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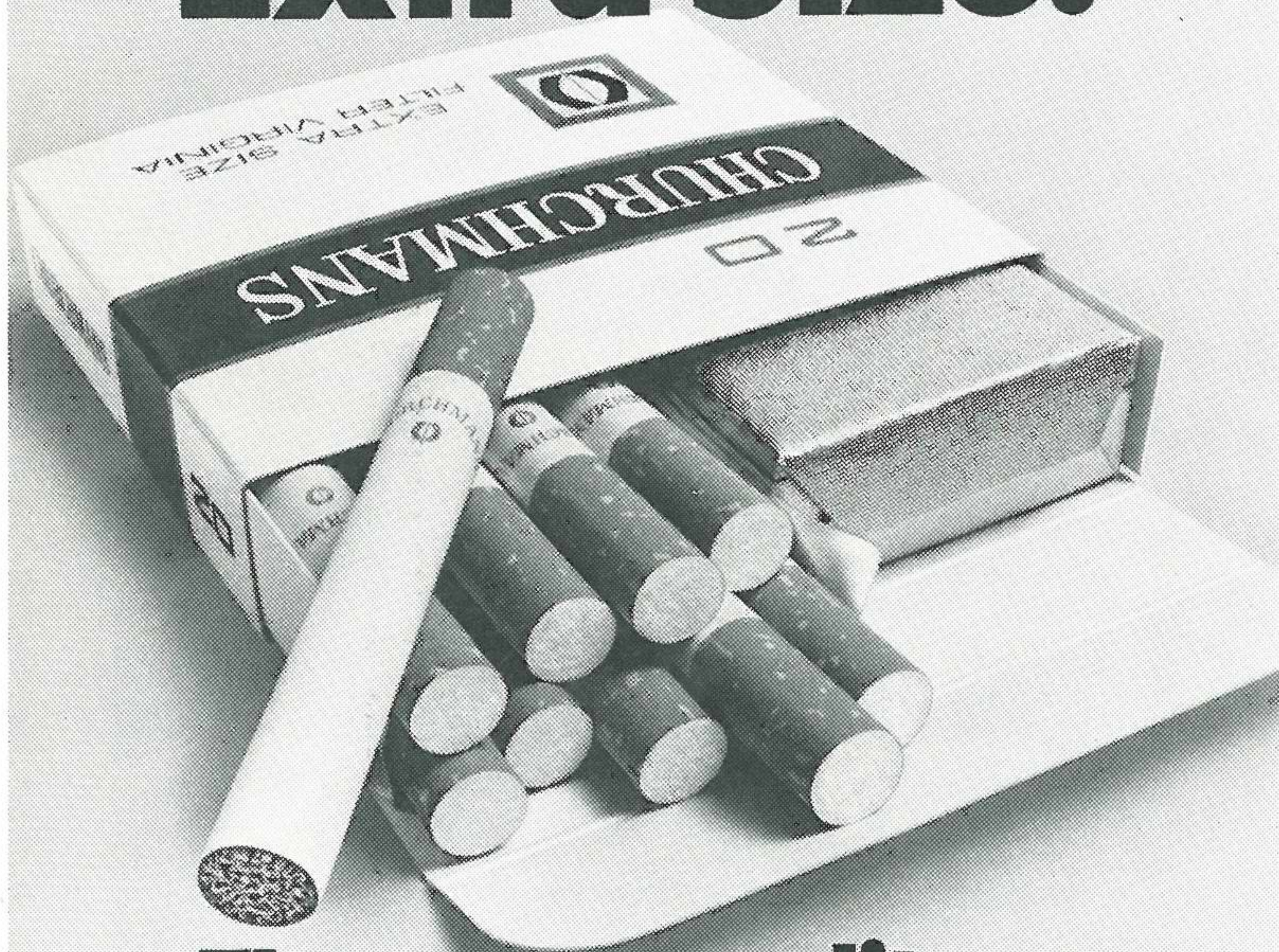
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Back to sleep?

WHAT has happened to the spirit of renewal which excited players and followers of Gaelic football after the Australians' matches against Meath and Mayo at Croke Park last autumn? "Things will never be the same again," the newspaper writers said, after witnessing the superb athletes from the other side of the globe playing the game as we believe it used to be played in the days when Kerry and Kildare were the magnificent masters of catch-and-kick—to use the term that advocates of and practitioners in modern modes bandy about to denigrate the older form of the game.

As always, the newspapers were quick to use a cliché that created a smart headline. But their predictions that "things would never be the same again" in this instance caught the essence of the excitement, the vision of rebirth, of fresh horizons, that flooded the Gaelic world in the days and weeks following the Australians' visit.

The improvement that the toe-pick would bring to the game became the main topic of discussion. And there were other, more complicated, possibilities of change.

A game which, to some extent, had stagnated in isolation had at last been exposed to the invigorating current of international ideas. Those were heady times for those who saw our code of football as potentially of world stature, but which had not been developed or modified to any noticeable degree over 80 years.

The spirit of renewal was sustained by Meath's visit to Australia last spring; but by that time it was no longer backed by the sense of urgency that had prevailed a few months before, and when the All-Ireland champions

triumphed in all of their five matches, a deadening reaction set in.

Why, it was asked, should we interfere with the rules now — haven't Meath's performances shown us that we should leave well enough alone?

And so we are back to square one. The words of top officials in the Association, welcoming the idea of change, are now forgotten; everyone seems satisfied again to accept the old order—the order that gives us one good exhibition of the game in every ten bad ones.

But why are we satisfied with this state of affairs, why have we lost the flame of imagination that only a few months ago showed us that the game contained certain structural flaws which retarded its full development?

It is true that rule changes cannot be made until the 1970 Congress. But is there anything in the meantime to prevent experimentation in specified tournament games? Is it not possible to experiment with the direct lift of the ball from the ground, thereby giving as many members of the Association as possible an opportunity to judge for themselves whether or not this innovation would be a good thing?

We would go farther than that, and ask: Is the present provision for revising playing rules the right one; is it the best mode of introducing necessary revision, or, for that matter, blocking unnecessary or unsuitable alterations?

We believe that the answer is in the establishment of a permanent Playing Rules Committee, subject to Central Council and Congress. Is there one enterprising club in the land who will attempt to pilot a proposal on those lines to Congress 1969?

COVER PICTURE:

Our cover picture this month shows An Taoiseach, Jack Lynch, and King Baudouin of the Belgians at Arus an Uachtairín during His Majesty's recent visit to Ireland. As our picture shows An Taoiseach took advantage of the occasion to demonstrate to His Majesty some of the finer points of our native game of hurling.

Picture by Lensmen

The Cork G.A.A story

PART THREE



almost up was awful but Micka Brennan and Ted Sullivan rushed a goal and we went mad. Goal disallowed . . . puck out and free.

John Quirke rose and struck . . . a deathly silence and the white flag was up. Saved by the gong, but in the replay the Mackeys John and Mick, Paddy Scanlan, Jackie Power, Paddy Clohessy and those other mighty men swept on to win Limerick's last All-Ireland . . . a long time isn't it?

field was sure of his medal. Quirky lay down happy.

After the game that fine goal-keeper, Jim Buttimer of the 'Barrs, teased Bobby Ryng, the sub.

"You didn't do much to win the All-Ireland, Bobby," he grinned.

"I did as much as you, Jim," says Bobby, "I got one puck of the ball." But that puck was a reward for the frustration of '39 when Bobby had a sound game at right corner.

A MAN with easy gait and dark eyes set in a tanned, quiet face passed me by in the twilight with a gentle greeting.

The small boy said:

"Who is he, Dad?"

"Lotty is his name, son," I mused. "Played in seven All-Ireland finals before he was 27. He's part of our hurling story."

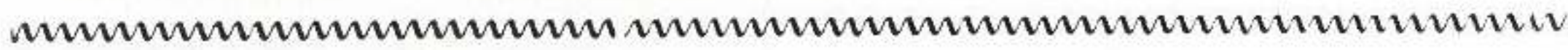
The light of glory which shone so bravely in the hurling campaign of '39 flickered and died in the thunderstorm of Croke Park that September afternoon when Europe went to war, but sorrow has a short life in young hearts and '40 found us full of hope.

Yet, I remember Jim Young's white-hot anger down in Kenmare when Limerick beat Cork in a spring tournament game, with the Munster championship around the corner.

In the Munster final of that year the tension as Limerick went ahead by a point with time



By EAMONN YOUNG



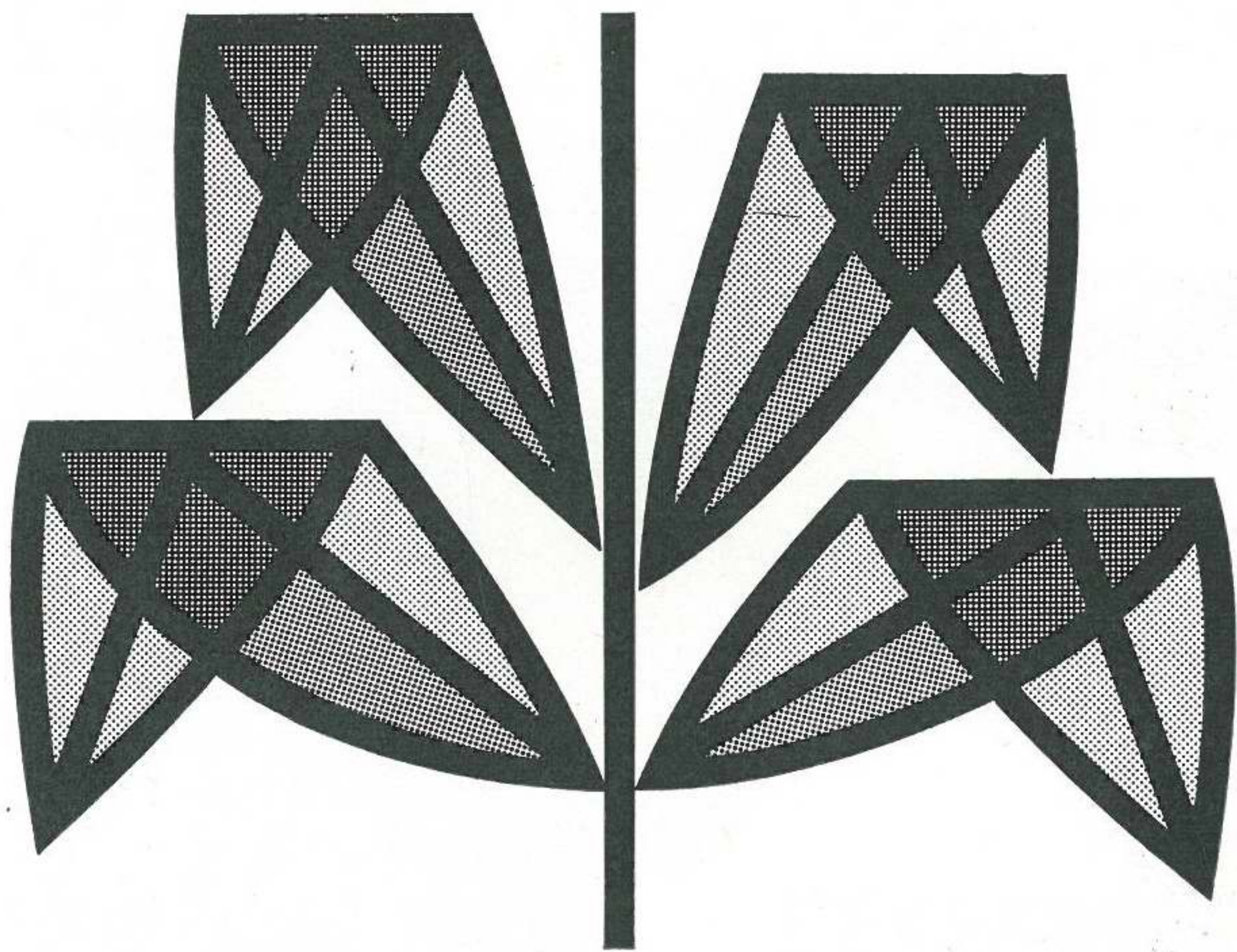
But in 1941 Cork reached another All-Ireland this time against Dublin, who had won the championship three years before. Would there be another slip? The training under Jim Barry was dedicated and these young men knocking at the door for three or four years now were full of a grim, silent determination.

It was a good final but there was only one team in it. Cork won by twenty points and Sonny Buckley of the Glen Rovers brought home the cup. When time was slipping away John Quirke went down "injured", looking keenly to the line to see who was coming on. The sub was a small, hardy man from Carrigtwohill who by entering on the

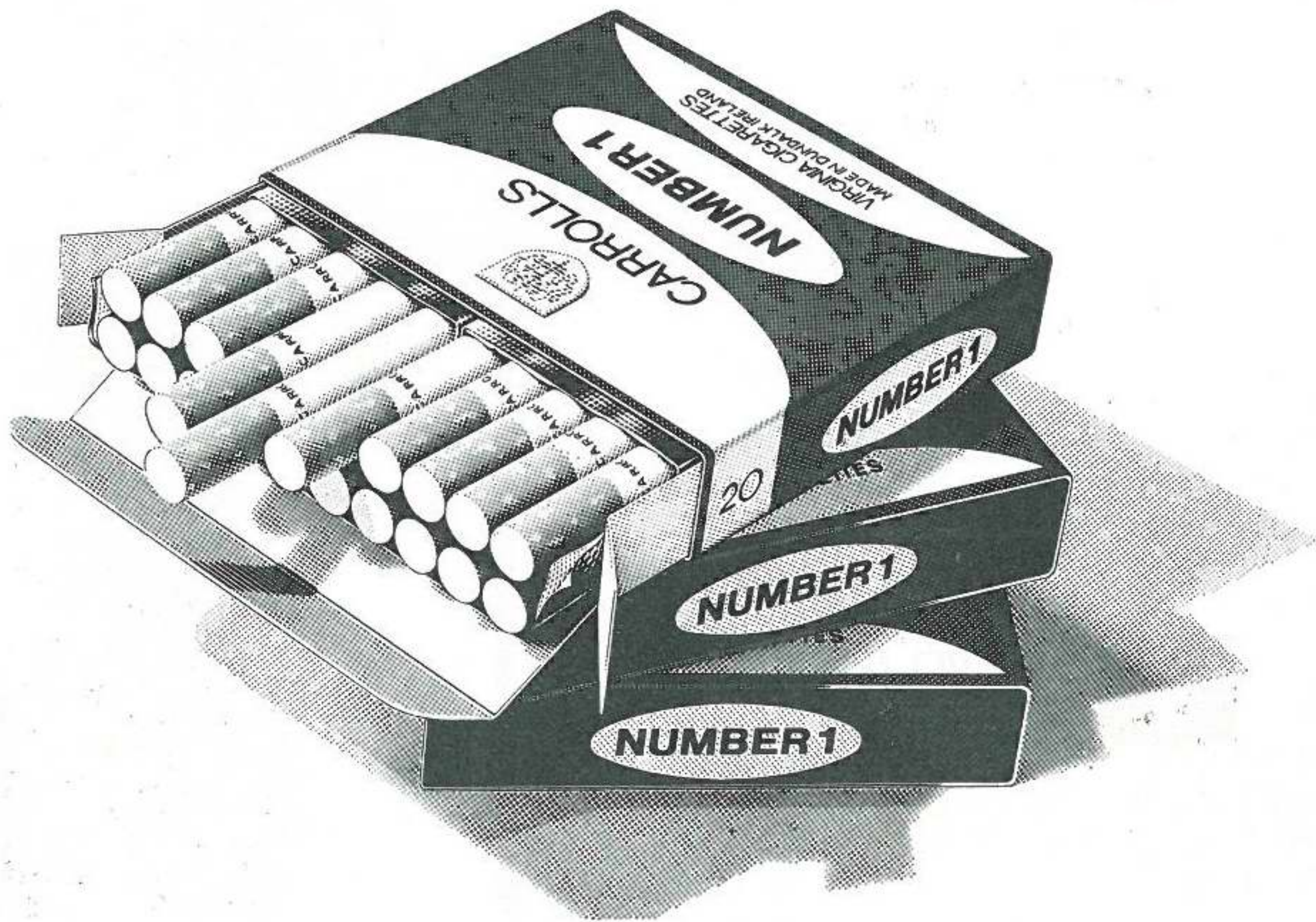
Paddy O'Donovan went on for Jack Lynch and the trains took back a contented crowd to the Lee with an All-Ireland at last after ten long years. Sonny Buckley, the captain, made the strange decision to retire at about the age of twenty-four but the quiet man from Blackpool preferred the open air and the music of the harriers to the frenzy of white-hot competition. His brother, Din Joe, was to keep the Buckley name on the side through many a hard hour ahead.

The foot-and-mouth disease had struck the country with dreadful force that year and the Munster championship had not been completed, making it necessary for

● TO PAGE 7



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The Cork team which beat Galway in the 1928 All-Ireland Final at Croke Park. From front to rear: Sean Óg Murphy, E. D. O'Connell, J. Regan, M. O'Connell, T. Barry, J. Bourke, P. O'Grady, J. Hurley, D. B. Murphy, M. Madden, P. Aherne, M. Leahy, P. Delea, M. Aherne, E. Coughlan.

● **FROM PAGE 4**

the Council to nominate the team which was undoubtedly the best in the province.

The delayed Munster final was played in Limerick on October 26th and it would be a lively game with Cork coming out on top after giving a nice trimming to the old enemy, Johnny Leahy's Tipperarymen.

It was a lively game all right, but the result wasn't just right and when the game was over the All-Ireland champions, beaten by eight points (5-4 to 2-5) were a very crestfallen lot of young men.

There was murder at the Cork Board and one man said the All-Ireland cup should be sent to Tipperary. Suggestions that the pre-match activities weren't just

out of the book were investigated and feeling ran very high. But the harm was done and Tipperary had the big laugh on us which, incidentally, has been repeated many and many a time since.

More luck to them; on the day, Tipperary were better but we must not forget that four weeks later, in Limerick, the sides met again in the Thomond Feis final. One can imagine the atmosphere and the result speaks for itself. There were very few changes on either side. The final score was 47 to 33 and Leaside honour was redeemed, even if the Munster championship medals had been lost. When the sides met in the '42 championship Cork won well.

A most satisfying aspect of that

long-awaited win of '41 was the fact that John Quirke, Micka Brennan and Jack Barrett, three men who had carried the flag so manfully during the lean years, maintained their form so well as to be valuable members of the team. So many good men drop out before the day of reward arrives.

In '42 there were no less than seven new players. Imagine winning an All-Ireland and making seven changes! It shows the talent available just then.

Ned Porter of Dillons Cross came on to the goal and a hefty twenty-year-old who had starred with the North Monastery at full back dropped in at left full. Con Murphy, the present secretary of

● **TO PAGE 8**

the Cork Board, was an automatic selection, winning four medals, until John Lyons took over at full back early in the fifties.

Paddy O'Donovan, on the fringe for a while, made the team and in time became a recognised kingpin at centre-back, while small, cute Charlie Tobin with whiplash double, came on at right corner forward with John Quirke at full and in the left corner, Derry Beckett.

Two beautiful young players came from the Lough parish—at centre-forward and left wing, Sean Condon and Mick Kenefick, tall, graceful and both very stylish, made a great impact on the team.

They beat Limerick by 4-8 to 5-4 after a very hard game and then, still smarting from the foot-and-mouth defeat in the Munster final of the previous year, met Tipperary in Cork. The 4-15 to 4-1 score speaks for itself. Galway went under at Limerick, 6-8 to 2-4, and Dublin was the last obstacle. The city men got three goals that day to Cork's two but the points made the difference and the final ended at 2-14 to 3-4.

It was a momentous day for the Beckett family for many years before the famous athlete from Kilgarvan, Jerry Beckett, had won an All-Ireland sprint, an All-Ireland football medal and a hurling honour also.

The famous Sonny Jim MacCarthy affair of 1907, when Kilkenny objected because the goalie was on the reserve of the Munster Fusiliers, robbed Jerry Beckett of that third All-Ireland. The family eventually won that honour, though it took them thirty-four more years to do it. Jerry's son, Willie, won the national half mile championship while Derry added to his hurling medal of '42, a dearly-deserved football gold in '45.

That year I sat beside him at

MEN OF THE GOLDEN AGE

The thirty-three who played in the final during the Golden Age: Jim Buttimer, Alan Lotty, Batt Thornhill, Billy Murphy, Billy Campbell, John Quirke, Jim Young, Jack Lynch, Jack Barrett, Sonny Buckley, Bobby Dineen, Willie Tabb, Bobby Ryng, Ted Sullivan, Micka Brennan, Con Cottrill, Din Joe Buckley, Christy Ring, Paddy Donovan, Ned Porter, Con Murphy, Sean Condon, Mick Kenefick, Charlie Tobin, Derry Beckett, Tom Mulcahy, Bernie Murphy, Jim Morrison, Joe Kelly, Hitler Healy, Con Murphy, Mossie Riordan, Jerry Riordan.

a victory dinner and while he joked about the honour, deep down he was proud that his father, a County Board character in his own right, was there to share in the hour of glory.

It was in '43 that Cork got Tom Mulcahy, a slim slip of a lad from the 'Barrs. They say he was Cork's best goalie of all time, though old-timers will tell you that nobody could beat the famous Andy Fitzgerald, still going strong. Tom Mulcahy stayed between the sticks for the rest of this era, playing in four finals and winning three.

Ted Sullivan, Con Cottrill, who had been at his ecclesiastical studies the year before, and Micka Brennan returned to the side. That was the year when Kilkenny cut their way through Leinster and were to play Antrim in the semi-final. In good sport the invitation to travel to Belfast was taken up. It would be good for hurling and, indeed, good for Kilkenny also but not just then.

Under canvas in an army camp by the Blackwater we laughed at the news. It wasn't true that Antrim had beaten Kilkenny by 4-3 to 1-6. There must have been some foundation for the rumour however for Antrim appeared in Croke Park on All-Ireland day, where they put up as good a show as one expected.

The score was 5-16 to 0-4 and three All-Irelands in a row for Cork. Before the eyes get dim I hope to see an All-Ireland go to the Lagan.

Three in a row they said in Cork and it hadn't been done since God knows when and there wasn't any real hurling there that time. You know the way we carry on.

In fact the men of Tipperary who won the titles of '98, '99 and 1900, as well as the Kilkenny chaps of 1911, '12 and '13, were no doubt as good as any before or since. But what about four-in-a-row? they asked and that started it off. Bowler Walsh, himself a great hurler of the lean years between 1903 and 1919, had won an All-Ireland every year as chairman so far.

So along came '44 and, in Connacht (all Galway) there was a surging power born of Fitzgibbon Cup hurling allied to rural strength. They had a smashing win over Leinster by three goals in the Railway Cup and put up tremendous resistance to the pick of five Munster hurling counties in the Railway Cup final.

One can imagine the earnestness with which the Munster champions faced them in Ennis in the semi-final. Nothing short of a high-powered performance from this truly great Cork team was enough to save the day, for Galway scored three goals and three points while Cork could smash through for only one goal. Those beautiful white flags made the difference and with ten of them chalked up we went on to

the final and the West was left lamenting.

Dublin had beaten Laois, Kilkenny and Antrim and this time were fancied to stop a Cork side that was, perhaps, faltering. But eventually there was only one team in it and to the delight of a great Cork crowd, the whistle went at 2-13 to 1-2.

In four All-Irelands, this team had amassed a total score of 96 points with only 28 against—the most remarkable feature being the fifty-four white flags raised by Cork, or an average of almost fourteen per game. Accuracy and ball-playing ability were proven.

In fact, two fine young players, both of them priests now, came on to the forward line then. Jim Morrison was at full forward and a national champion runner from Dillon's Cross, tall lathy, Joe Kelly now in Christchurch, New Zealand, was at left corner while on as sub came that gallant character, Paddy Healy, whose black hair, hanging over one eye, earned him the nickname of a rather well-known German of the time.

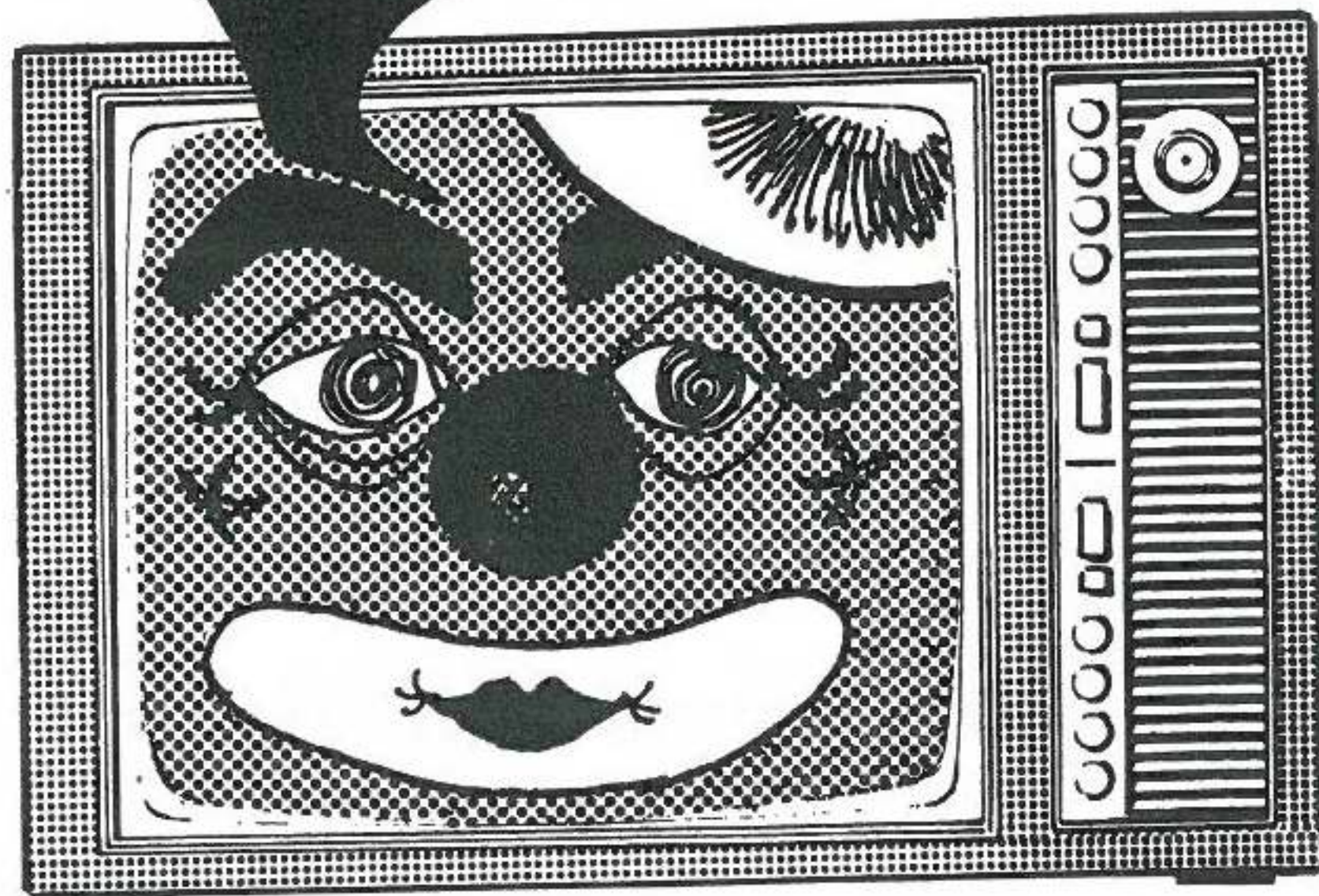
"Hitler" won another hurling All-Ireland in '46 and was sub on the football team of '45. Yarns about him would fill a book, but there isn't space and, anyway, I want him to remain a friend of mine.

Just when we're on top it seems there's a bunch of chaps driven on by Johnny Leahy or Paddy Leahy or Phil Purcell up in Tipperary who want to pull us down. The three are dead now, God rest them, but I'm sure they'd rather score a point against Cork in a Munster final than sing a tenor lead in the celestial choir.

Anyway, in '45 they caught us on the hop and we on our way to five in a row. The Thurles score-board reading 2-13 to 3-2 showed that this time it was

● TO PAGE 11

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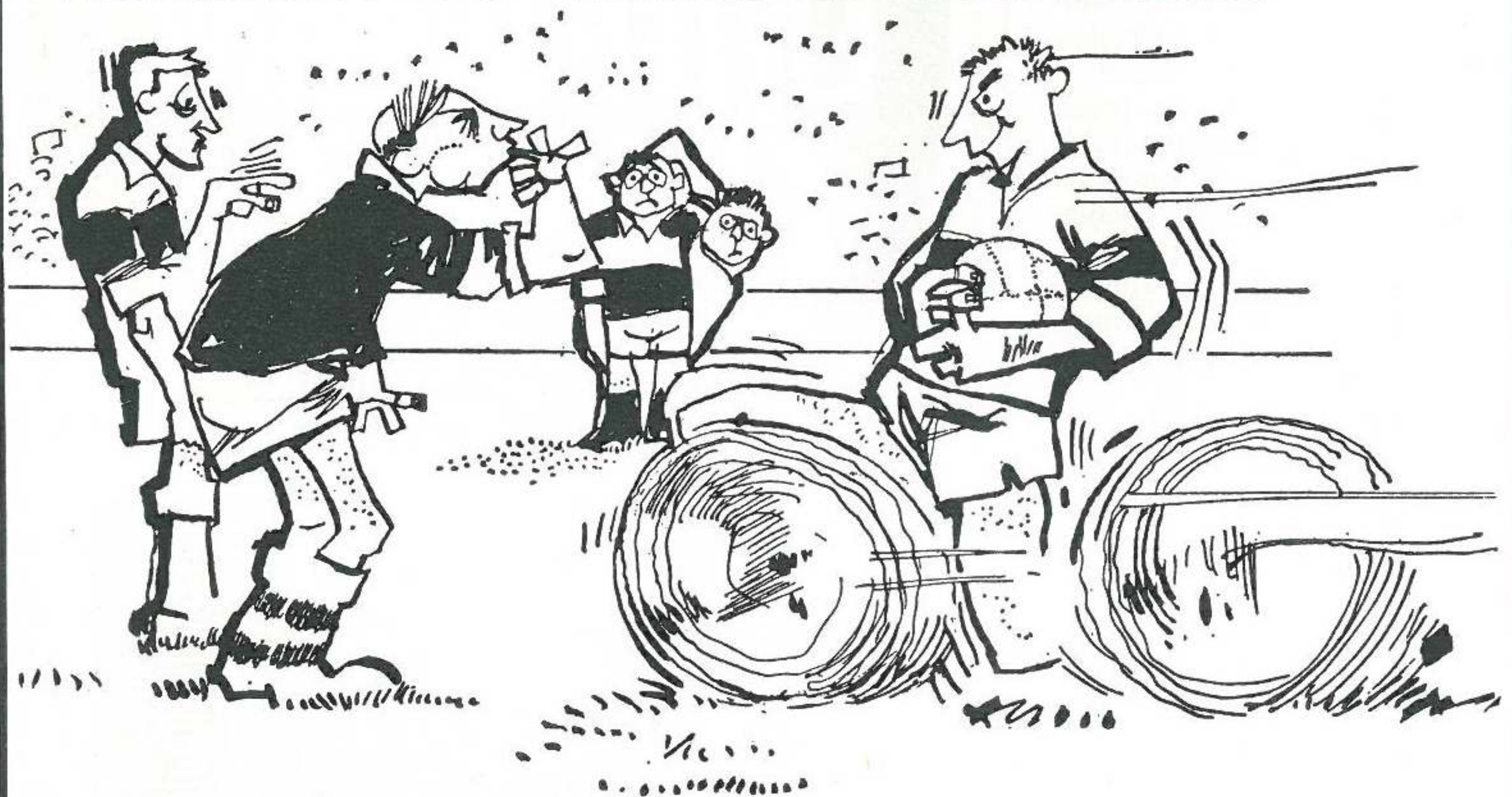
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GOOD MILEAGE —



•
The men who made it four in a row for Cork
 •

G.A.A. CORK, ALL-IRELAND 1941-1942

1944 - TEAM

HURLING CHAMPIONS 1943-1944



1941-1942-1943-1944 W. MURPHY



T. MULCAHY 1943-44



1941-42-43-44 B. THORNHILL



1941-42-43-44 D. J. BUCKLEY



1941-42-43-44 P. DONOHY



1942-43-44 C. MURPHY



1941-42-43-44 A. LOTTY



1941-42-43-44 J. LYNCH, B.L.



CUP



1941-43-44 C. COTTRELL



1941-42-43-44 C. RING



1942-43-44 B. CONDON



1941-42-43-44 DR. J. YOUNG



1941-42-43-44 J. QUIRKE



1944 J. MORRISON



1944 M. KELLY



P. HEALY



W. CAMPBELL



M. BRENNAN



C. DORGAN



M. FOHY



J. BARRY (Trainer)



S. MURPHY (Selection Comr)



W. WALSH (Selection Comr)



D. A. MURPHY (Selection Comr)



SEAN MCCARTHY T.D. (Selection Comr)



T. COUGHLAN (Selection Comr)

● **FROM PAGE 9**

Tipperary who scored the points. The Blue and Gold beat Lime-rick and then Kilkenny by two goals in the final, a matter of extreme satisfaction ever since to John Maher, Tommy Doyle and my friend, Harry Gouldsborough.

That was the year when the Cork footballers, just to keep

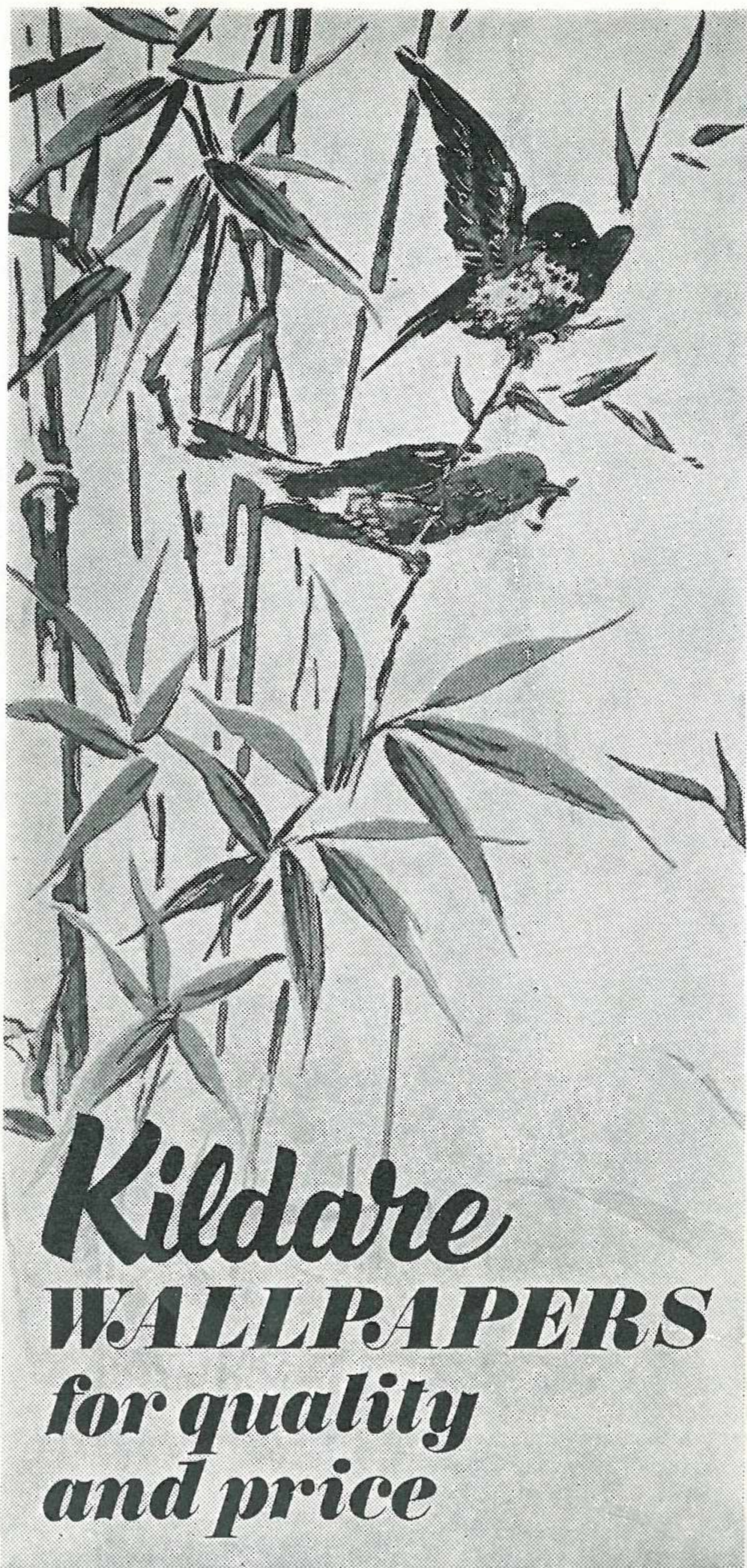
chairman Bowler Wash happy, won the football All-Ireland. But in '46 the hurlers were out again with essentially the same bunch. Two sons of the great Tommy Riordan of Blackrock came on the side. Mossy, tall, slim and black-haired, and Jerry, big, strong and with a white head as distinct in hurling style as appearance. Hitler Healy and

crisp-hitting Con Murphy of Rathcormack were on Christy Ring's flanks in the half-forward line.

The hurling machine still ran well and once again it was Kilkenny in the final. The 7-5 to 3-8 score is eloquent and Cork were on top again.

In the following year, when

● **TO PAGE 12**



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● FROM PAGE 11

Sean Condon returned to the side, they met Kilkenny again, and this time the Noresiders halted the Leaside gallop, as they had done eight years before, and by the same tantalising margin, one point.

That was the end of the road for this great team, and Waterford, led by Jim Ware, Vin Baston, John Keane and Christy Moylan, won the championship in '48, and then came the Tipperary side of Pat Stakelum, Tony Brennan and Tony Reddan with three in a row.

This was a remarkable era for Cork and it is doubtful if it will ever be equalled. They contested seven of nine successive finals, winning five and losing the other two by one point.

There were nine great hurlers who won four medals in a row, men whose record still stands apart. They are Alan Lotty, Batt Thornhill, Din Joe Buckley, Billy Murphy, John Quirke, Jim Young, Jack Lynch, Christy Ring and Paddy O'Donovan.

I have listed them from goal out, though Quirky could play anywhere. It will be noticed that Christy Ring (who started at right half-back) is the only forward. Four of them played in all seven All-Irelands, winning five: Alan Lotty, Billy Murphy, Jim Young, Jack Lynch.

Who were the heroes? Jack Lynch with his tremendous six in a row; Quirky with his goal in the final against Dublin off Billy Murphy's puck-out; Ringey's flashing goal against Kilkenny in '46; Jim Barry's enthusiastic training; the public's undying support . . . ? One could write of any of them. I prefer to remember the spirit, the will to win, the guts to give and take . . . the soul of a great people.

**NEXT ARTICLE: '52 to '68—
another three in a row.**

HURLING

Need for a 'new look' season?

By OWEN McCANN

ALL the comments that followed the incidents in the National Hurling League "Home" final set me thinking, not for the first time, that, outside of the occasional outbursts of temper and rough play that can always be depended upon to set tongues wagging, our great national game, generally, is not providing anything like the annual quota of exciting talking-points, and regular, even-balanced games needed to effectively accelerate its progress throughout the land.

The gap in popularity between hurling and football has long been wide. And in this decade, especially, football is challenging more and more for the consistent attention and support of Gaelic games enthusiasts, generally.

The skilled play of Down and Galway; the new, improved rankings in recent years of such as Longford and Donegal; the return of classy Kildare to the big-time, the emergence this year of Sligo . . . these are but some of the factors that are giving football a truly tremendous stimulus, and causing the majority of supporters of the national pastimes to concentrate their interest more and more on the big-ball game, and less and less on hurling.

As other "Cinderella" counties emerge into the sunlight—and there are indications that a number are pushing ahead towards the break-through—and competition becomes keener, and standards continue to improve further, football will prove an even

greater pull than it already is with those who play, support and work for the progress of the Association.

In sharp contrast, hurling is yearly providing a little-changing picture. Wexford's emergence in the 1950s from ranking as one of the "Little People" of the game to a place among the elite gave hurling its greatest "shot in the arm" in years. But, alas, this decade looks like going into history without the small circle of hurling powers being even marginally widened. Indeed, a number of the acknowledged strongholds of the game appear to be losing ground now.

It will be argued, of course, that there are probably more people actually PLAYING hurling nowadays than ever before. This is true, thanks to the ambitious revival drive started some years back. Nevertheless, it still seems to me that if the seeds now being sown with such vigour, earnestness and enthusiasm, are to really take firm root, and blossom in the face of the increasing appeal of football, not to mention the ever-growing variety of attractions for youth outside of Gaelic games, there will have to be serious re-thinking concerning the present senior inter-county structure.

If boys are to have hurling heroes to emulate, and if the game is to create, in fact, the type of talking points needed to arouse and maintain youthful interest necessary to effectively

advance the code, hurling, like any other sport, must provide keen and colourful and regular games in the senior grade. Youngsters must have their heroes to imitate . . . the Eddie Kehers, Jimmy Doyles, Seanie Barrys. And, they must be regularly in the sporting spotlight as well as in competitive fare . . . games that also give a sport a real boost in its strongholds.

In hurling, however, the Championship has for years provided, at the most, only three or four first-rate games a year — the Leinster final, a couple of Munster matches, and the All-Ireland final. Then, the League drags on from October to May, and it is not untrue to say that there are not enough regular games with "bite" to get supporters really worked up until the concluding stages. Weigh in some tournaments of importance, and it adds up to an annual quota of regular competitive crowd-pulling ties that is not sufficient to enable hurling to compete successfully with football for new recruits.

That's why I feel the time is ripe for a radical change in the senior inter-county fixture schedule. I believe it would be better for hurling if, instead of the more-or-less October to September year as we know, we had a "new look" season, starting early February with the League, and winding up in November with the Oireachtas Cup.

● TO PAGE 38

They found their evidence in a deserted Croke Park...

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THE LONG, LONELY WALK

WHAT does it feel like to get marching orders? What goes on in the mind of the player who takes the long walk to the line under the eye of everyone present? I cannot say, personally, for if there is one thing which is a cause of satisfaction to me, it is that in a prolonged, though highly unimpressive career in a variety of low quality junior teams, I have never incurred the referee's displeasure. I am proud of the fact. I think it is something to be proud of.

So I can only tell what it feels like to be dismissed from the play by observing those who do get the chop, and tell what my own reactions are to the dismissal of one of the players of my own club. Let me take the latter first: I feel ashamed and dispirited, and I wish that a hole would open in the ground and allow me sudden and merciful refuge. I have never had a relative sent off, but if I had I think it would be the end, so to speak. Nobody wants to see his own disgraced, and I can never get over the idea that misconduct on the

Gaelic field is no different from misconduct anywhere else.

To me, there is nothing so worthy of honour as the man who shows himself to be a real man, by playing a clean and scrupulously honest game of football or hurling, and who, nonetheless, gives everything he has got, puts in one hundred per cent of effort and vigorous endeavour, and plays the game hard and unyielding—but within the law. There is, in my opinion, nothing so inspiring as the man who can shrug aside provocative and unfair tactics, insulting and stinging language, and spurn the open invitation to retaliate. Every time he succeeds in that objective, he shows himself a man.

Looking at players who have received marching orders, what strikes me is the fact that so few of their number show their confusion and their repentance. On the contrary, many of them seem to think that they have upheld their own and their club's reputation by lashing out wildly, by losing control of themselves, by allowing their animal instincts to defeat the supreme gift of reason. And it is with dismay that I find so few players who have been sent off, who, even when the game is over and the heat has cooled, will come to a realisation of their error and apologise to their colleagues for their betrayal of them.

For that is precisely what it amounts to: the individual who gets his dismissal has placed his own greedy and selfish desire for indulging his own uncontrolled passion before the interests of the team as a whole; he has left his colleagues in the lurch.

I can see the point of view of the man who suddenly is roused into a temper by something which takes him unawares and causes

the passion of anger to grip him for a minute, but then see the light. But, there is not much to be said for the one who carries his anger and his rancour unabated to the sideline, to the dressing rooms after the game, home and through many weeks or years with a growing desire for revenge when the time was opportune. Only a prolonged and deep anger can cause this—the kind so dangerously different to the strong wave of passing temper which is the downfall of the one who immediately regrets his transgression.

It further astonishes me that there would seem to be—in the case of some limited number of players—an entirely different set of moral standards for what may or may not be done in everyday life to those which they employ on the field of play.

Why? What is wrong off the field cannot, surely, be made right by the simple fact of stepping on to a green field and by wearing playing togs.

It is more ignorant bravado than blackguardism which causes the greater number of the few incidents which mar our game. This is both a consolation and a source of disturbing speculation. Why should there be such ignorance and such bravado among members: surely there ought to be enough knowledgeable people connected with every club to be able to understand, and make others understand, what the players' behaviour ought to be?

I am convinced that some of the wildly frightening brainwashing which players receive from undisciplined mentors before a game causes much of the trouble. Excited as the players are at the time, they are in their most keyed-up mood, and

● TO PAGE 38

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REVOLUTION

RAYMOND SMITH is better known to our readers as author of such famous books as "Decades of Glory" and "Football Immortals" but Raymond is also Public Relations Officer for the N.F.A. In this article on farming, in general, he takes a look at the revolution that is taking place in Irish farming methods.

HAY being saved in the July sun — one of the most pleasant scenes in the Irish countryside.

Hay being formed into trams—men leaning on their hayforks to rest a while, the smell of new-mown hay which could make a man forget the hustle and bustle of cities and long to live out the rest of his days "far from the madding crowd".

But is it that the revolution now taking place in Irish farming methods will mean that a day will come when the sight of men saving hay in the sun will create a sense of nostalgia for other times — like the sight of a thatcher at work?

To-day we find an increasing number of farmers interested in silage-making and aware of its benefits. We find too the farming leaders, like T. J. Maher, President of the National Farmers' Association urging farmers to go in for silage-making instead of the traditional hay-saving method.


Silage-making is seen as far more suitable and rewarding in our damp climate and it is possible with silage to get a higher output from a given area of land.

Some farmers, of course, are slow to change from the traditional methods but with their leaders exhorting them to move with the times, they will see the benefits of more modern methods—and our agricultural industry will gain in the long run.

In dairying too we see a revolution in methods with modern buildings and equipment being used to an ever-growing extent. The estimated value of our


dairying exports now runs at £27,000,000 a year which shows their importance to the economy. The development of our dairy

● TO PAGE 18



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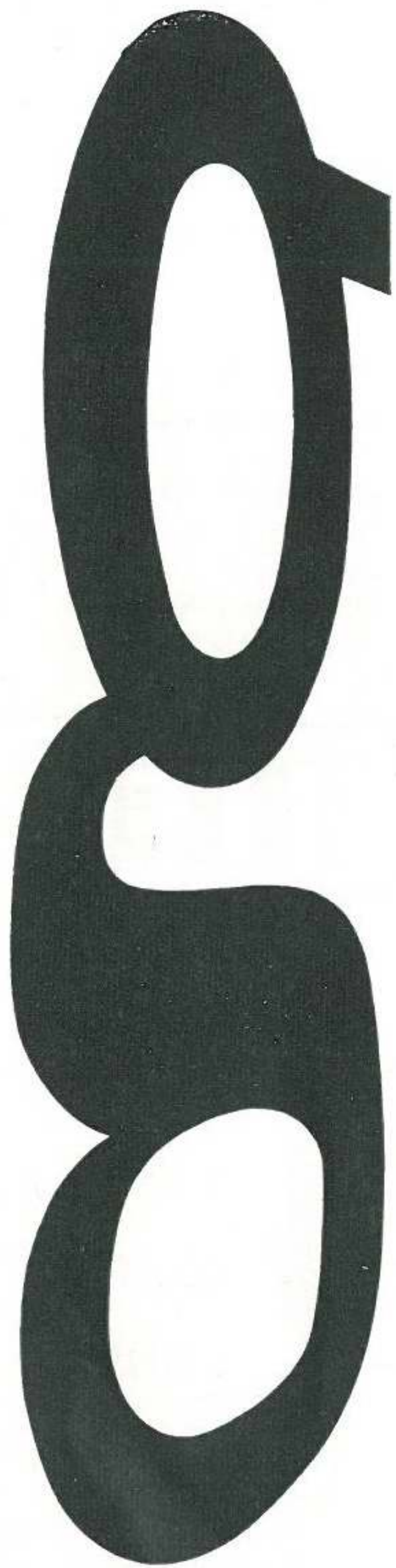
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REVOLUTION IN FARMING

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industry has been one of the great success stories of our agricultural industry. Bord Baine is a good example of how an efficient marketing organisation can help the farmer. Because of the success achieved by Bord Baine our dairy farmers are assured of a continued market for an increasing quantity of dairying produce.

The importance of a trade name linked to a high quality product has been proved by the success of Kerrygold butter. Irish butter was virtually unheard of on the British market until Kerrygold invaded the cities and towns and now the British housewife knows that when she asks for Kerrygold she is getting a top-class product.

During the lifetime of Bord Baine, milk intake at our creameries has been doubled and this, in turn, has resulted in the quantity of milk for export being increased five times over. Bord Baine has successfully disposed of a vast quantity of milk products in highly-competitive world markets but this year with a glut of milk on the world market, the competition has become even greater still.

Our future as dairy farmers may lie in the production of high-quality products, if we are to continue to compete favourably in highly-competitive export markets.

Most farmers are in favour of a speedy rationalisation plan for the creamery industry. They would like to see the amalgamation of smaller units, not alone that farmers might get better prices for their products but that in an amalgamated form, co-operative societies would be in a position of strength to meet the challenge of modern competition.

Is professionalism the answer?

By RAYMOND SMITH

WOULD semi-professional or professional hurling be the answer to saving our greatest game from further decline in some of the great strongholds now languishing in the championship wilderness?

I know that I am leaving myself open to the sharpest possible criticism for even posing the question—people will say to me that the G.A.A. was founded as an amateur organisation, that it has developed into the greatest amateur sporting association in the world, that the amateur concept is sacrosanct, that nothing must be done or even contemplated to change that position.

I grant all that, but let me point out, too, that hurling is the greatest game in the world and that it must be our concern to save it at all costs—to the extent of exploring every possible avenue and debating every proposal put forward, even the proposal that we consider semi-professional or professional hurling.

I have seen nothing finer in my years looking at the game than the opening ten minutes of the National League Final between Tipperary and Kilkenny. This was hurling as it should be played, beautiful overhead play, the game switching from end to end with bewildering rapidity, magnificent touches from the masters like Jimmy Doyle, Seamus Cleere, Mick Roche and Ollie Walsh.

It is not my purpose here to dwell on what came after—the

sad decline to a few regrettable incidents that left such a terrible taste in the mouth and the using of hurleys as lethal weapons that could have caused murder. But when Tipperary and Kilkenny play it as it should be played, hurling stirs the blood in a way that convinces you that no game is so racy of the soil and no game evokes all that is glorious in our Gaelic tradition.

But what teams outside of Tipperary and Kilkenny can now be confident of inscribing their names on the All-Ireland Senior Hurling trophy? I say that only Cork, Wexford and Clare can start any season with hopes of pulling it off. Fives counties out of the thirty-two—and, mark you, since 1960 four counties, Wexford, Tipperary, Cork and Kilkenny have farmed the All-Ireland crown to themselves.

This is a most disturbing position. Where stands Galway, who could challenge the best in the early and mid 'forties? Where stands Laois, who contested the All-Ireland crown in 1949? Where stands Dublin, who in 1927, produced one of the greatest All-Ireland winning combinations in hurling history and who ran Tipperary very close in 1961?

Where stands Limerick, who, in the Mackey era of the 'thirties and early 'forties, brought such a glory to the game and the thousands flocking to Thurles for those memorable tussles with Cork in the Munster championship? Where stands Waterford,

who produced such a brilliantly-fast, streamlined combination in the 1957-'59 era, inflicting on Tipperary in the first round of the 1959 Munster championship one of the heaviest defeats in their proud history?

You look at all this and you cannot but fear for the future of the game. You see the ever-narrowing circle of counties that can say they have a chance of getting anywhere in the championship.

Is it that we are not meeting the social challenge in the cities like Galway, Waterford, and Limerick—I have discussed this with top G.A.A. officials and I say that we must quickly finalise a survey of social patterns in the cities and discover where we think we are falling down in not providing the amenities (proper club pavilions, for example) that attract the young.

I say, too, that there must be a complete and totally frank reappraisal of the Hurling Revival Scheme. Bring the game, if you wish, to the non-hurling counties like Mayo, Down, Derry, Monaghan, Leitrim, but remember that it will only be sub-standard hurling at the best of times compared with what is played by the top men in Kilkenny, Cork, Tipperary and Wexford.

Jimmy Doyle had a hurley in his hand almost from the day he could walk; he lived in Thurles Sportsfield and what hope could a young chap from, say, Mayo,

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coming to the game at 12 or 14, have of catching up with Doyle in the skills of the game? Jimmy was learning how to put swerve on a shot when others were learning how to rise and hit in the one stroke.

I maintain, then, that we should concentrate on reviving the game and building up its strength in counties like Galway, Waterford, Limerick, Laois, Dublin, Antrim. I maintain that if we have ten good teams it is sufficient. But who wants a four-county championship race between Tipperary, Cork, Wexford and Kilkenny?

And here I come back to my point about the semi-professional

or professional game. Clare benefited by getting Tom Ryan (his insurance job brought him to the Banner County). He had won two All-Ireland senior medals with Tipperary and then could not get his place on the team, even though still in his twenties. Tom could have gone out of inter-county hurling altogether — I remember telling him not to be swayed by false sentimentality; that hurling needed men like him at inter-county level. He did the right thing—and it was for the good of the game generally.

There are other men like Tom Ryan who, through the tough competition for places, will not make the Tipperary team — we have seen a man as good as John McKenna in the subs. Men like

these should be free to seek jobs in other counties if they wish and hurl for them on a semi-professional basis—or should I put my head on the block and say on a professional basis?

Hurling is perhaps the most difficult game of all. It requires tremendous practice to become a top player. Granted, there are natural "greats" from the strongholds like Cork, Tipperary and Kilkenny—but I believe that the stars in these counties like Justin McCarthy, Jimmy Doyle, Donie Nealon, Eddie Keher and Ollie Walsh have advanced their techniques so much that the weaker counties have no hope of matching them unless they can get top men to transfer to them.



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What does Eddie Keher think of this question of semi-professional or professional hurling?

Eddie is against it—in fact, he would not agree with it at all. He believes that amateur sport and professional sport are two entirely different things; once you bring the professional concept into hurling, for example, you would have a bonus for the winning team in an All-Ireland, and also maybe, a bonus for the top scorer.

“It would change the whole outlook of the players,” said Eddie, “and I am afraid that competition would be liable to become over-keen. I think it would spoil the game as we have come to know it, play it and watch it.”

What is Eddie's solution to the present position in hurling?

He would favour the open draw as a means of bringing new life to the game. “I really enjoyed those matches in the League against Clare as we do not often meet them,” he said. “You can get tired meeting the same teams year after year in the Leinster championship. If you had the open draw you would have entirely different pairings and hurling enthusiasts would look forward to these matches with a new appetite.”

Eddie believes that a man's first loyalty should be to his own county. He agrees, however, that when Tom Ryan could not get on the Tipperary team and when his job brought him to live in Clare, he was right to declare for them. Other players in a similar situation could do likewise. That system was fair

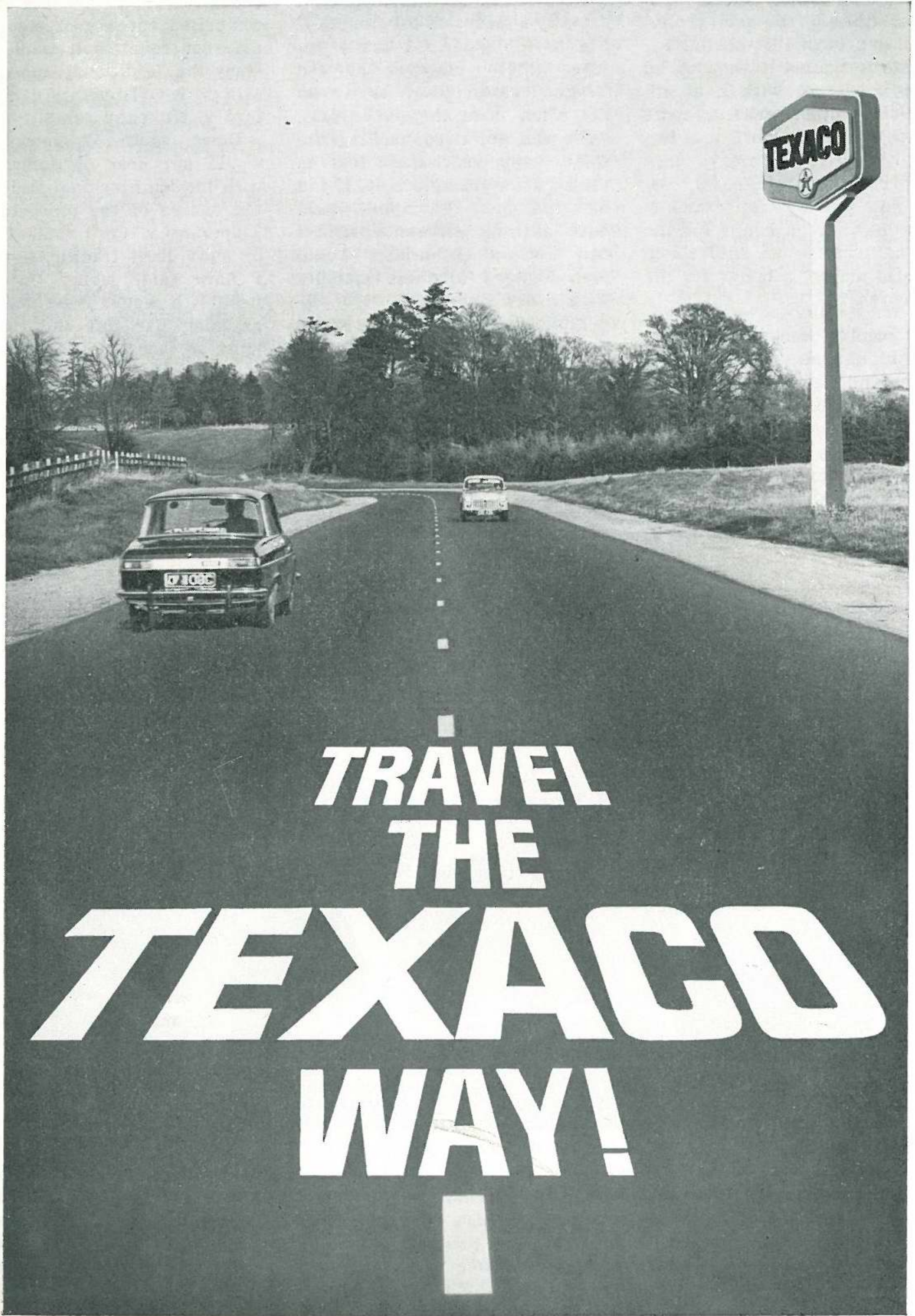
enough—but if you had teams comprised entirely of men from different counties it would take from the traditional appeal say of a Cork v. Tipperary or a Wexford v. Kilkenny game.

Down south, I know, they would not hear of doing away with the Munster final, especially the ending of the prospect of a Tipperary v. Cork final, backed by such great traditions—but as I have said, saving the game itself is a bigger issue now than anything like this and the fact must be faced that unless action is taken now, and taken on a national scale, further ground could be lost and semi-professional or professional hurling is a better alternative than the inevitable four-county All-Ireland championship that we are faced with now.

DISTINGUISHED GROUP AT FOOTBALL BOOK RECEPTION



● An interested group pictured at the Players-Wills reception for the launching of Raymond Smith's "Football Immortals." Our picture shows from left: Tom Blake (Vice President of the N.F.A.); Sean O Siochain, General Secretary of the G.A.A.; Seamus O Riain, President of the G.A.A.; An Taoiseach, Jack Lynch; the Author and Brendan Power, Deputy General Secretary of the N.F.A. Never before had such a galaxy of G.A.A. personalities come together at the one reception and Players-Wills, who sponsored the book with the G.A.A., are to be congratulated on the tremendous success of the occasion.



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An Taoiseach

TAOISEACH MADE TELLING POINTS

LIMERICK'S youngest G.A.A. club, Na Piarsaigh, put on what was possibly the most important G.A.A. social gathering ever organised in Limerick in connection with their recent Hurling Symposium, at which the speakers were all experts in their respective spheres.

The Taoiseach, Mr. Jack Lynch, was one of the speakers and he told me it was his first time in a public discussion on the game of hurling. The only player in Ireland to win six senior All-Ireland medals in successive years—five in hurling and one in football—nobody can question his competence to express an opinion on any aspect of hurling rules or administration.

In the course of an extremely interesting talk he made some telling points which I think deserve the serious consideration of those controlling the game. Some of the suggestions, I know, can only be implemented follow-

ing a decision of All-Ireland Congress, but in other instances where questions of interpretation are concerned worthwhile changes could be accomplished by Central Council action or through the issue of special instructions to referees.

The first point the Taoiseach raised was the advisability of playing hurling and football side by side. The season system was operating perfectly as regards other games, but in somewhat similar circumstances, in America.

The feeling could not be suppressed that hurling was suffering at the expense of Gaelic football, which was easier and cheaper to play. The dual purpose club tended to be more successful in its propagation of football under the present arrangement. If separate seasons were impracticable, then the playing of hurling and football on alternate Sundays should be encouraged.

Research to improve hurling was of the utmost importance and would spearhead a revival of the game in all the counties. The first radical change necessary was the removal of all implications of danger. This would help parents, who regard hurling as the most fascinating and skilful game to watch, but will not encourage their children to play.

The Taoiseach went on to say that the hurler needed the utmost protection in order that he might accomplish a high standard of hurling unimpeded, and to attain this the outlawing of dourness, heavy charging, intimidating attitudes and indiscriminate pulling was essential.

Hurling had to be mainly scientific, otherwise it could look cumbersome and become dangerous. Too much bodily contact was ruining the science of the game and slowing it up considerably.

The throw-in of a sideline ball always carried an element of danger and should be abolished. Instead the advantage should go to the defence on the occasions when a linesman was unable to decide which team put the ball out of play.

A ball falling between two, three or more players also constituted some danger when not played properly and it would improve matters were backing into one's opponent or trapping his stick debarred. Both detracted from the spectacle of true hurling.

There was often too much latitude given to the player running with the ball in hand before striking it. There was no skill in this and referees should be more stringent in enforcing the

● TO PAGE 29

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SWIMMING POOLS

TO SUIT ALL PURSES

By LINDA COLLINS

WE'RE a funny country, as everybody can solemnly agree when they get together to discuss the matter, whether it's over the teacup, while downing a glass of stout, or in front of the television cameras. Slow to move, conservative in our attitudes, though there is something to be said for the argument that we gain more than we lose by being like that. Yet there comes a time when things simply must change: we talked for years about the necessity for overhaul of our educational programme—now it's all happening, sparked off by a revolutionary Minister for Education. Sports facilities—or the lack of them, should I say, have been another thorny problem—but here too things are on the move. After years of talk and sole reliance on voluntary bodies to get the action going, people are slowly coming to a general realisation that 20th century living conditions demand 20th century facilities if life in urban and rural areas is to be as pleasant and rewarding as it ought to be, and if young people are to take full advantage of the facilities offered by increased leisure-time.

We all know of the work of the voluntary recruits who have toiled for years at fund-raising to provide sports pitches and so on. Some pioneering provincial towns have got as far as building their own swimming pools—in this they have a better record to point to than Dublin Corporation—but they have been fairly pros-

perous towns, and fairly large-sized because building a swimming pool is an expensive proposition. Is—or was?

Possibilities in this field are broadening out enormously when we realise that today, in Ireland, for the first time a prefabricated Olympic-sized swimming pool with all the facilities for hydration and chlorination can be installed complete for £3,000. The comparable figure for a pool installed under old-style methods would be around the £40,000 mark. If you are the secretary of a sports club, the president of a college or the head of a school you'll be quick to see the dizzying vistas which this sort of proposition opens up. At the other end of the scale, a small swimming pool, perfectly adequate for the teaching of young children, may be purchased and installed for £300 complete. Around the middle of the scale, a pool suitable for use at secondary school level would cost something like £750. Which takes the whole question of swimming pools out of a dream world and brings them down to realities.

If the figures quoted sound a bit unbelievable to you—they did to us too till we talked to the man who hopes to see these and other pools being installed all over Ireland in the very near future. He is John E. Smith, Manager of Mermaid Pools Ltd. the company which is manufacturing, assembling and installing the pools here in Ireland, and

they have a team of expert installers who travel anywhere from Mizen Head to Cork to undertake the work. All the buyer has to provide is a suitable levelled site. There's a guarantee on every pool, advice on maintenance and an impeccable after-sales service. Already a few schools have taken the plunge—literally, into Mermaid pools and express themselves as delighted with them. This is a business which can only grow since the product is right, the price is right and it has come to Ireland at the right psychological moment. We have all been saddened and outraged by accounts of drowning fatalities as children, unable to swim because they have no opportunity of learning how, are tempted by summer weather into canals, weed-choked lakes or disused quarries, with tragic results. The tragic toll will lessen as proper facilities for swimming become available. We shouldn't forget that a pool is more than a pleasant opportunity for recreation—it can mean the difference between life and death.

The Mermaid range of pools has been designed by an engineer named Pat Sherlock who has sold 1,000 of them already in all parts of the world, including the tropics. He decided about five years ago that pools as they were then were too expensive and too difficult to construct, resulting in

● TO PAGE 28

(See overleaf for illustrations)

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their being overpriced, so he sat down and designed the prototype Mermaid and has gone on from there. Mr. Sherlock was described to us as an ex-Corkman but vigorously denies the charge — there's no such animal as an ex-Corkman, he remains forever a Corkman, full stop. And like all the rest of them he has played hurling—in his case it was at Southampton Docks during the last war when a team arose among the Irishmen working there more or less by spontaneous combustion.

The three most useful words in describing the Mermaid pool as John Smith spelled them out for us, and as we concurred after having seen the evidence with our own eyes are "functional, strong, safe". You can also add "cheap" to the list if you like, but that one can be taken more or less for granted. The Mermaid is a free-standing pool, which means it isn't sunk into the ground but stands above it rather like a huge tank. Its outside frame is almost indestructible and weatherproof, being made of Douglas Fir, the toughest wood there is, marine-bonded for extra durability. The inner frame is of strong galvanised steel, bolted together in sections, and the lining is tough polythene, guaranteed at least four years. Points worth knowing about: pools of this type can be added to as required if you want to enlarge them—it's just a question of bolting on the extra lengths; they can be moved easily from one site to another, since they're free-standing; they're particularly safe where there are small children around because they can't fall in, since the pool is several feet above the ground—you must, however, remember to remove the climbing steps by which entry

is gained to the pool if you want to ensure this.

The company takes its responsibility to the swimming public quite seriously and has put quite a lot a research into solving the problems of filtration and chlorination. In case you're hazy about the difference between these two processes—Filtration keeps the pool water in circulation and removes dirt suspended in it but it does not destroy bacteria or remove dissolved impurities; Chlorination destroys bacteria and renders other organic impurities quite harmless. It also prevents the growth of algae which might otherwise multiply quite rapidly.

Methods of filtration and chlorination have been worked out for Mermaid pools which are simple to operate, cheap and effective. The chlorination pill, in particular, is a breakthrough, shortcutting what used to be a lengthy and drudge-making job. A pill—one for every 10,000 gallons of water the pool contains—is placed in a special container which is then attached to the side of the pool and floats free in the water.

Maintenance on this type of swimming pool is a simple matter scarcely requiring more than a couple of hours' work per week. In Irish schools which have so far installed versions of the Mermaid, a Pool Prefect has been appointed from among the students and made responsible for this task. The job is coveted by many and carries quite a lot of prestige. Work is simplified by the pool brush, skimmer rake and so on supplied as a matter of course after installation.

So much for the Mermaid, ideal for schools and colleges or for public use. If you have something under two thousand quid

hidden away in the mattress, and hanker after a pool in your own back yard, the Miranda is the model to go for. This is a sunken pool which breaks through the price barrier at £1,650. Sounds like a good whack of money—till you remember that the old-style equivalent would have cost you up to £7,000- You'd have to be in the real millionaire class for that, but the Miranda might possibly come out of the wife's hen money, or what she earns from the bed-and breakfast tourists during the summer. On a serious note, such a pool could make an immense difference to any small hotel or guest house, no matter how modest! The ultimate in luxury—a heated pool in your own garden—can be supplied at under £2,000, dimensions as follows: 31 ft. by 16 ft., graded in depth from 18 inches to 10 ft. and holding 15,000 gallons of water.

You supply the terrace around this sunken pool yourself, the glamour-spot where everybody sits under large umbrellas sipping cool drinks, but all the rest of the work is done for you. So think about it, because a pool around the place can really put up the value of your property immediately; it doesn't depreciate year by year, like that second car your wife keeps pestering you for; there are no moving parts to wear out; negligible running costs. We're not suggesting that you rush out and spend your next few creamery cheques on a Miranda, but tuck it away in your mind for future reference.

As we said at the beginning, things are beginning to move on the leisure and recreation front in Ireland. County Councils and other bodies have talked for ages about the need for more and better swimming facilities but cost has always been the bogey, so in the context of present-day thinking, these sort of pools seem rather like an answer to prayer.

BOOK REVIEW

A 'must' for all football followers

THE tremendous success of Raymond Smith's history of Gaelic football, "The Football Immortals", makes it one of the most successful G.A.A. books ever published.

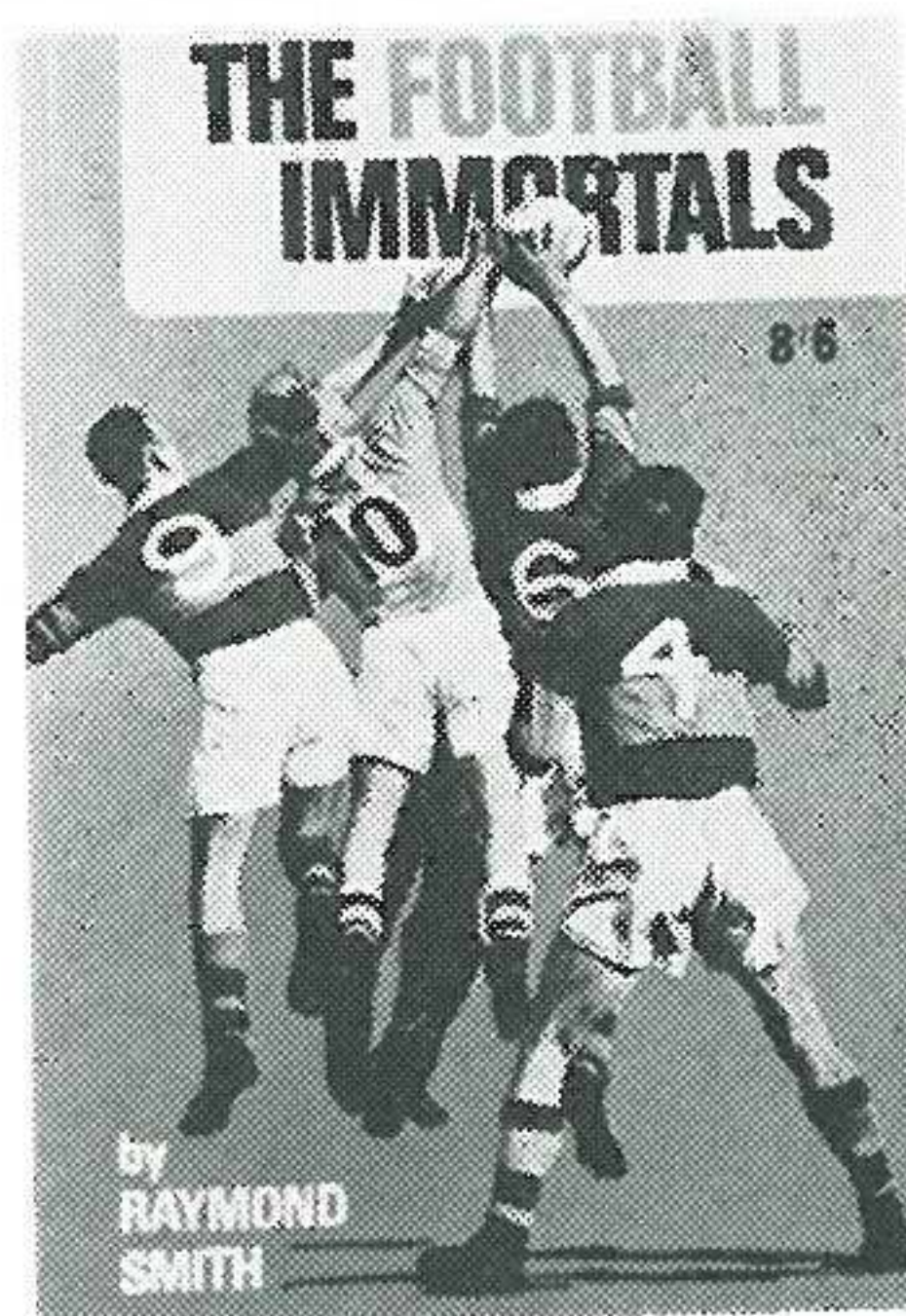
This 400-page classic ranges over every All-Ireland final since the inauguration of the championships in 1887 down to Meath's victory over Cork in the 1967 decider and there are additional chapters on the Australians' visit here and the Meath team's historic tour of Australia.

There are thrilling chapters on The Men of Mayo (1936), The Boy Wonder (Tommy Murphy of Laois), A Classic Final (Galway v. Kerry, 1938), Roscommon Appear (Jimmy Murray and His Men), Cork Surprise Cavan (1945 final), The Antrim Challenge (The

Controversial 1946 Semi-Final), A Day in the Polo Grounds (1947 Final), Dublin Machine Halted (Memorable 1955 Final), The Terrible Twins (Purcell and Stockwell), McKeever and O'Connell, Down Make History and Galway's Three-in-a-Row.

The same style is adopted in this book as in the author's highly-successful history of hurling, "Decades of Glory". History is brought to readers through the stories of the men who helped to make it and the views of the players are backed up by the data gathered in intensive research through newspaper files.

There are forty pages of photographs, including every great team from 1929 to the present day. A special section



covers Meath's tour of Australia.

No football follower can afford to be without a copy of this book for it includes at the end up-dated records of All-Ireland final and League final results and also All-Ireland teams, attendances, county colours, G.A.A. Presidents, etc.

The book is available at 8/6 (two dollars airmail to United States or Australia) from the publishers, Bruce Spicer Ltd., 30 Molesworth Street, Dublin, or through any bookseller.

● FROM PAGE 23

rule. The player taking a free should be obliged to remain in a standing position and be not permitted to take a run at the ball.

The question would have to be determined whether fifteen players aside were necessary in these days of greater speed and fitness, and it might be possible to extend the playing time by ten or twenty minutes.

In a game in which play can switch from one goal to another with two strokes of the ball, it was obvious that the referee could not possibly keep up and

there was certainly a case to be made for giving umpires more jurisdiction.

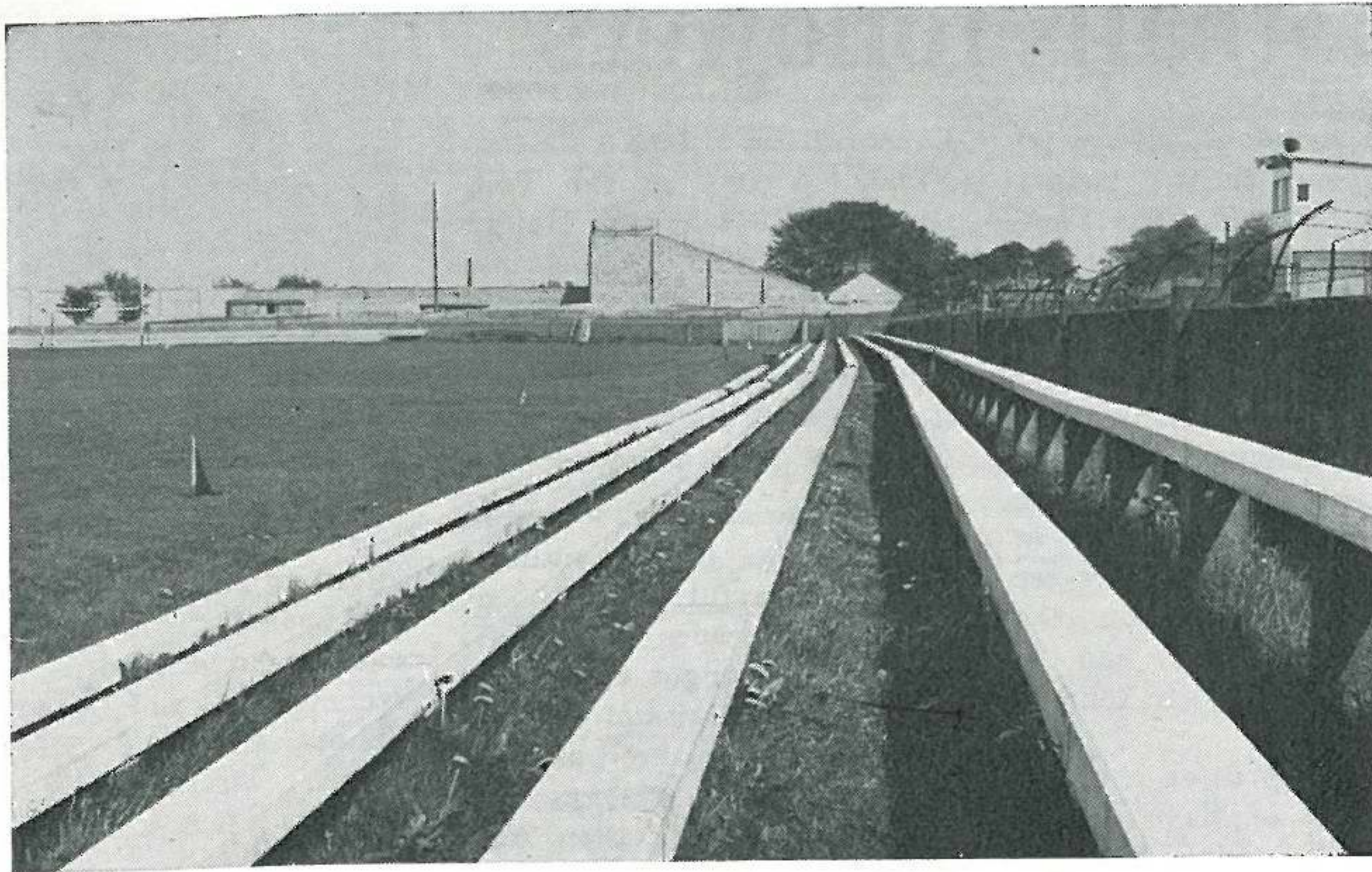
The indiscriminate running on to the field by mentors was a nuisance to players and spectators alike. It was undignified and undisciplined and should only be permitted in the case of genuine injury and on the invitation of the referee.

Concluding, the Taoiseach said that the shape of hurleys had changed for the worse. The under curve of the boss came away from the shaft too soon thereby shortening the heel, or

portion of contact with the ground. This made ground striking difficult, it caused a loss of length in delivery and encouraged a tendency to over-lift.

It is to be hoped that publication of the suggestions of one of our greatest authorities on the game of hurling, from a practical experience extending over many years, will stimulate discussion and result in changes that will make hurling, already ranked the greatest field game of them all, an even more attractive and acceptable game to the young manhood of Ireland.

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OUTLINE OF A PLAN

By Seamus O Ceallaigh

THE most important G.A.A. decision for many years was that of the last Congress to set up a Commission to review organisation at all levels of the Association. This is a very essential development and should give careful consideration to all aspects of the Association's affairs.

The first urgent matter is to define actual membership of the G.A.A. The loose system which has prevailed all along would not be tolerated in any well organised society and is now a positive danger to the very existence of the Association as we know it.

In these days of take-over bids and the like there should be more control on the formation of clubs than the mere gathering of fifteen players and the payment of an affiliation fee of twelve shillings.

I do not want to be an alarmist but the situation is wide open for any organisation with extensive branches all over the country forming new clubs or gaining control of existing ones in sufficient numbers to successfully take over the entire Association with its magnificent grounds and other valuable properties—not to count its nationalising influence and all it stands for in the life of the community.

Under the present constitution and rules it is difficult to see how such a bid could be prevented were the organisation making it sufficiently strong and determined. It is foolish to say the danger is not there. A political party, a farmers' or trade

union organisation, a religious association, or maybe sometime in the future, a communist dominated body could, if the humour struck them, move in very quietly and in a short time secure effective control.

The first essential is to define clearly what constitutes individual membership of the Association. In this regard, two grades should be instituted. Members of clubs less than two years in existence, and members who have not attained the age of eighteen years should be junior members without voting rights except on matters concerning the everyday running of competitions in which they may be engaged.

Players over eighteen years who have participated in at least five competitive games in either hurling or football, or both, within the previous two years should be entitled to full membership, as should former players and other well disposed individuals, who should be required to make formal application for membership, subject to acceptance by the club concerned.

Full club members should be required to pay an annual subscription of at least ten shillings, half of this to be forwarded to the Central Council, who, on receipt would immediately issue a membership card, without the possession of which valid membership would not be recognised. The five shillings received by the Central Council could be used to finance a special benevolent fund to help members of the Association who might be in need of assistance because of

illness or some other misfortune.

A hurling or a football club should have at least twenty-five members before it could be affiliated to the Association and the affiliation fee should be raised to £2, except in the case of clubs of minor or under.

Only one club in each code should be permitted in a parish of two hundred inhabitants or under, and it should be the aim of every club to have its own playing field properly equipped and social centre. Meetings of the members should be held monthly at least, with an annual general meeting before December 15th of each year for the election of officers, etc.

Players should be permitted to be members of their home club and also of a club in the parish where they work, provided both are not in the same county. In the latter instance, they should have the option of playing with either their home club or the club of the parish in which they work.

Failure to play in championship competition should lose a club its voting rights, which could not be restored until a team is fielded in the next championship.

Divisional committees should function in all counties and have responsibility for not more than twenty-five clubs, with the duty of providing regular competition for these. The area board should consist of the elected officers and representatives of the divisional committees and be the governing body within the area.

● TO PAGE 32

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● FROM PAGE 31

Each of the thirty-two counties should constitute an area, with cities of over fifty thousand population excluded and forming their own areas. The Army, the Gardaí, the Universities and the agricultural colleges should also be recognised as independent areas,

The thirty-two counties should be divided into units of four under the jurisdiction of district councils, who should have special responsibility for organisation within their district and the playing of championships, as the provincial councils do at present.

For the All-Ireland championships proper, the eight district winners could be matched in the opening round against teams drawn from the four cities—Dublin, Cork, Belfast and Limerick, and from the Army, the Gardaí, the universities and the agricultural colleges. This would give a sixteen team competition embracing all facets of the national life.

The Army, Gardaí, universities and the agricultural colleges would obviously not have teams for the under age competitions and these could be substituted by teams drawn from the secondary and vocational schools on some plan to be agreed.

The forty areas should meet annually to elect the Central Council which should consist of not more than ten members, with the President, General Secretary and two Trustees.

Lack of communication within the Association is a matter of serious importance and the proposed new £2 affiliation fee should be used to finance the issue of a regular bulletin to all clubs setting out policy and stressing the work clubs are doing or should be doing, along with the activities of other units of the Association.

G. & S. Doherty

CROSSWORD

No. 34

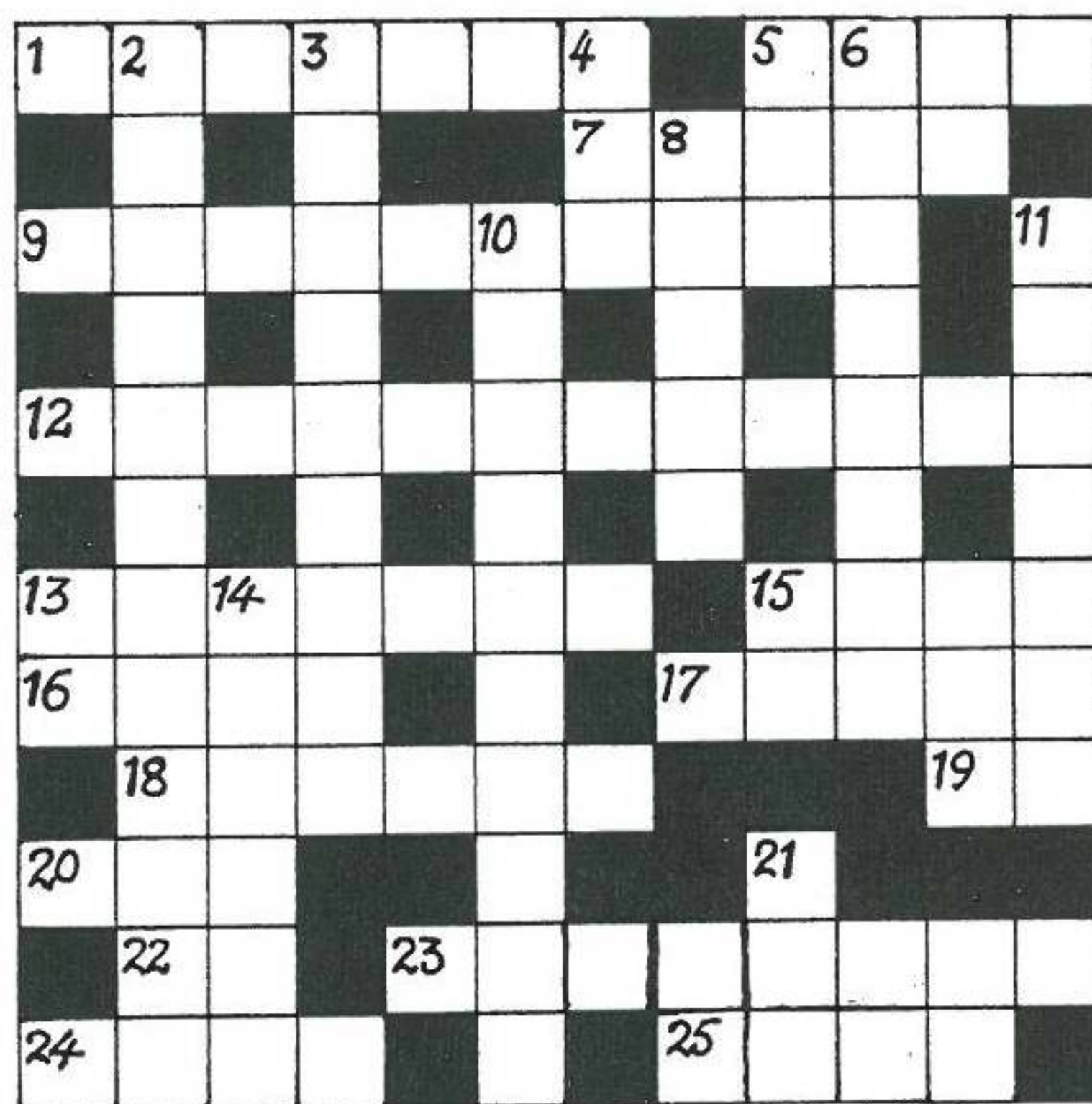
By Permuter

ACROSS

- 1—Cork football trainer who was top full-forward in his day. (1, 6)
- 5—Rouse up and encourage to greater things. (4)
- 7—Riches in a business or an advantage to a team. (5)
- 9—Full-back who last year made a satisfactory transition to centre-forward with midland county. (4, 6)
- 12—Social functions which are run annually by many clubs. (6, 6)
- 13—Is vespa inactive? (7)
- 15—Punishment for foul play. (4)
- 16—How often may one hop the ball when in possession without any other solo-run tactics in between hops? (4)
- 17—Ring out a salute to a fine Louth corner-back. (1, 4)
- 18—A looper is let out of custody but must report regularly to Gardai. (6)
- 19—Another strong link of the Louth defence still playing—lately at corner-back. Initials. (1, 1)
- 20—Some think it a necessary amenity in all club-houses where players and supporters gather for refreshment and discussion. (3)
- 22—Roman Catholic initially suggests a Cavan midfielder. (1, 1)
- 23—One of those who choose the team. (8)
- 24—Kews could send a ball totally off-course. (4)
- 25—A beverage provided in 20 across.

DOWN

- 2—For long the headquarters of Antrim G.A.A. activity. (8, 4)
- 3—Rise in confusion after musical instrument for the one who gets everything arranged. (9)
- 4—An old horse, or one who annoys repeatedly. (3)



- 5—Every player should be urged to make the best — of the ball. (3)
- 6—Remedy for players who are tired and ill—both. (4, 4)
- 8—Halos indicate a collection of fishes swimming together. (5)
- 10—Great teams are without peer—without equals to challenge them. (10)
- 11—Consistent half-back for Clare. (7)
- 13—Post Office, perhaps? (2)
- 14—Few and far between, like scores by a bad team, they are hard to come by. (6)
- 15—Star winger for Meath in the half-forward line of the '40s and early '50s. Initials.
- 21—Master card makes a star—one out on his own. (3)

SOLUTION : PAGE 52



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HEADGEAR

*A factor in the fight
to save a great game*

By JAY DRENNAN

THE position is, at the moment, that anything — short of murder, petty larceny and arson—which helps the game of hurling must be grabbed and used. If ever there was a case where the end justified the means this must be close enough to it. The game is in dire straits, and no one can deny that fact. nobody wants to decry the hopes and the efforts of the dedicated groups who are in the main forefront of the Hurling Revival, but, given even the best results imaginable, their job is necessarily a difficult one: one which will yield only niggardly results over a period of years, and which must take time and perseverance in order to be a significant factor in the top-class hurling picture.

Meantime, if those who have the "gift" fail to use it or lose the skill of its practice, all will have been in vain. So any expedient must be grasped. One such is the thought which gave rise to the acceptance of a Congress resolution, and the giving of a directive to the Central Council to look into the possibilities of devising a form of headgear for hurlers. Something, it is hoped, will be thought out that will at one time both offer the best possible protection for the hurler from chance blows in a match, and yet appear inconspicuous and not hinder the wearer. Needless to remark, there is no question here of compulsion; the headgear would be optional, though, none-the-less to be recommended.

The very fact that the game of hurling is played with a blunt instrument carries with it the

built-in danger of an occasional tip on the head: when skilled men play, and when the speed and extreme concentration of the play envelopes them, the stranger certainly seems to see imminent death in every clash for possession. This is exaggerated concern —not to mention ignorance of the essence of the game. The more skilled the hurler, the less chance he allows for the stray blows to any part of the body; one of the foremost skills is in the proper positioning in the clash, so that one's own position and hurley are defence enough against any eventuality.

But hurlers are not all highly skilled; nor are the ones on whom we base our hopes of Revival in the future at all conversant with either the dangers or the safeties of the game. And, is it not true that even the cleverest one is caught sometimes, when something unforeseen occurs and he finds himself laid out?

Head injuries are always somewhat worrying, for they alone are the ones which might seriously injure the hurler: other injuries are of a comparatively trivial nature in hurling. It is far better and safer than football, to that extent, that legs are not in any danger of being broken, back and rib injuries do not occur unless in rare circumstances.

Football is prone to far more chances of being injured quite seriously than is hurling. If the danger to head and hands could be eliminated from hurling, there would scarcely be a really worthwhile danger in the game. I

would, in fact, go the whole hog, and add handguards to the Central Council directive.

But, speaking on the subject to many acquaintances. I am convinced that there is a strong and vociferous minority opinion in the Association that such new-fangled ideas are so much time wasted. That what was good enough for their fathers and grandfathers is good enough for them. It is also true that many present-day hurlers would be rather reluctant to appear on the field sporting the proposed new "hat". Again this is a misunderstanding. It is no part of the idea's conception to turn vigorous young men into "sissy" imitations. And surely, it will not in any way affect the image of the most thrillingly dare-devil of games, where men's bravery shines like a beacon.

This is merely a commonsense view to get at the root of the cause why many mothers and nearly as many fathers are reluctant to let their precious offsprings partake in the hurling game.

It is, in fact, true that many people, even in Ireland, and particularly in the non-hurling counties, have the idea that the game is dangerous, and that their children might suffer an injury while playing it. The result is that so many youngsters who would dearly like to try their hands at hurling while they are still young enough to master those skills which make the great ones great, are deterred from getting their chance. Of course, all those parents and others require is reassurance, for they

must, indeed, be Philistines who could not appreciate the marvels of the game of hurling.

What is astonishing is that many players of a few years back used to sport caps, and not all with the intention of keeping the sun from blinding them. Many a player of the "good old days" tells a story of how the cap saved him from damage by breaking the blow. So, why bother to change? Why not let the cap fulfil its role as of old? Many reasons: caps are not what they used to be, for one, what with the change in materials and the invention of lighter and lighter synthetics; nor do they look quite the thing; and many players could not get used to wearing the cap, at all, while others would be inconvenienced by it.

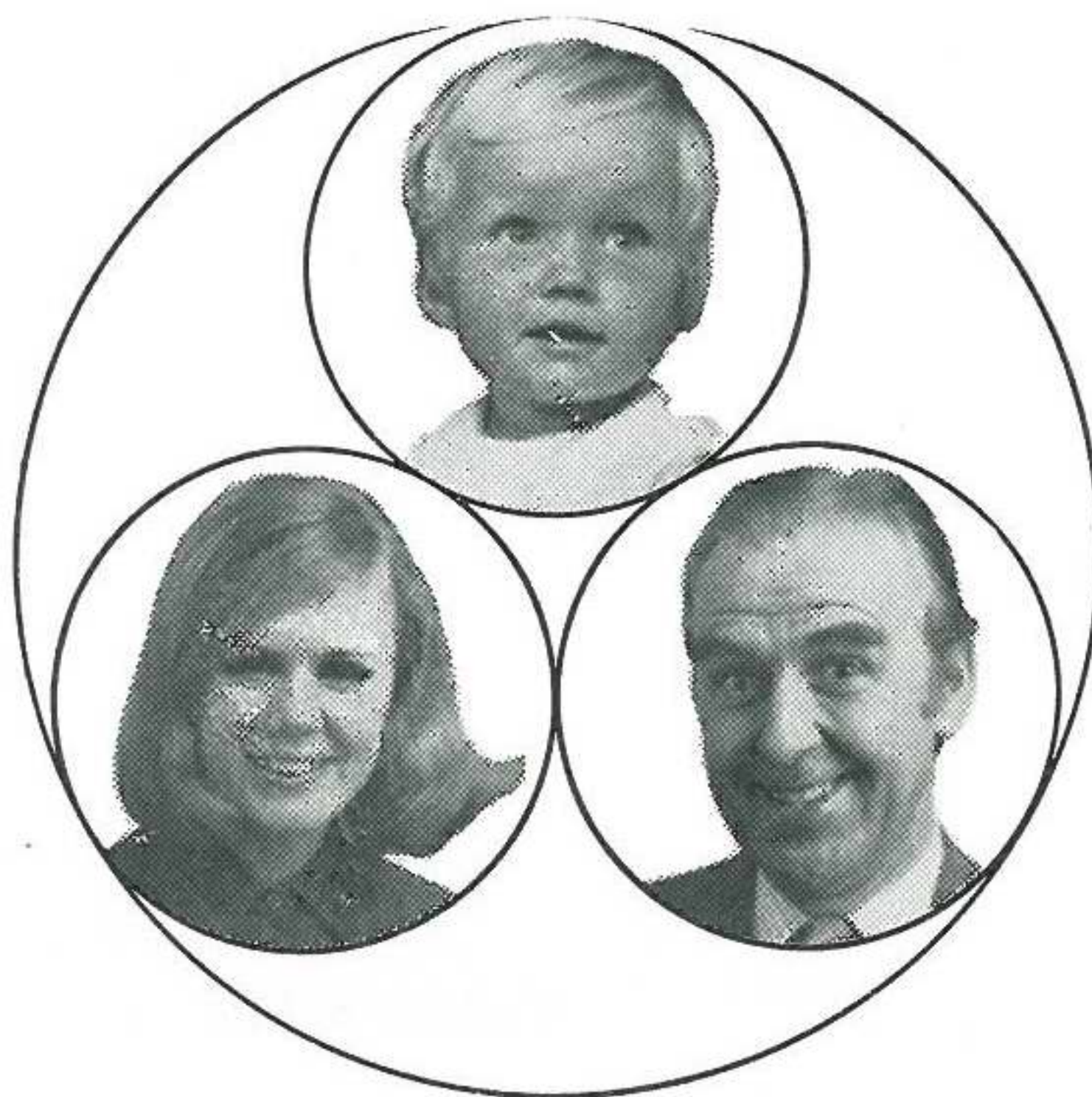
While one does not want to go so far as to encourage G.A.A. players to take the field helmeted and padded like American footballers, it nevertheless, seems to me common good sense to take what precautions are reasonably possible to avoid injury to our players. It is not as though they were professionals, who could draw their weekly pay whether injured or not; many of them are in the sort of job where they lose their weekly wage when they do not attend work, or where they lose their jobs altogether through a period of absence. It is already a sufficient declaration of the true amateur for players that they give willingly of themselves, and often lose considerably by their participation in the life of the G.A.A., without asking them also to take unnecessary economic risks as well.

Again things might not be so bad if the G.A.A. Insurance Schemes were such that there would be no personal financial loss involved, no expenses for hospitalisation or medical treatment, but this is not so. Far from it, the insured player is

often seriously out of pocket and his family in embarrassed straits for the period of his incapacity.

Is this a panic caused by recent cases of one or two serious injuries to the head or face? By no

means, for I have written the same arguments (in substance, at least) for headgear for hurlers, at least two years ago, and at a time when there wasn't a single serious injury to worry about.



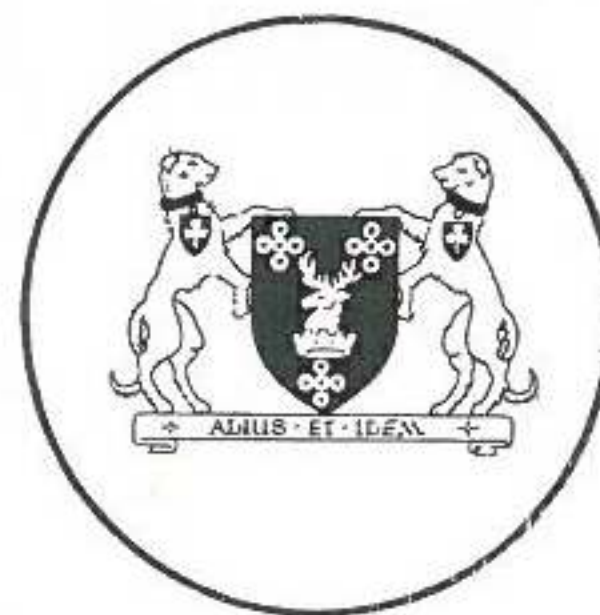
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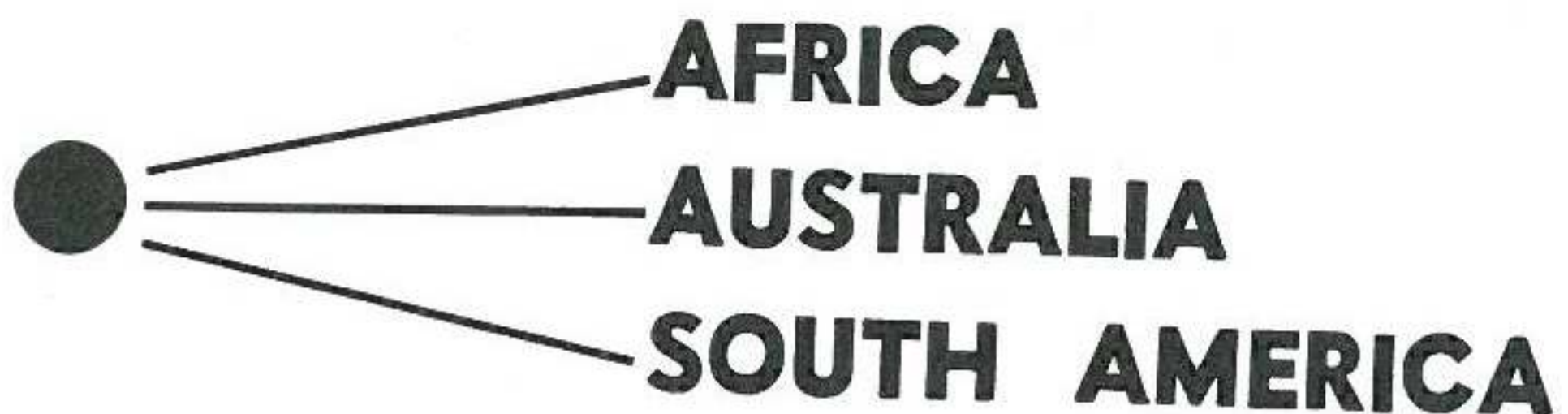
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SENIOR HURLING FINAL: SUNDAY, 14th JULY

SENIOR FOOTBALL FINAL: SUNDAY, 21st JULY

★ GAELS OF THE PROVINCE, MAKE A NOTE OF THESE DATES ★

CAMOGIE

By AGNES HOURIGAN

WHILE it is too early, as yet, clearly to visualise the possible outcome of the camogie championship, it seems pretty clear that we shall not have a great deal of change in provincial representation at senior level. Cork, by their victory over Tipperary, made virtually certain of retaining the Munster title. Dublin may be harder pressed in Leinster than has been the case for many years past but they still look like coming through, while it is hard to see Antrim being seriously challenged in the North.

The exception to provincial champions retaining their title may come in the West where Galway will be more than hopeful of recapturing the Connacht crown from Mayo. The junior championship will, however, prove a different matter altogether. The very fair grading system achieved by Congress has left most counties on the same standard and anyone could win this title.

As I said last month, I looked to this new All-Ireland junior championship to give a tremendous fillip to the game, and already I feel that my hopes have been justified. When Wexford played their first game in this competition county officials told me that with places on two county teams now to be won they already have several new clubs in the county.

Kilkenny also reports new clubs and I would not be surprised to hear similar tidings from other counties.

Also the junior championship is

providing a great and testing opportunity for trying out young players. For instance, younger sisters of two star players, Margaret O'Leary and Kit Kehoe, were very prominent on the Wexford junior side.

The enthusiasm engendered by the junior test is bound to spread and it is to be hoped that Central Council will harness this upsurge to extend the popularity of camogie even further.

Enthusiasm is also building up for the Colleges All-Ireland which will become an actuality later this year. We saw a typical example of this when the Ulster champions, St. Michael's, Lurgan, and the Leinster champions, Holy Faith, Clontarf, met at Croke Park in an unofficial test for supremacy.

Both teams took the occasion very seriously, indeed, and the Clontarf girls showed as much jubilation when they achieved a one-point victory as though they had actually won an All-Ireland crown.

But let me add that, while I have long experience of Clontarf's team-work and craft, which proved the vital factor in this game, I was very agreeably surprised by the all-round standard of the Northern champions. Their stick-work and long-striking was a revelation and, indeed, they had three or four other players who looked well up to the standard set by their interprovincial and inter-county star, Patricia Crangle, of Down and Ulster.

Another star of the future that I saw on the Colleges fields

shortly before was Liz Garvan, of St. Aloysius School, in Cork, who played really brilliantly for the Cork Colleges against the Dublin Colleges in their annual challenge game.

Liz Garvan is only 15 and will, presumably, be available again for her school next year.

Readers with reasonably good memories may recall that when (as I have been doing for a long time past), I was agitating for the setting up of this All-Ireland Colleges competition, I maintained that, if the competition was sanctioned, Munster and Connacht, where all efforts to set up schools competitions had previously failed, would quickly come into line. And that is exactly what happened in Munster where a whole host of camogie-playing schools seemed to come into existence almost over-night.

All that remains now is for other Connacht schools outside Galway to declare themselves.

I have always maintained that one of the reasons why Antrim broke through to win the All-Ireland last season was that summer coaching course at Orange-field in Belfast. The course will be held again this season, when I expect a greater number of players, officials and coaches from the South to attend.

Indeed, I am surprised that we have not already had some similar course in the South. There has, however, been a course in Kilkenny confined to the county, while one is agreed upon by Dublin for later in the season.

HURLING

● FROM PAGE 13

I see no reason why, with careful planning, the League, with only 11 counties taking part, could not be played efficiently every few weeks between early February and the end of May at the latest. The continuity of fixtures over a shorter period of time than that now devoted to the League, would boost interest in the test from the start, and maintain it at as high a pitch as possible through the competition.

Another good move would be a

final, or "Home" final, as the case may be, on the double-leg system, with the tie decided on aggregate scores over both games. This would give us at least one extra worth-while and attractive League tie a year, and two stirring encounters for the League title in May would help greatly to add new glamour, new appeal, and new interest to the championship.

As for the championships, why not at least play the provincial finals on the double-leg system? This would not impose any real strain on teams; after all, Kilkenny and Tipperary qualified for the 1967 final after only two games each. And Kilkenny had a

seven week wait between the Leinster final to the national decider.

The two extra games would provide more of the type of exciting fare the game needs to further its development. The ties would focus attention generally on the provincial championships much more strongly than at present, and would be invaluable in the build-up of interest in the All-Ireland final . . . factors that would all help greatly in the nation-wide drive to spread the game.

Then, again, with sensible planning the provincial championships could both still be completed in plenty of time to enable the All-Ireland final, which could still remain a "death or glory" tie, to go on as usual on the first Sunday in September.

The All-Ireland final could be followed by the Grounds' Tournament and the Oireachtas Cup, and here again the appeal of these competitions could be enhanced to the benefit of hurling by having the finals also on the double-leg system.

The schedule I advocate would not impose any great strain on inter-county hurlers. Nor would it seriously upset the schedule in football, or in club games, given, as I have already said, a little sensible planning and give and take all round, and it would, in my view, ensure that the National League, the championships and other tournaments would all play a much greater part than at present in furthering the revival of hurling.

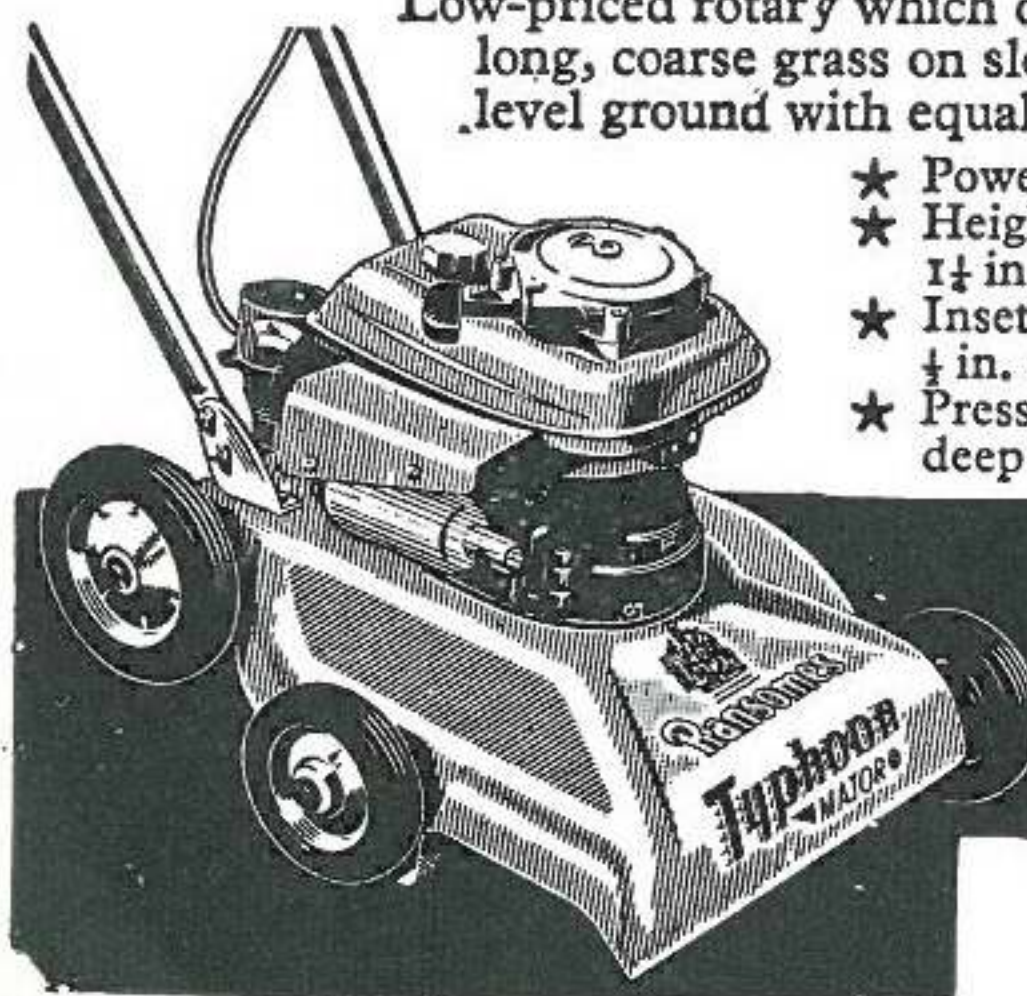
The Long, Lonely Walk

● FROM PAGE 15

easily moved to rashness due to their tenseness. In too many clubs, the team-advisers seem to be misguidedly enthusiastic rather than knowledgeable.

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EITHNE NEVILLE

EITHNE NEVILLE, one of the great names in camogie in Munster, has been for several years Secretary of the Munster Council, comes of a very famed Gaelic family. Her father, Mick Neville from Kilkenny, was a member of the great Dublin Faughs team from 1916 to 1922, and as well as winning a couple of All-Ireland medals with Dublin, also played in an All-Ireland final with his native Limerick.

All her brothers were well known on the hurling field, and one of them, Fr. Earnan Neville, was until recently President of the G.A.A.'s Handball Council.

Eithne Neville herself first came to prominence as a player while a student at University College, Dublin, with whom she won league and championship honours. She also won a place on the

Dublin All-Ireland panel and gained an All-Ireland medal as a reserve on the Dublin team.

On graduation, she returned to teach in her native county and quickly won fame not alone as a player but as an organiser and administrator. She soon became Secretary of the Limerick Board, and played full-forward both for her county and for Munster.

Later she became Secretary of Munster Council, a position she still holds, and helped to start the secondary competition in the province, as well as organising schools competitions in Limerick.

Since then she has on the playing fields won several Limerick championships with Croagh-Kilfinny, a Gael-Linn Cup medal or two with Munster and a Munster secondary

competition award with Limerick.

Indeed, she is still the valued full-forward on the Limerick county side, and one of the hardest strikers of a ball in the game.

In addition, of course, Eithne Neville is one of the best referees in the country. She has been in charge of the whistle in several All-Ireland finals, and won universal praise for her efficiency in handling the two great games between Antrim and Dublin in last year's decider.

A dedicated worker for the game, a fine player, a natural organiser, an efficient secretary and a popular referee, few members of the Association have adorned so many facets of the camogie game as Eithne Neville, now teaching in Rathkeale, within a few miles of her childhood home.

TOP TEN

THE following ratings are based on matches played from Sunday, May 19 to Sunday, June 9, inclusive. The tournament matches at Wembley Stadium on Whit Saturday are included in the assessment. The National Hurling League final in New York had to be ruled out because of the double postponement.

Top place on the hurling list goes to Mick Foley for his marvellous display in Waterford's goal when the Decies lost to Clare in the Munster championship. Joe Corcoran of Mayo leads the football group for his outstanding performance against Meath at Wembley.

HURLING

1—Mick Foley (Waterford).

- 2—Pat Nolan (Wexford).
- 3—Pascal O'Brien (Clare).
- 4—John Quigley (Wexford).
- 5—Vincent Loftus (Clare).
- 6—Tom Hearne ... (Waterford).
- 7—Dan Quigley (Wexford).
- 8—Gus Lohan (Clare).
- 9—Justin McCarthy (Cork).
- 10—Pat Moylan (Offaly).

FOOTBALL

- 1—Joe Corcoran (Mayo).
- 2—Tom O'Hare (Down).
- 3—Sean O'Neill (Down).
- 4—Joe McTeague (Kildare).
- 5—Kieran Brennan (Laois).
- 6—M. Hopkins (Longford).
- 7—Gerry McGee ... (Fermanagh).
- 8—Tommy Carew (Kildare).
- 9—Micky Cole (Down).
- 10—Mattie McDonagh (Galway).

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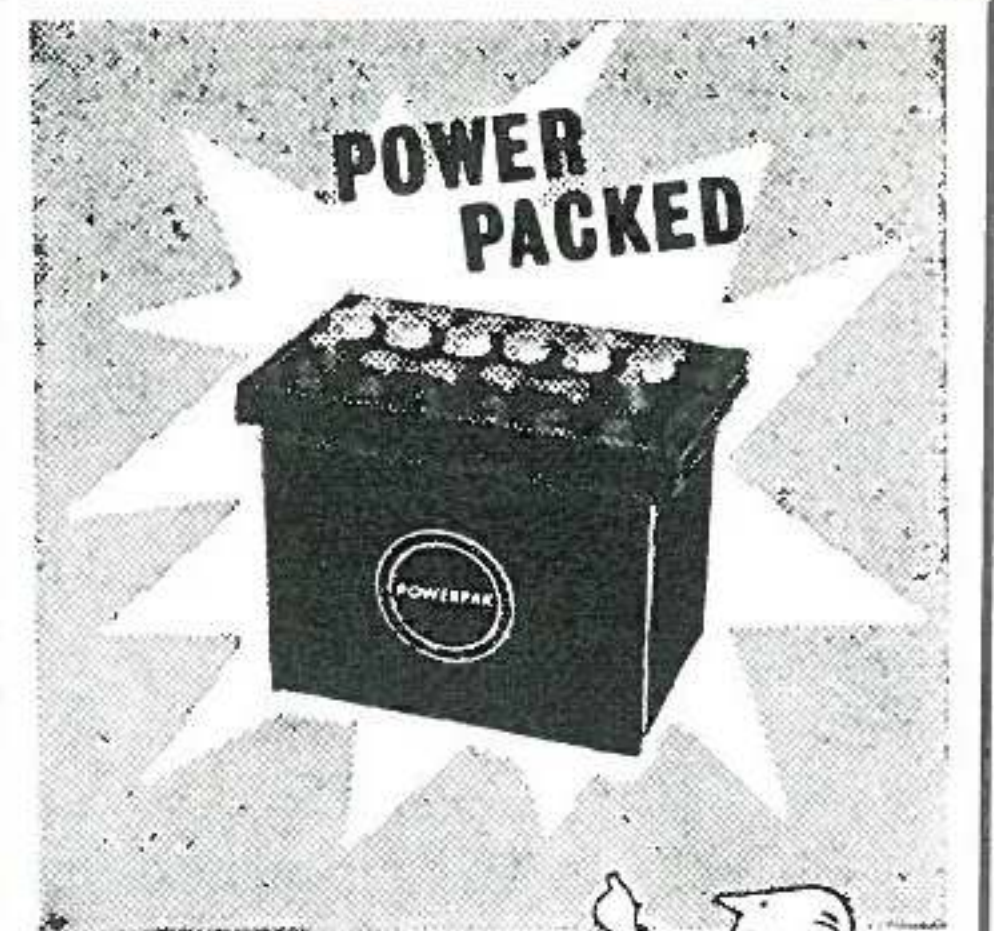
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MÍ ANA GHNÓTHACH

Le LIAM O TUAMA

Mí ana ghnóthach ar fad is ea mí Iúil i saol Chumann Lúth Chleas Gaedheal. Bíonn sé mar sin i gcómhnaí. Is é a mhí is gnóthaidhe ar fad é adéarfainn, is iad go léir, léir, a chur san áireamh. Beidh cluichí leath chraobhacha cheannanais, is cluichí chraobhacha cheannais ar siúl i ngach cúige. Tá sé deach-air, do shúil a choimeád orra go léir. Ní bhíonn aon chluiche cheannais san iomáint i gCúige Uladh nó i gCúige Connacht. Is mór an truagh é sin. Má oibrigh-tear scéim Choiste iomána i gceart, agus má chuiduigeann gach aoinne 'na shlí féin leis an scéim, ba cheart go mbeadh com-órtaisí cheannais, san iomáint ins an dhá chúige seo sar abfad. Tá an scéal abfad Éireann níos fearr sa chuma san i gCúige Mumhan agus i gCúige Laighean. Mealann na craobh-chluichí na mílte is na mílte ins an dá chúige seo. Do bhí lá, agus do bhí anatharraingt ag an ggraobh-chluiche iománíochta i gCúige Mumhan. Do bhí an tarraingt céadhna aige beagnach, is abhí ag an ggraobh-chluiche cheannais i bPáirc a' Chrócaigh ar an gcéad Domhnach i mí Mheán Fhóghmhair. Ní mar sin a bhíonn an scéal anois. Tá an chraobh-chluiche cheannais Laighean gach aon phioch chó maith le craobh-chluiche cheannais na Mumhan. Do réir mar

abhí iománaithe Loch Garman ag teacht ar aghaidh, do thosnuigh an tinnreamh ag an ggraobh-Chluiche ar dul i méid, is ag dul i méid. Dé ghnáth, bíonn siad féin is Cill Choinnigh páirteach sa chraobh-chluiche. Idir eatra a bíonn sé. Blian amháin, bíonn an buadh ag Loch Garman agus blian eile bíonn sé ag Cill Choinnigh. Ós rud é go bfuilim ag tagairt don chomórtas so, ba mhaith lion a rádh, go bfuil corn breágh luachmhar ag dul do lucht buaite. Corn Uí Chaoimh a glaohtar air—corn a bronnadh mar chuimhneachán ar Riobárd Ó Caoimh, fear go raibh ana aithne agam air—solas na bflaitheas da anam. Fear chó deas is chó macánta is a chasfaí ort i siubhal lae, sin é an saghas duine abhí ann. Cé gur rugadh is gur tógadh é i gConndae Chill Choinnigh, is taobh amuigh de, a chaith sé an chuid eile dá shaol. Múinteóir scoile abhí ann. Thosnuigh sé ag múineadh i gConndae na Míde—i nDún Bóinne is dóigh liom. As san chuaidh sé go dtí Conndae Laoighise, go dtí sráid-bhaile ar a glaohtar Buirgheas i-n-Oraighe air. Chuir sé tús le fuireann iománíochta i gConndae na Míde, an fhaid is abhí sé ann, agus do dhein sé an nídh chéadhna i gConndae Laoighise. Bhí a anam is a chroidhe san iomáint. Sár-iománaidhe do b'ea é féin, is

do bhain sé amach bonn na hÉireann le Laoighis timcheall na blian naoi déag is a cúig-déag. Bhuadhadar ar Chorcaigh an bhlian san.

Togadh é mar chathaoirleach choiste cúige Laighean, agus tamall géarr 'na dhiaidh sin arís, tógadh é mar úactarán ar an árd-chomhairle. Is cuimhin liom go maith an lá a togadh é. I Halla na Cathrach abhí an cruinniú. Chó luath is abhí na h-óráideacha molta, is an buaileadh bas thart, do sheas sé féin suas. Ghabh sé buaideachas do gach aoinne. Bhí an treóraidhe oifigiúil (na rialacha) 'na láimh aige. D'árduigh sé an leabhar agus ar seisean: "Tabhairfead-sa faid agus leithead an leabhair seo do gach aon Ghaodhal sa tír, pioca Ultach, Laighineach, Muimhneach, nó Connachtach é." Seadh, fear breágh, uasal abhí ann, duine de na daoine úd gurbh priviléid abhí ann aithne a bheith agat air. Más cúis áthais dúinn a bheith i gcomhlúadar Gaedhil den tsaghas san, ar an saol so, beidh sé mar a gcéadhna, agus níos fearr fós sa tsaol atá le teacht.

AN COSTAS RÓ ÁRD

Tá buntáiste amháin ag peil ar an iomáint, agus is é sin an costas atá ag gabháil leo. Má chean-

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níonn club liathróid peile, cuir i gcás, mairfidh sé ar feadh bliana nó dó, má tugtar aon tsaghas aire dhó. Rud eile ní

chosnoaidh sé thar trí no ceithre púint. A mhalairt de scéal atá ag baint leis an iomáint.

Tógann sé suim mhór aidgid club iománíocht a choimeád ar

siúbhal. Tá costas camán imithe suas sa spéir ar fad, le cúpla bliain anuas. Caithfidh tú suas le cúig déag scillinge a thabhairt ar chamán i gcóir imirtheóra sínnsirigh nó i gcóir imirtheóra soisrigh chó maith. Rud eile, is fíor annamh a thárlíonn sí ná bristear camán nó dó i gcomórtas. Sin suim mhór airgid imthighte i-n-aon lá amháin. Bhíos ag féachaint ar chluiche amháin le déanaidhe, agus do bhriseadh sé camáin le fuireann amháin agus is beag é, an mhéid airgid abhí sa chiste ag an gclub chéadna. Ag dul i méid a bheidh costas na gcamán leis an aimsir. Is cuimhin liom uair, agus ghéobhfá an camán is fearr sa tír ar chúig scillinge. Tá an lá san thart. Constac don chluiche is ea costas na gcamán, ach tá dul as ann ach raghad-sa isteach sa cheist sin lá breagh eile.

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HANDBALL

By ALLEYMAN

THE return of Joe Maher, with his wife and family, after a three-year sojourn in Toronto, continues to be the talking point in handball. Maher's every move, handball-wise, is being followed with the keenest interest but, I suppose, this is only the natural reaction towards any world champion in his own country.

It might at first seem strange that Joe has failed to regain his former status as cock o' the walk by Irish standards; but, on reflection, there is a logical explanation. It simply amounts to the fact that a real comparison cannot be drawn between the game, as it is played in the two countries. Here, we use a 60' × 30' court while in Canada and America the court is of 40' × 20' dimension.

Even a disinterested party can easily discern the difference such a discrepancy in measurement must make. It has been proved in reverse on very many occasions when the top players from this country went out to pit their skill against the top names in America and Canada.

Invariably they have failed to master the confines of the smaller court, which, with the addition of roof play, makes this new brand of handball to them, initially, a real mystery.

Maher himself proves this point, for in 1964, when he went to New York for a tilt at the world championship with the late Des Dillon, he fared none too well—even taking into consideration the fact that roof play was not counted.

Indeed, I have no doubt that this was the reason why he

decided to emigrate to Canada in 1965.

He had a feeling that, with the proper training and facilities, he could whip the best in the world on the small court.

This he did, in no uncertain fashion, in the fall of last year in Toronto. This question of the big versus the small court is one that intrigues me. I have been playing it over in my mind since our boys came home from America after competing in the world championships in 1964.

At that time there were two schools of thought on the matter, with a slight majority on the side of the small court.

I fell in line with the idea of the smaller court then, for a number of reasons.

Cost was a big factor in determining my decision, for it does not require a mathematical genius to gauge the huge financial discrepancy that occurs when the costing of the small and big alleys is defined.

Effectively, one could say that you would build two small alleys for the price of one standard Irish court.

It appeared to me also, that if handball were to keep pace with the tendency towards urbanisation, then the small alley was the answer.

There was the factor also that our players were quite enthusiastic about the American game as a spectacle while, from a G.A.A. point of view, the small court might be more in keeping with the other buildings on the playing ground.

However, it appears that Joe Maher, after giving the small alley a fair testing, must be used

as a yardstick for our own future needs. And, in that context, the *status quo* with regard to the Irish court will be retained.

For Joe Maher maintains that the brand of handball as played on the Irish court is much superior to the American game.

He maintains that the only reason why the Americans decided to play handball on a small court was to consume space. It means, in effect, that a handball court can be incorporated in most of the youth and social clubs.

Therefore, it is nothing extraordinary to find a handball court many floors high on a building.

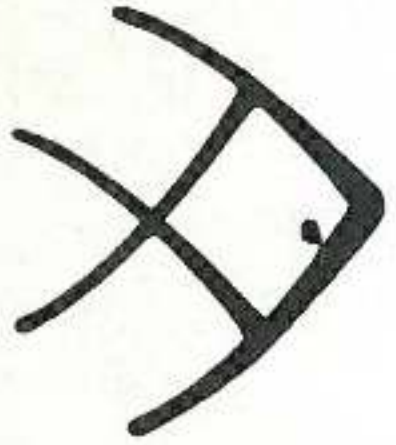
"I would strongly recommend," says Joe, "that we cling to our own type of court. After my experience over the past three years, I have no hesitation in saying that the Irish game is superior in every respect.

"Let me add, however, that if it is a case of building a small court in preference to no court at all, by all means go ahead and build."

Meantime, Joe has a big problem on hand as far as a playing court is concerned. Despite the fact that he had been the top handballer in Louth before his departure and is now anxious to get back in full training, there is no court in Drogheda — his home town.

It means that Joe must make the journey to Gormanston for training sessions a couple of times every week.

It seems a pity that the Drogheda people, particularly in view of his great world championship victory, don't decide to build a court. Joe Maher certainly deserves it.



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GERALD McCARTHY



By TIM HORGAN

ASK any Cork hurling supporter to name three good forwards on the county senior team and nine times out of ten you'll hear Gerald McCarthy mentioned in the reply. It seems only natural that the man who captained the victorious All-Ireland side two years ago should be rated as one of the best players on the current team. And yet, Gerald McCarthy's rise to prominence and acceptance among his own followers was no easy task.

When the Cork hurlers embarked on their memorable championship campaign of 1966 Gerald McCarthy sat on the sideline for most of the first match against Clare. He was introduced as a substitute towards the end of that drawn game and managed to retain his place for the replay. However, as captain of county champions, St. Finbarrs, the 20-year-old forward was automatically appointed skipper of the Cork team and thus faced his first full championship outing with a very heavy responsibility.

Gerald didn't play well in the second match against Clare, although the Leesiders enjoyed a comfortable win. He showed a big improvement in the provincial semi-final, when he scored two valuable points, but his subsequent performances left him open to a great deal of criticism. When he ascended the rostrum to receive the McCarthy Cup after Cork had beaten Kilkenny in the All-Ireland final, many supporters still questioned his merits as an inter-county player.

Gerald McCarthy "grew up" in the red jersey with players like Seanie Barry and Justin McCarthy. He played with them on the county minor team in 1963 and graduated to the Cork under-21 selection with them three years later. His promotion to the county senior outfit came at a time when Seanie and Justin were just beginning to make an impact on the hurling field but unlike his colleagues, Gerald was handicapped from the outset with the burden of captaincy.

It was only after the All-Ireland campaign had ended in September 1966 that Gerald was free to play his own game, regardless of how his colleagues throughout the field were doing. The club championship at home led to a new captain taking over from the 'Barrs player and also saw a "new" Gerald McCarthy making his name with the county seniors.

Hurling with more fire and enthusiasm than ever before and showing a marked maturity in his approach to the game, Gerald gradually built up a reputation for himself as one of the most consistent players on the Cork team. He also displayed a penchant for picking off long range points from play, a quality unknown in the nervous young captain of the previous season. Hardly a match went by without a score or two from the lightning-fast wing forward, and very soon those who had doubted his worth the previous year now looked on him as an established regular.

Cork were beaten in the first

round of the 1967 championship and very little was seen of the county hurlers until the following autumn. However, when the league began, Gerald continued to show a marked improvement in each game and by the following spring he was recognised as one of the finest hurlers in the province. The Munster selectors honoured him with a place on the team to play Connacht in the Railway Cup semi-final and Gerald lived up to the occasion with a scintillating performance. However, top class forwards like Michael Keating (Tipperary) and Cork's Seanie Barry missed the semi-final and were recalled for the game against Leinster.

Gerald McCarthy was relegated to the substitutes but made his appearance in the final at the start of the second-half, when Munster seemed destined to lose. His fiery hurling at left-corner forward helped to turn the tide for the southern province and Gerald went on to gain a well-deserved Railway Cup medal.

Gerald was in top form again at the start of this year's championship when he contributed a brace of points to Cork's total in their victory over Limerick. At 23, he is now recognised as one of the leading intercounty players in the game and few Corkmen would dare to question his ability to-day. It was a tough, uphill struggle to gain acceptance among his own supporters but the stout-hearted hurler from Greenmount managed to do so in an admirable fashion.

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KEARINS IS TOP MARKSMAN

By OWEN McCANN

SLIGO reached the National Football League semi-finals this year for the first time in 40 years, and, not surprisingly, their brilliant captain, Mickey Kearins, takes first place in the code's chart of ace score-getters for 1967-68. Not only that, he emerges as the most prolific marksman in League football in the past four seasons.

Kearins, who was not in the top ten last season, also had a good lead of eight points over the chief marksman in the National Hurling League "Home" campaign, Jimmy Doyle, the Thurles man, of course, was engaged last month in the two games with New York, in New York, for the League title proper, but for the purposes of this review, we are concerned only with games in the hurling campaign here in Ireland.

The Sligo inter-provincial, who did not drop below a minimum tally of four points in any game, averaged 6.37 points in each of his eight outings. But, impressive though this match tally is, it still only takes second place. Out in

front is Tony McTeague, who hit an impressive 7.40 minors in each of his five appearances in the Offaly jersey. This figure, in fact, is just slightly behind the outstanding one in football over the past four seasons—7.60 points by Charlie Gallagher (Cavan) for the premier spot, with 3-29 (38 pts.) in five games in 1964-65.

Sharpshooting Kearins recorded his highest score in one game against Donegal at Sligo in November, when he landed 0-8. The best individual score in the competition was shot against Sligo by Jack Donnelly. He scored 1-8 in Kildare's semi-final replay win.

Donnelly, McTeague, who were joint eighth in the 1966-67 chart with 0-20 each, and Kevin Kelly (Kildare), joint tenth with 4-7, are the only members of last season's panel to improve their totals.

McTeague's achievement is truly spectacular—17 points more than a year ago from exactly the same number of games! Donnelly had two more outings than in 1966-67, and landed 11 points more, while Kelly pushed his

total up by ten points from four extra engagements.

The top spot in football last year was taken by Sean O'Connell (Derry) with 9-22 (49 pts.) in eight games, the second highest total over the past four seasons.

Eddie Keher, who "spread-eagled" the rest of the field last season with a blistering 6-48 (66 pts.) in seven games, the best in hurling and football, takes the No. 1 spot in hurling as far as the match average table is concerned. But, his tally of 6.66 minors an hour is still well down on the tremendous 9.42 points he recorded per game last season—the best in the League over the past four years.

The Kilkenny hurler played six games in 1967-68, as against those seven last season, and drops to third place. On the other hand, Pat Cronin (Clare), in exactly the same number of games as in 1966-67, pushed up his score by an impressive enough seven points, but still has to be content with exactly the same ranking as a year ago—No. 2. His match average is up by exactly a point.

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THE SCORING CHARTS

FOOTBALL

Points	Score	Games	Average
51	M. Kearins (Sligo) ...	1-48	8 6.37
48	S. O'Neill (Down) ...	8-24	8 6.00
37	A. McTeague (Offaly) ...	2-31	5 7.40
31	J. Donnelly (Kildare) ...	1-28	6 5.16
29	K. Kelly (Kildare) ...	4-17	8 3.62
27	C. Gallagher (Cavan) ...	1-24	6 4.50

HURLING Division I

Points	Score	Games	Average
43	J. Doyle (Tipperary) ...	2-37	7 6.14
42	P. Cronin (Clare) ...	7-21	7 6.00
40	E. Keher (Kilkenny) ...	2-34	6 6.66

37	C. Dunne (Kilkenny) ...	5-22	8 4.62
36	P. Lynch (Wexford) ...	5-21	6 6.00
28	D. Nealon (Tipperary) ...	5-13	8 3.50

Division II

Points	Score	Games	Average
27	W. Hilliard (Wicklow) ...	7-6	5 5.40
26	E. Donnelly (Antrim) ...	6-8	6 4.33
22	M. Mullen (Meath) ...	5-7	4 5.50
21	M. Jordan (Wicklow) ...	2-15	5 4.20
17	J. Walsh (Carlow) ...	4-5	5 4.25
17	W. Richmond (Antrim) ...	4-5	6 2.83

Division III

Top scorer: M. Stafford (Donegal) 4-16 (28 pts.) in 5 games; average 5.60 points.

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Cronin is the only member of last season's panel of top scorers to improve on that season's total (he scored 2-29 (35 pts.), but Donie Nealon (Tipperary) finished on the 28 points mark for the second year in succession. He had a far better match average last season, however, at 5.60 points for 4-16 in five games, compared with 3.50 points for 5-13 in eight outings in 1967-68.

Back in the No. 1 spot again is Jimmy Doyle (Tipperary). He filled this role in 1964-65 with 7-42 (63 pts.) in eight games at a 7.87 points match average, and in 1965-66 with a moderate enough 4-20 (32 pts.) in five hours, or 6.40 points per match. Last season he played in only one League game because of an injury.

Doyle chalked up 2-37 (43 pts.) in seven games at the second highest match average of 6.14 points. He reaped his most successful harvest of scores in one game in the play-off with Wexford at Croke Park in March for a place in the semi-final with Cork. He raised 11 white flags in that encounter. But, back in November, his team-mate, Michael Keating, scored 4-0 against Laois at Templemore.

In Division II of the Hurling League, Mattie Mullen (Meath) is the only link with the past season. He was third a year ago with 3-14 (23 pts.) in six games, and he takes the same placing in 1968, but with 22 points this time (5-7) from five games. Billy Hilliard (Wicklow) heads the chart with 27 points—two below the score recorded by last season's joint chart-toppers, Declan Lovett with 5-14, and his Kerry colleague Eamonn O'Sullivan (8-5), each in five games. Mullen leads in the averages with 5.50, well down on last season's tops of seven points by Tommy Ring (Westmeath) for 2-22 (28 pts.) in four games.

JOE CORCORAN OF MAYO

By JAY DRENNAN

THE left-wing forward position has always been a pretty glamorous one. It has been manned by some of the great individual personalities of the game both in football and hurling. One remembers the stars of football who wore the number 12 with particular clarity — Seamus Leydon, Paddy Doherty, Michael Kearins, the late Paudie Sheehy, Tadhgíe Lyne, Mattie McDonnell, Donal Keenan, T. P. O'Reilly, Batt Garvey, and a host of others. They have all been able to construct and to score. Few positions in the field have been so fruitfully filled as this one.

Now Mayo have not been exactly impoverished at left-half forward any more than others: the late Liam Hastings, Mick Mulderrig, and Peter Solan all served with distinction at times in that quarter. But they surely have never been so brilliantly equipped in the position as they now are with the wonderfully adventurous, cheekily daring and razor-sharp Joe Corcoran riddling the reputations of all wing half-backs unfortunate enough to have the task of marking him.

It is hard to remember when one man was so much to a team as Corcoran is to the present Mayo. Not by any means that the others are poor, or even moderate, but because he adds so much to the best efforts of the others. They work with toil and trouble for their results and gain but few; Corcoran does all the things most people would think suicidal, and yet comes through with the ball to score.

And his scoring is not the least of his merits, though it is often an unfair reflection to judge a player by what he has scored. However, like Kearins of Sligo, another great player in the same position, it is not a mere question of loitering about to capitalise on the work of others. On the contrary, the two have this in common, that it is their brilliance in the all-round play that earns for them most of the scores they get. They are not score snatchers, and other players get more scores from opportunities which they have slaved to create than do they from openings made by their colleagues.

It is seldom that a province has such a pleasant, but nonetheless difficult, problem as have the Connacht selectors when it comes to picking their team when they have available Kearins, Corcoran and Galway's Seamus Leydon. Riches piled on riches. And, by the way, talking of riches, and the old jargon that "money makes money," it would appear that brilliance in a position creates more brilliance, for it is unusual that counties and provinces have an embarrassment of talent in one position, and almost a famine in another.

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WILSON HARTNELL

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There is some reason to suppose that Joe Corcoran may have been part of this production of wealth, for he bears, in some respects, more than a passing resemblance in his play to Seamus Leydon. He has the quite astonishing ability to fade away from the way of the possible tacklers on a solo, so that one gets the impression constantly that the defence must be slackening—leaving large open spaces through which the Mayo man is seen to drift like a phantom. But that cannot be the case always. And it may fairly be presumed that, at the standard of inter-county competition, and particularly the rarefied kind of inter-county atmosphere that an outstanding side like Mayo inhabit, the opposing defence is stretching itself to its uttermost limits in order to leave no way unblocked.

That is why one must admire Corcoran's ability to carry the solo style for which he has always been noted into higher and higher grades, and succeed in stamping his own impression on the game, even when he is playing relatively quietly.

So many players who have had great prominence at club level fail to carry their style of individualism with them: they find no space to move; they find too many of the opposition in position to block their path. And they are happy to settle for catch-and-kick. One can only conclude that there is some rare quality possessed by such as Leydon, Kearins and Corcoran, all of whom seem able to find the opportunities to move clear of opposition as though it had been caught taking a nap.

Leydon was never a consistent score getter: oh, yes, I remember many vital and match winning scores which he did get, but he was as much concerned with the intermediate manoeuvre as

he was with the possibility of working out his own score. Most of his fiery runs were ploys which intended to distract and draw the opposition away towards his line of flight: the low fisted pass was his trade mark when placing a colleague at the end of the usefulness of his run.

Corcoran, on the other hand, is quite obsessed with scoring. Well he might, for he has a power of shot which Leydon never had, and resembles Kearins more in this respect. A probing solo may not bear fruitful opening through towards goal and, if it does not, he can pick off the points by trunk call. But let the defence show a chink or two and he can be through it like a flash and the sizzler can be bulging the back of the net.

Mayo depend a lot on Corcoran; just how much is difficult to assess. It may be that the rest of the line is quite happy to see him monopolise the ball and the scoring when he is in form and playing well. Maybe, as they have also suggested on a few occasions,

when he is not at one with himself, they can take over the burden of attack, and show paces unsuspected when the maestro conducts.

It may be something of the case of Tom Langan in the last great Mayo team: he was the key and the lynchpin; and he often won their matches almost single-handed even when well-marked. But the rest of the Mayo line were no "duds", and they could salvage enough scores on the odd occasion when Langan was away or out of touch, to win many a tough game — the late Mick Flanagan being notable for his goal "from the blue".

It is worthy of acceptance that the virtue of the present Mayo forward line is, or will be, in the near future, that they will know how and when to play to their star man, and how and when to go it on their own. What is impressive even already is the lack of selfishness in the rest of the line, their willingness to dovetail in a less spectacular role when Joe is doing the honours.

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KVERNELANDS

Memories of a chaotic Ulster final

By
SEAMUS McCLUSKEY

IT is July, the month of the Ulster final and with the semi-finals due to be completed on the first Sunday of the month, all Ulster eyes will be focussed on Sunday 28, when the showpiece of the Ulster G.A.A. calendar will be staged.

Present-day Ulster finals are staged in elaborately equipped stadia, complete with modern dressing-rooms, sideline seating, covered stands, and spectators "wired-off" from any contact with players and officials. The possibility of an Ulster final being unfinished, under present circumstances, is a very remote possibility—unless the majority of the contesting players go stark, raving mad and turn the game into a shambles. But again, such a possibility is very remote.

In the early days, circumstances were entirely different and some of the first finals ended in chaos. With the passage of time, however, things improved, and we have to go back nearly thirty years—to 1939—to get the last Ulster final which was unfinished.

The finalists for that hectic 1939 final were Cavan and Armagh—neither of them reigning champions. Armagh had contested the two previous Ulster finals, losing to Cavan in 1937 at Castleblayney, and losing to Monaghan in 1938 at Armagh.

Now it was Cavan v. Armagh again and the obvious venue was Castleblayney, but Cavan/

Armagh rivalry was so keen at that time that, looking back on it now, it is difficult to understand why the Ulster officials could not have foreseen that the attendance would break all previous records and that much greater accommodation than that available in Castleblayney would be required.

Contesting their third final in a row, Armagh had accounted for the Ulster champions, Monaghan, on a replay in the semi-final, and were now determined to capture a title they had not held since 1903. Cavan, however, were equally determined, remembering that it was Armagh who had dethroned them the previous year, after they had held the title for a record breaking seven-in-a-row (1931 to 1937). The stage was well and truly set for a memorable final at the south Monaghan venue on Sunday, August 6, 1939.

The line up for that 1939 Ulster final day was—M.F.C. final—Monaghan v. Cavan at 2.45 (referee — Sean O'Cineide, Donegal); S.F.C. final—Armagh v. Cavan, 4 p.m. (Referee—J. Murtagh, Down).

The minor final ended in a draw at 0-5 each and the senior final started twenty minutes late — at approximately 4.20. Generally speaking, it was a well behaved and cleanly contested game, with the Armagh men starting off in great fashion. The mighty Jim McCullagh, playing a captain's part, got great support from Crilly and Collins and

dominated the midfield exchanges. Up front, Murray was raider-in-chief and his speed had Tom O'Reilly guessing. Colahan and Arthurs were catching the eye on the left wing of the attack.

Armagh drew first blood when Devlin sent over a point. Crilly added the second before T. P. O'Reilly had Cavan's first score—a point. This was negated by Collins, however, who made it 0-3 to 0-1 in favour of Armagh. Cavan took the lead when a shot

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Carroll's No. 1 Tournament

GOOD news for golfing enthusiasts in the Donegal area is that P. J. Carroll, the cigarette people, tell us that they will be staging their Carroll's No. 1 Tournament at Bundoran Golf Club on Saturday and Sunday, 28th and 29th September next. This tournament is a professional one and carries a total prize fund of £1,000 with a first prize of £300 and it will be the first professional tournament to be held in Donegal since the William Nolan Trophy was played there in 1957.

Christy O'Connor who was at one time the local professional at Bundoran holds the existing record with a 70 and feels that the winning score for September's event could go as high as 283.

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from Conaty was adjudged to have crossed the line before Holohan had scrambled the ball away and now the fat was really in the fire.

It was at this stage that the first invasion of the pitch took place and when the spectators had finally been cleared off the playing area it was Armagh who went back into the attack. Devlin had a great goal to regain the lead, but the concluding stages of this first half were entirely Cavan's.

A Patsy Devlin point narrowed the gap and Cavan were again in front when Patsy Lynch sent to the net. Conaty added a further point to put the Blues three points in the lead at the interval—Cavan 2-3, Armagh 1-3.

On resuming—it was now nearly an hour since the first throw-in—Cavan again took control and had points from White and Lynch to put them further ahead.

Armagh, sensing defeat, then struck back in tremendous fashion, Arthurs scoring a great goal and following this up with

a point, to leave only a single point separating them. Midway through the half Cavan replied with a point from T. P. O'Reilly, but this proved to be the last score of the game as it was at this stage that the crowd really took over.

Roaming onto the playing pitch like sheep, all anxious to get a better view of the proceedings, they made things impossible for both players and referee. The playing-area gradually narrowed and despite the efforts of players, officials and stewards, it became obvious that the game could not be finished. Time marched on as, despite effort and appeal, the crowd could not be contained and the match was finally abandoned at 6.45 p.m. The replay was fixed for Croke Park on the following Sunday. At the time of abandonment, Cavan led by 2-6 to 2-4 and some fifteen minutes remained to be played.

The teams which contested that hectic and last unfinished Ulster final were:—

Cavan: J. Mitchell; W. Carroll, E. Finnegan, M. Dinnenny; G. Smith, Tom O'Reilly, J. W.

Martin; J. J. O'Reilly, P. Smith; T. P. O'Reilly, P. Lynch, V. White; P. Devlin, P. Conaty and T. Maguire.

Armagh: J. Holohan; E. McMahon, E. McLoughlin, F. Carragher; P. Crilly, C. Short, L. Collins; T. Clerkin, J. McCullagh; T. Corrigan, A. Murray, A. Colohan; P. Devlin, J. Kelly, F. Arthurs.

It is interesting to take a look at the minor teams that contested the "curain-raiser" that day, as many of them, especially on the Cavan line-out, were afterwards to make quite a name for themselves in the football world. They were:—

Cavan: J. D. Benson; T. Tueran, B. Cully, P. P. Galligan; J. Degan, P. Coyle, S. Deignan; L. Brady, J. J. Brady; K. O'Reilly, M. K. Fitzsimmons, J. Gillick; K. Smith, F. Cumiskey, P. Doyle.

Monaghan: P. Farrell; D. Hughes, P. Donohue, J. McGeough; J. McGeough, O. King, J. Murphy; D. Rice, P. Rutledge; C. McGrath, P. McCarney, J. Kerr; J. Woods, J. McHugh, P. McKenna.

In the replay at Breffini Park, the following Sunday, Monaghan won by a point.

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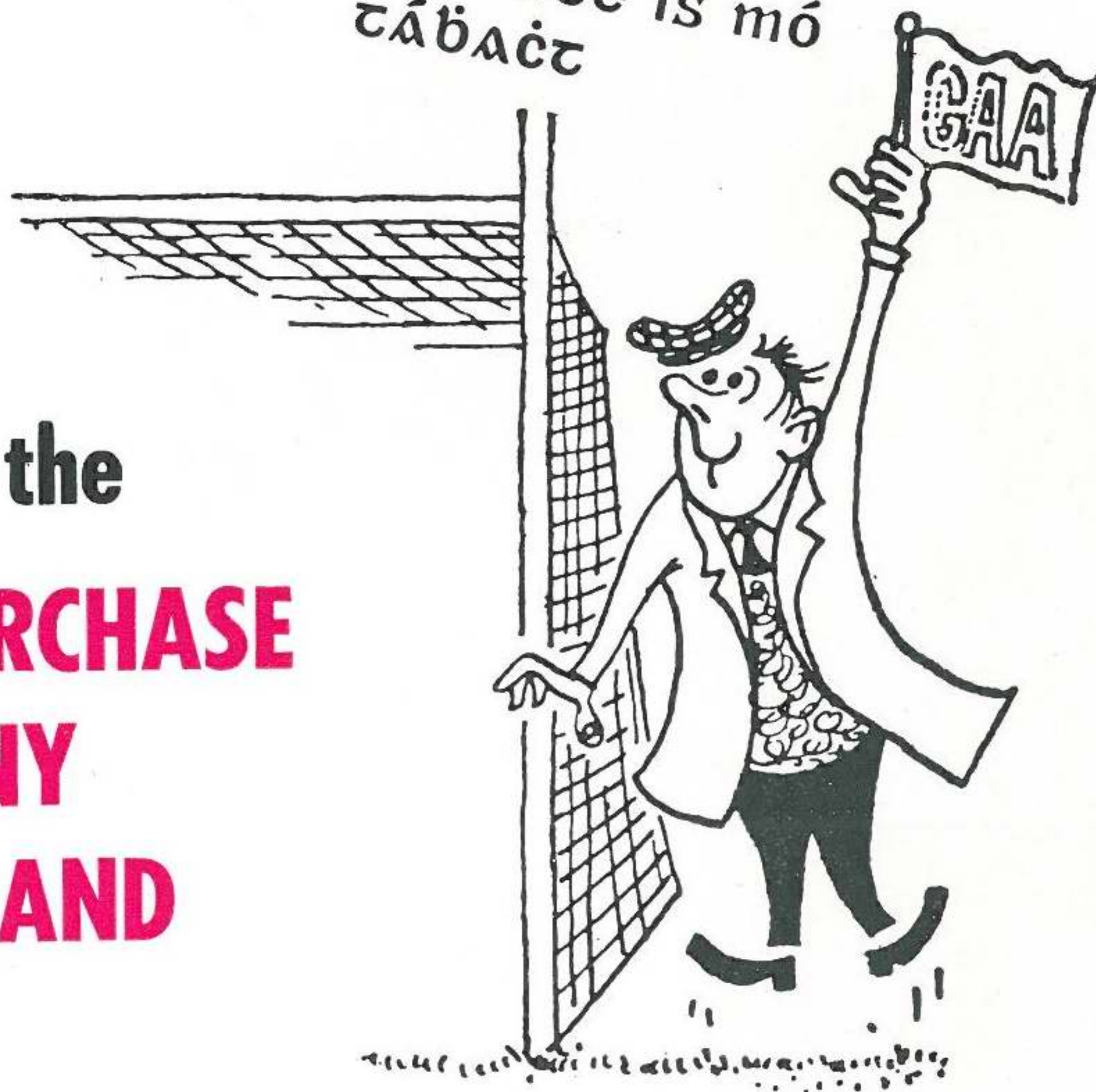
CROSSWORD SOLUTION

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