

94 GAA

# Gaelic Sport

TWO SHILLINGS

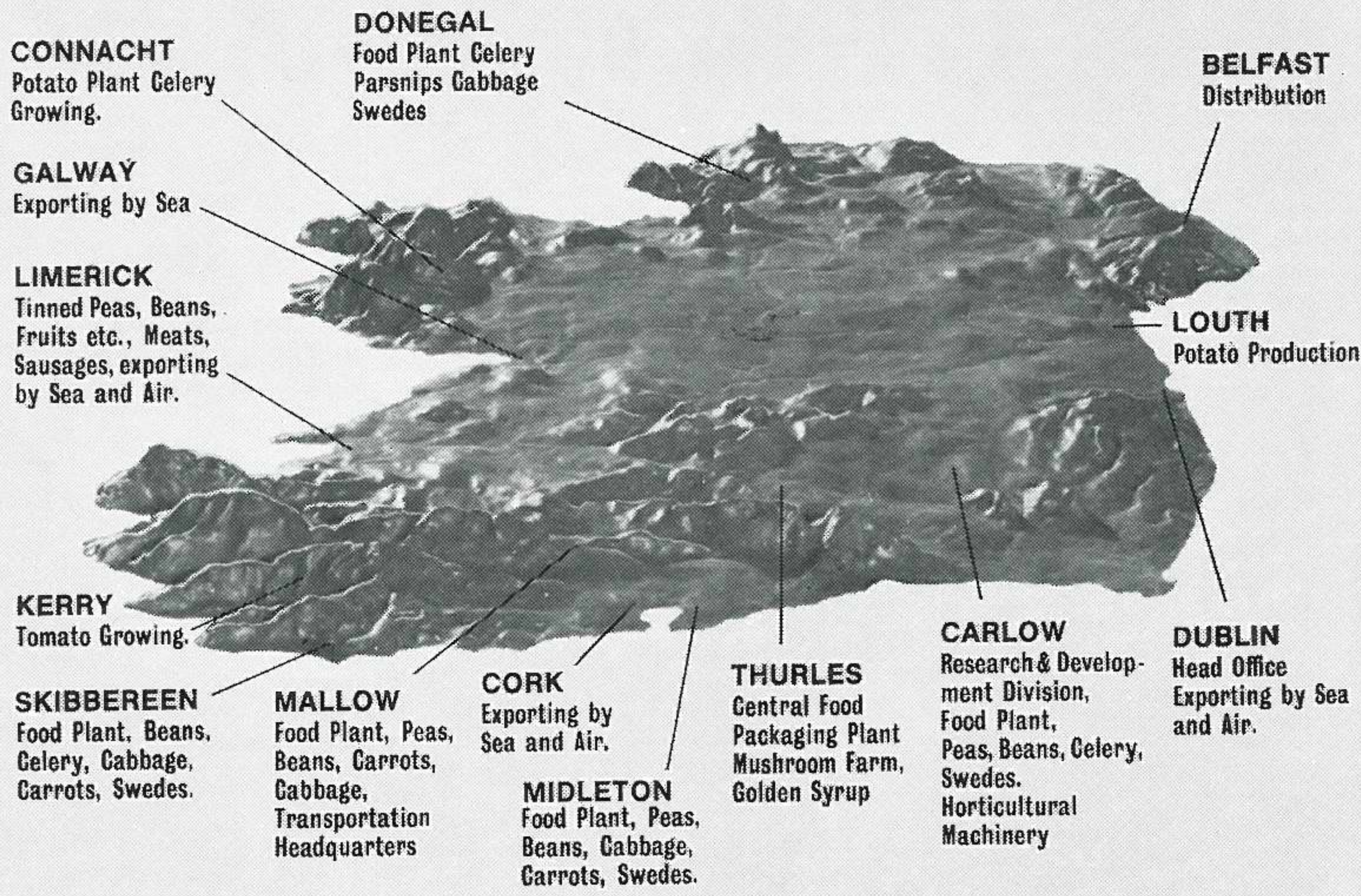
NOVEMBER, 1969

ALL IRELAND  
1969  
CHAMPIONS





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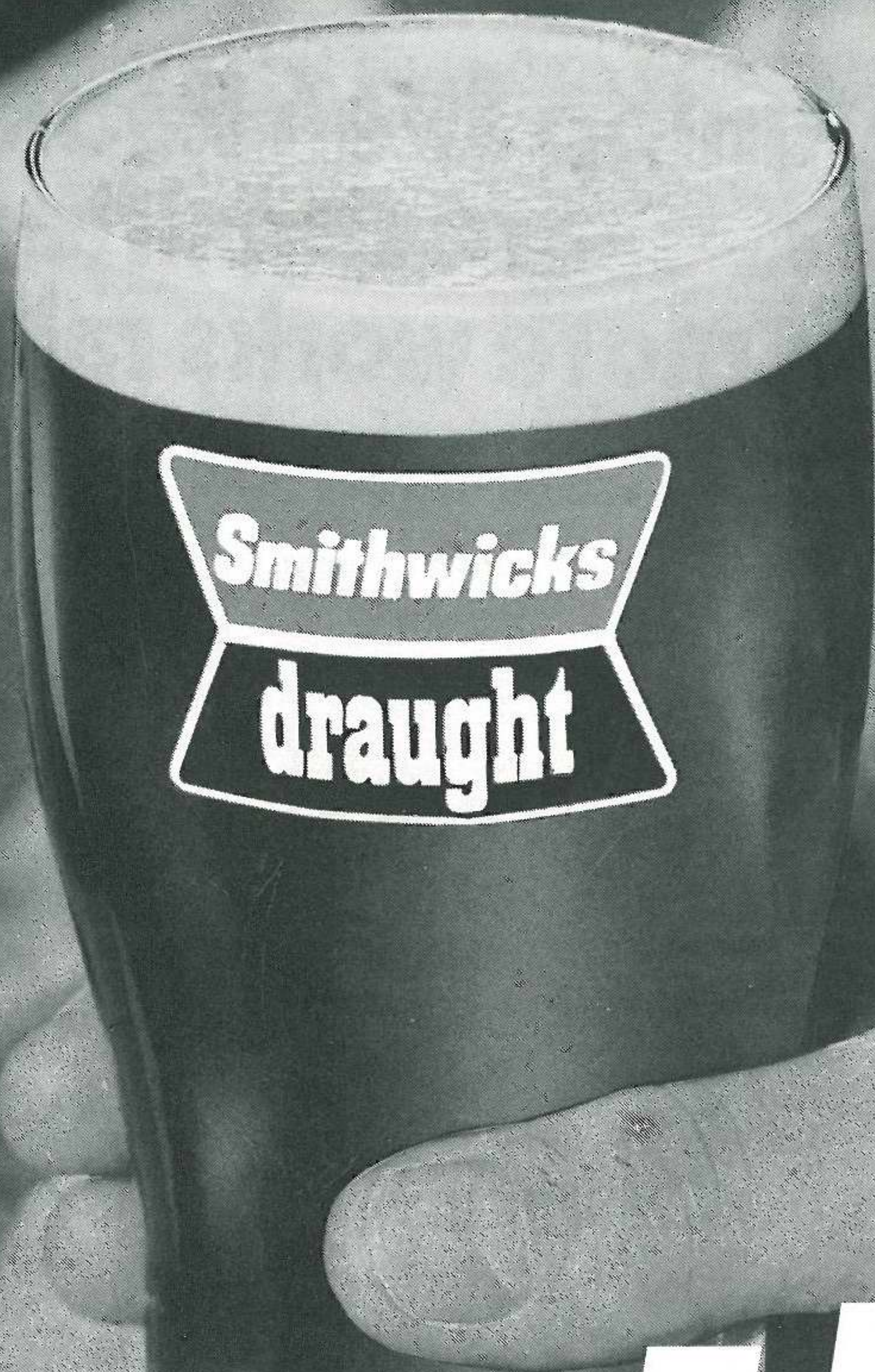


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# **DUNLOP**

*Symbol of Progress around the world*



# FROM DUNLOP TO MONDELLO

IF the haughty Ascendancy residents of Merrion Square had not felt that the world was made for their convenience and theirs alone, so the rumour goes, John Boyd Dunlop wouldn't have removed his modest tyre-factory from Stephen Street, abutting on the square, and gone off bag and baggage to England there to plant the little Dunlop company which later grew into the tyre giant we know today. A plaque on the wall in Stephens St. now tells us that the world's first tyre factory was sited here—maybe it would be there still if the Merrion Square-ites hadn't been so sensitive to noise.

Dunlop apparently, was an independent-minded sort of man, a Scots veterinary surgeon practising in Ireland who considered and discarded many theories before discovering that the best method of improving comfort and speed was a tyre consisting of an inflated rubber tube protected by a strip of canvas. He patented the idea in 1888 and by the turn of the century the pneumatic tyre had rolled across the world. Already there were companies in Australia, Canada, France, Germany and South Africa—and we all know what Dunlop is today. Your jalopy and mine and the one belonging to the man down the road is more than likely to have four Dunlop tyres on it with a spare tucked into the boot. But it all started with Dunlop's young son Johnny riding an experimental tricycle up and down the country roads to test out the bump-proof properties of Daddy's new invention.

Not only did Ireland have the first tyre factory in the world—but the first motor race in the British Isles was held here too. This was run in 1903 for the

Gordon Bennett Cup and contestants came from all over Europe to take part. Needless to say, a car was so much of a novelty on Irish roads that people used to follow them around from curiosity. A motor car race was unheard of altogether—so a special Act of Parliament was passed permitting the closing of public roads for the race to be held. The Act still operates today and Ireland and the Isle of Man are the two places in these islands to enjoy the privilege of closing their roads for racing any time they feel like it.

That first race must have generated tremendous excitement. You might feel a bit patronising about all those gaffers driving at tremendous speeds until you realise that the winner averaged slightly over forty nine miles per hour in the 327 mile race. Cars in those days could go!

The Irish took to the sport of motor racing with enthusiasm and they remain keen on it to this day. It has the reputation of being something of a specialised sport but any driver can take a shot at rallying without feeling that he is jumping into deep waters. It costs only ten bob a year to join a Motor Club and that's the best way of getting launched. Paul Duke of Dunlop, who is, we are informed by independent observers, such a Santa Claus to car racing and rallying in this country that he's nicknamed "The Duke of Dunlop", lent me his membership card so that I could study it. Between motor clubs, motor cycle clubs and karting clubs I counted forty seven branches listed on the card, so that means there's a Motor circle pretty near you, wherever you live. An enormous number of motoring events

are listed in the calendar—for instance, fifteen car rallies and sixteen motor cycle rallies in November alone from Cork to Donegal. At many of these events and at all the big ones such as the Phoenix Park Motor Races and others, a small team of experts from Dunlops are devotedly in attendance, ready with tyre replacements and encouragement and sympathy.

Motor cycle scrambling is something young drivers take to more readily than they do to motor rallying. Obviously it's cheaper to buy a superb motor bike than it is to get a superb car, but having an ordinary car adapted for rallying needn't set you back as much as you think. It's quite possible to have your car adapted for rallying and yet be able to use it for business purposes.

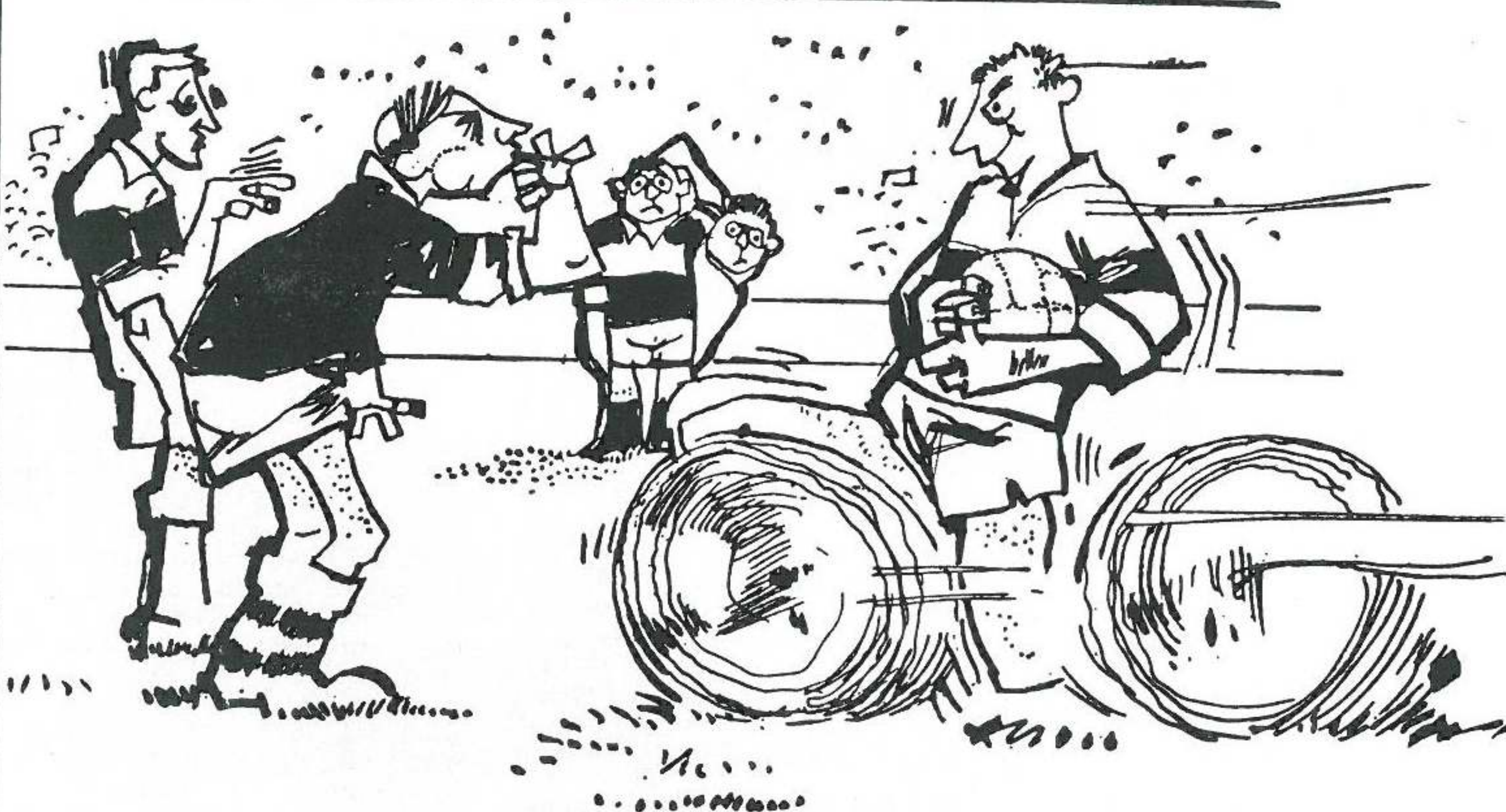
For the more committed, things get more serious of course and race organisers depend a good deal on sponsors to see them through the financial hazards because this is largely a sport financed out of the participants' own pockets. Here too the Dunlop Company of Ireland is quietly doing its bit, through sponsoring various events. There doesn't seem to be a great deal of prize money to be made out of motor racing in Ireland and the advantage is that the more sharky-types are not attracted to it.

The public image of the motor racing fraternity is of a group of guys in goggles, covered in grease to the elbows, interminably talking about sprockets. It's a wrong image as I discovered on my first trip to Mondello Park, near Naas, where a beautifully laid out course attracts everybody in Ireland who is interested in the sport. Maybe I was lucky the day I was there. The sun shone, a crisp wind blew, there was a good crowd of people but it wasn't so unpleasantly packed that you got elbows in your back. The first race was frightfully exciting—I suppose one's first motor race always is. The roar of the engines, screech of brakes, faint tang of rubber on the air—and the speed—gave it a tremendous sense of urgency. That, however, was only an hors d'oeuvre before we got down to serious business

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# SHELL

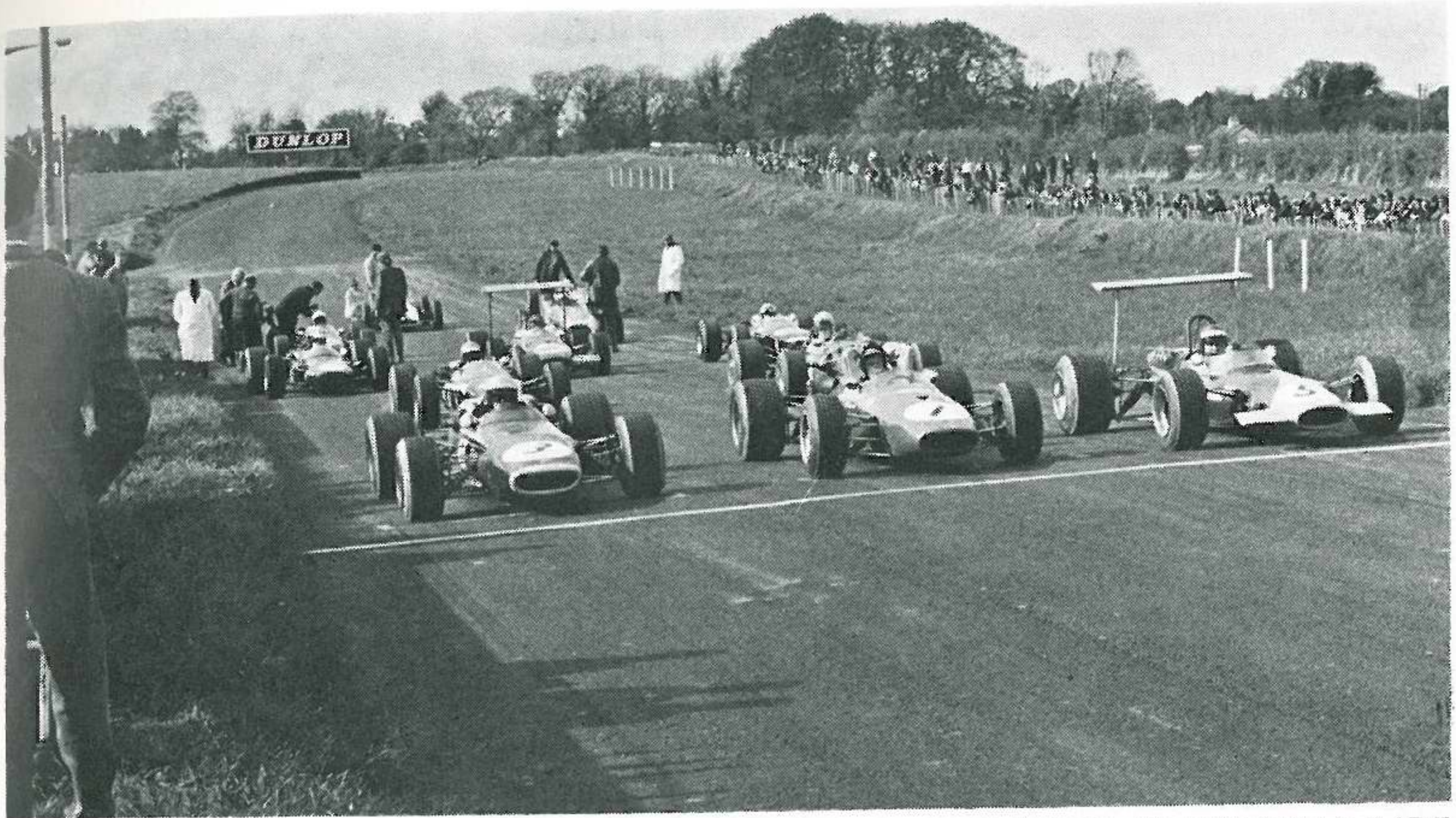


***Jim could run like a bat out of h . . .  
And kick most amazingly well,  
But the ref took his name  
Ere the end of the game  
For powering his footwear with Shell.***

***GOOD MILEAGE*** —







ON THE STARTING GRID AT MONDELLO PARK.

● FROM PAGE 3.

and subsequent races attained far greater speeds. One quickly catches on to the lay-out of the course and it becomes easy to identify cars and drivers. Any finer points of driving you miss, the commentator draws your attention to and in one afternoon one learns an immense amount about motor racing. Next time you go, you're an expert.

Pleasantest touch of all, perhaps, is wandering round the paddock between races, getting an opportunity to talk to drivers and the engineers who keep the cars fit for the track. There's no sense of exclusiveness—people are only too delighted to talk about what they're doing. I saw small boys of ten having the bonnets of the tiny one-man racing cars opened up for their inspection. Mondello is in a beautiful setting and easy to get to from most parts of the compass. On the day of my visit it was crowded with people of all ages and all income groups. Family parties were having a good time—even babies in go-cars were participating in the excitement. When I got coffee at the refreshment stall it was hot and good. All in all it was the sort of pleasant and relaxed

afternoon out which one associates with going horse-racing. The advantage being that one didn't lose any money as there were no bookies around that I could see and presumably there is no betting at motor racing events. There was no discernable 'motor racing crowd', no in-group to be wary of. If you felt like talking you talked to whoever happened to be near you—though I did run into a couple of experts who seemed to enjoy putting me in the picture as regards motor racing in Ireland. There's no doubt that we do produce racing drivers and rally drivers of first-class calibre in Ireland and the advent of the Mondello track can only raise the standard further.

A question is bound to arise in the mind regarding the dangers attached to racing and rallying. All sports are in some degree dangerous but when the speed element is involved the danger gains a new dimension. Paul Duke, the Dunlop man, didn't shirk the question when I put it to him. He merely asked me if I could remember the last time there had been a fatal accident at a rally or a race and, of course, I couldn't. Safety precautions are rigidly adhered to, rules are strictly enforced. The very fact of being interested in the

sport tends, paradoxically, to make rather reckless young drivers become more careful as they learn more and more from their training and racing. Irish motor and motor cycle racing has an excellent safety record and there are plenty of people determined to see that it is maintained. At Mondello, I could see this for myself. The most striking figures on the course were the Moonmen—in silver suits exactly like those the astronauts wore—ready and waiting with the fire extinguishers to rush into action at the first hint of trouble. They've never been called on—but it's good to know they're there.

If you fancy yourself as a keen and careful driver and feel in your bones that you'd make a good rally man—or even a racer—then take the first step of joining a motor club. The rest will follow on naturally if you want it to. But if you don't wish to get involved with driving then there's a lot to be gained from this sport just at spectator level. Try it and see! You might make a start with the post-Christmas event arranged for Mondello on December 27th, to add a kick to the festive season. After that, the gala opening of 1970 takes place on St. Patrick's Day.



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# Gaelic Sport

Vol. 12. No. 11. November, 1969.

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## COVER PHOTO

**O**UR front cover this month features the 1969 All-Ireland champions. **KILKENNY:** Standing (from left)—Pa Dillon, Martin Coogan, Ted Carroll, Willie Murphy, Frank Cummins, Pat Henderson, Ollie Walsh. Front row (from left)—Joe Millea, Martin Brennan, Jim Treacy, Tommy Murphy, Eddie Keher (captain), Claus Dunne, Paddy Delaney and Mick Lawler.

**KERRY:** Standing (from left)—Pat Griffin, Mick Gleeson, Mick O'Shea, Mick O'Connell, Paud O'Donoghue, Liam Higgins, Mick O'Dwyer, Mick Morris. Front row (from left)—D. J. Crowley, Seamus Murphy, Tom Prendergast, Seamus Fitzgerald, Johnny Culloty, Brendan Lynch, Eamon O'Donoghue.

## A JOINT AWARD?

**A**LTHOUGH the glamour which once attached to the Texaco (formerly Caltex) Awards has become somewhat dulled with the years, the honour is still a major one and much coveted by sportsmen in the various codes.

The nominations for 1969 honours will shortly be made by the Sports Editors of the national newspapers, who have acted as selectors since the awards were introduced in 1958.

Thus, the interest of hurling and football followers turns to the candidates who have staked claims by their performances on G.A.A. fields throughout the season.

Presumably, the awards will go to members of victorious All-Ireland teams, Kilkenny and Kerry. This has been the accepted practice since Christy Ring was honoured in hurling in 1959. It appeared to have become an unbreakable rule of the selection panel when, last year, the hurling award went to Dan Quigley of the champion team, Wexford, instead of Mick Roche of Tipperary, the beaten finalists.

Ted Carroll, Ollie Walsh and Eddie Keher are the front-runners for recognition on the Kilkenny team. Who will be chosen from among the Kerry men? Before the All-Ireland football final, the great Mick O'Connell seemed a certainty for the award. He had had his most

brilliant season since he first appeared in his county's colours way back in the 'fifties.

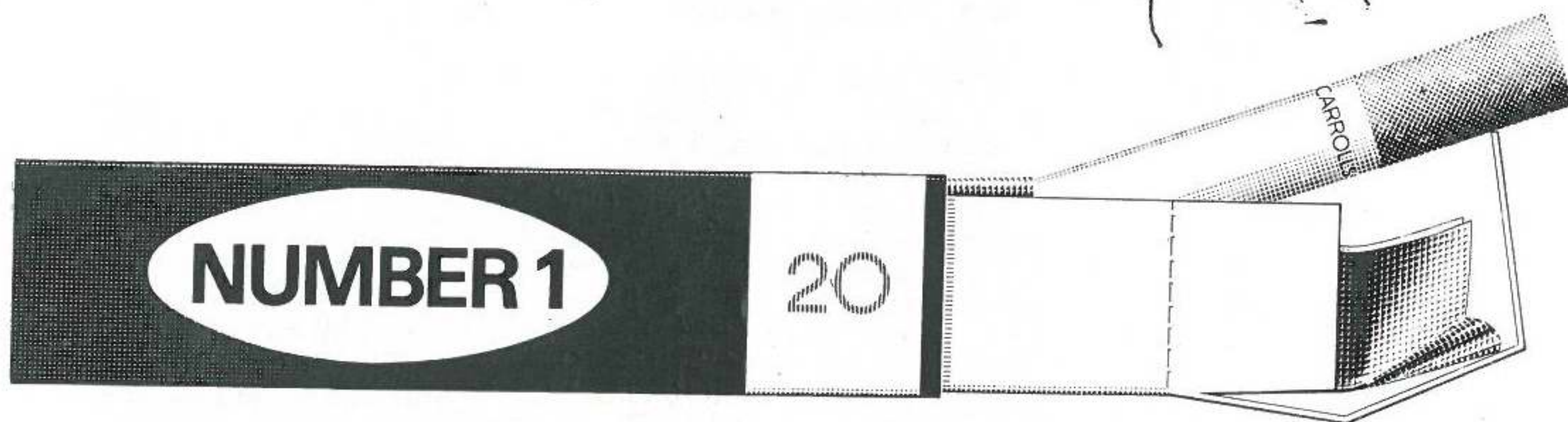
The fact that he failed to produce his best form in the final would not, in normal circumstances, have diminished his qualifications for the honour.

Except for one thing. The magnificent display of O'Connell's midfield partner, D. J. Crowley. That performance alone would have made Crowley a powerful claimant for the Texaco football award. But, coupled with his many fine games for Kerry through the rest of the season, it sent him zooming to the top of the list.

In our opinion, however, he does not occupy the top position on his own. We believe that O'Connell's claims are still as strong as Crowley's. The Cork-based garda was brilliant in the final, very good in earlier games; O'Connell was superb in nearly all of his games through spring and summer and was below his best in the decider, only because muscular trouble had restricted his training.

For that reason, we submit that the qualifications of O'Connell and Crowley are inseparable. And we respectfully suggest that the Sports Editors should name them jointly as Footballers of 1969. It would be an unprecedented decision—but wholly justified in the eyes of all followers of the game.





**but Carrolls Number 1  
are out on their own!**



# LOSING THE CONFIDENCE OF YOUTH?

By **Seamus Ó Ceallaigh**

"THE G.A.A. has lost the confidence of the youth of Ireland". That was the startling statement made by a leading member of the Association, a deep thinking Gael, at a recent discussion that mainly centred on what the future has in store for the G.A.A., and how best to meet the challenge of changing times.

I think he convinced all of us that the Association had to a large degree lost touch with youth, and he certainly satisfied us that the great majority of present day youth, even many dedicated players, had very little regard for the national character of the games, and looked on them merely as a pleasant means of recreation.

The "Ban" is not taken seriously in any but the very few places, and there is no doubt whatsoever that were an effort now made to rigidly enforce it, at least half of its present playing strength would be lost to the G.A.A. overnight. That appears an alarming statement but how true it is!

Foreign games have crept in to even the most remote parishes, and Inter-Firm competitions in the big centres of population are introducing ever increasing numbers of Gaelic players to other codes.

The televising of matches has been blamed for the continuing drop in attendance at the big games. It may be a factor but is not the real cause. The youth are deserting the games and attendance figures at local matches are dropping all over the country.

This serious decline in public support—this dangerous crack in the once solid wall—is being partly concealed by increased gate receipts, the result of greatly enhanced admission charges, which are only helping to drive more and more sincere supporters away, who cannot afford such money.

This question of high charges has been hotly debated, and I have heard them defended on lines such as the decreasing value of money, and the readiness to pay high prices for dances and other amusements.

It can be argued that there is plenty of money for such entertainment but it must be accepted

that only a very limited section of the population can spend so freely—mainly young people with few responsibilities, if any, and they are in the main not great patrons of our games. And those that do come usually seek admission through the juvenile stiles. Yet they have no hesitation in travelling long journeys and paying full fare at a dance—sometimes even advancing their age in order to gain admittance.

There is no sincerity in the G.A.A. now with so many clubs including in their membership players who are violating some of its fundamental rules. Only a fool would feel now that full respect for all the rules can be re-established. It is an impossible task—that all practical people must recognise and admit.

In such circumstances there is only the one honest alternative, and that is a frank re-appraisal of the situation. The rule book must be critically examined from cover to cover, all the pious platitudes and the unenforceable enactments must go, and a new structure built that will command the respect and the adherence of all.

For the best part of a lifetime I was a strong supporter of the exclusion rules, despite the fact that for a considerable time back I had the feeling that the Association itself was the biggest sufferer.

A close study of all the relevant factors has convinced me now beyond any reasonable doubt that the G.A.A. is rapidly losing the youth and unless urgent action is taken a very serious situation must develop within a short period.

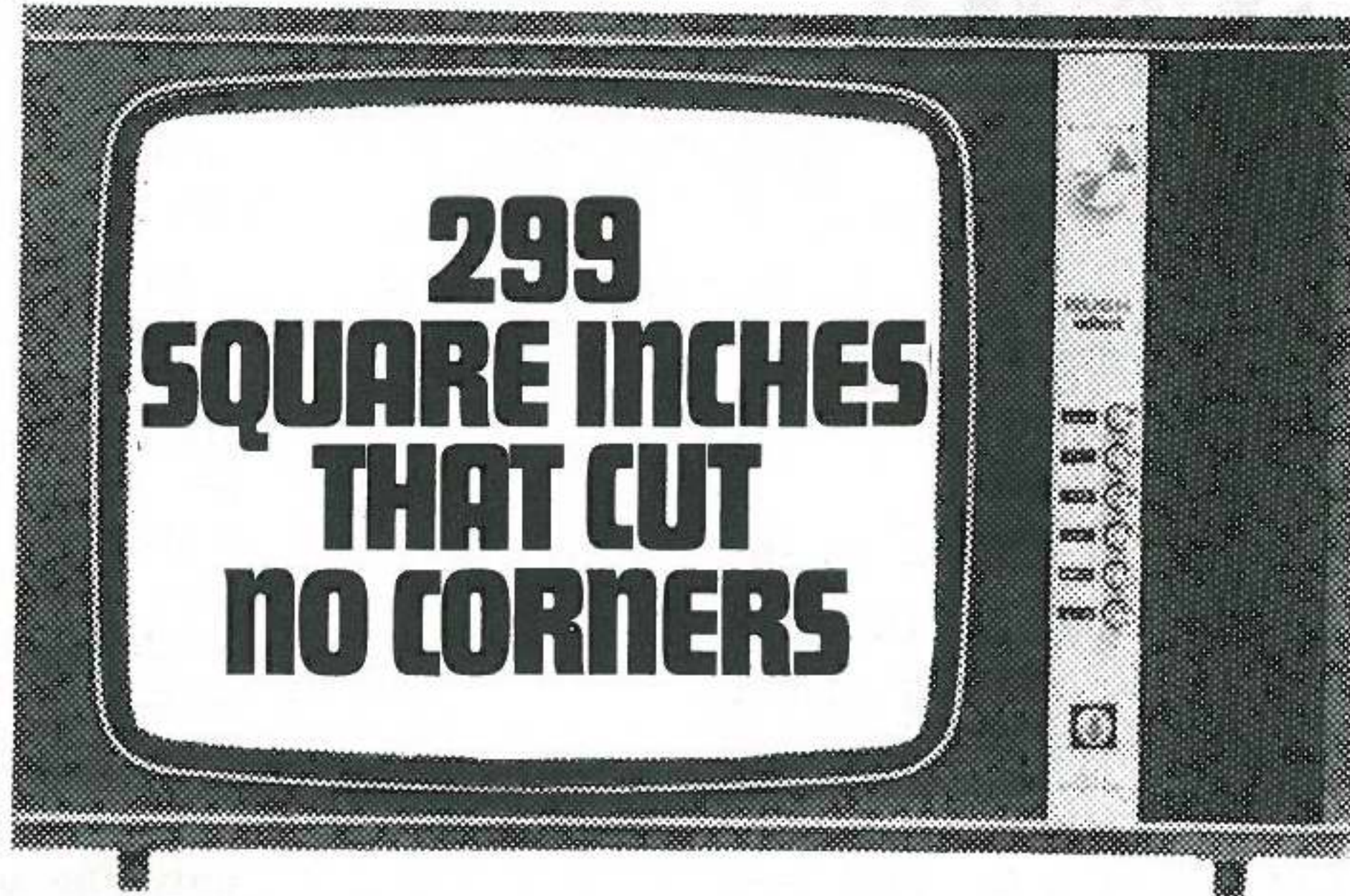
The Association is extremely fortunate that it has thousands of devoted workers in the primary schools of Ireland and

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● FROM PAGE 9

that countless boys are introduced to native games at an early age.

In these practical days, however, many teachers feel they are entitled to greater recognition and co-operation, and coverage by the accident scheme should be arranged for school teams for any possible liability through accidental injury.

It has been estimated that more than half the boys so introduced to native games are lost before they reach their mid 'teens, and this must surely be where the real problem arises.

This leakage is evident over a long period and is progressively growing worse—but what are we doing about it? Mighty little I'm afraid.

We are letting others lure them away and making no effort to stem the tide. The youth must be saved for Gaelic Ireland and the only way this can be accomplished is by a realistic programme offering our young people a new deal and a very positive part in implementing it.

More colourful competitions must be provided, a regular programme of games guaranteed—for the weak even more than for the strong teams, and plenty of encouragement by way of special awards for devoted service and a series of out-of-district matches.

The efforts to create a social life and atmosphere in the clubs must be supported wholeheartedly. A lead has been given by the central authority who have urged the organisation of special competitions of a social nature this winter at club level but the response so far has been, to say the least, disappointing.

The club is the life blood of the Association but the very few are carrying the great majority. It is time the others bestirred themselves and played their full part in giving a much needed new life to the G.A.A.—NOW!

# JOHNNY CULLOTY: KERRY'S COMFORTER

By JAY DRENNAN



FOURTEEN years ago it was a famous victory for Kerry when they defeated the great Dublin team of the day against all the odds and confirmed themselves as the "greatest." To-day is another important moment for Kerry, as they bask in the glory of their twenty-first All-Ireland championship victory and their rejuvenation after a period of comparative sloth.

Bridging the gap of years in between there is only one connecting link, Johnny Culloty, whose part in both achievements was considerable, and whose importance to Kerry football in the years between can hardly be properly estimated. There will be many discussions about Culloty's worth as a player in comparison to the great Kerry men of legend, but there will be no doubt that few have served so loyally and so well in such varied capacities.

In 1955, against Dublin, Johnny was positioned at right-corner forward. He was, then, only a strip of a lad of some eighteen years old, as speedy as a young gazelle and as tidy as tuppence with the chances in tight corners. It certainly looked as though he would be one of the more pleasant future prospects for the Kerry forward line. It was unfortunate that he received a knee injury which caused him to fall out of the picture for some time; when he returned, his chances of representing Kerry again in the forward division were almost gone.

True to his gritty and ever hopeful personality, Culloty refused to let a thing like that interfere with his playing of football, or, with his possible service to his county. Within a comparatively short time he was playing so well in goal, where he had withdrawn to give his knee a chance to heal, that he was back in the county line-out again. So, from right-corner forward to goal, in one move, brought him from his first All-Ireland medal to his second. He has been a goalkeeper as far as the Kerry county team has been concerned ever since.

The usefulness of Culloty, however, had at least one more chapter to go. In the summer of 1968, when Kerry—not exactly without some surprise—came through Munster and gave Cork a resounding beating in the final—there was some unease in the Kingdom about a position or two. One of those was in goal, where nobody had nailed down the position made vacant on the retirement of Culloty some two years before. It was now imperative that an inexperienced goalie could not be carried into the All-Ireland semi-final because of the discomforting insecurity of the county's defence.

Eyes were turned towards Culloty; it was a sort of choice by common consent. More recently, Johnny had been enjoying the less hectic things of life—fishing a little, playing a little club foot-

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# the to-morrow builders



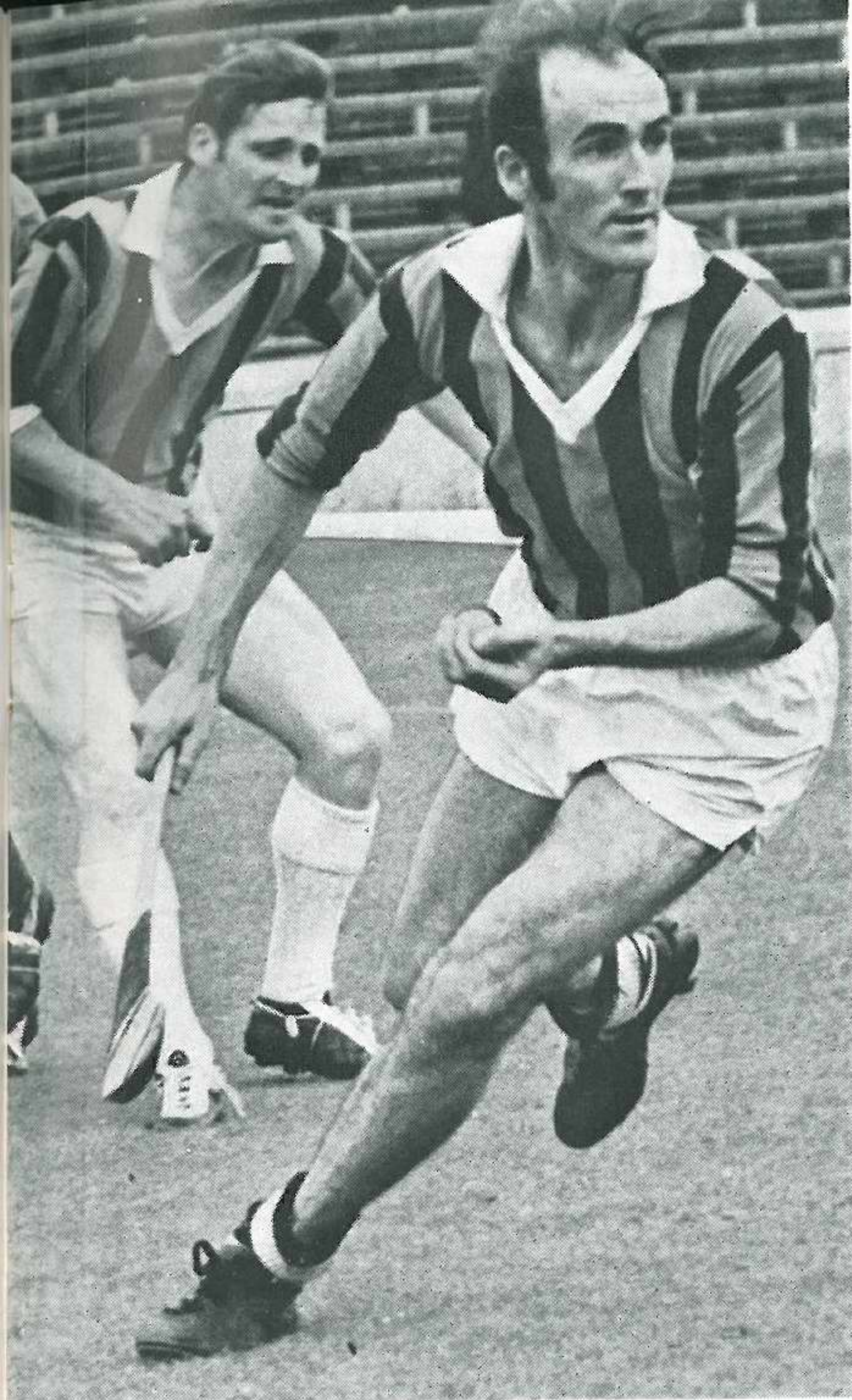
The times they are a-changin'. Fast. Even now, programmed learning is opening up new dimensions in education. The push button classroom, with its computers, its talking typewriters and light pencils, is it so far away? To-day's dream, to-morrow's reality. A reality made possible by people to whom the future is ever present. People like Hibernian, largest General Insurance Company in the country, who continue to invest their funds in an Ireland that is growing excitingly fast. When you take out a Hibernian Policy, against fire or theft or accident, you not only protect to-morrow; you help build it.

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WILSON HARTNELL





*Eddie Keher . . . the style of Kilkenny.*

# ***Recollections of the Hurling final***

**By \_\_\_\_\_  
Columba Mansfield, O.P.**

**'GODS MAKE  
THEIR  
OWN  
IMPORTANCE'**

have everything. Well almost everything! Cork were back. Red, swift, fiery, they carried with them the distilled essence of generations. Kilkenny have always been there. Quieter and more subtle than their opponents they have a mellowness and complete naturalness in their approach to the game. Kilkenny are never forced. An ideal pairing then, but with one defect. Ollie Walsh, now in his thirty-second year, is the only real character in the Mackey, Ring, Doyle, Cheasty, Smith, Rackard mould to grace this year's championship. The emphasis now appears to be on uniform, dedicated teamwork rather than on individual flair. The effect perhaps of an urban age. Still soccer has its Johnny Gileses and its Eusebios. Let us not eliminate all the individuals.

I took my seat and scanned the scene. A difference here too. Once I would have been part of that scene down there on the terraces. The stands are more impersonal, more remote from the contest. The minors of Kilkenny and Cork were in action. How many would stay with the game during the next decade? They appeared the assurance of the game's future. But were they? Anyway at the moment they were the inheritors of a great tradition. Like Setanta they

● TO PAGE 14

**I**NCARNATING as it does the identity of the Irish nation in a manner unrivalled by any other occasion and involving millions in its pageantry and drama the All-Ireland Hurling Final is I think the nearest approach we have to a truly national festival. It is an intense and unique expression of our individuality as a people. As time passes All-Ireland may not move us to the very core of our being as they did in our early years but still

each final touches a chord in our heartstrings.

Finals mark the passing of the years and we all grieve at their passing. Highlighting the present and evoking memories of the past All-Ireland days, arouse in us a keen consciousness of the point in time we have reached in the game of life. The final whistle of each All-Ireland foreshadows the long whistle that is coming for all of us.

Viewed before the event this year's All-Ireland appeared to



● FROM PAGE 13

had followed the sliothar to play the Celtic game before the host of Erin. But Cuchulainn lived in a motorless age. Why follow a sliothar when you have your own motorised chariot? Will hurling survive this generation? Will some of our prestige schools ever send out young Setantas to hurl for college and county? We need their support now.

Red, White, Amber and Black, mingled in the crowd but the advent of the car has I think dulled county consciousness. Now families rather than a whole locality travel to matches together. Trains carrying whole parishes are fewer.

The local anthems of the counties set the atmosphere. Croke Park becomes a focal point of national energy surrounded not by water but by Dublin. As I looked out over the unheeding city I wondered if in some way this game of countrymen was an irrelevance in its metropolitan setting. The lines of the Monaghan poet, the late Patrick Kavanagh, God rest him, came to my mind bringing with them consolation:

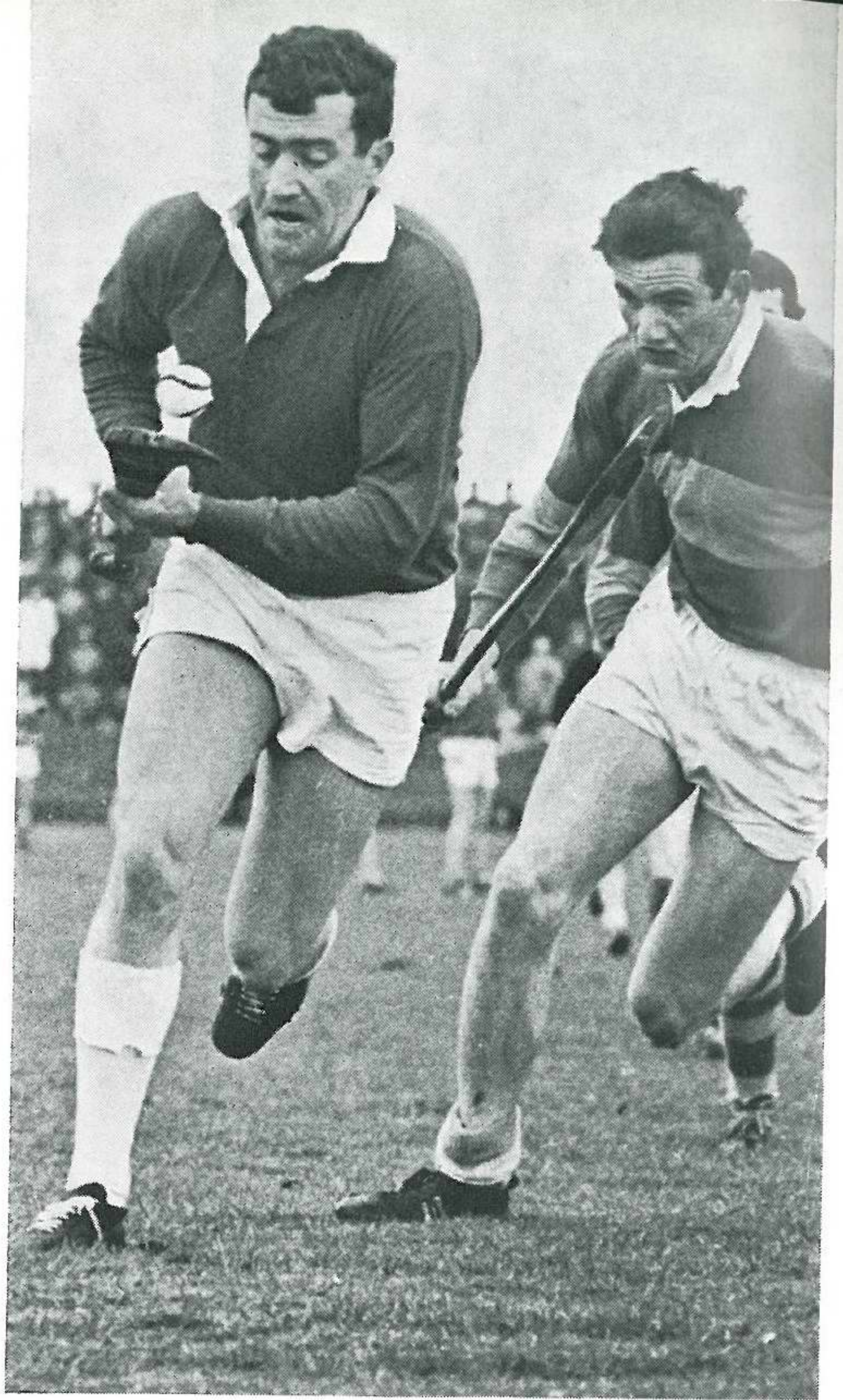
*"I inclined to lose my faith in  
Ballyrush and Gortin*

*Till Homer's ghost came whisper-  
ing to my mind*

*He said: I made the Illiad from  
such*

*A local row. Gods make their  
own importance."*

Around march the teams. You recall others who have circled this pitch but who now march no more. In other days the passing of time was measured by the lives of royal families. The careers of hurling men often serve as a metronome for their native locality. Ollie Walsh is the star of a generation. As he passes from mercurial youth to staid middle age, his generation makes the transition with him.



Charlie Cullinane . . . carrying Cork's fire.

It was an All-Ireland worth remembering. Moments that will be recalled in later years were many. Charlie McCarthy poaching a goal as Jim Treacy waited for a whistle that didn't sound. Aren't Charlie and Jim like two pocket editions of the ideal corner forward and corner back? Ray Cummins outdoing Ollie himself in grasping the dropping

ball. A soaring point from Charlie McCarthy curving over the bar in an arch so perfect that one felt it should have left a red rainbow in its wake.

Three white and black clad officials add a touch of almost British formality to the half time scene but their stance is the stance of men leaning on pikes in an Irish hayfield. The imported



slow handclap and snaffled hurling balls behind the goals are jarring notes in an otherwise harmonious symphony.

Charlie McCarthy lost a point by impishly attempting to steal a few yards on the frees. This was gamesmanship and gallery-manship combined but it was just the type of memorable yet homely incident that remains in the subconscious when more glorious deeds have been forgotten. Anyway lets face it. The game needs a few colourful characters.

My most lasting impression of the '69 All-Ireland was Kilkenny's hurling craft. It was pure hurling artistry backed by controlled determination and the acquired and inherited skills of centuries. It was most evident in the man-to-man exchanges when the ball was on the ground, in the instinctive pass to a better placed team-mate, and in that sense of position which comes after years in top flight games. Kilkenny still have a leaven of rural-based players in their team. Their teams almost grow out of the very soil. Cork have the look of townsmen playing a country game. Like greenhouse plants they are a little forced. Kilkenny, Tipperary and Wexford and now Offaly can even now call on rural produced players to make up their hurling teams. Hurling is a countryman's game. When the countryman ceases to play hurling or when countrymen no longer remain to take it up then the standard of the game will slump and extinction will be at hand.

Still we had a good All-Ireland. Cork will be back. Kilkenny are there. Tipperary, Offaly and Wexford have the material. Would that we could see a senior hurling team from Limerick, Clare, Galway, Dublin, or Waterford winning an All-Ireland within the next few years. Come on lads. Shake it up.

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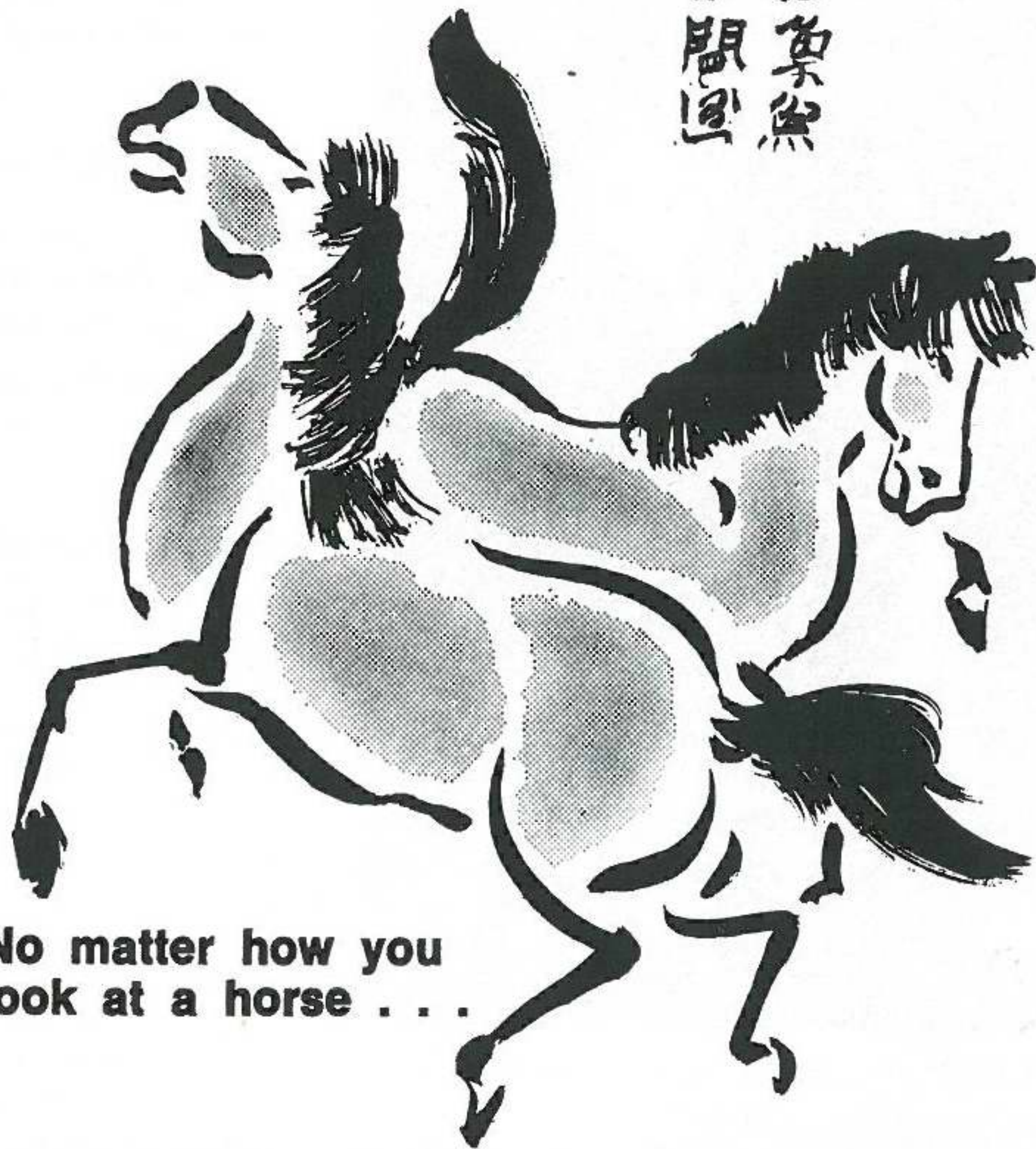
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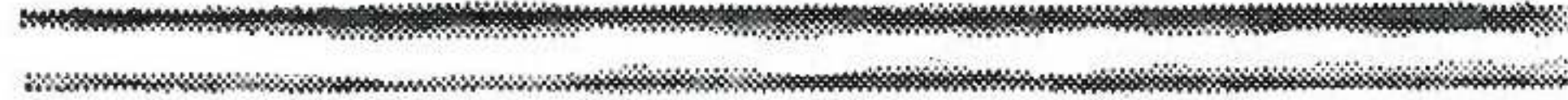




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## Camogie

# ONLY ONE FLAW ON FINAL DAY

By **AGNES HOURIGAN**

**F**ROM every aspect except one, All-Ireland camogie final day came well up to all expectations. We saw two well-contested sporting games, with close finishes in both matches and particularly high excitement in the closing minutes of the senior game, when fortune swayed first one way and then the other before Wexford narrowly emerged victorious.

The standard of play in the senior game was often magnificent, although I thought the quality of the camogie in the junior final fell short of the high level set by Down and Cork in the first junior final a year before. Above all, the sporting display by all four teams was exemplary, which showed that stern action earlier in the season had more than justified itself.

But where this final was not satisfactory was, once again, in the attendance. Allowing for the fact that the disturbed state of the North heavily reduced the number of Antrim and Derry supporters who came South

● TO PAGE 47

Caps



# KERRYMEN HAD NO COMPLAINTS

**T**HERE was really nothing wrong with the All-Ireland football final unless you were an Offaly supporter or one of those disgruntled professional neutrals who can never see good in anything except the superb. From the Kerry point of view it was eminently satisfactory, going a long way towards blotting out the memories of polished losing performances which was their whole story since the beginning of the sixties—one other moderate performance excepted when they beat Roscommon in the 1962 final.

There were no querulous complaints by Kerry men that their players had not succeeded in turning on the style for the final; rather, there were many fine things said of them for their "guts" and determination and pride which allowed them to fight from a prolonged precarious position to final mastery. It was a long war of attrition, it might at any time have gone the other way, but it was won, in the end, in a totally satisfying manner.

For Offaly it was, indeed, a sad occasion, a reminder of their inability to clinch their grip on the highest honours as happened them at the beginning of the decade. They will certainly remember the sixties, not only for the achievements, but more poignantly, for the failures to gain outright victory. There was a severe temperamental strain on Offaly's team in this match which was not, perhaps, fully realised by their supporters, or even themselves, until the day came and the match was in progress. Some sort of tenseness gripped them which caused them to scatter many of their opportunities to the high wind.

Tony McTague, an immaculate place-kicker and one who always

takes his frees with perfect rhythm and easy technique, hit his first chance against Kerry from a 30 yards free with a stiff prod which almost connected with the ball as a toe-kick and sent it on an uncontrolled parabola wide of the posts. The surest of them was nervous; the others may have been worse.

Generally speaking, the Faithful County has years on its side, for the players are young except for the veteran full-back line. Many of them are still in the process of developing their best. Even the old-stagers are well able to sustain a couple of years more. The rest of their defence is good enough, for their halfbacks were easily the best line of the team in last month's final.

But, at centre-field and in the majority of forward positions there is some doubt of the measure of the quality of the players. Coughlan and Bryan do not seem to have regained the ability to command which they displayed at times in the past. They have often been reduced to the rather negative position of jacks-of-all-trades foraging and watching the break for their possession. There must be considerable doubts, now, about the

**Says  
JAY  
DRENNAN**

future prospects of Larry Coughlan after the roasting which he received at the hands of D. J. Crowley.

But, Kerry are largely satisfied, for they faced the worst manfully and were able to earn the best. An advantage of a mere three points at half-time was quite inadequate by all standards which one could find to measure it. They allowed Offaly twice to narrow the gap which separated the sides, with the wind, also, in the Kerry men's faces. They played the most scrupulously clean game in defence even though the interests of winning at all costs would often have been better served by the tactical pull-down.

Yet, in spite of all that, Kerry had the reserves of heart to ignore danger and, by effort and simple ability, shoved the balance of play and pressure back towards the Offaly end in the teeth of the breeze. It was a defeated Offaly which played the last eight or nine minutes, finally having realised the superiority of the Kingdom. Character created the basis of this superiority, skill enlivened it, and occasional deeds of valour ornamented it. It was a good way to come of age—in the manner of men, not boys.

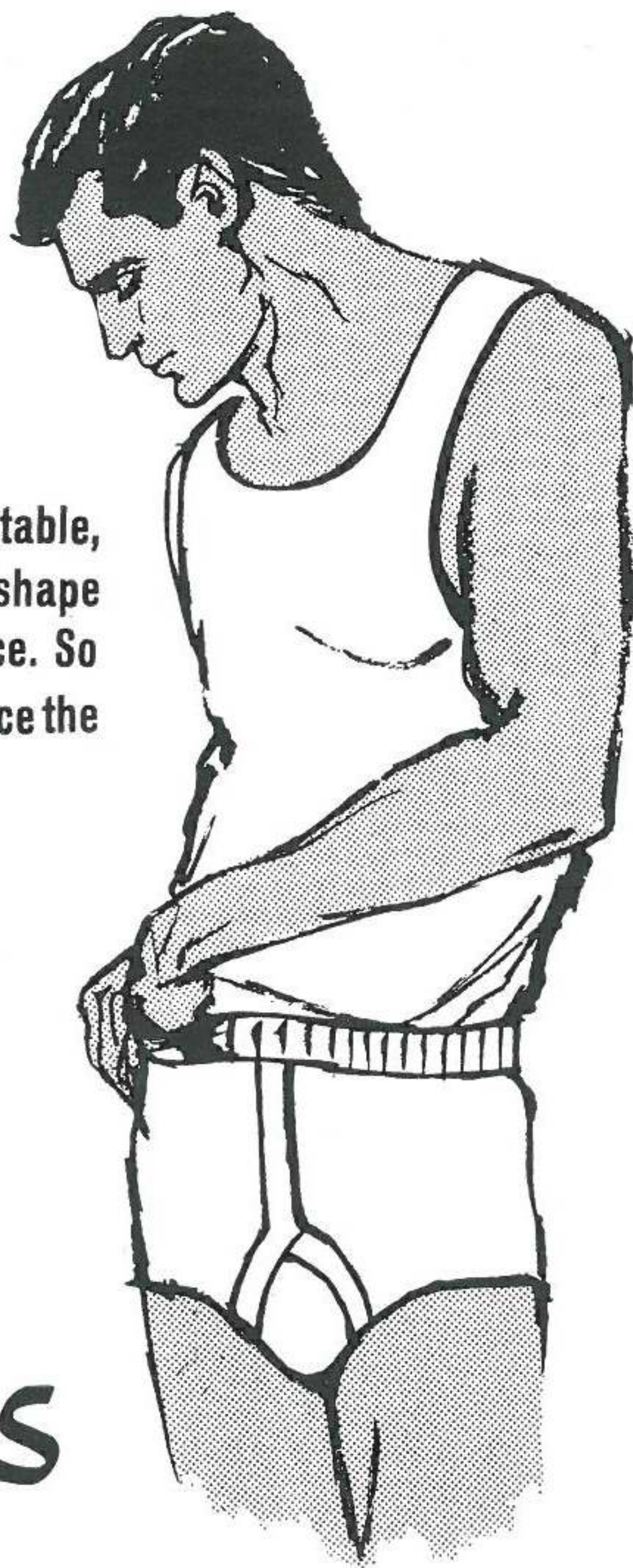
Much may be expected that will thrill the supporters of football from this Kerry team, now that it has justified itself to itself as well as to everyone else. Their confidence will give them a chance to produce their very best football from now on, maybe in the League or the forthcoming championship. The "stuff" is there anyway except to hammer it into the right proportions.



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# *national*



# Signal honour for Offaly

## McTAGUE, MOLLOY LEADING SCORERS



*Mick O'Dwyer of Kerry figures among the top scorers of the year.*

IT is Offaly's year in a really big way in the championships scorer's charts. Paddy Molloy smashed one of the most impressive records of all time; Tony McTague achieved a new peak for a Leinster footballer, and Offaly earned ranking as the first county to figure in the top positions in both codes in the same year.

First of all, that Molloy record. In 1956 Nick Rackard (Wexford) averaged 12.75 points in each of his four games for the highest score for a championship campaign in both hurling and football at 12-15 (51 points). That match total also ranked as the high-point.

The Offaly hurler, however, has pushed that average up now to 13 points a game. Not surprisingly, he has achieved a personal best score this year at 8-15 (39 points) in three games. His most successful year until this was in 1966 when he took second place in hurling with 4-15 (27 points), also in three games.

Up until the closing stages of the All-Ireland final Molloy was in the hunt to head the hurling chart outright for the second time in his career. He led the way in 1965 with 4-12 (24 points) in two games.

However, Charlie McCarthy eventually finished the All-Ireland final with 1-6 to join Molloy on top of the chart for hurling and football. The Cork man scored 7-18 (39 points) in five games, at the top average in Munster of 7.80 points a game. This is the best score by a Cork hurler since I introduced these charts in 1955, and leaves McCarthy only the second Lee-

**By  
Owen  
McCann**

sider to figure so prominently in the list.

Seanie Barry, with 3-23 (32 points) in five games in 1966, is the only Cork man to head both charts outright in the same year.

A feature of Molloy's scoring record is an impressive total of 5-4 against Laois in a Leinster quarter-final at Portlaoise, the outstanding individual score in the championships this year.

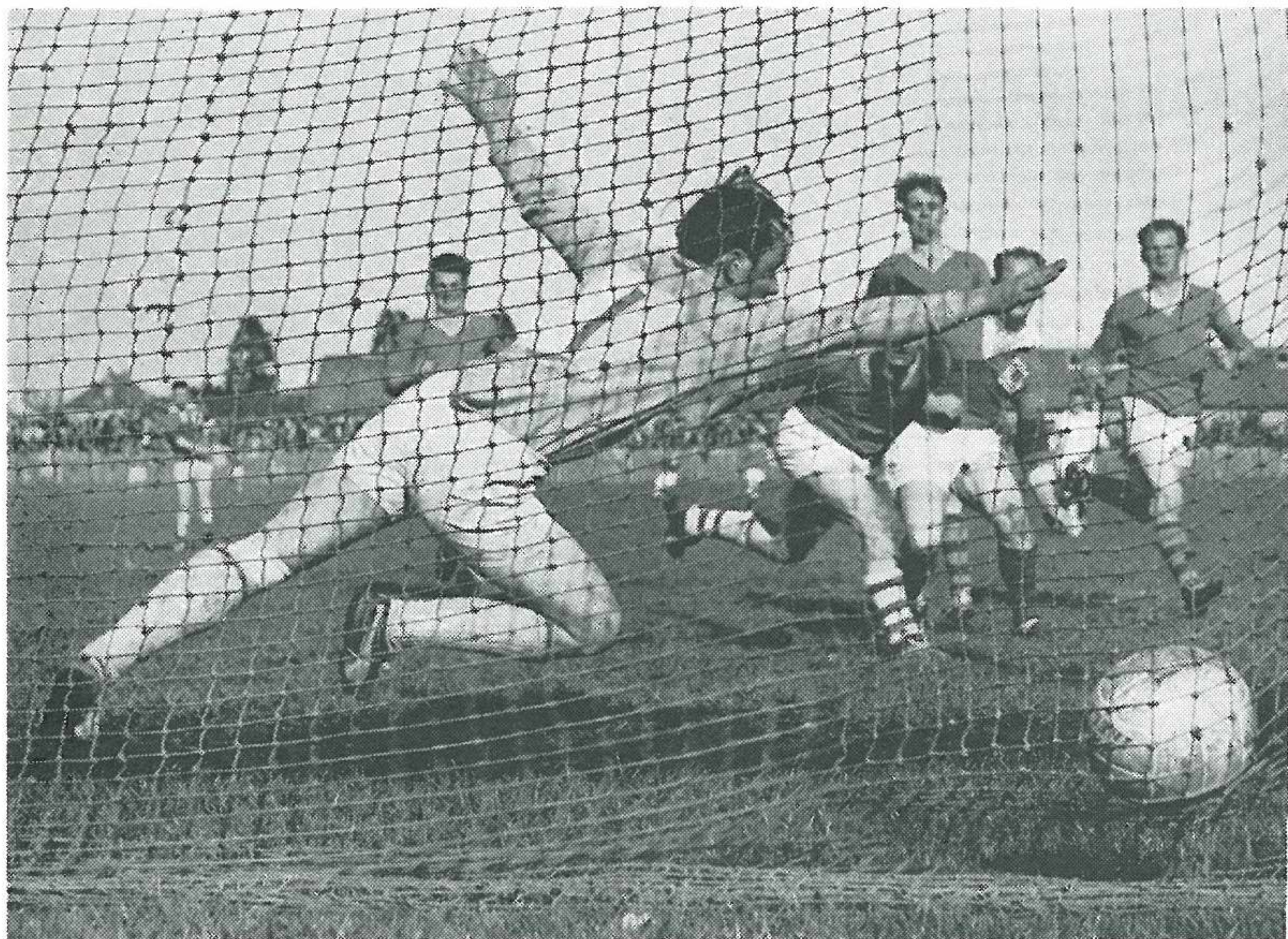
The 39 points total put up by Molloy and McCarthy ranks as the second highest chart-topping score in both codes.

Tony McTague has beaten by four points the Leinster football record held jointly by Ollie Freaney (Dublin) and Harry Donnelly (Offaly). The Dubliner shot 2-27 (33 points) in five games in 1959, and Donnelly landed exactly the same score, also in five games, in 1961. Until this year, Donnelly was the only

● TO PAGE 21



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● FROM PAGE 19

Offaly footballer to top the code's chart. In fact, he led the way in football and hurling in 1961.

McTague has a tremendous 11 points lead over his nearest rival in football—the most clear-cut margin of any chart-topper in the code so far. His score of 1-34 (37 points) in six games also goes into the book as the second best in football. Leading the way is Charlie Gallagher (Cavan) with 3-29 (38 points) in five games in 1965.

McTague averaged an impressive 6.16 points a game, but this is still only good enough to put



Tony McTague



Mick Keating

him in third place in Leinster. Jack Donnelly (Kildare) totalled 6.66 points an hour, and Jack Berry (Wexford) reached 6.50 points a game. Wexford's football resurgence, incidentally, is underlined by the fact that the county is not only represented for the very first time but is the only one with two marksmen in the Leinster chart.

Back to the match-averages — and the leader in this respect is Sean Woods (Monaghan). He reached a splendid 8.50 points in

# THE SCORING CHARTS

## HURLING

Points	Score	Games	Average
39 P. Molloy (Offaly)	8-15	3	13.00
39 C. McCarthy (Cork)	7-18	5	7.80
38 E. Keher (Kilkenny)	1-35	4	9.50
20 J. Doyle (Tipperary)	1-17	3	6.66
15 W. Walsh (Cork)	4-3	5	3.00
13 P. Bates (Laois)	2-7	2	6.50
12 M. Keating (Tipperary)	1-9	3	4.00
12 P. Delaney (Kilkenny)	3-3	4	3.00
11 L. Danagher (Clare)	3-2	2	5.50

### Provincial Records :

**LEINSTER :** 12-15 (51 pts.) in four games by N. Rackard (Wexford) in 1956.

**MUNSTER :** 6-18 (36 pts.) in four games by J. Doyle (Tipperary) in 1960 and 4-24 in four games by J. Doyle in 1962.

## FOOTBALL

Points	Score	Games	Average
37 A. McTague (Offaly)	1-34*	6	6.16
26 Jack Berry (Wexford)	2-20	4	6.50
26 G. Cusack (Cavan)	5-11	6	4.33
23 J. Corcoran (Mayo)	1-20	4	5.75
21 S. Sheridan (Wexford)	5-6	4	5.25
20 J. Donnelly (Kildare)	0-20	3	6.66
17 S. Woods (Monaghan)	2-11	2	8.50
16 J. Keenan (Galway)	1-13	3	5.33
15 M. O'Connell (Kerry)	0-15	4	3.75
14 B. Hayden (Carlow)	1-11	3	4.66
13 J. Nealon (Mayo)	4-1	4	3.25
13 C. Gallagher (Cavan)	0-13	6	2.16
12 J. Cummins (Tipperary)	0-12	2	6.00
12 M. O'Dwyer (Kerry)	0-12	4	3.00

### Provincial Records :

**LEINSTER :** New Record\*—Tony McTague (as above).

**ULSTER :** 3-28 (38 pts.) in five games by C. Gallagher (Cavan) in 1965.

**MUNSTER :** 1-25 (28 pts.) in five games by T. Lyne (Kerry) in 1955, and 3-16 in four games by D. McAuliffe (Kerry) in 1959.

**CONNACHT :** 0-28 in four games by C. Dunne (Galway) in 1964.

each of his two games. This is still short of the record, however, of 10.50 points shared by Brendan Hayden (Carlow) in 1962, and Mick Tynan (Limerick) in 1967.

McTague's top score in one game is ten points. He scored 0-10 against Westmeath in Offaly's opening game of the campaign, and hit a like score against Cavan in the drawn semi-final. These are the two outstand-

ing individual totals in the football campaign.

Eight penalty kicks were awarded in the championship. Four resulted in goals, and the remainder failed to yield a single score. The outstanding game in this respect was the Munster final, in which Cork got two spot kicks within seconds of each other at the end of the first quarter. The homesters failed to get a score off either.



# NOW FOR THE LEAGUES

WITH the big championship season over, we now look forward to the bread and butter diet of the National Leagues and the completion of the county championships. The indications of the spring and summer would lead one to hope that there may be some more interest in this winter's leagues than for some time. Certainly, a number of changes in emphasis have occurred in the power pattern. Some newcomers to the top quality might now have the chance to prove themselves and entrench themselves further with a view to even better things in next year's championships.

On the whole, the National Leagues have provided some new interest every year for the last four or five years, and the tendency has become established that some new faces get into the final shake-up. We had Cork justifying themselves in last year's hurling League and giving fair warning that they were prospects for the championship. In football, of course, the variety is greater for the very simple reason that the spread of strength ranges over a far wider area. Last year Offaly reached the final, even if they succumbed to one of the traditional leading lights; Westmeath were in the semi-final; Donegal again come forth from their

section even though they failed once more to impress at headquarters. On the whole, if it were not for the League we should have little opportunity of seeing those counties, and others who impressed in other recent years, playing for top prizes in big matches.

What of this winter's competition? My interest will be centred heavily on teams like Wexford, who went a great deal further than even their best friends would have thought in the championship. You must recall, at this stage, that their form was not too seriously short of the All-Ireland standard, since there was nothing between them-

By  
**Jim Bennett**

selves and Offaly for a good part of their game—only a breakaway goal by McTague sealed the issue which consistent Wexford pressure had thrown into the melting-pot for all of the second half. Their display on that occasion and on the occasion of their win over Longford, in the previous round, makes Wexford a team with very considerable potential. The fact also that their minor footballers won out the Leinster championship and were only a point worse off than Derry in the All-Ireland semi-final after losing one of their best forwards, indicates very clearly that there is plentiful football ability in Wexford. It may be that it was obscured for some years by the hurling activities of the county. Certainly, they were ranked very low in the list of starters for last year's League. This time, however, they should be in the top dozen.

Another county which ought to be watched closely from now on is Antrim, who took the under-21 All-Ireland championship with a team which the county hopes will be the nucleus of a successful drive to emulate Down among the forgotten Ulster counties.

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The first football All-Ireland for the under-21s was surely a significant event which will be reflected in the performance of the senior team in the near future. It is clear that they are not far off the standard as things are, for they were vitally concerned with last winter's league, and made promising strides in the championship in the summer.

Wicklow, with a splendid run in the junior All-Ireland football championship will have greater heart for their renewed assault on senior standards. They made a rapid exit last year, but the lesser grades gave them adequate compensation. Some players of senior calibre have emerged from their section this time—they are included in one which gives them a very fair chance.

Much attention will be focussed on Down and Donegal in Ulster—to note whether they have recovered psychologically from their recent reversals. Donegal will stand in danger of giving up the ghost, so often have they failed to carry their northern form with them to Croke Park. They must consider the Croke Park stadium as the graveyard of their hopes. But, if they could once get the break through . . .

Down, with their splendid performances for 1968 and most of 1969, have the recent reverse against Antrim to mull over. They have had a long break, and it must be seen whether that will prove to be a welcome rest or a dangerous crack in their life-line.

In the West, interest will centre on Mayo again, to a great extent. They are good, and have proven it, but are not good enough. One will watch closely to try to identify the effect of their defeat in the All-Ireland semi-final. Sligo, one hopes to see improving on last year's indifferent form with something approaching the greatly encouraging performances of the 1968 League.

Roscommon, an enigma so far, promising everything with their power in the under-21 grade, and collapsing so badly when they appeared to have the makings of victory over Galway last year. Greater forward power and a more sophisticated approach to building attacking moves are their great necessity. With some fine individual players on hand, they may be feeling that a little guidance in the field of coaching and planning could make them one of the teams of next year.

In the south, Cork will be watched to see whether they can break through the psychological block which seems to forbid their constant streams of un-

equalled under-age players making the grade at senior level. An eye will be peeled on Kerry to see whether they improve still further—ominous thought for all other counties. While Tipperary, Waterford, Limerick and Clare must still be considered in the cinderella class, some improvement will be looked for—there are altogether too many football outsiders in the southern province.

Summing up, it would appear we are on the threshold of what promises to be a highly exciting and very open League campaign and it would be a brave man who would take odds about his county at this stage.

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# DON'T PLACE ALL BLAME ON THE WIND!



By JOE LENNON

WHILE the memory of this year's final is still fairly fresh in our minds, it might be well to digress a little from the main theme of this series to discuss some of the main components of fitness for football in relation to that game.

Having established the equation  $\text{FITNESS (for football)} = \text{SKILL FITNESS} + \text{PHYSICAL FITNESS} + \text{MENTAL FITNESS}$  + . . . Later, I indicated that the + . . . incorporated a good working knowledge of the principles of play—among other things. How did our finalists measure up this year and how did our final measure up this year against this equation?

Taking physical fitness first, it was my impression that both teams were in pretty good shape. There were no significant lapses

very different conditions in each half. Most players used the same approach in each half.

At half-time, I would not have put much money on Kerry's chances. Had I been on that Offaly team, I would have been quite content to be only three points down at half-time. But remembering Down's disastrous semi-final game against Galway in 1964 (I think) when we were nicely placed at half-time and yet shot eight wides in a row after the restart and finally lost by a couple of points from close in frees, I wondered if Offaly would meet the same fate.

They had simple chances to get level and even build up a good lead, but they were not fit to do so. Not mentally fit, that is. In their anxiety, they squandered chance after chance, thus giving

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may one day save lives*

## CAN YOU AFFORD TO IGNORE IT?





in application. No doubt every man who fielded was prepared to run himself into the ground and indeed some of them did. I was very impressed with the display of Kerry's Prendergast — my "man of the match" really.

Secondly, what was the level of skill fitness like? While some individuals gave top class displays, the general level of skill fitness was not high. After the game I heard a staunch Kerry supporter sum up the play quite well when he declared: "No movements at all—just honest to God football." Food for thought! However much one might use the excuse of the difficult wind conditions, it cannot be said that the conditions were entirely to blame.

There were too many mistakes made in passing and shooting. On a few occasions, passes were made to opponents only a few yards away. Although Kerry should have learned before half-time that the correction they were applying for the wind was yards out, Offaly did not appear to take the tip, they also shot too much to the right of the right hand side of the goal.

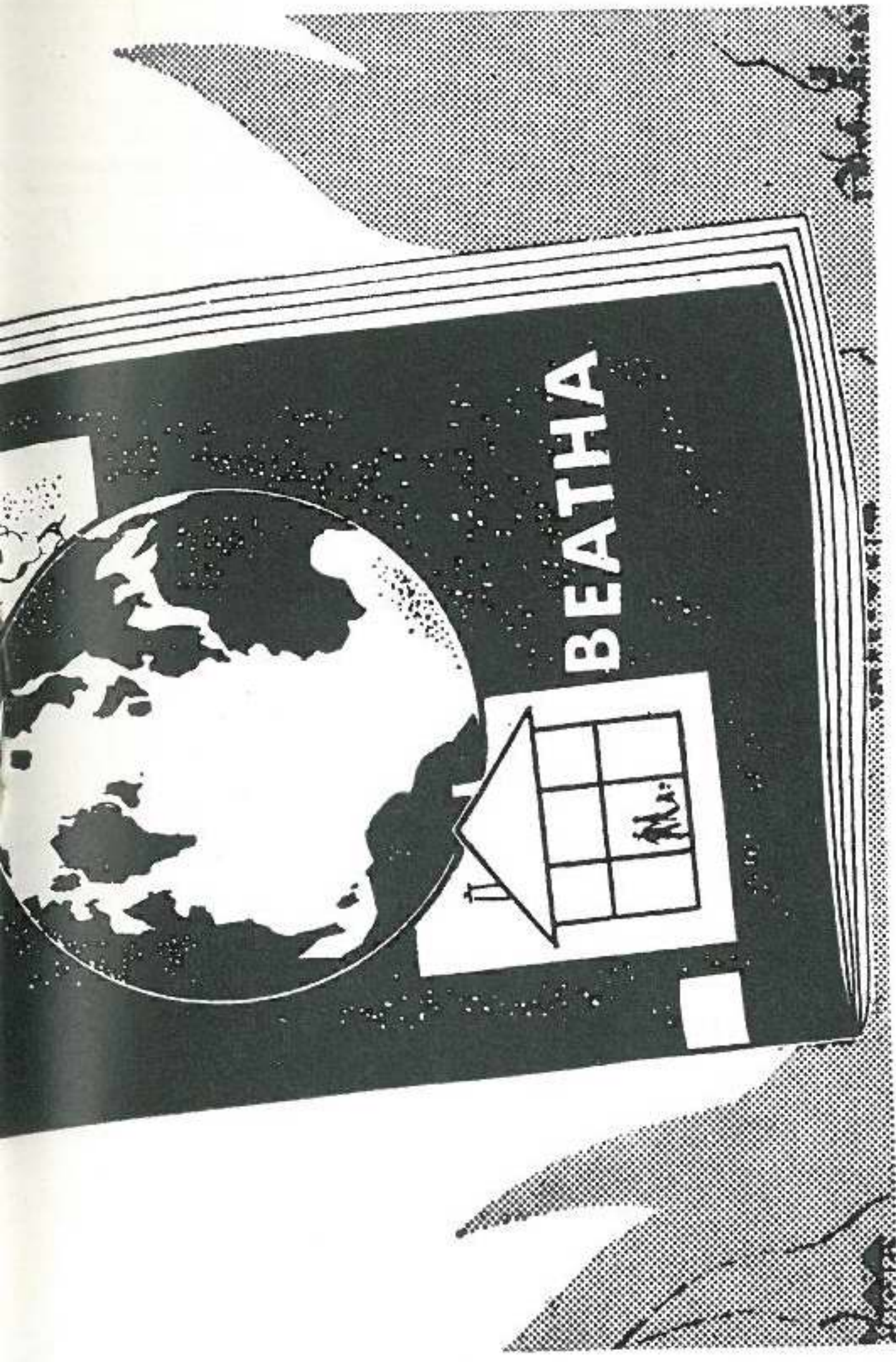
There were a few excellent examples of solo running, especially by D. J. Crowley. I hope the new Kerry coaching scheme will try and include clips of film of D.J.'s solo runs as examples of perfect ball control with speed and penetration. In conditions like those of final day—a fairly strong wind blowing roughly the length of the pitch—we should have seen more evidence of the adoption of tactics to suit the

the Kerry defence more and more confidence. They did not try to control their play, slow down their game or keep the ball low, especially in front of the Kerry goal.

Although Offaly kept up great pressure, they fell into the error of allowing their defence to get stretched. This resulted in two frees which Mick O'Connell pointed and in two very close shaves for goals. Once O'Donoghue had only to tap the ball into a gaping net and another time when the ball came off the upright. Kerry, too, made some bad mistakes which, fortunately for them, did not cost them the game.

However, this was a game which was almost certain to produce this type of performance. For so much had been written and talked about Kerry's twenty-first win and Offaly's first win that anxiety was bound to build up and take its toll. In other words, neither team had come to terms with the competition sufficiently well to master either their own anxieties or the playing conditions. And on this vital issue, it is fair comment that neither team was really fit for the football that we should see in a final.

Teams which do well in the National League and reach the All-Ireland final like Kerry and Offaly should be able to overcome any weather conditions by adapting their play. Next year, we hope that the teams which appear in the final will come to the game physically fit, skilfully fit and, above all, mentally fit.



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# CIVIL DEFENCE IS SELF DEFENCE



# THE PULL DOWN MUST GO

Says *EAMONN YOUNG*

**A**NOTHER season of big games has come and gone, and by big games I don't mean those in Croke Park but in every village throughout the country where the boys play and the crowd turns up to cheer or groan.

One of the most significant questions I heard this summer was from a young junior footballer just before a match. He was marking the local flier. "What'll I do if he passes me?" asked your man. "Pull him down of course," says the boss, "and don't have any doubts about it."

Sadly I walked away. I remem-

bered a chat with Johnny Walsh in Thurles last year when the great Kerry mid-fielder was very strong on the pull down. "We're at it since the mid-thirties," he said, "and I'll admit I did it myself, but the joke is over long ago. Why don't they get rid of it?"

We're waiting for the rules committee to come out with something sensible soon and I do hope the pull down will be outlawed. Some favour awarding two frees instead of one. Others will double the score if one is made. My view is even stronger.

I would first of all warn the player that a repeat will send him to the line and for the pull down inside the fifty I would award a twenty-one yards free while for anything nearer I'd give a penalty. **This thing has got to go.**

I have been for a long time arguing that automatic suspension is wrong. The result in many cases is that the ref will go to almost any lengths of persuasion and threats before he puts a man off the field in May or June when all players are active and the inter-county players particularly so. This applies especially in the case of the friendly game. Imagine being asked to ref a summer evening game in Taghmon or Ballysodare and seeing yourself forced to send a good player off when the club is preparing for its big game a fortnight after. I can tell you many refs won't do it though they won't admit it in public. And I don't blame them.

The important item is not the length of suspension but the removal of the unruly man from the field before he does harm. Even if he were never suspended his club will soon get fed up with him.

Of course in the well-attended games the aspect of entertainment has to be remembered by the organisers. The spectators are pretty important also and they don't want fifteen playing fourteen. The solution here is to allow a sub for the man put off and our hardy boys won't be long in circulation.

I saw one instance this year when a man should have gone to



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the line before half time. He stayed on in spite of a series of unruly incidents. I am convinced he would have gone early had we a replacement rule.

Dr. Cuddihy of Kilkenny was very enthusiastic about the helmets which Cork hurlers wear, when he spoke at the hurling course in Gormanstown last August. Tony Wall recommended them years ago but it was Mick Murphy of U.C.C. who translated thought into action by getting a set of eleven-ounce ice-hockey helmets which his club wears. I am sure their use will reduce the number of head-injuries in the future and I regard them as one of this season's significant advances.

Flinging the hurley is not a very common affair I'm glad to say and the reason is because the average player is a sportsman. But this year I saw it happen a few times and in one game I saw a chap do it three times. I don't think we realise how dangerous the thing is. A hurley is a heavy, solid affair and a crack on the head with the pole isn't going to improve one's thought processes. A friend of mine once got a flying hurley in the back and ended up with a broken rib. The player who throws a hurley should be warned that a repeat will see him dismissed.

In Cork we remember a day in Limerick when Mattie Fouhy who was a very sporting and talented wing-half back threw his stick after a Tipp. forward. We crowed with delight when the free was missed just to show that I for one don't always practise what I preach. When the team was preparing for the next game Matty, who was a bit of a humourist in his own way, went out on the field after very solemnly tying his stick to his wrist with a piece of string. The boys laughed.

Two innovations which very definitely did not please this old

crank (or a lot of others either) this year were the toilet-roll and the hammer fist.

I first saw the toilet-roll display at a college game. The boys made a real nuisance of themselves for they had a lot of ammunition. Now it has come to Croke Park and the annoyance caused to players in the All-Ireland football game was a disgrace. A man has enough to do without being forced to disentangle himself from the swirling rolls of paper. The people who throw them surely don't go to games to annoy the players. They must however be aware that they are thieves.

The hammer-fist is the latest way of showing triumph. Once players who scored were happy to run out to their places content that they had helped the team-effort. Some unable to conceal legitimate joy leaped in the air. On the line we usually cheered the scorer, or even if he was an opponent we admired

his effort. This season however I saw quite a number of young players who ran out on the field shaking a clenched fist aggressively at the world in general. I can tell them they don't gain any friends on the line that way.

Football and hurling to-day have taken on an extra entertainment emphasis which was not here three years ago. My feeling is that the World Cup on television in '66 is the root cause. The professional soccer player (who is an expert athlete) also regards himself as an entertainer, and is very conscious of his audience. My advice to the young G.A.A. man is to concentrate on the ball, keep a side-eye on his man, use his head and do his best for sixty minutes. The crowd plays no part in that advice.

But altogether it was a satisfactory season and if we learn something from it, and this should always be our aim, we will continue to stay in touch with the thinking of a sporting public.

**S**AINTE Francis, true disciple of Christ, and an eminent example of Christian living taught his sons to follow joyfully in the footsteps of the poor, humble and crucified Christ, so that in this way they should be led by Christ who is the Way, to the Father in the Holy Spirit.

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# QUICK-FIRE QUIZ

## SHOOTING FOR POINTS

**Y**OU should be able to take these comparatively easy chances, though some of those from awkward "angles" may throw you; and you must be quick if your chance is not to be lost. Watch the frees; they are to be taken in the time limit indicated.

### TAKE A POINT

- 1—How many medals for All-Ireland senior football has the Kerry captain, Johnny Culloty, now won?
- 2—Who captained the Antrim team which won the Under-21 championship and thus gave the county its first football All-Ireland ever?
- 3—What was the half-time score in the All-Ireland senior football final?  
(Time limit: 5 seconds)
- 4—This year and last year, the same county won the under-21 hurling All-Ireland, both at the same venue. What county? What venue?  
(Time limit: 7 seconds)
- 5—Name the referee of the All-Ireland minor football final between Cork and Derry?  
(Time limit: 5 seconds)
- 6—Who was the captain of the Kilkenny team when they played New York in the first leg of the National Hurling League final, in New York?  
(Time limit: 5 seconds)
- 7—When Cork won their third minor football title in a row this year, they were equaling a record. Who also holds that record?  
(Time limit: 8 seconds)
- 8—Kerry won their 21st, and, of course, they lead the honours' list in senior football.

But, who are their nearest challengers on the list, and how many are they behind the Kingdom?

(Time limit: 6 seconds)

- 9—This year the 30th Oireachtas hurling tournament will be held; which county holds the greatest number of victories in the tournament? How many?

(Time limit: 10 seconds)

- 10—Who contested the All-Ireland junior camogie final this year? And who won?

### GO FOR A GOAL

And watch those time limits—you have to be quick to avail of a goal-scoring opportunity.

- 11—What player opened the scoring in the All-Ireland football final?

(Time limit: 5 seconds)

- 12—Who opened the scoring in the All-Ireland senior hurling final?

(Time limit: 5 seconds)

- 13—With what team did Pat Murphy play at left-half forward in an All-Ireland football final in the fifties?

(Time limit: 7 seconds)

- 14—Two Wexford men have been President of the G.A.A. Can you name them?

- 15—What exactly are the colours of the Tyrone jerseys?

- 16—Can you say to within a hundred what the record attendance at a Croke Park All-Ireland football final is?

- 17—What is the name of the trophy for which the camogie teams of the Universities play annually?

- 18—Who did Wicklow defeat in this year's junior Home Final, and by what score?

(Time limit: 7 seconds)

- 19—Which College holds 30 provincial Schools and Colleges championships in football?

- 20—Can you say what the measurements of an Australian football field would be—the game was much in the news less than two years ago.

ments, 190 yds. by 150 yds.

20—It is an oval field: measure-

19—St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.

0-12 to 1-8.

18—Wicklow defeated Kerry by

17—The Ashbourne Cup.

16—90,556 in 1961 (Down-Offaly).

crest.

15—White, with the red hand as

Kehee.

14—P. D. Breen and Michael

13—Cork, in 1956.

with a goal.

12—Charlie McCarthy (Cork)

point.

11—Mick Gleeson (Kerry) with a

### GOALS:

the winners 4-2 to 2-4.

10—Cork and Derry. Derry were

1961, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1968,

eight times—1945, 1949, 1069,

9—Tipperary, who have won

titles.

8—Dublin, who have won 17

Kerry (1931, 1932, 1933).

7—Dublin (1954, 1955, 1956);

Inistioige).

6—T. Murphy (The Rower-

5—B. Louth (Dublin).

Bhreathnaigh, Waterford.

were played at Pairc an

1968 and 1969; both games

4—Cork were winners both in

3—Kerry 0-5; Offaly 0-2.

midfield.

2—Liam Boyle, who played at

1—Four: 1955, 1959, 1962, 1969.

### POINTS:

## ANSWERS







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## ● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

the organs and the pianos, now so neatly designed and fitting unobtrusively into the small modern living room. The price range is wide and to help over any financial hurdles there are gradual-payment schemes to be taken advantage of with major purchases. The little electric organs are most ear-catching. With a modicum of musical knowledge and playing ability, you can get full orchestral effects on one of these. The Nordell Music Centre in fact will teach you how to play your organ once you've bought it from them. It's not hard to learn and though the lessons are officially limited to half a dozen or so nobody will cavil if you come in for a couple of extras! The Music Centre is that sort of place.

Among the pianos we were on the look-out for the only Irish-made piano on the market. This is the Lindner model, "imported" into Dublin from the Shannon Industrial Estate where they are made. The price is very competitive, at about two hundred pounds and though Jean Sheridan told us seriously that one couldn't yet judge their lasting powers, since some Continental pianos have been going strong for a hundred and fifty years or so, and the Lindner has been on the market for only ten, she did confirm that not one complaint had ever come back to the Music Centre about one. We promised to call again in fifty years' time to see how the record stands then! On a more serious level, this is a well-made piano, designed to blend with any type of decor and its teak finish is easily maintained. And there's a peculiar satisfaction about knowing that Irish workmen have produced it.

Maybe I'm wrong, but to a casual view it seemed to me that the staff at the Music Centre are responsible in the main for the whole spirit of the place. Frank Ecock, well known in Dublin musical circles, has an encyclopaedic brain when it comes to music scores, and he's helping out everyone with their problems, from producers of Grand Opera to managers of the newest beat groups. In the record centre—a shop within a shop at Nordell Music Centre—Mrs. Storey has the same detailed knowledge of discs.

When we called it was the tail-end of the tourist season and we were in time to view an excellent display of all-Irish discs, encompassing everything from Johnny McEvoy to Seán O Riada. When you're a record fan there's nothing more boring than trotting from shop to shop trying to track down a disc. The range of stock carried at Cathal Brugha Street is so wide that it's likely to cover almost any eventuality and anything they haven't got at the moment they'll order for you.

Musical comedy and, of course, classical music make up a large part of the record market. People are occasionally doubtful of buying those cheaper long-playing records, feeling that they may be less good than the standard-priced ones. We have the word of Dublin's most prominent record distributor to guarantee that the "bargain" discs can be just as good as the more expensive lines, if you choose sensibly.

Anyway, should you be in Dublin and should your thoughts turn to music, do visit the Music Centre. It will be a unique experience and even though you mightn't spend a shilling there you'll take something with you when you leave—a new awareness of music in all its many facets, of the peoples who make it all possible, and—maybe—a determination that some day you too will be a music-maker. Even Thomas Moore had to start somewhere!



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# Gene Cusack

## — A Profile

By SEAMUS O BRAONAIN

WELL, who was it set your blood running with cannon shots past bewildered goalies, or sent screw-shots flying for impossible points? Or who was it made your heart race with sleight of foot and hand, and with quickness of mental thought to open up opposing defences with the most delicate of touches? Or who made you glow inside with the sheer courage of his efforts to convert unlikely chances into match-saving goals and points?

I dare not suggest to you, of course, who your choice would be, for you may be thinking of Brendan Lynch or Mick O'Dwyer, of Pat Dunny or Tony McTague or Sean Kilroy, of Des Griffith or Joe Corcoran, of Sean O'Neill or Sean O'Connell or Andy McCallin. For my part, however, I am thinking of Gene Cusack, the Cavan right-corner man, who was to me the most exciting forward of the year, and, if I mistake not, will be heard of again many a time in the future.

Cusack is really a newcomer to top football. He was playing his first big game at Croke Park when he came down for the first match with Offaly. Before that, he played his first match of real importance against Down in the Ulster final, and before that again he had carved his name as a prospect to be watched keenly in the match against Derry.

Gene is a wiry, hardy young fellow, dark-wavy hair and a solid, slightly bow-legged build. Most people who saw will remember two of the points which he scored against Offaly in the drawn game, each of vital importance, the last being the one which drew the match. They were pure jewels of how to toss over long range points from an angle with a wet ball and most unpleasant conditions. That was his little demonstration of shooting power which will stand to his credit in my mind. But, there is more to him than that.

He is a great worrier for the ball; he takes suicide passes with aplomb as though he never received a better one in his life—not for him the laying of blame at the hands of the man who gave so ill-judged a transfer. And when he gets it he is one of the few forwards I know who is scarcely ever guilty of wasting precious possession. He works for an opening with extraordinary zeal, he will pass when the opening does not occur, or he will manoeuvre and twist until he forces a chink in the opposing defence.

In this regard, I will recall for a long time the goal which he scored when things were going badly against Cavan in the replayed semi-final; in my view it was the best goal I saw this year. The chance never existed when a speculative lob was sent down

towards the Offaly area. Cusack cut in from his corner to grip the ball in the middle of a clutter of Offaly defenders. He held it at full stretch, turned, was cut off, moved one way and was covered completely, hopped the ball to gain a second or two, went the other way and was covered, half withdrew and spotted a chink and instantly hammered down his right foot on the ball. It shot through the tiny gap and away past goalkeeper Furlong into the far corner of the net. It was a goal unworthy of the Cavan team on the day, but totally symptomatic of the irreverent inability of Cusack to give us hope or think a cause lost while there is still time.

Cusack is a youthful-player with the open-heart of youth, unable to confine himself to his corner all the time, yet shrewd in his assessment of when a corner-man must be found inside. An invaluable goal against Derry in the replay of that round was poached from a rebound by being in the right spot at the right time. But, equally, other scores have come from openings created by moving out among the half-line or across into the centre.

I look forward to seeing Cusack again: I hope that Cavan's future fortunes do not force us on the same slim diet of his play which we had to endure of Charlie Gallagher's best. This year will have made a complete player of him, though it brought little else tangible to Cavan, who must look on Ulster titles, at this stage, as sinecures. The confidence which he gained in the two semi-final encounters with Offaly, and the knowledge that he could outmanoeuvre even such a highly rated back as Johnny Egan, and that he has the vital burst of speed which most discomfits backs, will have made him twice the man he was—and that is saying something.



# MOONDHARRIG'S DIARY

**T**HIRTY-FIVE years ago, when the G.A.A. celebrated its Golden Jubilee, a couple of our daily papers brought out impressive supplements to mark the occasion. At the time I well remember smiling at the special article on Kilkenny hurling in one of these supplements. That heading said, "We always come back."

Now the reason I was amused was this. At the time the supplement appeared, sometime in the Autumn of 1934, Kilkenny, who had been All-Ireland champions in 1932, and both League and championship holders in 1933, had lost both titles, had fared badly on a trip to America, and had shown few subsequent signs of making any quick return to the hurling limelight.

But it was I who was wrong. The heading proved, then and ever since, probably far more prophetic than the man who thought of it, suspected.

Just twelve months afterwards Kilkenny met Mick Mackey's mighty men in the 1935 All-Ireland final. Limerick had

beaten Dublin on a replay in the 1934 final, had swept through the National League and, in the 1935 Munster championship had so completely pulverised all opposition that they were hailed by the Sports Writers as 'The Team of the Century.'

Indeed, so much were Kilkenny ranked as outsiders that I know more than one friend of mine who backed them, at odds of ten to one against!

In addition, when the day of the big game came, the match was not long in progress when the heavens opened and the rain came down in torrents, and it was generally accepted that Lory Meagher's Kilkennymen could not play in the wet.

But play in the wet they did, and won a resounding, if narrow, victory. A year later, however, they were well beaten in the final by the Limerickmen, and when 12 months later again, they were swept from the field by Tipperary, everyone said that Kilkenny hurling, after such a beating, was down for a decade.

And again these amazing Kil-

kennymen came back from nowhere when, in 1939, they beat Cork in another wet-day final.

Then came, for Kilkenny, what were really seven lean years. They fell, unexpectedly, to their old Limerick rivals in the 1940 final, they could not even come through in Leinster in 1941 and 1942, and their prestige reached an all-time low when they lost to Antrim in the All-Ireland semi-final of 1943. Hope surged again in 1945, but they lost to Tipperary in the final, and were routed by Cork in the final of the following year.

And then, just when everyone was agreed that Kilkenny had lost the knack of winning All-Irelands, they staged another of their amazing come-backs to win the 1947 title by defeating confident Cork in one of the finest finals ever played.

After that came possibly the worst decade in all Kilkenny's long hurling history. Between 1947 and 1957 not alone did they never win a title, but they only reached one final. And the reason

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● FROM PAGE 33

for this may well have been entirely a matter of mental approach.

You see in 1947 Kilkenny had won their 13th All-Ireland, and far too many people in the county started shaking their heads and saying they would never get away from that unlucky figure—and so they stuck on 13 for ten years. The breakthrough came in 1957 when they pipped Waterford and, if they lost to the men from the Decies on a replay in 1959, they balanced that out by outscoring their near neighbours in 1963.

Then they came up against another snag. They hadn't beaten Tipperary in a final since 1922, and that bogey still held good in the 1964 final. In 1966 they beat Tipperary in the League decider, only to fail amazingly to an unfancied Cork side in the All-Ireland. But Kilkenny, recently, seem to have been getting better than ever at this "always-coming-back" act.

In 1967 they shattered the Tipperary hoodoo in no uncertain fashion, and then sustained a whole series of shattering blows, which culminated in the controversial suspension of Ollie Walsh and the announcement by the great goalkeeper that he was retiring from the game.

Indeed, at the start of this year, Kilkenny's prospects can never have been gloomier which is why I accept their victory in this year's All-Ireland final as the greatest of all their many memorable come-backs.

It began long before they won a match, by the mentors bringing the players together even when the prospects seemed darkest. The second step towards revival came when the Rower-Inistioge won the county title for the first time, and led to the third, the choice of the universally re-

spected Eddie Keher as captain of the county side.

But nobody even visualised Kilkenny getting anywhere in the championship until, in July, on the urging of players, officials and followers alike, Ollie Walsh consented to return to action. He did so against Dublin at Wexford Park in July and though Kilkenny won by more than double scores, the general ver-



*Paddy Moran  
(Kilkenny)*



*Denis Murphy  
(Cork)*

dict was, "Ah, Dublin were no use anyway." Only the wise ones noted that Kilkenny total—2-20.

Meanwhile Offaly had astounded the nation by defeating All-Ireland champions Wexford and when Kilkenny only beat them by a couple of points in the Leinster final Kilkenny's stock slumped among those who were not in Croke Park either day.

But those who saw Offaly play in the two Croke Park games fully agreed with Eddie Keher's verdict. "We will not meet any other team in the championship as fit, as fast or as determined as Offaly were." Certainly London were not in that category and again Kilkenny were not impressive, until you looked at the score-board and saw what those forwards had totted up 3-21!

But Kilkenny were still ranked as the outsiders almost everywhere when they came up in the final against a competent and confident Cork outfit that had already won the League and readily accounted for Tipperary in the Munster final.

Cork received a pre-match blow when Justin McCarthy was put out of action in a road-accident, but Kilkenny were hit just as hard and at a worse moment, when solid mid-fielder Paddy Moran had to cry off just before the game began.

On top of everything, Cork had the tonic of a goal almost directly from the throw-in, and only an incurable optimist could have fancied Kilkenny when Cork led by seven points.

And then Kilkenny struck a shrewd blow with a goal right on the half-time whistle. The Noremen till then had, to my mind, been fighting a losing battle despite the fine showing of Ted Carroll and Martin Coogan in defence, and the surprising power of Frank Cummins and Mick Lawler at mid-field.

But once Kilkenny drew level in the second half they were a side transformed; the injury to Pat Delaney and the arrival of Paddy Moran were two other factors in effecting a complete transformation. Suddenly, as the game went into the last quarter, Kilkenny were everywhere in command, and once captain Keher moved in to centre-forward, Cork's defeat all but turned into a rout.

And so, looking back across all the years to 1934, I have to admit that their revival through this season, and especially through the second half of the All-Ireland Final, was the most amazing of the many resurgences I have seen from these hurlers whose proudest boast still is "We always come back," the Deer-folk of Ossory, the men of the Black and Amber.



# JACK MAHON'S MISCELLANY



**T**HE All-Irelands have come and gone. The hurling final, apart from the horrible incident between a Cork back and a Kilkenny forward was highly entertaining; the football game was easily the most enjoyable I've seen.

Looking back at the finals I find that the time, half-an-hour for each half is not enough. The time for each half should be extended to 40 minutes at least. At the moment with so many stop-pages for frees, wides, sideline balls etc., we have little over 20 minutes per half for playing and this leaves too much to chance. Besides, especially at final time when one has travelled right through the country to see the game, one feels cheated to find the game over just as he is settling in to enjoy it.

Once upon a time I used to enjoy the minor football final. There was honest endeavour with little pettiness. Now it has become much pettiness and little football. Why don't youngsters enjoy their football anymore? On All-Ireland football final day too I thought the entry of the Offaly footballers while a group of dancers from Derry performed at midfield was a bad piece of liaison on some one's part. Perhaps, too, it is time to introduce a rule forbidding teams to leave the field of play at half-time. An interval of five minutes is perhaps even too much and the much lauded and far-exaggerated pep-talks would be cut to a minimum happily.

## John Donnellan

Still the best footballer in club football in Galway is John Don-

nellan of Dunmore. Why this man was dropped from the Galway team so early in his football career just beats most Galway people. He is still, in my opinion, worthy of his place on any Galway senior team. So is Martin Newell. Over in London they appreciate Newell's worth. Donnellan's is appreciated elsewhere. Down in Kerry they still believe in Johnny Culloty, Mick O'Dwyer, Seamus Murphy and Mick O'Connell, all older men than Donnellan or Newell, and nobody doubts Kerry's beliefs. I have written before that John Donnellan was one of the greatest half backs I've seen playing, he still is all heart, full of football dynamite and would walk on to any other county team in Ireland.

## "Famous Captains"

Just before me as I write I have an old copy of Carbery's Annual entitled "Famous Captains." It was one of the late P. D. Mehigan's (Carbery) finest annuals and it is one I often pick up to read the racy pen-pictures of men from every county. It is an annual I've come to miss every Christmas. Talking of Carbery reminds me too of the late "P.F." of "The Kerryman" who would have been so happy at Kerry's 21st All-Ireland. Two grand writers whom it has been so hard to replace.

## 1936 Connacht Final

This business of writing often brings letters from far and near. Last year I received two accounts of the 1936 drawn Connacht final between Galway and Mayo in Roscommon. "Green Fly," the popular Irish Press writer who did so much to popularise Gaelic games described it as an epic game. Brendan Nestor scored the equalising goal for Galway almost on the call of time. But what amazed me most about the account was the gate receipts of £1,200. That in 1936.

## Tom Sullivan

My article on Mick O'Connell in the last issue has been mentioned to me more than once. Jimmy Warde, the former Fr. Griffins and Galway footballer took me to task for not mentioning the great Oughterard midfielder Tom Sullivan. How could I have forgotten the man who, with Mick Fallon, was my first ever Galway hero? Warde claims Tom Sullivan was the greatest midfielder he ever saw. Jimmy Duggan's father, Joe, himself a Galway team-mate of Tom's, told me once that Sullivan was the most complete footballer of all on his day. He overcame a serious injury to his right leg by becoming completely competent with the left. Eamonn Young in this magazine some years back paid Tom a tremendous tribute for his game against Cork in the All-Ireland semi-final of 1945. Down here in Galway we regard this as one of the finest midfield displays ever given in Croke



Park—even ahead of D. J. Crowley's stellar game in this year's final.

### John "Kerry" O'Donnell

I never meet Seanie Duggan, the former Galway hurling star, that he has not something refreshing to say. Sometimes even something startling. This time it was about the future President of the G.A.A. He hopes John "Kerry" O'Donnell gets it for, as he puts it himself, "John Kerry would be a breath of fresh air to the G.A.A., something like Pope John has been to Catholics. We need O'Donnell to get things done."

### Vocational Teachers' League

Recently we inaugurated a Gaelic Football league for Vocational Teachers among the Western and Midland counties, namely Galway, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, Longford, Westmeath and Offaly. It is a non-competitive league and is already in progress. Chairman of the organising body is Christy Tyrrell, the former Galway star while Secretary is Co. Longford teacher G. Hannan, a native of Ballygar.

**Editor's Note:** Next month Jack Mahon will tell some stories of his playing days with Dunmore MacHales, the oldest club in Connacht, now launching a fine campaign to go on a U.S. visit next August. Jack first played minor club football with Dunmore in 1948 and 20 long years afterwards played his last game for Dunmore against Corofin in Tuam last November. Appropriately enough at the A.G.M. of Dunmore MacHales last year, Jack was honoured by being made an honorary life member of the club. Watch out for Jack's story next month.



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# WORLD TITLE FOR WICKLOW?

A WORLD championship victory for Wicklow—such a statement might appear to border on fantasy but, in reality, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Wicklow have in fact come to the forefront of Irish handball in recent times, winning the senior softball Doubles title for the first time since 1931.

The heroes of the feat were Joe Clery from Tinahely and Paddy Lee from Arklow. They really stormed their way to ultimate victory including amongst their victims the highly vaunted Meath partnership of Liam Molloy and Dessie McGovern, Monaghan's Seamus McCabe and Lewis Gilmore and, finally the Connacht champions—Sligoman Marcus Henry and Dessie Walsh.

This means that Clery and Lee are very much in line for representation. They will be participating in the special trials to be held early in 1970 and assuming that they have maintained the form that brought them the All-Ireland title, it will be difficult to beat them.

If they do get the honour of wearing the Irish Singlets, I am confident they will do us proud.

Both are determined hard-hitting exponents, who believe that the easiest way to score is via the bottom brick of the front wall.

Joe Maher, who won the title for Canada in 1967 and then returned to Ireland has again proved supreme in both Senior Singles Championships.

He nearly won them as easily as he pleased—with one excep-

tion—that was in a Leinster first round softball game with Dublin's Jim Doyle, where he had to make a last desperate effort to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. However, I am very doubtful if there is any real purpose to be served in requesting Maher to participate in further trials.

He has shown time and time again during the past eighteen months that there is not a player in the country to match him.

So, in my view the best policy for the selectors to adopt would be to nominate Joe directly as our Singles representative, and get him back into serious training.

Under this scheme I am ultra-confident that we would be saluting him next May as our Irish World Champion.

While these Wicklow and Louth victories were the highlights of the latest All-Ireland Championships there were other achievements of merit.

Dublin, for instance, hit the headlines.

The County annexed three titles in all—two in the Minor grade through Macartan Brady and Matthew Williams and the other by Niall Cahill and Pat Masterson in Junior softball Doubles. The victories of the two under-age players, in my view, heralds a new image for handball in Dublin.

Hitherto, the fortunes of handball in Dublin have been retained in the limelight by players arriving in the City from various parts of the country for employment purposes. Such is the case with Cahill and Masterson, who are

both from Offaly. But as Brady and Williams are native Dubliners the die has been cast for a change.

With the Dublin Minor Board doing tremendous work in the promotion of the game amongst the youngsters of the city, it is evident that in the near future there will be sufficient native talent available to keep Dublin in the limelight. This is the position that should obtain.

Another notable feature of the All-Ireland campaign was the number of doubles recorded by counties.

Kildare took the Senior Hardball Doubles title through Willie Doran and Greg Lawler, and, followed this up with a similar success in the corresponding junior grades, which was won by Eamonn Deegan and John Browne. The real merit of these victories must go to the famed Ballymore-Eustace Club which produced all four players.

Then there was the Wexford Double achieved by John and Noel Quigley in the minor grade, which is given an added interest by the fact that their father, John Senior, won a Willwood Tailteann trophy earlier in the year. And just to break the monopoly of Leinster the two junior titles went to Pat Davin of Tipperary in softball and Mick McAuliffe of Limerick in hardball.

In general it was a very interesting campaign and a most rewarding one for Leinster counties.

But the pertinent question is still there—will a World title in handball be brought home to Wicklow.



# CROSSWORD

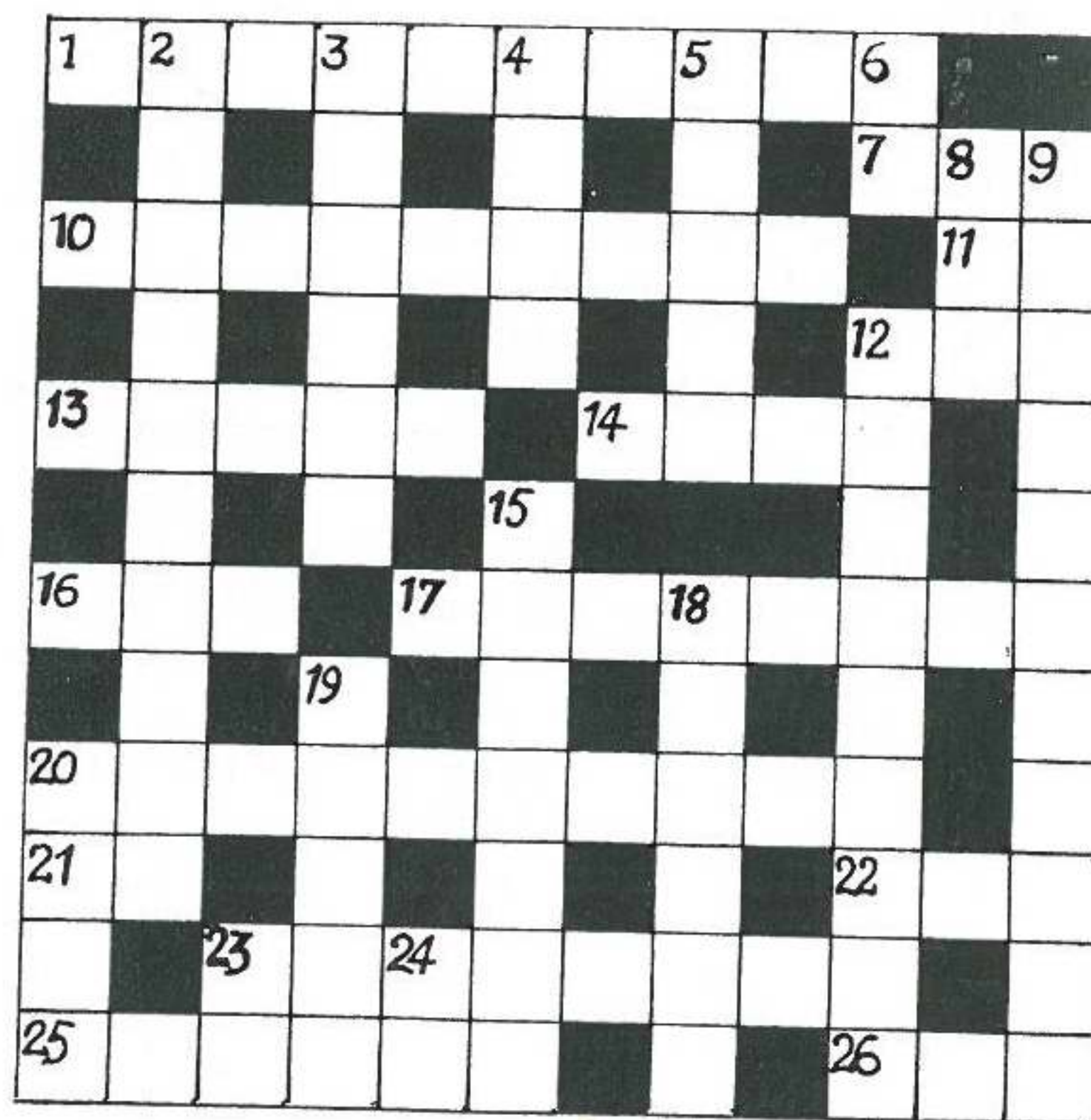
(No. 47) By PERMUTER

## ACROSS

- 1—Clever Donegal wing-forward, perhaps even more famous as the man who fouled a penalty. (1, 9)
- 7—What is the Sam Maguire ? (3)
- 10—Waterford minor hurler with same name as great Dublin full-forward. (9)
- 11—TE boxing commentator. Initials. (1,1)
- 12—Decline sets in while in a trot. (3)
- 13—Disease-causing element, but most survive. (5)
- 14—Sounds like a tree in Clare. (4)
- 16—Pat is a suitable one, even if confused. (3)
- 17—Westmeath forward who missed some of the closing stages of this year's League. (1, 7)
- 20—Long-serving Offaly footballer. (4, 6)
- 21—One way it could be all right, and the other way a knock out. (2)
- 22—A parish is divided in two. (2)
- 23—One of pair of brothers who played with Cork both in the full-forward and full-back lines. (8)
- 25—Antrim half-forward who has a good scoring record. (6)
- 26—You can use it for shooting, too. (3)

## DOWN

- 2—The centre of affairs in the New York G.A.A.
- 3—Dominant centre-fielder for Mayo. (6)
- 4—This amount of land would be a bit small for a pitch. (4)
- 5—With Joe Keohane and Billy Myers he formed a powerful Kerry full-back line. (5)
- 6—Roscommon and Connacht footballer—in defence. Initials. (1, 1)



- 8—United Nations Organisation ? (3)
- 9—Player who is occasionally in the Kerry team or very close to the fringe of it. (3, 8)
- 12—Turning assets into usable form; or finally understanding the implications of the situation. (8)
- 15—He was a substitute on the Meath All-Ireland winning team, in 1967. (1, 6)
- 18—A hag Da, turns into a well-known Cork hurling area. (6)
- 19—A promising Roscommon footballer, or a bespectacled Tipperary hurler. (5)
- 20—An dath a bhíonn ar leintreacha peile an Chabhain. (4)
- 23—Kildare goalkeeper. Initials. (1, 1)
- 24—Not out. (2)

SOLUTION : PAGE 48



# THE POLO GROUNDS FINAL

By Terence Roynane

IT was the recent death of that great Gael, the Right Reverend Michael Monsignor Hamilton, Dean of Killaloe, that recalled to me the most remarkable All-Ireland final ever played in our time, or in anybody else's time either. And that was the 1947 final at the New York Polo Grounds between Kerry and Cavan.

The idea of taking such a match to the United States was old enough. Hadn't the Gaels of New York looked for the replay of the Kerry and Galway final in 1938? But the matter only began to brew up at the end of World War II when, due to the lack of immigration during the War years, the games had fallen on relatively evil times beyond in New York and a devoted group led by John Kerry O'Donnell was striving desperately to revive them.

Anyway, around the end of 1946 the idea was put forward of holding an All-Ireland final in New York and the chief protagonist of the idea was Canon Hamilton.

He was then, if my memory is right, the New York representative on Central Council, or maybe his official position was liaison

officer. Anyway, Canon Hamilton as he was then, put the case for New York and the All-Ireland final to the Clare County Convention around the end of the year and it was sent forward as a motion to Congress.

Like many another, I never believed that the motion would go through, and even at the opening session of that year's Congress, which was held, I think, in the City Hall in the morning, the general trend of opinion seemed to be against 'exporting' the final.

But, in the afternoon, when the delegates reassembled in the Council Room under the old Hogan Stand at Croke Park, Canon Hamilton delivered an eloquent and moving address, reminding us of all the Exiles who had never seen a big game since they left Ireland, and who could never hope to get home to see one, and he carried the day.

But there were provisos. General Secretary Paddy O'Keeffe and the Connacht Secretary, Tommy Kilcoyne, God be good to the both of them, were sent over to consider the feasibility of playing the game in New York. Off they went on the Queen Elizabeth, and they arrived back from

their fact finding mission about three weeks later. Now, I was at the Central Council meeting that followed, and after reading Paddy O'Keeffe's report, which set out very fairly all the points for and against playing the football final on the far side of the Atlantic, I said to myself that it would never come off, especially as a few counties at home that had been wavering at Congress had now come out very much against the whole idea.

But Council decided to stand by the Congress decision and committed itself to playing the final at the New York Polo Grounds despite the fact that the pitch would not be of the regulation size.

And once the decision had been taken, everything got going.

Counties that had not been seen to advantage in the football championship for years really pulled their socks up, and the crowds and the bands came out in force to even the preliminary matches.

Nowadays, when players are crossing the Atlantic almost every week-end, and when All-Ireland champions and League champions make an annual trip by right, it is hard to imagine the attraction that a trip to New York was in 1947 for all concerned.

No wonder the championship was contested with All-Ireland final fervour in every province, and aided by a fantastically sunny summer, record crowds continued to turn up. Eventually Kerry, who had been the 1946 All-Ireland champions, Roscommon, whom the Kerry men had beaten somewhat luckily in the previous All-Ireland final, Cavan and Meath qualified for the semi-finals.

And what games those were.

Kerry, after a slow start,

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accounted for Meath readily enough, but the Cavan and Roscommon match was a sizzler all the way before the Cavan men battled through. Then came all the excitement of getting the teams off to New York. Shipping space was limited, so some went by boat, and some had to fly, and flying was a far more adventurous business then than it is nowadays when everybody goes flipping across the Atlantic right from Shannon to Boston or New York in four or five hours.

The players for that New York 1947 final had to go by the Azores and it took them the best part of a full day. Meanwhile beyond in New York Paddy O'Keeffe had been organising things for more than a month beforehand, and he had his troubles. The early optimistic forecasts here that the game would attract a hundred thousand exiles had soon proved un-

realistic, but more than thirty thousand spectators had turned up at the Polo Grounds before Martin O'Neill, Secretary of the Leinster Council, set the game in motion.

Despite the hard ground, the short pitch, and the presence of the pitcher's mound (for the Polo Grounds was, of course, a baseball park, the home of the New York Giants) the two teams served up a wonderful game. Kerry shot into an early lead, but the younger Cavan side adapted themselves better to the conditions and ran out good winners.

At home that evening, the whole countryside was deserted. Every man, woman and child in rural Ireland seemed to be gathered round radio sets listening to the commentary by Mícheál O hEithir. Even in Dublin, taxis with radios were the centre of listening groups and the half-time and full-time scores

were flashed on the screens of some city cinemas.

When the teams came home, they travelled by sea, via Southampton, Holyhead and Dun Laoghaire, and received a rousing reception in Dublin, where the Cavan captain, John Joe O'Reilly, after a civic welcome at the Mansion House, was chaired through Dawson Street as a conquering hero.

That night, both teams were the guests at a public dinner in the Gresham Hotel, at which everybody who was anybody in Ireland seemed to be present, and which set the seal on the success of the great enterprise.

Indeed, looking back now across the years, I am forced to admit that, although I was opposed to the whole idea at the time it was first mooted, the playing of the 1947 All-Ireland final in New York was the high-water mark of the G.A.A. in my lifetime.

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# The anatomy of a national coaching course

By  
EAMONN  
YOUNG

*"And I will have some peace there  
For peace comes dropping slow."*

Yeats

I'm not quite sure why the lines come running through my head here in Gormanston for the place is not that peaceful. Maybe it's because the college in spite of its internal activity is a haven of rest after a fortnight in the hurly-burly of army exercises when night often changed places with day and the camp bed in the tent goes lonesome for want of use.

The lawns are restfully green and the big sombre building rests behind its veil of sycamores, elms and evergreens like a hatching pigeon.

There are always courses of some kind in progress at the Franciscan College at Gormanston and at the moment there are people learning Spanish, playing in a brass band as well as following hurling and football. There's a chap next door in another cubicle working on a trumpet with delightful dexterity through a tune which when I was young we called "Tico Tico". I suppose he's upsetting someone but you can't win them all.

There are about fifty chaps from all over the country on the Gaelic Football Coaches Course. There are teachers, national, vocational and secondary. There are priests from seminaries and businessmen from the hard world of reality. There are two army footballers both talented:

Larry Coughlan of Offaly and Shay O'Connor of Dublin. As in the case of last year there's quite a fraction speaking with the clipped musical accent of the north.

The object of the course is to train men to be good coaches, to have them stand out in front of classes in the village or the school and encourage players of all ages to play Gaelic football more efficiently. It has been said that coaching is detrimental to individual skill and that coaches break down individuality.

In my view nothing could be further from the truth for the idea is to teach the basic fundamentals associated with the correct performance of a skill and then leave the rest to the performer. The coach watches for faults and corrects them. For instance when one is kicking a dead ball it is obvious that the kicker has to watch carefully the power-point where he will apply the force of his kicking foot. It is also quite necessary that he will follow through and not take up his head to see where the ball has gone, for the posts won't alter course, they are fixtures but he'll know by the feel of the ball on his foot. Yet these things have to be spelled out, especially for young players and the message the coach gets at Gormanston is that he must get his class interested in the correct performance of all the individual skills so that they will be performed

correctly in the game. So the catch, the kick, the swerve, the feint, the block and tackle, the solo-run, the pass with fist and foot, are all taught and practised with the important details emphasised. For instance the coach is reminded to have his young men look up after each toe-tap of the solo-run when the ball is held securely to his chest. The habit of looking up will become automatic after a while and he will know where his comrades are instead of running away like a scalded cat with no coherent thought in his mind, as we all have witnessed.

There's a great period of fitness training done by that all-time stylist Jim MacKeever who teaches physical education in a Belfast school. Jim whose eloquent persuasion and expert knowledge make him a valuable instructor, works a class hard in this period and teaches training methods with emphasis on quick reaction.

There's volatile Frankie Byrne of Meath and smiling Jim MacDonnell, who finished a great career with Cavan a few years back. In charge of the course is Mick Ryan of the Dublin Vocational Schools physical education staff, who is also interested in hurling and whose athletic career and physical training qualifications cause him to pay most interest to the value of fitness.

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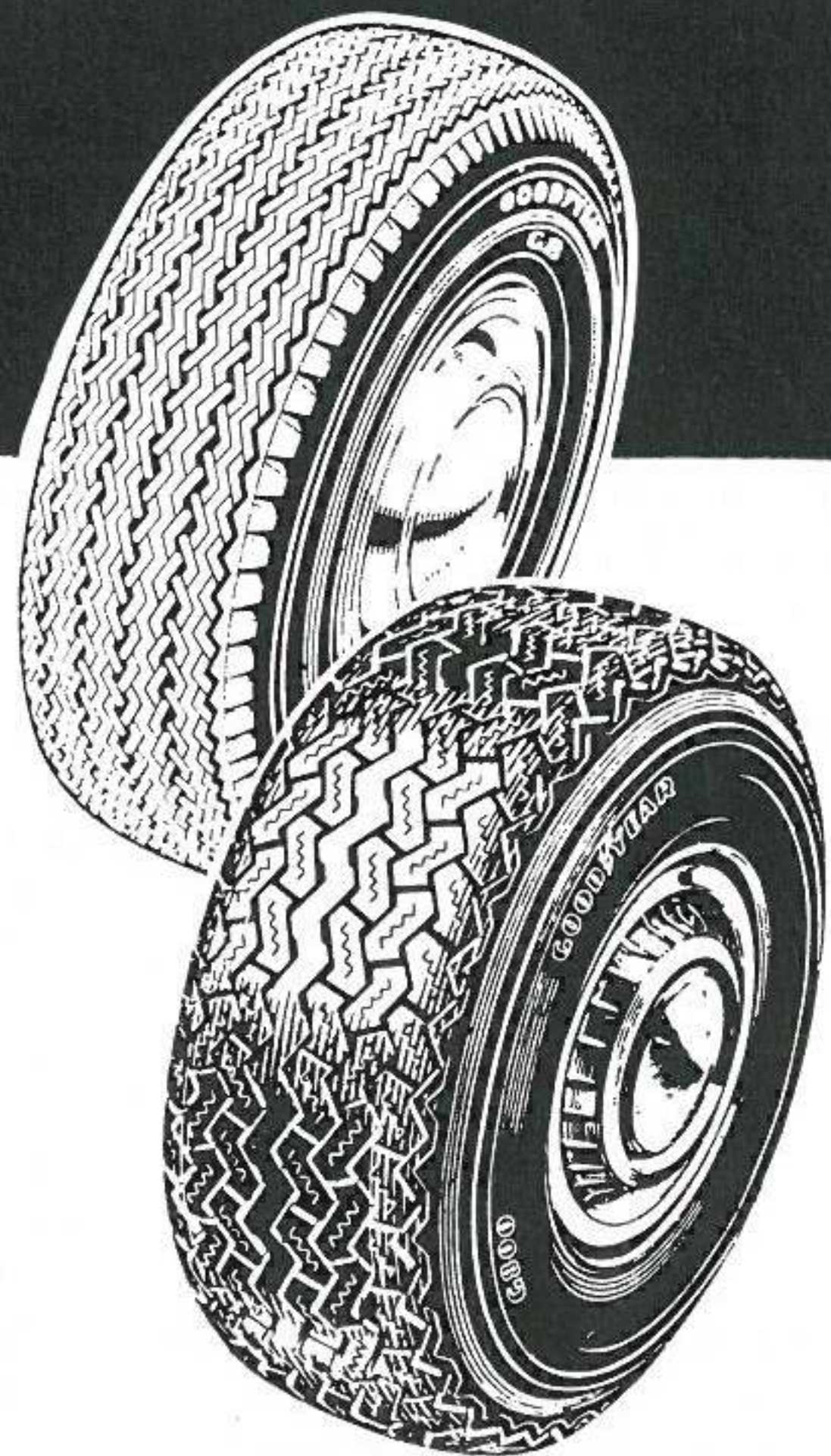
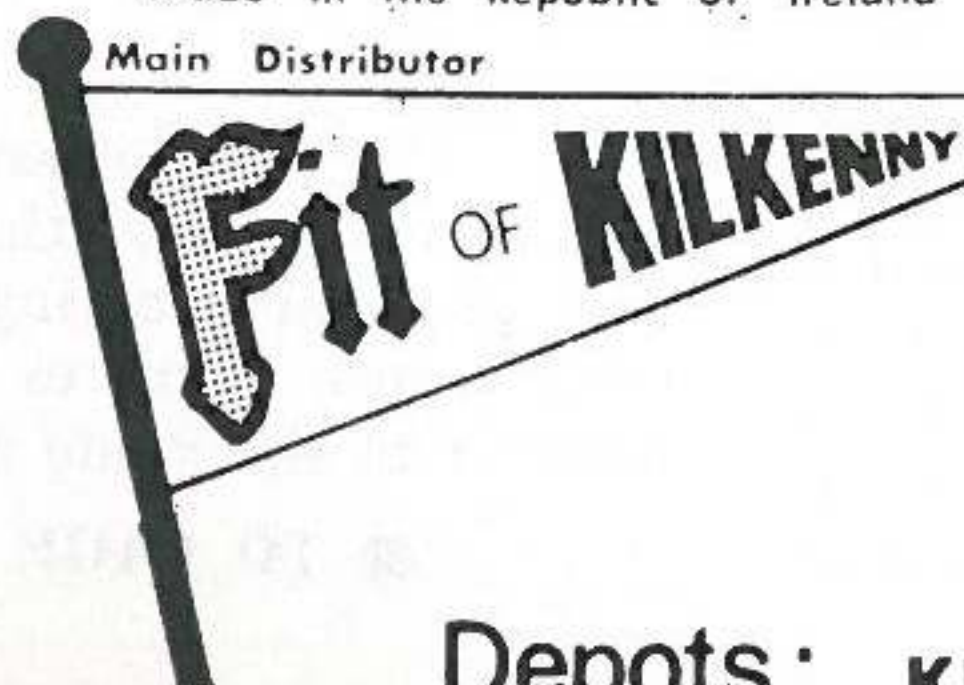


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The students spend some time in the lecture hall listening to talks on such things as the part of sport in the community, the treatment of sports injuries by a visiting doctor, a study of the rules by John Dowling, the referee, and a talk by Seán Ó Síocháin on the club's place in the social structure of the parish. Films of great games shown at night remain as always of great interest.

What do the students get out of the week here? Firstly they find themselves immersed in the thinking that is associated with the playing and the organising of games. They come to think more on the role of sport in the life of the boy, the girl and the man and in addition they have a chance of discussing ideas on all aspects of the G.A.A. with men from all over the country. The fact that many of these ideas are spoken in public where they are subjected to the friendly but direct scrutiny of other keen and interested minds, make the discussions all the better. For example one discussion we had was on match analysis which simply means learning lessons from the games you have played and putting them into effect in readiness for the next one, and there were two very definite opinions about substitution in Gaelic football that emerged during this discussion. Frankie Byrne maintained that we should not take off a man unless he is injured. He did not favour removing a man because he was off form because of the emotional hurt to the man himself and the danger of creating bad feeling in the club. Even if the game were lost Frankie felt that over a period the club gained more by leaving our friend on the side for the hour and dropping him perhaps when the game was over. In any case the rule caters only for the injured player. Shay O'Con-

## MICK O'CONNELL

Grandeur lofty,  
Skilled gentleness,  
Swiftness, and  
The cunningly unexpected,  
Combine to fashion  
O'Connell.  
Kerry incarnate,  
He is not  
Mere mortal  
Jumping for leather.  
He is a legend  
Imprinted  
On the mind  
Of his people.  
He is Kerry.

Columba Mansfield

nor a smart Dublin forward, felt that the current thinking is that a team is of twenty players and while the most suitable are picked to play, there are five more, three of whom may with just cause be introduced at any moment, though for the next game the same first fifteen may again be picked. The difference was between tactical common-sense and an emotional feeling which is based on kindness to the players and a desire to raise morale with a view to long-term results. The voting incidentally was 27 in favour of Frankie Byrne.

At the end of the course comes the social and then on the Saturday the presentation of the diplomas. Each student can do a written examination if he wishes, and when the paper is corrected, the diploma will be awarded. The questions will concern the performance of the individual skills, the principles of attack and defence such as mobility, depth and determination, as well as questions on how to combine various aspects of physical

training in one period. For instance, speed and quick reaction can be exercised in one action if players run forty-five yards in competition on a hand signal. Another signal which they cannot anticipate will have them twisting away to dash to the left or the right.

At the end of the course it is hoped a number of young men will go back to their villages, their schools and their towns with their own ideas on the game they love, broadened by contact with others of the same type, all for the benefit of your son and mine.

It would be wrong to finish without referring to the wonderful lecture given on the origin of hurling by Brother Canny, the superior of Colaiste Mhuire. This was the best lecture I ever heard. The speaker was vivacious, eloquent and over an hour and a half retained the deep interest of one hundred and fifty men of all ages. He told us that hurling was about fifteen hundred years old; that in the eighteenth century there was a hurling team in every parish in the country; that they played on the sands of the Blaskets and in the fields of Aran; that those who played it at one time were mostly landlords and that over in London's Rutland Square, Munster and Leinster played in hurling competition; that in Eton they played hurling and that just over two hundred years ago at Bannagher, Tipp. and Galway met to decide finally which was the better side, before ten thousand people on a week-day, the stake being one thousand pounds which would be about twenty thousand to-day. Image a game with a thousand pounds on your individual shoulders.

But readers will be glad to know Brother Canny has written a book on the subject which will be of abiding interest to all who are keen on the great game handed down to us by the champions of the dim Celtic past.



# D. J. CROWLEY



*talking to NOEL COOGAN*

**T**HIS year's All-Ireland football final was not a great game by any standards. In such a case it is only natural to assume that not many of the participants enhanced their reputations. However one man who can look back on this match with immense pride is the Kerry midfielder, Din Joe Crowley. Before the final everybody was talking about D.J.'s ace midfield companion, Mick O'Connell, and it was generally agreed that if the Valentia maestro was held then Offaly's chance would be great. As we all know, O'Connell, due to an injury, had a moderate game, by his own immaculate standards. But in stepped D. J. Crowley to give a display of powerful midfield football which even his famous partner, at his best, would be proud of. And the tireless Kinsale-based Garda also found time to lend a hand in both defence and attack. After the game I had the following interview with Din Joe.

**N.C.—What were your feelings when the game had ended and Kerry had at last won the twenty-first title?**

**D.J.C.—**I thought it was a thrilling game made so by the fact that it was touch and go all the way and I was relieved and very happy when it was all over.

**N.C.—You were the man of the match in most people's opinion. Were you completely satisfied with your performance and do you think this was your best game ever for Kerry?**

**D.J.C.—**Yes, I think this was my best game ever for Kerry. It

seemed as if nothing could go wrong for me. Normally I am inaccurate, but the two points I scored proved my luck was in. So I was very pleased to have done my part for the team.

**N.C.—Were you really worried at any particular stage of the game?**

**D.J.C.—**I was worried midway through the second half when Offaly came within one point of us and they appeared to be playing with great determination at the time.

**N.C.—The Kerry forward line did not appear to move as well as in previous games. Why, in your opinion, was this?**

**D.J.C.—**Because of the very tricky wind, short passing to the half forwards was dangerous. A relieving kick was more effective, so as a result of this the half forwards got little intentional supply of the ball and had to rely on breaks from midfield.

**N.C.—Which was Kerry's hardest game in the complete championship campaign?**

**D.J.C.—**I honestly think our hardest game was the final against Offaly as nobody could say we had the game won until the final whistle, whereas we thought we had it won ten minutes from the end against Mayo.

**N.C.—Which position do you prefer, midfield or full forward?**

**D.J.C.—**Midfield by far as I like plenty of space and am slow on the turn as a full forward?

**N.C.—Do you like any other sports and what are your views on the "Ban"?**

**D.J.C.—**I like handball, swimming, shooting and I also admire the ability of soccer players! I think, for the time being, the "Ban" should only restrict a player from playing "foreign games" and this should also go when the social clubs, which the G.A.A. is making great strides in erecting, find their feet.

**N.C.—Are you satisfied with the general progress the G.A.A. is making?**

**D.J.C.—**If the present trend of erecting social clubs, dressing-rooms, etc., is speeded up so as to make the life of members and players alike more pleasant, I would be very satisfied with the progress of the G.A.A.

**N.C.—Can you name some of the best players you have opposed in your career to date?**

**D.J.C.—**Dermot Earley (Roscommon), John Morley (Mayo), Jerry Lucey (Cork) and Colm McAlarney (Down).

**N.C.—Are you satisfied with the Gaelic Football playing rules as they stand at present?**

**D.J.C.—**The definition of a tackle should be specified as referees vary too much. Linesmen should have power to indicate breaches of the rules happening behind the referee's back. I would also like to see more severe penalties imposed on players pulling on the ball, more often shins and ankles, as another player picks it up.



● FROM PAGE 16

across the Border, the over-all attendance was very disappointing. True, the fact that the Cork hurling final and the Dublin football final were both being played on the same day, and that there was a soccer international at Dalymount which drew off what I will call the casual spectators, surely it is fair to say that a turnout of not more than three thousand supporters was very disappointing?

It is very obvious, that as I have said in these pages before now, a much more determined effort will have to be made to give these All-Ireland finals a

setting worthy of the magnificent fare provided by the players themselves. Provincial Councils and County Boards will all have to play their part in boosting the attendance. A start might be made by asking every club in the country irrespective of whether their own county or their own province is concerned, to buy two Hogan Stand tickets for the finals. Surely each club in the country could find two enthusiasts willing to travel to Dublin to see the top camogie games of the year? Next, those counties which are not in the final could be asked to provide fifteen tickets for their own senior county sides

and present them to the players, who, after all, have been serving that county without any reward whatever?

Thirdly, now that three at least of the four provinces have flourishing Colleges Councils, what better way to give added zest to the game in the affiliated schools than for these Colleges Councils to organise excursions to enable the players of the future to whet their ambitions by watching the stars of the present playing in Croke Park on the greatest day of the camogie year?

\* \* \*

THE recent Colleges Conventions in Leinster and Munster were very heartening indeed. Twenty-five teams will play in the Leinster competitions this season, and fifteen in Munster. Schools from five of the six Munster counties are participating, although it is somewhat surprising to see that the county missing is Clare, for there was a fine team in an Ennis school only a year or two ago.

Leinster have four newcomers to their competitions. For the first time a school from Ennis-corthy is competing, the first school ever to enter those competitions from County Wexford, while Ardee will now carry the Louth banner. From Dublin it is heartening to see that the two Dominican Colleges, Eccles Street and Sion Hill, will be competing this year.

So the future seems bright on the Colleges scene, and the Colleges hold the future of camogie.

● I have seen many wonderful individual exhibitions of camogie in my time, but the display given by Wexford's Margaret O'Leary playing at centre-back for Leinster in the Gael-Linn Cup semi-final against Ulster at Croke Park can rarely have been equalled and hardly ever surpassed.

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# JOHNNY CULLOTY (from page 11)

ball with his club, Croke's, Kilmarnock, and happily unambitious for new worlds to conquer. Before he knew it, there was a ready made new world thrown in his path. Though out of goalkeeping practice, and out of touch with the pace of the big game and its atmosphere for some time, he was willing to answer the call if his county wanted him.

Back in the team for the Longford match, his reactions were so remarkably fast, that he might not have been out of it. One or two saves of his in the second half when Longford were rampant after Kerry had hit them with the kitchen sink in the first half, were match-winners. Since that crucial come-back game, Culloty has been the safest goalkeeper in the game—unspectacular except when forced to it, but wonderfully sound, and particularly good on those dangerous high balls dropping under the bar or those sudden sharp short ones from melees in the front of goal.

No one will easily forget the save soon after half-time when

Offaly were roaring away towards a goal which would surely have changed the course of the All-Ireland final last month. It was widely considered the turning point of the match, and a captain's part in the taking of the All-Ireland crown. But, it was only fractionally more crucial than a couple of awkward high balls which he piloted out safely from under his crossbar in the first half; and, not much less important than several short-range clearances which he made later in the second half to keep Kerry in the game with the kind of hope that made that fine late surge possible.

It is that confidence and bolstering up of conviction which Culloty performs better than anyone else. The Kerry defence has increased its efficiency all through his time between the posts—especially since his come-back. He has not spoken of retiring again since the final, so one may reasonably assume that the Kingdom will be able to call on his comforting presence for another season or two.

# Top Ten

THE following ratings were compiled from games played between September 21 and October 19 inclusive.

## FOOTBALL

- (10) D. J. Crowley ..... (Kerry)
- (9) T. Prendergast ... (Kerry)
- (9) J. Culloty ..... (Kerry)
- (9) N. Clavin ..... (Offaly)
- (9) M. Furlong ..... (Offaly)
- (8) S. Fitzgerald ..... (Kerry)
- (8) E. Mulligan ..... (Offaly)
- (8) M. O'Shea ..... (Kerry)
- (7) A. McAtamney ... (Antrim)
- (7) J. Hanniffy ..... (Longford)

## HURLING

- (9) O. Walsh ..... (Kilkenny)
- (9) N. Skehan ..... (Kilkenny)
- (8) P. Moran ..... (Kilkenny)
- (8) P. Barry ..... (Cork)
- (8) P. O'Sullivan (Tipperary)
- (8) C. McCarthy ..... (Cork)
- (8) P. Nolan ..... (Wexford)
- (7) D. Martin ..... (Offaly)
- (7) J. Doyle ..... (Tipperary)
- (7) D. Clifford ..... (Cork)

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