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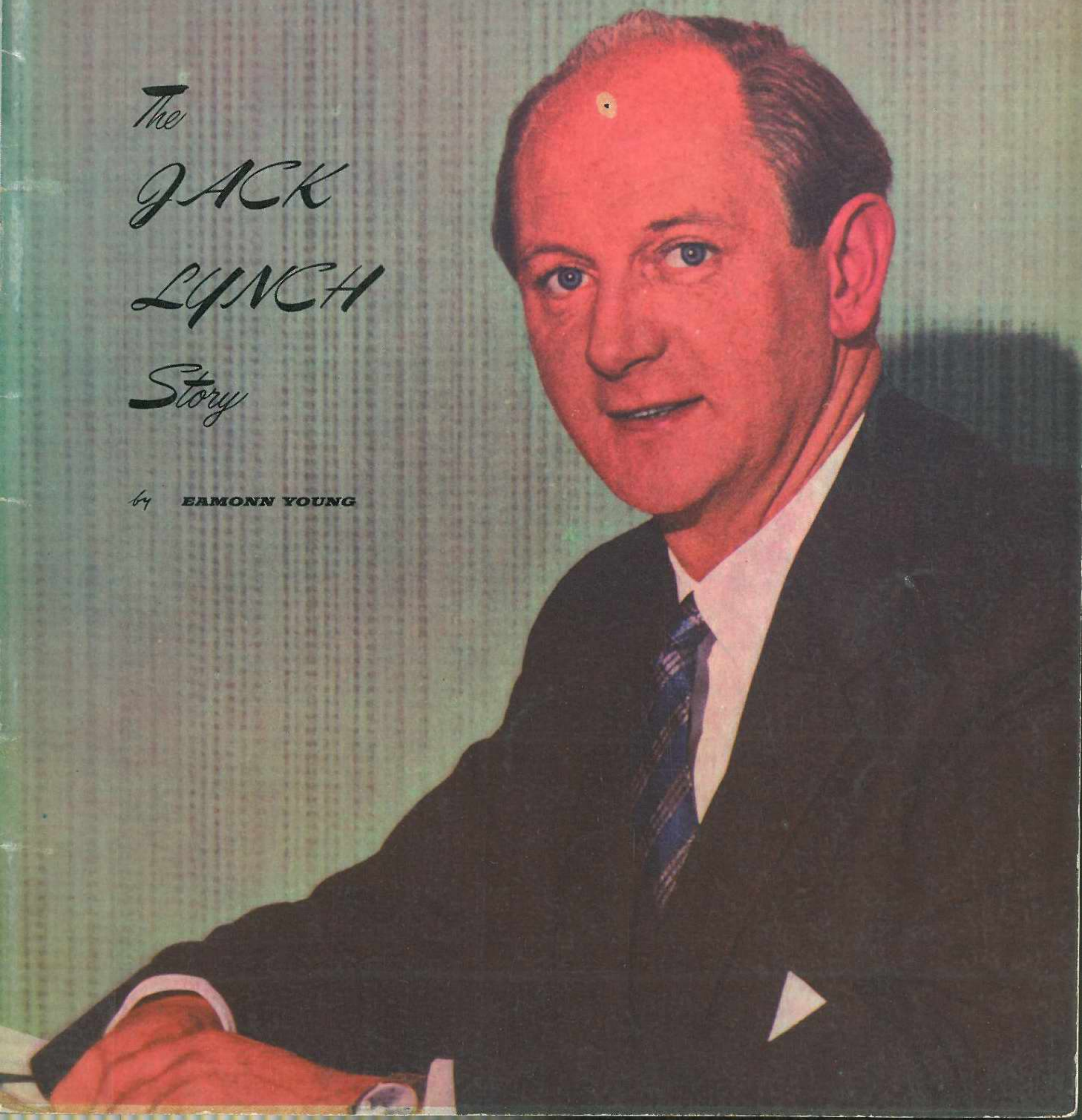
# Gaelic Sport

TWO SHILLINGS

JANUARY, 1967.

*The*  
**JACK**  
**LUNCH**  
*Story*

by **EAMONN YOUNG**



THE CREAM OF MILK . . .

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# CLÁR NA SCLUICÍ LAIŒEAN 1967

iomáint sinsir 7 mionúir

- (1) LAOIS v. CEATARLOC—PORTLAOISE—14/5/67.
- (2) UA BRÁILÍ v. IAR MÍ—DIOERRA—14/5/67.
- (3) (1) v. (2)—28/5/67.
- (4) LOC SARMAN v. (3)—25/6/67 nó 2/7/67.
- (5) CILL COIMNIG v. ÁC CLIAÉ—25/6/67 nó 2/7/67.
- (6) (4) v. (5) 16/7/67.

peil sinsir 7 mionúir

- LÚBÁI v. AN MÍ—23/4/67.
- LONGSPORT v. CILL DARA 30/4/67.
- (1) CILL MANTÁIN v. LOC SARMAN—23/4/67.
- (2) CILL COIMNIG v. CEATARLOC—23/4/67.
- (3) (2) v. LAOIS } DÁTÁI LE SOCRÚ NÍOS DÉANÁI.
- (4) (3) v. (1) }
- (5) (4) v. UA BRÁILÍ—4/6/67—IONAD A SOCRÚ.
- IAR MÍ v. ÁC CLIAÉ—4/6/67—IONAD A SOCRÚ.

iomáint idir-méanac

- LOC SARMAN v. CILL COIMNIG.
  - LAOIS v. UA BRÁILÍ.
  - AN MÍ v. CILL DARA.
  - ÁC CLIAÉ v. CEATARLOC
- } DÁTÁI LE SOCRÚ NÍOS DÉANÁI

peil soisean

- AN MÍ v. LÚBÁI—2/4/67.
- IAR MÍ v. LONGSPORT—2/4/67.
- CILL COIMNIG v. CEATARLOC—2/4/67.
- CILL DARA v. CILL MANTÁIN—2/4/67.
- ÁC CLIAÉ v. AN MÍ no LÚBÁI—16/4/67.
- UA BRÁILÍ v. IAR MÍ no LONGSPORT—16/4/67.
- LOC SARMAN v. CILL COIMNIG no CEATARLOC—16/4/67.
- LAOIS v. CILL DARA no CILL MANTÁIN—16/4/67.

iomáint soisean

- (1) CILL DARA v. CILL MANTÁIN 9/4/67.
  - (1a) (1) v. CEATARLOC
  - (2) AN MÍ v. LÚBÁI.
  - (3) (1) v. (2)
- } DÁTÁI LE SOCRÚ NÍOS DÉANÁI

peil fé 21 bli

iomáint fé 21 bli

- LOC SARMAN v. CILL DARA
  - LAOIS v. CILL COIMNIG
  - UA BRÁILÍ v. IAR MÍ
  - ÁC CLIAÉ v. CEATARLOC
- } SAC CLUICE AR SIÚBAL AR 2/4/67.

- AN MÍ v. CILL DARA—26/3/67—DROIÉAD NUA.
- ÁC CLIAÉ v. LÚBÁI—26/3/67—ÁC CLIAÉ.
- UA BRÁILÍ v. LAOIS—26/3/67—TULAC MÓR.
- LONGSPORT v. IAR MÍ—26/3/67—LONGSPORT.
- CILL MANTÁIN v. CEATARLOC—26/3/67—DALTINGLASS.
- LOC SARMAN v. CILL MANTÁIN no CEATARLOC.

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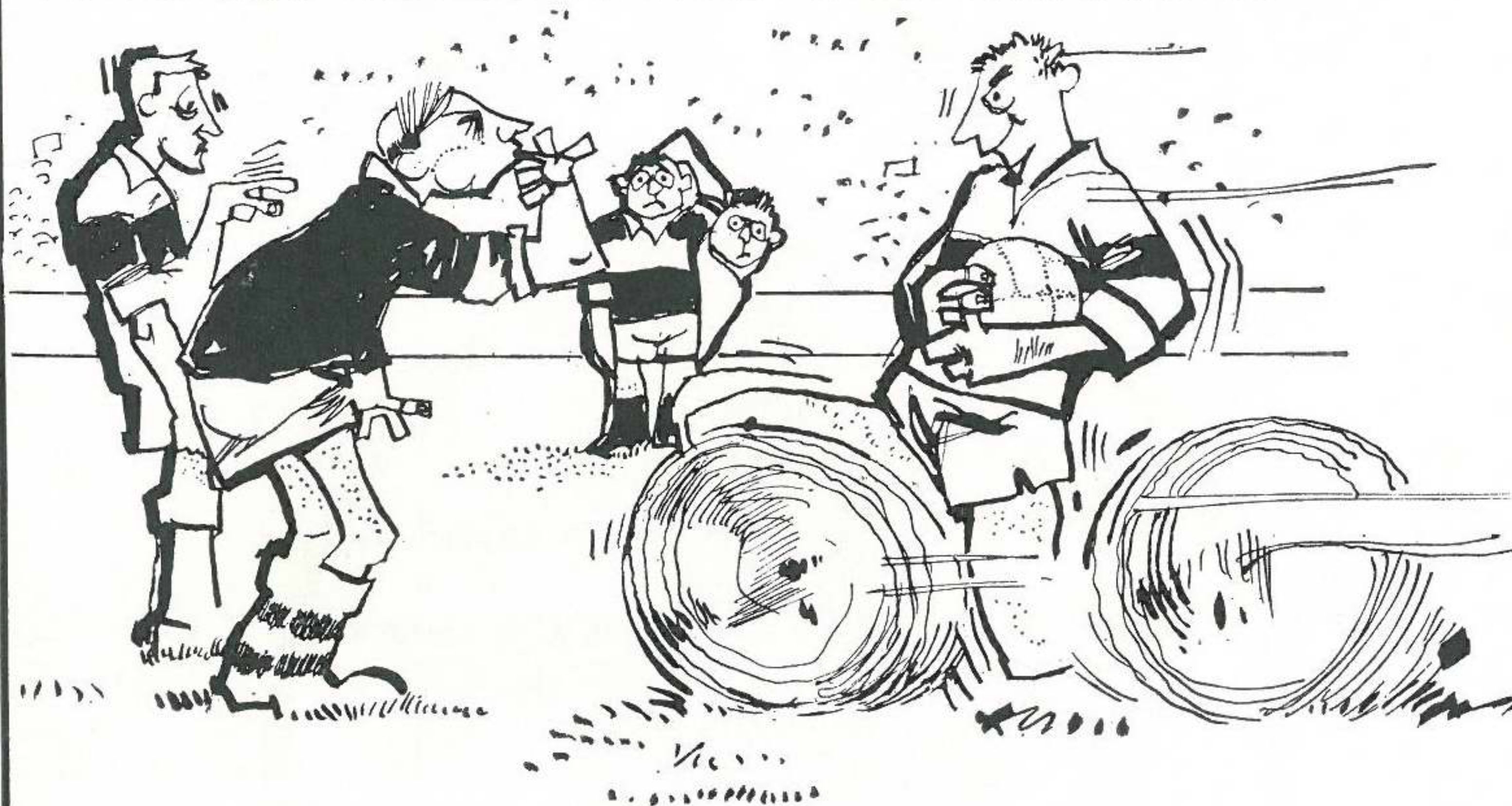
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as ucht na dea-mhéine ar mo thogha mar Taoiseach.

It is with pleasure that I avail of this opportunity to  
extend to you, Mr. Editor, the staff of Gaelic Sport and to  
all your readers my good wishes for the New Year. May  
your excellent journal continue to thrive and may our native  
games that you cover so excellently continue to prosper  
throughout 1967 and the years ahead.

Yours sincerely,

# SHELL



***Jim could run like a bat out of h . . .  
And kick most amazingly well,  
But the ref took his name  
Ere the end of the game  
For powering his footwear with Shell.***

**GOOD — MILEAGE**



# Gaelic Sport

Vol. 10. No. 1. JANUARY, 1967.

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## COMMENT

# THE OPEN DOOR

TWO things became clear when the Central Council of the G.A.A. adopted (by a big majority) the Executive Committee's proposals for future hurling and football competitions with New York—(1) that New York's participation in the finals of the National Leagues was not a satisfactory arrangement, either competitively or financially and (2) that the Association's governing body is determined to maintain amicable relations with the exiles and through those relations to provide an attractive alternative for the continuance of two-way trans-Atlantic tours.

The third, and perhaps most important point because it is inseparable from the other two, remains (at the time of writing) to be clarified: Will the New York Board accept and negotiate on the proposals for World Championship Cup and World League Cup competitions as alternatives to their participation in the League finals?

The reaction of individual New York officials, as reported in the national newspapers, have not been unfavourable. Neither have they been enthusiastic. The fact that their spokesmen have not turned down the proposals out of hand, however, is a hopeful sign.

Being reasonable men and as dedicated to the promotion of Gaelic games and the welfare of the G.A.A. as we are on this side of the ocean, we feel confident that the New York officials, in conclave, will see the justice of the proposed new scheme and the benefits to be derived from it by both sides.

The League finals of the past two years were not a success financially—to say the least of it. For this reason alone they could not go on indefinitely. On the other hand, the mooted competitions, lacking nothing in prestige, could be a notable financial success.

Finally, there is the paramount question of authority. The Central Council, as the governing body, has the right to lay down the law for all subordinate units. This course it wisely eschewed at its last meeting. Instead, it acted in a most reasonable and generous manner. It took elaborate care to leave the trans-Atlantic door wide open.

We hope that New York will not hesitate to step inside again.



*Mattie McDonagh.*

# STARS OF '66

## Top positions go to McDonagh and Coogan



*Martin Coogan.*

**H**ERE they are — GAELIC SPORT'S Top Ten hurlers and footballers for 1966 as tabulated from our monthly ratings. As regular readers are aware, we maintain a monthly record of individual senior intercounty performances. Every single game is taken into account—from January to December.

The points are awarded as follows—ten for each occasion a player headed our monthly list, nine for a second placing and so on right down to one point for each tenth placing.

### HURLING

1. **Martin Coogan (30)**
2. **Pat Cronin (23)**
3. **Eddie Keher (22)**  
**Seamus Cleere (22)**
5. **Paddy Mulloy (20)**  
**Seanie Barry (20)**
7. **Paddy Barry (19)**  
**Paddy Fitzgerald (19)**
9. **Vincent Loftus (18)**  
**Denis O'Riordan (18)**

Only two players are included who figured in our 1965 list—



*Eddie Keher.*



*Denis O'Riordan.*

Seamus Cleere and Denis O'Riordan who then were placed sixth and joint eight respectively. Actually, Cleere has the distinction of never having been excluded from a GAELIC SPORT annual Top Ten. In 1963 he was third and ninth in 1964.

### FOOTBALL

1. **Mattie McDonagh (22)**
2. **Jimmy Duggan (20)**  
**Brendan Barden (20)**
4. **Peter Moore (19)**
5. **Pat Collier (18)**  
**Con O'Sullivan (18)**  
**Martin Newell (18)**
8. **Jack Quinn (17)**  
**Charlie Gallagher (17)**  
**Seamus Leydon (17)**  
**Mick Carolan (17)**

Ever since we started our ratings system in 1963, Mattie McDonagh has been included in the annual Top Ten. Fifth in 1963, eight in 1964 and again in 1965, he this year tops the list—and few will question his right to it.

Included in these 1966 ratings





*Paddy Barry.*

are our Top Ten lists for the period November 20 to the end of the season on December 18. For the record, here was how we rated performances during that final month of 1966 :

### HURLING

1. PADDY BARRY (Cork)
2. PADDY MULLOY (Offaly)
3. JUSTIN McCARTHY (Cork)
4. MARTIN COOGAN (Kilkenny)
5. ANDY GALLAGHER (Offaly)
6. PAT HENDERSON (Kilkenny)
7. JIM HOGAN (Limerick)
8. PAT CRONIN (Clare)
9. EDDIE KEHER (Kilkenny)
10. EAMONN CREEGAN (Limerick)

### FOOTBALL

1. SEAMUS LEYDON (Galway)
2. MATTIE McDONAGH (Galway)
3. JOHN DONNELLAN (Galway)
4. CYRIL DUNNE (Galway)
5. SEAMUS KEAVENEY (Dublin)
6. JIMMY DUGGAN (Galway)
7. MICK CAROLAN (Kildare)
8. TONY McTEAGUE (Offaly)
9. JACK DONNELLY (Kildare)
10. PAT DONNELLAN (Galway).

**There are just two  
words to remember about  
tipped cigarettes:**

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# The JACK LYNCH Story

by **EAMONN YOUNG**

"THIS lad is playing to-day," said Dan Lynch to Jim Young as a chubby boy of fourteen came in the door. Sixteen-year-old Young didn't take much notice as he was far too interested in his own form that day near Christmas in 1931.

Sarsfields had won the Cork county minor championship that year, and the match was arranged by their trainer that famous old Cork star, Jerry Beckett. Jerry was confident that his boys from Riverstown would lick the young chaps from Blackpool where a young club called Glen Rovers was beginning to grow, in a county which in 1931 was led on the hurling field by Eudie Coughlan and his famous "Rockies."

That day in the "Sars" game the fourteen-year-old had two older brothers, Charlie and Finbarr, playing as well as Tim Kiely and Chance Barry. Jack Lynch, who incidentally had a big meal before he went out, made his mark in an hour when captain Mossie Dwyer's boys including Mick McMahan, Billa Beckett (afterwards a national champion runner) and the late Tommy Murphy weren't good enough for the fliers from the Glen.

Three years later a well-built seventeen-year-old with plenty of hurling, Jack Lynch joined the older men of the Glen—Fox Collins, Joe Lee, Shelley Hyland, Danny Matt Dorgan, Jack Corkery, Jer Burke and Mick Casey to win the Glen's first Cork senior hurling championship a title they were to hold for a remarkable eight years.

The loose-limbed boy from the North Mon. had been a hurler since he belted a ball up against the walls of the Butter Market and a swerving runner since he dodged the sexton around the gravestones underneath Shandon Steeple. The famous old pepperpot tower which cast its shadow on the house of the Bantry tailor, Dan Lynch, and his wife, Norah, who reared their four boys and two girls in an atmosphere rich with the national traditions of the stormy hills of the west and the echoing streets of older Cork.

At thirteen Jack Lynch won his scholarship to the nearby North Monastery and in that great school where learning and playing went hand in hand, he developed brain and body in the company of his friends "Smiler" and Tom O'Riordan, Frank Casey, Cooper Moylan, Sonny Buckley and Paddy Hogan, who remain his friends to-day.

The boy who grew to young manhood may have been at times quiet like his late father but Jack, with his brothers and friends camp-

*Team games train one's character on very desirable lines. Jack Lynch gave a lot to games; they did a lot in moulding him.*

ing in Crosshaven, swimming in the baths and in the rivers, or training over bushes to win the hurdles in the school sports, was a gay bright young lad full of fun and mischief, enough to cause his poor father (like all fathers) to wonder if his youngest boy would go to the dogs and end up in the gutter.

And so he grew to young manhood a lively fellow among his friends at the parties and in a bunch where singing and music were an important part of light-hearted relaxation Jack's baritone in "Rose of San Antone" or "Bould Thady Quill" were favourites.

It was in 1936 that he, playing also as a minor, first won his place on a Cork senior hurling team. He was playing at left half-back when they met Clare at Limerick marking Sergeant Major Jim Houlihan. The game was a draw but the replay proved a catastrophe for Clare beat the red-jerseyed men out of sight.

In 1937 Tipperary administered the quietus by one lonely point that became all the more tantalising when Jim Lanigan and his men beat mighty Limerick and went on to take Kilkenny in that famous All-Ireland final played in Killarney—because the Cusack Stand was being built in Croke Park.

As a schoolboy with the usual fierce county loyalties I remember

# MASTER HURLER



*Essentially a stylish player, he was dependable, strong, fast and imperturbable*

arguing like mad over Jack Lynch's right to selection on the Railway Cup team, which he made at last as a substitute in 1938. That year started well for Cork who had been out of the big-time since 1931 and the boys beat Limerick in a great game at Thurles.

I remember the late "Green Flag" on the "Irish Press" wrote of the Cork corner back veterans "Fox" Collins and Georgie Garrett who "lashed on falling balls with rare abandon."

Our spirits were high when, as minors who had beaten Tipperary in the curtain-raiser, we sat down to watch our seniors meet Waterford in Dungarvan. Jack Lynch was at centre-field with Sonny Buckley on Christy Moylan and Sean Feeney. It was a terrible day. The rain lashed out of the heavens; Micka Brennan was split, Waterford were flying, and they went in to the Munster final. But fair play to Lynch he hurled a hard, imperturbable hour from start to finish.

In 1939 the dark curtain lifted at last and Cork got out of Munster with a bunch where youth and maturity was nicely blended. The final words of the year's story were written in Croke Park in the first Sunday in September.

Neville Chamberlain declared war on Germany that day and the heavens shed havoc. A bunch of us young fellows who had beaten

Kilkenny in the minor game sat down to watch our big brothers repeat the dose and a mad Cork crowd cheered the seniors as they went out from under the newly-erected Cusack Stand to meet the Black and Amber.

It was a tough, tight match all the way until Mother Nature seemed to join with the world in mourning for the thousands to die in the six-year catastrophe that was on us. The heavens howled and the rain fell in torrents until the green of the referee's jersey ran on to his togs and the hurleys flew from frantic, slippery hands.

At centre-field Jack Lynch with partner Jack Barrett hurled his usual manly game. It was at the Canal goal he took the famous late free in the second half, with Cork down a goal and time ticking away. He went for a goal and the Kilkennymen rushed him. Again it was set to be taken; again the big smooth-muscle athlete drenched to the skin raised the sliotar to strike; again the grim hurlers in Black and Amber rushed him; for the third time the ref's whistle sounded and the free was set once more. The twenty-two-year-old Cork captain gritted his teeth, rose it and shot hard for goal; but the solid Nore-side phalanx dug in its heels, refused to wilt, and held out to win by that great Jimmy Kelly point near full time.

We minors were broken-hearted after the game and I was surprised the seniors took it so well.

"Don't let it get you down," said Jack Lynch in the hotel later, "Haven't we next year?"

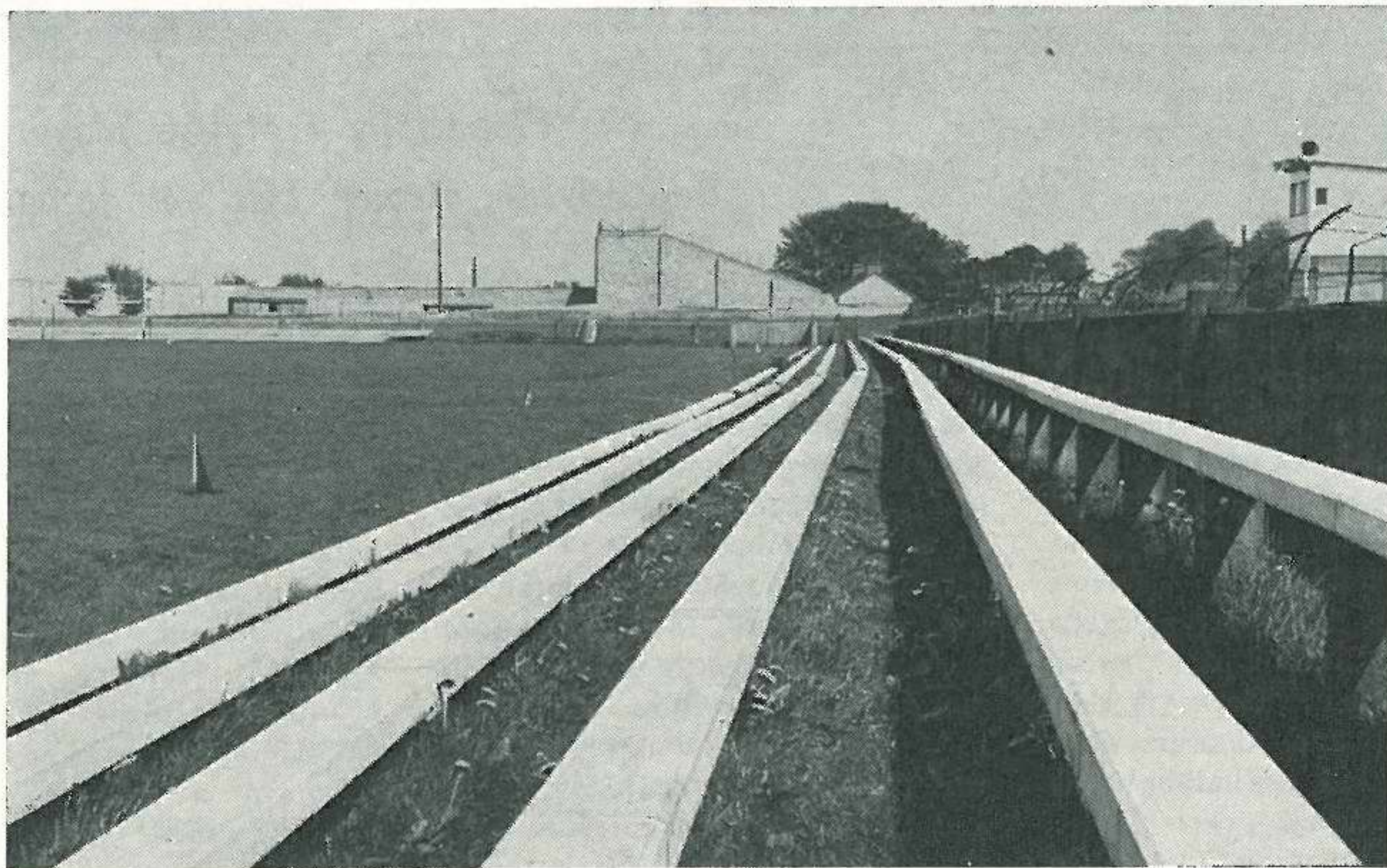
In fact the dark days still weren't over for in 1940 that mighty team that was Mick Mackey's Limerick gave a last conquering shrug of champion shoulders and having put Cork away in a delirious replay at Thurles rolled on to crush Kilkenny in the final. Then the day dawned for Cork and the county's most glorious era was ushered in by a great team led by Jack Lynch's friend Sonny Buckley, who captained the All-Ireland team of '41.

On that '41 team Jack Barrett was again partnered by Jack Lynch and it is an indication of the big Glen Rovers' man's merit that in the seven hurling finals in which he wore his county jersey he stood at centre-field for the hour.

There's a slight correction to be made. In '41 when it was clear that the championship was won at last, two players went to the ground in the last quarter of the final to bring on their friends, thus entitling the newcomers to All-Ireland medals. Paddy O'Donovan and Bobby Ryng richly deserved the honour and the men who made them sure of that '41 emblem were John Quirke and Jack Lynch. That

● TO PAGE 11

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*Jack Lynch at the end of his 30 yards solo run before scoring the goal that gave Cork a draw with Tipperary in the first match of their Munster championship marathon at Limerick in 1949. Tipperary players in picture are Flor Coffey (left), Mickey Byrne (right) and Tommy Doyle, partly hidden behind Jack Lynch.*

## The Jack Lynch Story

### ● FROM PAGE 9

mutual loyalty was oft repeated in different ways.

Forty-two, forty-three and forty-four passed in glorious succession. The same men more or less wore the jersey and it is remarkable that in the years from '39 to '47 inclusive in which the county played seven hurling finals, only thirty men were used.

Cork won its fourth in a row in '44 and the eight champion hurlers who hold these four medals are Din Joe Buckley, Alan Lotty, John Quirke, Jim Young, Paddy O'Donovan, Billy Murphy, Christy Ring and Jack Lynch. It's a feat unlikely to be equalled.

In '45 Tipp came and beat the Leesiders. It might be called unsporting to say that Fr. Con Cottrill had come off a retreat and his centre-field partner Jack Lynch had just soldiered through his final law exams. The manly thing to say is that Tipp slipped Cork in Munster and Kilkenny by two goals in the final, with Tom Wall and Harry Gouldsbrough on the halfway line.

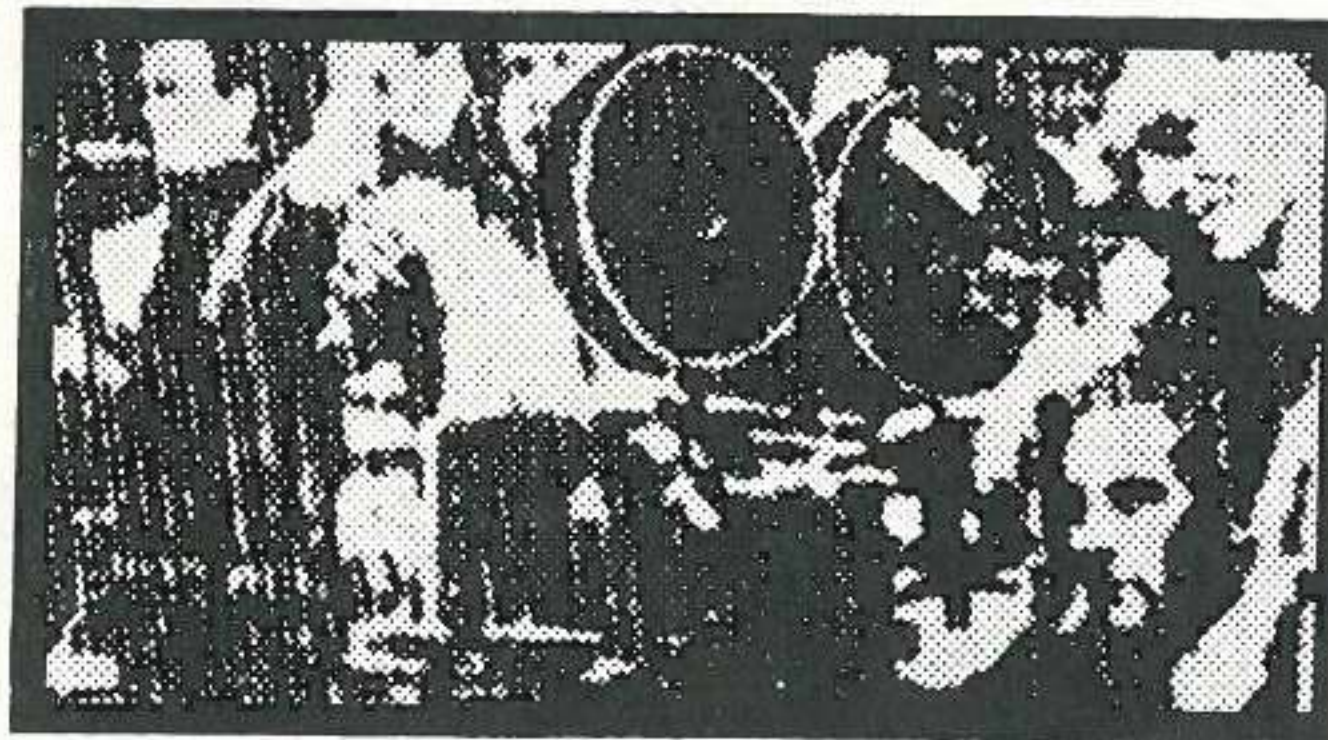
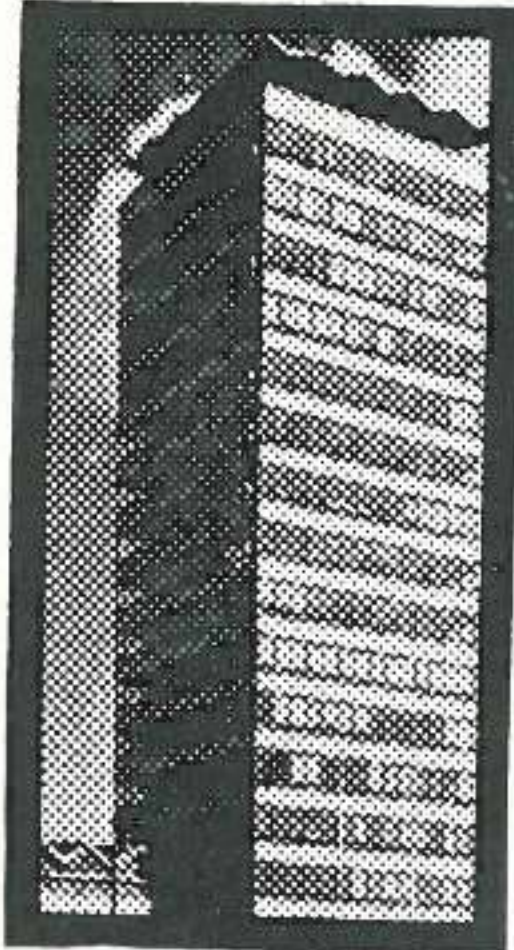
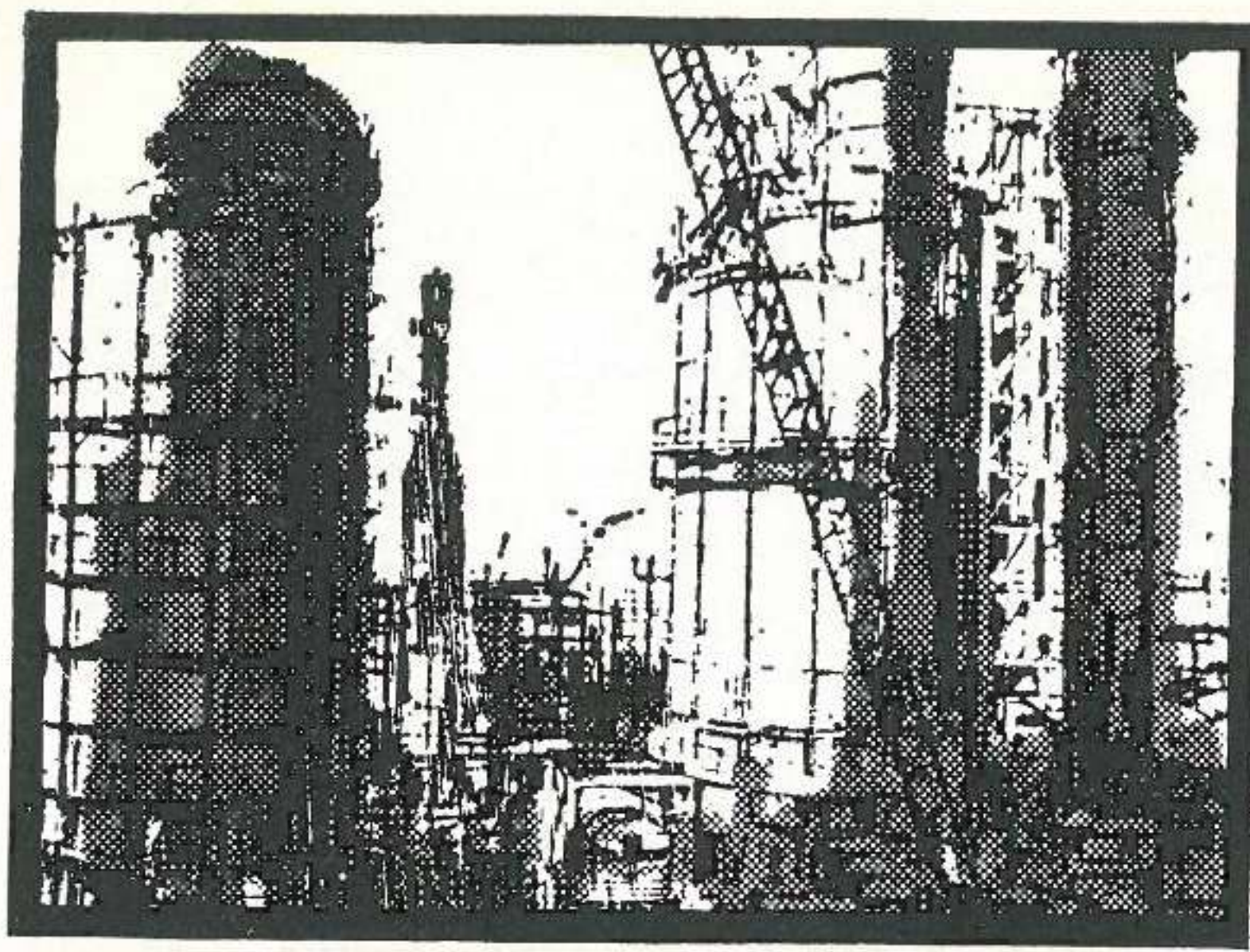
A month ago Harry, now a commandant in Cork, stood in a bunch of Corkmen who were discussing the new Taoiseach. Some of them had been in the Mon. with Jack Lynch and were talking about the days.

"He was in a class ahead of me," said one, "I met him often but I don't suppose he would remember me at all now."

"Well," says Gouldsbrough with a grin, "I met him only once. It's twenty-one years ago now but that boy will remember me for the rest of his life."

Forty-five was a busy year for Jack Lynch, for in addition to his hurling, the final law exam and his reception at the bar there was a busy year's football on his plate. The Cork footballers, annoyed at the defeat of their hurlers and anxious to keep their chairman the late "Bowler" Walsh happy by winning another All-Ireland medal for every year of his office, chased

● CONTINUED OVERLEAF



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WILSON HARTNELL

### ● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

after the Sam Maguire Cup which incidentally had not gone down to the Dunmanway man's hometown up to that time.

At right corner for the county was the quiet man from Blackpool who, incidentally, had been playing football since he first went to the Mon. and had starred in colleges' games. It was some years before that when Jack's team, St. Nicholas, the present Cork county champions, were playing Clonakilty in Bandon in a pitch which was known (and not loved), by all of us, as the "Bog" that the ball was lost. The Clonakilty ball went out of action in the first half and in the second the St. Nicks ball ended up in the nearby river which was slightly more serious when one remembers that it was a dreadful day and the river in heavy flood.

St. Nicks were leading by enough to keep frantic Clonakilty at bay for the remainder of the hour on a muddy pitch with the wind in Clon's teeth but the ball was in the river and the fat in the fire.

You guessed it. Into the fast-running swollen river dived a muscular brown-haired boy from St. Nicks swam powerfully and confidently through the December waters, recovered the leather and threw it back. The game recommenced; the dripping young player finished the hour, ran downtown with his triumphant team and got out of the wet togs. Ah youth, and determination . . . and shrewdness.

It was in 1943 that the country saw a strange pairing in the All-Ireland football semi-final for the famous blue jersey of Cavan, so prominent for the previous fifteen years, was opposed by the strange footballing sweater of Cork. Big Tom Reilly, all sixteen stone of him, was a giant in stature and ability and with his late brother John Joe, Tom P. O'Reilly, Paddy Smith, Simon Deignan, Mick Higgins, Barney Cully and the rest,

# The Jack Lynch Story

## ● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

led a very formidable side. That day they faced a whirlwind of enthusiasm from Cork and the picture I take with me is of Big Tom lying on the ground over near the Hogan Stand half-concussed, a bloody eyebrow split after he and Jack Lynch had met literally head-on. At the last moment the Corkman had turned slightly and the back of his head almost knocked the big Cavan man completely out. Cavan won by a point but Cork came back two years later to beat the Slashers in the final with Jack Lynch at right corner forward.

A few years ago when the late Jim Hurley, himself a champion player, was showing me some old correspondence we came across a letter from Jack Lynch in Dublin telling Jim, a Cork selector, that the law student was in training and was ready to play at any time. The letter was in fluent Irish.

"And they'll try to tell you," said Jim, "that Jack Lynch wasn't interested in the language."

In 1946 what they say was the fastest hurling team ever to play for Cork turned out to hurl a great All-Ireland final against Kilkenny. Centre-forward Christy Ring was captain and at full-back was Con Murphy the Cork secretary. The old reliable was at centre-field with Fr. Con Cottrill. After a thrilling hour they finished a full nine points in front and six of those Corkmen had won five All-Irelands each in six years. The seventh was Jack Lynch who had won six in succession.

In the following year, with all the boys still going strong, these two teams again proved the best in the country but this time it was the Noresiders' year and the Cork team with only one change went down by that tantalising point and Kilkenny had snatched victory once more.

That ended the glorious days for

Cork though the men didn't expect it just then, for in the following year, to the joy of the sporting world, Jim Ware, the late Vincent Bastin, John Keane, Christy Moylan and the men from Waterford earned their Celtic Cross, while coming up was the Pat Stakelum team from Tipperary where youthful energy, seasoned shrewdness, and good direction won three in a row.

But there was a momentous duel with Tipperary in 1949 when Cork drew the first game in the Munster championship and went on to lose the replay. It was towards the end of the drawn match that a big forward with powerful hips and



*The late  
Jim Hurley*

shoulders brought the sliothar thirty yards and slapped it to the net for the vital goal. Jack Lynch wasn't done yet.

In the following year, 1950, over in Killarney where Jimmy Kennedy slipped over Tipperary points from all angles, Jack Lynch made his farewell after fifteen years with yet another solid game. The crowd rushed the pitch and an extra steward trying to clear the field was the level-headed man from Blackpool who was then in public life.

My last memory of Jack Lynch in togs was in 1951. That year St. Nicholas, present Cork county football champions, played Collins, my own team, in the county final. Nicks had an injury before the game and in at full forward they brought a man who hadn't togged out for quite a while. Jack Lynch,

then Parliamentary Secretary, played at full forward on Captain John Boyle, who is now in Canada, and I remember with sinking heart in the opening quarter Lynch's coolness and ability to take a heavy shoulder and part with the ball with precision and cleverness.

Team games train one's character on very desirable lines. Jack Lynch gave a lot to games; they did a lot in moulding him. The adversity of his early intercounty years steeled the young man who had learned the lessons of self-discipline and dedication in the Glen Rovers nursery, where Paddy Connell, Tom Reilly, Paddy Connors and Mick Rennie O'Brien guided the youngsters with stern but kindly hands and counselled them in the tiny clubroom at Bird's Quay where the hurleys were cared as lovingly as a Cavalier cherished his Toledo blade.

In the present big clubhouse Jack Lynch has been a frequent visitor and attended many a Sunday morning talk when instructions were given on how the game was to be won that afternoon.

Not so long ago he arrived at the Park in Cork for the county football final with the St. Nicks jerseys in his car. Doney O'Brien, the man who looks after the jerseys, will tell you of the morning when he and Jack hung them out before the fire to air for the men who would wear them that evening.

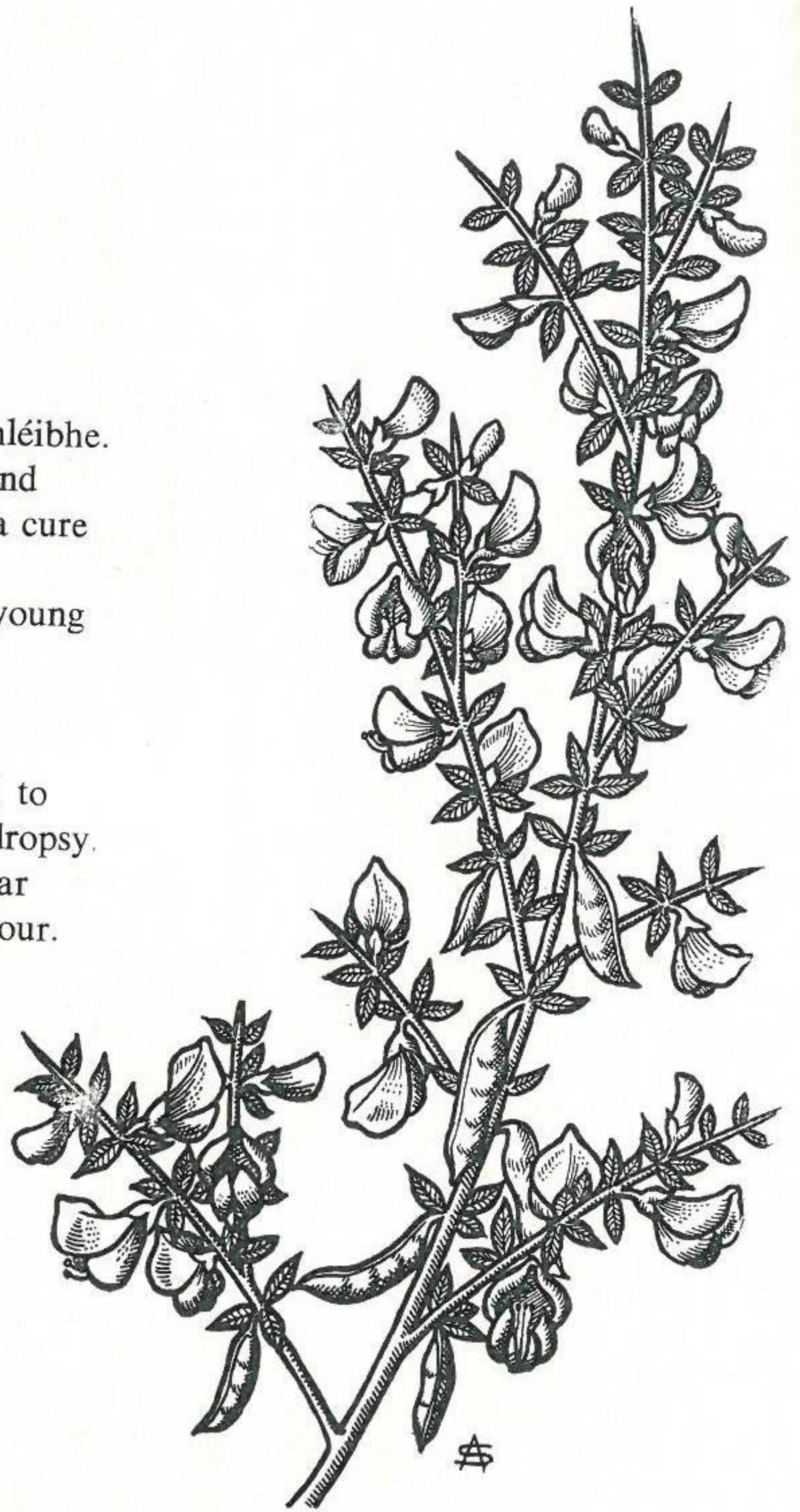
Calmness in turmoil, courage in face of stern opposition, readiness to put the nose to the grindstone of work, a fortitude in adversity, ability to turn a fleeting opportunity into triumph, all these were learned the hard way by the patient young man from Shandon. No need to say that these, allied to the sporting integrity shown so often on the field, proved by the fact that in a long career he was never put to the line, are desirable attributes which give the people of all

● TO PAGE 15

# Lincoln Sweepstake

## Health and Wealth

BROOM, *Cytisus scoparius*, Giolcach shléibhe. Traditional Irish herbalists are still very fond of Broom. Many of them consider it to be a cure for numerous ills and it is included in most of their preparations. In the past the young flowers of Broom were sometimes preserved as pickles and the plant when burnt affords a tolerably pure alkaline salt. Broom has also been claimed to have been used with success in cases of dropsy. One of the varieties of this plant was popular among dyers for producing a fine yellow colour. Medical practice is changing and every sweep ticket sold helps to further its progress. Buy a ticket to-day and you may be rewarded with a fortune.



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*CORK 1941 : Back row —J. Barry (trainer), C. Buckley (capt.), M. Brennan, A. Lotty, J. Lynch, B. Thornhill, S. Barrett, T. O'Sullivan, W. Walsh (selector and Chairman Co. Board). Second row—W. Campbell, D. J. Buckley, J. Buttimer, J. Quirke, W. Murphy, J. Young. In front—C. Ring and C. Cottrill.*

## The Jack Lynch Story

### ● FROM PAGE 13

political creeds confidence in the leader of a nation that must be prepared for stormy waters.

Jack Lynch was essentially a stylish hurler. He could play well facing the ball or doubling on it. Very dependable both on the ground and in the air, he was steady with both hands and this added to strength, speed and imperturbability made him a champion performer. Reflexes faster than normal, a mature shrewdness and an ability to keep cool allowed him not only to see what way the tide was flowing but to take advantage of that flow by adjusting his own play or suggesting changes.

Never one for spirited exhortations, he led more by example than word but anything he had to say was in that quiet determined level-toned voice which we are going to know much better in the years ahead.

He still plays games in Cork but now it's out in Muskerry on the rolling hills that smile above the valley of the Lee where famous players like Mick Power, Billy

O'Sullivan and Larry McCarthy belted the ball, and they telegraphed the new Taoiseach to say he had eight shots added to his handicap.

We went out to Dublin Hill the night An Taoiseach arrived suddenly out of the dark, and was in our midst before we knew it. The crowd went wild and down the street in Blackpool the tar-barrels blazed in front of the clubhouse and men who had seen the Glen Rovers club founded in 1915 pressed forward to shake the hand of the man who shared in its honour.

Two teams of schoolboys in the colours of St. Nicholas and the Glen formed a victory V in front of the clubhouse and sang "A Nation Once Again." Visibly moved, An Taoiseach's words were inaudible from where I was, back in the crowd.

"What's he saying," says one citizen.

"Yerrah, what's he saying?" says his pal, "only that he's glad to be home and he'd play for the Glen in the morning if he could."

Then the procession moved on towards town but many a Blackpool man dropped back for a pint at Molly Howe's. They had honoured their hero; now the rest of them have him for an hour.

The final scene was a few Sundays ago when Jack Lynch arrived at the county football final to see St. Nicholas playing St. Finbarr's. This time he didn't bring the jerseys though he did wait for the reception in the Metropole afterwards.

As he walked out to throw in the ball, with the chairman, Jack Barrett, his centre-field partner in two All-Irelands, one man said: "Watch him; he'll put a St. Nicks spin on it."

We all watched the throw-in and there was a laugh as indeed a St. Nicks man got it.

When Jack Lynch returned to his seat a man behind him grinned and said:

"You gave them the first pass anyway, Jack."

The only answer was a merry chuckle, a puff of the pipe, and the leader turned to keep his eye on the ball.

We all hope he keeps at it; he's pretty good that way.

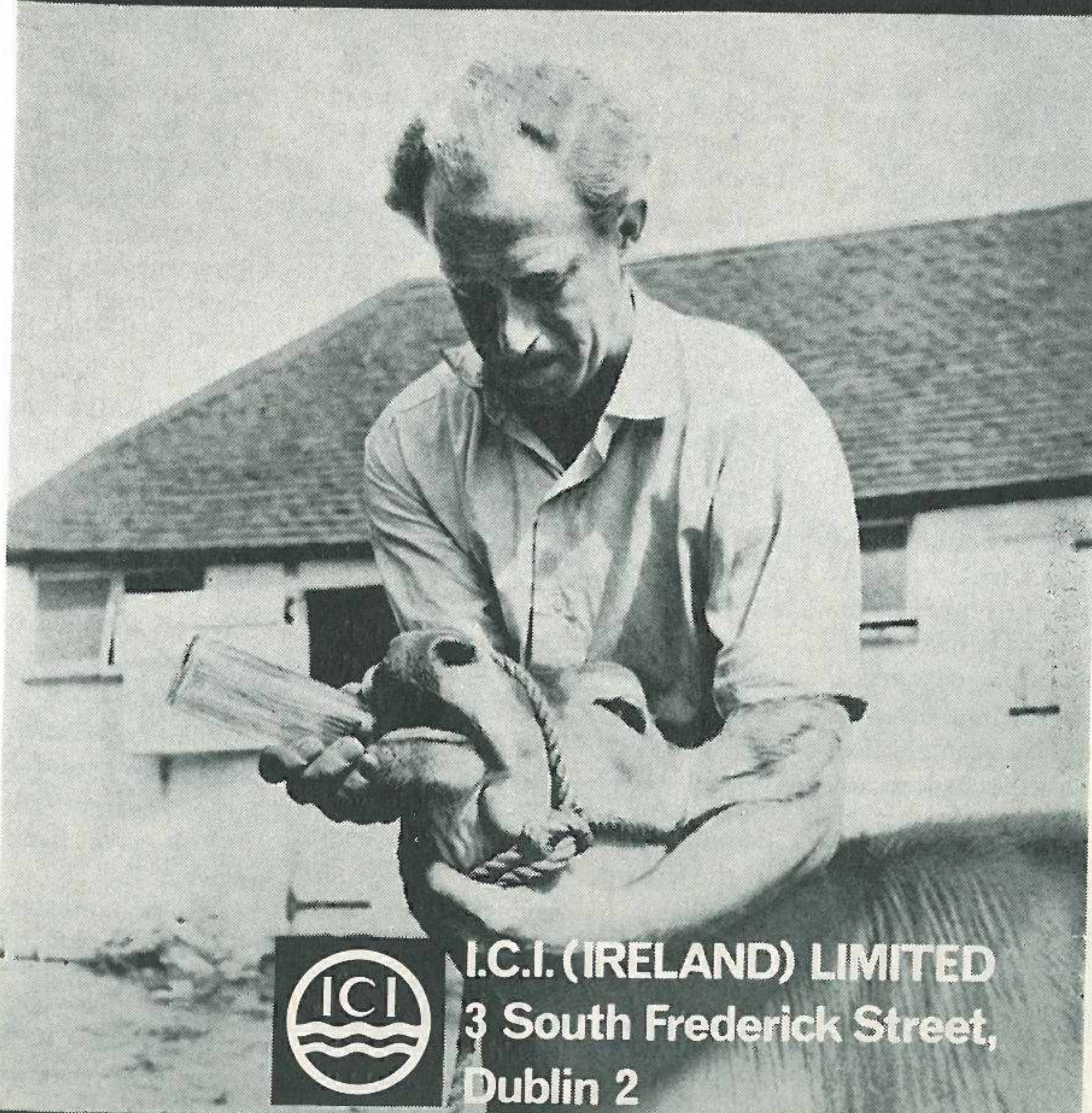
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## Presidents of the G.A.A. . . .10

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*By Terence Roynane*

# SEAN RYAN

WHEN in 1929 Willie Clifford of Limerick vacated the Presidency, he was succeeded by a Dublin representative, Sean Ryan, whose election was in many ways a surprise to the older generation of Gaels.

In the first place Sean Ryan represented an even younger generation than any that had thus far come to the fore in the top ranks of the Association, for he was the youngest man ever elected to the Presidency.

In the second place he mirrored an entirely new trend in the G.A.A. for he was the first professional man (he was a solicitor) and the first university man to take over the leadership of the Association.

In addition he represented the generation that had come to maturity since 1916 and which had, perhaps, a different and more positive approach to many national problems than the generation that had gone before them.

A native of Bansha in County Tipperary, Sean Ryan had come to Dublin as a young man and had early made his mark in G.A.A. circles in the capital. Long associated with the Collegians Club, his advent to the Dublin County Board brought to that body a trained mind filled with new and clear-cut ideas for the advance-

ment of every aspect of the Gaelic ideal.

His talents, and his gifts for leadership were quickly recognised and he became one of the youngest men ever honoured with the Chairmanship of Dublin County Board.

Although not very well known in those days to the rank and file of the Association throughout the country, Sean Ryan's energy, enthusiasm and keen brain had greatly impressed the leaders of the G.A.A. in every province and so when he went forward for office at the 1928 Congress he was elected President by a sweeping majority 92 votes to 33 for his only opponent Sean Ruane of Mayo.

No sooner had he become President than Sean Ryan made his energy felt in the advancement of the Gaelic ideal on the broadest scale. He led a drive for more active co-operation with the Gaelic League, advocated the wider use of the National Language in the affairs of the Association and stressed the necessity for supporting Irish industry.

So successful was his work that, by the time the 1929 Congress came round, Sean Ryan had won the confidence of Gaels all over the country and was unanimously re-elected.

By then he had an able coadjutor, a man after his own heart in Pádraig Ó Caoimh who had succeeded Luke O'Toole as General Secretary.

Between them they extended in many fields the work, prestige and influence of the G.A.A. A weekly paper *An Camán*, under the joint auspices of the G.A.A. and the Gaelic League was founded, the more general use of Irish within the Association was promoted, and Irish dancing, for instance, was encouraged and revived.

The games needless to say were not neglected. New standards were set in presentation and punctuality, modern methods used to publicise and popularise big events.

Despite previous rulings to the contrary, the 1930 Congress insisted on extending Sean Ryan's Presidency to a third term and then the 1931 Congress extended his reign to a fourth year.

After retiring from the Presidency, Sean Ryan remained for some years an honorary member of Central Council and remained up to his death, none too long ago, the official solicitor to the Association in which capacity his shrewd advice and long experience was of inestimable value to several generations of G.A.A. legislators.

# 'The doormat of Ulster'

By \_\_\_\_\_  
Seamus McCluskey

**R**IGHT up until 1950 Monaghan ranked as runners-up in the Ulster senior football honours list, holding eleven titles and being second only to the famous Cavan. In 1951 they were joined by Antrim, but even to this day they have not been surpassed in the number two spot and still share the second rung with the Glensmen. Despite this high ranking, it is a sad, sad fact that the Oriel County is fast becoming the doormat of Ulster—the stepping stone for the other Ulster counties in their onward march to higher honours.

Recently, when the draws for the 1966 Lagan Cup were announced, there was high glee in Armagh that their first game was against Monaghan in this League. One Armagh scribe did not even try to conceal his delight when pre-viewing the game as a "pipe-opener" for the sterner tasks ahead against Antrim and Down. Unfortunately for Monaghan fans—he was dead right. This is only one example of how the other counties feel towards Monaghan at the moment, and looking back over the dismal record of the Oriemen during the year just finished, one cannot blame them. Exit in the first round of the Dr. McKenna Cup; exit in the first round of the championship; pointless in the League (Dr. Lagan Cup)—for an Ulster county, the record just could not be worse.

Despite this bleak picture, however, Monaghan's ills are far from being incurable. Few counties in the North are so well equipped

with strong clubs and fine club players. This has been proven by the fact that Monaghan club teams have dominated "Gaelic-Weeks" and tournaments throughout Ulster over the past decade. Even during 1966 Monaghan club teams—Clontibret, Scotstown, Castleblayney and Toome—dominated tournaments in Tyrone, Fermanagh and Armagh, while these same teams along with Oram, Emyvale and Magheraclone proved much too strong for the club teams of the other Ulster counties competing in Monaghan tournaments. Stronger clubs and better players than most other counties possess, yet the county team ranks lowest in the Northern province. Where then does the fault lie?

Many solutions have been put forward in the local press in an effort to find out exactly what is wrong in Monaghan but most of these appear rather vague. Taking a very close look at the present set-up in the county, however, it is not difficult to see where several improvements could be made.

In Monaghan, the senior county team selection committee is one of the largest in the provinces and all five of them appear to have equal authority—there is no team manager and, apparently, nobody has been entrusted with the responsibility of making changes during the course of a game. During the recent Lagan Cup clash with Armagh, I sat right behind them and was most surprised to find a complete lack of cohesion or any semblance of uniformity in ideas. During the second half, an

established corner-back was sent in to replace a full-forward and despite several pleas from County Secretary John McArdle, the error was never corrected.

Neither was there a prepared plan-of-campaign, as was blatantly obvious when Monaghan was awarded a penalty in this game with Armagh. Chaos reigned for a time and eventually a place-kicker, but definitely not a penalty-taker, took the kick with negative result. Surely, the appointment of a penalty-taker must be part of the pre-match deliberations before any team is sent out on a field.

In the actual selections that have represented the county over the past months, those responsible have made many blatant errors. Players have been misplaced, notably the brilliant Castleblayney Faughs full-back, Tony Carville, who won the Ballantine Award in New York in July for "playing football as it should be played" and who has been persistently placed in centrefield on the county side. In addition, some top-class "club-combinations" have been split up with disastrous effect. The brilliant Scotstown pair Jim Brady and Eamonn Keenan would be much happier together on the left-wing of defence as would the 'Blayney combination of Carville and Mac Moore down the middle of the rearguard. The retention of such match-winning pairs has been a feature of most counties who have reached the top.

Within the county itself, it has also been the sad practice for most

players to place their club before their county, with the result that many of these men can be depended upon to play a real "blinder" for their club, but when selected for the county side, they adopt a lackadaisical, couldn't-care-less, attitude with tragic results. This type of thing also leads to over-keenness in club clashes with inevitable rows, incidents and bouts of fisticuffs. During the month of November in Monaghan we had the unpleasant sight of eleven players being ordered-off in only three games on two successive Sundays, while during the same month the senior league semi-final was unfinished.

These are the main reasons why Monaghan languishes at the bottom of the Ulster ladder right now, and until these faults are remedied the Oriel county will remain the "foundation-stone" of Northern football. The forthcoming County Convention on January 15 and the new incoming County Board have it in their power to change matters and if some of the motions listed for Convention are carried, most of the faults listed above will be remedied, or, at least minimised. From these motions, it is very obvious that followers of the code in the county are not satisfied with the present system.

A County team manager is an obvious necessity, as is a much smaller and more flexible selection committee. Hooliganism must also be very severely dealt with. When these are accomplished Monaghan can once again take its rightful place in Ulster football. The material is there, it is the method that is wrong. It only remains for the powers in charge to wake up to this fact and when they do, our present county players—not a single one of whom was even born when Monaghan last won the Ulster senior championship—may soon find themselves on the winning-trail again and bring back some much-needed honour and glory to their county.



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## LIAM McGRATH

### Face to Face with Sean O'Donnell

**D**EPENDING on what part of the country you come from, it is quite possible that you have not heard of Liam McGrath. Just in case you have not, let me tell you that Liam is Tyrone's left half-back. His county is not much in the news these days—but they are not alone in that. Come to think of it, there are never more than about ten counties in the football news at any one time. The rest play on in the hope that the scene will change—and it always does eventually.

My conversation with Liam went like this:—

*O'Donnell—Less than a decade ago Tyrone were one of the glamour teams of football. Why are they now in the doldrums?*

McGrath—A difficult question to answer in a few sentences. There is generally a lack of interest and determination among the players. This no doubt stems from lack of success or the promise of success. In other words it is a vicious circle.

*O'D.—How does a county break such a circle?*

McG.—I would say by planning. As I see it the days of ambling to

the top are gone. Unless a county—and by a county I mean its officers and officials—get down to devising a planned approach then little progress can be made.

I think a county such as Tyrone needs to, firstly, decide it wants to get somewhere and, having made up its mind that it is really serious about its task, then it will be time to plan. Planning means a lot of things all of which add up to constructive and hard work. I honestly believe that, provided they are given the right leadership, players in any county will respond and throw off their lack of interest. Once enthusiasm has been aroused the vicious circle has been broken.

*O'D.—How long do you think it would take Tyrone to hit the big-time if this sort of approach were to be forthcoming?*

McG.—I would say two years. By then they should be capable of regaining the Ulster title. There is reasonable talent in the county—as much as there is in any other county in the province if it were properly harnessed.

*O'D.—How is club competition in Tyrone?*

McG.—Fair. However, we have the county divided into two divisions—East and West—for senior competition and I would prefer to see an open all-county set-up. It would, in my opinion, greatly help to raise the overall standard.

*O'D.—Is it frustrating to be a member of a team which loses more often than it wins?*

McG.— It probably depends on the player. Personally, I train hard and conscientiously and it is disappointing not to experience some form of break-through. I am not speaking in terms of All-Ireland medals. I would be satisfied if we could go out and be respected by our opponents no matter who they might be. One could be content with even the promise of a break-through. Enthusiasm can live on anticipation for quite a period.

*O'D.—When you say that you train hard, do you mean for major games?*

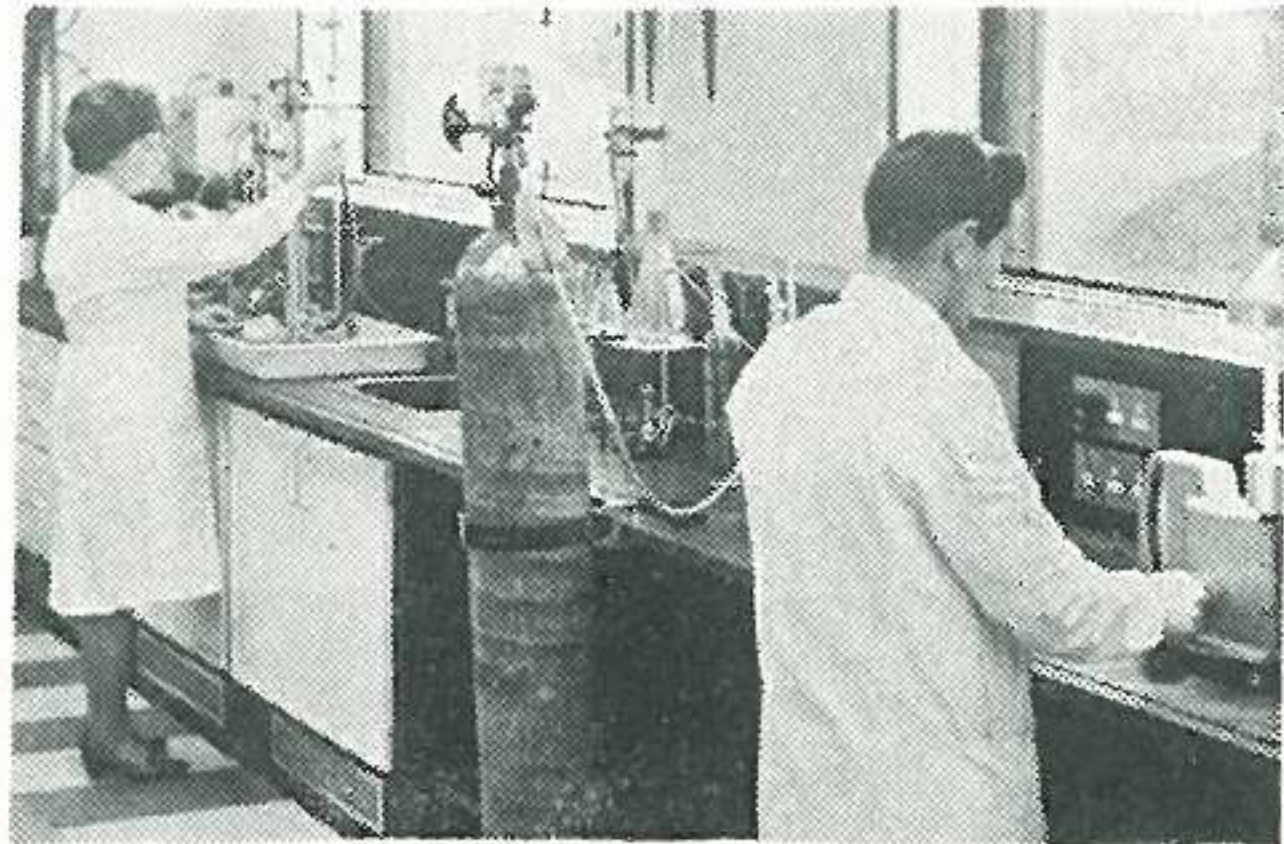
McG.—No, I train all the year round.

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

McG.—That is an easy one, Sean O'Neill without any doubt.



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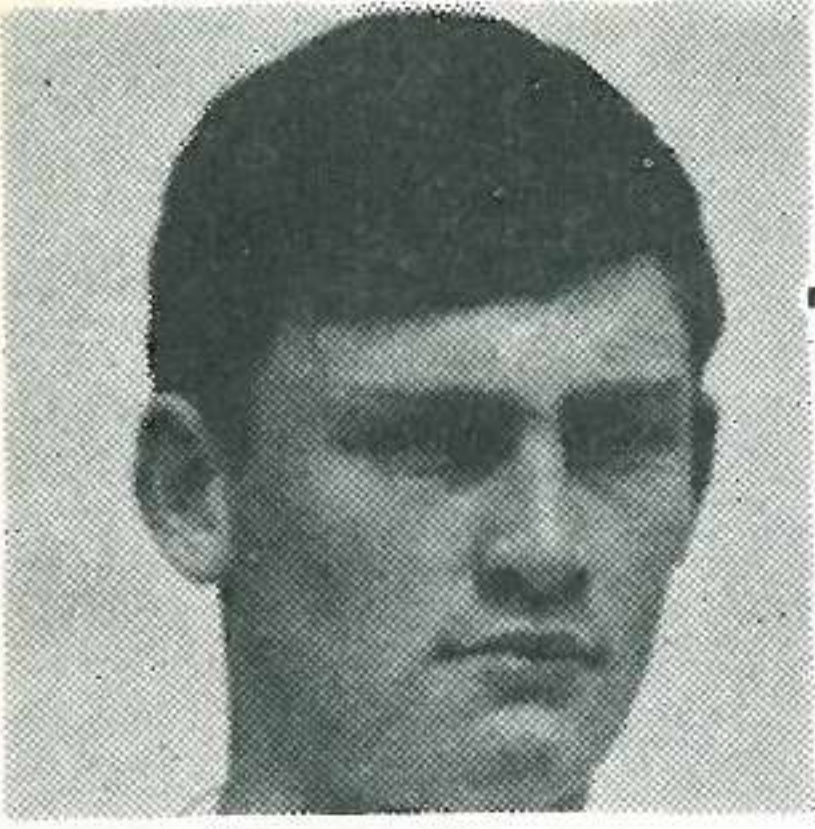
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Jimmy Duggan

## *Let us keep faith*

**I**N case we forget, and with so many distractions it is easy enough to forget relatively important things nowadays, 1967 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the Fenian Rising. It is an anniversary of particular importance to us in the Gaelic Athletic Association, because the G.A.A. kindled its inspiration from the Phoenix Flame of Fenianism.

For anyone who wishes to know what Ireland was like in 1867, immediately before the Fenian Rising, I can advise no more salutary exercise than reading the opening chapters of Canon Sheehan's the "Graves of Kilmorna" which paints a true picture of those times.

Moreover it shows us more graphically than any survey of the period can do how drab and dull the lives of our people in rural Ireland were before the advent of the G.A.A. and gives us some concept of how the coming of the Gaelic Athletic Association affected the lives of all our people.

But now, one hundred years later there is no reason for us, despite all our material progress in the interim, to feel complacent. We have not yet achieved the Fenian aim of an Ireland free and undivided from the centre to the sea. Nor have we in the G.A.A. achieved the ideals of our founders. We have not succeeded in

bringing the hurling back to the 32 Counties. Indeed the hardest work of the recent hurling revival lies ahead.

That is the sustaining and maintaining of the tremendous enthusiasm that marked the first two years of this effort to bring the hurling back. There can be weakening in the endeavour. If the present endeavour fails what hope can there be for the survival of hurling eventually even in its oldest strongholds?

Nor can anyone be too happy about the continued and continuing split in Irish athletics. It is not sufficient that we keep the N.A.C.A. alive and effective, we must restore it to the position it held before 1936 as the national athletic body fully representative of Ireland both at home and abroad.

Nor can any of us who treasure the ideals for which the G.A.A. was founded feel at all happy about the present position of the language.

Enough people know enough Irish in Ireland to-day to make our country fully bilingual in the morning if only we all had the moral courage to speak the Irish we have. It is up to the G.A.A., surely, to give a stronger lead in this respect.

Those are all matters we are all going to think about during

1967 if we are to keep faith with the Fenian men of a hundred years ago.

\* \* \*

On the playing fields 1967 promises to be a bumper year. The main question, I suppose, that will exercise football followers through the close season is whether or not Galway will succeed in winning that fourth All-Ireland in a row.

The evidence presented from the All-Ireland final to the end of the 1966 intercounty playing season all emphasised one fact, that Galway at that stage were far and away the best football side in the country. Near neighbours Mayo, who had looked their most dangerous challengers were conclusively mastered in that prematurely ended League game at Tuam.

Therefore, at the moment, the champions stand alone. But it is a long, long road from now until the last Sunday in September and whether the Galwegians, great a side though they undoubtedly are, can retain that supremacy for another three months is something that time alone can tell. Certainly if they can produce another youngster like Jimmy Duggan they will take beating.

On the other hand, the hurling championship looks wide open. After Wexford had demolished Cork in the Oireachtas semi-final I would not have given the titleholders the remotest chance of retaining the McCarthy Cup in 1967 but not alone have the Corkmen since avenged that defeat but

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# THE NEED FOR RENEWAL

THE organisation of leadership courses for club officials is a very welcome G.A.A. development and one that should be pushed to success, in view of the part the clubs play in the scheme of things.

In too many places the clubs are left to fend for themselves, and it can be generally said that the great majority of our clubs are not anything like as effective as they could be.

The local club has a great potential in most areas, if properly organised and directed. For that reason, the recent gathering of Kerry club mentors is of considerable importance—and a worthwhile break through.

The Kerry County Board Chairman, Dr. Jim Brosnan, is a blunt realist who is very conscious of the club place in the G.A.A., and better still a man determined to see that every unit of the Association plays its allotted part.

Emigration is a serious problem in Kerry, and some of the clubs have been heavily hit by it. Success in the wider plane—on the inter-county field, blinded a lot to the true position, but the County Secretary, Tadhg Crowley, had warned of the downward trend, and now something practical is being planned to stem the rot.

Tackling the matter in a practical way, the Board sought the assistance of men who had faced somewhat similar situations and successfully mastered them. That's

how Padraig Joyce of Achill and Derry Gowan of Fermoy came to be invited to Tralee. The Achill man's story was of particular interest—if a damning indictment of the system that permits such a

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By  
**Seamus O Ceallaigh**

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wholesale depopulation of the Irish countryside.

Of a selection of twenty-seven who won a juvenile competition in 1953, only two remained ten years later. This was the big difficulty of the Achill Club, but not the only one. They had a total population of three thousand on an island twelve miles long by twelve miles wide and it was nothing unusual to have to travel up to sixty miles for a game—without travelling expenses or grants.

How they managed to keep a thriving club going was a mystery but Padraig answered many questions and sent the delegates away convinced that in spite of difficulties—maybe because of them—big things can still be accomplished providing the spirit is right.

Derry Gowan was able to speak of a town of eight thousand people, where the club had twelve teams and played a total of almost a

hundred games in championship and other competitions each year, travelling about 1,200 miles in the process. Fund raising was naturally a problem to permit such activity, but he was able to tell of social events, concerts, ceilis, question-times, fireside chats and other projects that had the dual effect of keeping the members together, and gathering valuable financial assistance.

A refreshing feature of the evening was the evident interest taken by the club representatives and if they succeed in transferring this to action then a great improvement in Kerry club organisation can be expected.

Greatly increased activity at juvenile level was stressed as an essential in building club membership on a solid foundation. The older players have their part to play as well but possibly the whole success of the scheme hinges on the ability to harness those whose playing days are over to active association with the work of running the club.

The latter can render very valuable assistance in the development of the club field, the organisation of social events, the provision of transport, and the management of the financial side of activities.

Most old players will admit to having got much pleasure out of playing the games and through their association with the other members of the club. They must be



Dr. JIM BROSNAN  
Blunt realist.

made to realise that they owe something in return—and the best way they can pay their debt is by retaining an active interest in club affairs.

**WISE WORDS**

The sentiments expressed by Don Davern, T.D., Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Agriculture, speaking at a dinner to honour the Tipperary football team, deserve to be set as a headline for every club and county in Ireland.

They are not new but they tend to be forgotten nowadays in many quarters, and for that reason they cannot be emphasised too often.

This is what Don said :

“There was no good in just winning a match. It was how they played the game that counted. Tipperary had always stood shoulder high with the best in victory or defeat and they still came off the field an honourable team”.

Speaking on the same occasion, Rev. Fr. Hilary Barry, C.P., President of the Dublin Tipperarymen’s Association said :

“The conduct of a team depends on the men in charge of it. If there are gentlemen in charge then the young men will be gentlemen. Let us have more friendliness in play and let county players stand out on

● CONTINUED OVERLEAF



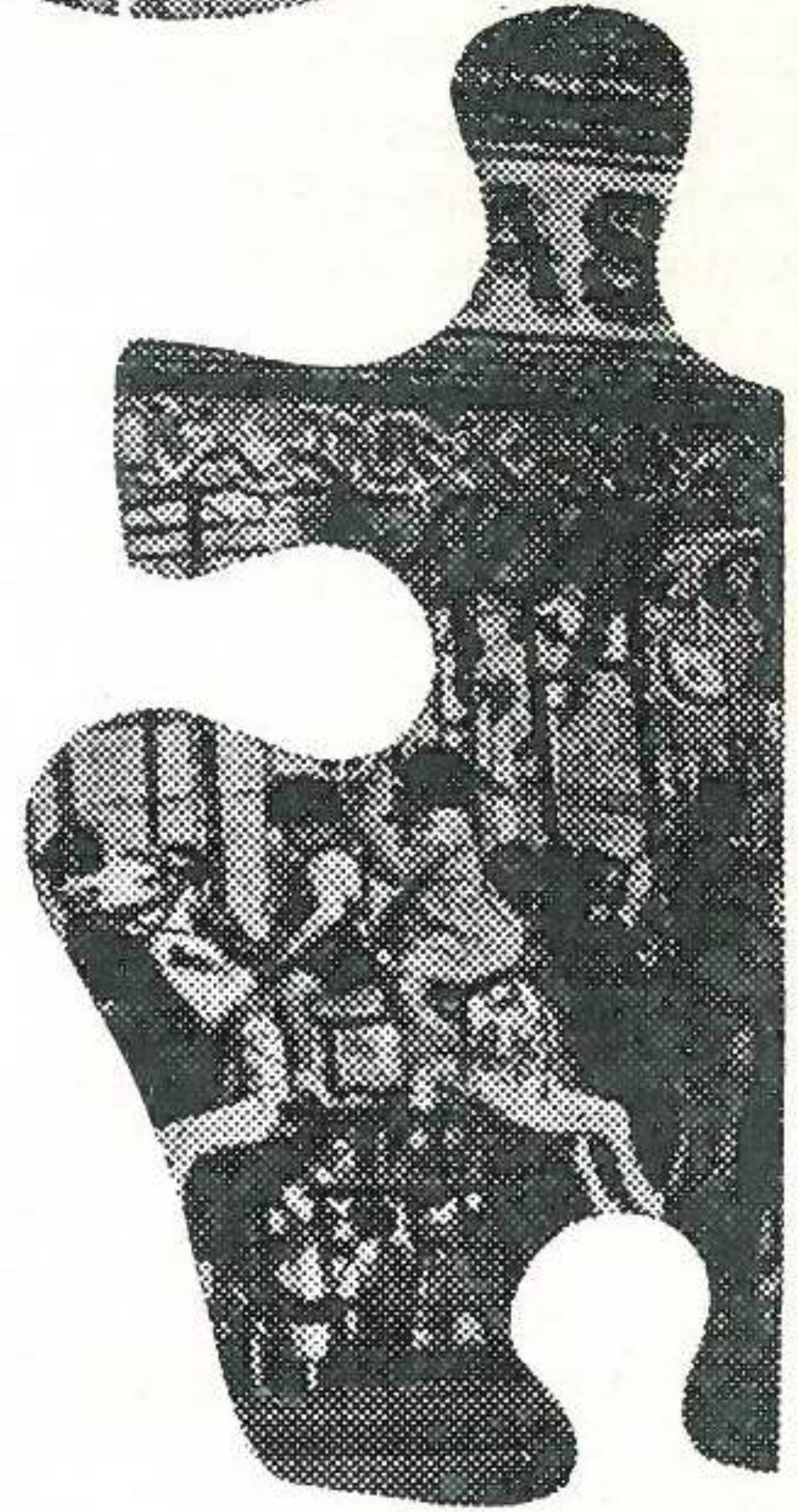
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● FROM PAGE 25

the field above all bitterness so that the young fellows will look up to them, and realise that it is a game to be played and not a game to be avoided. Do not let our players be brought down to the level of the lowest element on the sideline".

**HEAVY FINES**

Kerry County Board have set a headline for others by fining two of its clubs £15 each for their failure to control supporters following a

game, resulting in some players being assaulted.

Full marks to the Cloughjordan Gaelic Park Committee for their enterprise during 1966. They spent £4,609 on park development work, and recouped over £3,000 of it, the biggest single contribution coming from a most successful carnival which showed a profit of £1,601. A silver circle brought them £300 and Easter Sunday celebrations netted £116.

**BEHIND TIME**

A number of 1966 competitions are still unfinished in some Munster counties, and the Provincial Council has not set a very helpful headline in its failure to complete the Munster club hurling championship.

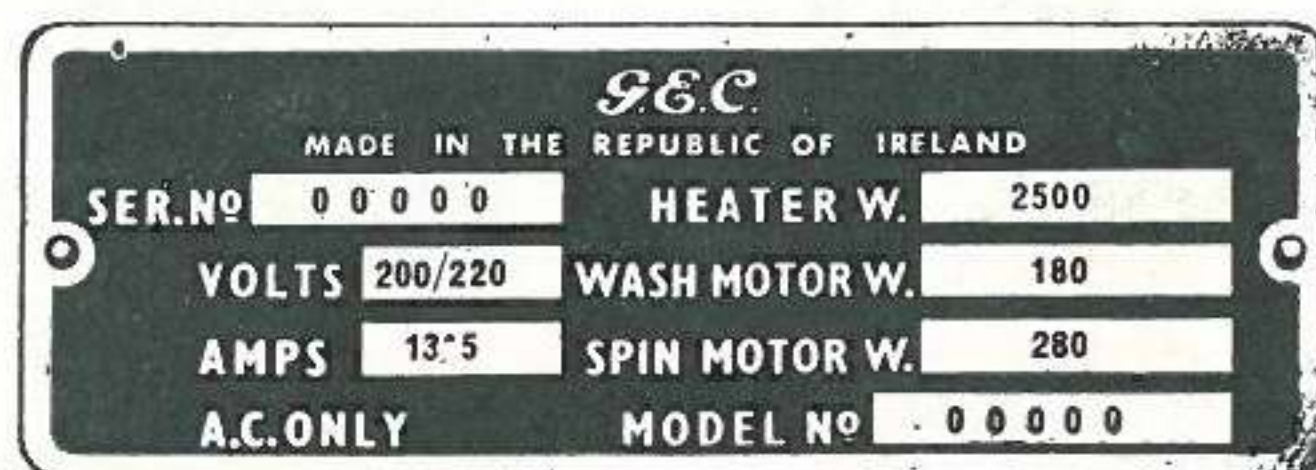
This could be one of our most attractive competitions but it has been ruined by bad planning. It is imperative that a competition of this nature be played off before the commencement of the County championship of the following season. The reason for this is best illustrated in the present situation where the potential finalists—St. Finbarr's and Mount Sion have both lost their home crowns.

What a draw they would have been when they were title holders. A lot of the glamour has been stripped off the meeting now for whichever comes out successful cannot claim the honour of being the best team in the province—and that's the real purpose of the competition.

The aim should be to get all competitions over before mid-November at the very latest, and despite all the talk of overloaded programmes, multiplicity of competitions and the many other stock in trade excuses, it all boils down in the long run to bad management. Some of the counties can get heavy programmes over in exceptionally good time—others are late year after year.

All should make a 1967 resolution to get going in the first week of February, avail of every opportunity from that on, only permit postponements in grave circumstances and give established championship and other competitions precedence over all tournament ties. The clubs must cooperate, for it is imperative that our best games—the highlights of each championship, be played whilst weather conditions are reasonably good. That is just plain commonsense, nothing else.

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Kennys

By Chris Murray

**Y**ES, I was present in Tuam on both days. The day the crowd invaded the pitch they were not as good humoured as some reporters would have us imagine. There were many threats issued to the few operational stewards and a few ill-directed (happily) swipes at referee P. O'Connor of Roscommon. The other day was the following Saturday when, after refereeing both Sigerson Cup semi-finals Fr. Leo Morahan, Mayo's Chairman and as fine a Gael as ever walked, was subjected to a very foul offensive display of bad language and abuse by a section of students.

But to return to the Mayo game which Galway won in unexpected easy fashion, the major cause of the invasion was the lack of adequate stewarding allied to the fact that the referee made absolutely no attempt to clear the field prior to the penalty being taken.

The award of this penalty indirectly caused the fracas. Mayo captain John Morley had been sent to the line after a clash with Galway's Pat Donnellan. Mayo supporters thought the decision a harsh one. Then the award of the penalty did not meet with the approval of the Galway fans or the Galway players for that matter. (Here I might add that I notice a certain amount of pettiness creeping into the attitude of the Galway team. If they are to remain champions this must be cast aside).

Anyhow many people were leaving the pitch and a huge crowd (literally thousands in this case) swarmed to the Town goal and encroached on to the field to see the fun.

Fun they saw, too, as Galway players taunted their Mayo opposites, rather surprisingly we felt, with them winning so easily. The inevitable followed and Joe Corcoran missed the kick. Then began

the swarm and the game ended. More's the pity too for we hope the good relations between Mayo and Galway will not be broken.

About the Sigerson affair. It was past time that the uneasiness of Sigerson competition was high-

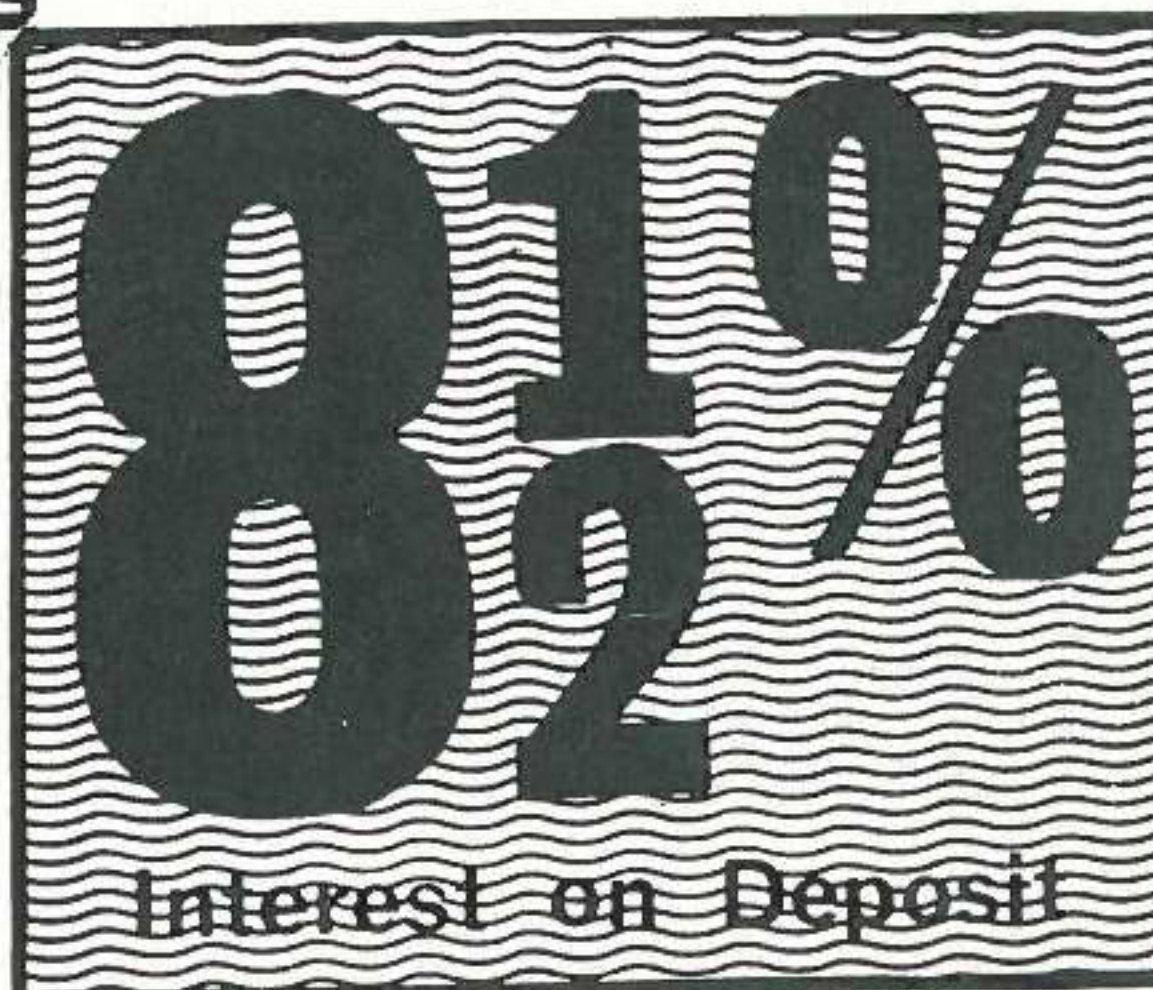
lighted. Only occasionally in the past did this kind of a thing happen but we hope that it will never happen again. Students in a body can be unruly and this section of them were in Tuam.

● PAGE 45



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*Forthright in her criticism of snobbish jibes about the girls' game, Agnes Hourigan says :*

## **CAMOGIE IS ALL 'WITH IT'**

**W**HAT does the year 1967 hold for the camogie game, its players and its followers? A great deal, if we ourselves decide that it can hold a great deal, for all the omens are bright and the future is rosy with hope, but there is work to be done if the brightness and the hope are to be transformed into actuality.

Some time ago it was suggested to me that the whole Camogie Association could do a great deal to improve its public image. Now 'public image' is a phrase for which I have little use at the best of times, so I asked the questioner what exactly he meant. He answered in all good faith that he thought our Association gave something of a 'Mary Hick' impression to too many Irish girls far and wide throughout the country.

He was lucky that I recognised he was well-intentioned if ill-informed, for this is but a different version of the old idea of snobbishness, like the girl from Mayo I quoted a couple of years ago who said she 'wouldn't be seen dead with a camogie stick'.

Well people who talk like that are merely revealing the fact that they know nothing at all about camogie. Some months ago I travelled to Cork with players of the Leinster camogie team on their

way south to play Munster and they could well lay claim to be the best-dressed girls on that crowded train.

Anyone who has ever attended the All-Star awards Banquet will bear me out when I say that the camogie girls led the way for style and elegance and before very many more weeks are over we will have shown them all a few fashion tips at the Caltex Dinner.

If, in certain minds, camogie is not the 'in' thing those minds are out of tune with the facts. And the facts are that camogie players are as far different from being 'Mary Hicks' as the hurlers of to-day are from being ignorant bostoons wearing 'Farmer's Friend' brogues and sporting half an acre of tweed cap resting on their ears.

Camogie is quite with it, and the only people who fail to realise that fact are certain would-be snobbish young ladies.

On the other hand I must admit that we do not get a great deal of help from some of our friends. Month after month I pore through GAEILIC SPORT to see can I find any reference to camogie outside the few paragraphs I do myself. I search in vain. Even the gentleman who compiles the scoring returns would never think of mentioning the scoring feats of camogie players. Sean O'Donnell and Jay

Drennan interview all standards of G.A.A. stars. Have either of them ever interviewed a camogie player? Ah, maybe they were too shy!

In last month's issue we had a list of Oscars for 1966. Was a camogie player mentioned? Not on your sweet life.

We have commentators on Gaelic sport from each of the four provinces. Do any of them even recognise the fact that camogie exists? I always read everything Eamonn Young has to say. I have yet to hear a single word from him about camogie, although I have seen some star camogie players in my time from the Young clan.

Or is it that they are leaving it all to me? That is entirely too kind of them.

But, thank heaven, we have some people who are not afraid to come out fully on our side. I was greatly impressed at the final of the Leinster colleges championship in Croke Park last month when the former President of the G.A.A., Dr. J. J. Stuart, who presented the Cup for this competition, came along to present it in person, as he usually does, despite the many calls on his time.

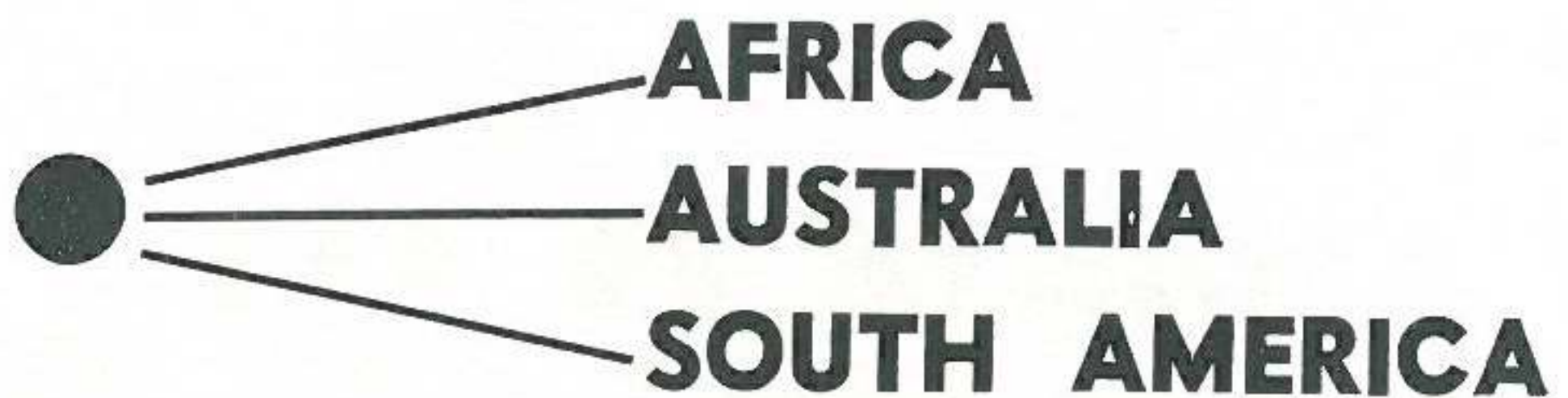
Moreover, he was not content with merely formally presenting the trophy. He gave a short but telling address to both teams, and reminded them of the good work they were doing for the game. Before that when one of the players received an accidental injury, Dr. Stuart came down off the stand and went in on the field to attend the injured player.

But then Dr. Stuart has been a great friend of camogie all his life.

I mentioned earlier that this year, camogie represented by that wonderful player, Una O'Connor, had got a Caltex Award. That award was more than overdue, but it would be churlish not to admit that I was very glad to see it come to us at last. Let us hope it will not be the last that we will see for another ten years.

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# THINK-TIME

By DAN McAREAVY



THE crowds have departed, the boots and the jerseys have been put away and to the vast majority of followers the G.A.A. has gone into hibernation until the spring.

To many "rank and filers" all is peace and quiet now after the hurly burly of another hard-fought season with its thrills and spills, its joys and disappointments. Feelings are tinged with thoughts of what might have been and better still enlivened with hopes of what is to be!

But to many thousands of others this is a period of intense activity with general meetings and annual conventions the main features in this season of stock-taking.

In the coming weeks our papers will carry reports of the annual conventions and the usual interest will focus on the motions which have crossed the first hurdle on their way to Congress and the "Statute Book".

Only a hand-full of motions are successful at Congress annually and I don't expect Easter, 1967, to show any radical change from previous years.

But of all the motions which I would most like to see going into the "Official Guide" I would be chiefly interested in Congress giving its benediction to the following—bearing in mind that the Playing Rules are not due an airing on this occasion:—

(1) That Congress would abolish

automatic suspension which can only be described as that millstone which we persist in hanging round our referees' necks.

I was shattered a few nights ago to hear a priest say at a presentation function that such a move would give our referees too much power. But it transpired he was a Cork man who had just won an Armagh championship medal and I thought of my good friend Paddy O'Driscoll. Could Armagh and Cork not form a grand coalition on this occasion?

(2) That Congress would order the formation of Referees' Boards at:—

(1) County level.

(II) Provincial level—two representatives from each county.

(III) Central Council level—two representatives from each province.

Surely it is past the time that we stopped paying lip service to the most important men in the Association. Let us give them the recognition which their importance merits.

(3) That Congress would direct that a Grounds' Committee be set up in each county—where none exists at the moment—to deal with the exciting challenge of the Central Council's recently published plan for club grounds.

This is surely an opportunity which we cannot afford to miss.

And on the question of grounds I would welcome the abolition of

side line seats at county grounds. ("Lead us not into temptation" is still a worthy thought!).

(4) That Congress would order the deletion of the "Junior" championship from our calendar.

This competition has clearly over-stayed its welcome in an already over-crowded inter-county programme.

The quite legitimate composition—under the existing laws—of most of our "junior" sides makes a mockery of the elementary definition of the label under which they play.

(5) That Congress would direct the Central Council to launch an official G.A.A. weekly newspaper.

This would surely be a welcome and natural development in an Association—the national importance of which is not challenged even by its critics.

I would hope that the magnitude of such a move would not be considered sufficient reason for further postponement. After all if each county was to supply copy for only two columns a grand total of 64 columns or eight pages of a standard-sized newspaper would be available each week. And surely no one will suggest that such a publication would not command a ready market.

These are some of the main points which I hope to see appearing on the Congress agenda. Given an invitation from my own County Convention I look forward to be in there fighting for them.



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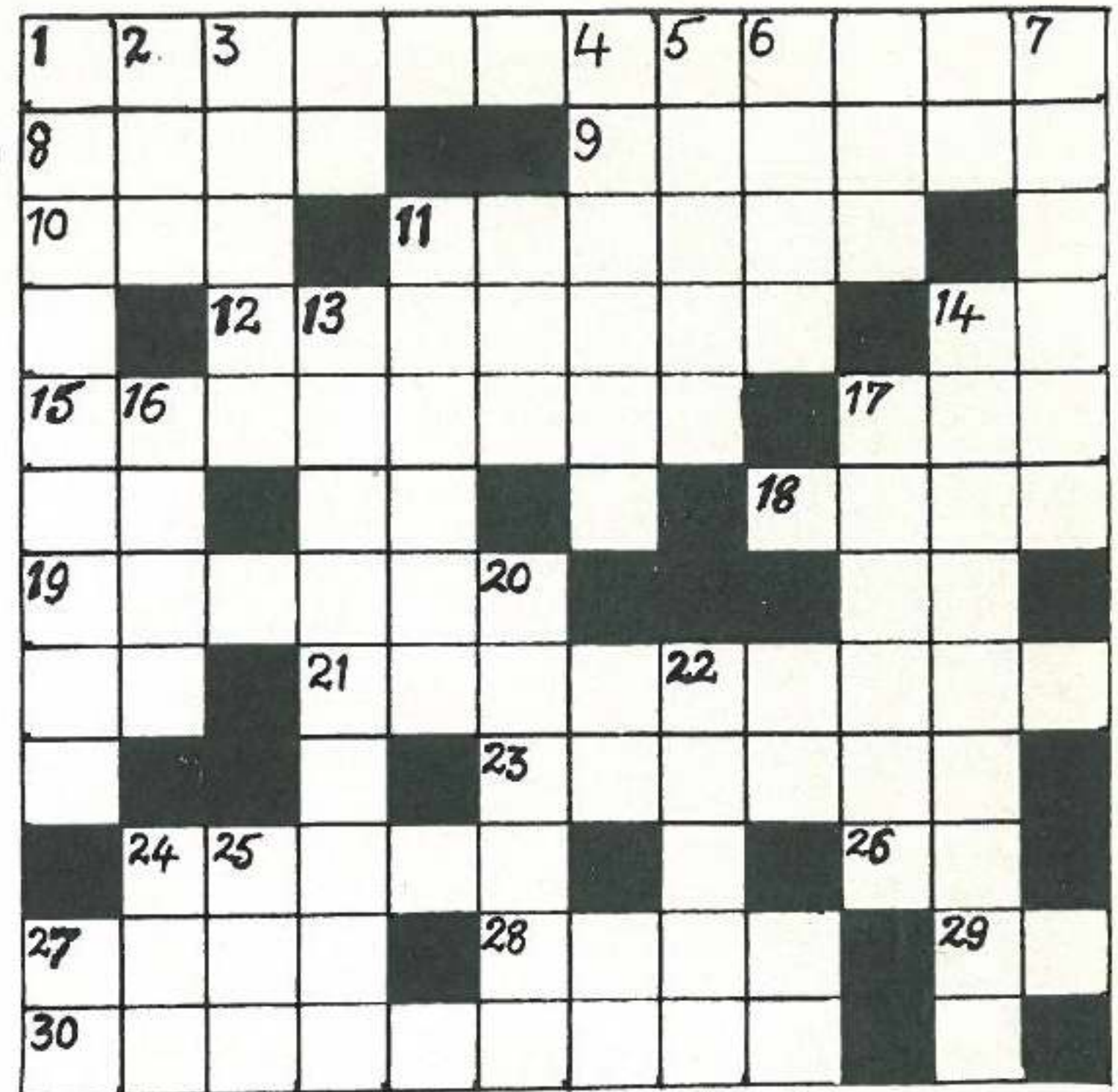
# CROSSWORD No. 17

## CLUES ACROSS :

1. Mayo star from the thirties, with a surname the same as one from the forties and fifties. (6, 6)
8. Hardly enough ground for a pitch; take care to find it. (4)
9. Trophy contested between Leinster counties during slack periods, named after him. (6)
10. Irish mist which contributes greatly to Irish music. (3)
11. Cork centre-field at minor and now at under-21. (1, 5)
12. A stout-hearted Limerick defender of the Mackey era whose name lives on in the present generation. (1, 6)
14. A major score, briefly. (2)
15. Illustrious writer on the games : Carbery. (1, 7)
17. Angry disagreement and dissatisfaction. (3)
18. Any one of the paragraphs from the Official Guide. (1, 3)
19. Carlow seems to be thickly populated with men of this name; they have caused confusion on the hurling team. (1, 5)
21. Great Gael recently sadly deceased. Ex-Mayo stalwart. (1, 8)
23. Position in addressing the ball—golfers and free-takers set great store by it. (6)
24. Indoor game which sounds like several Cork hurlers ranging back from the greatest. (5)
26. Half-time. (1, 1)
27. Side of an army or a playing field. (4)
28. Sore; and badly beaten up. (4)
29. A fine left-half back with Kerry in the thirties and early forties. Initials. (1, 1)
30. Appeal against injustice which is open to teams under the laws of the games. (9)

## CLUES DOWN :

1. Limerick hurler of same vintage as 12 across, whose name might suggest a number of Waterford hurlers or the present Wexford goalkeeper. (4, 5)



2. A star is a master-card; the best in the pack, maybe ? (3)
3. Dublin and Cork All-Ireland man in football—a corner-back. (5)
4. Kilkenny half-back. (6)
5. Gaban in confusion makes little sense. (5)
6. "Sweeper" as he was universally known. (4)
7. Historical but derogatory reference to the colour of Wexfordmen's bellies. (6)
11. Waterford wing-half back of 1963 appears in some little confusion. (1, 5)
13. A game arranged by mutual agreement to decide the better. (9)
14. Attacker with special aptitude for obtaining major scores, has lost a portion of his centre, but is still unmistakable (4, 5)
16. Hurling pitches especially ought to be treated thus before a game. (4)
17. Right-half back of high quality with Roscommon twenty years ago. (1, 5)
20. Tipperary defender of recent times. Give his name an extra 't' at the end for real accuracy. (6)
22. Strictly prohibited; discussion is out. (5)
24. Injury here can be painful, and is not unusual when bodies clash. (3)
25. Such a hurt as in 24 down if it causes a man to retire. (3)
27. A bloodless victory. (1, 1)

**SOLUTION : PAGE 48**

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# GROUNDINGS

**F**IELDS are a lot in the G.A.A. picture nowadays, and the launching of the new £600,000 scheme, the blueprints of which are available, prompts a glance at the present position, along with some thoughts on the progress of the scheme as regards the leading provincial grounds.

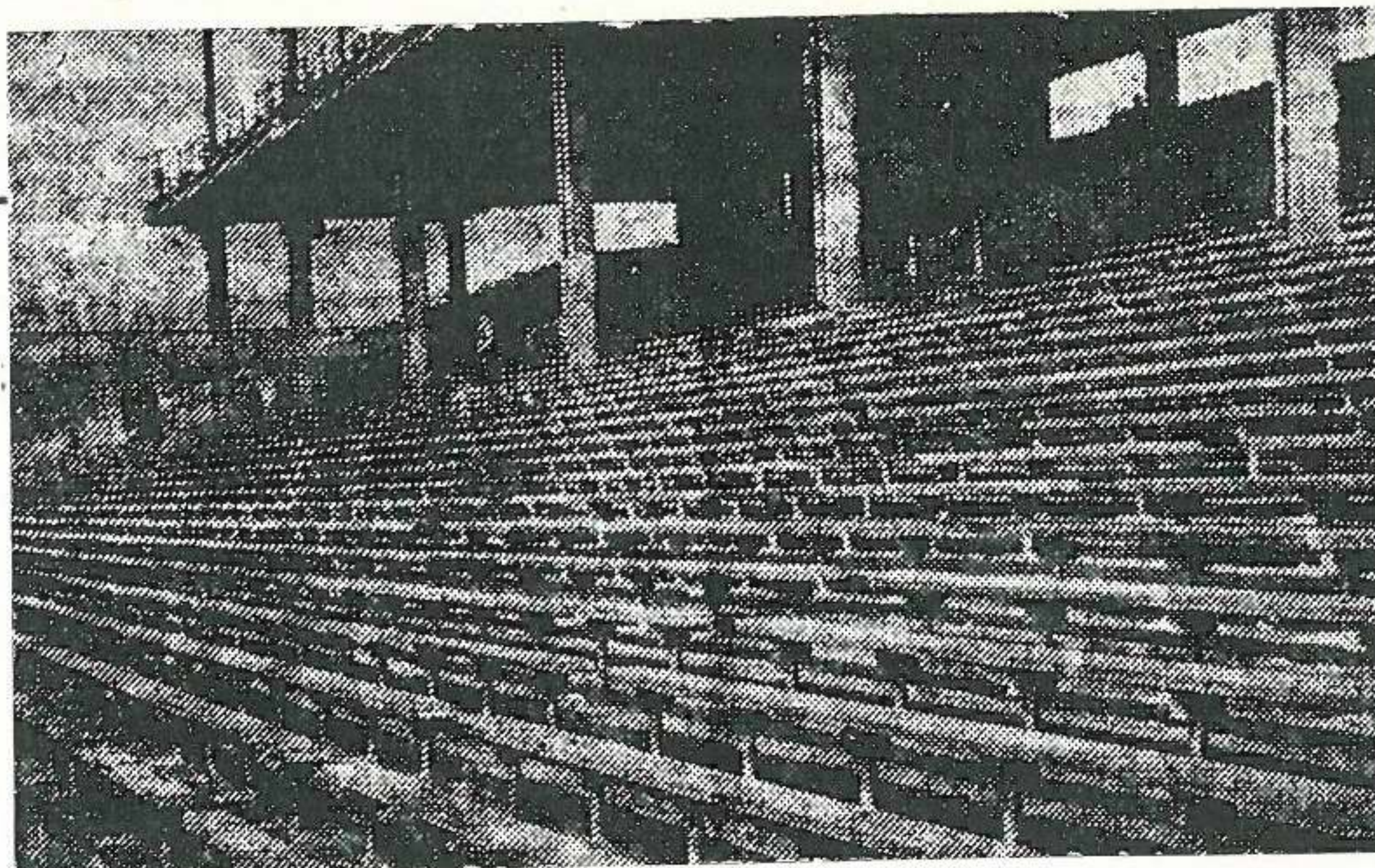
It can be said at the outset that remarkable strides have been made in recent years, and some of the older Gaels will be the first to admit that the greatest progress the Association has achieved in the past quarter century and the one that is likely to be the most enduring has been in respect of the acquisition and development of grounds.

In fact, the greatest danger some see now is over development in this regard. I must not be misunderstood in stating this. The Association boasts over three thousand clubs, and these will never be the real active units they should be until they can claim their own club grounds.

For the most part, however, these should be simple affairs, and I feel it would be a great service to the clubs were standard plans available on which development could be based. The essentials are not a lot, but some dressing accommodation and a clubroom, no matter how small, should be a must.

The requirements of the ordinary club field as regards spectator accommodation rarely exceeds five or six hundred people, and it would help a lot towards control were a scheme devised for a special spectator enclosure—and it could be seated if necessary. If this were decided upon the rest of the playing pitch could be left unfenced except of outer walls.

We hear a lot of silly talk at times about wire fences and the



*The new seating under the Cusack Stand at Croke Park.*

## Plan takes shape

By **SÉAMUS Ó CEALLAIGH**

like, but if unruly elements are to be kept at bay there is no other remedy, for whether we like it or not, the day of the voluntary steward is gone. Anyway, the best of stewards could not control some of the break throughs we have witnessed on occasions.

County grounds could be the main target in the new scheme and again a realistic view is necessary. From evidence available it might be prudent to assume that the peak had been reached as regards attendance, and a ceiling might be fixed at present levels, with provision for expansion, if required, at a later date.

Seating and covered stand facilities bring extra revenue—is ample evidence of a rising demand, and where it is likely to recur five or six times a season the need should be met to the limit.

Part One of the Ground Plan is now nearing completion, and four of the venues originally named for development as provincial grounds

will be in action with greatly improved facilities for the 1967 season.

Nowlan Park, Kilkenny, is now one of the great provincial venues, and the new two thousand seat stand is a credit to all concerned. In addition, there is uncovered seating accommodation for more than ten thousand, with all spectators, including those on the banks, assured of a perfect view, and every comfort.

At Casement Park, Belfast, considerable improvements have been effected and all facilities have been greatly extended. The erection of a Social Centre is a particularly welcome break through, and no better venue could be selected for such an experiment. Gaels need a rallying centre everywhere, but the want is particularly felt in Belfast, where the powers that be are so unfriendly to everything racy of the soil.

● CONTINUED OVERLEAF

● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Pairc na nGael, Limerick, has brought its uncovered seating to almost twenty thousand—all of it completely cut away from the playing pitch, which is now approached by special tunnels from the team dressing rooms. Reserved seating on the Hogan Stand is available for some one thousand two hundred spectators and it is planned to

extend this to the uncovered portion in front. The money available did not permit the completion of the scheme, but very little more is needed to bring Limerick to the point where no further capital expenditure will be required for many years.

Thurles has been the scene of the greatest development, and the magnificent pitch there has been

closed for the past two seasons. Progress was very slow at the start but it has stepped up considerably in recent months and the entire scheme should be completed by April. Even in its unfinished state it looks imposing.

Part Two of the Grounds Plan is very ambitious and envisages the expenditure of £600,000 over the next ten years, mainly on the purchase and development of grounds and the provision of dressing-rooms and club premises.

This scheme may not finally get off the ground before next year, but a start has to be made right away so that an overall plan for development in each area will be available as early as possible.

It is planned to divide the country into forty areas. Each of the thirty-two counties would provide a unit, the remaining eight being made up of two from Dublin City and one each from the cities of Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Derry and Waterford.

It is imperative that a Grounds Committee be appointed in each area immediately. It is important that these committees be composed of competent men, and engineers and architects who are members of the Association, should be recruited if at all possible.

Much good work has been accomplished in Dublin of late in the development of club grounds and the provision of dressing rooms and club premises. Many new ideas have been availed of including pre-fabricated and cedar wood buildings and the like.

In some counties, too, considerable progress has been made, and it would be money well spent were members of local committees to inspect some of these projects as a preliminary to drawing up their own plans.

The motto for the next decade must be: "A playing field and club premises for every G.A.A. club." With nothing less can we be satisfied.

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## Scoring Chart

# KEHER, CORCORAN SET HOT PACE

By Owen McCann

**E**DDIE KEHER and Joe Corcoran are setting a hot pace in the scoring stakes of the current National League campaigns. At the winter break, Keher has a commanding ten points lead over his nearest rival, Donie Nealon, while in football Corcoran has five points on Sean O'Connell of Derry and Wexford's Jack Berry.

Keher's total would have had him in joint first position with Jimmy Doyle at the end of last year's hurling League. So it is obvious that the Kilkenny sharpshooter is now very much in form and must appear a very likely choice to take top spot in the current campaign.

This time last year, Carlow's Brendan Hayden, with 4-11, was leading the football chart, while this year he does not figure in the top ten. Last year's outright winner Bobby Burns is in joint sixth place and is well capable of making a bold bid for honours before the League is completed.

Here then are figures:—

### HURLING

Pts.		Score	Games	Avg.
32	E. Keher	3-23	3	10.66
22	D. Nealon	4-10	3	7.33
17	M. Fox	3-8	3	5.66
13	R. Bennis	3-4	2	6.50
	P. Carroll	4-1	3	4.33
12	B. Ronan	4-0	1	12.00
	D. Mahon*	3-3	3	4.00
11	P. Molloy	2-5	1	11.00
10	P. Cronin	0-10	2	5.00

T. Cheasty 1-7 2 5.00  
\* Waterford

### DIVISION II

16	W. Eiffe	5-1	2	8.00
15	T. Ring	2-9	1	15.00
12	D. Lovett	1-9	2	6.00
11	J. McGivern	3-2	2	5.50
10	E. O'Sullivan	3-1	2	5.00

McGivern (Down);  
O'Sullivan (Kerry).

### FOOTBALL

Pts.		Score	Games	Avg.
24	J. Corcoran	3-15	3	8.00
19	S. O'Connell	2-13	3	6.33
	Jack Berry	0-19	3	6.33
18	J. Keenan	2-12	3	6.00
	J. Daly	1-15	3	6.00
17	B. Burns	1-14	3	5.66
	J. Murray	1-14	3	5.66
	J. Donnelly	0-17	3	5.66
16	K. Kelly	4-4	3	5.33
15	M. Keating	1-12	3	5.00
	P. Lynn	4-3	3	5.00

Berry (Wexford),  
Daly (Armagh),  
Murray and Lynn (Antrim).

## Held over

**BECAUSE** of unusual pressure on space, a number of our regular features have been omitted from this issue. They include the Editor's monthly article on topical affairs of the G.A.A., Leinster Round-up, Ulster Spotlight and Looking Around. They will resume in our February issue.

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SLIGO handball got its greatest boost in a very long time at the end of November when the county took home the National League title for the first time. It was hard-earned by any standards.

The stiff opposition of Mayo, with three reigning senior champions in the side; Roscommon, with an even mixture of youth and experience; and Galway, always a formidable force in handball circles, had to be negotiated safely to gain the distinction of representing Connacht in the semi-finals.

Sligo were not to be denied.

Starting the campaign at a not too leisurely pace, the team upset the odds and the favourites, accounted for the aforementioned opposition more easily than any of us could possibly have surmised and then went on to meet Wexford in the semi-final at Croke Park on November 13.

The Leinster Champions had won the League title the previous year and since they had given some fighting exhibitions on their way through Leinster, were confidently expected to retain it.

But here again, the Yeats Countymen rose gallantly to the occasion and showed scant regard for the reputation of the opposition.

At the end of an exhilarating struggle, which swayed in favour of both teams at different stages, the honours went to Sligo.

And, so on to Ballymore Eustace the following Sunday, where, for the very first time, the Connacht champions were tagged as favourites against Clare in the final.

It is now history of course, that the League title went to north Connacht.

And, with due respect to the various counties who fell in the whirlwind of that successful campaign, one must, without reservation state that no county deserves

# BOOST FOR SLIGO

By ALLEYMAN

the honour more so than Sligo. Through the years it has been one of the staunchest cogs in the framework of the game.

With an eye to progress the handballers of the county have long ago realised the benefits of indoor handball and in turn have set about realising their ambition.

Raffles and other systems of fund-raising have brought in a considerable amount of revenue, so that the actual reconstruction of the Ballymote Court is well under way.

When completed it will be the show-piece of the West—a great boon to the game in Sligo but also to the Connacht Council, who will now be able to arrange provincial championship matches without fear of the weather. And needless to say, this latest win by the Yeats Countymen has brought about a renewed enthusiasm.

For that happy situation a lot of credit must go to the Secretary, Michael Hannon, whose work for the game in the county is inestimable. Both as a player and administrator, he has been to the fore for many years, toiling zealously to ensure the expansion of the ancient game throughout the county.

Big name of the actual winning team is Dessie Walsh, who has been synonymous with top-class handball for more than a decade.

He won a junior All-Ireland in 1961, and, in the interim has been a regular contender for senior honours, together with appearing frequently in the closing stages of the Gael-Linn competition.

Jimmy Finn was also seen to good effect throughout the series, while the real surprise packet was Eamonn Hannon, whose courageous displays at times meant the difference between victory and defeat.

Indeed if Hannon continues in this form, he will not be easy prey for any opponent in next year's championships.

Frank Cauley, the youngest member of the team and the least experienced, also did trojan work, while 1963 minor champion, Marcus Henry, when drafted into the side for the final, showed glimpses of his old form.

But, while all these did well in their own individual right, it was really as a team that success was achieved.

The ability to combine effectively as partnerships and the determination to pull out that little extra when it was needed, were, in the final run-in the attributes of success.

Sligo are now on top of the handball world and if one is to judge from the current trend of affairs within the county, are destined to stay there.

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# MATTIE McDONAGH

## *Footballer of the Year*

By Seamus Ó Ceallaigh

AS I like to emphasise at this time of year each year, the GAELIC SPORT cumulative method of selection really separates the men from the boys among the year's stars. One star showing, or two or three will not make you Gaelic Sport Star of the Year, but strong performances right through the twelve months are needed.

Who, then, can cavil at the fact that Mattie McDonagh comes out tops. Cumulative honour not only over the whole of this year, I would suggest, but cumulative over a number of years. The man seems to get better year by year, and there is little reason to think that he nears the point of no return yet a long while. Strength in physique, dedication to fitness, selflessness in style, blending to make a line rather than individual brilliance, all are factors which tell in his favour when the number of further years he may enjoy at the top are to be computed. Even if some of his powers should fade a little, there are others which compensate, and there is the overriding factor that he does not depend on his own sharpness alone, but places his hard work at the disposal of finishing "sharps" such as Dunne, Leydon and Keenan.

You must remember, too, that Mattie McDonagh may have been around a long time, but is still a young man as top footballers go.

In his time he has been getting better as he gathered experience and adapted his powers to their best possible advantage in the game. Many will remember Mattie quite clearly when he first appeared on the Galway senior team, and certainly they will remember the year he won his first All-Ireland, at centre-field partnered by the powerful Frank Eivers. And he has not changed much since in appearance, nor indeed, in personality. Still very much the fresh-faced, easy-smiling, good-natured fellow who was a star at eighteen. Still, too, the easy-going, hard-working, hard-training, very concentrated fellow he used to be. A very pleasant mixture; a man who must have the sort of philosophy of life which makes him take things in his stride, and the sort of temperament which is the best insurance against an ulcer.

At centre-field, Mattie McDonagh was at times brilliant, always a great worker, but not nearly so disciplined a player as he is now. I hasten to add that I do not mean "undisciplined" in the sense of lack of self-control, but rather in the sense of the miserly economy with which to-day he uses possession. In the patch of Galway obscurity which succeeded the Purcell-Stockwell era and before the beginning of the present team's reign, Mattie was chopped about from centre-field to the forward line and

back, in the way of all players in teams in a lean period. Also he was expected to do things which he was unskilled at.

I have always held, often written about, the fact that McDonagh was never a natural marksman. He was wild in the extreme with his feet, and could still be, I am sure. In that period to which I refer, he was forced or allowed himself to be lured into disastrous shooting displays. He was carrying the team heavily, and he had to shoot, had to work through and try to get his own scores or see possession wasted. Both feet betrayed him often, sometimes disgraced him. And to add coals of fire to his torment he was often expected to take close frees as well—with no very reassuring results.

I would not have blamed McDonagh for losing patience with himself, letting his confidence dribble away from him. I would have expected that he would have opted for performance at centre-field until the time came when the wind and limb did not stand the going any longer, and then to drop out of the limelight modestly as would befit him, but with only the moderate achievement of one All-Ireland and a reputation of being a fair to middling midfielder, and very good on his day.

Easy-going he may be, and easy-going he may look, but there is iron

● Continued page 48.

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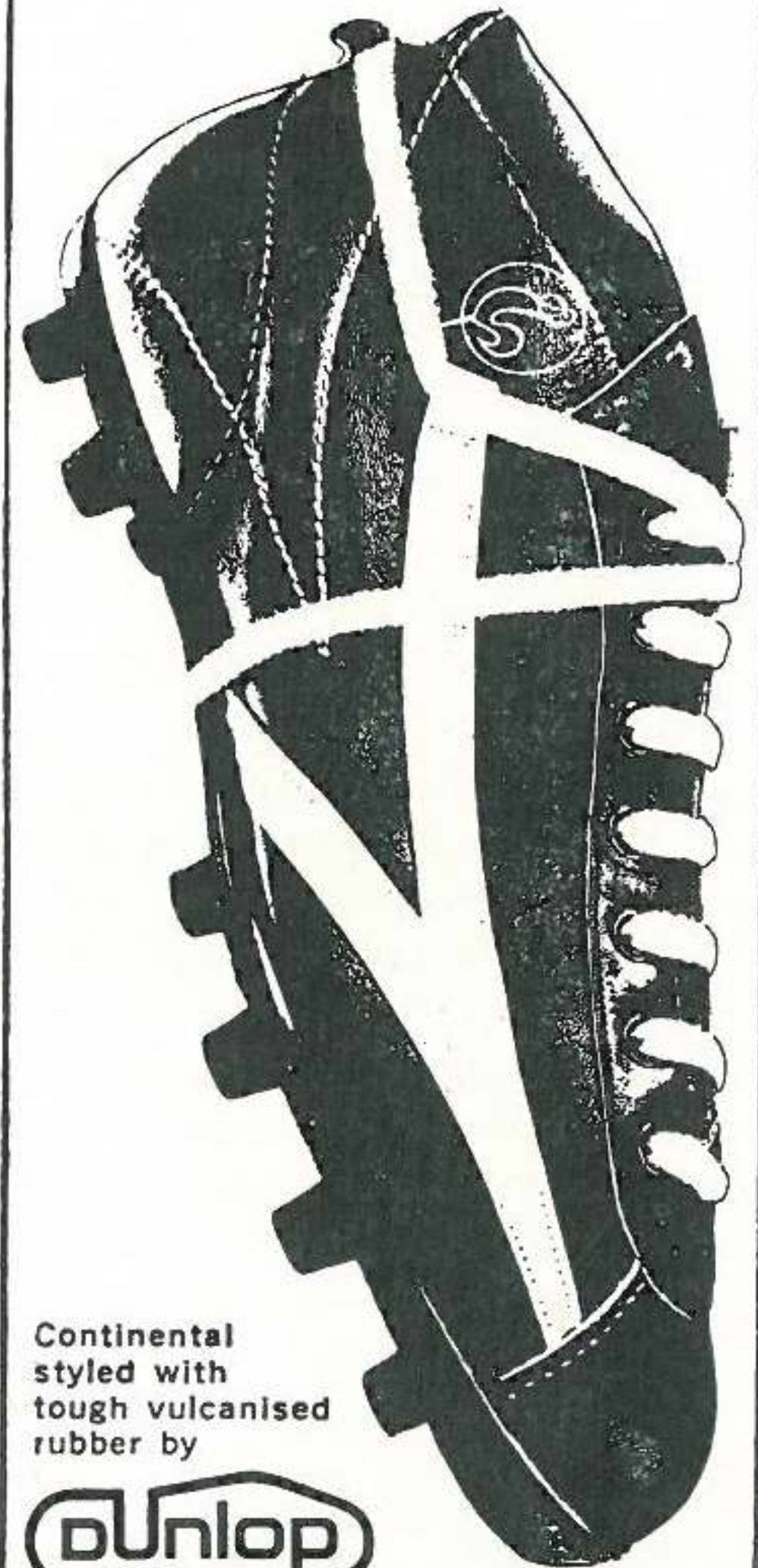


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# MARTIN COOGAN

By JAY DRENNAN

**WOULD** you have forecast Martin Coogan for this year's Star Hurler award at the beginning of the playing season? Would you even have seriously considered him if you were asked a snap question about this year's star, and given only three seconds to consider? But, if you were given a half-hour to remember and evaluate, and come up with the best half-dozen, I am pretty sure that you would have him there in the lists, even if a second glance at the list might cause you to wonder how on earth he got in there.

A more difficult problem, and yet one which I think I might hazard to solve, is whether Coogan would seriously place himself in the first ten for the year's stardom. I think not. I think that he would be quite surprised, would suggest Seamus Cleere, or Eddie Keher, or someone else. This man, Coogan, might well be described as the Reluctant Star, the star by accident, who had stardom forced upon him. Some are born stars (Ollie Walsh), some achieve stardom (Eddie Keher), and some have stardom thrust upon them, to coin a phrase.

I was a little startled myself when I began to make an interim calculation a couple of months before the season's end, on the basis of the tried and true

GAELIC SPORT system of allotting marks month by month for displays while those displays are still fresh and while it is possible to assess them in their full merit. I thought that my task would be to put a few thoughts on paper in praise of the year's play by Seanie Barry or Pat Fitzgerald or perhaps, Eddie Keher, but there was Martin Coogan's name constantly cropping up month by month in the ratings, showing how constantly excellent he had been.

The sobering facts forced me to examine my memory in depth rather than in the cursory surface manner I had been using; and I had no difficulty, of course, in coming to terms with what the unlying facts said. I remembered the strong performances right from the start of the year; I remembered, then, the brilliance of the League final, a game which has somehow lost its significance in the memory because of the subsequent atrophy of Tipperary and eclipse of Kilkenny in the All-Ireland final, plus the flush of success which Cork and Wexford have borne in the later days. But, when the League final was on, there was no doubt about its significance and importance. Nor can we dismiss that great display by Coogan, the diadem in his crown already filled with stones of no little value, and totally devoid of base trinkets.

## The Reluctant Star

What about Cork stars—after all were they not champions, and does not that count for much? Oh, yes, of course, but can it mean everything? And, then, Cork were quiet enough in the early part of the year; it was June and going on into July before they began to show the form that was later to mean so much; all that time that their players had been failing to deliver the goods, Coogan was figuring with his team in every kind of important game that was played, and being the steady, solid, sometimes brilliant lynch-pin. Not even in the All-Ireland championships did he lose a mark to anyone, because he played as much as the Corkmen, right to the end of the final, and can you recall that he was one of the few Kilkenny-men that day who added some little lustre to his reputation? No "fair day" hurler this.

Why has not Coogan been in the forefront of all our minds, then? Mainly, I think, because it is none of his plan to be a man apart, one who sticks out by his individual brilliance, but rather carries out his duties with conscientious endeavour. Partly, it is comparison with the exquisite, pure Kilkenny timing of Seamus Cleere that blinds us to his merits, for who does not carry away a couple of Cleere cameos in the mind after each game; often forgetting the

● Continued page 48.



# PADDY FITZGERALD

## REWARD AT LAST

By **TIM HORGAN**

WHEN a hurler eventually establishes himself as one of the foremost performers in the game memories of his earlier displays become vague and are sometimes forgotten altogether. Yet, I can still recall seeing Paddy Fitzgerald in action for the first time nine years ago on the daisy-decked sward at Riverstown a few miles outside Cork City. For the quick-striking Midleton star gave a display that day in a championship match against the Rockies that will long be remembered and discussed whenever Cork hurling enthusiasts come together.

The match was a one-sided affair with Blackrock, then at their zenith, finding the stragglers of the Midleton team easy to overcome. But though the famous East Corkmen were heavily defeated, the game had a relish of salvation in it for them. Playing at right-half forward was 18-year-old Fitzgerald, making his first appearance in the county championship and marking no less a defender than the brilliant Paddy Philpott of the Cork team.

The game was hardly two minutes old when "Fitzie" gained possession, rounded his man and blazed over a point. It proved to be a false dawning as far as the Midleton team was concerned, but it heralded the arrival of a new star in Cork hurling, a star who was soon to take over Philpott's position on the intercounty line-out. All the promise that Paddy Fitzgerald later fulfilled in the red

jersey was in evidence on that sun-drenched June afternoon in 1957. His lightning-fast pulling, ideally placed passes and expert solo-runs were a joy to behold and the crowd rose up in wild admiration when he put the crowning touch of glory on his display with a great goal just before full-time.

"That lad will go far," they were saying as they swarmed out of the Riverstown pitch that evening, and, sure enough, the Midleton C.B.S. star was picked for the Cork minor team a few weeks later. His first display with the county brought him to the notice of the junior selectors, and after old rivals Tipperary had ousted Cork from the minor championship, Paddy was given his chance in the second grade. He was no less impressive with the Leeside juniors and very soon Christie Ring was advocating his selection on the Rebels' first string.

As always the Cloyne maestro had been quick to detect a potential star in the making and so Paddy Fitzgerald made his debut for Cork in the Munster championship of 1959 as a wing forward.

It was soon discovered, however, that the sandy-haired Midleton man was proving himself an accomplished defender with his club, whilst the emigration to America of Paddy Philpott and Pat Dowling left noticeable voids in the Cork back-line. "Fitzie" was drafted to the right half-back position and thus entered what was to become the most successful phase of his

career. His keen eye for a dropping ball, his confidence and cool-headed work under pressure and his excellent deliveries marked him out as a natural defender. He was picked for the Rest of Ireland team and also made his appearance on the Munster selection, winning a Railway Cup medal last March.

Although he remained one of the most prominent players on the Cork team for six years, Paddy Fitzgerald was not rewarded with the gold medal every hurler dreams of, and by the end of 1965 his chances of winning an All-Ireland were as remote as ever. But then in May the Cork team travelled to Wembley and beat Wexford convincingly in the tournament final that served as a foretaste of their subsequent triumph. When Limerick disposed of Tipperary in the championship the following month, the coast was cleared for the "Rebels" and hopes ran high of a Leeside revival.

Despite their optimism, however, the Corkmen narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of Clare in the first round and only a goal from a free in the closing stages gave them a second chance. Paddy Fitzgerald was forced to retire with a facial injury in the drawn game but thundered back for the replay and helped the "Rebels" trounce the "Banner-men" in the second clash.

But it was his display at Killarney the following week that really established "Fitzie's" great-

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## Moondharrig's Diary

● From page 23

their Under-21 victory even at the third attempt is proof positive of the good material they have coming up.

So I figure that Cork must be well in the running for hurling honours again, but they will have a stiff passage in Munster where Limerick seem at last ready to fulfil the promise they have shown through the past couple of seasons, and Clare have literally come from nowhere.

Despite their defeats by Kilkenny, Wexford and Offaly in recent months there is little real evidence that Tipperary are as yet ready to bid farewell to the supremacy over all Munster rivals that they enjoyed for so long until Limerick halted them early last summer.

In Leinster neither Offaly nor Dublin can now be ignored, while with such promising youngsters from two grades to bolster an already strong senior side, Wexford are entitled to start well placed to recapture the title they last held in 1960.

However, there is always the enigma of Kilkenny still, as they have been for a generation, the most unpredictable side in hurling, brilliant one day, seemingly spiritless the next. They too, will, of course, be well in the running in 1967.

Yes, a great hurling championship is around the corner.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile Convention time is with us. Too often such Conventions are inclined to spend too much time in congratulating themselves on the past and too little to planning for the future. It is the future on which we must concentrate. Quite rightly, we hold the past for pride, but it is in the future that the hardest and greatest work of the Gaelic Athletic Association remains still to be done.

## Connacht Comment

● From page 27

I do not agree with a certain scribe who said that the matter would not have been so highlighted

but for the fact that the referee was a priest. I was quite close to the referee as he left the field and the language was the worst I've ever heard from a crowd.

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# GEORGE GLYNN

By  
JOHN O. GRANT

## Galway's gift to Down

DOWN football is at present going through a period of transition. For proof of this statement one has only to look at the composition of recent Down sides. A host of new names appear and many familiar ones are missing. Only a few links now remain with the all-conquering team of the late 'fifties and early 'sixties.

That semi-final trouncing from Meath last August has really galvanised the Down selectors into action. It was obvious after that defeat that an injection of new blood was essential. The Lagan Cup and the Grounds' Tournament were the first opportunities to try out such new material as might be available. Some of the prominent members of last year's minor team together with a few U-21's were promoted. This combination has brought Down through to the Lagan Cup semi-finals once more. Backboning the side, however, is a hard core of experienced players—Dan McCartan, Joe Lennon, Tom O'Hare, Sean O'Neill and the man who is the subject of this article, George Glynn.

This sturdy Galway man has ren-

dered sterling service to Down since he came to the county in the Autumn of 1964. His appearance helped ease one of Down's most nagging team problems, midfield. In his few short years with the Mournemen he achieved many successes. He won Ulster junior and senior medals in 1965 and another senior championship medal last year. He also helped Down to that memorable victory over his native county in the Grounds' Tournament final in 1965.

At club level his success story has been no less outstanding. Shortly after settling in Down he joined the Castlewellan Club and in 1965 won Down senior league and championship medals with them.

George came to Down to take up a teaching appointment after a two year spell in Nigeria. Prior to that he had been prominent on the G.A.A. scene in his native Galway. He learned his football at that famous nursery for stars, St. Jarlath's, Tuam. In 1957 and 1958 he was a member of the Galway minor teams, captaining the side in '58. In 1959 he was on the junior team and in the autumn of that year played on the senior team in the N.F.L. The year 1960 saw him win Connacht junior and senior medals and establish himself as a regular on the senior team.

At this time he played his club football with U.C.G., where he was a student, and in 1961 was a member of the team which won the Galway senior league. In so doing the College defeated the famed Tuam Stars becoming the first club in Galway to do so in local competition for a number of years.

As a member of the Down team George has played against his

native county many times. When we chatted recently I asked him if there was ever any question of divided allegiance on such occasions. "Definitely not," he replied. "When I play for Down, irrespective of what county we meet, I try to give of my best. The fact that our opponents may be Galway in no way affects me. Naturally I'm delighted to see Galway doing so well—they're a wonderful side. But when I play against them they are just another team to be beaten."

He is in no way despondent about Down's football future. "We're going through a tough period at present," he stated, "but we have some great young players coming along. In a year or so we will be a force to be reckoned with."

George expressed dissatisfaction with the way the game is played at present. "There is far too much fouling," he said. To help curb this destructive element in the game he believes that players fouling an opponent in the attacking half of the field should be penalised by the award of a free kick, from a scorable position, to the other team. He would also like to see the parallelogram enlarged. "This would help do away with the goalmouth melees we see so often and would make fouling by the backs a costly habit."

The introduction of 13-a-side football is something else he would welcome. "This change would tend to make the play more open and speed up the game," he pointed out.

He is wholeheartedly in favour of coaching and feels it is a necessary prerequisite to improved playing standards. "If we want better football then the only way to

● TO NEXT PAGE (Col. 1)





*The team which represented Fit Kilkenny Remoulds Ltd. in the 1966 Inter-factory Hurling League.*

● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

achieve it is by coaching the skills of the game right from the start. We have now got coaching in some schools but I would like to see this work carried on at club level."

He is dissatisfied with the way the majority of clubs are run at the moment. "Too many of our so-called clubs are little more than a football team," he asserted. "I would like to see bigger and better organised clubs providing more facilities for a wider range of members. This type of club, especially in rural areas is an absolute necessity, if we are to halt the drift of the young people to the large urban communities. We must endeavour to glamourise the club a lot more than is being done at present."

On this subject he was adamant that club fixtures or competitions should not suffer at the expense of county fixtures.

George Glynn's play has always impressed me as being sound rather than flashy or spectacular. He may not be the player who catches the eye often, but closer scrutiny soon reveals what a tremendous amount of work he gets through. Without doubt Galway's loss has been Down's gain.

## Paddy Fitzgerald

● FROM PAGE 44

ness, for, in a ding-dong thriller against Limerick, he proved to be the architect of Cork's narrow win and gave a stupendous performance that earned acclaim and admiration from all quarters.

When the Munster final came around Fitzgerald repeated the dose against Waterford, and thus played a major role in bringing Cork back to the All-Ireland final after a decade in the wilderness.

Every East-Corkman worthy of the name was in Dublin on the first Sunday of September, 1966, with the fond hope that Seanie Barry and Paddy Fitzgerald would bring renewed glory to Imokilly, the hurling division they represented. There was no cause for anxiety, however, for the Rathcormack student with only four inter-county games behind him and the Midleton veteran, the most experienced man on the team, contributed to the Leesiders' success in a most effective manner.

Barry left his mark by tapping over valuable points, while Fitzgerald, in curbing the dynamic

Eddie Keher, added another personal triumph to a wonderful campaign. With Peter Doolan and Paddy Barry providing inspired performances to the delight of the Cork supporters and the Munster champions generally swamping the Kilkenny men, the Leesiders' 20th All-Ireland title was secured. And the wholehearted Midleton man finally acquired the medal he so richly deserved.

Paddy Fitzgerald is one of the most active hurlers in the county, participating each week in matches with his club, divisional senior team or the Cork selection. At 27, he remains one of the fastest defenders in the game, adhering to a stringent training schedule and maintaining a consistent standard of peak fitness. He is employed by Calor Gas at their Midleton depot and is married with one child. No player possibly contributed more to Cork's success in the All-Ireland championship last year than Paddy Fitzgerald, and it was fitting that his hard work and untiring efforts in the left half-back position did not go unrewarded.

## Mattie McDonagh

● From page 41.

determination in the heart. He took up a new approach to forward play, took a hard look at his resources and his abilities and shortcomings, and made himself into the very best centre-forward now in the game, and built around himself the very best half-forward line that the game has known. What he did was to exercise the utmost discipline in his play; gain the ball at all sorts of physical hazards, and refuse to be parted from it except in the best possible manner. This, he was harsh enough in estimating himself to know, would mean that he must cut out shooting for scores himself until he could punch over or see the whites of the goalkeeper's eyes.

Outside of close range McDon-

agh cannot really be a sure scorer; this piece of unkind self-analysis—but objective—was the making of the great forward he is now. But, by a happy concurrence of events, it was also the making of the Galway forward line. Can you remember them flailing chances wildly wide of the posts in the 1963 All-Ireland final; can you even imagine that this is the same team now? It is, but, it is now under the influence of Mattie McDonagh's strict personal discipline upon himself. This discipline which does not permit him to try potting points from beyond the 14 yards mark, has resulted in a shower of scoring passes for those who have the necessary certainty of aim. The whole has been productive of some of the finest things the game of football has to offer; it leaves us a bunch of treasured memories in the last three years.

Well done, Mattie.

## Martin Coogan

● From page 43.

thundering form of Coogan, perhaps.

But, it is mainly the fact that Martin Coogan is a player who contributes his bit to a team effort; that his attitude is that of a team man; that his play is subordinated to the needs of the day and the game and the pressures of the moment. His first consideration is the consolidation of defence, subduing his own man and covering the others, and only then can we see him forging the more spectacularly memorable thrusts forward into support of the attack.

Coogan is lasting well in the top grade; some of the reasons are quite simple and logical. His physique fits him well, for he is very powerfully built in the chest and body, strong in the hips and thighs, well-made to sustain training which he likes and uses well. His endurance is undoubted, he is built to last the going, but his heart is in the right place and that makes assurance doubly sure. A right good man to have on your team; a tough problem in the ranks of the opposition.

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