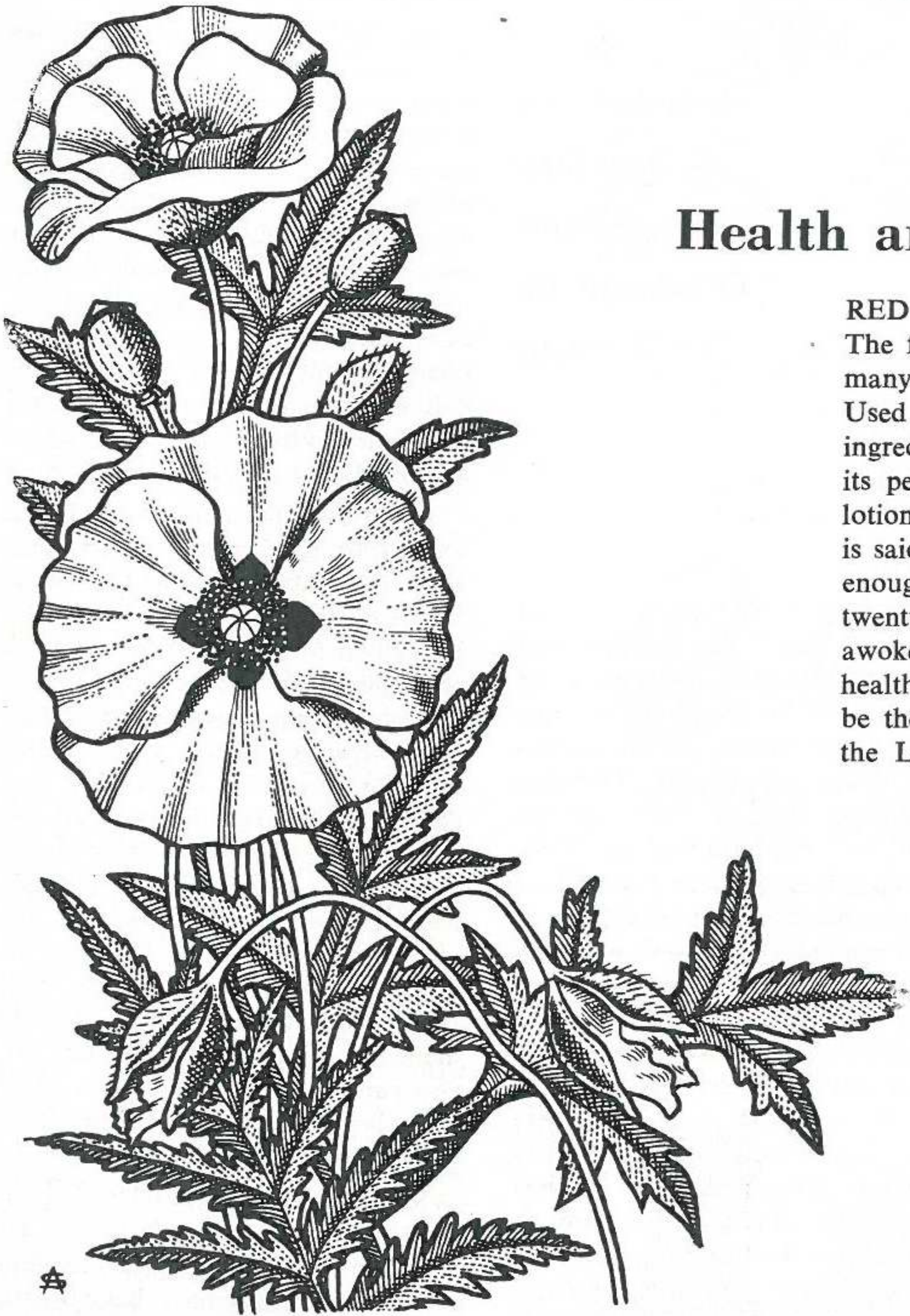
However, his ability to get a team into good condition had not gone unnoticed, for the first time, he was asked to prepare the Kerry men for the final of the 1924 championship. Kerry beat Dublin, by whose passing-style they had been bewildered the year before, and the long reign of training successes began. He did not always train Kerry—this is a misconception some people have—for his busy life would not allow that. He was merely called in at times of crisis, when the opposition was feared, or when Kerry had only managed to draw the first day. So, you can see why Kerry's record of victories in replays of important competitions in unchallengeable.

More often than not Dr. Eamon had to sacrifice his holidays to accept the job of training his county team, but it must have been worth it all to him, for Kerry never lost a final under his guiding hand, until Galway, just recently, wrecked the sequence.

Training, though, meant more to him than mere success. He rejoiced in success with all the players, but he rejoiced more, I think, in using all his powers and psychological skills in getting his men into the condition of mind and body which

● TO PAGE 9

Lincoln Sweepstake



Health and Wealth

RED POPPY *Papaver rhoeas* Cailleach Dhearg. The familiar poppy is one of the many plants with a long medical history. Used in the past as a cough cure, and as an ingredient of pectoral tea, the red of its petals was also employed to impart colour to lotions, gargles and liquors. Cuchulain is said to have been given a poppy brew strong enough to knock anyone else out for twenty-four hours. He, however, being himself, awoke in only one hour. Times change, but health, wealth and happiness too, will be the lot of many a lucky ticket holder in the Lincoln Sweepstake.

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CAPS

● FROM PAGE 7

made life something specially sweet, untroubled and explicable.

His whole philosophy of training is available in his masterly work—the fruit of years of research on the history of the game, as well as the years of psychological study and the fund of training and coaching experience. “Ealadhantacht i bPeil Gaedheal”, he called it, and it is the most scholarly and authoritative of all the works in the literature of the game, as he himself was, because of his profession and his depth of interest in football and other things, the most authoritative of all our guides.

Read in conjunction with his “Textbook of Occupational Therapy” and his studies in psychiatric medicine, we can get some grasp of the psycho-physical approach which he brought to his training, and little wonder Kerry had great teams under him. Little wonder either that Kerry so seldom made any sort of impression in the winter games and the early championships, but suddenly blossomed into world-beaters when his hand was on them.

Dr. Eamon was, of course, a protagonist of collective training—for semi-finals or finals, at any rate—and made a very strong case for his view. In his book he says: “Collective full-time training is the only kind recommended. Any part-time method of training can, in its very essence, only lead to fitness of a restricted partial type and is, consequently, an unsatisfactory substitute for the fuller type of training”.

He believed that only in this way did the public get the standard of performance they deserved. And certainly players who trained under Dr. Eamon on a full-time basis enjoyed their time with him. One player of that time told me: “My training time in Killarney was the happiest time in my life, and it was the same with the rest of the lads”.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh sé.

Just fancy that . . .

THE Sam Maguire Cup nearly went to Monaghan in 1966. You don't believe me. Well it's true. It happened like this. Ballygar were to travel to Ballybay on Sunday, November 27, to play a local all-star selection and Mattie McDonagh, Sean Cleary, Tom Sands and Co. had promised to bring along the Sam Maguire Cup. However, the game was called off when it was found that St. Macartan's Seminary had also planned a major game for that day involving All-Ireland semi-final opponents Meath and Down.

DIVIDED LOYALTY

Looking back over the year, I reckon that the most unusual situation was that which confronted Laois U-21 hurling selector, Joe Byrne of Portlaoise. Laois were facing Wexford in the Leinster final and Joe had a son playing on either side. Tom, a former Laois minor, was at mid-field for Wexford, where he is now a Garda, while the other son, Frank, was at left full back for Laois.

However, the situation did not come to a head for Frank had to withdraw from the Laois team due to injury.

A 30-YEAR WAIT

Then there was the recent case of Vincent O'Brien who won a Kildare hurling championship medal with Athy in 1936. However, he had emigrated to England before they gave out the medals.

But there was no more conscientious man than Athy Club Chairman, John Dooley. He put Vincent's medal away safely—until he could get his address in England. The years went by—so did the decades. Then one day this year John opened the local provincial paper and there saw a poem in praise of the Kildare footballers of 1966. It was submitted by a Vincent O'Brien with an address in Herts.

Could it be the same Vincent O'Brien whose medal he had been holding in safe keeping for the past thirty years? He wrote—and it was. That is how three decades after he had won it, the Athy player of 1936 got his medal.

TOP TEN IN BOTH CODES

THIS month's Top Ten lists are based on individual performances during the period Sunday, October 16 to Sunday, November 13, inclusive.

FOOTBALL

1. Joe Corcoran (Mayo).
2. Jimmy Duggan (Galway).
3. Frank Clarke (Louth).
4. Seamus Leydon (Galway).
5. Joe Langan (Mayo).
6. Mattie McDonagh (Galway).
7. Bobby Burns (Longford).
8. Billy Morgan (Cork).

9. Con O'Sullivan (Cork).
10. Packie McGarty (Leitrim).

HURLING

1. Seamus Whelan (Wexford).
2. Phil Wilson (Wexford).
3. Jim Hogan (Limerick).
4. Brendan Barry (Offaly).
5. Eddie Keher (Kilkenny).
6. Joe Murphy (Offaly).
7. Bernie Hartigan (Limerick).
8. Michael Howley (Galway).
9. Vin Staples (Wexford).
10. Liam Devaney (Tipperary).



Seamus Power

GAME OF ALL THE GRACES

By JAY DRENNAN

I HAVE watched an awful lot of matches during the year in both football and hurling; what the number is I cannot say, but allowing for two Sundays only when there was no game within my ken, and for the fact that most Sundays of the year I saw two and otherwise three games, together with a probable average of one sometimes two in mid-week, I imagine it must be close on two hundred of an assortment of every possible kind.

In football I must admit that the most memorable games were some of the big ones—The Cork-Galway semi-final, the Galway tour de force in the final, the Longford win over Galway in the League final. Nothing further down the scale equalled these either in quality, excitement or comical incident (I do not mean that these games were full of comical incident, but rather that some curious happening at an unimportant club game sometimes makes that stick in the mind more than the big games intercounty).

In hurling, however, there is no such monopoly of the top grade cluttering the memory. Much of the detail of the All-Ireland and Munster finals has already become obscured by the mists in the memory. The games which stand clear from all the stuff of lesser character was a Munster club hurling contest—a second round game between Mount Sion, the Waterford champions with the great record and the unflappable confidence, and Patrickswell, the

newly-crowned, untried but happily ambitious Limerick champions.

Mount Sion had earlier eliminated Clare champions on Clare soil, with nothing much but their great experience to spare; Patrickswell had run the legs and hurled the ears off the tiring Tipperary giants, Thurles Sarsfields. They were feared because of this performance, which was the forerunner to further humiliation of Tipperary hurling by the Limerick county squad.

The clash of great interest which these two promised was fixed for Dungarvan, and played at 7.00 on the evening of a Munster championship fixture in Limerick—Cork and Clare, I think, on their first meeting. Those of us who wanted to see both games had a hectic dash, and empty stomachs by the time we reached the Dungarvan venue—surely the most unpropitious preparations for looking at any game. I can only conclude that the game must have been better even than we thought, in view of our readiness to be critical, led by our stomachs rather than our minds.

Instead we were enchanted. It was a game of all the graces, and one which showed all the good things in hurling—skill, combination, backing-up and covering-off, the clever moves born of experience, and the bottomless reservoir of effort born of enthusiasm. The scores, rather strangely, were only close in the first quarter and near the end, but

this was all part of the fascination of the thing. If you couldn't see the pattern of the game, and how one team was relying on a blitz, while the other was relying on sustained effort over the whole 60 minutes wearing down in the end the opposition, you would have left the field at half-time when Mount Sion, after a full commitment of all their varied and brilliant powers in the second quarter, had swept aside all opposition and led by something like 3 goals 5 points.

They had both started off quietly enough, Mount Sion giving the sort of display which they can maintain for the whole hour getting a clever goal and a couple of neat points, with the balance of the first seven or eight minutes. Then Patrickswell showed that this kind of performance by Mount Sion would not carry them to any assured victory; the Limerick boys were finding their confidence and the feel of the field, and realising that the mystique which has surrounded the opposition as one of Ireland's outstanding clubs was not so overpowering.

Strong running, youthful legs devouring ground to back up and cover the open spaces, was causing the Waterford club's older back-line to creak in some of its joints. A few frees showed the pressure; points came from them. A half clearance under redoubled pressure picked up by a marauding midfielder up in support of the forwards was swept to the net. A point straight from the puck out

and Patrickswell were really in business.

The game could probably have followed that sort of pattern against any other opposition. Mount Sion know too much now, with the accumulated know-how of thousands of games under the belts of Seamus Power and Philly Grimes, Mick Flannelly and Frankie Walsh, Fred and Fintan O'Brien, Mickie Walsh and 'Doc' Walsh. You could see that this sort of thing was not satisfying them: Seamus Power was prowling around with that nautical gait; Philly Grimes was fuming in circles at centre-forward. The electricity communicated itself. Suddenly Patrickswell were hit by a blitz; for ten minutes every Mount Sion man played with every ounce of speed and force, wit and cunning at his disposal. They were setting a killing pace, they knew, but while it would certainly kill some of their own veterans, they were banking on the fact that it would also kill off the Patrickswell spirit and cow them into submission.

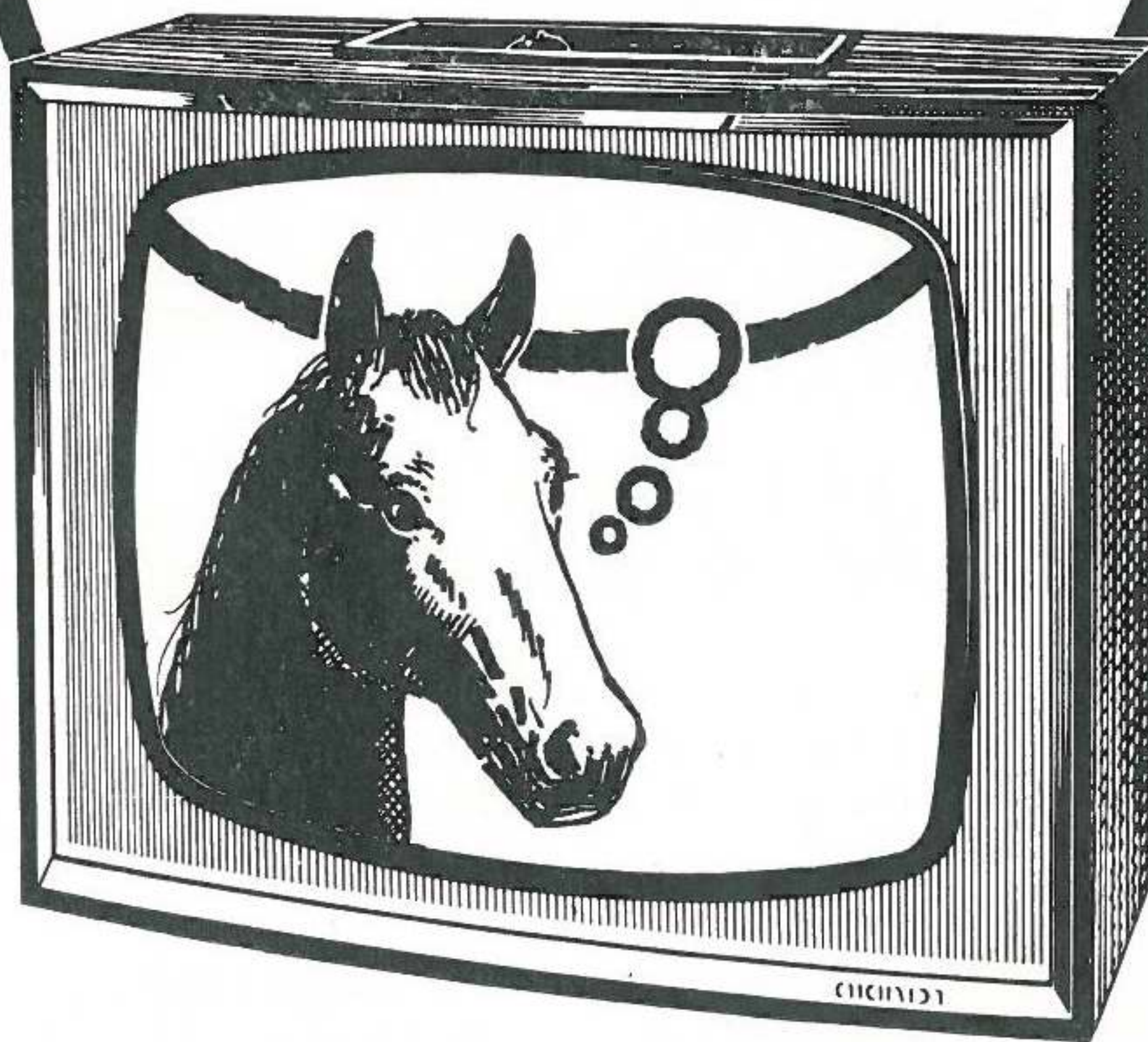
It was as good hurling as ever I have seen in those ten minutes by Mount Sion, with glorious conjured scores by Mahon and Green to add to the power-drilled ones by Power, and the swept drives of Grimes and Walsh. And, yes, one most beautiful goal by Mick Flannelly (what a shame his artistry has to fade with the years), a sort of table-tennis forehand flick that converted a long cross into a goal in the only way it could possibly have happened.

Patrickswell never knew what hit them, and to confirm the lesson Mount Sion threw their last few dregs of strength into a telling beginning to the second-half. They dashed away to attack and pointed twice again. This had the twofold effect of keeping Patrickswell in the wrong frame of mind for their comeback, and delaying still further the beginning of the come-

● CONTINUED PAGE 52

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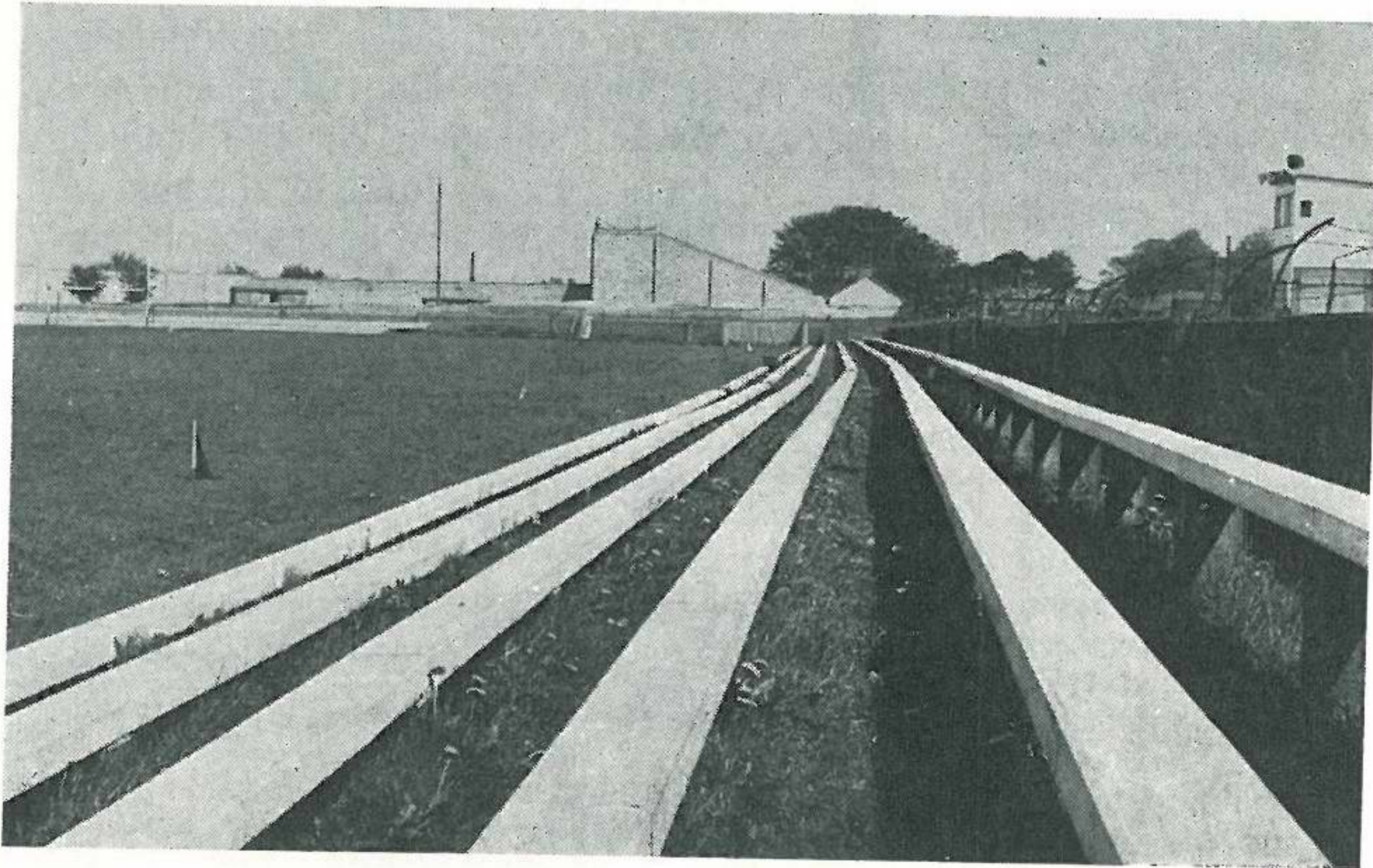
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'Oscars' for 1966

IT has been another noteworthy year on the playing fields for memorable scores, top-rate individual performances, and some pulsating games in all grades. And, as the memories now crowd one on top of the other, let's analyse them and award the "Oscars" for 1966.

GOAL OF THE YEAR: No doubt whatever this accolade goes to Larry Guinan for Waterford's second goal in their Munster hurling final with Cork, at Limerick. Nine minutes remained for play when the Mount Sion hurler gained possession around his own half-back line. He then set off on a breath-taking and beautifully controlled run that he climaxed by crashing a superb shot from 30 yards to the Cork net.

TOP SCORING EXHIBITION: One readily remembers Eamonn Cregan's brilliant 3-5 in Limerick's shock Munster championship win at Cork over Tipperary, and a similar score earlier by Paddy Molloy for Offaly in their Leinster championship success over Westmeath at Mullingar.

But, while those certainly were outstanding feats, and were also achieved in the tension of championship fare, I still pass them over in favour of Charlie Gallagher's exhibition in the Wembley tournament semi-final between Cavan and Down at Carrickmacross in May.

Gallagher gave a magnificent exhibition in that game of clever,

purposeful football, brilliant marksmanship and opportunism. And, at the end of that vintage performance, he had to his personal credit the outstanding total of 2-10.

OUTSTANDING INDIVIDUAL DISPLAY: That Carrickmacross performance by Gallagher? Martin Coogan's majestic showing in Kilkenny's National League "Home" final win over Tipperary? The exhilarating football and high-quality play of Noel Tierney that contributed so nobly to Galway's All-Ireland final win over Meath?

Each will have many supporters, yet none of these undoubtedly great performances still stirred me to nearly the same extent as John Quigley's exhibition of hurling in Wexford's All-Ireland minor final replay win over Cork. Here was a mature display of hurling's arts and crafts, and cool, thoughtful play that belied the Rathnure hurler's youth. Alert, active, speedy off the mark, and sure and accurate in his striking, he was both a major stumbling block to Cork, and a wonderful inspiration to Wexford. Without question, John Quigley's performance in Wexford's defence that October day ranks as one of the greatest in any national final in any grade.

OUTSTANDING TEAM PERFORMANCE: In my book there was nothing to approach Galway's All-Ireland final performance. They proved in that game that they had



LARRY GUINAN
Goal of the Year

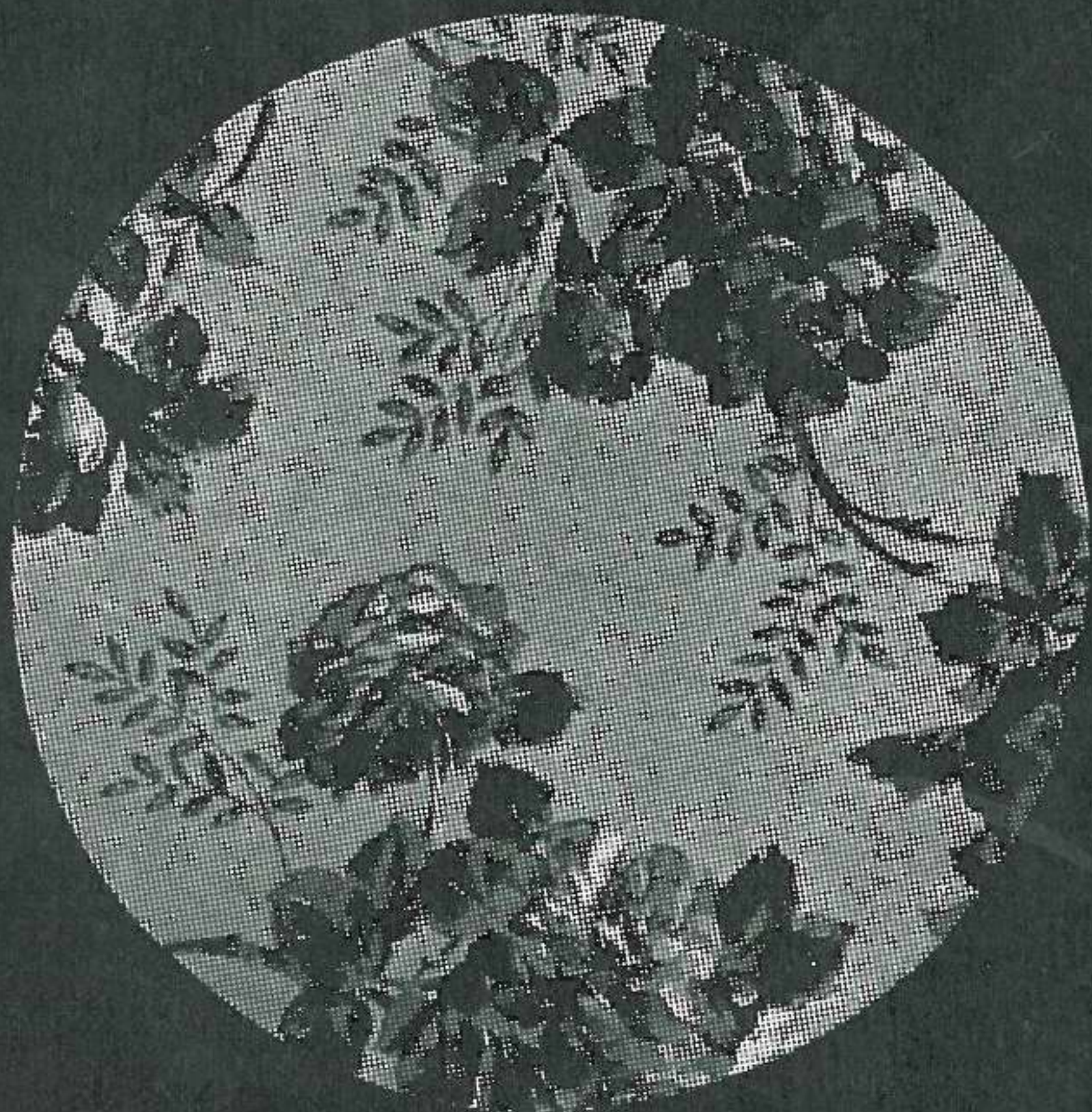
both the formula for an All-Ireland title win—determination, teamwork, skill and punch up front—and, more important still, the ability, drive and self-assurance necessary to translate that blueprint into victory. The result was controlled, thoughtful and well-drilled football, played efficiently from goal out with speed and determination. In short, this was an object lesson by Galway in the art of producing on the day the brand of intelligent and well-drilled play that brings the game's top awards.

GAME OF THE YEAR: It was not a vintage year as far as truly memorable games are concerned.

● CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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● FROM PAGE 13

Still, Kilkenny and Tipperary provided top-rate hurling and plenty of thrills in their League "Home" final, the Longford-Galway counterpart in football was also a gripping tie, and Cork and Limerick gave fans at mist-shrouded Killarney plenty to cheer about in their Munster hurling semi-final.

But, I would gladly trade all the thrills and excitement of those grand games if it were possible to re-live again that wonderful All-Ireland minor final replay—high-standard play, brilliant individual performances, thrills, well-taken scores, and a heart-warming fight-



CHARLIE GALLAGHER

A vintage performance.

back by Wexford that brought them from a seven point deficit at the interval to a second title with a goal two minutes from the final whistle.

My two final "Oscars" go to Liam Sammon, for the point of the year, that all important score that he took superbly in the nerve-racking tension of the closing seconds of the Connacht final to give Galway a one-point win, and to Longford for the outstanding team achievement of 1966. No, not for that historic League win over Galway but for their success with 14 players for most of the second half who earned for them that tilt with Galway at the expense of Donegal.

Grounds Development



BIG CHALLENGE

By **DAN McAREAVY**



IN common with G.A.A. followers throughout the length and breadth of the country I am still applauding the tremendous imagination which inspired the Central Council's Hurling Scheme, but now I find myself even more "carried away" by the possibilities of the Bord na bPairc—Grounds Plan (Part II) which has just received its "imprimatur".

Grounds Schemes down through the years have transformed the face of the country and if the pioneers were to come back to-day they would be astounded by the progress made and indeed many would ask "How were the early games ever played at all?"

But I have always felt that not enough was done at club level. Imposing stadia throughout the land are a tribute to those responsible but nevertheless the position of the club—the basic unit of the Association—has constantly appeared to me to be comparatively neglected.

Now this is changed completely with the publication of the new Central Council Scheme which places the onus squarely on the various County Boards "to get cracking" immediately.

And I would hope that at the forthcoming conventions there will be motions asking that Grounds Committees be set up in all

counties where none exist at the moment.

In Armagh we formed such a committee last year but it met only once and has not been heard of since. However, even that one meeting revealed just how poorly off the county was as regards club grounds. About one quarter of the grounds were first class, a further quarter could be brought up to date without too much difficulty but the remaining half—through no real fault of the occupants—were, as the saying goes, virtually "beyond redemption".

I believe a "ground for every club" should be our slogan from now onwards. And, of course, coupled with the ground itself there must be a pavilion along even the simplest lines but which would be capable of development into a meeting place for members. Our hope lies in a club having a permanent stake in its district. The real revival of nationalism will spring from such a home.

The new grounds plans envisages a total expenditure in counties and cities of £600,000 over a 10-year period.

One half of this amount (£300,000) would be supplied from credit available to the Central Council (not exceeding £150,000 at any period) and would be cleared by re-issues of five-year

tickets in 1973 and 1978. The interest charges to be met from Central funds (at say, 8%) would not exceed £12,000 annually and it is unlikely that this maximum figure would be reached.

The other half of this amount (£300,000) would be supplied by local effort in which local clubs, county committees and Provincial Councils would take their parts.

To carry out the plan, the 32 counties and selected cities or large towns would make up approximately 40 units and each unit would be restricted to grant (usually on a £1 for £1 basis) on expenditure not exceeding £15,000, on a comprehensive scheme prepared by a Grounds Committee in each county. This plan would require approval by the County Committee and Bord na bPairc.

The scheme would include: Mutual Reduction of Overdrafts on Grounds, Purchase of Grounds, Provision of Dressing-rooms, Facilities for Spectators and Provision of Club Premises—as selected by each county and approved by the Parks' Board.

The 40 units would be made up of 32 Counties and Dublin City (2) and the cities of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Galway, Derry and Belfast.

Bord na bPairc, in deciding on

● TO PAGE 17

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In the Galway dressing-room

with SEAN O'DONNELL

"HOW do you manage to get into all the dressing-rooms" ? asked he, with a note of admiration in his voice. "I mean, you seem to be always there after every big match. The once or twice I tried I could not get within twenty yards of the door" ?

"A trade secret", says I, "and, of course, I keep in training all of the time. You see you have got to be fit and fast. Being thin also helps—so does being tall".

I don't suppose he believed me but it's true nonetheless. The Galway dressing-room after the football final was as tough as I have cracked—well maybe not quite as hard as getting into the Cork one after the hurling final. That one will take beating.

John Donnellan was the first Galwayman against whom I was first pushed. For once the loquacious Dail deputy had nothing to say. He was out of breath. Not so Noel Tierney. "The experts wrote us off", says he, "so we could not lose". However, he was smiling.

Fr. Paddy Mahon was delighted beyond words. However, one had the feeling that he would make up for it later. John Dunne on the other hand appeared to be the coolest man in sight. Delighted yes—but he expressed sorrow that it

had not been a more closely contested game.

I wondered how cool, in fact, he was back in 1938 when he was less a sage. He had been captain then—but played no less a part in 1964, '65 and '66. Surely one of the greatest trainers of all-time.

Johnny Geraghty too had a dig at the "experts". Somebody wanted his jersey as a souvenir. Nothing doing.

Mattie McDonagh looked like a man who had won his first rather than his fourth medal. "Meath

never got going", says he, "and more is the pity. But we were flying. I don't think anything would have stopped us to-day."

Cyril Dunne felt that it was Mattie's goal that had clinched the hour. However, Seamus Leydon felt that all of the forwards had combined to a degree where Meath had no answer to them.

John Keenan, who was among the most prominent of those forwards, would not agree at all. He felt that the credit belonged to the backs. "They played their hearts out and did not put a foot wrong during the hour". That was how he saw it.

Enda Colleran had expected a much closer game and felt that everybody—backs, forwards and the gallant mid-fielders, Pat Donnellan and princely Jimmy Duggan, had played their part. "It was a team effort all the way", says he, "and we were backed by the best mentors in the land".

I could not agree more.

But between ourselves, you know, I am worried that Galway will do it again in 1967. If they do then that will really be a tough dressing-room to crack.

Grounds Development

● FROM PAGE 15

grants, would not be tied to a £1 for £1 basis, but would make exceptions for counties weak in financial resources. The investment in any one unit from Central Funds would be restricted to £7,500.

Counties which had received substantial grants under the First Plan or under a Special Scheme would be asked to concentrate on the purchase of new grounds and on such other schemes as the County Committee recommend and Bord na bPaire approve.

The Grounds' Committee in

each county or unit would be required to survey the grounds' position and the needs of each unit and to prepare an overall plan. They might also be asked to undertake the promotion of Ciste na Banban and encourage local efforts in raising funds to meet the local share of the expenditure.

County Plans could be prepared in 1967 for commencement in 1968.

These are but the sign-posts to success. The scheme presents an enormous but heartening challenge to all concerned. It will be a sad comment on us if it is neglected.

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IT'S LIMERICK'S TURN

By RAYMOND SMITH

JIMMY LANGTON, the great former Kilkenny forward, said to me recently that now as Cork have returned to the top after ten years in the wilderness, it would be a wonderful thing for hurling if Limerick could stage a resurgence next season.

Jimmy made the point that it was bad for the game when the championship scene was dominated by a few counties. Up to this season, Tipperary had become such a dominant force that attendances were falling and it seemed that only Kilkenny could offer them any serious challenge. "That is why everyone with the interests of the game at heart", said Jimmy, "welcome the revival in Cork's hurling fortunes. You have no real sting in the Munster championship when Cork are down and the prospect of a Cork-Kilkenny final always excites the public imagination".

The former Kilkenny star added that Limerick had been down too long. They had not won an All-Ireland title since 1940 and their last Munster title success was in 1955. "I am sure that Croke Park would be packed if the men in Green and White came out next year against Kilkenny".

The Munster championship draw favours Limerick next season. They face Clare in the first round and if they reproduce the form they showed against Cork this year, then they should come out on top. Their semi-final tie would bring them up against the winners of the Galway v. Kerry game and Limerick, if they overcome Clare, should certainly have the measure there as well.

Clare, of course, are not easy to assess. They looked a very promising

combination, indeed, in the drawn game against Cork this year and it was generally agreed that the Leesiders were lucky to earn a second chance. But the "Banner County" men collapsed against a rampant Cork side in the replay and more reputations were marred than made. Clare have a way of disappointing their supporters when most is expected of them.

It looks to me that Limerick must be favourites to reach the Munster final and their likely opponents will be Cork or Tipperary. Now that Tony Wall is back from Cyprus, Tipperary will be hoping to build their defence anew around him but it is no easy task and there is also the question whether they can get the forward line moving again with the same flowing power as in 1964-'65.

With all their stars fighting fit and their appetite for hurling renewed after being out of the championship this season, Tipperary could still, to my mind, prove the most powerful force in the race for championship honours in 1967, but it is never easy to get a great team going again once it begins to break up. Tipperary may find that they have to go through a period of team-building.

Nevertheless, it promises to be a tremendous battle between Cork and Tipperary if, as seems likely, following Waterford's poor form of late, they meet in the semi-final. Jim Barry wants to win this one very much indeed for he knows that Cork must beat their traditional rivals to prove that they are really worthy champions.

Now that Cork have been to Croke Park and have come out on top they will have the confidence



*Mick Mackey . . . the
Glory of Limerick.*

they lacked against Tipperary in the 1964 and '65 Munster finals and unless the Premier County can strike on a strong combination quickly, it should be the Leesiders turn.

A Cork v. Limerick Munster final at Thurles is on the cards then—and it will bring back memories of glorious days in the early 'forties.

Many people reckon that Limerick were the unlucky team of the championship this season for the "Advantage Rule" cost them the goal that would have given them victory over Cork. They will find Cork a well-knit, confident side if they meet them in the Munster final of 1967 and they will have to be much better than they were this season if they are to lower the champions' colours. And Cork remember, are never easily beaten in Thurles.

In Leinster I reckon it will be Kilkenny and Wexford again and Kilkenny are going to find it hard to retain their provincial crown for Wexford are shaping very well, with fine young hurlers coming to the fore.

So then it could well be Limerick or Cork versus Wexford in the 1967 All-Ireland final.

One thing is certain, though—it is going to be a great championship next season and it would take a very good judge indeed to name the likely champions at this stage.



Theo English

STARS OF THE SEASON . . .



Justin McCarthy

(and Jim Barry for President)

WHAT a momentous year! Apart from the many important things which happened in the council rooms, across the seas in New York and in many pitches around the country we had a great All-Ireland football championship in which the neatest team for years dazzled us all in the final and, in hurling, a bunch of red-jerseyed men from the Lee chased, parried and struck with blinding determination to bring home a badly-needed championship.

From among the hundreds of individual stars who caught my eye and won my admiration during 1966, I name five—these hold a special place.

When the sun of life's early summer was warm I admired the strength and long clearances of Joe Duggan of Galway. Little I thought then the day would come when a son of his would win not only my admiration but that of thousands in the greatest testing place of all—Croke Park on All-Ireland final day. This Galway team is a very good one. Time may prove it a great one and one could pick half a dozen of this precise, intelligent and skilful side on whose shoulders to hang the mantle of sporting distinction. But my choice is a tall, slim lad who played his part at midfield with skill, brains and quiet determination in a flying semi-final

against able opposition and who turned in a repeat of even greater merit in the final.

When that young man is only eighteen he deserves the praise of all sportsmen. I hope to see young Jimmy Duggan blossom into a truly classic midfielder. The breeding is there . . . on both sides.

* * *

Early in June down in Cork green-shirted Limerick turned out against Tipperary. The champions were short but what of it. Johnny Lanigan of Thurles laughed as he told me that one of these days Tipp. would have a full team. Hurling was held in the grim fist of the Premier County and we all awaited another hammering.

Then the match was on and we forgot about champions in the exhilaration of a wonderful game when played as it was with the fire, skill and blinding speed of a trained team. Three minutes after the start a young fair-haired lad named Cregan, whose father wore the Garryowen jersey with honour flashed along the left wing pounded on the sliotar that had broken away from struggling men and whipped a sweet shot all the way to the net. Tom Bluett ran hip to hip with John Doyle two minutes after and the neat swing connected. Another goal.

In the twenty-second minute a cross swing in to the left corner

where John Doyle and Tom Bluett again pulled hard. The sliotar broke back and I waited for one of them to tip it away. Donie O'Donovan beside me shouted "Look at Cregan" and I saw the flying winger who must have been moving a second before anyone else woke up, sail around the two struggling players and tap the ball goalwards and strike a lovely shot that had goal written all over it.

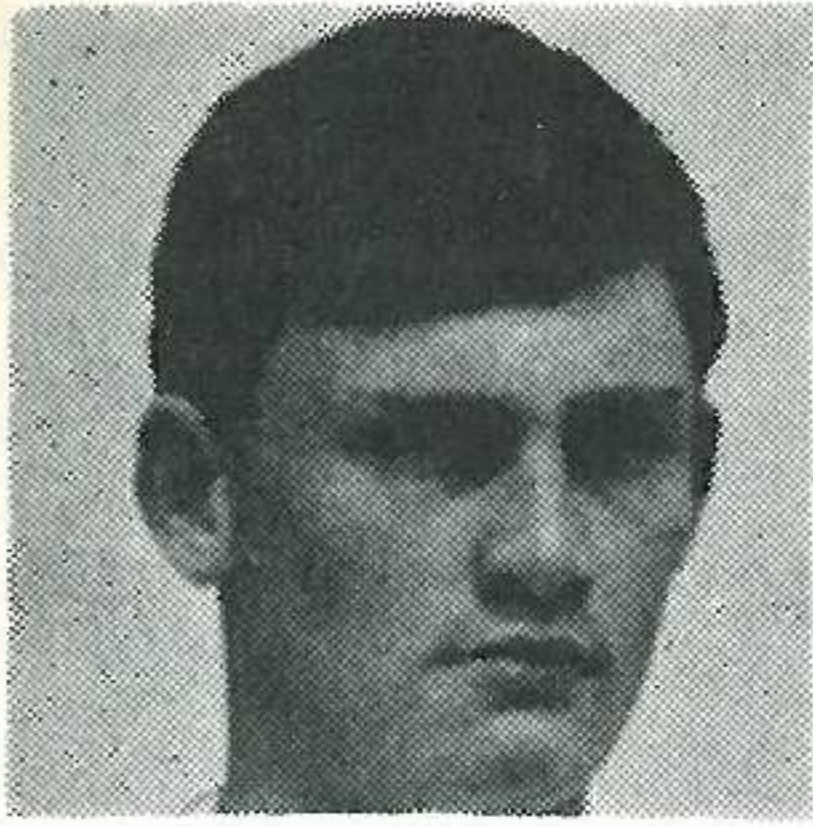
That was the shot that beat Tipperary although the same player, again flying in with unbelievable speed and anticipation early in the second half connected with another through ball that nobody else would have reached, and rocketed a shot to the net to close the champions account.

Eamonn Cregan had three superb goals and five points (four from frees) that day and he beat Tipperary.

But it was not the toppling over of these great champions that mattered. For Cregan that day turned over another page in the history of hurling when so many thought the book was finished.

* * *

Not since Tipperary were beaten by Waterford in the Munster hurling final of '63 have the champions been hammered and it doesn't look like it to-day either for although Kilkenny are hurling well on this blustery day in May, when only



Jimmy Duggan

By
EAMONN YOUNG

sixteen thousand are watching, the fortunes which must eventually sway towards the hurling mammoth of modern times.

Eight points to three at half-time and Tipp not very much in the game. But the second-half was hardly started when that chunky wedge of a man from Clonmel with the black hair began to buzz around centre-field like a wound-up toy. Right through the first-half he had been chasing, striking and tapping away that sliotar with the joie de vivre of a twenty-year-old and here in the second-half he was undoubtedly going to drive Tipp, lethargic as they seemed in comparison to the Noresiders on to victory whether they liked it or not.

Theo English, never for a moment losing his head but watching every break of the ball like an old dog outside a rabbit burrow, and then swinging the shot away with the impeccable economy which he has shown us for years . . . he nearly broke Kilkenny's heart. Tipperary began to get the points. English, Nealon, Devaney—up went the white flags and now they were within two points of the Kilkenny men when the Black and Amber roused themselves again, as if seeing plainly it was now or never. Fair play for them with twenty minutes to go they saw

● CONTINUED OVERLEAF




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Peter Owens.

● FROM PAGE 21

they could win this game and swung hard into every ball with an iron bite that spelled victory.

Tom Walsh had a point worth a ton of goals at another time and it took Tipp. a few minutes to come back with a Devaney point. Sixteen minutes to go and little did we think that was to be the last score of the game. Neither did lion-hearted Theo English whose speed, fitness and fighting heart lit that game to the end. The champions had gone down after three years at the top. We didn't know then but it was only a prelude to the big blow a fortnight after. Neither did English see in it a defeat. Men of his calibre simply don't know when they are licked. In fact, that's the trouble when

playing against men like him, who made Tipperary what they were—and are.

* * *

The Cork hurlers were home and dry in that first-round game over in Limerick on a warm June day. Leading by six points and all going well we felt the side would be better in the next round and with Tipp. out of the championship our chances were as good as the rest. Then Clare struck and Mick O'Shea and Noel Pyne blazed in two smart goals to even up. A minute after half time the real blow was struck when flying Pat Cronin slapped a rising ball from twenty-five yards all the way to the net and the fat was in the fire.

It was point for point after that until the last ten minutes when

the red-jerseyed hurlers had come within a point of Clare and we began to hope again while the two children with me howled their heads off for Cork.

And then Noel Pyne and Pat Cronin slid through again. Two more points for Clare and it looked all up. Our men fought back downfield and were going through in a headlong rush that seemed to spell danger when the referee, Philly Ryan of Tipperary, blew for a Cork free. I groaned. The shot was from thirty yards and a little to the right. The point was no use; the time was almost up; one couldn't goal from that distance; the puck-out and mid-field tussle would finish time and Cork simultaneously.

Tall, slim, black-haired, Justin



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Tom Walsh

McCarthy from Passage strode long-legged over to take the free. In the silence he lifted and struck. Straight goalwards it went. Forget the point, it's neck or nothing. Then someone launched himself across the goal, the sliotar rocketed off his stick and the green flag went up. The Cork crowd went wild. We didn't know it then, and there was a lot of water to flow past Blackrock Castle before the first Sunday in September, but it was Justin McCarthy's goal-shot that sent the hurling champions on their way to glory.

* * *

They said he was too old; they said he was out of touch with modern methods of training. They said we should get a young man. They said . . .

Yes, and I myself said we should make him the team manager on account of his great service and his wonderful command of personal relations.

Still when I met him that June

evening I wondered. His neatly cut sports suit, striped shirt, dicky-bow, expensive sandals with yellow socks peeping out through the straps, looked so spruce.

Then the strong tanned face under the virile growth of wavy white hair broke into a smile. He probably knew I was admiring his fitness.

He pulled in the stomach and stuck out the chest, which incidentally, has a five-inch expansion.

"Take a shelter under that" he invited with a grin.

A few months later I saw him again. This time it was on the Hogan stand. A young slip of a lad named Gerald McCarthy from the Barrs was waving the Mc-

Carthy Cup and the crowd below were wild with joy. A few yards away stood Jim Barry. He wasn't quite so neat now, for the crowd which mobbed him in their joy had whipped away his dicky-bow, his pocket handkerchief and his fainne nua.

There were tears in his eyes. No wonder!

The old warrior had put up with a lot. And now the criticism was all forgotten in that moment of joy reached only when it is awaited for so long and won against all the odds.

Jim Barry for the Dail; Jim Barry for president. "We should have put him up on the Nelson Pillar long ago as we intended," said one man.

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Presidents of the G.A.A.: 9

By Terence Roynane

W. P. CLIFFORD

WILLIAM CLIFFORD was the first Limerickman to become President of the Gaelic Athletic Association since Frank Dineen had held that high office from 1895 to 1898. An earnest worker in the cause of the games from his earliest youth, W. P. Clifford steadily worked his way up through the council chambers of the Association.

By the end of World War I, he was already a well-known figure both in the Limerick County Board and at meetings of Munster Council, and he continued his good work during the difficult years of the Fight for Freedom.

By the start of the twenties William Clifford was a leading light in G.A.A. circles in the South and was one of the Munster representatives on Central Council which was then composed of three elected members from each province.

In 1924 he first was proposed for the Presidency, and was very narrowly defeated, 44 votes to 40, by P. D. Breen of Wexford. Twelve months later, Clifford was again a candidate against the same opponent and was again defeated, this time by 56 votes to 45.

But W. P. Clifford was nothing if not persistent. In 1926, for the third successive year, he contested the Presidency with P. D. Breen and this time was elected by 68 votes to 55.

It was characteristic of William Clifford's selflessness, that one of his first acts as President was to propose from the chair that in future the President's term of office be limited to two years. This motion was passed but, oddly enough, he was the only one who ever complied with his own ruling, as, after his time, the President's term extended to the present three-year period.

President Clifford, however, had the pleasure of holding the highest office of the G.A.A. during the years when the Association staged its great revival after the troubled years from 1916 to 1923. Indeed 1926 was one of the great years in the history of the Association marked by three games between Cork and Tipperary in the Munster hurling final and a thrilling drawn game and equally thrilling replay in the All-Ireland football final between Kerry and Kildare. These great clashes drew greater crowds than ever to G.A.A. games, and

they now had more games than ever to attend, for it was during Clifford's Presidency that the National League competitions and the Railway Cup interprovincial games were first begun.

So at the end of his first year as President, W. P. Clifford had a record season to review, but, unfortunately, due to illness, he was unable to attend the 1927 Congress, P. D. Breen taking the chair instead. However the delegates showed their appreciation for his work by re-electing him as President for a second year that was no less successful than the first.

True to his word, W. P. Clifford retired from the chair at the 1928 Congress, but continued to work earnestly for the Association to the end of his life.

He was, several years subsequently, Chairman of Limerick County Board and saw the rise of the county hurlers to All-Ireland glory during his tenure of that office.

A quiet, and widely respected man William P. Clifford's period as President saw the G.A.A. emerge completely from the shadows of the Civil War and start again on its way to greatness.

Bag of mixed memories

BUT MINOR HURLERS STOLE THE SHOW

THE year 1966 is all but behind us now, and, looking back on the months that are gone, I find myself with a bag of very mixed memories. There were some games I enjoyed immensely and that still linger happily in my mind, others and some of the most important ones at that I find I have almost entirely forgotten already.

Pride of place I give to the drawn game and replay in the All-Ireland minor hurling final between Wexford and Cork. The first game produced some wonderful hurling as Wexford in the first half, and Cork for so much of the second, made light of the opposition.

Wexford's fight-back in the closing minutes was an amazing display of heart and courage (those qualities are not necessarily the same) and we all looked forward hopefully to the replay though nobody I think really believed we would see as good a game. Yet we did.

Cork, through the forty opening minutes, played the best hurling

Meath, in the second-half against Down in their senior semi-final, almost played magnificently, their sailing long-range points, from all over the forward line being only matched by the soundness of their defence, but oddly enough, Meath, like their Leinster hurling colleagues Kilkenny, seemed to leave their best form behind them on final day.

On the other hand it must be granted that those great triple champions Galway played some of their best football ever in that same All-Ireland final. For me this present Galway team is the best that ever has come out of the West.

If they can come again in 1967 and thus equal the Kerry and Wexford records of taking four titles in a row, I personally would rank them as the best team I have ever seen. But it is a long time from here to the last Sunday in September.

Kildare though they failed to win a title (except in hurling, oddly

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they had yet shown us, and yet at the very moment when anybody could have expected them to fade away the Wexford lads came battling back into the breeze and, even to a neutral spectator such as myself the last ten minutes were almost heart-stopping in excitement.

Certainly not since Nicky Rackard and Company wiped out Tipperary's fifteen-point lead in the National League final of 1956 has a Wexford hurling side won a more notable victory in any grade. Unfortunately, I missed the two drawn games between Wexford and Cork in the Under-21 series and thus missed I am told the best hurling matches outside Croke Park this year.

Certainly it was reassuring to see good hurling played in the Under-21 ranks, because we had little that was memorable in senior grade. Cork, unexpectedly but most deservedly, won the senior title, but, let us be honest about it, this was not one of the great finals.

Indeed for thrills and excitement the only senior intercounty game I saw that matched either of the two clashes in the minor final was the hard-fought last quarter of the home league final between Kilkenny and Tipperary.

In football the best display I saw during 1966 was given by the Mayo minors in the first half of their semi-final against Cork. These Western lads were really brilliant during that spell. They went on to win the All-Ireland title comfortably, but they never again quite recaptured the magic of that first 30 minutes in the August semi-final.

enough) remained the most exciting team in the country to watch, as exciting to the neutral spectator in defeat as in victory which is a most unusual attribute for any side.

League champions Longford were a most workmanlike side using their talents to the maximum in every game.

And that brings me to the unhappiest memories of the year the hurling and football league finals. The second game between Longford and New York provided as unpleasant an afternoon as ever I have seen in Croke Park.

I have read, with sympathy, everything the EDITOR had to say in last month's GAEILIC SPORT on this matter, but I still wonder why sportsmanship should have to suffer because of anyone's frustration.

I saw both Croke Park matches, and all I want to say is this, that had a son of mine been playing in either game I would not have had the nerve to wait to the finish.

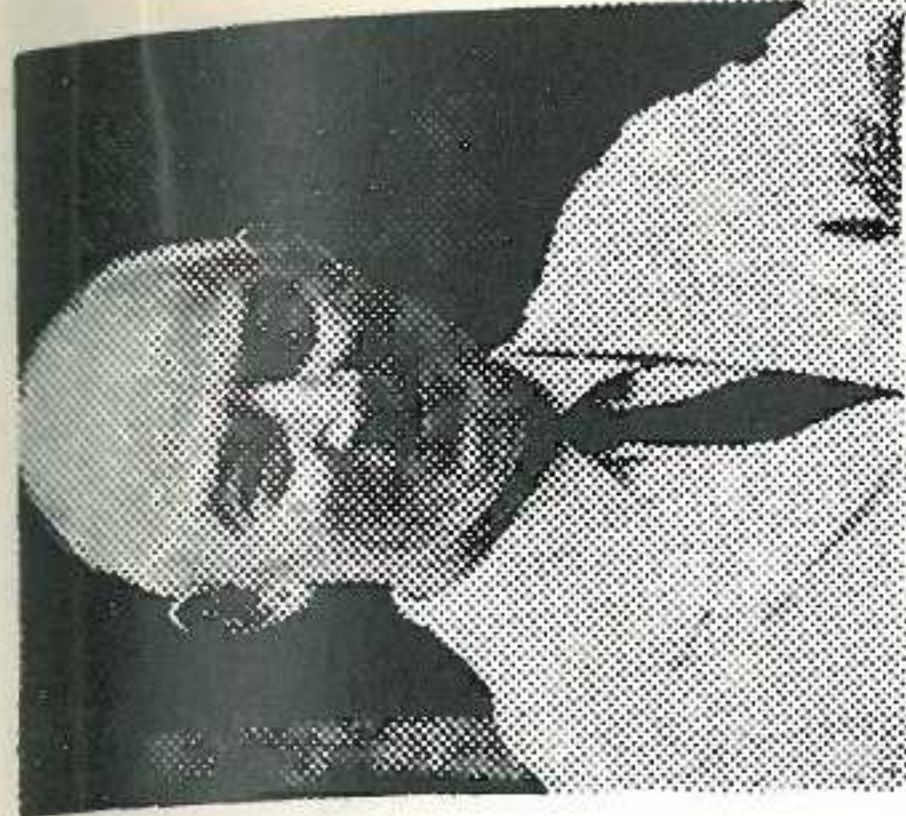
I appreciate all the Editor has said about returning exiles wishing to impress.

I would have preferred, and so I feel would everyone who like myself hopes to see our games yet played on an international level, that the impression made had been a more favourable one.

However, there is no point in harping back over what might have been. What we must all work for now is to ensure that no such bitterness intrudes again at what should surely be the most enjoyable of all meetings, the reunion of the Gaels at home with the Gaels from Beyond the Wave.



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Men who've done Monaghan proud

By

SEAMUS McCLUSKEY

IT is remarkable that in such a predominantly football county as Monaghan, the honour of the county during the past year had to be redeemed by two non-footballers. Even top-scorer Gerry Fitzpatrick of the famed Castleblayney Faughs Club, who set up an all-time Monaghan scoring record of 1-32 (35 points) in senior county appearances in 1965, was very much behind last year's form and failed to reach the twenty-points mark this year. Neither can "old reliables" Benny Mone, MacCartan Moore and Tony Loughman have any everlasting memories of 1966 and the only footballer to hit the headlines was Tony Carville, who won the Balantine Award in far-off New York for "playing Gaelic football the way it should be played". But that was thousands of miles away and the only sportsmen to put Monaghan on the map, here at home, were handballer Seamus McCabe and road racing star Tony Murphy.

For Clonesman McCabe, 1966 was a truly remarkable year. He made history by becoming the first Ulsterman to reach both All-Ireland senior handball finals—softball and hardball. He made further history by becoming the first Ulsterman to win an All-Ireland senior handball championship when he captured the softball singles title at Ballymote on Sunday, September 18—a victory which only gave him the honour of being the first Monaghan man ever to win an All-Ireland medal.

After retaining both of his Ulster senior titles, his first big step on the road to the coveted All-Ireland double was successfully taken at Kells on Sunday, August

14, with a merited 2-1 victory over All-Ireland softball champion, Richie Lyng of Wexford.

This was the sensation of the decade in handball circles. Even in the third and decisive game, with Lyng leading by 17-7, an upset appeared very remote, but few had reckoned with the unyielding spirit and ability of the Monaghan man who staged a dramatic recovery to win the game 21-18. Then to Ballymote in September and McCabe's dream came true with a great 2-1 victory over Peadar McGee of Mayo. Ulster had won its first ever senior handball title.

In the hardball game, McCabe reached the final for the second year in succession, with a semi-final win over the Talbot's Inchman Joe Delaney by three games to one. Having reached the final of this series in 1965 and with the 1966 softball title under his belt, it was only natural that the fair-haired Clones left-hander should be highly confident when he stepped out to meet Paddy Hickey of Clogheen in the senior hardball singles final at Ceannus Mor early in October. Leading by two games to one and fourteen aces to the good (15-1) in the fourth game, it appeared that only a miracle could prevent Seamus from capturing the coveted double. But that miracle happened and the Tipperary man came from nowhere to win the game and also the deciding fifth game.

Defeat was bitter, but Monaghan—and Ulster—were still very appreciative of McCabe's great achievements in 1966 and this they showed in no uncertain terms on Thursday, October 27, when they turned out in their hundreds to

honour the Clones star at a huge banquet in the Hibernian Hotel in his native town. Alf O'Muire, President of the G.A.A., honoured Seamus by his presence and the people of Clones presented him with a very valuable V.H.F. transistor radio as a token of their appreciation.

It was a remarkable feature of McCabe's play during the year that in all his victories he came from behind to win, while, in the final which he lost, he was way out in front. Speaking to him at the banquet in Clones he told me that he always felt much happier when in arrears and could produce his best handball when he saw defeat staring him in the face. Against Hickey at Ceannus Mor he was so far in front that he became over-confident and in a rash change-of-toss he threw away his chance of the handball double.

Still, Seamus McCabe is yet only in his early twenties and the day of the double-victory must inevitably come his way in the very near future. Time is very much on his side.

Second Monaghan man to redeem county honour during the past year was the youthful Emyvale cyclist, Tony Murphy, who, following his tremendous solo efforts in the 1965 Ras Tailteann, was selected on the four-man N.C.A. team to race on the Continent in June. After a very stiff winter-training programme Tony obviously created a deep impression on N.C.A. team selectors by setting up no less than three "fastest times" during the month of March and then, after a long journey southwards, finishing third in Ras Mumhan at Easter.

Few were surprised, then, when the North Monaghan lad's name was listed with Seamus O'Hanlon (Dublin), Paddy Flanagan (Kildare) and Jim Kennedy (Dublin) to wear the Tricolour jersey in the famous Three-stage Grand Prix Road Race in France. This was the first time in history for an N.C.A. team to compete in this type of international event and represented a tremendous breakthrough for the Association.

The race consisted of three stages—Stage 1: 140 Kilometres on a circuit at Le Harve; Stage 2: 110 Kilometres Le Havre to Rouen; Stage 3: 160 Kilometres Rouen to Paris and the Irish team finished 4th of the nine international teams and seven French Regional teams with O'Hanlon and Murphy the Irish stars. In overall classification O'Hanlon was 9th and Murphy 11th and within two seconds of each other on overall time.

After the Kermesse event through the streets of Rouen, Murphy was acclaimed by the newspapers as the "Irish Hero"—O'Hanlon had crashed and both Flanagan and Kennedy retired. The Monaghan star put up a really tremendous performance, finishing 8th—a truly wonderful feat for a complete novice at this phase of the game against world class opposition.

In the 110 Kilos Massed Start over the Paris motor-racing circuit he was again the hero by achieving the highest placing of the Tour by a member of the Irish team, when he finished 3rd in a field of 84 top international riders. This was the hottest race of the entire trip and Tony was at the head of the field all the way. He was again among Ireland's scoring trio when the team finished in second place in the Pyrenees Two-day event near Lourdes—a wrong turn preventing him from finishing with the leaders.

Tony received a tremendous welcome-home on his return from the Continent and although illness prevented him from taking a much

higher placing in the subsequent Ras Tailteann (he rode in this event against doctor's orders) the future looks very rosy indeed for the Emyvale youth. Presently riding

with the Monaghan Star Wheelers club, he is still only a youngster and like his fellow countyman, Seamus McCabe of handball fame, time is all in his favour.

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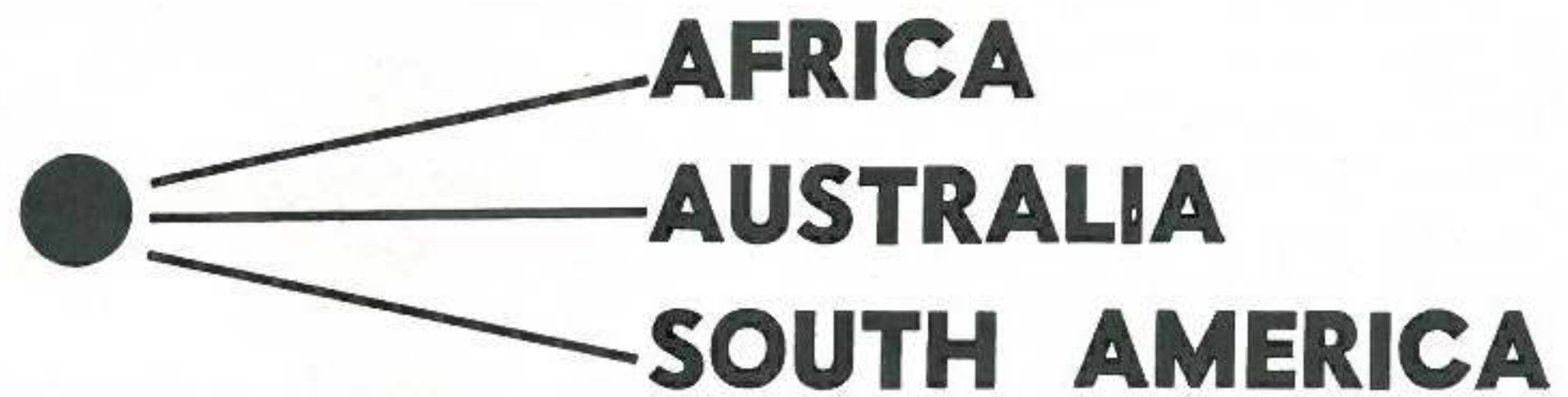
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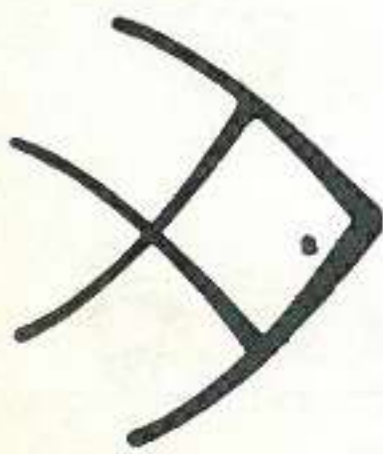
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le
Seán
O Dúnaigín

CAIDREAMH IS CARADAS

Ní maith liom bheith de shíor ag moladh Club Chill Mhacoda, sa pharóiste agam féin, ach tá áthas orm go mbíonn cúis agam chuige. Fáth an mholta an taca seo ná an bealach a cuireadh i ngnímh na comhairlí a tugadh amach ag Oifigí an Chumann Lúchleas, ó am go céile, faoi tuilleadh caidrimh eadar fóirne is clubanna a thabhairt isteach i gcúrsaí an Chumann.

Maidin lae an chluiche ceannais peile bhí mé i láthair i bPáirc imeartha na mBráithre Críostaí, Teach Lorcáin, áit a raibh cluiche peile ar siúl idir Scoil Iognáid na Gaillimhe agus foireann fomhionúr Chill Mhacoda. Bhí slua maith ogánaigh, agus neart cailíní 'na measc, ag tabhairt tacaíochta béil don dá fhoirinn. Ní rud neamh-ghnáthach é seo ar ndóigh—ach fuair mé an scéal in iomlán tar éis scathaimh.

Ar an dtaobh-líne i gcomhluadar Chathaoirligh Chill Mhacoda, Micheál de Búrca, O.S., bhuaill mé le Gael thar an gcoiteann, an tAthair Oirmh. Ó Dubhshláine, Cumann na nIosánach. Áth Cliathach é le friotal na nGael go binn blasta aige, é 'na Ollamh i gColáiste Iognáid agus spéis thar chuimse aige ins na cluichí náisiúnta. Creideann sé go bhfuil an C.L.G. ar chúl ar eagrais eile i dtaca le cuideachtúlacht dhe. Go háirithe i gcathair na Gaillimhe, áit ar a dtugtar príomh-chathair na Gaeltachta, 'said clubanna na gcluichí gallda is mó a tugann deis d'óganaigh le haghaidh caidrimh is cuideachtúlacht.

'Ar scáth a chéile a mhaireann na daoine' deir an sean-rá agus tá

sé in am tráth don Chumann Lúchleas Gael áird a tabhairt air. Is fada an lá a scríobh mé san Iris seo faoi chomh gátrach is a bhí sé i gcás clubanna is coistí tuille caidrimh a bheith eadar fóirne—go bhfuil an iomarca béim ar chluichí na gcrabhb agus na sraith-chluichí agus nuair a buait-ear ar fhoirinn go luath nach mbíonn deis ag imreoirí na fóirne sin dul san iomaíocht go cáirdiúil le foireann i gceanntar éigin eile bíodh sé fada, gearr uatha agus oíche airneáin a bheith aca tar éis na béile.

I gcás Choláiste Iognáide agus Club Chill Mhacoda thuig an tAthair Ó Dubhshláine agus Micheál de Búrca an maitheas is féidir a gheineadh don Chumann le himtheachtaí den tsórt seo. Do thaistil foireann an Choláiste ó Ghaillimh Dé Satharn roimh an Chluiche Ceannais agus tógadh muintir na fóirne chuig tithe na mball i bparóiste Chill Mhacoda— aon áit go raibh a leithéid indéanta thóg gach buachaill ar fhoirinn Chill Mhacoda a chéile chomraic an lae dár gcionn abhaile leis—nár bh íontach an gnímh é sin? Ar ndóigh beidh cluiche eile thiar i nGaillimh i gceann tamaill agus aisíocfaidh foireann an Choláiste an ionracas.

Rud eile dhe, bhí go leor Gaeilge le cloisteáil le linn an chluiche. Molaim go hárd an dá fhoireann, udáraisí Choláiste Iognáide agus Club Chill Mhacoda agus go háirithe an tAthair Ó Dubhshláine agus Micheál de Búrca.

Cé bhuaigh? An Cumann Lúchleas Gael.

MUNSTER MEDLEY

By **SÉAMUS Ó CEALLAIGH**

WE are back once more to the month for club annual general meetings, and it is to be hoped that as many as possible will arrange their gatherings so that every member may have the opportunity of exercising their con-

stitutional rights, in submitting proposals which in their opinion might improve the image or working of the G.A.A.

The club is the fundamental unit of the G.A.A. and any suggestions for change must come from the

clubs. Here is where the ordinary member plays such an important part for he can initiate any change he desires simply by putting the proposal to his fellow club members.

It is relatively easy in most instances to secure club support for any worthwhile proposal, so the individual with anything constructive to offer should not hesitate in putting his views forward.

CHANGES NEEDED

The weakness of small groupings in the National Leagues are again very much in evidence this season and already many counties are virtually out of the competitions even before the half-way stage is reached.

A number of old-timers recently discussed this problem and they all agreed that the early Leagues in which groups of eight participated, with all counties assured of seven games, were the most successful in the history of the competitions.

The bulk of opinion favoured four groups of eight in both hurling and football with separate trophies for each group. Interest in the premier groupings might be heightened by permitting the four top teams play off semi-finals of the competition proper, whilst the introduction of promotion and relegation was also strongly advocated by some enthusiasts.

It was generally agreed that New York teams should not be allowed participation in the Leagues, but one of the veterans came up with the interesting suggestion of a new competition in which Britain and America and Ireland would participate. The Ireland teams would be drawn from the counties which participated in the previous season's League, with the proviso that no

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county could have more than one representative on the particular team. It was held that this would make for very even competition.

DR. EAMONN O'SULLIVAN

The death of Dr. Eamonn O'Sullivan has severed a family connection with the G.A.A. extending right back to its foundation. His father, J. P. O'Sullivan of Killohlin, a renowned athlete who won the all-round championship of Ireland in 1891, threw in his lot with the new Association on its establishment, and as captain of the Laune Rangers had the proud distinction of leading the first Kerry team to reach an All-Ireland football final.

For years President of the Kerry County Board of the G.A.A., member of the Central Council and a handicapper to the Association, the untimely death of "J. P." on January 13th, 1909 removed one of the most colourful of the early workers in the cause of the Gael.

A few years later his son, Eamonn, commenced his football career in his native Firies, playing for both Firies and Farranfore in the Kerry championships. Whilst at school in St. Brendan's College, Killarney, he was second in command of the College football side captained by Gerald O'Connor of Ardfert, and both were selected on teams drawn from the secondary schools, universities and training colleges representing Munster against Leinster, the latter including another pair of "Kingdom" exponents in Maurice Donovan of Killarney and Jerry Beckett of Kilgarvan.

At eighteen, the youthful Eamonn O'Sullivan was a substitute on the Kerry side which won the 1915 Munster senior football championship. He played in the Sigerson Cup with U.C.C. in 1917, and in the same competition with U.C.D. from 1919 to 1924.

He had many great games in the Kerry colours but his best day was probably the occasion he helped an inspired Munster side beat a star

studded Leinster selection in the first of the modern interprovincial finals—that associated with the great Tailteann Games revival of 1924. That Munster team was comprised of fourteen Kerry men and a Clareman. Eamonn scored points from two fifty yard kicks in that exciting game in which the other Munster stars included Con Brosnan, Bob Stack and Redmond Prenderville, the latter now Archbishop of Perth, Australia.

Not so long ago I heard an

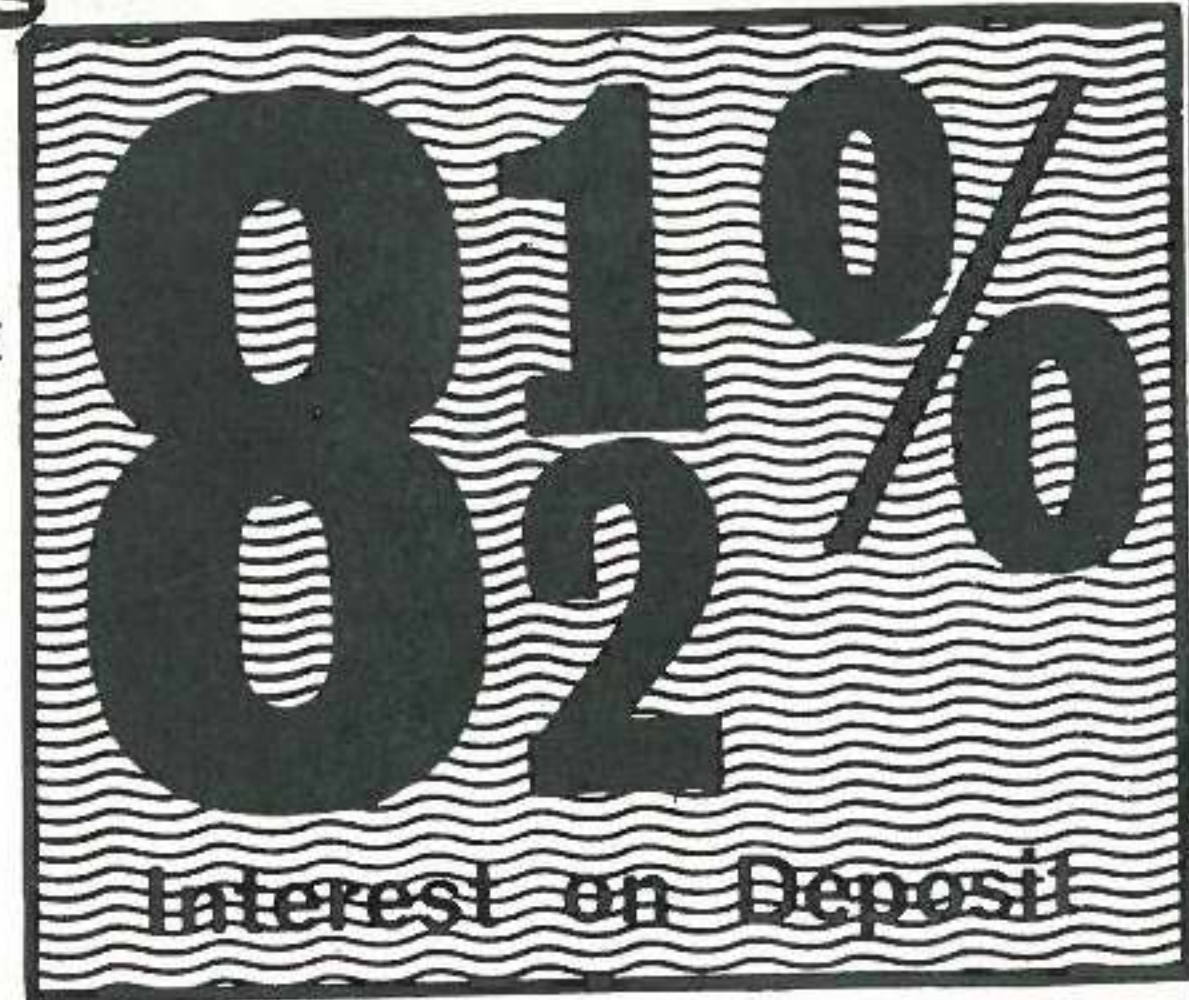
interesting story concerning Archbishop Prenderville. With a schoolmate it was arranged he should go to Maynooth, but the Castleisland lad delayed his departure so that he might play an important game with Kerry and was denied admission to the National Seminary. He found an alternative however and duly reached Australia where he quickly rose to the rank of Archbishop. On hearing the announcement of his appointment the

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● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

school pal remarked: "The man that was late for Maynooth is now an Archbishop, whilst I, who got there in time, will be a curate in Kerry for at least another ten years." And so it turned out.

On receiving his medical appointment to Killarney in 1925, Dr. Eamonn O'Sullivan joined the Dr. Croke's Club of which he remained a member for the rest of his life, occupying the positions of Captain, Secretary, Chairman and President. In Killarney, he formed a close friendship with one of the greatest of Kerry footballers—Dick Fitzgerald, who wrote the first ever book on How to play Gaelic football. Only a few short years ago Dr. O'Sullivan published a splendid book on the same subject.

When Dick Fitzgerald met a tragic death on the eve of the 1930 All-Ireland football final in which Kerry beat Monaghan, Dr. O'Sullivan hit on the idea of building a playing field in Killarney to his memory. And so the Fitzgerald Stadium was conceived. Dr. O'Sullivan saw his brainchild to fruition, and he was himself all through, the great driving force

behind the project, which could not have been erected on the scale it was but for his boundless energy and enthusiasm.

Present-day Gaels know Dr. O'Sullivan mainly as a trainer of great Kerry teams. He had his first success in this regard when he prepared the "Kingdom" side that beat Dublin 0-4 to 0-3, in the 1924 All-Ireland final and it would be impossible to enumerate the many subsequent winning sides which he helped in no small way to victory.

Personally, I think the greatest contribution Dr. O'Sullivan made to the games was the part he played in putting the College competitions on a solid foundation.

He was instrumental in forming the first County Kerry Colleges Committee, of which he was for many years the very active Secretary. At the period the only province to boast a Colleges Council was Leinster and it is to Dr. O'Sullivan's credit that he successfully organised similar bodies in the other three provinces, visiting most of the prominent establishments in these areas in the process. He subsequently organised the Central Colleges Council in 1927,

and the inter-provincial championships in hurling and football, and held the positions of both Munster and all Ireland secretary for many years.

During the same period he was also the Colleges representative on both the Munster and Central Councils, and as I was Handball delegate at the same time a close friendship developed between us which survived the years. I saw his remarkable work at first hand. I know many of the difficulties he encountered and the great patience he displayed with some establishments who did not want to comply with G.A.A. requirements regarding participation in other games, and I can say without fear of contradiction that his contribution to the growth of the G.A.A. could not be over estimated.

He was responsible for many innovations and I remember his advocacy in sponsoring the erection of the first score-board at Croke Park. He also set the head-line for the provinces by providing one at Fitzgerald Park on its opening day.

By his death not only Kerry, but Ireland has lost one of its noblest sons.

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CAMOGIE

By Agnes Hourigan

TWELVE months ago I predicted that camogie would have a good year in 1966, now with eleven months of that year gone, I see no reason at all to change that opinion, because 1966 has been a very good year for the game in all provinces.

It got off to a good start with a brilliant Ashbourne Cup final between University College, Dublin, and University College, Cork, under almost impossible conditions at Belfield. The Dublin girls won narrowly after a game that was a credit to both teams both in the standard of play and in the wonderful standard of sportsmanship displayed. When one remembers that University College, Galway, only failed very narrowly to Cork in the semi-final it is obvious that the game is thriving in the universities.

That the game is also coming along steadily in the secondary schools was also proved during the year past. I am assured that the standard of such games was never higher in Cork and in Ulster, while I myself was frankly amazed at the standard shown in the Leinster junior final between Gilson School, Oldcastle, and Presentation, Kilkenny.

In addition we have the spread of the technical school league in Ulster which is doing a great deal for the game in the North and which surely should be imitated in the rest of the country. It is still a pity, however, that there is no sign of the colleges games spreading in Munster and Connaught. It really astounds me to see secondary schools situated in the midst of famed hurling areas playing hockey just as though camogie did not exist.

In the championships we had

keen competition in Leinster and Munster, but once again Antrim were virtually unchallenged in senior ranks in the North, while Galway reigned supreme in Connaught. But the most pleasant fact about 1966 was the levelling up of standards. In Munster Waterford beat Cork, and only failed after giving Tipperary a hard fight in the final.

In the Leinster senior series Wexford gave Dublin their hardest

battle for a decade, and although the Dubliners did go on to take the title, the hard fact remains that they were extremely lucky to beat Tipperary in the semi-final and Antrim in the final.

The result is that the 1967 All-Ireland camogie championship looks the most open for many a year and that, surely is exactly as it should be.

On the other hand, Dublin's feat

●TO PAGE 52

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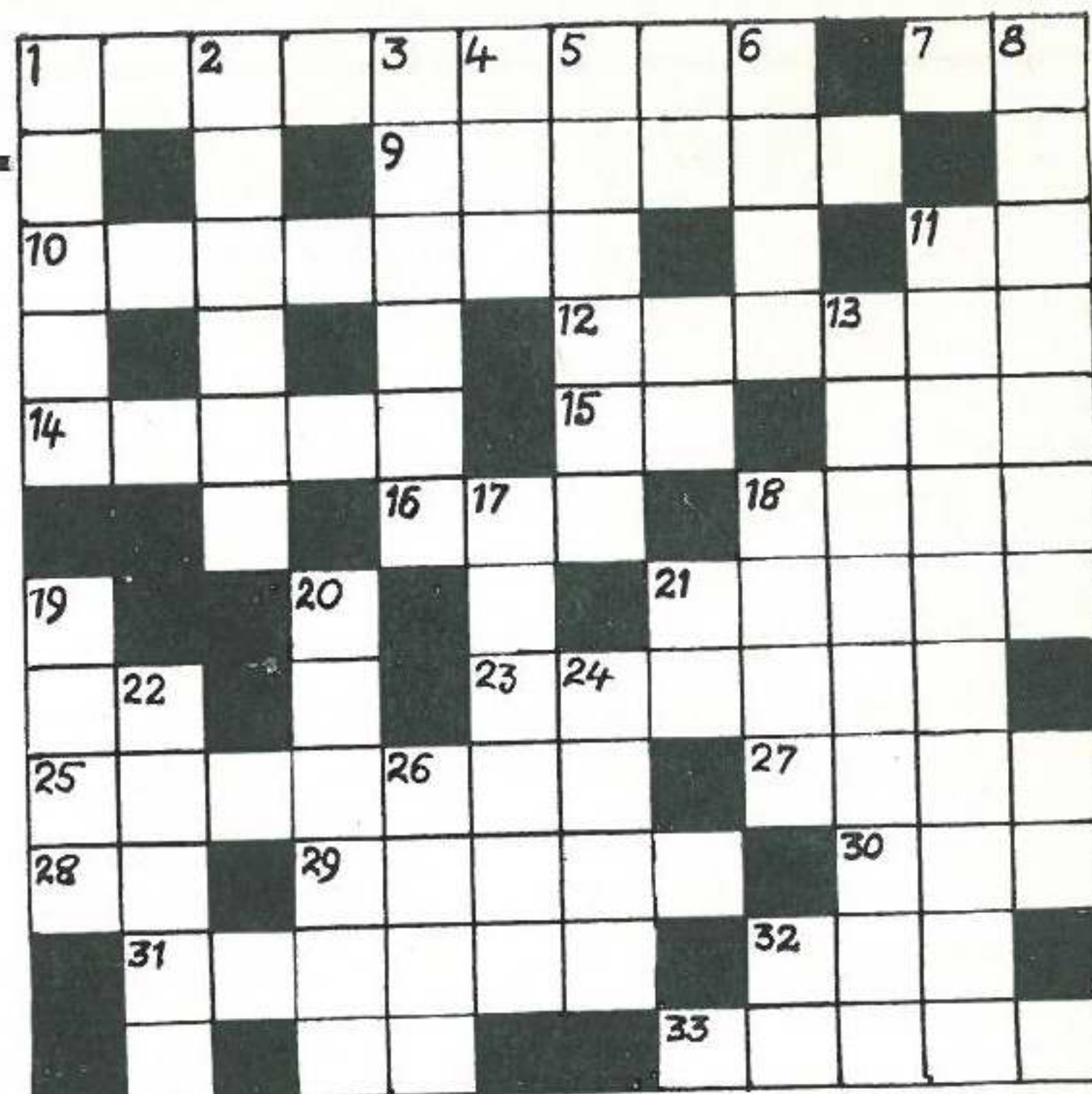
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CLUES ACROSS :

1. Hurler full-back for his native southern county, now the county's secretary. (3, 6)
7. A real stylist in football—a Kerryman, too, and a centrefield, though he played his last All-Ireland final at corner-forward. Initials. (1, 1)
9. Antrim footballer whose efficiency as a trainer has made itself felt in other counties than his own. (1, 5)
10. A Cork hurler; a corner-forward and a regular scorer a year or two back. (1, 6)
11. A Wexford hurler whose most notable occasion was subduing Jimmy Doyle in the 1960 final. Initials. (1, 1)
12. No less than an instruction session. (6)
14. An Offaly wing-half back when they were at peak in the early sixties; certainly bigger than his name suggests. (5)
15. New Dublin goalkeeper—initials. (1, 1)
16. One of the McCartans. (3)
18. One who lent a hand in All-Ireland winning Meath teams; at left-half back he was a notable figure. (4)
21. A present day Meath man; a half-forward this time. (5)
23. By name and occupation this Cork minor goalkeeper of a few years back was eminently suited to guarding the net. (1, 5)
25. Gus, a Tipperary footballer. (7)
27. Neckware for championship matches? (4)
28. Tyrone footballer most recently occupied at centre-field. Initials. (1, 1)
29. African river to whose banks the games of the Association have been brought by Irish missionaries.
30. Winter competition for hurlers. Initials. (3)
31. Surname of present-day Clare hurler. (6)
32. Corner-back for Limerick. (3)
33. Top-scoring Longford man. (5)

CLUES DOWN :

1. Kildare footballer of the moment (Tommy), or Waterford hurler of nearly twenty years ago (Eddie).



2. Corner forward when Roscommon were at their best. (6)
3. Kicking thus against the breeze is not so easy.
4. Short for Ronald, probably. (3)
5. Kilkenny stalwart throughout the thirties; left-half back but occasionally at centre-field. (6)
6. Traditional measurements on Gaelic field, though shorter than usual. (4)
8. Cavan's Frank has the same surname as 7 across. (7)
11. Centre-field or centre-forward for Kilkenny; a tall fellow. (4, 6)
13. Clare-born President of the G.A.A.; elected 1943. (1, 8)
17. Sean Quinn captained this county when they played in an All-Ireland final. (6)
18. Shortened version of a Cork forward becomes a mature male deer. (4)
19. If Dublin are the blues, Down are the —.
20. Footballer best sought in a nook or —.
22. Saint to whom famous Ballaghaderreen nursery is dedicated. (5)
24. Dublin or Laois star hurler may now have hair to match his name. (4)
26. Dublin right-back in football begins as though he were an ignorant country fellow. (4)

SOLUTION : PAGE 52

A FIVE-COURSE FEAST

IN these days of ever-increasing prices it is welcome to find something improved in quality and yet no more expensive than it was this time last year. Such is the case with **OUR GAMES ANNUAL 1967** — the official year-book of the G.A.A. which has just been published. It still costs only 6/- and for a five-course feast of reading it is not likely to be surpassed.

'Colourful' is, perhaps, the word which best describes this latest G.A.A. publication. There is throughout a colourful quality about the various articles and stories, while, to complement this, there is also a clever use of colour printing which brightens the pages and pleases the eye.

Another very striking feature of this current issue of **OUR GAMES** is the huge col-

lection of outstanding photographs which is presented. Many of these photographs have never been published before and they provide a graphic record of some of the great moments of 1966—particularly the All-Ireland finals.

There is also a collection of old-time photographs which will bring back memories for many readers—action shots from the Cavan-Kerry 1947 All-Ireland final at the Polo Grounds, New York; of the sensational Clare-Galway hurling semi-final of 1932; of Kilkenny and Cork in their dramatic 1947 final; of the Roscommon men of 1944; of Antrim in 1946; of the one and only Christy Ring—and so on.

However, probably the outstanding photographs are those of the 1966 Galway-Meath

football final. There are ten pages of them and these, combined with an eight-page collection from the Cork-Kilkenny hurling final, are without doubt the highlight of the Annual.

For reading matter there is plenty which caters for all tastes — serious historical articles, on the evolution of the G.A.A., for the studious; light and breezy articles for the less solemn plus, of course, plenty of comments on the major happenings of 1966 which will appeal to both old and young and provide hours of satisfying entertainment.

In short **OUR GAMES 1967** is a 'must' for all G.A.A. followers. It can be had from leading newsagents—or direct from the G.A.A., Croke Park, Dublin 3. Six shillings, post free.

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CONNACHT'S FRONT RANK

By CHRIS MURRAY

A TOP TEN selection never pleases everybody and I don't suppose that my 1966 Connacht ratings will prove the exception. However, here goes:—

1. MATTIE McDONAGH
(Galway).
2. PAT DONNELLAN (Galway).
3. JIMMY DUGGAN
(Galway and St. Jarlath's).
4. SEAMUS O'DOWD (Mayo).
5. JOHNNY GERAGHTY
(Galway).
6. DERMOT EARLEY
(Roscommon).
7. NOEL TIERNEY (Galway).
8. JOE LANGAN (Mayo).
9. JOE CORCORAN (Mayo).
10. MARTIN JOE KEANE
(Roscommon).

In my book Mattie McDonagh heads the poll as the first Connacht man to win four All-Ireland senior football medals. His contribution to Galway's third-in-a-row was immense and he is surely the game's outstanding personality.

Next comes Pat Donnellan who had a truly great year with county and club, while close on his heels I have Jimmy Duggan who, early in the year, led St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, to an All-Ireland title and then came on to the Galway team to play brilliant football.

Seamus O'Dowd of Ballina certainly played a captain's part in leading Mayo to victory in the minor championship. He scored the three first points against Down in the final and after that Mayo were on their way.

About Johnny Geraghty little need be said—surely the best goalkeeper ever to come out of the province and I say this with due respect for great men like Tom Bourke, Jimmy McGauran, Jack Mangan, Owensie Hoare and Aidan Brady.

Roscommon's under-21 football victory earns the number six position for Dermot Earley their star player. Dermot was still a minor and yet inspired his team to a surprising and well-deserved win over Kildare.

Nobody who saw Noel Tierney recapture all his old brilliance in the All-Ireland final will begrudge him the No. 7 position while Joe Langan, Mayo's midfielder comes in next. After being dropped early in the year he, like Tierney, recaptured and even surpassed all his old form.

At number nine, Joe Corcoran, Mayo's jinking forward, who waltzes through a defence better than Frank Stockwell ever did.

Next man included is another

Roscommon Under-21 star, who supplemented an All-Ireland junior hurling medal won the year before with the football award this year. Versatility is becoming all too rare and we applaud it in the person of Martin Joe Keane.

If I were to extend the list—Enda Colleran's superb captaincy of the Galway team for the second year in succession would give him eleventh place. Enda always plays a man's part, and is a thorough sportsman.

Then there is the veteran Turloughmore hurler, silver-haired Paddy Fahy, a star for his club down the years but never better than 1966 when Turloughmore won their sixth Galway S.H.C. in succession.

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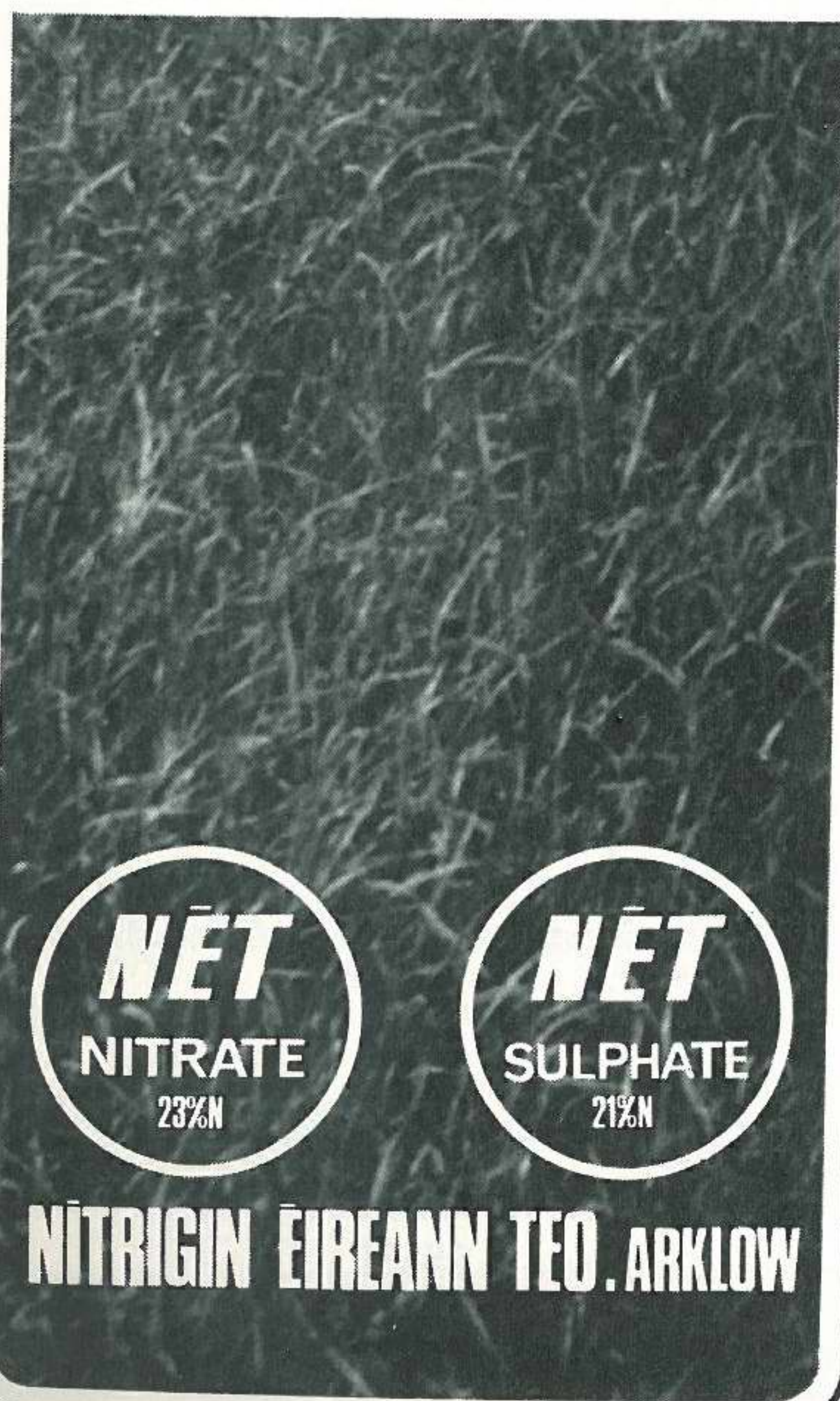
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TOAST OF THE KINGDOM

WHEN we speak of handball in Kerry, it is inevitable that mention must be made of the famed Paddy Downey-Jimmy O'Brien combination. They were the greatest players the county ever produced, and amassed records and titles, which will scarcely ever be emulated.

But this story does not concern these great stars of the recent past. Instead under the spotlight step the McEllistrim brothers, Tom and Murty, from Ballymacelligot.

Unlike their illustrious county-men, the McEllistrims have not performed record breaking feats through the years, but they achieved in 1966, the distinction of winning all four junior titles in the same season.

To fill in the background we must recapitulate to last season's championships when the McEllistrims won all four Munster titles. In doing so they made their mark. Subsequently, they took their places in the closing stages of the All-Ireland championships but, failed to win a title.

When the 1966 championships started, it was generally agreed that they would probably win all the Munster titles again and, with a bit of luck, might snatch an All-Ireland title as well.

Well, the record book now tells it's own tale. The Kingdom brothers not alone won out in

Munster but took all four All-Ireland titles too.

To say the least of it their achievement was fantastic. It takes its place amongst the outstanding records of handball.

This is not so much, because a particular grade of the All-Ireland championships was monopolised by a family combination, but because Tom, the older of the two, now stands apart as the only player ever to have won all four junior titles.

The accomplishment of such an achievement is fraught with many difficulties as the player who aspires to win all four junior titles in the same year has, in effect, once he has won his first, only one bite at the cherry. If he falters in one of his efforts he cannot repeat the attempt in the following season. The rules ordain that he must move up to senior ranks.

Hence, we find that, since these championships started in the mid-twenties only McEllistrim has broken the barrier.

Joe Maher, the former star senior, now domiciled in Toronto, made a brave effort in 1956, but did no more than verify the adage of "so near and yet so far" when he failed in softball doubles.

The odds against accomplishing the feat can best be illustrated by turning to the senior grade, where, we find that only the famed John

Joe Gilmartin and John Ryan succeeded in winning the four titles in the same year. As I pointed out, they had an advantage, since they had not to win out in any given year, but could keep trying, season after season, for as long as they thought fit.

Ballymacelligot, Kerry and indeed handball at large must toast these Kingdom heroes for achieving what most of us thought was the impossible.

Neither of these McEllistrims gives the impression that he is a world beater.

On the contrary their play, rather than being spectacular, bears the hallmark of efficiency and dedication. But, it is certainly highly effective as can be gauged from their clear-cut victories over Matt Purcell and Robin Winders of Kildare in handball doubles; Joe Howlin and Seamus Dempsey from Wexford, in the corresponding softball final, and Tom McEllistrim's equally meritorious singles win against Mick Doherty (Kilkenny) and the aforementioned Howlin.

The Kerry brothers now enter senior ranks with the best credentials ever brought from the junior grade. Naturally, we will watch their progress with interest, though, just now, our task is simply to congratulate and acclaim them.



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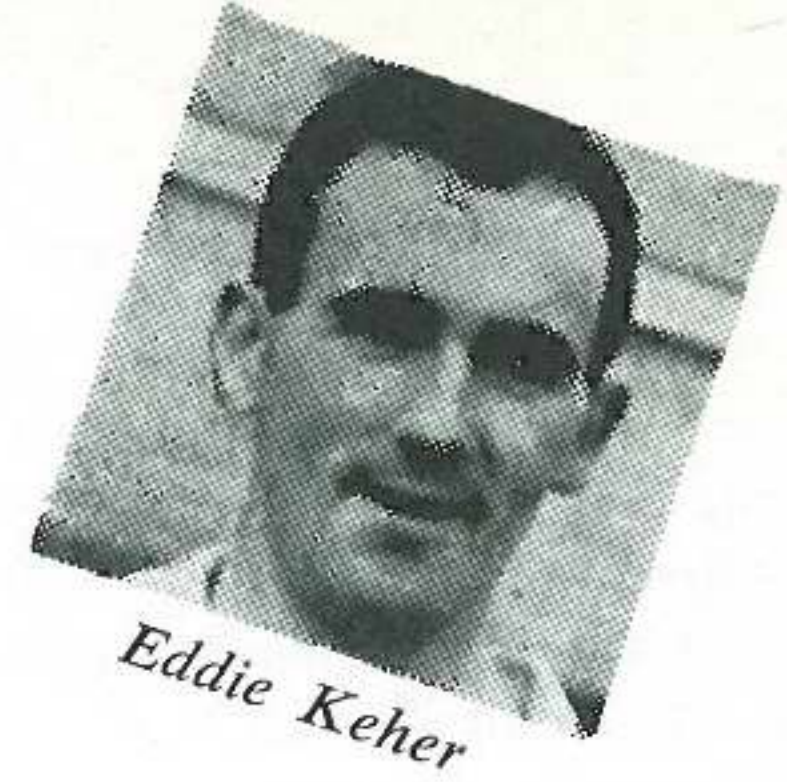
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THE GAMES IN THE BANKS



By PAT O'DONOGHUE

AS the curtain falls on a year of intense Gaelic activity and shadows lengthen on deserted playing fields, the time to reminisce is at hand. By firesides from Kinvara to Kinsale the deeds of the great will be enumerated during the dark winter months, and if pride of place is taken by the maroon clad brigade from the West, who wrote another glorious page in their county's history, or the boys from rebel Cork who confounded many critics and swept all before them in a sea of hurling fervour; activities on a lower plane, that of club and county championship, will also be recorded.

It is a well-known fact that county championships and subsidiary competitions are the very life-blood of the Gaelic Athletic Association and it is on one of those competitions that spotlight is focussed here.

The mention of banks usually conjure up a picture of grim, grey walls and a general aura of

austerity, a fact which is not borne out, on closer inspection, especially outside the manager's inner sanctum. You will find that when the day's toil is done, the folded money neatly stacked away, the staffs, free from the problems of high finance, indulge in a variety of sporting pursuits. It is only natural that to the foremost among them come Gaelic games.

Thus it is on All-Ireland day, in the front of the packed stands and crowded terraces seething with expectation, many of the players not alone bring glory to themselves and to their counties but also to their places of employment—the Irish Banks.

Down through the years many great players have been associated with the Banks. In many cases the transfer of one official caused elation at club level in his new abode and consternation in the place he was leaving. A good example of this, of course, is the great-hearted warrior of many

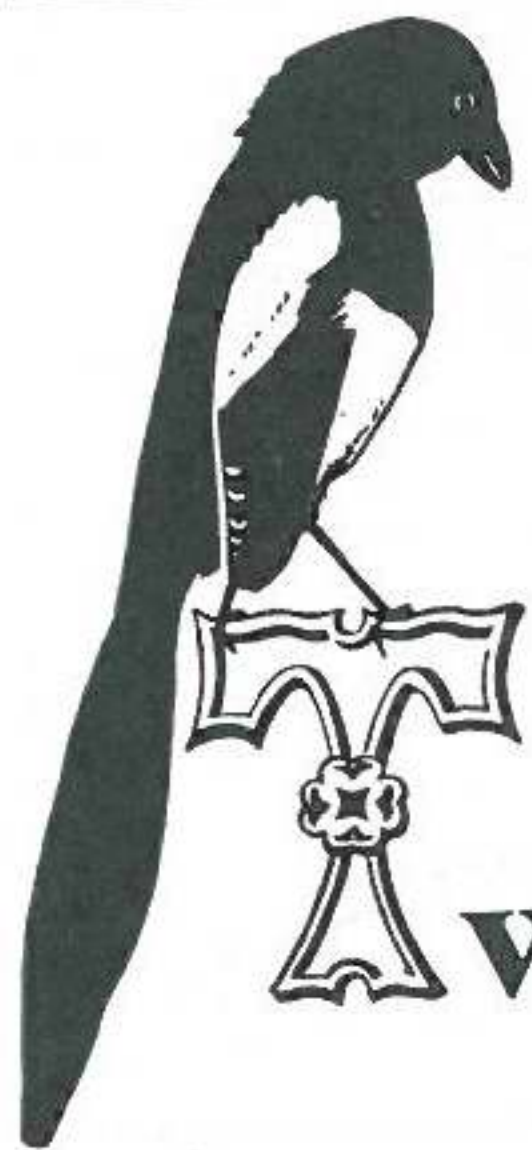
battles, John Nallen, who, apart from serving his native Mayo with distinction, also wore the Galway, Meath and now Cavan colours in a glorious career which made him a household word throughout the land.

It can be said that all the Banks have played a part in the Gaelic revival and if the National have, at the time of going to press, a slight edge it can be taken that this is brought about by the influence of the Liberator gazing down from his lofty pedestal.

They look to men of the calibre of Mick Burke of Cork, Jim Fallon (Westmeath) and Pat Aherne (Kerry) to maintain their great run of successes.

In the Provincial, Kilkenny's Eddie Keher practises his unerring accuracy while in the Munster and Leinster, Dermot Gannon (Leitrim) Pat Hanafin (Cork) and Conor Dwyer (Tipperary) are the kingpins. The Ulster, apart from the

● TO PAGE 44



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● FROM PAGE 43

forementioned John Nallen, depend most on Jimmy O'Donnell, now domiciled in Cavan, and Brendan Needham of Louth, while the pillars of the game in what once was the House of Parliament are Dan McSweeney (Mayo) and Harry McKinney of Kerry.

The National, on the score of 5-9 to 4-11, regained the Hurling Cup after a mighty struggle with the Provincial. This will go down in history as the match that "nearly never was." It was scheduled to be played in St. Vincent's Ground, Raheny, but at the last minute it was transferred to Parnell Park.

For some unknown reason, two of the Provincial players and three of the National players went to O'Toole Park in Kimmage. The National players managed to get to the right pitch by half-time but, unfortunately, the Provincial players never arrived and they

must feel a little peeved with the outcome.

This was the toughest match played in this competition since its inauguration and at times play got a little over-robust. The Provincial got off to a great start and were five points up before the National had settled down. A goal from Sean Clohesey in the ninth minute set the National on the road to victory and at the break the score was National 2-7, Provincial 0-7.

In the second half, Eddie Keher began to play havoc with the National defence, but he lacked support. With six minutes to go the National were leading by eight points and seemed to be home and dried, but Keher flashed in two great goals and might have scored another but was fouled and only got a point from the resultant free. Amid great excitement the National held on for a narrow victory.

Keher was outstanding for the

Provincial, and he was ably assisted by J. Phelan, J. Wall, L. Cagney, M. Carew and J. Butler. The National were best served by P. Murphy, T. Moloney, F. O'Leary, W. Redmond and S. Clohesey.

Scorers: **National**—S. Clohesey, 2-3; P. Kennedy, 1-0; P. Murphy, 1-5; A. Doyle, 0-1; W. Redmond, 1-0. **Provincial**—E. Keher, 3-7; J. Butler, 1-3; J. Phelan, 0-1.

It is realised that Bank competitions have a long way to go yet before the level of say the Sigerson Cup competition is reached, but mindful of the late Dag Hammerskeold's expression—"Never measure the height of a mountain until you reach the top, then you will see how low it is"—players and mentors will strive that the winds of change which are currently sweeping through the lofty corridors of Irish Banks will be no less reflected by greater endeavour and, let's hope, achievement, on Gaelic fields.

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KERRY SUFFERS TWO BLOWS

By BRIAN DOHERTY

THE past month has been hard on Kerry—taking from them two such great men as Dr. Eamon O'Sullivan and the inimitable "P.F." I understand that elsewhere in this issue tribute is being paid to Dr. Eamon so I will confine mine to "P.F."

He was, of course, Patrick Foley, the "Kerryman's" long-serving G.A.A. commentator. For over forty years his was the pen which moulded G.A.A. opinion in the Kingdom. In his own way, he was as much part of Kerry's football make-up as was Dr. Eamon.

Originally an Irish teacher, "P.F." played an active role in the War of Independence prior to joining "The Kerryman" in 1923. His late uncle, Maurice Griffin, was the founder of that famous newspaper and "P.F." was soon to establish himself as among the foremost of the country's G.A.A. commentators.

In the pre-radio days all of Kerry used to wait for his message when the county was engaged at some far-off venue. As soon as

word came through from him, it used to be pasted up on the window of the "Kerryman" office—then in Tralee's Edward Street. For an hour before the crowd would have been gathering and then as the white paper went up there would be the push forward—until those in the front grasped the vital score-line and the cheer rang out (it was usually a cheer in those days of the golden 'twenties).

Yes, "P.F." was the vital link—the man who informed, guided and exhorted football's most discerning following . . . and now no more for the mighty pen has been left aside.

He also, of course, wrote "Kerry's Football Story"—probably the most readable G.A.A. book ever written—and now regrettably out of print.

God be good to them both—gentle Dr. Eamon and and noble "P.F."

It is a coincidence to be noted that at the passing of both these men Kerry's football rating should be at its lowest mark in many

years—while the very same can be said for Tipperary who fell apart immediately after the death of their undisputed leader Paddy Leahy of Boherlahan.

It is as if two great counties were, by their current disarray, emphasising their loss.

IN BRIEF . . .

John Morley will lead Mayo in 1967, while John Keenan will take over from Enda Colleran as captain of the Galway team.

A recent football game at Lattin, Co. Tipperary, due to get underway at 1.30, did not start until 2.45. The reason? No ball!

A welcome innovation in the Newry area of Co. Down, is an inter-factory league. Six factories have entered teams and the Down Board has provided trophies.

Anyone who might grumble about an Oireachtas final being played on the first Sunday in December should remember that four All-Ireland football finals—those of 1909, 1913, 1916 and 1917, and one All-Ireland hurling final—1909, were played in December. All of them were great games.

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NEXT SEASON'S FIXTURES

THE Ulster senior football championship fixtures for 1967 have been recently made and they certainly prompt speculation.

Armagh are at home to Donegal on Sunday, June 4, while, the following Sunday, Down play Derry, at Newry, and Tyrone play Fermanagh, at Dungannon. The home venues will have a major bearing on these games but Donegal should still survive, while I would not be too sure at all about the outcome of the Down-Derry game at Newry. The Derrymen are certainly coming back. Eight of last year's minor team have now been given senior status.

On Sunday, June 25, Monaghan play the winners of Tyrone and Fermanagh and when this is all over it should still be Tyrone going into the semi-final where they will meet either Antrim or Cavan. The latter pairing decide their affairs at Casement Park, on Sunday, June 18.

To make a long speculation short, it could be Antrim winning through to the Ulster final.

Their opponents will be either Donegal, Armagh, Derry or Down. There I leave you. Donegal may be

the best choice—but I would not wager on it.

MONAGHAN FOOTBALL

As I left Pearse Park, Ballybay, a few Sundays back, after seeing a thrilling football championship final between Sean Mac Diarmada and Magheracloone, I could not but wonder how it is that Monaghan cannot make a breakthrough into the football big-time.

This was a hard and spectacular game which produced a higher standard of football than many a county senior final that I have seen. The game ended in some confusion but there was no denying the fine football it produced.

CROSSMAGLEN FOR U.S.A. ?

Armagh county champions, Crossmaglen Rangers have been invited to travel to New York next July for a series of games. As I understand it, the club has still to decide if it can avail of the invitation.

It is interesting to note that New York's star mid-fielder, Brendan Tumilty, who played so well against Longford in the two League final games this year, is married to a Crossmaglen girl.

HURLING PROGRESS

Hurling continues to come on by

leaps and bounds in Ulster. The latest new club to be formed is in Blackwatertown in Co. Armagh. The club has been named after the late Father Soraghan who, while in the parish, worked for everything Gaelic and national.

The clubs officers are: Chairman, Rev. M. Flynn, O.S.M.; Vice-Chairman, Sean Lavery; Secretary, Michael McGleenan, P.T.; Assistant Secretary, Cathal O Dioluin, P.T.; Joint-Treasurers, Ignatius McCusker and Patsy McCann.

JOHN JOE MURRAY

Armagh Gaeldom was recently hard-hit by the death of John Joe Murray of Lurgan. A prominent figure in the fight for freedom and long-serving Armagh representative on the Central Council, John Joe Murray symbolised everything that was great in the G.A.A.

CONGRATULATIONS

Finally, congratulations to Clones handballer, Seamus McCabe, on bringing an All-Ireland handball title to Monaghan and also to Monaghan camogie players Nora Holland and Phyllis Hughes on their recent marriages.

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What's in a name?

By FRANK HUGHES

IT was a problem for the Louth County Board last year, is currently bothering the Monaghan Board and may soon spread to many other counties. What is it? To save you the bother of guessing I will tell you right away that it is indoor football.

Last year Louth County Chairman, J. L. O'Reilly, was confronted with the indoor football game and had to rule as to whether or not G.A.A. players could participate in it. After investigating the position carefully, he ruled that they could not.

Now I notice that the same question has been raised at the Monaghan County Board and there the Chairman, Mick Duffy, ruled that Monaghan players could participate. The Monaghan case differed from that of Louth, he stated, in that in Monaghan no cash prizes were being offered in indoor football tournament whereas in Louth there were big cash prizes.

However, the Monaghan Board has agreed to seek higher opinion and the question will be raised at Central Council and a direction sought.

Certainly the game is going like wild-fire in Co. Louth. Even the girls are playing in special tournaments. There are also street leagues for boys. As I understand it, it is a very commercial affair.

I notice that the names chosen by the teams are very much akin to those found in soccer. They have Bank United, Ross Celtic,

Busby Babies, Chelsea, etc.—all of which certainly suggests a strong soccer influence. But then there are other and more 'original' names—like The Men from U.N.C.L.E., the Go-Jos, the Mighty Eccos and The Troggs.

How they play indoor football I have no idea—but it would appear likely that, because of space restrictions, it would have to be akin to soccer.

TRIBUTE TO OFFALY

For some time in this column I have been singing the praises of the up and coming Offaly hurlers so for once I will let somebody else do the writing. I quote from the G.A.A. correspondent in the "Waterford News and Star" following Offaly's recent victory over the Southern county. He wrote:

"Offaly did not just 'catch' Waterford on Sunday. They showed us how to hurl . . . They were worth every point of their winning margin. They played hurling out of the top drawer and they played it with a spirit that would do credit to an All-Ireland occasion. More power to them".

Two weeks later the Midlanders went out and did the "impossible" — they hurled the socks off mighty Tipperary. What odds now Offaly for the League title and a U.S. trip?

TWO QUESTIONS

Club or county? An old ques-

● TO PAGE 51

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So, how do other fellows reach the decision to follow in the path of Augustine?

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Face to Face
with Sean O'Donnell



Bobby Burns (right) with his brother Mick.

IT can be argued with more than a little logic that 1966 was really Longford's year. True, Galway were superb in the final but their's was a feat always within reach. Told early in the year that the Westerners were going to make it three-in-a-row, few would have been surprised.

But not so Longford. At the beginning of 1966 they were a long way down the list—without a tradition of any kind. They had hopes and dreams and little more. So it appeared. But then, one by one, they beat all the great football powers to take, first, the National League 'home' title and, later, the title proper. They had come from "nowhere" to the very top of the football ladder.

No man played a greater part in that extraordinary break-through of Longford's than their sharp-shooting full forward, Bobby Burns. After their victory over New York at Croke Park I went along to talk to him and bless his heart if he didn't insist that I come to their victory celebration that night.

Naturally, I was delighted to have been there and to have shared in the joy of a county which had waited for eighty-one years for such an occasion.

During the night, I managed to get Bobby into a quiet corner and our conversation went like this:—

O'Donnell—Well Bobby how does it feel?

Burns—Wonderful—a day we will always remember. No one but a Longfordman can really appreciate what this victory means to us.

O'D.—To whom would you credit most of this success?

B.—To everybody—the players, Mick Higgins our trainer, our mentors, our officials—there is credit due to everybody—including our supporters. And we have plenty of credit here to-night, we are millionaires.

O'D.—Well, I suppose the big objective now is the championship?

B.—That goes without saying. We will give the 1967 championship everything we have got.

O'D.—Who do you feel will be the most difficult team to beat in Leinster?

B.—A difficult question in a province where there are twelve counties and where the all-round standard is high. However, I would say Dublin. They have a habit of coming back quickly.

O'D.—Going back to the defeat by Louth in the 1966 championship, how would you explain it?

B.—I have nothing new to add to what has been the general explanation. That game came too soon after our exciting win over Galway in the League 'home' final. We were a bit burned-out and a little too cocky maybe.

O'D.—There has been much comment in recent years about the lack of social activities in the Association. Have you any views on this question?

B.—Well, I am all in favour of more social contact between players. I think it would greatly help towards cutting down on incidents. The County Boards should co-operate in holding joint-functions following intercounty games. Nothing elaborate—just a case of having the two teams dine together following the game. This would be a major step.

Then too I would like to see a G.A.A. social club in Dublin—one which would have a formal annual membership fee and which would cater for current players. There would be much to benefit from such a club and from the contacts which would develop from it. It would provide a social need and also assist players who are in business to develop contacts within the G.A.A. community. In short, it would greatly raise the image of the G.A.A. and its players as well as providing a useful and worthwhile service.

O'D.—Who is the best player you have played on?

B.—Another difficult question, but I would say Bill Casey. He is a wonderful player and always a fine sportsman. Gabriel Kelly, of Cavan and Liam Molloy of Kildare also come to mind.

CON O'SULLIVAN

A Profile

By TIM HORGAN

THE year 1966 will go down in G.A.A. history as one of the most successful of all-time for the hurlers and footballers of the Rebel County. Six provincial titles were acquired by the Cork teams, and the McCarthy Cup went back to the banks of the Lee for the first time in twelve years. It was truly a great season all round for the Rebels, but perhaps the one man who relished Cork's glory more than the others was the brilliant Beara footballer Con Sullivan.

Back in 1957 a quiet 20-year-old substitute sat on the sidelines at Corke Park watching his county sweeping to what appeared an imminent success in the All-Ireland final. Time ticked away as Cork led by two points and hopes ran high that the Sam Maguire Cup would return to the county of its patron after an absence of twelve years. But then with less than two minutes to go Louth were awarded a sideline kick and Kevin Beahan stepped up to take it. The ball sizzled goalwards, hands groped to reach it, and in a flash it slithered to the net. Louth were in the lead for the first time in the game, and ninety seconds later, they were All-Ireland champions.

Thus it was that Cork lost their

second successive All-Ireland final, having been beaten by Galway the previous year. And thus it was too that Con Sullivan got his first "feel" of a football decider at Croke Park. Nine years were to elapse before the "Rebels" returned to Headquarters, but when they did in August, 1966 it was the Urhan star who led them in one of the most memorable games seen for a long time in the Jones' Road stadium.

Con Sullivan was born in Urhan, a little village on the Beara peninsula about a hundred miles from Cork City and like most West Cork schoolboys, he learned his football at a very young age. The promise he displayed as a juvenile brought him to the notice of the Cork minor selectors and he wore the red jersey for the first time in 1955. Two years later he was drafted on to the senior selection as a substitute, and saw his county beat Waterford in the Munster final; Galway in the All-Ireland semi-final and lose to Louth in the major decider. The latter defeat led to the departure from the arena of many of the big names in Cork football. Neally Duggan, Mick Gould and Donal O'Sullivan retired. Denis Bernard and Johnny

Creedon emigrated to America and Sean Moore ended his career after injuring his leg in a road accident. It was a much altered Cork team that took on Kerry in the provincial final the following year, but though the Leesiders lost, a new star was born in Con Sullivan, a man who was to remain the Rebels' main hope in the succeeding years.

Although he came to live and work in the city, Con refused to join any of the senior clubs and made the long journey home each week-end to play with Urhan in the junior ranks. His efforts were not fruitless, however, for he helped his club to seven Beara championships and led them to their third county title in 1960. Promoted to the intermediate grade, Urhan went a step further in winning a competition open to senior teams, the Tadhg Crowley Cup, a trophy commemorating another great West Cork footballer, the late Clonakilty star, who captained the "Rebels" in 1945.

But though his local club enjoyed a good share of success in recent years, Con's quest for a Munster medal seemed fruitless as

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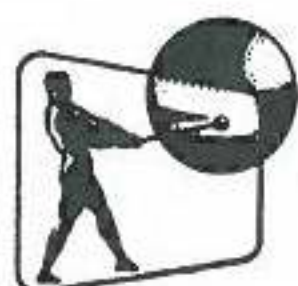
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Cork's football fortunes declined over the decade. It looked as if his dream had come true in 1962 when he leaped for joy after the referee blew the full-time whistle in the Munster final at the Athletic Grounds. But Cork had not won by a point as Con had thought. In fact the game ended in a draw, and the replay at Killarney resulted in an easy win for the Kerry men.

After Limerick had inflicted a surprise defeat on Cork in the provincial semi-final last year, many Leesiders felt that this was the last straw. But few could have imagined the great revival the team was to undergo in the ensuing months, as Eamonn Young, who had trained the 1956 and '57 sides,

and Donie Donovan, a star performer in his day, came to the helm. A series of trial games and indoor training sessions throughout the winter had the team in peak condition when championship time came around, and both Clare and Limerick were disposed of without difficulty. Then came the tilt with the Kingdom.

A huge crowd filled the Fitzgerald Stadium, Killarney, as the old rivals met once again, and after a first-half of missed chances Kerry led by 0-5 to 0-3 at the interval. Then followed the "Rebels" resurgence, after Con Sullivan had moved from full-forward to mid-field where he curbed Mick O'Connell's gallop. The switch worked

wonders for the Leesiders, who went on to win by three points after a thrilling finish. Cork had regained the Munster title after nine years, and Con Sullivan had won the medal he so richly deserved.

When Con led Cork around the field at Croke Park three weeks later, few spectators rated the "Rebels'" chances highly against Galway, the champions of two years standing. But it was a very lucky Connacht team that survived rather than won the All-Ireland semi-final this year, and though victory had eluded the Leesiders again, Con and his team-mates were proud of their achievement. For in giving the champions a game that was as clean as a whistle and as exciting as they come Cork had re-established themselves as a football force to be respected and feared.

Con Sullivan will look back on 1966 as a most memorable one indeed. Early in the year he was invited to participate in the Cardinal Cushing games in New York and Chicago, and the Beara man covered himself in glory in the States. His performances with Munster in the Railway Cup competition this year were better than ever, and, in the two games against Connacht, he gave none other than Noel Tierney a thorough roasting. To crown it all for him the Urhan star added a somewhat personal memory to his list, for in September Con got married!

LEINSTER ROUND-UP

● FROM PAGE 47

tion—but it was rather complicated recently in Meath when the Hurling Board provisionally fixed their senior final, between Athboy and Kilmessan, for Sunday, October 30 and on the same day Meath were engaged against Louth in the National League. Paddy Mulvany was involved in both games.

It seems Paddy favoured playing with his club, Kilmessan, but the Meath football selectors were insisting that he turn out for the county. The County Chairman, Fr. Tully, then refused to allow the hurling final to take place on that date and so Mulvany was free to turn out for the county.

The Hurling Board was annoyed and at the next meeting of the County Board questioned (a) had the Chairman power to cancel a fixture made by the Hurling Board and (b) had a club or a county first claim on a player?

The questions appear to have been left unanswered but the hurling final took place on Sunday, November 13, with Paddy Mulvany playing for Kilmessan. The senior football team was in action that

day too—against Wicklow in the League but Mulvany was released from duty. Incidentally, Kilmessan lost.

My view on both the above questions is that the Meath County Board (but not its Chairman in isolation) would have power to over-rule any arrangements made by the Meath Hurling Board—which is only a sub-committee of the County Board.

However, I would not mind having a second opinion on whether or not a board has power to order a player to play for the county when he wants to play for his club. As it turned out this actually did not arise in Meath's case, but it is still an interesting issue.

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CAMOGIE

● FROM PAGE 35

in winning the title for the tenth successive year must surely be hailed. For that long string of victories is based on the hard work and dedication of players and officials and trainers alike.

The All-Ireland club champions competition proved more popular than ever this year and produced two brilliant games in Leinster, between St. Paul's of Kilkenny and Caragh, Kildare, in the semi-final, and St. Paul's and St. Ibar (Wexford) in the provincial final. St. Paul's were eventually beaten by the power-packed holders St. Patrick's of Tipperary in the final, but only after a game that produced some really superb play by the holders in the second half.

So camogie had a busy and in many ways a rewarding year with the return of Laois, Roscommon and Wicklow notable advances.

Were I asked to name my camogie player of the year I would be faced with difficulties in choosing between so many who played so well. High in my list would be the Oldcastle school captain, Kathleen Caldwell, a player of tremendous promise. Anne Carroll of St. Patrick's and U.C.D. was magnificent when playing at centre-back for both her clubs, but to me the best individual exhibition of the year was given by Antrim's Mairead McAtamney in the All-Ireland final against Dublin at Croke Park.

A noted hurling critic told me afterwards that her play reminded him of Lory Meagher. I do not suppose there could be any higher praise.

JAY DRENNAN
 ● FROM PAGE 11

back and thus the realisation that they could do better.

As it was, the next ten minutes went by in retrenchment by Patrickswell, in parrying with the least expenditure of effort by Mount Sion. Not until a quarter of an hour when Phil Bennis, a dynamo of a player about whom we must hear more, began to see that his men now had more to offer than the opposition, and began to carry the ball solo forward into the attack, did the long haul back begin.

From then to the end it was a knife-edge equation of time and margin, which eventually fell over-weighted against the Limerick champions. The clock struck for them while still a couple of points separated the sides. I cannot tell you the exact scores; in thinking back on this game the scores did not seem to matter so much as the whole pattern of the play. In fact, by a bold throw and a clever gamble Mount Sion kept Patrickswell guessing so long that they were able to hold on for victory. One can only admire the miracle of experience; and wait for significant things yet from a fine young Limerick team.

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● FROM PAGE 37

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