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# Gaelic Sport

AUGUST 1968  
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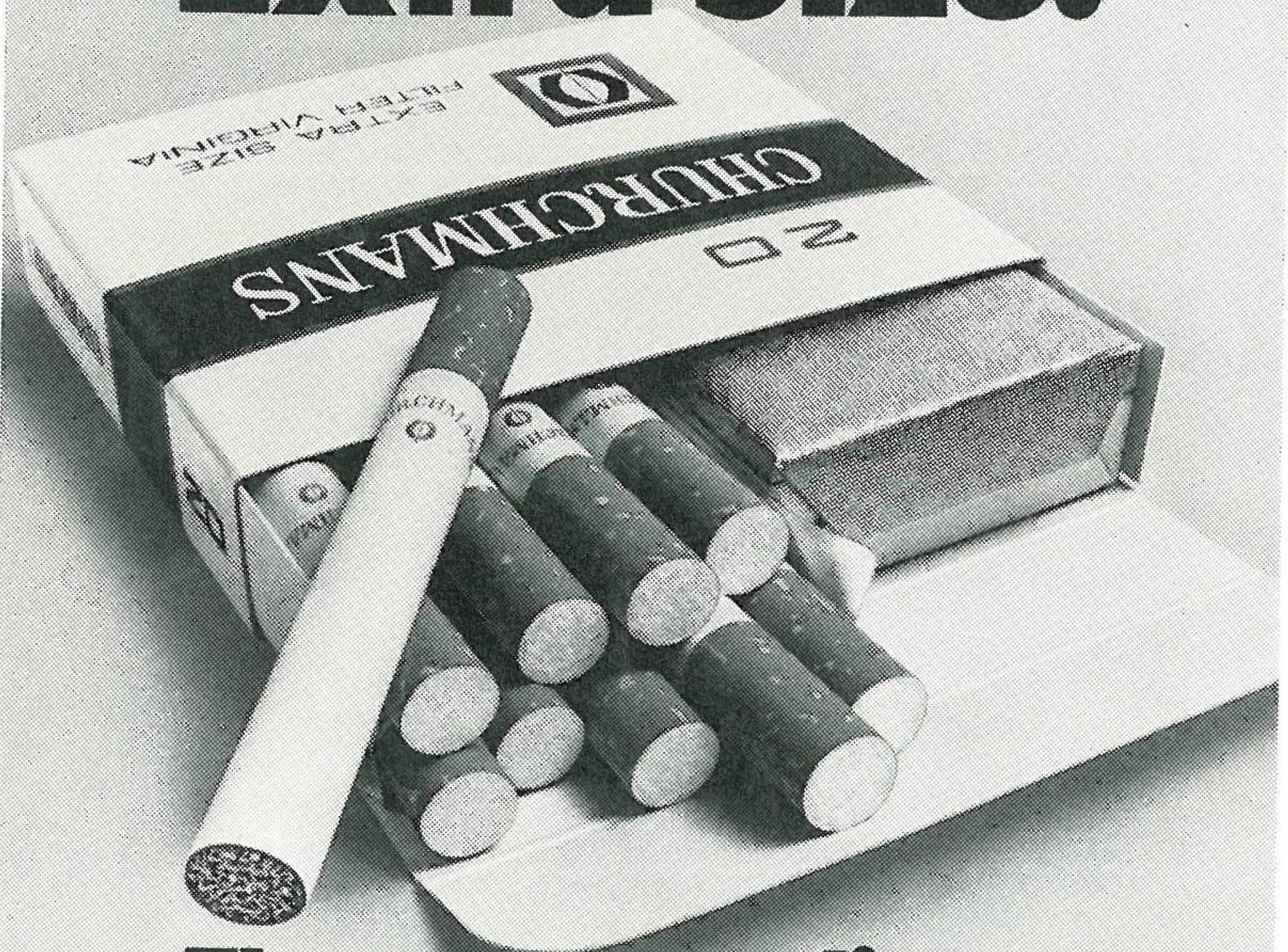
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# Time is running out

IN THIS issue we publish the first of two articles by Rev. Columba Mansfield, O.S.A., in which he deals critically, but sympathetically, with the weaknesses of the G.A.A., in its conduct and promotion of the national games. The articles are an expansion of a feature by the same writer which appeared in the "Irish Independent" some weeks ago.

We recommend them to members of the Association at all levels for close and objective study.

The author uses a calculated shock tactic when he asks: "Is the G.A.A. in danger of extinction?" He sees complacency and the unquestioning acceptance of *status quo* as the twin diseases which could cripple the Association in the foreseeable future.

Gaelic games will not die. But there is grave danger that their position as the popular pastimes of our people, once seemingly invulnerable, will be massively eroded in a relatively short time unless new, sophisticated attitudes and new lines of action in step with the advance of society are adopted and vigorously applied.

A writer in one of our contemporaries, commenting on Columba Mansfield's "Independent" feature, says that there is "a concise realisation of this entire situation within the Association."

If the malady has been diagnosed why, then, has the cure not been administered? The writer's statement is challengeable. Oh, yes, a section realises

the situation; but the great majority is happy to live with a tradition of mediocrity.

While the ways of the Spartan sportsmen have long been discarded by other games organisations, our Association is largely content to exist by that fatal philosophy — "What was good enough for our fathers, should be good enough for us."

The young men of to-day will not be sedated by that hoary gibberish. Again to advert to the poet, T. S. Eliot (who is quoted by Columba Mansfield) they will revolt against the "one-night cheap hotels and faint, stale smells of beer" that have been their lot for so long when so much better is available — and what's more, the money available to pay for better.

The young men of the G.A.A. will not for much longer accept the "atin' house" as their after-training or after-match headquarters (just because Harry, the owner, was a player himself) while they watch the ruggers, the golfers and the cricketers (none of them their betters) swaggering in for good meals and good beds at the comfortable hotel down the street.

In his second article, which will appear next month, Columba Mansfield writes: "We cannot forget the spirit of Knocknagow, but we must face the fact that Matt the Thresher has been replaced by the combine harvester. Despite its array of concrete-encircled playing-fields, the G.A.A. still has one foot in the no longer existing world of Knocknagow."

## COVER PICTURE :

OUR cover picture this month shows Down's Sean O'Neill airborne, with Galwaymen Noel Tierney and Johnny Geraghty in background. The action is from this year's League Semi-Final at Croke Park. *Picture by Lensmen*



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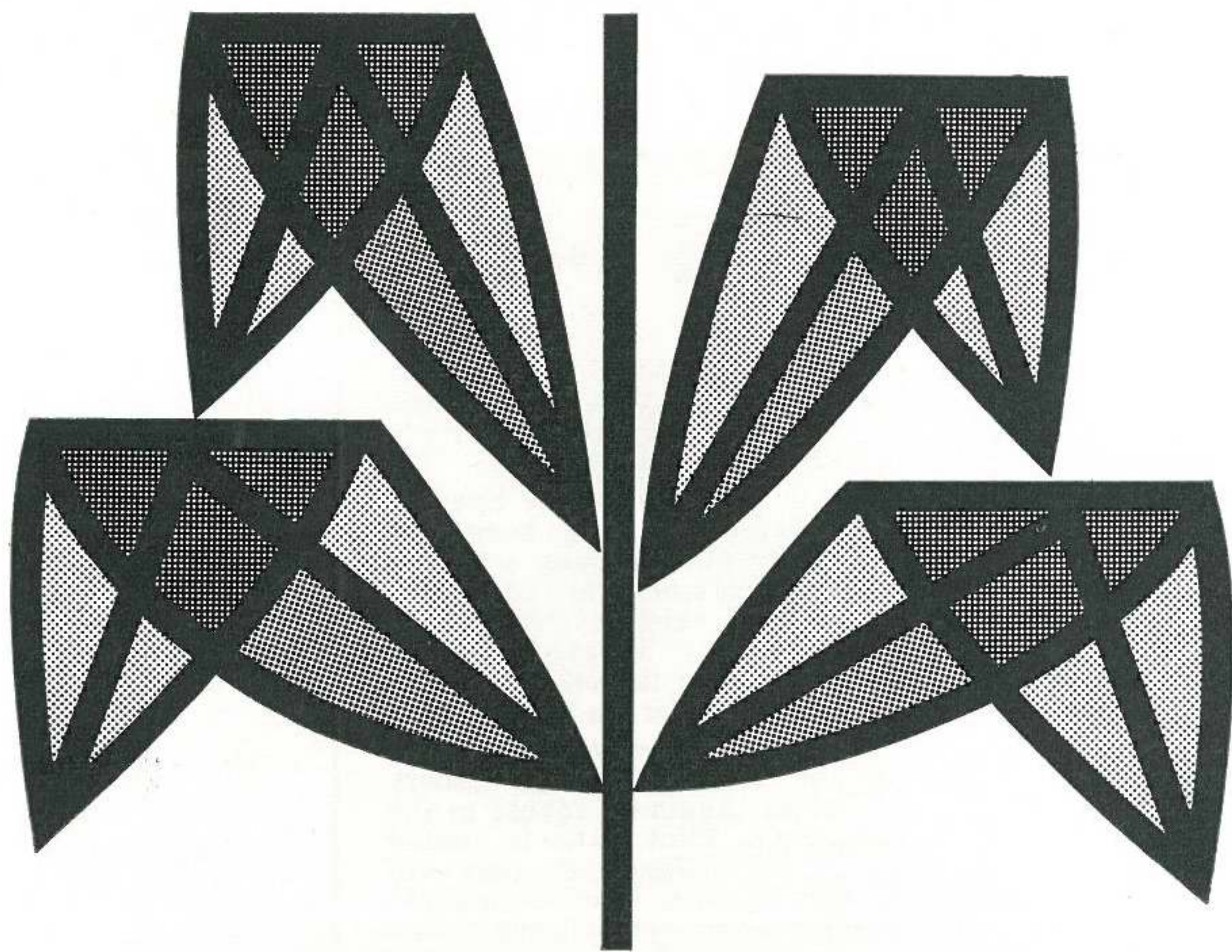
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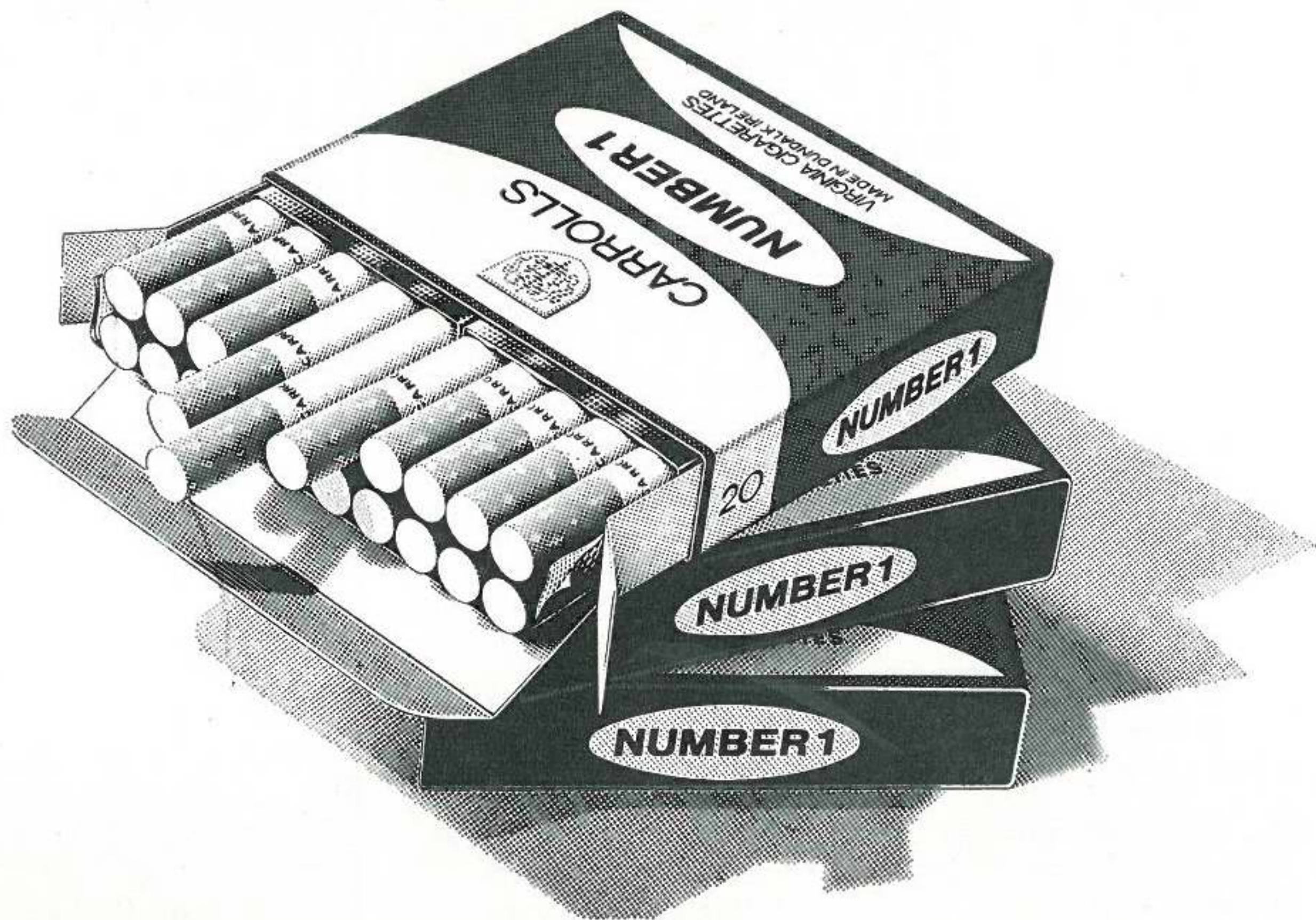
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**"IN cultural disintegration, religious thought and practice, philosophy and art, all tend to become isolated areas cultivated by groups in no communication with each other".**

**—T. S. Eliot, Notes Towards the Definition of Culture.**

# Is the GAA in danger of extinction?

**T**HIS year I attended the National Hurling League replay between Clare and Kilkenny. It was a pleasant occasion. Thurles, that historic pitch, was in course of renovation, a large crowd was present, and Clare more than held their own against the tradition-steeped All-Ireland champions. The future of hurling seemed assured at Thurles that afternoon.

But even though I enjoyed the game I must confess that during it, I had an instinctive feeling that the future of hurling and the organisation which promotes it, was very much in jeopardy. I know that many besides myself have had this feeling in recent years. I shall now attempt to rationalise this fear of the G.A.A.'s eventual extinction.

Ireland is becoming increasingly urbanised while the G.A.A. remains an essentially rural body. This is the key to an approaching crisis in Gaelic games. Time was when hurlers like Mick Mackey or Christy Ring were national figures; their appearance in a hotel, bar, or town, was an event to be recalled and spoken of. Men who

*This is the first of two articles in which Columba Mansfield, O.S.A., writes about the G.A.A.'s problems and weaknesses, and how these may be eradicated.*

brushed shoulders with them felt that they had been in contact with the great. Inter-county players now go unnoticed in Ireland's cities and towns.

While the rural community which was once the basis of the G.A.A.'s structure has crumbled, the organisation has made little impact on the areas of urban growth. Even in the towns and cities the survival of Gaelic games is not due to the G.A.A. itself, rather it is due in the main to the Christian Brothers. Crowds at inter-county matches are the facade behind which the once virile national games are slowly decaying. Towns that twenty years ago had no soccer clubs now often have two or

three, while in urban areas the golf club has replaced its G.A.A. counterpart as the hub of social life.

Back in the forties, hurlers like the Goodes and Christy Moylan were the sporting heroes of Dunganarvan. Now the West Waterford town fields five soccer teams each week. I do not say that the Dunganarvan lads are wrong in their choice of games; I merely state facts.

Its failure to keep pace with urbanisation is one cause of the G.A.A.'s current dilemma; another radical cause of its malaise is its failure to recruit the more sophisticated and professional sections of society to its side. How many bank managers, dentists, doctors or business executives, give their leisure time to the conservation and promotion of hurling and Gaelic football? How many members of local golf and tennis sets also patronise local G.A.A. clubs? We can shout "snob" or "West Briton" but abuse solves nothing.

The fact remains that the accepted leaders of urban society are not involved with our national games. If Ireland is not to lose an important element of her individuality this situation must be remedied as soon as possible.

Hurling and Gaelic football carry little prestige value. It's a known fact that many Dublin mothers want their sons to play rugby. The fact that the boys of a goodly number of the new schools opened in the Dublin area in recent years play rugby is some evidence of this. In a free society, schools and parents are entitled to opt for the games of their choice, but a situation is rapidly developing where, if given freedom, the youth of Ireland will reject Gaelic games.

The organisation can cry

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● FROM PAGE 5

"snob", but cat calls alone will not attract modern youth to the G.A.A. Unless Gaelic clubs reflect all that is best and sophisticated in present-day living standards they cannot hope to capture the mind of to-day's teenager.

At the moment, dressing room facilities are just not up with the times. A golf club offers far more attractions to its members than does the average football or hurling club.

Then the Gaelic Games fraternity fails to look after its players. Many top-class footballers and hurlers, now out of work or in inferior positions of employment, would have had a much more worthwhile career if they were rugby players. Being a top-class Gaelic player means little or nothing in the world of the business executive.

The Irish are a literary people who respect the written word, yet the number of books dealing with our national games are negligible. In England, there are whole libraries of books dealing with cricket and rugby while the literature of hurling and football would fit on one very small shelf.

What does the modern Waterford boy know of Vin Baston or the modern Cavan boy of P.J. Duke? Why haven't our educational authorities inserted some pieces dealing with the native games into the literary courses of our schools? Of course, the lack of literature is partly explained by the fact that Gaelic Games have failed to capture the support of the type of person who seeks to save the Grand Canal or Georgian houses. But there are writers such as J. B. Keane, Bryan McMahon, Brendan Kenneally and J. D. Sheridan, who could write literary pieces on hurling and football if they were commissioned to do so.

Instead of fostering a litera-

# TOP TEN RATINGS

**T**HE following ratings are based on matches played from Sunday, June 16 to Sunday, July 7, inclusive. Points are awarded to each player—ten for number one position, nine for number two, and so on down the list. The top stars will be revealed on the totals compiled at the end of the year.

## HURLING

- 1—Des Foley ..... (Dublin)
- 2—Pat Mitchell ..... (Galway)
- 3—John Costigan (Tipperary)
- 4—Noel Pyne ..... (Clare)
- 5—Dan Quigley ... (Wexford)
- 6—Pascal O'Brien ... (Clare)
- 7—Gerald McCarthy ... (Cork)
- 8—John O'Donoghue  
(Tipperary)
- 9—Paddy Barry ..... (Cork)
- 10—Jimmy Doyle (Tipperary)

## FOOTBALL

- 1—Paddy Doherty ... (Down)
- 2—Mick Hopkins (Longford)
- 3—Ray Carolan ..... (Cavan)
- 4—Jimmy Hanniffy (Longford)
- 5—Tom Walsh ..... (Laois)
- 6—Pat Reynolds ..... (Meath)
- 7—Coilin McDonagh (Galway)
- 8—Pat Reynolds  
(Roscommon)
- 9—Mick O'Connell ... (Kerry)
- 10—Ray Prendergast (Mayo)

ture of its games, the G.A.A. falls down on even such a simple matter as match programmes. The All-Ireland programme is the only one produced by the G.A.A. which can compare with, say, a rugby international programme and even here it loses by comparison. On my desk as I write is the Souvenir Programme of the 1963 Munster senior hurling final. More than twenty thousand people attended the match but the programme does not contain even one sentence in either Irish or English.

Why can't we have decent programmes with articles, poetry, literary pieces, cartoons, club and county histories, not to speak of character sketches of past and present players and officials?

Dress is another aspect of games which the G.A.A. has failed to exploit. Club and county ties, blazers, badges and pullovers should be employed by the hurling and football fraternity. This is not a matter of snobbery. Uniform dress and the wearing of club colours could

give both distinction and spirit to club and county teams.

The G.A.A. could be a potent factor in the maintenance of Ireland's individuality as a nation, but it is ceasing to exert a worthwhile influence on Irish society and is failing to keep pace with the growth of urban communities. If the Christian Brother and Diocesan colleges gave up playing Gaelic games, the G.A.A. would cease to exist. Up till quite recently there was no school soccer competition, yet the number of soccer clubs grew yearly. Why? These are truths worth pondering.

We may make jokes at the expense of Gaelic Games and their organisers, but do we want the Ireland of twenty years' time to be without the glamour and uniqueness of an All-Ireland hurling final? I don't think so. In our next article we shall suggest remedies that could help the G.A.A. overcome the dangers that threaten its future existence.

● TO BE CONCLUDED

NEXT ISSUE

# The Cork G.A.A story

By

EAMONN YOUNG



**PAT** STAKELUM led a Tipperary team to victory in 1949 after two really desperate struggles with Cork—a story I hope to tell some other time. The games saw the end of that great Cork side that ruled the hurling world for so long. Tipperary were now firmly on top with fine performers like Tony Reddan, Micky Byrne, Tony Brennan (who was killed in a shotgun accident a few years ago), John Doyle, Phil Shanahan, Tommy Doyle, Mick Ryan, Seamus Bannon and the Kennys, Seán and Pat.

In 1950 they stormed through Munster again and over in Killarney, after another exciting hour in which Jimmy Kennedy swung over immaculate points, they beat Cork. The two comrades of many a hard hour, Jack Lynch and Paddy O'Donovan, said goodbye to the red jersey.

In '51, Tipperary were out again, captained by Jimmy Finn, ready and willing to hammer all-comers and to our great chargin that is just what they did, with Mick Maher, John Hough, Jimmy

Finn and Ned Ryan filling in the vacant places.

One can imagine the feelings of Corkmen when Tipperary came out for the '52 championship, urged on by Paddy Leahy, Phil Purcell and the rest, to equal Cork's four-in-a-row before going on to break that record.

The final was played in Limerick, where the accommodation wasn't quite as great as today and the crowd was simply murderous. People fainted everywhere; I met one man fighting

madly to get out, not in. I don't know if he lived through it.

On the field, the atmosphere was grim for we had no great confidence in our men. Ringey had a wonderful game at centre-field the year before but maybe he was over the hill. Dave Creedon had been playing in goal since '38 for the Glen Rovers and was only a last minute substitute for Mick Cashman and Jim Cotter, both good goalies and both ill. Dave had, in fact, retired but was pressed back into service. The rest of the team was fair enough but had won nothing and probably wouldn't stop Tipperary that day either. Tipperary would win out in Munster and then equal our four-in-a-row. Certainly the opening minutes confirmed our worst fears.

Pat Stakelum pointed a seventy, Paddy Kenny drove a sideline ball over the bar and Mick Ryan pointed. Stakelum pointed another seventy and our hearts dropped though the wind was fresh and favoured Tipperary. Ringey pointed a free but Paddy Kenny scored a goal and in a minute scored another point. We were fed up. Liam Dowling got a fine point. However, nearing half-time Tipperary scored a goal, but to our delight the flags were crossed. Liam Dowling and Pat Barry pointed but Seamus Bannon goaled and though Ringey scored a point the 2-5 to 0-5

PART

FOUR

deficit didn't look very good at half-time.

Ringey's flying solo was a dream in the second half but that great keeper, Tony Reddan saved the palmed slap. Reddan saved another shot from Ring—from about fifteen yards. Ringey pointed a free and Gerard Murphy repeated off play. In the fourteenth minute, Liam Dowling angled a great shot past Tony Reddan and what a roar when Christy equalised and two minutes later sent us ahead.

Liam Dowling made it two up in the twentieth and then Seanie O'Brien pointed a wonderful free from eighty yards. Tipperary had a seventy which that great player, Pat Stakelum, landed right in the square against the breeze.

It was cleared. Again a seventy. This is when we got panicky for again the immaculate centre-back lofted it right into the square. A goal would make it a draw. Through a forest of hurleys the ball was driven out again and though Gerry Doyle lofted over a point to leave it, Cork 1-11, Tipp. 2-6, it was too late.

The final whistle blew with Cork ahead and we all simply went wild. Strangers of both sexes hugged each other and there was a shower of headgear in the air.

Christy Ring was carried shoulder-high through the crowd blood streaming down his face, blood he never felt, for all he knew was that Tipperary were stopped. Sunlight on tanned face streaming with sweat and blood, scarlet jersey and hurley waving in triumph from a knotted fist. There was primeval stuff in that moment of joy. So Cu Chullain must have looked; or Oscar at the Battle of Gabhra.

"For the Doc . . . for the Doc", he shouted at me as he nearly tore my arm away. I got the meaning. My brother, Jim, a doctor, was one of the nine four-

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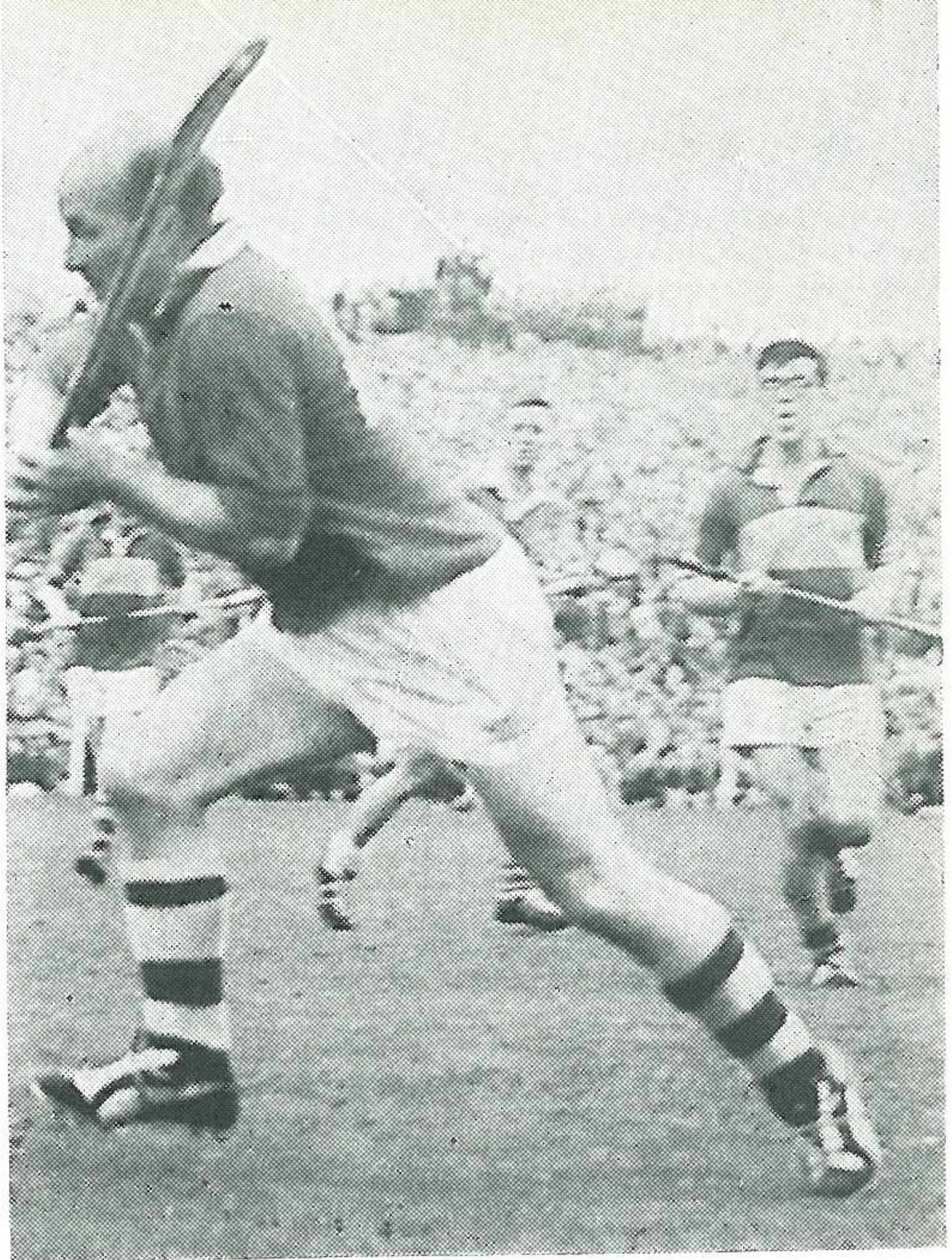
in-a-row men along with Ringey. Their record . . . the record of the nine was intact, whatever about the All-Ireland of '52.

But they won it, they had to. Dublin, with Des Ferguson at right half back, and the captain, Jim Prior, at centre, Tony Herbert, who had played for Limerick twelve years before at corner forward, Norman Allen on the half-way line and redoubtable Kevin Mathews in the goal, formed a strong side, but by then our hurlers had acquired a confidence springing from the defeat of All-Ireland champions. Under the leadership of one of Cork's best-ever corner forwards, the flying Paddy Barry, of a family where hurling was bred in the bone, Cork won the final by 2-14 to Dublin's 0-7. The good days were here again.

Jerry O'Riordan, who had started as a forward in '46 was now supplying power, speed, and intense determination at right full with a darling striker at left full in the stocky Tony Shaughnessy. In between them was John Lyons, one of the shrewdest, tidiest full-backs of all, a man whose sole aim was to cover his goalie and tap the sloitar away even fifteen yards to right or left. A heady player.

Slim Matt Fouhy, for years an automatic selection was both swift and clever at right half-back.

In addition to Pat Barry and Christy Ring in the forward line, there were two who could rub shoulders manfully in any company. Willie John Daly, lightly-built but full of fire, and strong as a horse swept all before him in truly exciting style at centre-forward and on the mark was the fourteen-stone man from Castlemartyr, Liam Dowling, who, for power and hurling was as good as Nick Rackard, and that says a lot.



● RINGEY

In the following year, with plenty of confidence behind the team this time, the side blasted it's way through Munster and it looked as if Kilkenny would this time be the opposition. A little worried as always when getting ready for Kilkenny, the Corkmen were training well and Jim Barry was still there — head a little more silvered but heart just as ever. Then came the surprise. Galway beat Kilkenny by one point and we faced the final, feeling that we could get there.

The Cork side was better than the year before, for Derry Hayes of the Rockies came on at centre-back and Tom Sullivan of Avondhu had shown himself to be a neat forward. In addition,

Joe Hartnett, a curly-headed powerhouse from the Glen stepped into the centre-forward position between Willie John Daly and Christy Ring to form a truly great line, while big Joe Twomey was having another good year at centre-field.

It was a tough, hard game. Willie O'Neill of Carrigtwohill, whose people hurled for Cork, was at full back for Galway, Joe Salmon was at midfield and Josie Gallagher at full forward—all first-class players with the captain, Micky Burke, at right half back on Christy Ring.

Though Galway got plenty of the ball, the Cork defence was very sound that day and no green

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flag was raised. The eight points of the Western side would have been enough if tacked on to a few goals. On the other side, though we could score only three points against a dour back-line, the goal flag went up three times and the red banner waved again.

In '54 the confidence again was high. We had won three-in-a-row before and could do it

again. Willie Moore of Carrigtwohill, a small dashing player, won his way on to midfield and the slim John Clifford at left-corner forward was a truly delightful striker. Eamonn Goulding, young strong and full of fire, stood at full forward and the Munster crown came home again.

The semi-final with Galway evoked a certain apprehension and everyone hoped there would be no bad feeling as a result of

the previous year. As it happened, the game was well played but in the twelve months the Westerners had slipped a bit and Cork won by 4-13 to 2-1.

The half-back line of Matt Fouhy, Vincy Twomey and Derry Hayes was in great form and with the solid inside quartet, Creedon, O'Riordan, Lyons and O'Shaughnessy, better than ever it was obvious that Cork would beat anybody when the forwards were on the day. Wexford had been a long time coming, but came at last, though that year I was sorry to see this sporting side humiliate gallant Antrim by 12-17 to 2-3.

Standing behind the Canal goal that day, my neutrality, or desire to see the better team win was pounded to extinction by a murderous salvo of Wexford shots that raised green flags but did neither Antrim, Wexford nor the game any good.

In the final, the Loch Garman men were superb, matching everything that Cork had in skill and charging through our men with the sliotar in hand in the unattractive but effective style some of them used in those days.

It was level pegging in the middle of the second half, with Cork playing to the Railway goal, helped by a slight breeze. It looked as if Cork would do it, for though Tim Flood, Nick Rackard, Padge and Paddy Kehoe were hurling well, our solid defence was breaking about even while tall Gerard Murphy from Middleton with Willie Moore were holding their own with Jim Morrissey and Seamus Hearne.

It was the Wexford defence that was breaking our hearts. Once Christy Ring got away from Jim English and raced through for a thunderous goal-shot. I thought it was in the net when Nick O'Donnell fell. It wasn't, but had hit that great Wexford player on the collar-bone and broke it. O'Donnell, a man I

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## 3-IN-A-ROW MEN

*The men who played in the three finals of '52/'54: Dave Creedon, Jerry O'Riordan, John Lyons, Tony O'Shaughnessy, Matty Fouhy, Vincy Twomey, Seanie O'Brien, Joe Twomey, Gerard Murphy, Willie Griffin, Willie John Daly, Christy Ring, Liam Abernethy, Liam Dowling, Pat Barry, Mossie O'Riordan, Jimmy Lynam, Derry Hayes, Joe Hartnett, Tom O'Sullivan, Willie Moore, Eamonn Goulding, John Clifford.*

always admired, was carted off and big Bobby Rackard, who was hurling like a god at centre-back, dropped back to the square. I felt the game was over.

A few minutes later Christy Ring swung a ground ball along the left wing to John Clifford, who had slipped quietly away from Billy Rackard. The slim Corkman whipped away and the sliotar was in the net.

The cheer of the game (after the shout that heralded the goal) was for the jinking run made by frail centre-back Vincy Twomey, whom the crowd loved, which he ended with an almost nonchalant swing over the bar for a glorious point.

Cork won it with the goal and the final score was 1-9 to 1-6. So the second three-in-a-row was won, and Christy Ring stood alone with eight All-Ireland golds, won in fourteen seasons. Cork used twenty-three players in the three finals and ten of them won three medals, while four more had two each.

The figures compare closely with those of Tipperary in the preceding three-in-a-row. Tipperary used twenty-two players and twelve (including two who

had a sub's medal each) won three. A further pair won two each. A good man gets his place and stays on. If enough good men come together the team stays on top till other good men knock them off the pedestal.

In '55, a fine Limerick side, led by Dermot Kelly and the Quaid, Jack and Jim, came out of Munster but went down to Wexford in the semi-final and the Loch Garman men won a well-

deserved All-Ireland over Galway.

In '56, the Munster final game, against Limerick was all over and Donal Broderick was keeping left corner Christy Ring out of the game. Then, suddenly, the fuse that spluttered fitfully for forty-five minutes blazed and triple explosions stunned Limerick. Three amazing goals in ten minutes.

Wexford had again beaten Gal-

● TO PAGE 15

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PETER OWENS





*The Cork team who beat Wexford in the 1954 final—giving Christy Ring his eight All-Ireland medal.*

● **FROM PAGE 13**

way, this time by seventeen points, and everyone said the champions couldn't be held. Cork put up a great show in that final, being beaten for power, and the end came when Art Foley dived on a flashing shot from Ringey, and the final scoreboard said 2-14 to 2-8. Thus, another Cork team came to the end of its tether, but what we didn't know just then was the long wait before another appeared.

Between 1903 and 1919 Cork won no All-Ireland (which was the longest gap ever), but those dark years were lit by appearances in five finals and another which was won, but lost eventually, through the Sonny Jim Mac Carthy objection by Kilkenny, because the goalie was in 1907 a member of the Munster Fusiliers' reserve.

Between 1954 and '66 Cork, again was without a championship win, and appeared in only one hurling final, so one can imagine the dejection as we went down the Park in Cork two years ago to see mighty Tipperary hammer Limerick on their way to another All-Ireland. That was the day when a fair-haired Limerick winger named Eamonn Cregan with three superb goals

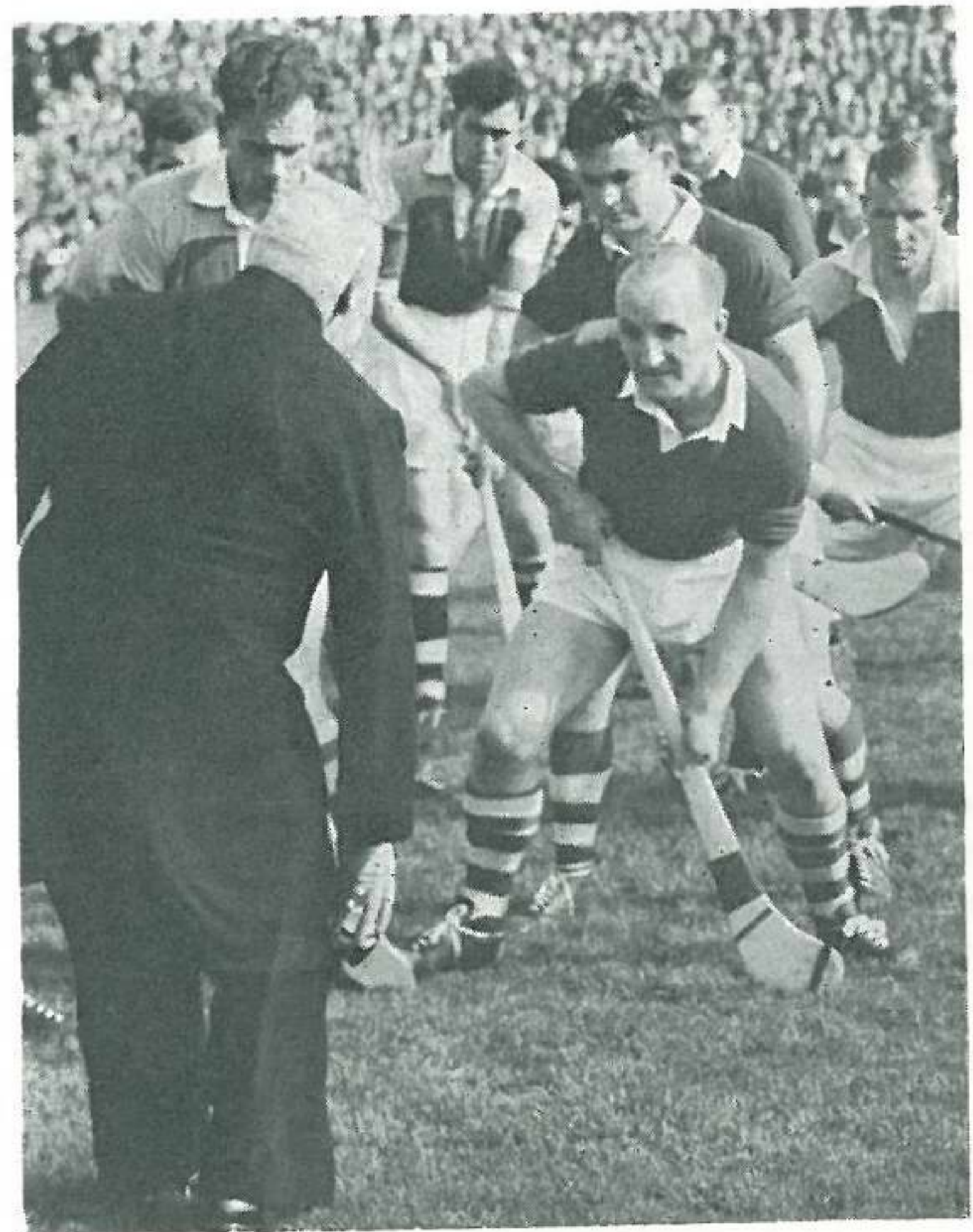
closed a chapter in hurling history and let Cork through for another All-Ireland.

The new team that hadn't a chance surged on to Croke Park to play Kilkenny. No one gave them a hope, but those fifteen lads simply went on fire and hit everything as it came, high or low, until, driven on by a crowd

frenzied in the frustration of the long wait, they belted their way to victory and young Gerald Mac Carthy held up the cup and the crowd once again went mad, many of them for the first time. The long wait was over and we could be proud of our hurling again.

**(To be continued next issue)**

*Ring crouching, ready to pounce, as the late Dr. Kinane threw in the ball to start the 1956 All-Ireland final between Wexford and Cork.*



# Semi-final records

THE actual line-up for this month's All-Ireland Senior Football Championship semi-finals (Leinster v. Munster on August 4, and Connacht v. Ulster on August 18) was not finalised at the time we went to press. However, this still does not really hamper us in surveying the records as far as past East-South, and North-West semi-finals are concerned.

These records reveal some highly interesting facts, too. For instance, it's hard to credit, in view of football's strong position in Leinster, that we have to go back to 1950 for the last year that the Eastern province's standard-bearers emerged triumphant in an engagement with the Munster Champions. What's more, that 1-7 to 0-8 win by Louth 18 years ago also only ended a run of five defeats for Leinster teams!

This year Munster bid for a record six wins in a row. Kerry beat Louth in 1953, Cork mastered Kildare in 1956, and Kerry had wins over Dublin in 1959, 1962 and 1965. The Kingdom alone forged the South's other five wins on the trot, starting with a victory over Laois in 1937, although in that era, two of the wins were only achieved after replays. The 1937 semi-final with Laois went to a second meeting. Laois lost again in 1938. Then came a draw and replay win over Dublin in 1941, and successes against Carlow in 1944, and Meath in 1947. Those draws with Laois and Dublin are, incidentally, the

only ones in the story of the semi-final clashes featuring East and South.

Leinster have a dismal record in comparison. The province got off to a brilliant start when Kildare beat Cork 3-7 to 0-2 in 1928, a winning margin of 14 points that still ranks as the most decisive in the 16 match series. Then, Dublin put the East 2-1 ahead with an 11 points (3-8 to 0-6) win over Kerry in 1934. But, the only Leinster success since that is the 1950 triumph by the Wee County. That leaves the over-all record at 11 wins for Munster and three for Leinster, with two matches drawn.

Munster also lead the score-getting chart. In the last South-East clash in 1965, Kerry set two records. Their 4-8 is the best combined score in the series of games so far, and their goals total is also the best in a single match. Another distinction for that game is that it produced at 32 points (Dublin scored 2-6) more scores than any other. Kerry boast the points scoring record as well at 12, that allied to a brace of goals, they hit in 1962.

Dublin's 3-8 in 1934 is the best combined score by a Leinster side. No Leinster team has bettered three goals, while ten points is the tops in this regard—0-10 by Carlow in 1944, 0-10 by Louth in 1953, and 0-10 by Dublin in 1962.

The last year the Munster Cham-

pions had a semi-final win against any team was in 1967, when Cork beat Cavan. Leinster also had their last semi-final success last year, with Meath victorious over Mayo.

Connacht and Ulster have met 14 times, and, as is the case in the games featuring the South and East, the balance is tilted heavily in favour of one province—the West.

Not since Armagh had an 0-8 to 0-7 win over Roscommon in 1953 has the North had the better of the West. This month Connacht are chasing a fifth win in succession. Galway beat Tyrone in 1956, and Down in 1959; Roscommon ousted Cavan in 1962, and Galway mastered Down again in 1965.

Cavan have represented Ulster in eight Ulster-Connacht semi-finals, and won three—1928, when they beat Sligo, 1937, when Mayo went under to the Breffni County, and 1947, when Roscommon were eliminated. Other than the eight counties listed above, only Monaghan figure in this North-West sequence. Their only record in this story is a failure to Galway in 1938. This puts Connacht impressively out in front at 10 wins to Ulster's four, with no drawn games so far.

The outstanding match score-wise featured Roscommon and Cavan in 1944. The Westerners raised five green flags, the best goals-total. They also punched home eight points for the best combined total. They conceded 1-6,

By  
**OWEN McCANN**

which gave them a 14 point winning margin, also the record, and the complete total of 32 points means that this match also produced more scores than any other. Galway's 12 points in 1941, against Cavan, is the leader in this field.

Cavan scored 2-5 against Sligo in 1928, and hit the same score against Mayo in 1937, the best tally by a Northern team at a moderate enough 11 points. No team from the North has landed more than two goals in one game, and eight points is the peak total as far as white flags are concerned. Cavan scored 0-8 in 1932, and again in 1934, and Armagh, of course, in that 1953 history-making win. The 1953 and 1956 and 1965 semi-finals are the only games that failed to produce at least one goal an hour. Cavan's 1928 win is the North's most clear cut.

The last year an Ulster team was victorious in a semi-final against any opposition was in 1961, when Down beat Kerry, and went on to retain the All-Ireland title at the expense of Offaly. A year earlier we had the last Ulster-Munster final, when Down had that most memorable of all wins in that history-making clash with Kerry.

Connacht have been represented in every All-Ireland final since 1962, except last year, and a year earlier it was the West triumphant at the expense of the South, Kerry, for the title.



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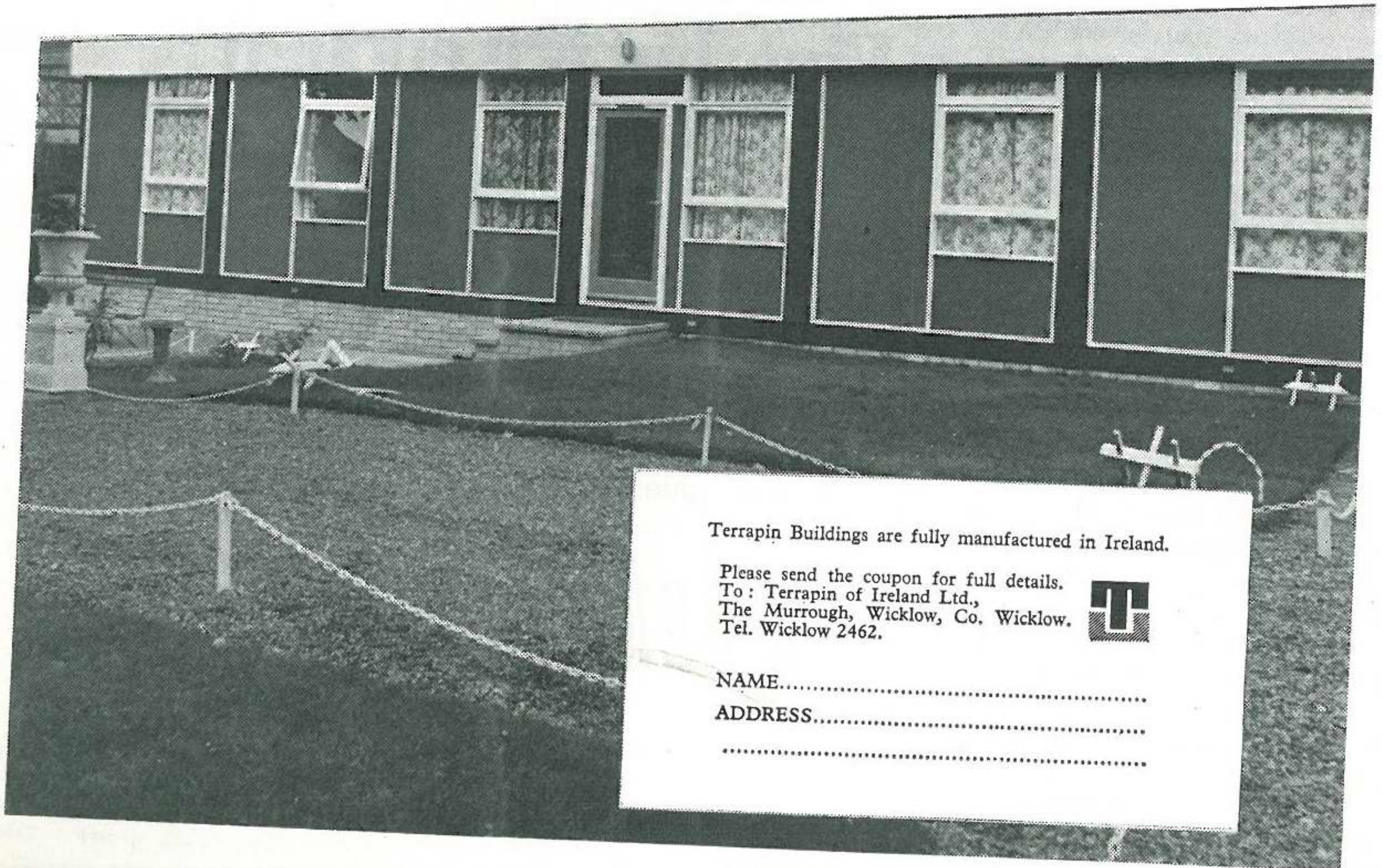
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# Too much emphasis on gate money defeats purpose of American tours

Says RAYMOND SMITH

THREE weeks in America with the Tipperary team convinced me that the G.A.A. must take a new look at the whole question of American tours and must appraise its commitment to our exiles on the other side of the Atlantic.

The first question to be posed is: Should the criterion be financial success alone or should it be how the image of the G.A.A. gains from a tour, what a tour or a touring team's visit means to our exiles and the strengthening of ties that cannot be measured in terms of money alone?

I say—and I know I will not be popular in certain areas for saying it—that in our planning for these tours we have become too conscious of the state of the International Fund. I am talking now from experience, personal experience. I know that we cannot, and must not, overlook the financial considerations but I hold that these have become

over-important. To me, showing the flag of the G.A.A. to the Irish in such places as Boston, Washington, Chicago and San Francisco is every bit as important—maybe even more so.

Now, the first Sunday that Tipperary were to have played New York in the League Final, there was heavy rain all that morning and the match was called off at one o'clock because the pitch was declared unplayable. In the circumstances it may have appeared a wise decision, as all that was necessary to do was cancel the challenge match scheduled for the third Sunday and run the two legs of the League on succeeding Sundays.

Coming up to the third Sunday there was very heavy rain again in New York; Tipperary were due to leave on the Monday one way or the other and it was made quite clear that "come rain, hail or snow" the second match would go on.



*John Kerry O'Donnell (left), whose Gaelic Park is a weekly Mecca for the Gaels of New York. He is pictured here with Jack Dempsey, former world heavyweight champion.*

The point I am making is that it was not the fact alone that the pitch was considered unplayable that caused the match to be put off on the first Sunday, but more so that the rain would have hit the gate and the International Fund would have suffered as a result. With the International Fund "in the red" you could not blame the officials for taking a cold, hard look at the pros and cons of the situation and taking the decision they did—they could not have foreseen the tragic happenings in Los Angeles that caused a second postponement of the first game the following Sunday.

But what about the Gaelic Park "faithfuls" (the greatest supporters you could wish to meet anywhere in your travels) in all this?

People were still arriving at the ground right up to the scheduled starting time—when, I

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● FROM PAGE 19

might add, the weather had cleared up and you could see how anxious they were for a match of some kind.

They were sadly disappointed to find that there was no game, not even a challenge game between New York and Tipperary.

The decision to call off the match was a joint decision and, as I have said, seemed a wise one at the time **from the financial viewpoint**, but surely an attempt could have been made, even at the eleventh hour to put on a challenge for the sake of those who had come along to Gaelic Park? There were two hours in which to do it.

I met keen followers who had flown in the previous day from Washington and Chicago and these were the most disappointed people of all.

The Tipperary team were in New York for seventeen days altogether. During that time I moved out myself—I was on my way to Chicago to meet the Gaels there when I was asked by the "Evening Herald" to go on to Los Angeles to cover the historic happenings there. I stayed on in Washington for three or four days after the burial of Senator Robert Kennedy in Arlington Cemetery. In Washington, I had the good fortune to spend a wonderful evening with a fine bunch of G.A.A. enthusiasts, who are now endeavouring to build their own Irish Centre.

On the previous trip to the States the Tipperary team had gone to Chicago and played for a Cup there (which they won) . . . but this time there was no visit.

What a welcome Tipperary-born Jim McCormack, Kerry-born Dave Cahill and Galway-born Malachy Mannion would have given them!

Galway-born Pete Flaherty and

other enthusiastic Gaels like him would have laid on a memorable reception for the Tipperary team if a visit to Washington could have been combined with a trip to Arlington Cemetery (that is if it was considered impossible for Tipperary to play a match in Washington).

I am sure that the Gaels of Boston and San Francisco would have done the Tipperary team proud also. And these visits would have meant a lot to our exiles in these cities.

But here were Tipperary, confined to New York and while the Gaels of New York deserve every commendation for their hospitality on this as on every other occasion, I hold that an American tour should be a **tour** in the real sense of the term and not just a visit to one city.

Back in 1926, when Tipperary visited the States for the first time and when people did not commute as now by plane between cities, Johnny Leahy was able to bring his **touring** team 3,000 miles from New York to San Francisco . . . by rail.

We had no International Fund then—legendary Johnny and his team-mates showed the G.A.A. flag with pride right across the States and men acclaimed it as a success, although I cannot say for certain whether it made money or not.

Did it matter?

Tipperary had only the minimum number of players with them in the States. Why cut things to the bone? Why not bring **thirty** or so and then you would be in a position to play an exhibition in places like Washington and Chicago, if the locals could not make up worthy opposition of themselves?

I was talking about re-appraising the G.A.A.'s commitment to our exiles in the States . . . Some people are so quick to say that

the tours should be done away with—but these people have never been to Gaelic Park.

I am convinced now after my visit to the States that the tours must go on and, not only that, but they must be given every possible encouragement—irrespective of whether they show a profit or not.

I met men in the States who have never been back in Ireland, not even for one visit, from the day they emigrated. To these men the visit of a touring team is a tremendous source of joy.

To the many others, who have gone home and come back and gone home on visits again, it means that they meet in person the stars they have been reading so much about (our exiles think nothing of queuing up on Monday nights to wait for the Dublin daily papers carrying the reports of the Sunday matches).

I grant you that there have been difficulties between the Central Council and the New York G.A.A., I grant you that there have been times when relations were quite strained—but the G.A.A. President, Mr. Seamus O'Riain, put it admirably, I thought, when in an address to the governing body of the New York G.A.A., he said that "we are all part of the one great movement".

Remember that our exiles—those that really love the games—never lose touch and the games are almost life itself for them . . . and Gaelic Park a home from home on Sunday afternoons.

Thurles-born Oliver Spillane, one of New York's staunchest Gaels, was going out to the Airport with me as we left for home and he confided that he would have packed his bags and gone back to Ireland in the first six months but for Gaelic Park.

## The tale of a transistor

**J**ULY. A darlin' month, G.A.A.-wise that is. There are so many important games run off during July that I often wish I had a dual, or triple identity, which would enable me to be bodily present at every one of these major clashes. Take, for example, Sunday, July the 14th last. Over in Connaught we had the replay of the Galway-Roscommon championship game, while down South there was the Cork and Kerry Munster football final and at headquarters, the Leinster hurling final featuring Kilkenny and Wexford, and remember, the same thing happens on practically every Sunday in July and one is faced with the unenviable task of having to choose one's venue and hope that one has chosen wisely.

Years ago the situation must have been very frustrating but the position is not quite so bad to-day thanks to our mini-friend, the transistor.

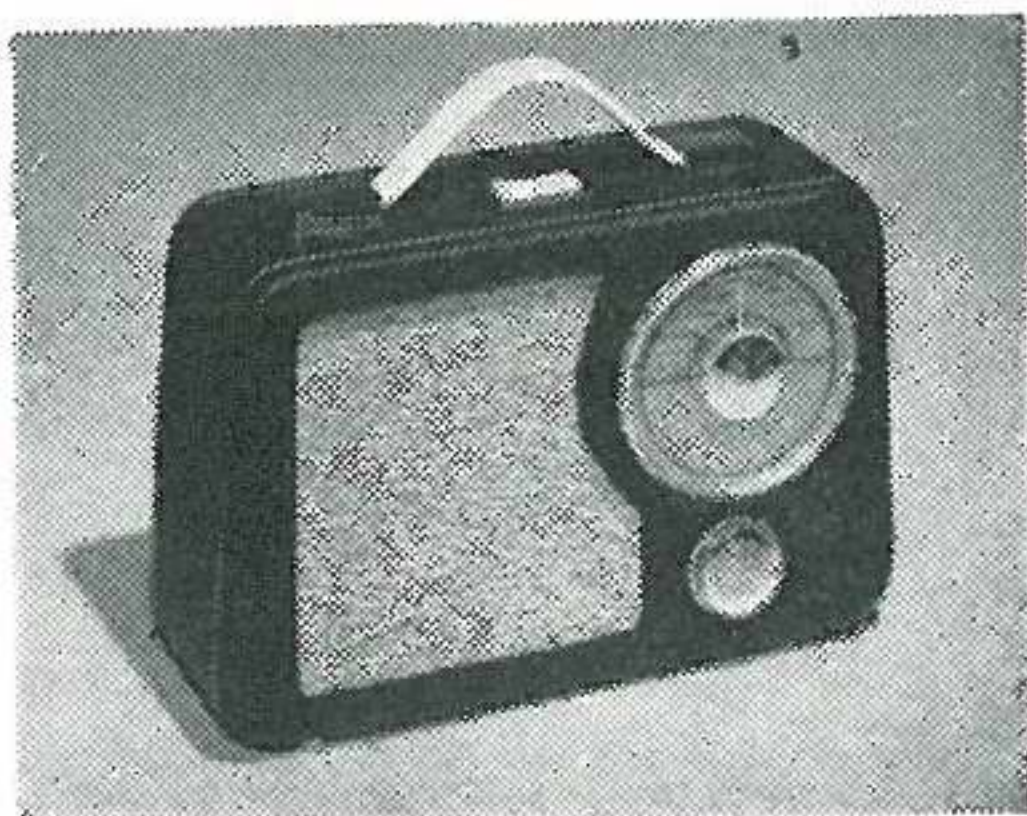
I remember an Ulster final of two or three years ago, Cavan and Down were playing at Clones and by the time I got to the ground the park-proper was full up and, as those of you who are familiar with the Clones ground will know, I had no alternative but to go into the unreserved section which consists of a large field running the length of the playing field with natural banking, somewhat like the old Thurles Sportsfield, with accommodation for, I would say, about seven or eight thousand. But I was lucky as it turned out. The game itself was great, Paddy Doherty playing as only Paddy Doherty can and giving us full value for our money. What a tremendous man Doherty is!

Where was I now? Ah yes, at

Clones. Anyway to make a long story short, when the game commenced I was at the pavilion end of the field, next thing I remember was this young man and his girl friend in front of me, they had a transistor, the Leinster football final was being broadcast from Croke Park and Michael O'Hehir was in great form. But the trouble was that the girl that was with the lad holding the transistor wasn't all that tall and whenever anybody stood in front of her she moved a little to the right and when she moved her boy friend moved, when he moved the transistor moved, and when the transistor moved, I moved. At the end of the game I found myself at the other end of the field. As I said she was a small girl.

That story has a moral and it is this—own your own transistor and be master of your own destiny.

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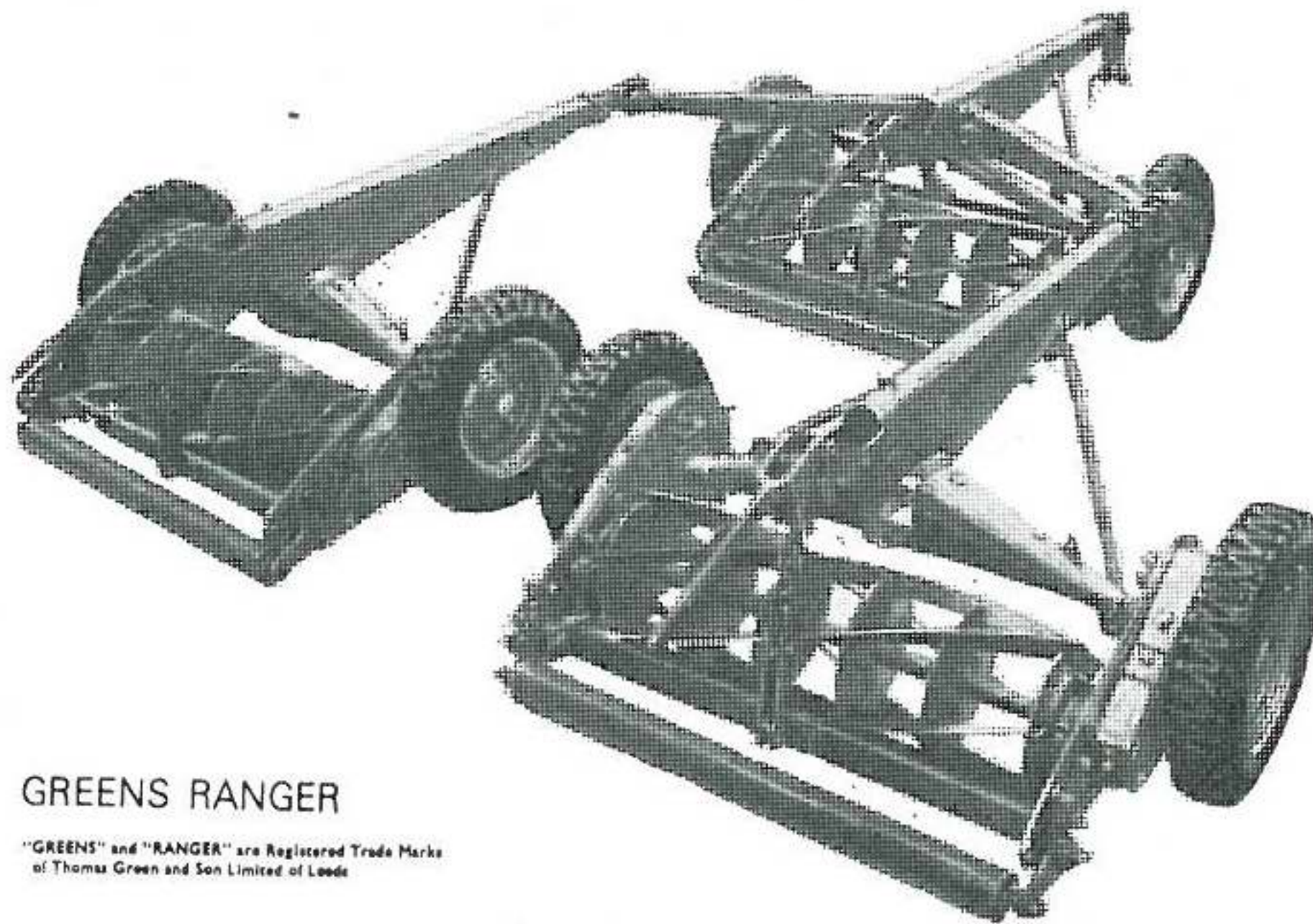


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## A YEAR FOR NEW FACES

**T**HIS has been an unusually good year for new faces; towards the end of it, we may have a enormously different concept of our "Top Twenty" or "Top Thirty" in both hurling and football. The early part of the year and the unfinished portion of the Leagues threw up Jim Colleary of Sligo right into the top bracket for whole-hearted and clever football; further emphasis was placed on the worth of their splendid centre-half back, Cathal Cawley, and the potential of a number of other Sligo men was exposed widely.

Kevin Kelly emerges, now, as the sharpest of all Kildare forwards, and yet, a couple of years ago Kevin had a trying time to

gain a regular place in the side. Pat Mangan shows more clearly than ever his great natural talent and the virtuosity of his play which makes him as good as a back as forward. There lies a danger for him that he has never been able to settle in a position and concentrate on making it his speciality; it must be hoped that Kildare will end his pilgrimage and place him in one definite role in their team. Pat himself will then have to place a discipline on his play which sometimes has not been evident, and fashion his characteristic qualities to his specific role.

Meath keep delving into their talent-bag every so often for yet another centre-field, and the curious thing is that the newcomers have so far turned out but moderate mid-fielders, but have made remarkable progress in other positions: Peter Black looks like making a permanent position for himself in spite of the hot opposition for forward line places. And the newest mid-fielder, Vincent Foley, a really big fellow, and just a little deliberate in movement, perhaps, does seem to be another discovery. Meath, no doubt, would very much hope that Foley "makes good", but that he does not follow the others in making their imprint in positions other than mid-field.

Roscommon have forced their attentions upon us by their excellent showing in the championship after a lot of behind the scenes activity since their under-21 All-Ireland triumph. In a short time Dermot Earley must surely prove himself one of the most complete footballers in the country, while their penetrative

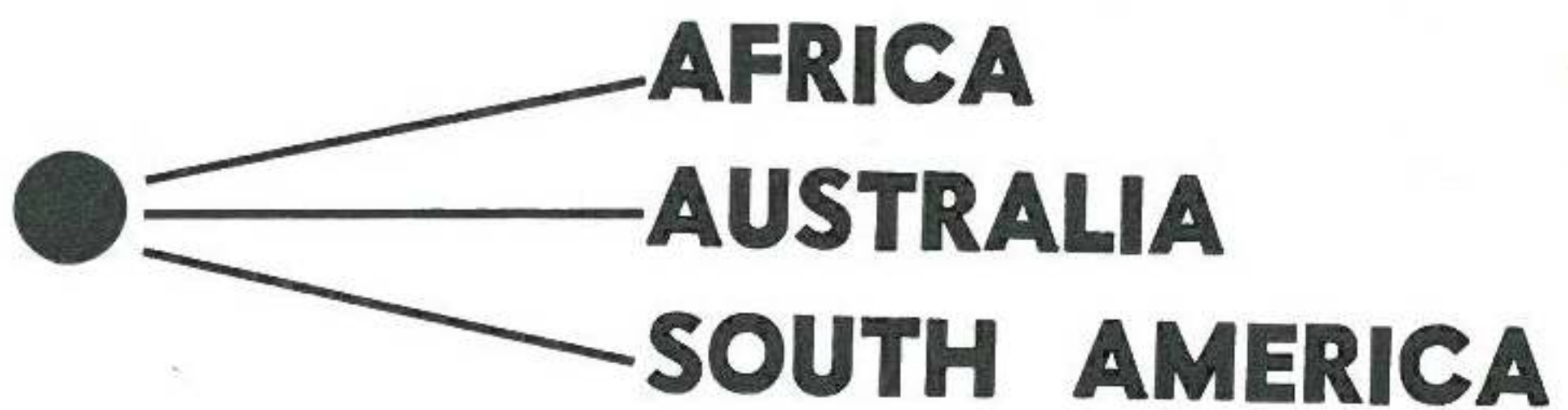
full-forward line will cause full-backs many a sleepless night.

Down continue to produce a plethora of stars: quite suddenly they have "hot-housed" McAlarney, and Purdy, John Murphy and Milligan, Cole and Peter Rooney into men of national status, and wonderfully mature for their tender years. Each one of them must have a great future in the game, and in their form is an earnest of certain Down prominence in the destination of the All-Ireland for years to come. So many counties have their successes and failures in succeeding cycles, but it looks as though Down have overcome the trough and maintained their position on the ridge while substituting a new team for the old; it is a memorable transition, but, of course, even Down could not have managed it without the unique talents of Dan McCartan, Paddy Doherty, Sean O'Neill and Joe Lennon backboning the metamorphosis.

Cork's Denis Hunt always looked a likely senior even in minor ranks, and his form is causing satisfaction down south. But, next to Down, Tipperary have brought about the greatest miracle of reinvigoration—P. J. Ryan, Jim Ryan, Costigan, Stapleton and Gleeson stepping in to give the oldsters the transfusion they needed for a new lease of life. Most of all, however, the development of John Flanagan, still under-21, into a vital spare part for the team, able to crack home the scores, or come back to mid-field and straighten the backbone of the team when age causes it to bend a bit. He is in great form; strong and straightforward, and real Tipperary.

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# HANDBALL

## COMMON BOND BETWEEN MANAGEMENT, EMPLOYEES

By ALLEYMAN

THOSE connected with handball have taken particular pride in the recent expansion and modernisation of the famed Johnston, Mooney & O'Brien Bakery in Ballsbridge. They view such progress as a signal victory for a synchronised relationship between employee and management, and, in this regard it is pointed out that handball is a major part of the common bond on which such an understanding has been built.

For, make no mistake about it, this ancient code, which, in the Bakery, was started somewhat on an experimental basis way back in 1954, has gained tremendously in stature, not alone in the eyes of the members who now form the J. M. O'Brien Club but also in the esteem of the company officials, who have been instrumental in launching the various changes which have brought about the new image.

Indeed, it might appear that these innovations have, in fact, proved detrimental to the handball section, since the stable wall on which the employees played their first tournaments

has now been demolished.

In point of fact, space is at premium in Ballsbridge, so that the players must practice in other courts throughout the city if they wish to keep in trim.

But this is a problem that is readily recognised by the company's directors, and I know for sure that the possibility of building a court to accommodate the staff is regularly a topic for round table conferences. When it is likely to become a reality is another question, but we can rest assured that, if a suitable site is acquired, finance will not be considered as a problem by the company.

It is significant that the company has also made a notable contribution to the game in Dublin, with the donation of a very valuable trophy for the under-16 team league.

This year it was won by the Eoghan Ruadh Club, a subsidiary of the famed hurling nursery in Aughrim St. The winners certainly had a testing season to win the coveted honour, for the entire programme embraced approximately twelve games.

Only a couple of weeks ago the handball section of the company held its annual function. As usual, it was an outstanding evening, indicative of the friendliness and goodwill that, magically, seems to filter through every section of this company.

Joe Lynch, Secretary of the All-Ireland Handball Council, was at hand to present trophies to the various winners. He spoke in superlative tones of the efforts

being made in Johnston, Mooney and O'Brien, both at management and employee level, to foster the game.

"The co-operative spirit that is so readily evident in the firm," he said, "is a glowing example for the rest of the country. I have no doubt that, if it was adopted generally, it would certainly lead to a much more stable economy."

I was delighted to make acquaintance again, with many of my old friends.

That grand handballing pioneer from Mullinavat, John Foskin, was there as usual, combining his functions as Chairman, M.C. and General Factotem, with the utmost efficiency. John still guides the handball fortunes of the squad in Ballsbridge with the same effervescence that he did when the club was founded in 1954.

He was delighted that his players had performed so well in the Dublin Championships and, in this regard, it is interesting to note that John is, in fact, Chairman of the Dublin Senior Board.

By way of passing, it is a notable fact that, under his guidance this year, the county reached six Leinster finals.

He foresees a bright future for the Johnston, Mooney and O'Brien Handball Section and already has plans drafted for the sponsoring of further competitions.

Lack of playing facilities, according to John, is the big problem, but he, too, is hopeful that the company directors will shortly rectify this deficiency.

# Don't throw out the baby along with the bath water

**P**ERHAPS one may be permitted to make a few observations on the large and interesting—indeed, vital — subject, of which the Editor treated in last month's issue. One must agree with much of what he said there concerning the necessity of constant awareness that no game is perfect and that a process of evolution is a good thing so long as it is controlled and of proven necessity.

There was, indeed, a great furore about the Australian visit here at the end of the last season, and the immediate reaction to their string of impressive victories over Irish opposition as provided by two of our best teams, Meath and Mayo, was that changes should be made. It was suggested that the reason for the Australians' victories must have lain in the manner in which they played Gaelic football. A truism almost, but nonetheless a fact.

The curious thing about all the talk and the writing about the difference between the Australians and the home teams was that it was pretty generally accepted that the thing that made the Australians better was the few differences in the rules of the game as they played it. Tremendous emphasis was laid on that fact that they were allowed to pick

up from the ground without toeing the ball to hand, for one thing.

I was reminded, at the time, of an old German proverb which bids one beware lest he or she should empty out the baby along with the bathwater. We stood in danger, then, of jettisoning rules and long-established facets of the game of Gaelic football

tired look about them, and the reaction had set in after their hard drive for the All-Ireland, when they suffered the heavy defeat in Croke Park; and Mayo were called up quite suddenly after a couple of months of inactivity to play the second game against the visitors. Even so, Mayo, while their legs lasted, looked good enough for them.

## By JAY DRENNAN

which have been proven in their usefulness without ever wondering whether we were really on the right track. When Meath went to Australia they defeated the home footballers in all games, but I do not think that is any more relevant to rule changing than the first reason. Meath, down-under, never met with a team of quite the composition of that which visited here, and, more particularly, they never met a combination with the training and co-ordination which the Australians who played in Croke Park had developed.

Yet, the Australians who came here, like Meath in Australia, were not opposed by anything like as good a combination as that of Meath on tour. Meath had the

It was not rules, or inhibitions, or incidentals of that kind which made the Australians in Croke Park such an exciting spectacle: it was their economical approach to football, and their fresh concept of what was the simple and, therefore, effective thing to do. They had thought out for themselves some simple truths: that a man can kick a ball farther and faster than he can travel on a solo run; that when you get possession and find yourself well-covered by opponents that it is a fool who does not move the ball at once; that a man making ground with the ball wants his head examined if he tries to go "through" an opponent barring his way; that said, man will best serve his team and keep the ball

*This article, by one of our leading feature writers, is a reply to the editorial that appeared in our July number*

going forward by parting to his best positioned colleague, or by shooting at goal; that men off the ball make the pass a possibility for the player in possession. Add to this simplified, but effective concept of the game the fact that they were undeniably powerful men with tremendous strength and stamina, and you have a team which would be nightmarish opposition even for the best in a championship match.

I must confess myself a conservative in the matter of the rules of the games of football and hurling: not that I would slavishly adhere to what is old-fashioned, because it is old or established, but, in so far as I believe that we should not lightly cast aside any aspects of the rules which have been developed and have themselves moulded great games, unless these rules are to be substituted for by better ones.

In this respect I feel the Editor has a very good point in suggesting that present organisation forces upon us the consideration of rule-changes in a vacuum. We are presented from time to time at Congress with resolutions which request such-and-such a change, and we have to try to work out in our imaginations



*Ron Barassi, captain of the Australian team which visited Ireland last Autumn, posed with one of the pretty Australian girls who travelled from London to see their countrymen play Meath at Croke Park on October 29th.*

what that change would involve and how it would compare with the old regime. That is pure theorising, and cannot ever be exactly applicable to practice—things never are quite as they are planned or imagined to be. It seems a really worthwhile suggestion that there should be a permanent Rules Sub-Committee to study possible and suggested alterations in the playing rules of both, whose job it would be, if they thought the idea had strong enough possibilities, to put that alteration into practical demonstration in a number of matches, so that it could clearly be seen whether or not it was an improvement.

A point which has had some air in recent years has been the

possibility of thirteen or even eleven aside. Personally, I am against any such reduction in numbers because it must have an enormous effect on the nature of the game, which, after all is not causing us distress. But, let us consider it—on a wider front than the Colleges games in Ulster where many have seen and thought highly of the thirteen aside game.

There is, of course, involved here a suggestion that the reduction of numbers would make the Gaelic game more competitive in urban areas, especially, with Soccer, in so far as it is easier to get eleven together than fifteen. But, quite honestly I wonder whether this argument

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WILSON HARTNELL

### ● FROM PAGE 27

holds water; I wonder whether any game should ever consider the game to the players rather than the players to the game. If the game is good enough in itself, and Gaelic games are proven so, to introduce a huge compromise with the established nature of the game in order to accommodate some who found its present structure tiresome, is doubtful thinking. It looks a bit like emptying out the baby along with the bathwater, in fact.

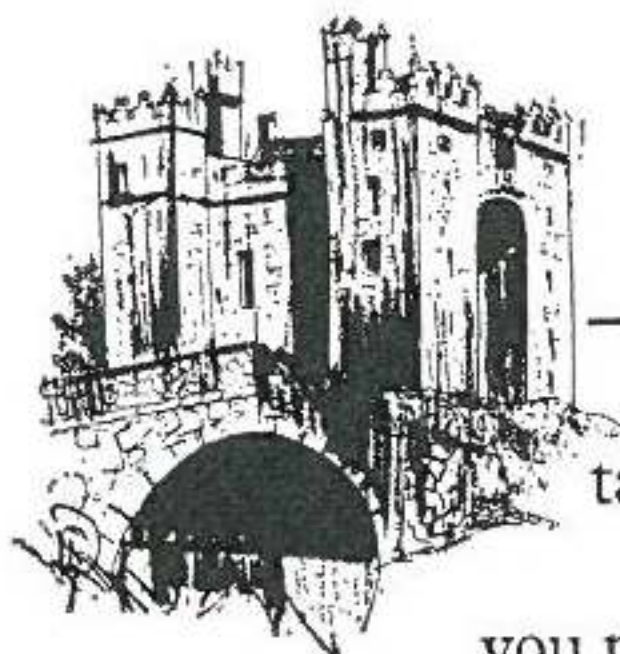
I feel that many players of the present day do not think enough about the game; do not appreciate how to make best use of themselves, and the best use of possession of the ball when they get it. Much worry is being caused by the number of fouls which occur of a petty nature, slowing the game down and ruining the continuity of the spec-

tacle. A lot of these fouls occur because of the existence of the toe-pick, we are told. I am not entirely convinced of this but I am open to proof of the fact in matches which experiment with the straight pick-up. But, I am convinced of one other factor which is more disturbing because there is no such ready-made solution: the fact that players to-day are tending more and more to run themselves into situations where the opposition are almost bound to foul them.

Everyone seems to want to hop the ball once nowadays; everyone likes to do one or two toe-to-hand manoeuvres; there is far more needless selfishness in the game. I wonder whether this is part of some new phenomenon of our times; and then I see Joe Lennon play, and marvel at the fact that he is scarcely ever fouled in spite of the fact that he plays so much of the ball. Then it is not a matter of expedience with Joe, all will agree; he is not one to rid himself of the ball just to be done with it—no player, perhaps, over the past decade has been so consistently effective.

The explanation lies in the fact that Lennon has thought the game out so well. He gains possession and immediately knows what best to do to set his team moving with greatest effect, realising that to play the ball away with advantage at once is a more likely method of setting up a scoring opportunity than hanging on too long and getting fouled, perhaps. The swift counter yields more danger than the set-piece. Indecision by men in possession is one of the factors mainly to blame for their being fouled; insistence on trying to do too much when in possession is another. In a team game these are fatal faults, and can undermine the fluidity of the game to a significant degree.

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# MOONDHARRIG'S DIARY

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**F**ROM bitter experience, I know the years have a bad habit of growing shorter and shorter as we grow older, but this year of 1968 seems to have shrunk in upon itself completely and, as I write, it is almost impossible to believe that we are already facing up to the first day of August and the All-Ireland semi-finals.

Time was, of course, when the All-Ireland senior semi-finals were not confined to Croke Park but did a regular circuit through the provinces. I have been at All-Ireland semi-finals in Tuam,

Birr, Roscrea, Mullingar, Ennis, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny and Cavan, and some of these games were truly unforgettable, and provided talking points for many a year in the various provincial towns in which they were played.

There was for instance the game between Cavan and Mayo at Cusack Park in Mullingar in 1937. That was a day of really delirious delight for Cavan followers. They travelled to Mullingar in anything but confident mood and with good reason. The

Cavanmen had come with a great run in the early 30s, beating Galway in the final of 1933 and Kildare in the final of 1935. But in the 1936 semi-final they had been very soundly beaten by Laois, who in turn had been wiped off the field by a brilliant Mayo fifteen in the All-Ireland final. Through the winter and spring the Mayomen had maintained that form as they swept through the league to retain that title, and they travelled to Mullingar the hottest of favourites not alone to beat Cavan but to go on

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and complete the league and championship double for the second successive year. And what a galaxy of footballing stars wore the green and red in those days — Henry Kenny, Patcheen Flannelly, Purty Kelly, Tom Burke in goal (I do not think I have seen greater) and my own particular favourite, the burly, broad-shouldered, bustling Paddy Moclair.

But though some of the Cavan stars were then approaching their Autumn years as far as football greatness was concerned, there was still a world of confidence behind them, and remember such as big Tom O'Reilly, his younger brother, John Joe, and Paddy Smith were then really only coming to their full flowering.

So when half-a-dozen of us packing into an old "baby" Ford — there were thousands of these uncomplicated vehicles on the Irish roads some thirty years ago — and high-tailed it down to Mullingar, it is no wonder we found the Midland town choc-a-bloc with football fans.

There were not many spare inches on the Cusack Park embankments that day, I can tell you, and in all truth I must admit that I was only able to see the ball when it was high in the air in the tremendously exciting closing stages.

The side-line spectators spilled onto the field more than once, and crowded the touchlines and beyond (which caused a considerable amount of *rí, rá* and *ruacháin* afterwards), but in the end Cavan were winners by a single point.

And I do not think I have ever seen such scenes of jubilation as followed. The Cavan supporters not only carried their players shoulder-high from the field, they carried them right out of the Park and through the streets of the town where, one presumed,

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# DIARMUID MAC MURROUGH AND THE CUP O' TAY

By LINDA COLLINS

IT is strange to think that if Diarmuid Mac Murrough hadn't gone on that famous, traitorous trip to England and sold the Ireland of his time "down the River", to the Normans, we'd never had experienced seven hundred years of attempted conquest—and probably we'd not now be a nation of tea-drinkers! All those "battles long ago" conferred doubtful benefits but there'll be few to argue that one real benefit was the growth of the national addiction to the cup o' tay.

And we can hold our heads up proudly as one of the few remaining spots on the globe where we know how to make proper tea, at least in the country districts. Drop in for a visit at any

farmhouse and the ritual will be the same: a minor ceremony is performed without anybody realising it. Fresh water is put to boil in the kettle, the teapot is put to heat, the caddy is fetched. When the pot boils, the teapot is given a hot rinse, then the tea is spooned in meticulously—one for every cup to be drunk and one for the pot—and the hot water poured on. Then the teapot is drawn to the side of the cooker and forgotten about, apparently, for five minutes. After that the tea is poured, and a cup like that is worth waiting for.

This is the classic method of making tea. Unfortunately, in city parts and other places where the pace of life is hectic, people just can't be bothered to follow the rules. They want a quick brew, they practically snatch it out of the pot, and tea made in this way is a lot less flavoursome and aromatic than it ought to be. In fact I'll commit a heresy and say I should like to see the widespread introduction of Instant Tea, not to mention tea bags, along most of the east coast of Ireland—where they have lost the art of making a good cuppa. It would improve standards. As they are now, they couldn't be worse.

You'll hear older people say that the tea you buy nowadays doesn't approach the stuff they bought in their youth for quality. Untrue. Admittedly you might be hard put to it to find tea selling at a pound per pound—my grandmother paid this for it without a qualm when she was rearing a large family on my grandfather's wages—and they weren't princely, since he was a cobbler. Nowadays, since world consumption of tea from both India and Ceylon has risen so rapidly, mass production has brought the price down and good tea is actually cheaper than it was in the old times. Again, Irish country people

have kept the tradition of being willing to pay a lot for their tea. In small towns and villages you'll still see the satisfying sight of the half-sized tea chests displayed in the windows of the grocers' shops and if you go in to buy it will be ladled out for you by the proprietor himself into an individual bag. Though as he hands you your change he's likely to comment that he'll be "getting out of the loose tea" shortly and buying it packaged! You can bet that he'll stock the most aristocratic brands of the day, nothing less than eight shillings a pound, because the customers will want it that way.

Actually—apart from a natural pang of regret at the passing of old customs — there is a good deal to be said in favour of the prepackaging of tea. For one thing you can be sure the flavour won't be contaminated. A supply of loose tea which has happened to rest beside a can of kerosene or a case of oranges for even twenty-four hours picks up the foreign flavour in a most nauseating way and is ruined for ever. It must be true of tea, since it is true of biscuits and sugar, that it stays in better condition when it's in an air-sealed pack. And competition among the tea firms means we can have our choice of bargain offers and "fourpence off" the quarter pound from time to time. The supermarkets use tea quite a lot as a loss leader—that is they're willing to drop money on it to get fresh customers into the shop—and when you see a sign saying "Two shilling tea only one-and-eight a quarter, this week's special offer" it is worth buying. In fact lots of people find once they've tried a good blend of tea like this they are not prepared to revert to the cheaper stuff they used before. I got hooked myself this way on a little-known Indian tea which never seems to

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## The Cup o' Tay

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be advertised or to hit the headlines. I pay two and a penny a quarter for it and drinking a cup is five bob's worth of pleasure, at least. Some of the retailers I spoke to told me they have been surprised at the way in which the public has proved willing to keep on paying more for tea in this way, once the first introduction has been made.

In the trade, cheap tea is known as "Dust" and was ever anything more aptly named? They say it has a real utility when made up in caterer's packs (maybe that explains why you never get a decent cup of tea on trains or boats or aeroplanes?) and that the name merely refers to the smallness of the leaf. Having occasionally had to drink a cup of pale mauve-coloured liquid with a thick coating of tea

fragments floating like grease on the top, I think "Dust" is the best word to describe it.

You might think, with free trade areas opening up and all that, Irish tea was just a question of bringing in the chests from abroad. But it's not like that. All the wholesalers employ tea tasters and they need to be as expert at their job as the wine-tasters of Burgundy. Their task is to see that no matter how the crops coming in may vary from season to season—and they can vary with changes in weather conditions and so on—the tea in the packets is blended to a consistent formula. They go through the ritual of making up samples in little pots, tasting them (no milk or sugar) then spitting them out. I couldn't discover what the conditions of entry to the trade are—but let's hope the tea tasters never go on strike. In Ireland we like dark, strong teas and this is what we get. There's

a notion that when you see little tips of gold in your packet of tea it means it is of good quality and flavoursome but I was told this doesn't follow. It's something that can happen more or less by accident when the tea is harvested but doesn't automatically mean it's any better than plain black tea.

Once you get into the realm of folklore, tea has as many legends surrounding it as any fermented liquor. You know, of course, how tea was first supposed to have come to Ireland? Washed up in chests after a shipwreck on the Blasket Islands. The Islanders didn't know what to make of the mysterious commodity. Some of them spread it on their bread, others tried smoking it in their pipes, till some enterprising person (a housewife, no doubt, with sense) thought of throwing it into boiling water and drinking the brown liquid which resulted. How the

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poor Irish peasantry managed to finance the purchase of expensive tea is a mystery till you remember that fortunately, we had our contacts with the French — the stuff was smuggled in regularly and it was a pleasure as well as a patriotic duty to drink tea which hadn't had an excise tax put on it. We took to it so well that nowadays we have the second-largest annual consumption of tea per head in the entire world. Only England beats us—and that by a narrow margin. Our population accounts for eight and a half pounds of tea per person per annum, including men and women and children. So put that in your pipe and smoke it. Or rather, remembering the Basket Islanders, don't—put it in the pot and brew it.

There are various tales told of how the drinking of tea was first begun and since it all happened a mere four thousand years ago you can pick your own favourite. I back the Chinese Emperor Shen-Nung as the discoverer of tea. The story goes that he was sitting in his garden one day waiting for a small pot of water to boil over a fire of twigs. Some leaves drifted down into the pot and turned the liquid a curious amber colour. Shen-Nung took a sip—and discovered the delights of tea. Well, if he wasn't the real discoverer, he deserved to be. Imagine a man of four and a half thousand years ago being clever enough to boil water before he drank it! His Mammy had him well trained.

Tibetans get their tea in "bricks" and the lady of the house, entertaining her guests, chips a few lumps off the brick into a pot of cold water and boils it for some hours till it is as black as tar. Salt or soda, according to choice, is thrown in for extra flavour, then the liquid is strained into another container. A good hunk of yak butter,

nicely rancid, is then stirred vigorously into the tea, which is poured into small bowls and drunk. If you think you have a fancy for too many cups yourself, you're nothing on the Tibetans—they average 30 cups each per day.

Up at the North Pole the Eskimos have their own version of Instant Tea. Put the kettle on, throw in the tea, boil for ten minutes, serve while it is still likely to burn the throat off you. If you wait for it to cool, you'll be drinking Iced Tea! The Mint Tea which the Arabs make—serving it in glasses with chopped mint leaves, sounds nice. And possibly the Russians make

a drinkable brew in those samovars—though I would not like a spoonful of jam in my cuppa, as they sometimes serve it.

Everyone to his own taste, and our Irish reliance on milk and sugar in the tea does us no harm. The thing to remember is, use freshly boiled water, heat the pot first, allow a spoonful per person and one for the pot, then leave it alone for five to six minutes before you drink it. They say a China pot is nicest of all to drink from and I agree. Apart from anything else, you can keep the inside of a china pot nice and clean. Just leave the yak butter for the kids to experiment with!

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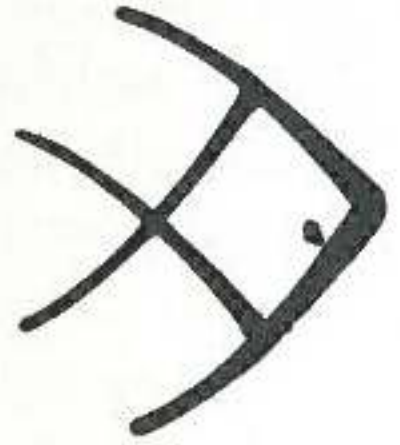
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### **ALL IRELAND FOOTBALL SEMI-FINALS** **Pairc An Chrocaigh**

4 August

SENIOR AND MINOR

**MUMHA v. LAIGHIN**

18 August

SENIOR AND MINOR

**CONNACHTA v. ULAIDH**

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the team had togged out before the match.

Indeed I have often wondered since if, by any chance, one of the Cavan players had togged out in Cusack Park itself, what he would have done when he wanted to get back into his clothes? Would he have sent somebody back for them, or would he have got the enthusiasts to carry him all the way back again?

Anyway that was the greatest day I ever remember at an All-Ireland semi-final at a provincial venue, and another thing that has often exercised my imagination since is this: what time did the last of those football followers leave Mullingar on that August evening? Because I know that the shades of the summer night had long fallen when we set out on the road to Dublin, and yet the town still seemed to be full to over-flowing with Cavan and Mayo supporters still endlessly debating the many exciting facets of the controversial game gone by.

And the most exciting hurling semi-final I ever saw on a provincial ground was the famed semi-final clash at Birr in 1947 between Galway and Kilkenny. That was another magnet for the fans.

Kilkenny had shown great scoring power when sweeping past Dublin in the last quarter of the Leinster final at Portlaoise. But Galway's last competitive appearance had been even more impressive for, on Easter Sunday, they had convincingly beaten the pick of Munster in the belated Railway Cup final at Croke Park.

That summer of 1947 was, for the most part, dry and very warm, but through the night before that Birr game torrential rain fell. However, the Sunday was dry, and about an hour or more before the big game a



*The late Tom Burke of Mayo, considered by many as the greatest goalkeeper Gaelic football has known.*

blazing sun began to beat down.

I drove down to Birr that day from Dublin, and, though I thought I was reasonably early, I had to leave my car what seemed to me to be miles outside the town. When myself and my three friends got to the field, we had quite a battle before we could get in at all. Indeed I well remember Seán O Síochain, who had then been recently appointed Assistant Secretary to the Central Council, having his shirt almost torn from his back in striving to control the crowds.

And yet, when we got out on

the banking, there seemed a fair amount of room, though one thing I will always remember was the way the steam came up from the new bank on which we stood under the full power of the sun. And what tremendous hurling we saw when the game did get under way. Hurling with a dash and confidence that their efforts had all too often lacked. Galway matched and more than matched the Kilkennymen. Nor, as the second-half wore on, was there any sign of the Galwegians effort petering out. In fact, as the game went into the closing minutes, with Galway a point or two ahead, the Connacht representatives were well on top, and missed a couple of easy chances of clinching victory.

Then suddenly, as the game went into "lost" time Kilkenny struck back. All at once, it seemed, they had cut the arrears to a single point. From the puck-out back they came to send the equaliser sailing over the bar.

And still play went on. Once again Kilkenny tore back and yet again the sliothar went sailing between the Galway posts, to give the Noremen the lead. The long whistle came just afterwards and Kilkenny had achieved one of their hardest earned victories, and one of their luckiest!

There was an amusing sequel. We had decided beforehand to go straight from the game to the car and dash away. The eldest of our party left when actual time was up, with Galway leading by a point, or maybe two. The second left when Kilkenny equalised. The third, who stayed on with me to the end, and spent the whole journey back to Dublin telling the other two that, although he did not go to many hurling matches, at least by staying on to the end he knew who won, even if some of his friends, who were also at the same game, did not.

The record  
of hits  
and misses

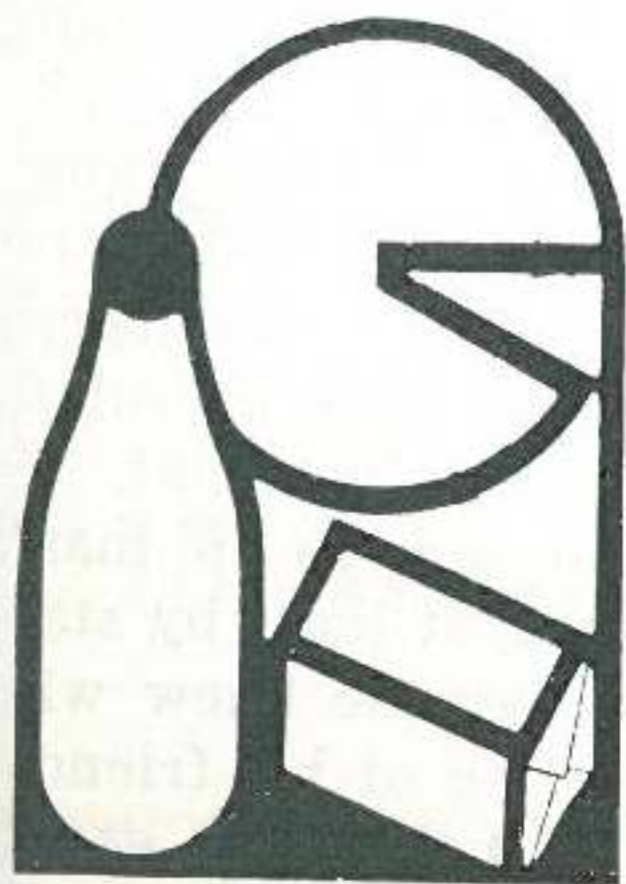
# PENALTIES

By OWEN McCANN

**AFTER THE GAME . . .**

**have a rewarding  
refreshing pint of milk**

**MILK MAKES THE SPORTSMAN**



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**T**HAT penalty kick that the Roscommon goalkeeper, Pat Reynolds, saved in the Connacht semi-final with Galway, and a spot kick that Pat McMahon crashed to the net that same June day in Clare's unsuccessful Munster semi-final with Cork, set me thinking about penalty kicks in general, and some in particular down through the years.

First of all, let's take a general look at the scene. I first started keeping records of penalty kicks awarded at the start of the 1957 campaign, and from then, up to the time of going to press, 263 spot kicks were awarded in inter-county games, competitive and challenge, and in Railway Cup ties, and the now defunct Ireland-Universities matches.

The scoring rate shows forwards up in favourable enough light. 146 goals came from those penalties, and 17 yielded points, leaving exactly 100 kicks that failed to produce a single score between them. This means that scores, goals or points, came from 163 penalties in all, as against 100 that did not result in any dividend.

The peak year for penalties was in 1958, when no fewer than 37 were awarded. Of these, 23 were sent to the net, and one of the remaining 14 produced a point.

During the past eleven and a half years there was a total of 23 games in each of which two



penalties were awarded. In 11, the kickers had 100 per cent success by scoring two goals. In three we had one goal, and a point scored, in eight one goal a match, and in only one match was a complete blank drawn from both penalties.

Wembley Stadium has proven a fairly happy "hunting ground" as far as the award of penalty kicks is concerned, but not so successful a setting for the conversion of such awards. From the introduction of these annual games in 1958 up to and including the Mayo-Meath clash last Whitsun, six spot kicks were signalled by referees, and the score is three flags: two green and one white.

What was the outstanding penalty kick of the 1960's? Three stand out in my mind, and all were awarded to Down. The first was against Offaly in the drawn All-Ireland semi-final of 1960, the next in that year's All-Ireland final with Kerry, and the third in the 1961-62 National League decider with Dublin.

Paddy Doherty converted those against Offaly and Kerry. The other was as dramatic a kick as we have had. Time was almost up, and Down were trailing by two points as Sean O'Neill faced up to the unnerving task of taking the spot kick before a crowd of 56,515 for a League final proper. He made no mistake, sending the ball to the net to give Down their second title.

Drama, delight, heart-break, cool nerve, brilliant shooting . . . we had all in those pulsating memorable closing seconds that day, yet, for all that, I still put Doherty's penalty against Offaly on top of my list.

Remember, unlike in 1962, Down were only "coming" in the 1960 championship. They lost to Galway in their first All-Ireland semi-final in 1959, and, with a first League title to their credit in the early part of 1960, they

were fancied to at least go one step further when they lined-out against Offaly, who were appearing in their first semi-final.

But when Doherty faced up to that kick the chips were really down for the Mourne County. They were then trailing 2-6 to 0-9 . . . and only eight minutes remained to play.

So, that was a particularly acid test of nerve. Paddy Doherty came through with colours flying

by deftly sending a left-footed drive home. Down, of course, went on to win the replay, and their first All-Ireland championship.

Why do I think that kick had the edge over the one O'Neill converted in equally nerve-tingling and super-charged atmosphere in the concluding seconds of the 1962 League final? After all, facing up to a penalty kick in the

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## ANNA CROTTY OF CORK

WITH Cork steadily making their way back into the camogie limelight—it is very hard to believe that the southern county has not won an All-Ireland for more than twenty-five years and has not appeared in an All-Ireland final since 1956—we will, I feel, be hearing a great deal more in the immediate future of one of the greatest camogie players the South has seen, and one of the cleverest forwards ever to grace the game, Anna Crotty of the Glen Rovers.

She has set up what must be a record for any county by the number of county championship titles she has won with Glen Rovers. She has also won more than one Munster club championship with the famed Cork City side.

In addition she has won half a dozen Munster titles with Cork and has played without success in two All-Ireland finals, against

Dublin in 1955 and against Antrim in 1956.

But luck was not on the side of the Cork girls on either occasion.

Anna Crotty has, however, had the consolation of winning interprovincial honours with the Munster Gael-Linn Cup side.

This year she could well be poised for two All-Ireland medals. With Dublin gone, the O'Duffy Cup is more open than had been expected earlier, and though the Antrim champions will take beating, Cork, having defeated Tipperary, so often their bogey team in recent years will be favourites to come out of Munster and will also be favourites, through Glen Rovers, to take the Munster club championship yet again.

And if Cork and the Glen advance, you can be sure that one of the chief architects of victory will be the cool, polished

and very experienced Anna Crotty, one of the great camogie ball-players of our time.

From Cobh, although I think she was actually born in the United States, Anna Crotty first came to prominence with Cork as a great winger, and it is a token of the ability she possesses to strike equally well left-hand or right, that in two successive All-Ireland finals she played first on the left wing, and then on the right.

In more recent times she has moved into the attack and has proved herself a forward whose accuracy in scoring returns and anticipation have spread panic in many an opposing defence.

An All-Ireland medal would be the crowning glory of a distinguished career of great service to the game. Her turn may now have come. This may well be Cork's year, and if so, it will surely be Anna Crotty's year too.

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## COLLEGE PLAYERS MAKE MARK

IF THOSE, who finally prevailed on Congress to set up an All-Ireland Colleges championship, needed any justification for that step, it was provided in that sensational game towards the end of June when Kilkenny beat Dublin in the semi-final of the Leinster senior championship.

Since then a lot of people have been asking how did Kilkenny finally succeed in ending Dublin's 32 year long run. The answer to that is quite simple. Fundamentally this victory was won on the Leinster Colleges' fields where, after all, Mercy Convent, Callan, won the senior title three times in five years, while Presentation Convent, Kilkenny, have appeared in the last three junior finals of the province.

Indeed, at least half this Kilkenny side played either for Callan or for Presentation, Kilkenny before advancing to the senior inter-county grade.

I have said here more than once that the great improvement shown by provincial teams in the Leinster Colleges series was bound to be reflected on the inter-county fields sooner or later but what happened was that the change came rather sooner than I had originally expected.

On the other hand, one may well ask what has happened Dublin, where the Colleges competitions are naturally better organised and more numerous than in any other Leinster county.


Well, oddly enough, not many of the stars of recent years in the Dublin Colleges competitions have been making their mark in the senior grade. Orla ní Síocháin is the only star from Colleges'

ranks who has made the All-Ireland side in recent years, the others seem either to have lost interest, or did not make the grade, though admittedly some of the most promising of those young Colleges' players went into the religious life. But one also wonders if the rule introduced in Dublin some years ago prohibiting Colleges' players during their school years from playing

with club sides can have had any effect in some players at least losing interest? The rule was a wise one, in that it saved young players having to play too many matches at a busy period in the year scholastically, but it may well have led to a considerable diminution of interest in the game in certain cases.


Any way the defeat of Dublin

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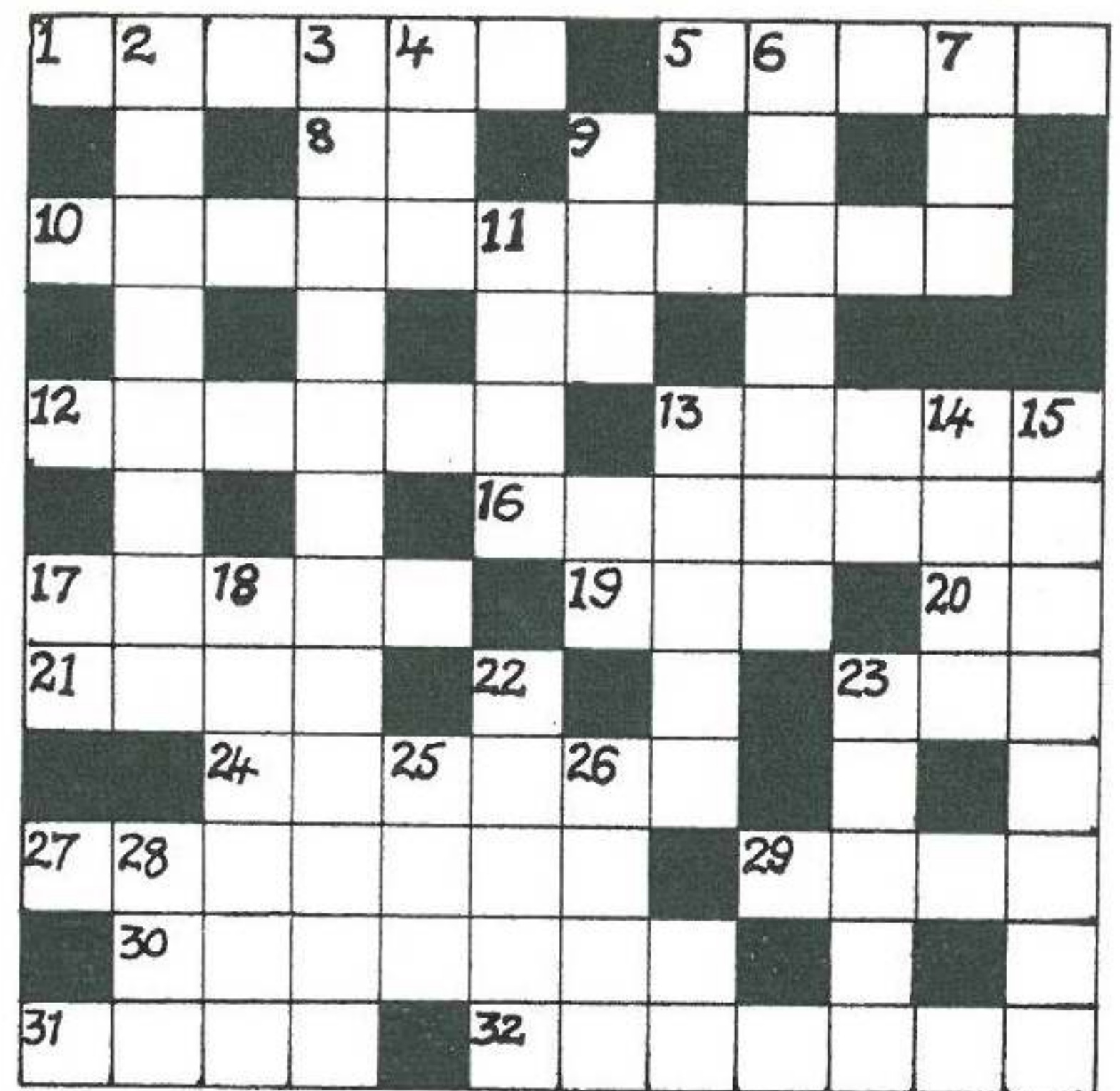
No. 35 ————— By PERMUTER

## ACROSS :

- 1—Tipperary goalkeeper of a few years ago (6).  
 5—Brothers who figured in Kerry attack in recent times (5).  
 8—Has Kilkenny an All-Ireland to its credit in senior football? (2).  
 10—Peter was captain of Kilkenny and a sound defender (11).  
 12—Complete and scientific emptiness (6).  
 13—Ebullient left-half back with Meath more than a decade ago (1, 4).  
 16—Tar Eric for his shooting is very wild (7).  
 17—Kilkenny County Secretary who enjoys supernatural help, apparently (5).  
 19—Father of Jim Brosnan, in his own right a Kerry star (3).  
 20—Prominent sociologist (former Limerick hurler) whose name has been suggested for the carrying out of various surveys in the G.A.A. Initials (1, 1).  
 21—Tree suggests Clare forward (4).  
 23—On Secret Service, but going in the wrong direction (1, 1, 1).  
 24—Galway centre-back in much of their glamour days (1, 5).  
 27—A quick change in direction while moving at speed—vital equipment for a forward (1, 6).  
 29—Irish football (4).  
 30—O tennis creates atmosphere of excitement (7).  
 31—A little certainty (4).  
 32—Ex-full-back for Kerry in a family of devoted G.A.A. men (1, 6).

## DOWN :

- 2—Family which served Mayo well in the 'forties (8).  
 3—Small weight surrounded by Ann and Ment makes a message public (12).



- 4—J. P. O'Callaghan was usually known as . . . ? (3).  
 6—John Joe was a Kerry centre-forward and Colum a Cork full-forward (7).  
 7—Den terminates (3).  
 9—Postponement, perhaps. Certainly, not on (3).  
 11—The venue is our own ground (4).  
 13—Common bird who caws, makes the most of prominent G.A.A. official and referee of the early part of the century (5).  
 14—More than one scoreless team could make a famous Cork club of the early part of the century (4).  
 15—Full-forward for Kerry in the 1967 Munster final (1, 7).  
 17—The centre of the gap is cleared (2).  
 18—Give a reply please 'n swear it is (6).  
 22—Pioneer of the Association; team for his native area bears his name, and are their county's champions (5).  
 23—A Galway hurling Gallagher—not Josie (5).  
 25—Res. in great confusion (3).  
 26—Does in spite of an upset centre (4).  
 28—A broken set (3). **SOLUTION: PAGE 52.**



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● FROM PAGE 39

final seconds of a major final, and a spot kick that can mean the difference between victory and defeat, is a tremendous challenge to any player at any time. True, but in 1960 the Down players were not "steeled" in the white-heat of the big-time, whereas by the time the 1962 League decider came around, the Ulster team had matured into a slick-moving, confident, self-assured and experienced outfit. On this yardstick, then, it seems to me that Doherty was still presented with the more exciting test in that 1960 game.

Then, while a goal from a penalty in a first All-Ireland final appearance to put the kicker's team ahead by two clear goals well into the second half is a noteworthy achievement, I still don't think that spot kick had the same decisive influence on that game, as the Ballykinlar man's well-taken one against Offaly.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Offaly had a penalty kick awarded against them in each of their three Leinster games that year, as well as in the draw with Down. Carlow's Ned Hogan blazed wide in the first; Dublin's Kevin Heffernan hit a point in the semi-final, and Kevin Behan (Louth) goaled in the Leinster final.

As for Paddy Doherty, he has scored seven penalty goals in the 1960's so far, kicked another brace wide, and had his remaining two kicks from the spot saved by the goalkeepers.

On remembers other penalties . . . like the day Wicklow goalkeeper Andy Phillips goaled from the spot in an O'Byrne Cup game with Kilkenny at Ashford in March, 1963, and that surprisingly professional approach by Denis Coughlan when converting, with a minimum of delay and fuss, that kick in Cork's 1967 All-Ireland semi-final win over Cavan.

Then, there was probably the most talked about one of all. The game was the Galway-Downeal 1967 National League semi-final at Croke Park; the kick was

awarded to Donegal. But, the end product resulted in a free out for Galway. This, of course, ranks as one of the 100 penalty kicks that failed to yield a score.



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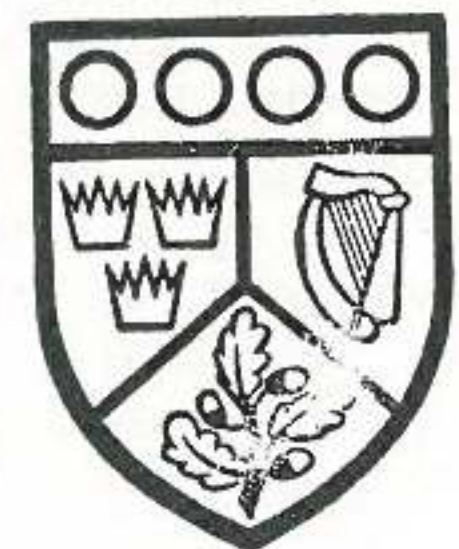
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# Society of the Holy Child Jesus

**Brief History:** Founded in 1846 by a young American convert, Cornelia Connelly, who was invited by Cardinal Wiseman to provide an education suited to the children of English converts of the 'second spring'. She established boarding and poor schools, orphanages and a training college at St. Leonards-on-Sea. Eventual success followed and foundations were made throughout England, in France and America during her lifetime. Following her death there have also been foundations in Ireland, West Africa and South America.

**Purpose:** The Society is an apostolic institute which seeks the spread of God's kingdom by combining contemplation with apostolic love. Its principal work lies in the field of education and training, in schools and colleges of all types, from primary to university level, at home and on the mission fields.

**Religious Exercises:** Daily Mass; Lauds, Vespers and Compline in choir; mental prayer; spiritual reading, retreats.

**Details of Novitiate:** A postulancy of 6-9 months is followed by a novitiate of 2 years, temporary vows of 5 years, including 2 years spent in the scholasticate. The first year of the novitiate is devoted exclusively to spiritual formation and throughout the novitiate and scholasticate emphasis is laid on a full programme of sacred studies. Subsequent professional training is given to all, according to their aptitude.

**Qualifications for Entry:** Age range 18-30, but older applicants considered on their merits. An open, well-balanced character; good health; an interest in education as the means of bringing souls to God.

**Description of Habit:** Original habit (see illustration) will shortly be replaced by a more contemporary one. Experiments are at present being tried.

**For further information please write to:** Rev. Mother Provincial, Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, Mayfield, Sussex, or to The Mother Superior, 70 Harcourt Street, Dublin.



# Congregation of the Sisters of the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ (Resurrection Sisters)

**Brief History:** Founded in Rome, 1891, by mother and daughter, Celine Choudzinska-Borzecka and Hedwig Borzecka. They organised schools, parish and other apostolic activities, which are now conducted in Italy, Poland, United States, Canada, England, Australia and Argentina, with 6 novitiates. The primary apostolate, education, embraces pre-school children through to young women. The Sisters operate hospitals, nursing homes, care for the aged and do social work.

**Purpose:** The personal sanctification according to the Pauline doctrine of death to self and co-resurrection with Christ, culminating in the apostle's ideal: 'I live, now not I, but Christ lives in me,' and the spirit of the kingdom of Christ in the spirit of St. Paul's doctrine of the Mystical Body. The Congregation undertakes every apostolate, following the directives of the Church.

**Religious Exercises:** Brief morning and evening prayers; meditation; Mass; communion; noon examen, rosary; spiritual reading.

**Details of Novitiate:** During postulancy and 1 year novitiate the meaning and excellence of the religious vocation in the spirit of the resurrection is studied.

**Qualifications:** 14-35. In exceptional cases widows and older single women may be accepted. Pure intention is most important. Spiritual and moral stamina; intelligence and physical health are needed for a dedicated life.

**Description of Habit:** Black, simply pleated front and back; 'V' shaped collar with simple white wimple; black veil, falling a little below the waistline; silver crosslet with monograms on one side and the motto on the other, suspended from the point of the collar.

**For further information please write to:** Sister Mistress, Sisters of the Resurrection, Clairmount, Coworth Park, Sunningdale, Berks., England.



# Famous Colleges' mentor talks about the G.A.A.

FR. JOHN TREANOR  
OF ST. COLMAN'S  
COLLEGE, NEWRY,  
INTERVIEWED BY  
DAN McAREAVY  
OF 'GAELIC SPORT'

**M**Y original interest in the G.A.A. was nurtured in St. Colman's College, Newry, and by no one more so than a young priest who had just returned to the teaching staff of his Alma Mater.

That was a long time ago—just on a quarter of a century, in fact—but to-day Rev. Fr. John Treanor is still “not out”—if I may be pardoned for a rather loose intrusion into another sport—in his zealous work of propagating the Association's gospel.

In a recent conversation with Fr. Treanor—he has seen the College team win every possible prize open to them—I discovered that the years had in no way lessened his early enthusiasm—there was still the same urge, the same desire to see the G.A.A. flourish, the same unshakeable faith in its importance to the Irish nation.

Perhaps the following “question and answer” session will reveal something of this remarkable man's attitude, coupled with a glance at some of his hopes for further development.

**Q.—Your name, and that of St. Colman's are inseparably linked as representing a great powerhouse for the G.A.A., particularly in counties Down and Armagh. What feature of your work with the College teams has given you most satisfaction?**

**A.—**The training of so many boys in the various facets of a good manly game which has helped them, I hope, to be better equipped for the tough game of

life, has given obvious satisfaction with the actual winning of all the possible trophies a great all-round encouragement in this effort.

Gaelic football—the greatest of all present codes—is the ideal game for Irish boys; the game itself coupled with the whole background of the Association presents the perfect vehicle for ideal training in the broadest and best sense of the word.

Centred on Ireland—the whole of Ireland with Dublin and Croke Park the great central magnet—the Association makes boys aware of having their roots in their own country, thus removing the temptation to look to England as the bigger place—the place to go.

Without the Association the tendency would be to regard ourselves as part of another country without any real roots in our own.

Yes! I would say the awakening of a consciousness and pride in their own country—as a 32-county entity—through the G.A.A. has pleased me most with the actual winning of matches a secondary but very important consideration in this work.

**Q.—Would you like to nominate an all-star college team from the players of the past 10, 15 or 20 years?**

**A.—**This is a most intriguing proposition and is clearly a task for the long winter nights when consideration could be given to the hundreds of players who have represented the College during

this very successful 20-year period. Many of them have become household names throughout the land thanks mainly to the exploits of Down in the All-Ireland series and the Ulster team in the Railway Cup competitions.

But even given sufficient time it would seem well nigh impossible to name the “best fifteen.”

The temptation is to think of the McRory Cup winning sides but what about the great players who never won a senior medal? And how does one place the outstanding all-rounders?—Dr. Martin Walsh (Down) immediately comes to mind.

One outstanding feature of College teams over the years has been the seemingly endless supply of great goalkeepers from Armagh with C. Lewis (Carrickcruppin) admirably carrying on the tradition.

However, I would like to accept your challenge and if you ask me later I will certainly attempt to name “an all-star team” from the 1948-1968 period.

At this stage I can only say with the late Dr. Lennox Robinson when he was asked to name outstanding Abbey Theatre players: “Great names sail down the years. I cannot remember accurately the galaxy. Mine eyes dazzle.”

**Q.—Training plays an important part in the preparation of the College team. Would you like to give your formula for success and how do you feel can**

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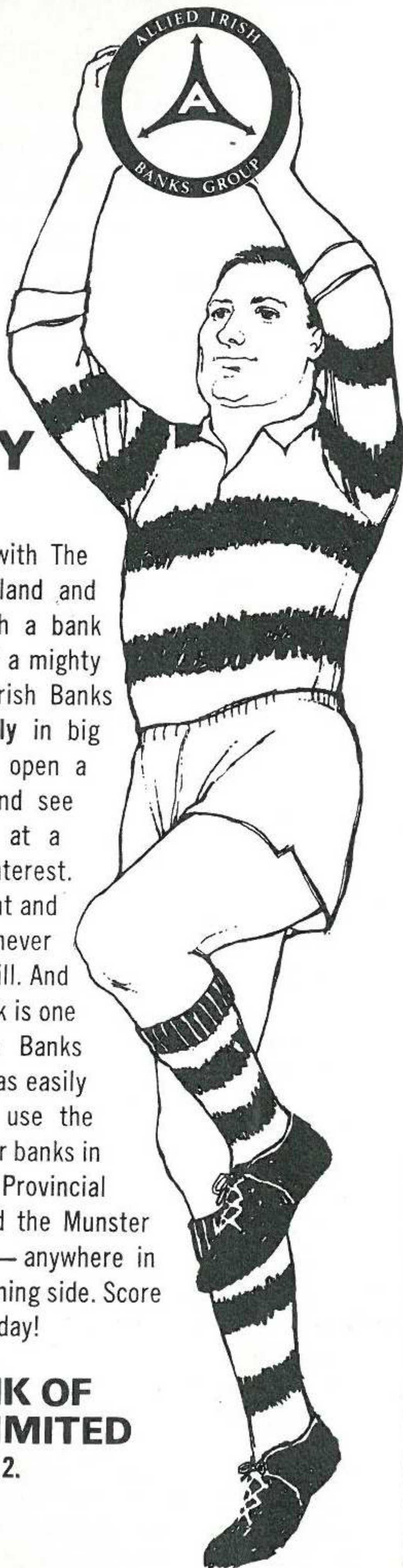
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clubs generally best achieve "college" conditions in their camps?

A.—As you say, training plays an important part in the preparation of teams with the work requiring a great deal of dedication and patience on the part of the coach who must aim at creating team spirit, with the whole emphasis on training for victory through the will to win.

The coach must aim to bring the club to the highest level by improving the general lot.

He must be a strong man with an interest in each individual and if the club has had the confidence to appoint him it is necessary to give him complete authority.

An agreed plan should be hammered out after all individual views have been examined but it is vitally important that everyone should then carry out his plan.

Absence from training is fatal and the laggard should be allowed to go, however great his ability, but the sessions must be made as attractive as possible.

The coach should be the chief selector, with absolute responsibility for team management and placing of the side.

After team spirit has been engendered I would say it is a three-way split then between physical fitness, individual skills and team skills.

The game is nearly always won by the more physically fit side. Skill is most desirable but does not give a certain guarantee of victory. A well-trained team, strong in stamina, can nearly always overcome a team strong in skill but weak in will.

Physically strong teams overcome the natural fears of injury most players feel.

The physically fit player will, as they say, "enter where angels fear to tread."

Outsiders, generally speaking, command respect more readily as coaches than a club member.

This is particularly true if he has a good football background.

Q.—On a more general plane, what, in your opinion, has the G.A.A. meant to the country? In what direction should future policy lie? What changes do you visualise for the centenary celebrations in 1984?

A.—The G.A.A.'s contribution to the country is incalculable; it has held the nation intact more than any other movement; it has demonstrated to members its 32-county outlook by the provincial and county competitions; it has inculcated in the young, especially in Colleges' football, a generosity of appreciation for rivals, not unlike the codes of conduct of the Fianna.

The great unifying force of the Association must lift the country further by strengthening the spirit of nationality based on the admirable foundation of Dublin being the national capital.

But the Association should be more progressive and permeate every aspect of national life.

Would it not be possible to found semi-charitable organisations, say, in house-building and the native crafts to encourage the youth of Ireland to remain at home.

Admittedly advances have been made in the matter of club grounds and premises but we could be a great deal more progressive still.

Ireland is a nation to be proud of and if self-respect in many cases has faded it is the Association's duty to restore it in full measure.

The pop music craze, for example, indicates a lack of roots, a loss of pride in ourselves.

Emigration is the great challenge and here the Association must paint on a wider canvas than hitherto. Gael Linn did not stop at the language but entered other fields in their national effort. The G.A.A. could act similarly.

The "Irish water-marked paper" rule, to cite but one example, is admirable in spirit but negative in effect. We must follow up a plan to promote the goods. A more positive approach is needed all round.

Q.—The drift from the land presents two major problems for the Association; the survival of rural clubs and the place of the population of the future—Craigavon is a noted example. How do you think these challenges should be met?

A.—As rural clubs have been the chief factor in keeping their county—and the country—alive they merit special consideration in face of the many problems now confronting them in the changing pattern of population.

The Association must give every help to the rural club by way of grants for the provision and improvement of grounds and premises so that the traditional focal point of the parish or district may be maintained.

The membership of these clubs would be kept at a reasonable level by encouraging players leaving an area to continue playing for their "home" club. I am afraid a dog in the manger attitude has prevailed in the past on this particular question.

The involvement of the young is a natural requisite for success and in this the attitude of Pearse—"we don't condemn foreign games, we play Irish ones"—could well be useful in enlisting general support.

The playing of games is essential, even on a friendly basis without trophies. If the boys play the game it is certain to win support from them.

Social clubs are coming more into vogue, but if these remain purely "social clubs" in their popular meaning it is doubtful if they are a progressive development.

Q.—It has been said that the

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Association is crippled with a multiplicity of rules. Are there any changes which you would like to see either in the general rules or in the playing rules?

A.—The game at present is too easily won by frees and it seems unjust that pulling down and the technical touching of the ball on the ground should be dealt with similarly.

A committee of active referees should be set up to examine the playing rules to determine what rules should be changed or abolished.

Some rules are impossible to apply, e.g. obstruction or carrying and the pick-up should be enforced or played a la Australians.

Referees must shoulder a lot of the responsibility by not refereeing according to the rules. All infringements should be penalised. It is not the referee's job to keep the play flowing if the players are unable to do so within the rules.

Such, too, is the variation in interpretation that coaches often gear the preparation of their teams according to the style of the official in charge.

The Rules Revision Committee set up in 1964 merely altered the order and wording of the rules because it was too limited in its terms of reference.

A complete re-write of the rules without reference to the present Official Guide is called for and I believe Congress would welcome such a move. The section dealing with appeals and objections could certainly be clarified to great advantage.

Thirteen-a-side would do away

with an over-crowded playing field and would encourage players to more skilful use of the ball.

Q.—It is generally agreed that communication within the Association could be improved from Central Council to grass-roots level. How do you think could this be most successfully achieved?

A.—Clubs could make a tremendous contribution towards filling this void by organising the sale of magazines and papers devoted exclusively to Gaelic games. "Gaelic Sport", "Our Games Annual", "The Gaelic Weekly News", and "The Cuchulainn Annual" immediately spring to mind.

Club and county magazines have a definite role with even the simple news sheet capable of creating much interest for members.

The national press seems to give less coverage than the numbers playing the game would warrant. Last year a national daily gave a back page splash with photographs, to an under-14 school rugby match in Dublin. This was in marked contrast to the coverage of senior Colleges Gaelic football activity.

The provincial press is generally sympathetic, if copy is submitted, but interest would be greatly heightened if games were covered by their own reporters.

R.T.E. seems to have little thought for G.A.A. followers. Last year—1967—the Authority was persuaded to tele-record the All-Ireland Colleges senior football final but afterwards only a short clip of the match was shown in a children's programme

at a time unsuitable for adults. Nor could the film be made available afterwards to either school.

Q.—You have always shown a keen interest in referees and refereeing; in fact, in the past you have advocated the introduction of professionalism in this particular field. What are your current feelings on this question? In other words, how can the Association produce the best referees and at the same time give to these officials the status to which they are entitled?

A.—My views on refereeing remain unaltered and I still regard it as the problem which overshadows all others.

Some of the main points which strike me about the question are as follows:—

1. Gaelic football has the best of all the skills but seems to be cramped with a series of rules which are interpreted in the greatest possible variety of ways.
2. The referee has 30 players to control which adds to his difficulties by comparison with other codes.
3. There is the vicious circle of a low standard of refereeing being maintained because it is so difficult to persuade suitable men to accept the job and therefore the legislators must take whatever referee they can get.
4. Courses have been tried in many counties but the attendance by referees has invariably been poor.
5. What standard has the referee to go on? He can't follow what he sees in Croke Park, where the standard varies unbelievably from one match to

**BECKERS TEA**  
*the best drink*

the next. He can't follow the Official Guide because if he did both sides would be dumbfounded and the game would probably grind to a halt.

6. Perhaps some of the rules should be changed. It seems ridiculous to have rules and not follow them. It is left to the referee to pick and choose; one man is strict on the pick-up, another on overholding and what about obstruction?
7. They whistle in divers tones and the individual referee is not to blame. The G.A.A. is responsible for not providing the solution from the top.
8. Automatic suspension continues to weigh heavily against efficient refereeing and it is to be hoped that Congress next year will act on this question. Even the penalty box, as in ice hockey, would help the referee to deal with the petty offender who goes unpunished at the moment.
9. As I see it, the appointment of a select group of eight referees to officiate at all the

big matches seems the quickest way to a solution to this problem which has been with us far too long.

These men would have to attend regular courses throughout the year and such a concentrated programme would go a long way towards a uniformity of interpretation.

Obviously, such a group would need to be professionals and to me the professional referee no more conflicts with the amateur status of the Association than does the payment of groundsmen and officials.

**Q.—The position of hurling, handball and the language cannot be deemed satisfactory. What would be your crash programme for speedier revivals to these key factors in the Association's charter?**

A.—The schools and colleges have natural advantages in the preservation of handball but, unfortunately, the All-Ireland schools' championship practically coincides with the concluding stages of the handball competition and if you have an

interest in both, the best handballers can be deprived of a chance of winning, as happened in the case of St. Colman's. A revision of dates is necessary to give handball a proper chance at this level.

The difficulty with hurling lies in its skill. Expert coaches must be available to teach the arts of the most skilful game in the world.

If referees are important in football they are doubly so in hurling and unless the standard of refereeing improves out of all knowing, parents will be reluctant to allow their children to take up the game.

The great danger to the language lies in a lip-service approach with laziness or a lack of really positive action impeding progress.

Magazines and classes are most important while social gatherings in Irish can be very successful as the large number of people who have at least some knowledge of the language must be catered for in a realistic and practical manner.

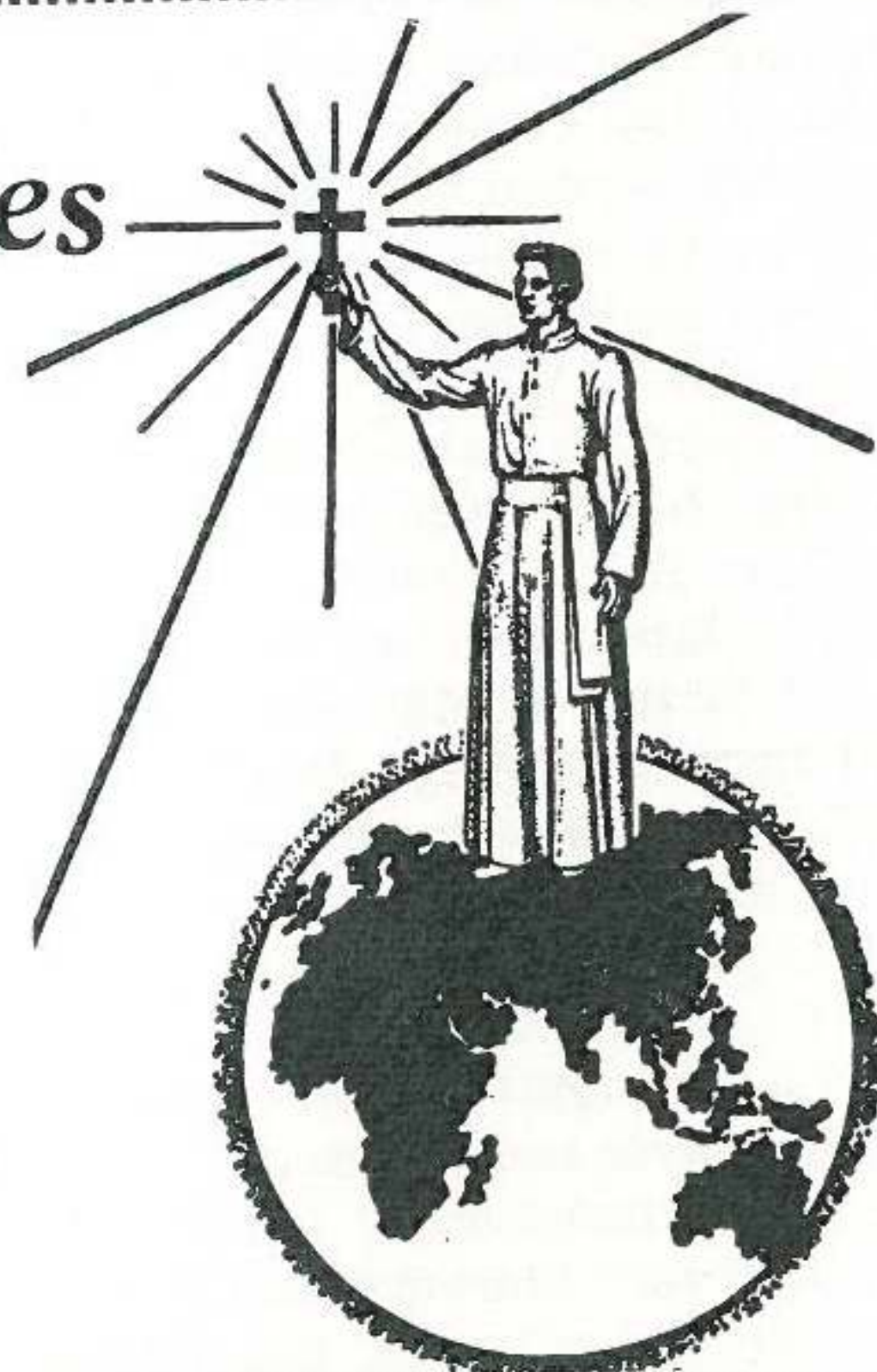
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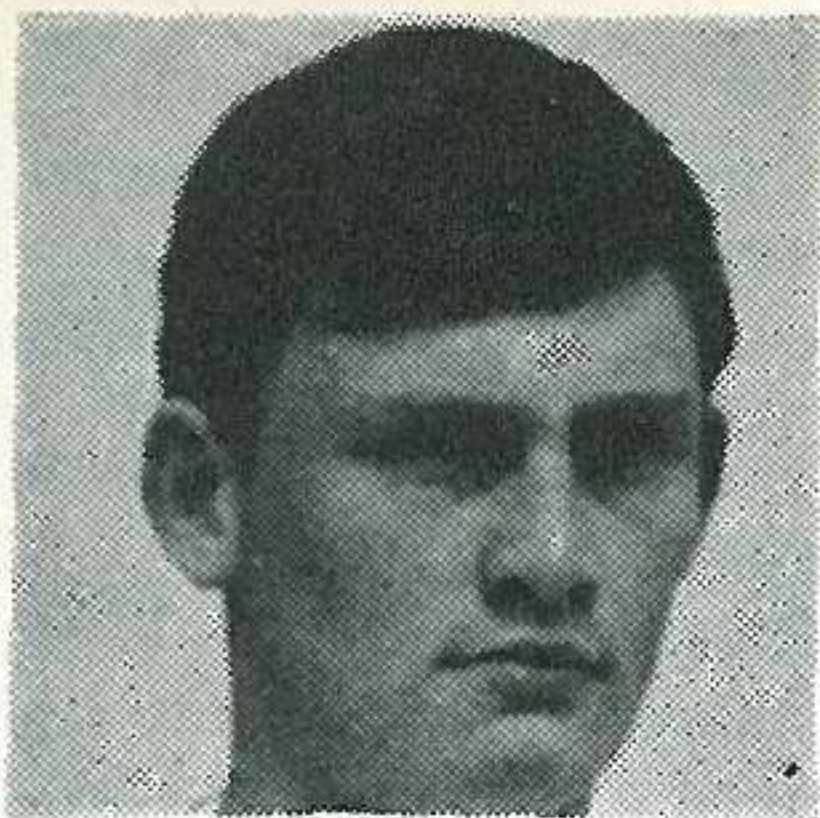
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# JIMMY DUGGAN

Interviewed by SEAN RICE

**N**O ONE doubted the promise Jimmy Duggan had shown as a minor. His clever distribution of the ball, his fielding and his speed were features which clearly had him branded for a future of distinction.

But his promotion to the senior team for the Connacht championship final in 1966 caused many tongues to wag in Galway. He was too young, they said, too immature to carry on his tender shoulders with any degree of success the midfield responsibilities for Galway.

But Galway's wily mentors knew. They knew that a star would be born that July day in Castlebar. And to-day, at the age of 20, the Gort bank official has an All-Ireland medal tucked away—and a hope of many more to come.

I talked to twenty-year-old Jimmy — whose father, Joe, played for Galway in 1940, '41 and '42 — and the following is the trend of the conversation:

*Question—How long have you been playing football?*

*Answer—*I started as a child going to Claremorris national school. But I didn't really become interested in it until I went to the HOME of football—St. Jarlath's College. It was there I learned the fundamentals of the game.

*Q.—What clubs have you played for?*

*A.—*As my parents live in Claremorris and I myself lived in it for sixteen years, I naturally played for Claremorris. I won two county juvenile, two county minor and two county senior

championship medals with them. I now play with Corofin in Galway, where I was born, but we are not having any great success.

*Q.—When did you first play for the Galway senior team?*

*A.—*My first senior game for them was in the Connacht final in 1966, against Mayo. I had just left school when I was picked at left-corner forward. It was a big surprise because I was training with the team for only two nights. We won the Connacht final and went on to win the All-Ireland title. I might say that I was very lucky to win that All-Ireland medal because I had never played County senior football until that Connacht final and I had to play only three games to win the All-Ireland medal.

*Q.—You are adept at kicking with both feet. Is this something that needs constant practice and how important is it to be able to do this?*

*A.—*I feel very strongly about this. Every footballer should be able to kick with both feet. It is only in a tight corner that one realises how important this is. I believe one should also be able to pass accurately with both feet. It needs practice at the beginning, but if a player is able at all to use his weak foot he will have to turn to it often enough during a game and by doing this he will get plenty of practice. I started using my left when I sustained a pulled muscle in my right and eventually developed it so well that I can kick better with it now than with my right.

*Q.—Did you base your style on any particular footballer, or had*

*you any idol in football when you were young?*

*A.—*While in St. Jarlath's I



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played as a forward and based my style on Sean Purcell. He put every ball to good use and I thought then if I could co-ordinate Sean's football brain with Seamus Leydon's speed I would make a good player. But as a midfielder, looking back on it, I think Kerry's Mick O'Connell had a beautiful catch and kick and I believe he had everything a good footballer needs.

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*Q.—Galway clearly have shown difficulty in getting back to the top. Do you think the present team can come back?*

*A.—I would say Galway have never left the top. Look back and see for yourself how many teams have beaten them.*

*Q.—Was it a good idea to recall the older players — Mattie McDonagh and John Donnellan?*

*A.—That is a very debatable question. I think a player should represent his county if he thinks he is good enough and, of course, if the selectors think so. The age makes no difference. Stanley Matthews played top-class soccer until he was 50. He had the determination.*

*Q.—Galway never showed any great talent in minor football. Apart from their winning the All-Ireland title in 1960 their record in Connacht pales against that of Mayo. And yet, they managed to blend this great senior team. How did they manage this?*

*A.—I agree, they never showed any great interest since 1960. I think the main reason for that is that the senior and junior teams were going so well that they hadn't time for the minors. They built the present senior team on the 1960 minor and seven of that team are still playing, which makes up half the side. But Galway must take more care of their minors than they have been doing for the past number of years. I must say that Mayo take great care of their minors and that is why they win so many titles.*

*Q.—Apart from the build-up from minor stage, what other factors made Galways so successful?*

*A.—I came to the team only in 1966. One thing I noticed was the encouragement I received from the players. They took me in as one of the family. That is the way they were — one big family. Everybody helped one another and they were dedicated to the game and determined at all times.*

## Terrapin Solve the Problem

**I**T IS safe to say that one of the factors causing G.A.A. officialdom most concern is the lack of changing rooms and pavilions.

Lack of proper social activities is another great deficiency from which the G.A.A. suffers. This is very largely the result of lack of proper attractive pavilions in which to hold social functions. Here the Association is inclined to lose out to the local soccer, rugby and golf clubs, most of whom can offer amenities of this sort.

Of course, it is easy to sympathise with the official charged with responsibility for providing pavilions and changing rooms. At first sight they can appear to cost the earth and involve the club in long term building programmes. Then just supposing a hard working county board does erect a pavilion in a particular area. Changes in the population structure may make it too small or too large or just plain redundant in that location, while a nearby developing area a dozen miles away has a crying need for changing rooms.

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● FROM PAGE 41

is bound to be all for the good of the game both in the capital and outside. The loss of the Leinster and All-Ireland crowns is bound to inspire all Dublin players and officials to a supreme effort to win their titles back, while at the same time, the knowledge that Dublin can and have been beaten after all the years will give a wonderful impetus to the game not alone in Leinster but through the whole country.

And it comes at a very opportune time when the Committee set up by Congress to devise ways and means of giving the

game its proper position as the only National Sporting Association catering for Irishwomen is in the midst of its deliberations.

The Committee held its first meeting last month and got off very much on the right foot by electing as Chairman, Miss Nell McCarthy, chairman of the Dublin Board whose practical work for the game, is witnessed by the coaching courses she gave in Belfast last August and in Kilkenny in the spring of this year.

Also in the Committee of ten are Miss Sheila McAnulty, General Secretary of the Camogie Association, a former president, Miss Chris O'Connell of Limerick and Miss Maureen Smith, long a

stalwart of Ulster Council. Secretary is the progressive Roscommon official, Miss Travers, while there is one man of the ten members, P. J. Toner of Armagh.

The remaining four are all well-known players, Dr. Eileen Naughton of Galway, Anne Carroll of Kilkenny, Mary Moran of Cork, who was also well known in Dublin where she played for Celtic and Eitne Neville of Limerick.

At the moment the Committee is engaged in making a quick but comprehensive survey of the actual position of the game in all counties, and will then decide where we go from there.

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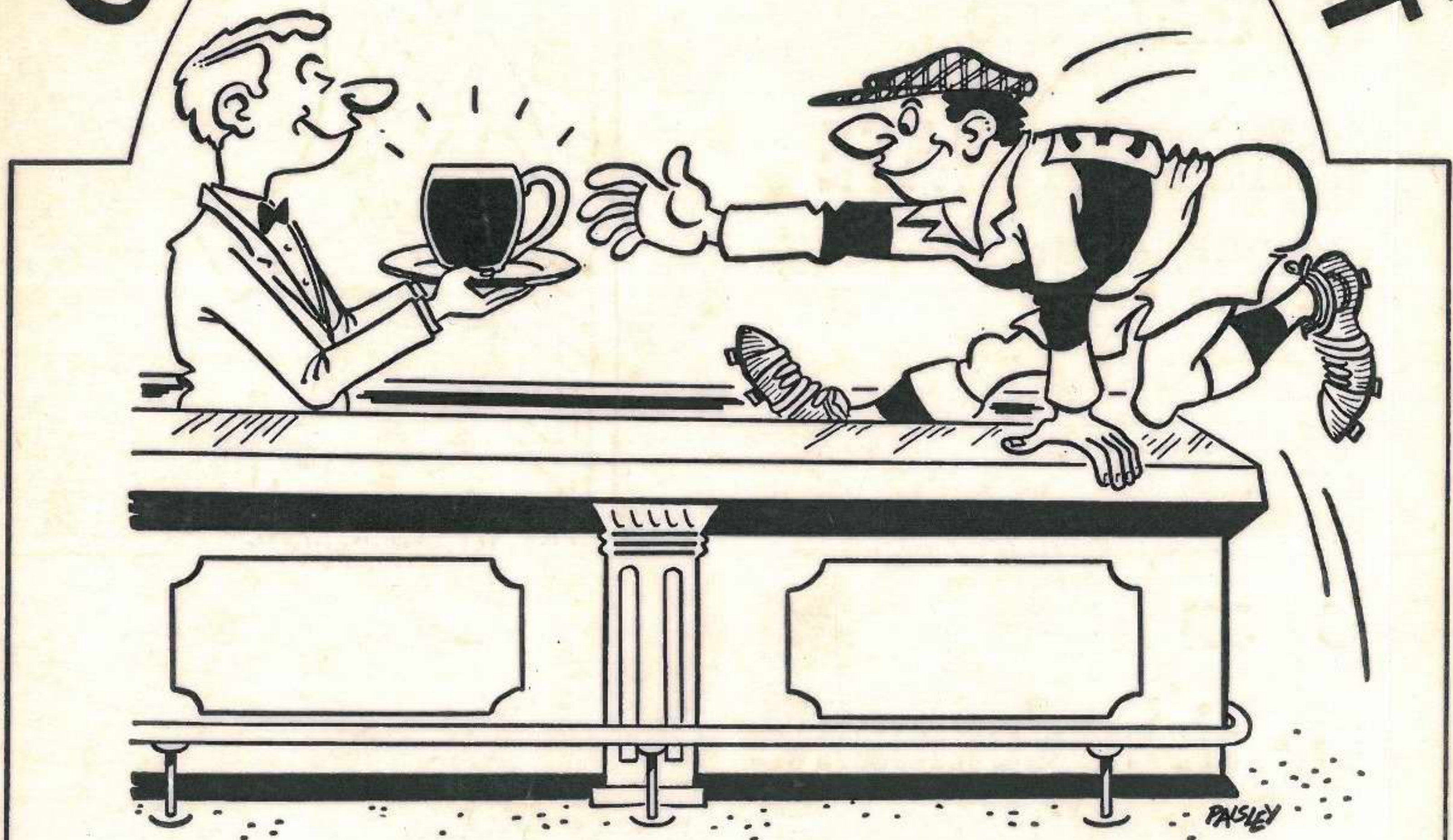
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