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GAA

Gaelic Sport

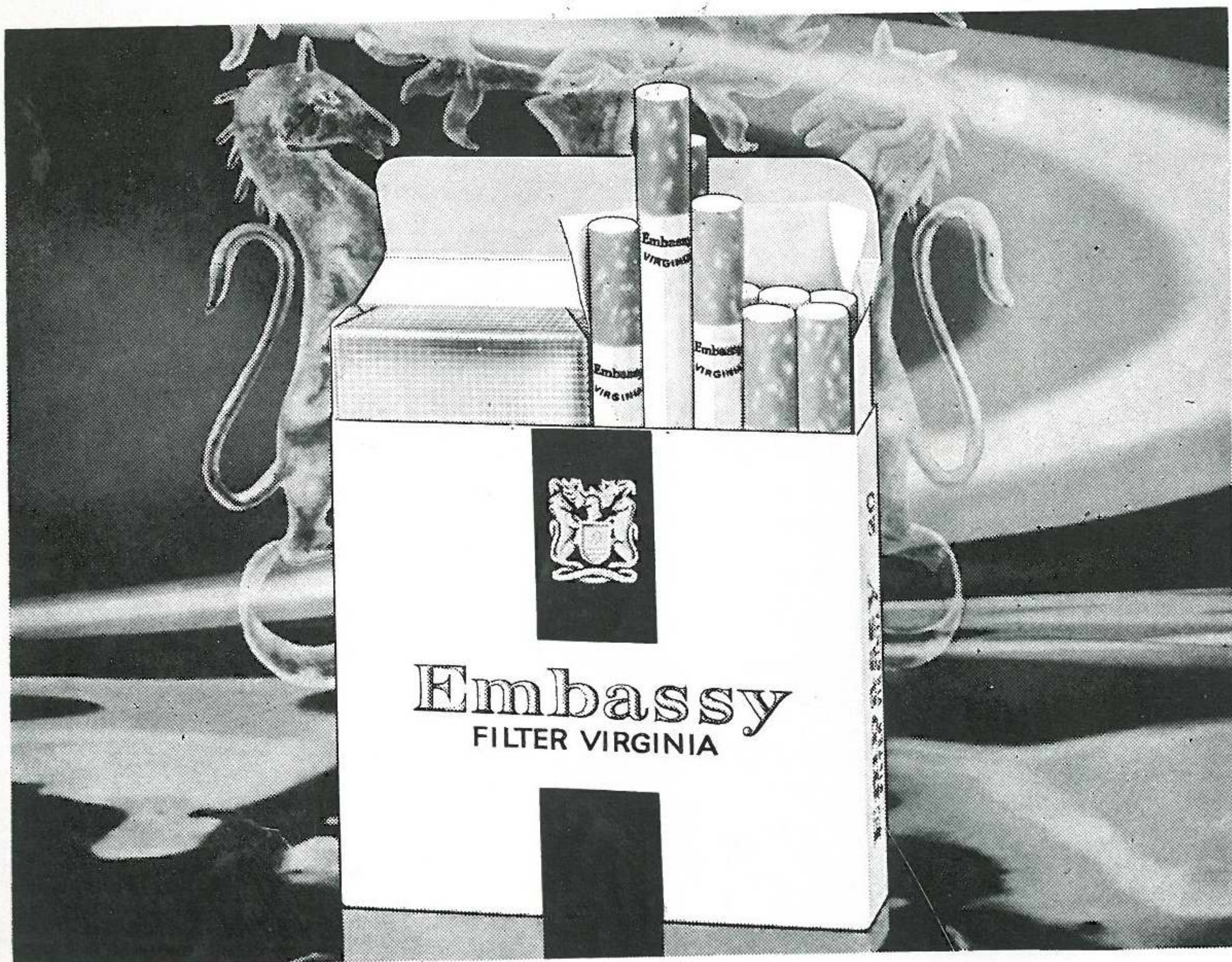
APRIL, 1970

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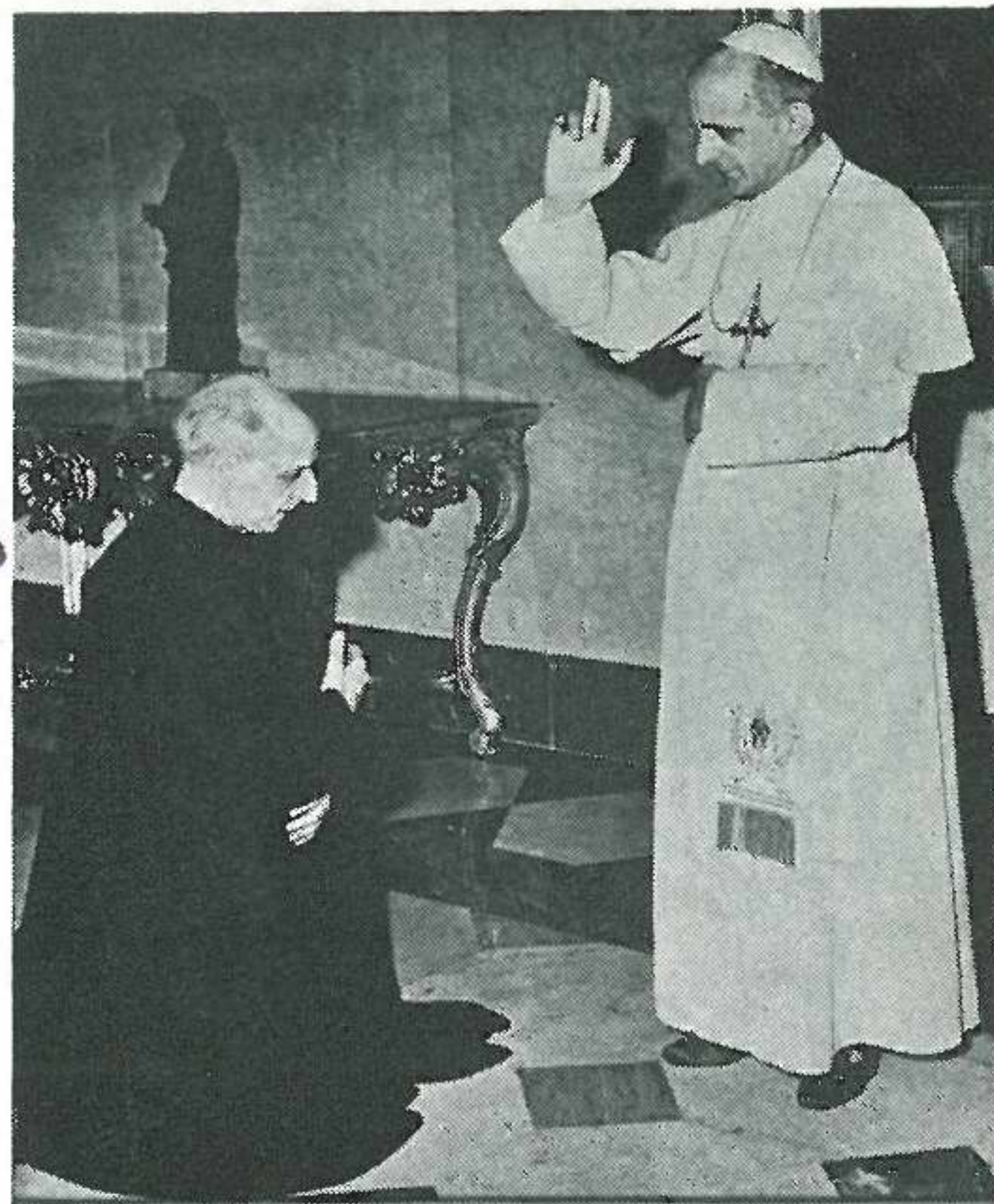
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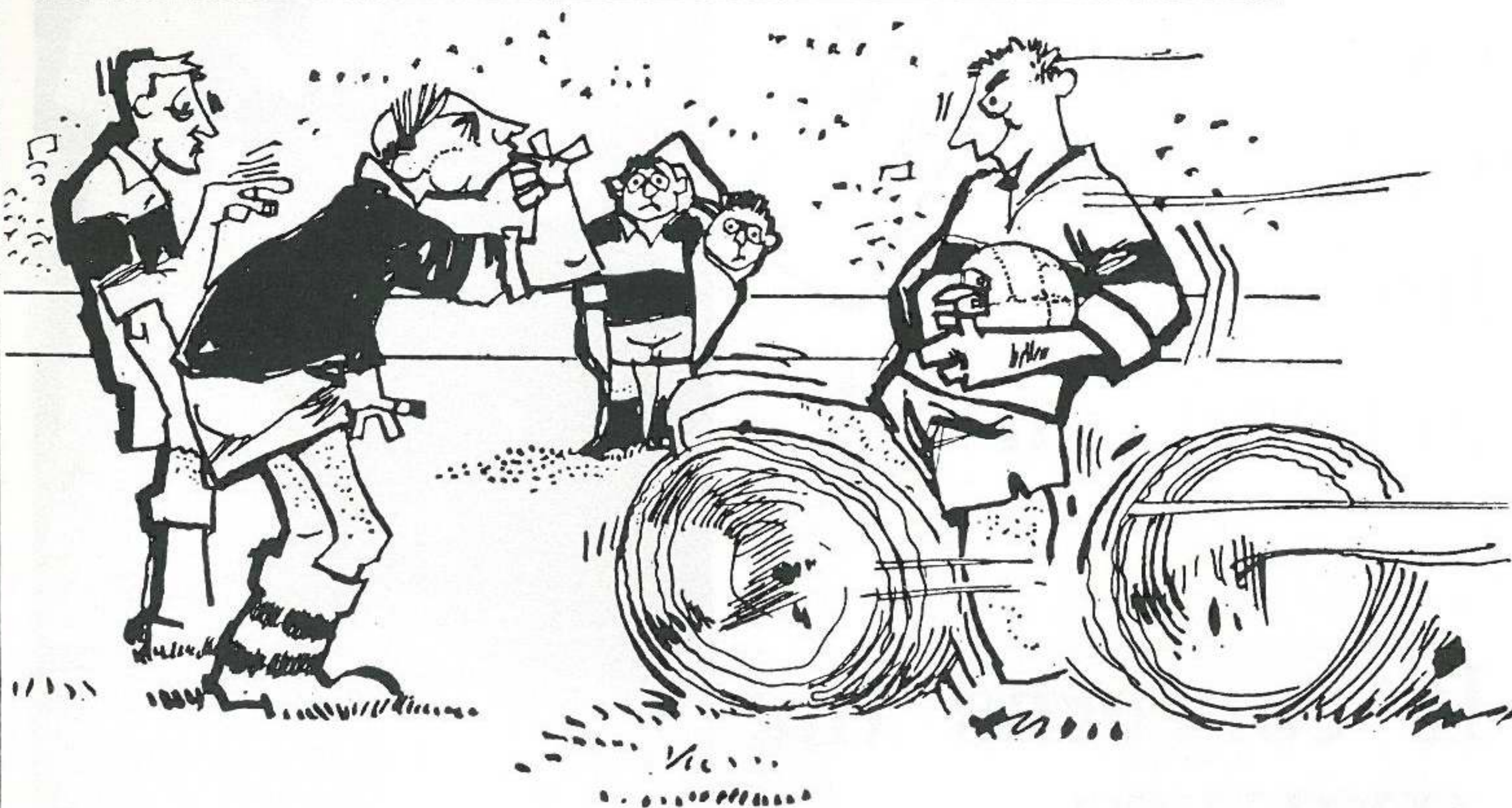
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SHELL



***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 —



Gaelic Sport

Vol. 13. No. 4. April, 1970.

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COVER PHOTO

OUR front cover this month features an action scene from the 1969 Oireachtas final at Croke Park. The Cork man grasping for the ball is Eddie O'Brien, hotly pursued by Kilkenny's Ted Carroll. Kilkenny won this game on a score of 4-14 to Cork's 3-10.

EBB TIDE FLOWS

IT was heartening to see an increase in the attendance at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day. The figure was something more than sixteen thousand, which was some seven thousand greater than that of 1969.

This upward trend—by no means spectacular—may have been due to the fact that the four provinces were engaged and that Ulster and Connacht promised a good game of football. But should that not have been offset by the weather? It was another cold, miserable St. Patrick's Day: similar to, but not as bad as, the previous four or five National holidays.

Hope is renewed, however. The Railway Cups are not yet dead. But the urge to cheer is stifled by the thought that, on the same day, across the city of Dublin at Lansdowne Road, almost twenty-five thousand people turned out to watch the Leinster Schools Senior Cup rugby final.

The enthusiasm aroused by Ireland's win over Wales on the previous Saturday may have swelled that crowd far above normal expectations. But the G.A.A. cannot afford to ignore the portents.

Is it unduly pessimistic to visualise the time when rugby football will be the unrivalled sporting attraction for the Irish people on, of all days, the National holiday?

The answer to the problem is not the over-simplified one of rejuvenating the Railway Cup competitions. The malady, if one may call it that, goes deeper and runs through the whole Association.

The odds are great and to some extent outside the control of the G.A.A. leaders. Soccer is boom-

ing and its international glamour is an irresistible magnet to youth. It is reported that this year's World Cup games in Mexico will be shown in colour by Telefis Eireann.

How far will that set back the cause of the native games? And we have not yet recovered from the effects of the 1966 World Cup in England!

If our games, as they are, cannot stand up to this competition, then intensive and professionally-directed propaganda, through all available channels of communication, is essential to stem the tide.

In a frank article, starting on page five, Jack Mahon refers to the flood of soccer magazines now on sale in Ireland. "Gaelic Sport", he points out, is their only regular and comparable competitor.

The G.A.A. has been well served by the men who write about its affairs—many of them exclusively—in the national and local press. But too often these men have been met with hostility, or, at best, suspicion.

The G.A.A. can no longer afford to antagonise its friends.

On the other hand, it must be said that Gaelic games have been losing space—or at least prominence of presentation—to other sports in the national papers. This is deplorable. But it is not the fault of the professional Gaelic sports writers.

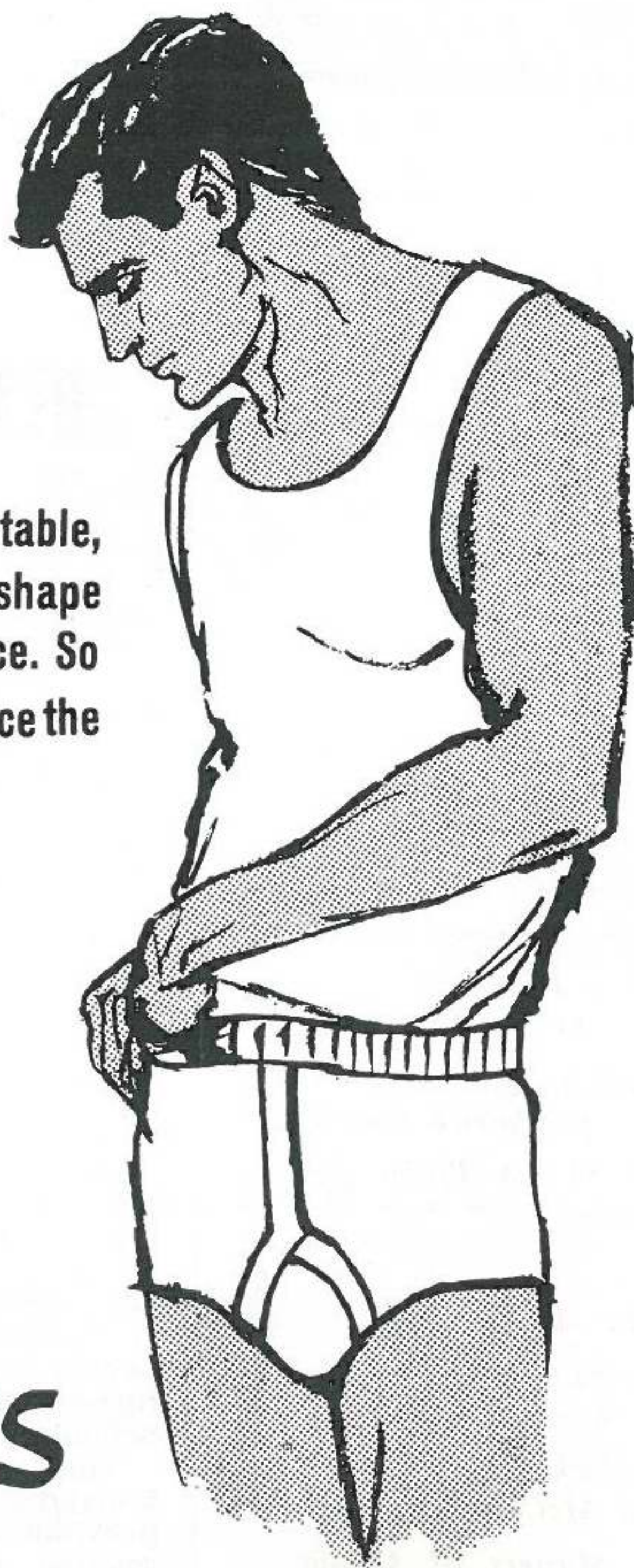
The Association could reverse this trend by working more closely with and through those writers and by establishing, on a wider front, a modern and professional system of press relations.

As the admen know, it is the image that sells.

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national



Jack Mahon poses the question: "Does 'Gaelic Sport' cater for youth at all?" He says it doesn't and suggests ways in which it could.

ENGLISH SOCCER MAGS. FLOOD THE BOOKSHOPS!

WHENEVER I go to Dublin, I always make a point of visiting one of the major book stores in O'Connell Street. On my most recent trip, the most amazing change I noticed in the Sports section was the complete takeover (almost) in this line, by the English soccer magazines.

Under various headings, such as "Goal", George Best's "This and That", "Soccer Monthly", "World Cup Preview", it seemed that the long-haired idol of England (and Ireland)—George Best—stared out at me from at least a dozen multi-coloured covers.

Stuck in the corner was the sole Gaelic Games magazine, *Gaelic Sport*. It, too, was colourful, glossy, well produced, but the competition was unfair. How could a single Irish magazine take on the might of the cross-Channel soccer propaganda that has come to flood our Irish bookstands?

How can a magazine covering our national games (amateur) compete with the professional approach of magazines supported by the very professionals, whose cult they so ably propagate? Isn't this another area in which we are losing ground rapidly?

I hold no grudge against this soccer propaganda and the soccer idol cult so ably nourished and fed here in Ireland. English soccer has always interested me,

even before the days of the glamorous glossy soccer magazines, when the *Sporting Chronicle* so ably told England's soccer story.

Those were the days of Wright, Mannion, Carter, Matthews, Mitten, Lawton and Co. and the fact that a youngster in North Galway was so avidly interested in this English sport was very definitely an exception in the area. It was no serious threat then. Not so to-day. Practically every kid in Ireland is *au fait* with the major English soccer stories. The soccer annuals appear *en masse* on the Irish bookshelves as early as October.

In the school where I teach we held a bumper Christmas raffle. We had three annuals as prizes: (1) An English sports annual; (2) A Pop annual; (3) *Our Games Annual*. According as one's name was pulled from the hat, one had the right to choose the prize most acceptable to the winner. Would you believe that *Our Games* was the least popular prize on display? **It was.**

Even the English comics have caught this soccer bug. My son, John, now nine years old almost, waltzed in from school the other evening and informed me he was getting "The Wizard" from then on because it contained scrap album photos of Georgie Best, Bobbie Charlton, etc.

Not alone are the photographs of stars supplied free with the magazine but all details regarding the proper scrap-book to buy are enclosed, too. I'm all for scrap-books, have always kept them, and still do. Over the years in my teaching, I've encouraged the hobby. It is the "in" thing now. So why don't we in the G.A.A. use it too?

Dan McAreavey, a fellow-columnist from Armagh, is dead right when he says the *Our Games Annual* missed out on youth completely. So does *Gaelic Sport*. In saying this I mean no offence to editors of *Our Games*, Paddy Downey, Mike Burns and the editor of *Gaelic Sport*, Tommy McQuaid. They cater for the upper age groups solely. They could, with profit learn from the women's magazines, even our own evening papers. My two young girls insist that I buy *Woman's Choice* every week. For they must do the "Scamp" painting competition.

Sometimes I have to buy two copies. This painting competition is another "in" thing. Kids in the primary schools nowadays are very well looked after in this line. Interest in drawing and painting is encouraged and fostered. That old reliable "Captan Mac" of the *Irish Press* is as attractive as ever to youngsters. His column fosters a weekly painting competition with

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Home or Awayness

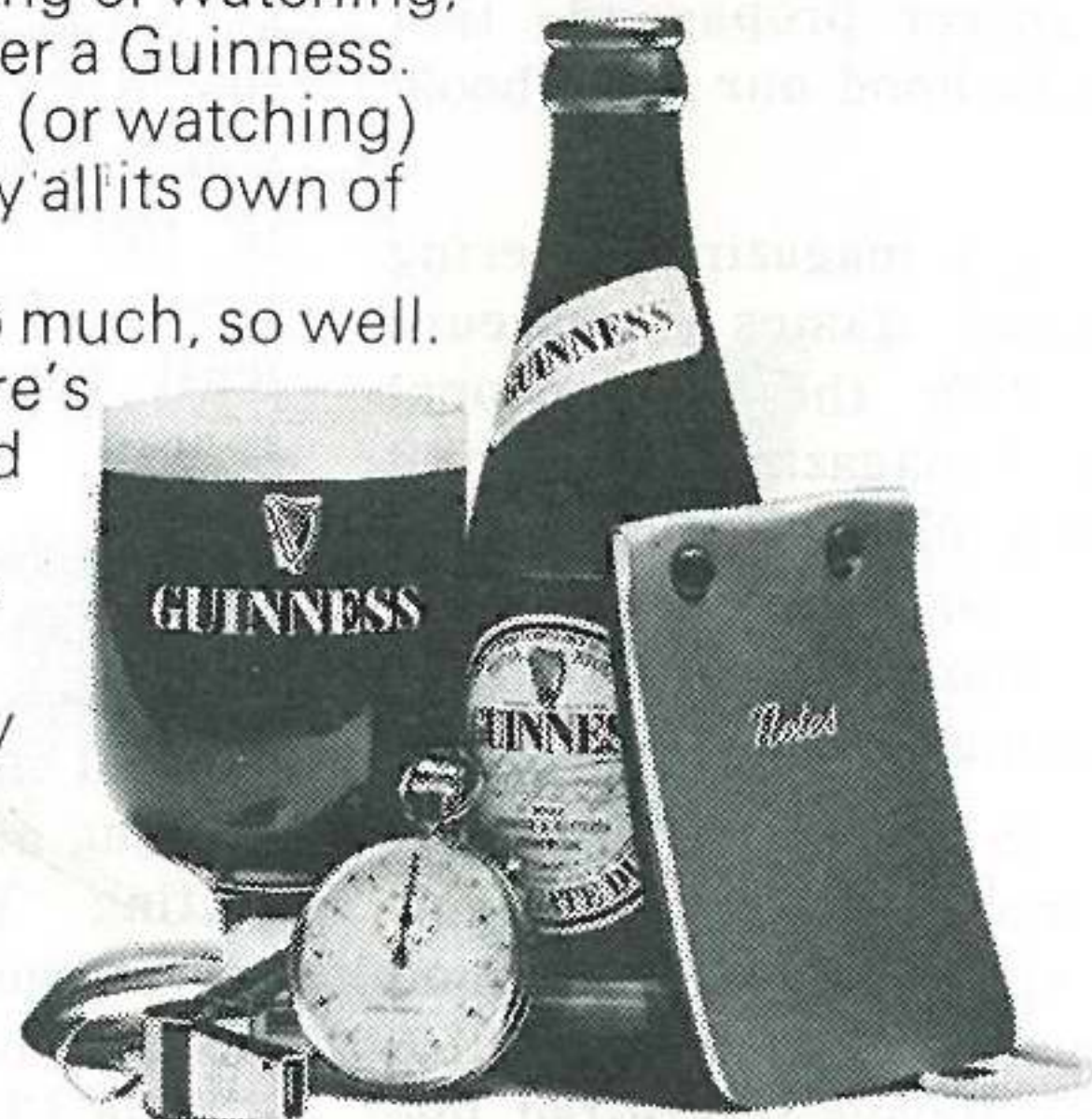
Whether you're playing or watching, after the game get together over a Guinness.

And if you're playing (or watching) away then Guinness has a way all its own of making you feel at home.

For Guinness says so much, so well.

Like welcome. Or here's mud in your eye. Look forward to seeing you again.

Now isn't that a nice way to cheer the winners. (Even better, isn't it a nice way to cheer the losers?)



There's more than goodness in Guinness

GD598C

● FROM PAGE 5

Bláithín Ní Cnáimhín in charge. This is another Saturday "must" in our house. Have I made my point?

A few weeks ago, I wrote to *Gaelic Sport's* editor, Tommy McQuaid, suggesting some new columns for the magazine. In the letter I incorporated many of the ideas I have now written about above. I stressed that he should cater more for youth. I suggested, among other things, a monthly column aimed specifically at primary school children, boys and girls. Call this a club if you will, issue a badge and certificate, like Captaen Mac does for a nominal fee.

The column should include simple competitions, including a monthly drawing competition, crosswords, such as appear in children's work books now, photos of prizewinners, scrap-book album photos of a special size, together with details of a special album which can be had—also from *Gaelic Sport*—cartoons of a topical nature and related to G.A.A. activities like the type MacE. used to do for *Gaelic Weekly*; comic strips, telling the story of such G.A.A. personalities as Mick O'Connell, Sean O'Neill, Jimmy Duggan, Ollie Walsh, Christy Ring, Jimmy Doyle, etc.

Such a column could not be prepared overnight and advice from such well-known professionals as Eileen Coughlan, Bláithín Ní Cnáimhín and others would be very necessary. In such a column, it might also be possible to introduce a pen-pal section.

I had other ideas for Mr. McQuaid. These included a simple instructional article on the skills of our games plus coverage of games in vocational, secondary and higher schools of education. This might involve treating of the affairs of a school

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The grind goes on for John

By SEAN RICE



John Keenan

A FOOTBALLER'S physical discomfort is greatest, one would imagine, in continual preparation for competition. On the degree of severity in whipping his body into shape is based the depth of his dedication. And there are many who shoulder the inconvenience as readily as, say, rising in the morning.

Hope of success is probably what prods them on at a time when others would be content to skip it. It is hope that warms their dreams. Even the footballer who has achieved ultimate success hopes and dreams for more. Success itself may be no more satisfying than the dream of success.

John Keenan has had a fair share of success. One would be forgiven for thinking that by now he would be fed up to the teeth with football, that there was nothing more there for him. Yet, he appears as hungry for success on the field to-day as he did before he won the first of his three All-Ireland medals, as hopeful now for his fourth as he was then for his first.

To be sure, he bears the signs of one who has been through it all. Success has dented the sturdy frame. That fine sense of anticipation is not as marked, that familiar head-down, bouncing action not as fast. Scores are harder to find.

But at 28 he is younger than many who still hope to win their

first All-Ireland title. And the calls of duty from his club and county necessitate continuous training, even alone at times.

There was never anything stylish about his play. You rarely saw him exercise the solo run. On snappy fielding and quick delivery he depended mostly. He was a kind of link man in the corner for whom others looked when they ran into trouble or when the team wanted a quick score.

He was also a utility man for the whole team. For several times when things went wrong the red-haired Galway man was instantly switched to midfield and the match once more swung in their favour.

Indeed, it was at this position that Keenan destroyed Mayo in the Connacht final two years ago. He had just taken over as free taker from Cyril Dunne and in addition to being more than an adequate partner to Jimmy Duggan he banged over frees from fifty yards with the utmost ease.

This year is his ninth in the Galway colours. And last month against Kerry in the National League division three semi-final he showed rare flashes of the old tigerish determination. The stamina ran out before the end, but, no doubt, the training will continue harder and harder for the next few months.

And when Galway are ready to take on Sligo in the championship John Keenan will be there—hoping for the fourth.



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● FROM PAGE 7

or two every month, acquainting readers of the G.A.A. activities of the school in question and presenting interesting photographs.

More colour, too, would be advisable if that were possible. Perhaps a coloured photograph of a major star every month. I have one worry, though. Would it be right to develop the personality cult within an amateur organisation? Would this not infringe on the private lives of the individuals? Professionals are different. They glory in this pop cult. They cultivate it. Amateurs shy from it. Some professionals do too.

Still, it is a problem for us and we may have to gild our pin-up boys and make them ever so much more glamorous than they really are.

Which brings us to sponsorship and professionalism. With Sunday racing around the corner we must openly accept the idea of sponsorship, something which we have tacitly allowed up to now. You know what I mean. The star cult. Jimmy Duggan wears Danus suits. Ollie Walsh wears Clubman shirts. Mick O'Connell wears Blackthorn boots. This enters the field of semi-professionalism. Is this on the way?

These are the problems we should be facing instead of wasting precious time over Bans that become more irrelevant and ridiculous with each passing day. But that's another story and another article.

If only some of the older generation would realise that the most important people in Ireland to-day are the youth. We know **they** think they are important. We should know they are important. It is to them we pass on the torch. And yet, how often do we ignore them completely? Is it any wonder they are becoming disillusioned?

ME

PHILIP RODERICK

TELLS ALL IN AN
INTERVIEW WITH
(AND WHY NOT?)

PHILIP RODERICK

ISN'T Jack Mahon the cute devil? There he was last month interviewing Mick Dunne of the *Irish Press*. And he has promised us that he will, in time, get around to interviewing Paddy Downey and John D. Hickey.

I couldn't think of a better idea. What's killing me is that I didn't think of it first.

And sadly, I notice, that Jack never even suggested that he might put me on the list. No interview with me at all. What a deplorable state of affairs?

It must, of course, be rectified. So if Jack Mahon, isn't going to do it, I am going to do it. I have no intention, whatsoever, of being left out in the cold.

So, ladies and gentlemen, here we go. Philip Roderick interviewed by Philip Roderick.

Me: When did you first become interested in writing about G.A.A. games?

Roderick: In the early 1940s when Cork won their four-in-a-row all-Ireland hurling titles.

Me: What games do you remember most?

Roderick: Cork winning that four-in-a-row, Cork winning three titles in the early 1950s, Cork winning the 1966 all-Ireland hurling title and Cork winning the National League last year.

Me: What were your worst moments in Gaelic sport?

Roderick: Cork being beaten by Kilkenny last year, Cork being beaten by Wexford in 1956, Cork being beaten by Tipperary anytime.

Me: Who, in your opinion, were the outstanding players of your time?

Roderick: Christy Ring, Jack Lynch, Jim Young, Paddy Donovan, Con Murphy, Jim Buttimer, Willie John Daly, Matt Fuohy, David Creedon, Josie Hartnett, Micka Brennan . . . in fact, every Corkman who ever won an all-Ireland hurling medal.

Me: You've seen a lot of good teams win all-Irelands. But what, in your opinion, were the worst teams you have seen in an all-Ireland final?

Roderick: The Kilkenny team that beat Cork last year. The Wexford team that beat Cork in 1956.

Any Tipperary team that ever won a Munster or all-Ireland title.

Me: On Referees. Can you recall any good ones . . . or bad ones for that matter?

Roderick: Yes, indeed. You had excellent referees in all the all-Ireland finals that Cork won. You had deplorable ones in every all-Ireland final that Cork lost.

Me: That more or less covers hurling. Do you recall any great all-Ireland football finals?

Roderick: Over the last 30 years there has only been one. That was in 1946 when the greatest Cavan team of all time was thoroughly whipped by Cork.

Me: And any poor all-Ireland finals?

Roderick: Oh yes. There was 1956 when Cork were "robbed", 1957 when the same thing happened and again in 1967 when Cork had everyone against them.

Me: What changes would you like to see during the 1970s?

Roderick: Not very many. G.A.A. headquarters, of course, could be shifted to Cork city. After all the Cork Board more or less runs the G.A.A. And then too the all-Ireland finals could be shifted to a more suitable venue where bigger crowds could be expected. Cork, for instance.

Me: And what champions do you see during the 1970s?

Roderick: I have a feeling that Cork will probably set up a new record of 10-in-a-row in both hurling and football.

Me: Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of your writing is that you never show any bias. No one would ever know where you came from. How do you account for this?

Roderick: I daresay it is because I am strictly impartial in everything I do. I am absolutely neutral in my support at any game. I couldn't care less who wins—just as long as it is Cork. Could anyone be more unbiased than that?



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GRIN AND BEAR IT

A funny sort of column by EAMONN YOUNG



LIKE the time that Tadhgo Crowley, a great centre-back in his time, was accepting congratulations on behalf of Clonakilty on winning the county championship. Clonakilty had won every match on a replay. Solemnly the big Tadhgo thanked those who praised his team and then said very innocently.

"Well, ye will all have to agree that we were very fair. We gave ye all a second chance."

In his playing days, after an hour at centre-back against Ulster, in Croke Park, we dropped in to the "Horse and Jockey" on the way home. The late Mrs. O'Keeffe, who was truly a great soul, was inside the bar. After a drink, Tadhgo, who used to love having a joke with her, asked:

"Well Ma'am, did you hear much of Mick Higgins to-day on the radio?"

"To tell the truth, Tadhgo", she said, "I didn't".

"It would be hard for you," said he, "I was on him".

Like the rest of us, Tadhgo was an admirer of that outstanding Cavan forty yards man.

I was toting out in Fermoy one summer evening and beside me was a lad who was starting his career on the field. Incidentally, I was playing corner forward and as Christy Ring once said, "very near the shilling gate". The young lad was excited and he was twisting a pair of woollen gloves in his fingers. He had brought them in case it would rain. He turned to me all edge and inquiry.

"Do you think I should take out the gloves with me?" he says. "Do you think it'll rain?"

Well I thought the weight wouldn't kill him, but didn't know what to say, so he turned to Hugh O'Connor, one of the boys.

"What do you think Hugh," he asked plaintively, "will it rain."

"Begor I wouldn't know", says Hugh solemnly, "I'm a stranger in these parts."

'Down Down' Dorney and his brother Bill Bill were great Blackrock men and they lived and breathed Cork hurling, of the Blackrock variety, needless to say. One day, the Rockies were playing and they were terrible. At half time, Down Down went on the field and started to give each and every one of the side the works. Considering that men like Eudie Coughlan, Maree Connell, Jim Hurley, Balty and Gah Ahern were playing, there were enough All-Ireland medals around to use as boot protectors.

But that didn't worry 'Down Down'. The tongue lashed. As he was drawing to a halt almost for want of breath he spotted the youngest member of the team. It was John Quirke, who in a short time was to become one of the great hurlers of the decade. Quirky, not a bit anxious to draw on himself the venom his more famous comrades had just received, slipped behind an older man, but in vain.

"Where are you playing?" rapped out 'Down Down'.

"Right corner", says Quirky, haltingly.

"Well if you are," says the boss, "I didn't see ye".

Blackrock won the game, incidentally.

It was the good old 'Down Down' who called to the convent one All-Ireland morning many years ago and found to his delight that the reverend mother was from Cork. When he was telling Jim Barry afterwards, he rounded off his tale with "and Jim, what do you think . . . wasn't the reverend mother a Blackrockman".

Remember the time that the Munster Convention was in Tramore and Jack Barrett, the Cork chairman, couldn't go, for there was some urgent business in England. Jack said on his way home he would, if possible, take in Cheltenham where Arkle was running. We told Jim Barry, when the news of the horse's win came, that we knew Jack had made a stack on the race which wasn't true at all, of course, and then after seeing the television in a pub on the way back, convinced the great trainer who had not seen the news, that not only did Barrett win all the money, but he had, in fact, led Arkle in after the race. God rest Jim, I think he believed it.

"Of course," he said, "Jack Barrett would go anywhere he made up his mind to go. He did that now to take a rise out of all of us."

Standing at Jim's grave with the rain pouring down on us, we all said a few prayers, but there were few of his old associates who were really sad. Most of us couldn't help thinking of the good times we had with him in cars and trains and hotels all over the place.

● TO PAGE 12



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**It's a great country-
enjoy it!**

● FROM PAGE 11

"What are you smiling at," whispered Dan Ryan of Tralee.

A little ashamed, I didn't quite know what to say.

"Sure 'tis Jim is laughing", says Dan, "looking at all of us here getting drowned wet because of him".

Remember the time that Jack Lynch was hurling with the King of the Belgians on the green at Arus an Uachtarain. There were some happy photos of the Taoiseach showing the royal visitor how the stick was handled. At the time, the Cork selection for the Munster championship was training but there was one more man to be added to the nineteen and we wondered who it would be.

Mossie Murray, the milkman, always had the news, and a yarn, and a leg-pull. One morning when I was only half awake (Moss, who was up about five, was wide awake as usual) he shouted to me:

"Do you know who is filling the twentieth place against Tipp?"

"No!" said I, buying it.

"Sure 'twas stickin' out," he says. "The King of the Belgians."

But when Jack Lynch became Taoiseach it was a proud day for a lot of Corkmen and especially for his North Monastery school-fellows. A bunch of them were talking about it. One chap sat in the seat beside him, another in front of him and another in the next class. One poor chap admitted that Jack was three classes ahead of him and though he had met him, it was only for a few weeks and he was sure Jack would not remember him at all.

"Well", says centre-fielder Harry Gouldsbrough of Thurles, whose Tipperary side won the hurling All-Ireland of '45, "I met Jack for only one hour, twenty-two years ago, but that boy will remember me for the rest of his life."

But that's how it goes. You should never ask a man where he comes from, for if he's a Corkman he'll tell you, and if he isn't, it's not fair to ask him.

DUNGANNON, I LOVE YOU!

By
PATRICK DAVID

THIS was the life. First-class travel to Cork—and a carriage, soft and luxurious, all to myself. I lifted my feet gently and propped them satisfyingly on the far seat.

And I admired my new shoes. Beautiful! Rich brown, almost hairy suede. Expensive, too—and a great bargain to boot. Topped now with grey socks, just a hint of silver flecking them, they almost stank of money.

And well they should. Only a week earlier a friend of mine had paid £9-19-0 for them in a leading Dublin store. Way out of my class, of course.

Happily, delightfully, they were too narrow, too tight for him. After three days wear, he hobbled into my office, removed them with an almost heart-breaking sigh of relief and said—"You can have them for four quid".

Gift horses rarely gallop into my office. This one I looked straight in the face. Without a moment's hesitation, four grubby pound notes were slapped firmly on the desk. Within seconds I was newly and elegantly shod. They fitted me with all the ease of a freshly drawn pint.

But this was their first main outing. I was on my way to Cork for the Limerick v Tipperary Munster senior hurling game at the Athletic Grounds.

I shall gloss over the journey and the taxi-ride to the Grounds. But, by the time I arrived there, the heavens had opened and great globules of rain were beating a violent tattoo on the ground all around me.

With an almost delicate precision I picked my way through the pot-holes and the pools of water as I approached the Press area.

Denis Conroy, that towering,

commanding general of Cork G.A.A., opened the gate of the Press Box with a flourish and waved me through. I stepped in.

Then, horror of horrors, it happened. I could feel my 16 stone plus sinking just a little. At first it was almost imperceptible but finally I knew it. I really was sinking.

I looked down in shocked disbelief. There below, my shoes, my beautiful rich brown, almost hairy suede shoes were disappearing irrevocably into the mud and water. And, unfortunately I was still in them.

Suddenly, a little trickle of water sneaked into my grey socks. That was enough. With a powerful surge of strength, I lifted one stubborn foot from the mud, then another and I plodded sadly back through the gate and back out into the space in front of the stand. There to stand, lonely and sadly with a lot of other rain-sodden supporters.

The day was ruined for me. I couldn't have cared less that Tipperary beat Limerick. All I could think of were my beautiful suede shoes.

That, I'm afraid, was the beginning of the end for those same darling shoes. In the months that followed the water and mud marks of the Cork Athletic Ground's Press Box, were joined by the other water and mud-marks of the press boxes at New Ross, Birr, Tullamore, even Thurles itself.

Nowadays, they are battered, scuffed, almost shabby. No trace there now of that former glory that gave me so much narcissistic pleasure on that trip to Cork last year.

Nowadays, I have more sense.

No new shoes for me for G.A.A. games. Something old, something used yes . . . particularly if there is a hint of rain in the air.

And for Dungannon last month, on the day that Derry met Donegal in a divisional football semi-final, it was the old shoes for me. The worn survivors of that day in Cork. I was prepared for the worst. But then I had never before been at a game in Dungannon.

It was raining when we arrived there. Did I care? My shoes could take anything at this stage.

We were led to the Press Box. Impressive! Yes, indeed. It looked excellent. We climbed the stairs into the most comfortable of outer rooms. A beautiful young lady, fetching enough to catch the ancient eye of yours truly, old that I may be, proffered a cup of tea. Piping hot! And biscuits? What madness was this.

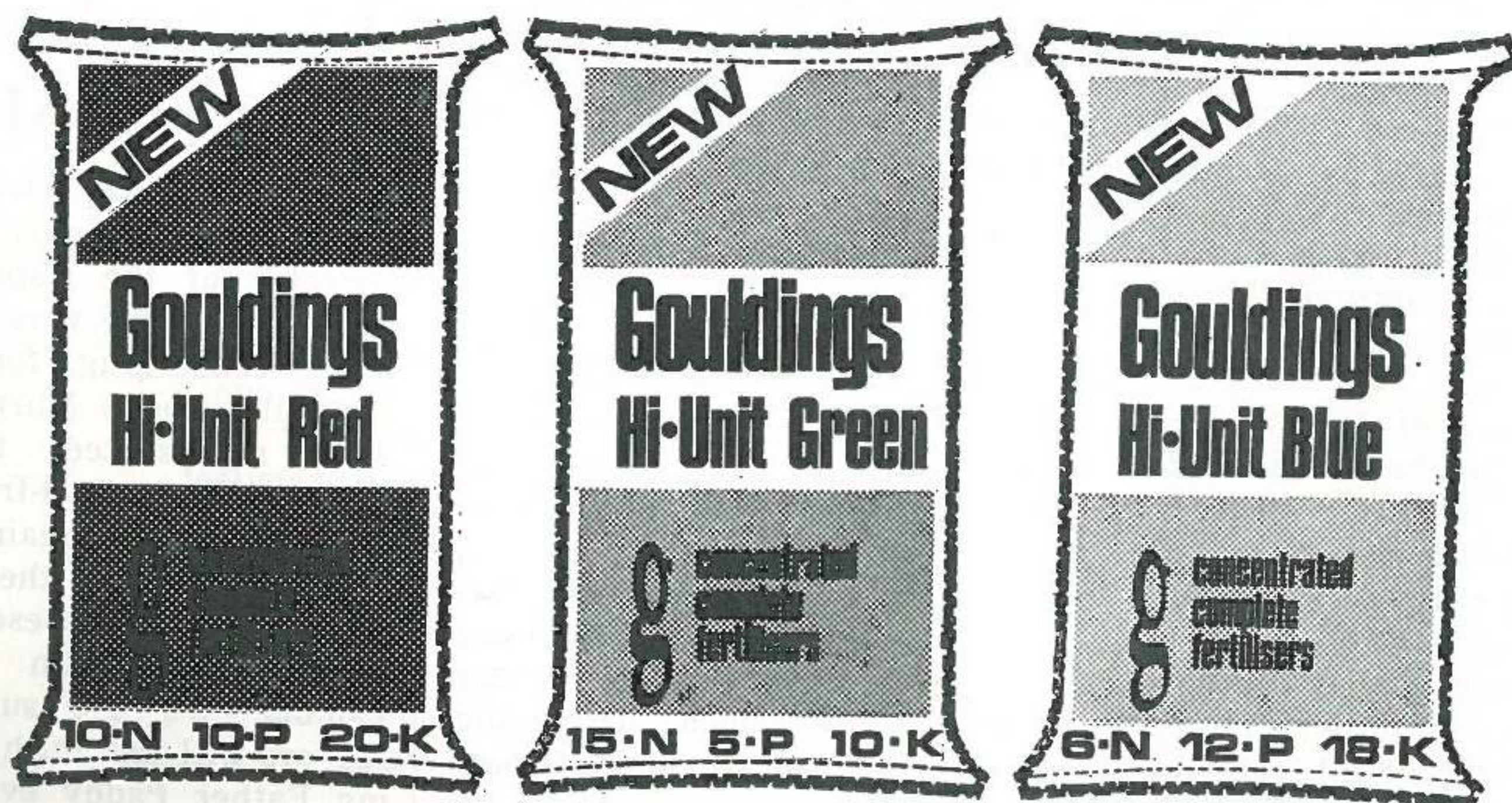
Minutes later we were ushered

● TO PAGE 15

EX-CORK STAR ON MISSIONS

OUR very good friend Fr. Dan Joe O'Mahony, Vocations Director of the Capuchins, has sent us on some very interesting news concerning former Cork footballer Paddy Murphy. Paddy, who represented the Rebel County in the All-Ireland football final of '56, against Galway, was ordained into the priesthood in 1966, and is at present working with the Capuchin Fathers in Zambia. We are sure all our readers will join with us in wishing Father Paddy every success in his Missionary Work.

Gouldings keeping Ireland fertile



SUNDAY NIGHT AT NED LANGTON'S

NED LANGTON'S pub in Kilkenny on a Sunday evening after a hurling game at Nowlan Park.

A market-place of old, knowledgeable men with time and memories to squander . . . Of middle-aged men, insecure yet in a few snatched hours from the problems of home, wife, children and their lessons and that nagging threat of a bleak Monday morning . . .

. . . Of brash youngsters, uneasily confident in the strength of a few pints.

And everywhere the talk of hurling. Swirling up suddenly with a tornado of sound, drifting away just as suddenly to nothingness in the corners and then erupting again in the excitement of a new topic.

But always hurling . . .

One night not so long ago, I stood back to relish the talk, to watch the men who were making it. Sometimes they were one, other times, they split away into separate groups. But never far away enough that they could not be one again if the subject demanded it.

There was the cherubic Paddy Grace. Dogmatic one moment,

now laughing, now intent on listening. Enjoying himself immensely.

And "Chew" Leahy, a few beads of sweat on his forehead, his glasses catching reflections of light. Arguing his point, at times fighting for his recognition to talk.

Tom Muldowney was there, snatching a busman's Sunday holiday from "The Cave". Making his

By

PATRICK CARVER

points deliberately, cocking his ear occasionally to catch the overflow of another conversation. And that man in the middle. Fiftyish perhaps, with the bronzed, ruddy face of a thousand days making hay in the country beyond Kilkenny City.

He was talking about Lory Meagher. How does it happen that in any talk of Kilkenny hurling, Lory's name crops up sooner or later? This man was talking about Kilkenny's legendary Meagher as though he now lived on a plane remote from all of us, instead of on a farm not too far away.

Always the talk of hurling. Going on and on. A subject that had

been drained dry in a thousand other conversations in the same place but yet new again in a new conversation.

A few hours ran away. Soon, perhaps all too soon, it was time for us to leave, to face the journey home to Dublin.

The talk broke into scattered fragments for a minute as we said goodbye. Almost before we reached the door, it was billowing up again. Could it be that we were already forgotten?

And nothing was more certain than that same talk would go on and on, long after we had gone. And it would begin on the following Sunday night and the Sunday night after that.

Nowadays there is a growing cry in G.A.A. for more emphasis on the social side of the games. Yet there are men, powerful men in the Association who can see no good, no possible use in it.

Of course, there is a need for it. The proof of that can be found any Sunday night at Ned Langton's pub in Kilkenny . . . or perhaps in any town or village in Ireland.

For come to think of it, there is a Ned Langton's in every town and village in Ireland.

● FROM PAGE 13

into the Press Box proper. A comfortable chair, a desk, glass to keep out the rain, the snow and the wind!

And, wonders, indeed, would never cease . . . HEATING! The glow was beautiful. This was the life, the only way to watch Gaelic games. And the officials? Wonderful! They bustled in to give us the team changes and asked were we comfortable.

Comfortable? Never before had it been like this. I had heard

Paddy Downey, Mick Dunne and John D. Hickey talk about the wonderful amenities at Crossmolina and the hospitality of Westmeath's Paddy Flanagan at Mullingar. But then, oddly enough I had never been in Crossmolina nor had I been fortunate enough to enjoy the largesse of Paddy Flanagan.

And those Dungannon officials and Tyrone G.A.A. men never stopped in their efforts to make us comfortable. At half-time there was more tea and again at full-time. Everything was superb.

And goodness knows, in the luxury of this Press Box, I was ashamed of my shoes. There they were, scuffed, shabby and worn—completely out of place in this Press Box of luxury. I should have worn my other ones of course, the new ones I reserve nowadays for weddings and receptions.

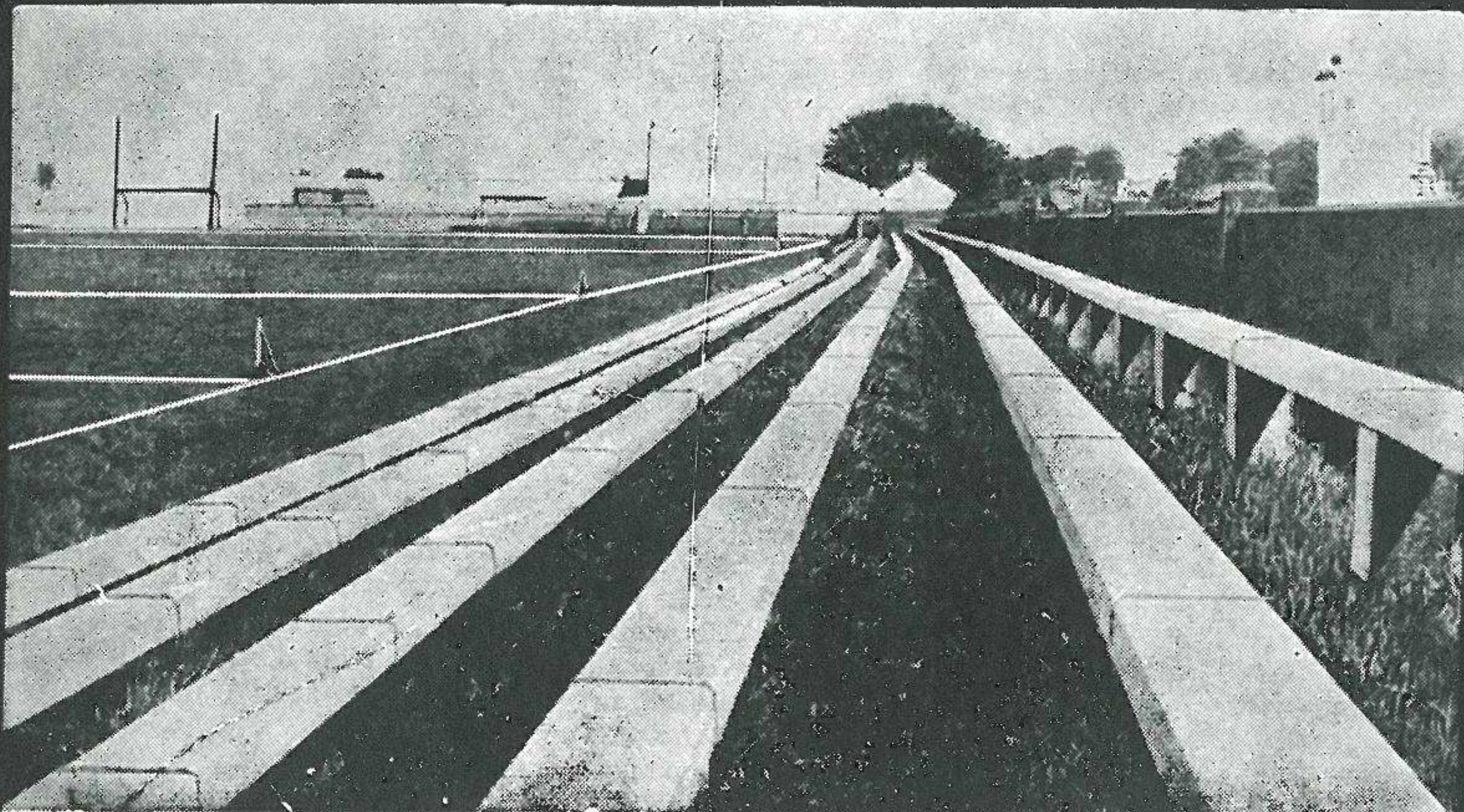
But then, I suppose I could be forgiven. How was I to know that Dungannon's Press Box was not just like most of the other ones in Ireland?

Dungannon, I love you.

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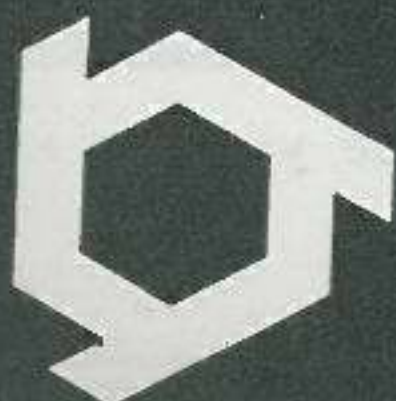
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The man who leapt back from the brink of oblivion

MICHEAL Ó SÉ, the Gaeltacht man who plays left-half back for Kerry has proved himself one of the greatest in the position, yet, there was a time when his career in the green and gold seemed to have taken a severe knock. You will recall the occasion when Kerry were in dire straits for a centre-half back and the All-Ireland semi-final against Longford was coming up fast. That was in 1968. The West Kerry young man with the rawboned physique of a thoroughbred hunter looked to be the answer to the selectors' prayers. Of course, they knew they were throwing him in at the deep end by asking him to make his first county appearance in the hurly-burly of an All-Ireland semi-final. And they knew that there is a gulf of great depth and greater width between club fare (even in a county so talent-laden as Kerry) and the inter-county game, especially at the closing championship stages. What a pity, they must have thought, that he didn't have a decent run in the League so that we would know he could handle himself in higher company and so that its pace and cuteness would not be a closed book to him. But, they were sure he looked good and they backed their judgement by giving him the centre-half position.

The game was a curious mixture, with Kerry faltering before a whirlwind Longford beginning; then Kerry gluttonously devouring Longford "without salt" almost; and the final great rally of the Leinster titleholders which was just

foiled. Throughout, O'Shea was in dire straits. The game was something quite new to him; he was made to move and stretch and cover with speed he never appre-

By
JAY DRENNAN

ciated before and with which he was never in tune. It was one of those awful nightmare experiences.

Yet, he did not play badly, and he should have had no cause for regret. He did his best, without a doubt; but, when the team for the final arrived it was clear that O'Shea had failed to please the over-critical and had lost his place.

It will always intrigue me as to whether he would have revealed some of the potential which he was not long afterwards in showing had he earned the confidence of the selectors for the final against Down, or whether it could have made a significant bearing on the result.

For a time it looked as though O'Shea had fallen completely from grace, written off before he had even begun. Then, in the League of the following winter—last winter—when the situation demanded some clear indication that they were not to remain forever second-best, they called on his services again. He was now enjoying the benefits of regular competition against the best in the Universities and Colleges Leagues in which he

was a cornerstone of Maynooth's victory in the first ever season of the competition.

He was played now on the wing of the half-line; left-half back. There was never very much doubt about whether he would make a success of his second chance. He has never looked back. It was clear from several matches over the winter of 1968-69 that here was a player who was not just another Kerryman, but another Kerry great. The closing stages of that League brought to Croke Park audiences the spectacle of O'Shea at his best; they are not in any mood to forget what they saw. In many ways, O'Shea must have played a most significant part in Kerry's advance; his style and scope and vigour and general air of power and uncontainable strength excited the Kerry defence into tightening its belts, and raising its rate from the pedestrian.

The constancy and brilliance with which he broke up the budding or blooming attacks of the opposition and the almost rude pulverising of them by the completeness of his clearances, gave Kerry's attack a kind of inspiration, too. Here was a chap who was willing and able to take the fight to any opposition; not merely was he going to defend with obvious brilliance, but he was going to thresh his way out of the opposition's grip and surge away in his high-kneed gallop up-field to lay up possession for the attack.

What is it that makes Mick

● TO PAGE 46

QUICK-FIRE QUIZ

POINTS

- 1—To what famous figure in its history did the Association erect a monument recently.
- 2—Where is the monument situated?
- 3—Two substitutes were named by Kerry in case their full chosen complement could not go on the Australian tour. Both found places because of the inability of O'Connell and Fleming to make the trip. Can you name them?
- 4—Deuglan Guid, long-serving Waterford County Secretary, announced that this will be his last year in office. How long will he have held the post when he retires next January?
- 5—Who were the only two teams to beat Kerry in the whole of 1969?
- 6—What three-in-row Galway senior All-Irelander, won a junior All-Ireland medal in 1969?
- 7—Where is O'Connor Park?
- 8—What well-known County Secretary refereed both All-Irelands in the same year?
- 9—Name the Antrim full-back selected at corner-back for his province.
- 10—Who were the Texaco Stars of '69 (a) in Football; (b) in Hurling?

GOALS

- 11—In two successive games during the later part of the season Mick O'Dwyer scored unusually large tallies for his county. Can you remember the scores?
- 12—Name the Ulster club football champions.
- 13—What well-known Cork hurler has decided to retire

- from inter-county competition?
- 14—Is there a limit, by rule, to the number of teams which shall be included in tournaments (a) inter-county; (b) inter-club?
- 15—Is there any punishment laid down for teams which take the field late in championship games? If so, what is it?
- 16—What is the constitution of the Central Council of the Irish Handball Council?
- 17—What is the standard weight

- and size of a Gaelic Football?
- 18—With what county did Ralph Prendergast win a provincial title?
- 19—One of hurling's great goalkeepers was Tony Reddan. But, for many seasons, at the height of his ability, he was reserve to another goalkeeper at inter-county level. Who was that other 'keeper?
- 20—Who was the only one to complete the unique double—an All-Ireland medal and an Olympic gold medal?

16—The President and Secretary, one member from each Provincial Council and one representative from the G.A.A. Central Council. Size: Weight: 13-15 ounces; 27 to 29 inches in circumference. Limerick in senior hurling (1954). Sean Duggan (Galway). 20—Ned Barrett (born Ballyduff, Co. Kerry) who was on the London-Irish team to take the hurling All-Ireland of 1901, and who won an Olympic gold medal in the 1908 Olympics in London, as a member of the U.K. No. 1 team which won the tug-of-war; he also won a bronze medal in wrestling at the same Games.

1—Frank B. Dineen, who was both President and Secretary in his day. 2—In Glasnevin Cemetery: in the form of a headstone on his grave. 3—Pat Moynihan and R. Burns. 4—33 years. 5—Down (Wembley Tournament) and Mayo (National League). 6—Martin Newell (London). 7—Tullamore. 8—John Dowling (Offaly). 9—Seamus Killough. 10—(a) Mick O'Dwyer; (b) Ted Carroll. 11—2-8 against Offaly; 2-11 against Tipperary. 12—Bryansford (Down). 13—Denis Murphy. 14—Yes (Rule 93, O.G.): "a maximum of four teams for inter-county competitions and eight teams for inter-club competitions." 15—Rule 74 O.G. says: "A team which fails to take the field at the appointed time in County Championship fixtures shall be fined £1 for every five minutes or part

THE ANSWERS

HANDBALL: AT HOME AND ABROAD

By ALLEYMAN

THE handball scene has been quite lively lately. On the World championship front, there has, of course, been the good news that an entry from Ghana has been received for the competitions. This is rather a surprise entry as Ghana had not normally been accepted as a haven for handball. However, its introduction there can be attributed to one Joe Vasquez, formerly from San Bernardino, and now a resident of Accra.

Joe, a partner with his brother Steve, and his father Joe, in a highly successful import-export business, introduced the game by having an air-conditioned court constructed on the family estate.

Soon the locals were streaming in, and, under the eyes of the young Vasquez, many of them have become quite proficient players.

One of the leading exponents is David Bobson, whose dedication to training indicates that he may be the Ghana representative for the World games.

Back at home the World championship tempo is increasing.

Work is in full swing on the erection of the new court which will be completed well in advance of the scheduled time for the competitions in early October.

It is a source of elation for handballers that it will be a spacious structure, capable of accomodating approximately one thousand spectators.

It seems to be a twist of good fortune that the games have been postponed until October.

Besides the fact that it is a more suitable date for the competing

countries, it has meant an unprecedented interest in the local competitions here at home.

This position has evolved in so far as it is now assumed that the winners of the singles and doubles championships will represent Ireland.

And, immediately, of course, we turn our thoughts to the present form of reigning champion, Joe Maher.

Yes, even at this stage it appears that he is going to win representation.

After a three month rest he is now back in strict training, and his ambition to arrest all opposition in the forthcoming championships has recently been demonstrated in the Gael-Linn events.

With comparative ease he has sauntered into the concluding stages of this competition and, my guess is, that he will win it again.

With the continued expansion of handball on an international basis, I am tempted to focus attention on the American scene, where, a new development of the game has emerged in the form of a new game—racquetball.

This is, in effect, handball played with a racquet and, at present, it is quickly gaining in popularity in the United States. Some of the leading Handball Associations there, are vigourously promoting it, as a by-product of handball, especially to be encouraged for lady members. Whereas the handball court was the sole preserve of the male prior to the introduction of racquetball, the latter has now brought the whole family into the

gallery, a tendency that must be encouraged in any sport nowadays.

The big advantage of racquetball is that it encourages reasonable proficiency in a very short time. In fact, squash, badminton and tennis players all have ready-made requirements for the game.

It may seem ironic but, racquetball was not, in fact, discovered in America, as traces of it can be found in this country back to the beginning of the century.

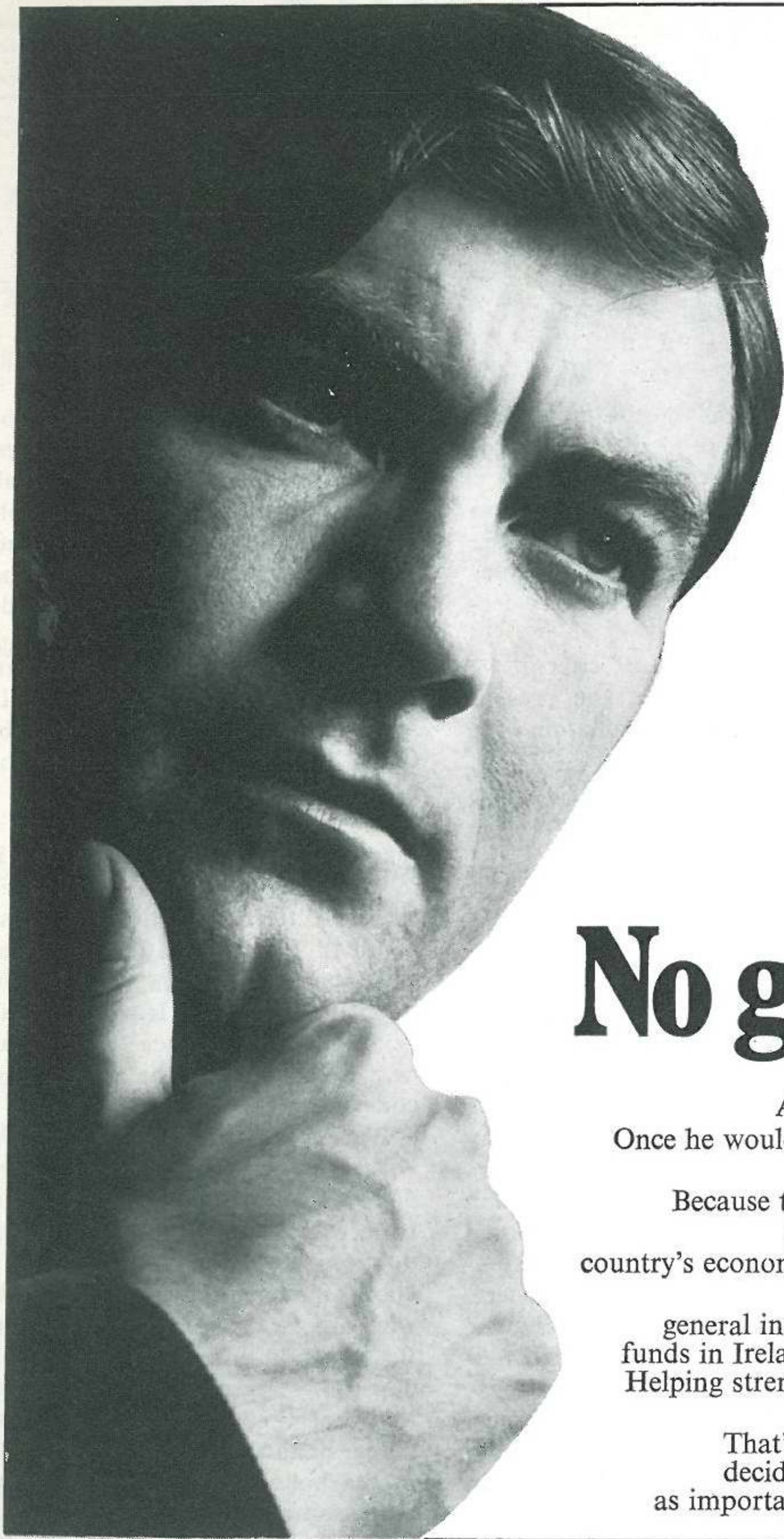
At the present time there is a racquet court in Carlow, which is in constant use and is also loaned to the different sections of Irish handball for competitive purposes.

It appears that the time is now opportune for the Irish Handball Council to introduce racquetball as a by-product of the handballing code.

Besides the obvious increase it will bring in clientele and, thereby, additional goodwill and revenue from extra competitions, the introduction of racquetball would be a boon to many of the G.A.A. clubs who are, at present contemplating the erection of pavilions and additional recreational facilities. Many of them are hesitant to include handball courts at present, in the belief that the game, being a specialised one, there would not be full usage for these same courts.

However, this fear, could definitely be alleviated by the introduction of racquetball.

I am hoping that the Irish Handball Council will decide to take racquetball under its wing in the near future. Such a decision has immense prospects.



No go for Vince

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ANOTHER BOOST FOR CAMOGIE

By
AGNES HOURIGAN

ANYONE who had any doubts about the future of camogie would not have remained in doubt very long had they been at the Cork Athletic Grounds on the first Saturday in March when last year's All-Ireland finalists, the holders, Presentation Convent Kilkenny and St. Aloysius of Cork met in the semi-final of this year's competition.

This, mark you, was a bitterly cold day, with snow-showers threatening, and yet you would not have believed the size of the crowd that gathered there beside the Lee. Not to speak of support for the local side, seven bus-loads of supporters travelled from Kilkenny and there were Central Council and Colleges Council officials down from Belfast and from Dublin.

Disaster seemed to have struck when a couple of minutes after the game had started down came the snow, and lasted so long that there seemed little prospect of playing the game.

But then, just when hope was al-

most abandoned, out came the sun, the teams, after some slight uncertainty got back on the field, and despite conditions that were by then all against good play served up the thriller that had been so confidently expected of them.

Right through the first-half it looked as though St. Als, roared on by their supporters were to avenge last season's final defeat. With their All-Ireland and inter-provincial star Liz Garvan playing brilliantly around mid-field they seemed to have the edge on a Kilkenny side that looked a bit unbalanced by the move of Liz Neary to centre-forward where she was comparatively anonymous through that first half.

But, even though they had to face the slight breeze in the second half, it was then we really saw why these Kilkenny girls are such an outstanding team. First they began to get a grip on the game in every sector. Then they set about winning this game with an extraordinary efficiency.

Helena O'Neill, far happier when restored to her favourite post of centre-forward, started her side on the victory road with a crashing goal from a '30' and the champions hammered home the advantage to race into what looked a commanding lead with less than ten minutes to go.

However, St. Al's were not yet done with and rallied well to cut their deficit to a single point, but Kilkenny came back to clinch victory with the last score of the afternoon.

And so, the Kilkenny girls are in the All-Ireland final for the second consecutive year, and again in the final last analysis, their success is due not to individual stars, although, particularly in Liz Neary and Helena O'Neill they have very talented players, but in their magnificent team-work and understanding.

Liz Garvan for Cork, and what a

magnificent young player she is, was the player of the game, but she never got the all-round support that every Kilkenny player provided for each other.

And so Liz Neary who has already captained her team to Leinster victory will be hoping to bring Corn na Sceillge back with her to Kilkenny on April 18 when the second All-Ireland Colleges Camogie final will be played.

Already she has had a wonderful twelve-months, with her two colleagues, Helena O'Neill and Anne Phelan for all three have won two All-Ireland medals since last April, that first Colleges medal, and the club championship with St. Paul's, while Liz Neary herself was a reserve on the Leinster side that won the Gael-Linn Cup.

● And, by the way, anybody who has been wondering about the attitude of the convents in Counties Cork and Kilkenny to camogie, should have tried to count the number of nuns present at that game in the Athletic Grounds.

● Congratulations to Sean O'Duffy, for so long organiser of the Camogie Association, for gaining the Cuchulainn award in tribute for his services to the game.

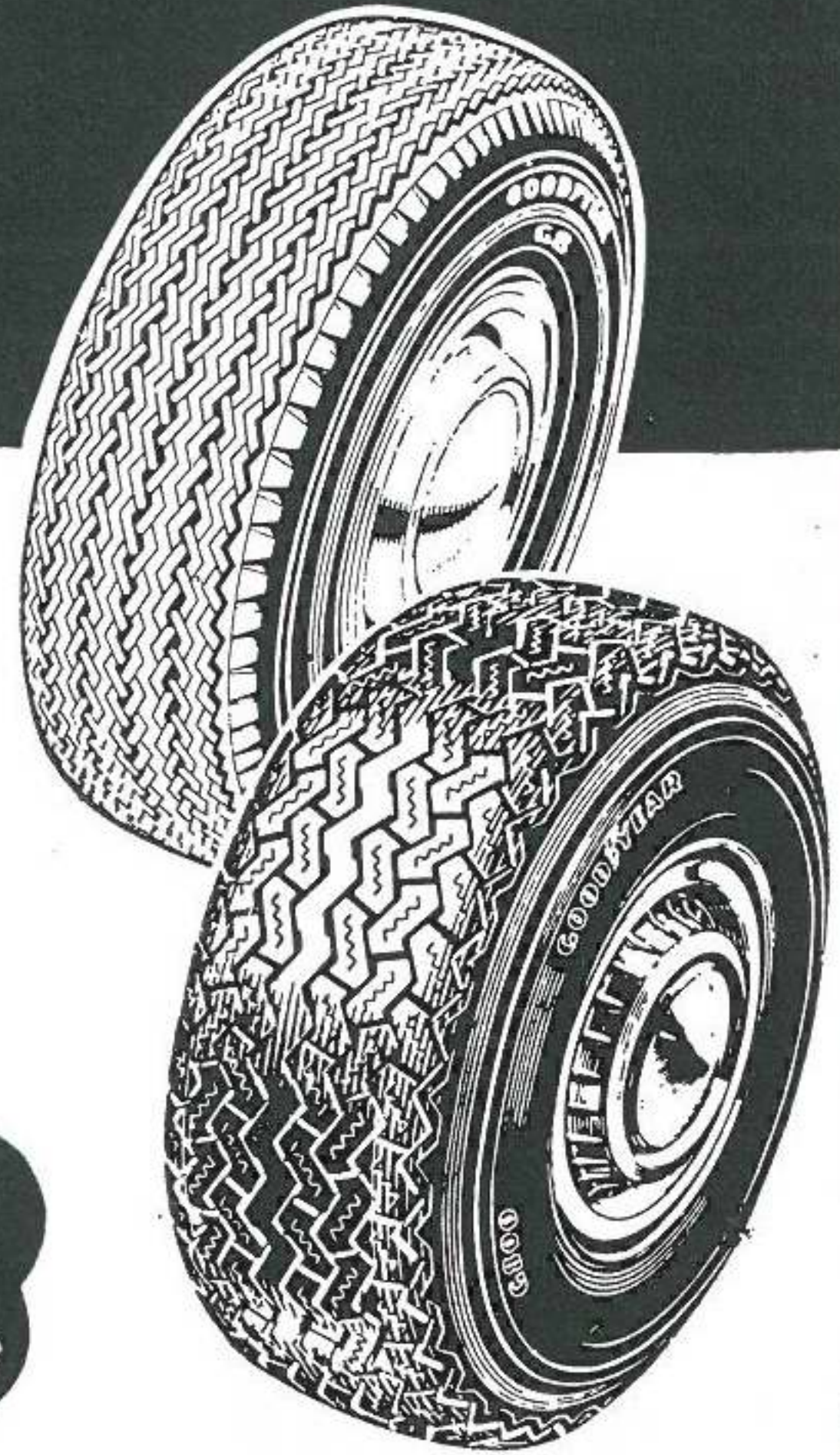
Sean's work can never be even assessed, he has done so much, and what is more he has done a great deal of it almost 'unbeknownst to anyone' as the saying is. But there is no harm in pointing out that his wife, Kathleen, herself in her youth a camogie player of some renown, has also contributed more than her fair share to the advancement of the game, as coach, as player, as referee, as organiser and official, especially among the Dublin schools and colleges.

A native of Omeath, Kathleen O'Duffy must hold one unique distinction. In her lifetime she must have refereed more games than anyone else in Ireland, irrespective of code. And what is more, she is still doing so.

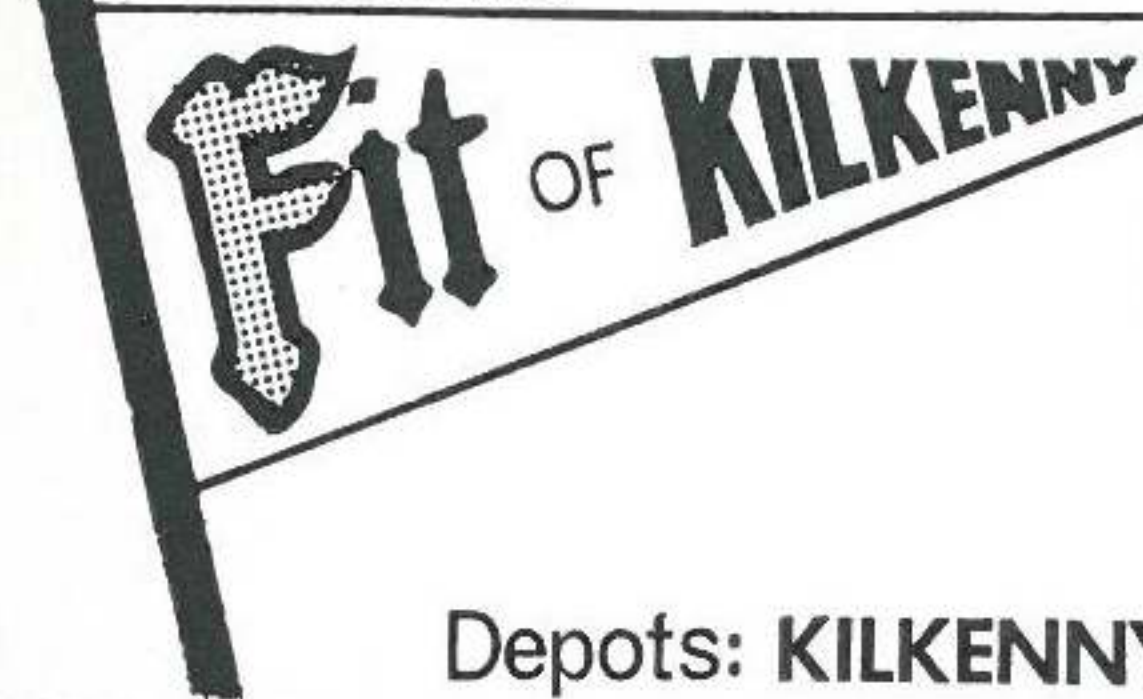
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MICKEY NIBLOCK *of Derry*

MICKEY NIBLOCK, that much travelled Derry footballer of 1969, who has already figured in some history-making achievements, is a young man who seems destined to further enhance this year a reputation that already marks him out as one of the most exciting players of the moment.

Down the years in both football and hurling, many a brilliant minor has failed to make the grade at senior, but the Magherafelt forward has bridged the difficult step in splendid fashion. Looking after Niblock, in fact, is now one of the most difficult of assignments for any defender, and the Derry raider's intelligent football, control and know-how are assets that could tilt the balance in the county's thrust for senior glory this year.

Derry have gained much from the polish and skills of Niblock. A great carrier of the ball, his deft touches, cool approach, and ability to lay on chances, and also to take them, have had much to do with the steady development of the county's free-scoring attack. His emergence as a dynamic match-winner in his own right has also helped to complement to Derry's advantage the outstanding qualities of Sean O'Connell.

Now Derry have one of the most lethal twin threats in the game. This pair are capable of profiting from any flaws in opposing rear-guards, and also bring out the best in their colleagues. That Niblock has come so far in such a short time is an outstanding tribute to his ability.

From what I saw of the young Derry man during the spring, I would now rate him as the outstanding forward among the younger brigade. Indeed, I would have him as centre-half-forward in any attack today in preference to any other footballer. The way that he made Ulster's first goal against Munster in the Railway Cup semi-final with a spot of quick-thinking that put Gene Cusack through from a punched pass, and which did not, I feel, earn for him the general praise due, is the hall-mark of fluid centre forward play at its best.

I was reminded vividly that afternoon of the way Niblock set up another goal at headquarters in a history-making occasion. It was into the second half of the All-Ireland minor final with Kerry, when the Magherafelt player brilliantly initiated the movement that led to Derry's second goal, and a score that put the county squarely on the road to a first inter-county championship title.

Those two links in Niblock's career show in the best way possible just how superbly he is living up to his tremendous promise of his minor days.

Niblock was promoted to the

Derry senior outfit early in 1967. He did so well during those early days that before the end of the year he had won his place in the Ulster team for the 1968 Railway Cup. A good debut against Connacht at Cavan was highlighted with a fine goal, and he also was prominent in the final win over Leinster.

Later in 1968 his talents had much to do in earning for Derry the distinction of being the first Ulster county to win the All-Ireland Under-21 Championship.

In a year of many miles in travelling in 1969, Niblock must have established some sort of record. In the spring he played for Derry in the League, and was in the Ulster side beaten by Connacht in the Railway Cup semi-final. Then came appearances with New York in the Cardinal Cushing Games in the U.S., with Derry in the Ulster semi-final replay, New York once more in the World Cup final with Kerry in October, and finally with Derry again in the 1969-70 League.

Since his return home in October, the Derry man's industry and consistently positive play have been among the best features of the football scene. Some will, of course, fault Niblock on the grounds that he is not one of the star score-grabbers.

But remember the great work he does behind the scenes with an exactness that pays rich dividends for his team. Remember, too, that in the art of putting the ball into the net or over the bar, he can be highly effective. No spectacular scoring barrages, but he is still frequently among the goals, and he also has a nice bonus of points to his credit.

Mickey Niblock has served his football apprenticeship well. The impact he can make in the years ahead promises to be great.

THE FOUR MASTERS

of Gaelic Football

(Reproduced by kind permission of the *Counsel*, the August 1969 issue)

MOST men and women take at least a passing interest in games. In our urbanised world, sport is a safety valve. By means of it man escapes from the impersonal nature of modern society and gives expression to both his uniqueness and his gregariousness.

Time, the American news magazine gave a September '69 cover story to a baseball team. It began its feature on the New York Mets with quotations from Sir Francis Bacon and the Epistle of St. James. *Nusight*, the Irish counterpart of *Time*, ran a special three page feature on Kerry footballer Mick O'Connell during the same month.

Soccer's World Cup and athletics' Olympic Games are events with universal appeal, inspiring books, articles and features in every language. Yet when we come to write on Gaelic Games we almost have to apologise for doing so. In one of his essays, T. S. Eliot, the finest and most influential critic of this country, wrote "To be educated above the level of those whose habits and tastes one has inherited, may cause a division within a man which interferes with happiness".

In Ireland we seem to regard hurling and football as games which we played when young but which don't need to be thought about very seriously once we have been

lucky enough to get a higher education. Let's not, like Pip in *Great Expectations*, turn our backs on our own.

Time can feature baseball without batting an eyelid. We accept baseball and gridiron football as part of *Time*. When we read of Kerry football in *Nusight* we are pleasantly surprised. Nor does there appear to be a new literary deal waiting around the corner for hurling and football. The new Intermediate English Course contains

ceeded, but the Joyces, Wildes, and Becketts of this island have chosen to ignore the sporting peasants. Ernest Hemmingway, a 1954 Nobel Prize winner, devoted *Death in the Afternoon* to bullfighting and the *Old Man and the Sea* to deep sea angling.

We have, however, a handful of books which deal with the technique of Gaelic Football. These do not remedy the situation which we have highlighted, but they are an honest attempt to fulfill a need.

By Columba Mansfield O.S.A.

two hundred and eleven excellent literary pieces, but not even one of these deals with the games played by Irish boys.

Would that our literary educators could learn from the editors of comic books. It's quite a while since my own comic days, but I still remember Smith of the Lower Third's cricket matches, the Tough of the Track, the Roving Rovers, Cannonball Kid, and many more. Even the hapless Bertie Wooster and the well larded Bill Bunter had their sporting side.

There is no adequate literary work on Gaelic Games. Raymond Smith has tried to fill the vacuum, and to a certain extent has suc-

Four of these books may be taken as typical of their type.. They are: *How to Play Gaelic Football*, by Dick Fitzgerald, published 1914; *The Art and Science of Gaelic Football*, by Dr. Eamon O'Sullivan, 1958; *Coaching Gaelic Football for Champions*, by Joe Lennon, 1964; and *Peil*, by E. P. McDonnell, 1969.

These "Four Masters of Gaelic Football" are worth looking at, especially at present. Those who take even a slight interest in football are worried by the crude image which it currently presents. In a Sunday Independent article, John Blake informed us that he would not allow his children to play Gaelic games because of the

ERS

otball

(with permission of "Good
Irishman" quarterly.)

roughness and general lack of order of these sports. What then have the masters to say

Dick Fitzgerald's book makes stimulating reading. It has the freshness of all things new and original. Unspoilt, unsophisticated, it is sincere exposition of Gaelic Football as seen by a great Kerry player. Fitzgerald demands that football preserve the individuality of the players. He pleads that individuality and not dull uniformity is a characteristic of the Celt.

Much space and mention is given to "dribbling", i.e. playing the ball on the ground. According to Dick Fitz, a good forward should be adept at soloing and passing on the ground. In fact I could find no reference to the modern-type solo in this book. Backs are also told to draw on the rolling ball and, in general, the whole team is exhorted to improve its ground football.

Contrary to more recent authors, Fitz states that forwards and centrefield men should not fall back in defence, even when the team is under pressure. He also advises that a weak player should be played in defence rather than in attack. This emphasis on attack, ground football, and not massing in defence, would be an attractive innovation in 1970. Remember Dick Fitzgerald's book was published in 1914.

Joe Lennon, one of that small group of authors who have been called "The Four Masters" by Father Mansfield.



Dr. Eamon O'Sullivan's treatise is much more elaborate than Dick Fitz's. But whereas the earlier work is a book for footballers written by a footballer, the more modern one is, in my opinion, a book written by a trainer for trainers. O'Sullivan gives up a quarter of his space to a well written, well documented, history of football. He regards collective training, which was practically unknown in 1914, as an essential if a team is to be in peak condition for a match. And he goes on to devote a chapter to a description of the ideal schedule for a training camp. In Chapter 7, he discusses team placing.

Here we see a difference between authors. Fitz places his centre men some yards in front of his wing men so that his line-out has a Soccer look about it. The Doctor places his team in the modern straight line pattern and insists that the forwards stick to their formation.

The reader is led to conclude that the earlier writer may have had a more fluid and creative ap-

proach to forward play. It is an impression supported by Fitzgerald's harping on the ground dribble and his apparent liking for the thirteen-a-side game. Fitz also advises that passing among the forwards should not be all of a piece or stereotyped.

O'Sullivan writes in detail of such fundamentals as eye-on-the-ball, follow-through, and the need to avoid hesitancy in play. One of his principles is that the ball should be chested when fetched. He comes out strongly against excessive ball hopping, which leads to fouls and slows up the game. Dr. Eamon extols the value of good kicking. He writes: "Kicking on the ground is the most primary and most elemental method of kicking. It should, therefore, be mastered in all its types, generally before, and most certainly in conjunction with, kicking from the hands."

A surprising lacuna in both these works is the failure to discuss team tactics, apart from one page, which is taken up with a manoeuvre based

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on the old pre-match throw-in to the lined-up forwards.

Joe Lennon's book is, in terms of production, an obvious advance on its predecessors. Whereas O'Sullivan uses no photographs, and Fitzgerald only a half dozen, Lennon employs 24 photographic plates and thirty diagrams to illustrate his text. As its name implies, Joe's book is, like Dr. Eamon's, a book for trainers. It consists in the main of detailed instructions on the drilling of teams and individuals. Most of it is practical, but I for one find it difficult to believe that many clubs will provide a ball a man for training. I have never seen even eight balls at a practice, not to mind twenty. However, I suppose one man, one ball, is an ideal to be aimed at.

As would be expected of a Down man, Joe does devote space to tactics, but even he admits that "very little of our attacking play is pre-planned". The reader is not presented with many real movements and I put down the book with a sense of frustration. I admire individualism, but would love to see more well executed moves and less hit and miss attacks. How about a booklet on tactics from Joe Lennon?

A basic tactic is the use of an advancing centrefield player to draw a centreback out of position, and thus allow a centreforward to a clear run in. If a fullback advances, then the centreforward passes to an unmarked fullforward. I have rarely seen this simple gambit attempted. Come on experts! Give us a book of Tactics for Gaelic Footballers!

As I said, both O'Sullivan's and Lennon's books are written by experts. An expert should write such a book so that it whets the appetite and, like a magnet, draws the reader from page to page. In actual life the average junior, minor, or intermediate club team, just haven't time to spend hours learning to kick and fetch. A book of tactics would add spice to pre-

match training sessions. And the execution of different moves in practice would make the whole affair more intelligent and enjoyable.

Brother McDonnell avoids many of the weaknesses in the other three works. His text is written and illustrated with the schoolboy learner in mind. He is aware of the adolescent's psychological make-up and has cut his verbiage accordingly. There is a freshness and clearcutness about Peil which is bound to make it attractive to teenagers and even to sub-teenagers. It is an ideal introduction to football for the young player. In fact, if this book were in existence, say in 1950, then O'Sullivan and Lennon could have skipped their protracted explanations of simple actions and gone on to deal with the tactical training of a team.

Ezra Pound says that a critic should be ignored unless he has published himself. I agree with Ezra. I have not written a book on Gaelic Football. I hope my remarks won't discourage those who have such a book in them. These four masters of Gaelic Football



Raymond Smith (right) presenting an autographed copy of his book, "The Football Immortals", to Enda Colleran of Galway.

have attempted to cater for a keenly felt need. Further advances are now necessary. Books on Soccer have pages devoted to tactics and planned movements. One of Rugby's attractions is the scope it offers the tactician. Some Croke Park Rommel is needed if Gaelic Football is finally to mature, and join Rugby and Soccer as a sport that is not just catch and kick, but catch, kick, plan and think.

In conclusion, I must stress that while books such as those above are to be commended, Gaelic Games need a literature in the full sense of the word. Scenes should be evoked, great moments recreated, and classic games enshrined in classic prose. Publications of the calibre of Gaelic Sport and Gaelic News have done much to raise the standard of writing on our games, as has Raymond Smyth and our newspapermen. But we need more books of the type that add lustre to Cricket, Soccer and Rugby. Greece and Thucydides. The Fianna had Oisín, Where have all the authors gone? Are the Rings and O'Connells to depart unsung, unhonoured, and unknown?

TRYING TO FIND THE CHAMPS

THIS is the time of year when, with the evidence provided by all the preliminary stages of the National League behind us, we start looking ahead and trying to sum up the prospects of the leading contenders in the championship season ahead.

This year, admittedly, we must allow for two unpredictable factors in football, the world trip of All-Ireland champions Kerry and the rule changes that may, or may not be introduced by the Annual Congress at Galway.

I have never seen the present Kerry side more effective or more efficient than they were the day they left for Australia when they made light of Galway's challenge in the semi-final of their league division. On that showing they are still six to eight points better than any team we have seen in Croke Park through the past 12 months.

But it remains to be seen what effect this Australia—New Zealand—New York excursion will have on even the durable Kerry-men. The only basis we have for comparison is the Meath side of

1967 who never raised a gallop again after they came back from their successful trip Down Under.

Kerry, I think, are unlikely to be as badly affected physically—Meath never seemed to recover from their Australian exertions—but the psychological reaction may be just as hard to overcome. After all, once you have won a footballing trip round the world, on top of a clean-sweep at home, there are no burning ambitions left to be fulfilled and even the dedicated Kerry-men may find themselves tending to be sated by success, a very dangerous frame of mind for even the greatest of champions.

Still Kerry are both champions and league champions and must still be rated as the Number One team in the country, Australia or no Australia.

Whatever about retaining their league crown, and it is a pretty tall order to ask them to come right back into home competition after their adventures abroad, Kerry are bound to again prove a championship force. There is still no side to stop them in Munster at this stage, since Cork seem unable to transform minor power into senior productivity, Limerick cannot combine speed in attack with reliability in defence, while Clare with many fine footballers do not, at present at least, look tidy enough for the Big Time.

In the West, Mayo are already being tipped as strong All-Ireland prospects and yet, to me, they still lack the indefinable something that goes into the making of champions. When it comes to the 'crunch', they are inclined to falter at the crucial moment, maybe it is that they lack the confidence in their own powers that the Kerry-men so markedly possess. Perhaps Mayo with greater experience now, will 'come good' this season—they

have the potential to win both league and championship, but I have my doubts.

Neither Sligo nor Roscommon, though both are capable of springing a surprise or two, look to have the all-round power to carry them to All-Ireland victory, while Galway, ever since the three-in-a-row days have been vainly trying to blend the old and the new—and have not thus far found anything like the proper mixture.

Leinster football is in such a state of flux that only a major prophet would hazard a guess as to who will take the Eastern title. League defeat, which gave them a well-earned rest could well be the salvation of Offaly, the men in possession, youthful Dublin are coming on but they still have a great deal to learn, Louth can play some sparkling football and could well prove the surprise team of the year. Longford seem out of it for the moment, but Wexford and Wicklow and Westmeath and Meath will not be easily beaten, and what of the most unpredictable team of all the Lily Whites from Kildare?

These Kildaremen, when the inspired mood is on them, are the most exciting team of all to watch, but their vagaries are so remarkable that they are just as likely to be the most disappointing. Nobody can leave them out of the reckoning, but who would here and now, back them to win the All-Ireland, or even the Leinster title?

Up North, hopes of this 1970 title are already high. Down may have fallen from their 1968 estate but they are still winning matches, and, as grounds grow more firm, they will have greater chances of exploiting their expertise. But I shall be surprised if they return to championship

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● FROM PAGE 27

class just yet, for they have problems in several sectors. Cavan, the Ulster champions, have not succeeded in filling the gaps so obvious in the later stages of last year's campaign, while Antrim although they have good lads coming up, are still something short of top grade.

And that leaves us with Derry, the main hopes of the North. We have not seen their senior side in Croke Park for a long time, but I have seen them elsewhere, individually and collectively, and they have impressed me enormously.

They have immense football ability, superb fitness, excellent coaching and plenty of varied experience. On present form they could win the League, or at the very least, the further experience they are bound to gain in that competition must sharpen them even further for the championship. There is I think one possible flaw in their armour, they seem to suffer from a certain inferiority complex when facing the black and red of Down. So there seems to be the long odds championship list, Kerry, Mayo, Derry and whoever comes out of Leinster . . . and after all that I suppose we may well see Galway and Louth, or maybe Kildare in the All-Ireland final.

The pity about hurling is that there is scarcely any room at all for speculation. Outside Kilkenny, Cork, Tipperary, Wexford, Limerick and Offaly are there any serious contenders? A Limerick revival would be very welcome, while Cork have the greatest reservoir of hurling manpower. There are very obvious question-marks against Kilkenny, Tipperary and Wexford, while Offaly have yet to achieve the big breakthrough.

At present I am inclined to think that Cork will this time bring home the title they left behind them a year ago.

CROSSWORD

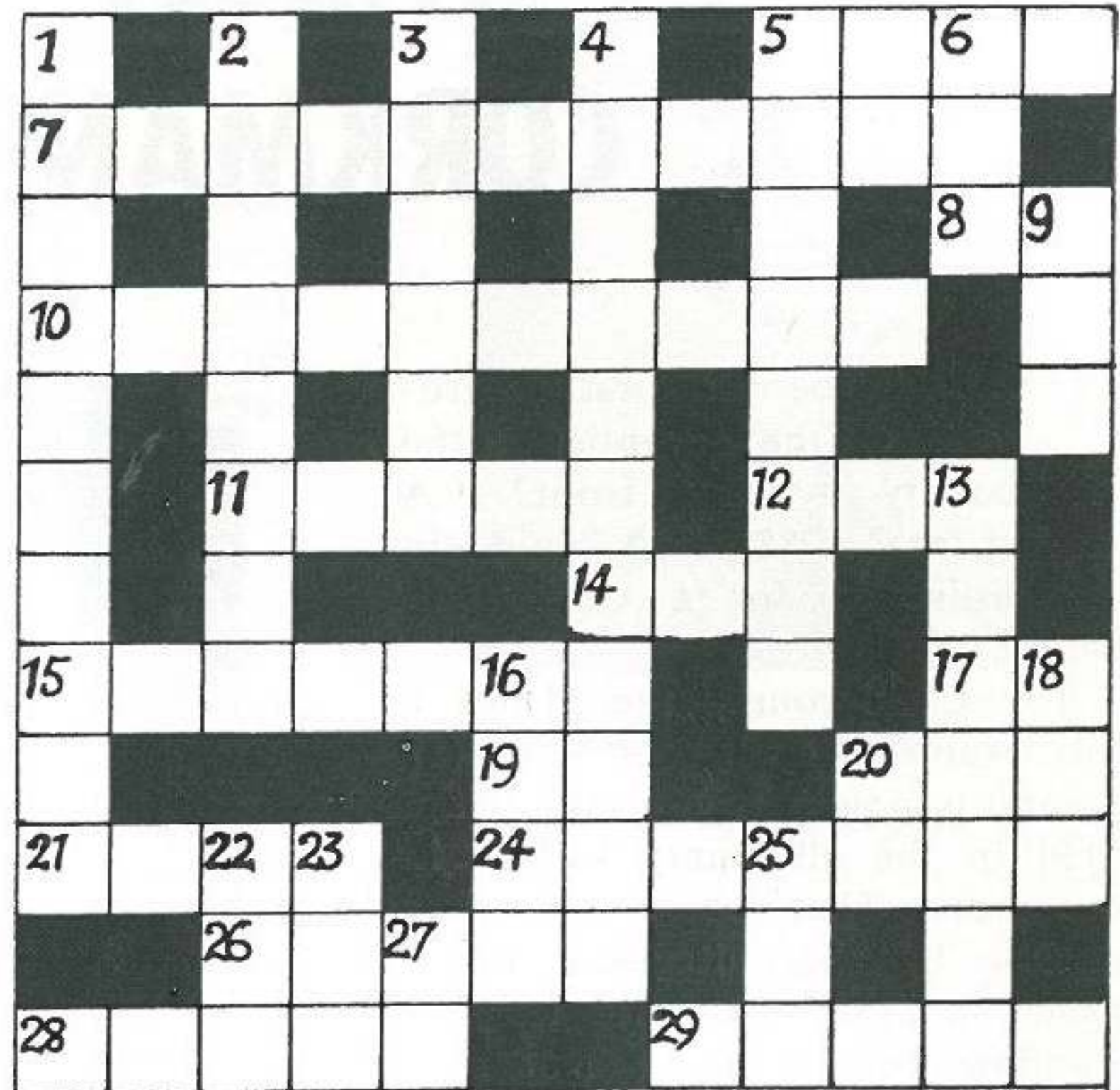
(No. 49) By PERMUTER

ACROSS

5. Almost a Down player noted for his beard, or a Kildare forward noted for his scoring record. (4)
7. Famous Clonmel football club. (11)
8. Reverse the initials of Clare and Munster full-back. (1, 1)
10. (See 9 Down) Club of fishermen and dockers of Ringsend who brought an All-Ireland to Dublin in 1901. (5, 2, 3, 3)
11. Teams in Donegal have been named after this patron. (5)
12. Signified by the final whistle. (3)
14. C.I.E. appears very cool as it delivers the goods. (3)
15. Players whose main advantage is their ability to get goals and points are called score——. (7)
17. Dublin forward-cum-half-back. Initials. (1, 1)
19. Offaly centrefielder. Initials. (1, 1)
20. Advancing years which present a problem to any player. (3)
21. It should not be necessary to use a hammer to get in a sound tackle on a forward. (4)
24. Leader of a team would be expected to have the qualities of a military commander. (7)
26. The one who did not win seems quite a bit sore. (5)
28. See 5 Down.
29. Most popular goalie of recent past, probably. (5)

DOWN

1. Kildare goalkeeper. (1, 9)
2. Meath wing-forward. (1, 7)
3. No less than a practical demonstration on how to play the game. (6)
4. I shine farce in order to get a first class scoring forward. (3, 8)
5. (and 28 Across) Ex-Dublin camogie star with a record string of medals. (8, 5)



6. While it may send drug-addicts on a trip, it is the bread and butter staple on which the G.A.A. is run. (1, 1, 1)
9. (See 10 across)
13. Have appeared variously for Galway in hurling and football—at centre-field in football, and in defence and in goal in hurling. (7)
16. Player flies into a rage at finding his gear disturbed. (4)
18. Led backwards. (3)
20. Beginning an argument. (2)
22. Such a sick player cannot be selected. (3)
23. Laze about and take it easy—very nearly. (3)
25. A period of years in the history of the Association. (3)
27. Substitute Tipperary goalkeeper. Initials. (1, 1)

SOLUTION : PAGE 48

BECKERS TEA

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MODEST TARGET FOR A CORKMAN!

By
OWEN McCANN

WHO will be the first record-maker of the 'Seventies on the inter-county scoring front? A modest total of 48 points could win the distinction for a Cork footballer!

The Cork county record for a full year's campaign of 4-35 (47 points) is now near the end of the field in the all-county League in the code. That score, which was put up by Nial Fitzgerald in 15 games in 1956, is also the longest-standing county peak. Not only that, the best score since by a Cork footballer was also recorded in the 'Fifties—7-18 (39 points) by Neilly Duggan in 1957.

Other trend-setting football scores from the 'Fifties are much more impressive, and also likely to stand well into the 'Seventies. Two looking particularly secure are Frankie Donnelly's 5-102 (117 points) in 22 games in 1957 for the Tyrone high-point, and the Leitrim tops put into the record book in 1959 by Cathal Flynn in 17 games at 2-75 (81 points).

Despite Galway's great achievements in the past decade, a 1958



Michael Kearins of Sligo . . . leader in the Scoring Charts (see next page).

score by Sean Purcell still holds down the premier spot, and in 1959 Ollie Freaney achieved the best score by a Dubliner.

Then, there is Meath. Considering that a 28 game programme in 1967 failed to bring a new record, the name of D. O'Brien is unlikely to be removed from the list now for quite some time. He shot 5-64

(79 points) in 18 games, which puts the county as far down as No. 15 spot in the League.

Laois and Wicklow are other county records stretching back to the 'Fifties. This makes a total of eight, and it is a high percentage, when we take into account the fact that county teams, generally, were much more in demand over the last decade than in the previous one.

Hurling provides the longest-standing record of all. Again it is a moderate enough one, tenth in line in the chart. It stands to the credit of Paddy Egan (Galway) at 11-19 (52 points) in 11 games in 1955. Four points better is Liam Maloney's score for Limerick in 1958 in 12 games—13-17.

The code also provides us with a scoring barrage the likes of which we may never see again. Back in 1956, that legendary Wexford full-forward Nick Rackard shot 35-50 (155 points) in 19 games. No hurler has since reached even 130 points, and the best by a footballer, established in 1968 by Mickey Kearins (Sligo), is 14 points short of that Rackard tally. In reaching the football peak, the Sligo inter-provincial also played five games more than Rackard in his Golden Year.

Other than the Galway, Limerick and Wexford figures, the hurling table is confined to the past decade. See how your county measures up in the all-county League compiled on scores in inter-county games, all competitions and challenges, Railway Cup and representative matches.

CHARTS NEXT PAGE

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All-county charts

The All-County Scoring League

FOOTBALL

Pts.		Score	Games	Year
141	SLIGO: M. Kearins	2-135	24	1968
136	DOWN: P. Doherty	13- 97	24	1960
125	CAVAN: C. Gallagher	6-107	20	1964
120	KERRY: M. O'Dwyer	8- 96	22	1969
120	OFFALY: H. Donnelly	7- 99	24	1961
117	TYRONE: F. Donnelly	5-102	22	1957
107	GALWAY: S. Purcell	11- 74	22	1958
101	DUBLIN: O. Feaney	5- 86	17	1959
95	MAYO: J. Corcoran	8- 71	16	1966
92	ROSCOMMON: Don Feeley	3- 83	22	1961
90	LONGFORD: B. Burns	3- 81	17	1966
82	KILDARE: J. Donnelly	3- 73	17	1969
81	LEITRIM: C. Flynn	2- 75	17	1959
80	DONEGAL: M. McLoone	10- 50	19	1965
79	MEATH: D. O'Brien	5- 64	18	1958
77	DERRY: S. O'Connell	11- 44	13	1967
72	LAOIS: J. Kenna	4- 60	16	1959
67	LOUTH: K. Beahan	11- 34	16	1961
66	CARLOW: B. Hayden	7- 45	10	1967
66	WESTMEATH: P. Buckley	5- 51	18	1969
63	WICKLOW: J. Timmons	8- 39	12	1957
58	FERMANAGH: P. T. Treacy	7- 37	14	1966
49	WEXFORD: Jack Berry	7- 28	8	1968
49	LIMERICK: E. Cregan	7- 28	10	1965
47	MONAGHAN: S. Woods	4- 35	9	1969
47	CORK: N. Fitzgerald	4- 35	15	1956
45	ARMAGH: J. Whan	9- 18	16	1961
36	TIPPERARY: M. Keating	4- 24	11	1966
36	ANTRIM: S. Rice	8- 12	12	1964
27	WATERFORD: V. Kirwan	2- 21	7	1969
24	CLARE: R. Pyne	1- 21	7	1963
19	KILKENNY: T. Wilson	0- 19	6	1962

HURLING

Pts.		Score	Games	Year
155	WEXFORD: N. Rackard	35-50	19	1956
127	KILKENNY: E. Keher	16-79	20	1965
124	TIPPERARY: J. Doyle	11-91	17	1969
104	CORK: C. Ring	22-38	13	1961
104	CLARE: P. Cronin	11-71	18	1967
96	OFFALY: P. Molloy	11-63	12	1966
87	WATERFORD: P. Grimes	10-57	14	1963
65	DUBLIN: M. Bermingham	12-29	14	1964
56	LIMERICK: L. Maloney	13-17	12	1958
52	GALWAY: P. Egan	11-19	11	1955
48	LAOIS: C. O'Brien	10-18	13	1965
44	KILDARE: T. Carew	9-17	5	1969
44	WESTMEATH: T. Ring	1-41	10	1964
38	KERRY: D. Lovett	6-20	5	1966
26	CARLOW: L. Walsh	2-20	5	1967



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—Córú Fhianna Fáil.

"G.A.A. STARS ARE PLAYING THEIR PART IN OUR NATION'S MARCH TO PROSPERITY"

Says OWEN McCANN

AT a recent match I heard much discussion concerning the occupation of a certain player. This prompted the thought that a feature on Gaelic Games personalities in the political and commercial life would be both interesting and informative.

After a good deal of research I have come up with some very interesting details. All over the country, players of today, and of yesterday, some well-known, others not so well-known, and officials are all playing their parts superbly in the nation's march to prosperity. Take a look at some of the names.

Pride of place must go to our very popular Taoiseach, Jack Lynch, Captain of the Fianna Fail team in every sense of the word. Jack Lynch is one of only eight men to win All-Ireland Senior Championship medals in both football and hurling. He won hurling medals in 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944 and 1946, and in 1945 earned his only football award. He played, in all, in eight All-Ireland senior finals, the others being the 1939 and 1947 hurling deciders, both won by Kilkenny, and he is the only man to win six medals in consecutive years.

A Cabinet colleague is Seán Flanagan, T.D., Minister for Lands, and rated among the real elite at left-full-back. He wore the No. 4 jersey with Mayo during their 1950 and 1951 All-Ireland title winning campaigns, and also skippered the 1951 team.

Des Foley captained Dublin's 1958 All-Ireland minor football



An Taoiseach, Jack Lynch, "Still playing a captain's part".

title winning side, and added a senior All-Ireland souvenir to his collection in 1963, while Senator John Doyle (Tipperary) equalled Christy Ring's record of eight All-Ireland senior hurling medals in 1965.

At ERIN FOODS Head Office you will meet Na Fianna club-mates Jimmy Gray and Tony Ryan. Jimmy, who is Traffic Manager, is Chairman of the Dublin County Board. A former brilliant Dublin hurling goalkeeper, he guarded the net in the county's last All-Ireland senior final appearance in the code in 1961, when Dublin lost by a point to Tipperary. Tony, who works in the Traffic Department, was a star of Na Fianna's first Dublin Senior Football Championship title win last year.

Seán Kearney, who is 24, is a member of the Tipperary senior football team. He was chosen at midfield by Munster for this year's Railway Cup semi-final

with Ulster, but had the ill-luck to miss that game because of an injury.

Another Tipperary senior football team member is Pat O'Connell, a Supervisor down in East Cork Foods. Pat is also a brilliant hurler.

Chief accountant with East Cork Foods is Kevin Houlihan, who won minor honours in 1958, and junior honours in 1959 with Kilkenny.

Between 1960 and 1965, Kevin won four Tipperary senior county medals (three at hurling and one at football), and in 1966 he was a star of the Crokes-Kilmacud team that took the Dublin senior hurling championship. At present he plays hurling with Glen Rovers, and football with the St. Nicholas club.

Liam Devaney, one of Tipperary's all-time "greats", who won five All-Ireland senior medals between 1958 and 1965, works in the Sugar Factory at Thurles, while over in the West, Hauleen McDonagh, a member of Tuam Star's football club, works in the Sugar Factory at Tuam.

In the HIRE PURCHASE COMPANY OF IRELAND, we find Paddy Farnon, Manager, Carlow Branch. Paddy shot the second half goal that sent Dublin on their way to an All-Ireland senior football win over Derry in 1958. One of the few dual medalists at minor in the All-Ireland Championships—he was in Dublin's hurling and football winning squads of 1954—he also won a Railway Cup medal in 1959.

Gabriel Kelly, Representative,

● TO PAGE 35.



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ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE

● FROM PAGE 33.

Longford Branch, must rank as one of the greatest players never to win an All-Ireland senior medal. He was an automatic choice with Ulster from 1960 until he retired from inter-county games late in 1969. He made 17 appearances with the North, and won six Railway Cup medals. Gabriel collected Ulster senior medals with Cavan in 1962, 1964, 1967 and 1969, but Cavan failed at the All-Ireland semi-final stage each year.

Nealie Duggan, Representative, Cork Branch, is another of the 'greats' the coveted All-Ireland senior football medal eluded. He gave great service to Cork between 1943 and 1957, and was a commanding figure in the 1956 and 1957 All-Ireland finals, won by Galway and Louth. Nealie was in the attack in both finals, and also captained the 1957 team.

IRISH SHELL and B.P. LTD. . . . and there's a "ring around East Cork". Yes, the legendary Christy Ring (Cork), first man to win eight All-Ireland senior medals, and greatest hurler of them all, is Shell's representative in East Cork. Their representative in Tralee is Paddy Prendergast, whose immaculate full-back play contributed much to Mayo's last two All-Ireland senior football titles back in 1950 and 1951, and who also won a Railway Cup medal in 1951.

What have Jackie Lyne and Paudge Keogh in common? They are both employees with GUINNESS GROUP SALES. Paudge represents the company in the Wexford area and Jackie



● Sean Kearney, Tipperary and Munster. ●



● One of *PLAYER-WILLS* Gaelic Games personalities is Matt Carroll, Oranmore, Co. Galway, seen here with the boys of the Padraig Mac Piarais Club, the 1969 Galway under-sixteen hurling champions, during the journey to Croke Park for the All-Ireland as guests of the company on September 7. Three of Matt's boys are on the team (he has six sons and three daughters) and he himself is a fervid club member and helper. Matt is a native of Roscommon and is *PLAYER-WILLS* merchandising representative in the West. Between 1936 and 1944 he enjoyed almost legendary fame as a handballer in his county and its borders. Pairing with school friend and fellow native of Ballyforan, the famous Dr. Ronnie Waldron, they dominated inter-parish competition together for fully eight years. Matt recalls that nearly all the ball alleys in the West were built by voluntary labour, including the alley in his home parish of Feevagh, and he is saddened that they don't get as much use nowadays as they might. "In my time", he remembers, "the game was so popular you had to queue up for hours at a time to get a game".



looks after the Killarney region. In 1968 Paudge and Jackie were in charge of the Wexford Senior Hurling team and the Kerry Senior Football team respectively. What's that old saying? Guinness is Good . . . Other prominent G.A.A. men on the Guinness payroll include Kevin Matthews of Dublin and Leinster hurling fame and John Lyons that stone wall full-back who gave such great service to the Cork hurling team in the early fifties.

HENRY FORD & SON LTD., situated as they are by the banks of the beautiful River Lee have,

as one would expect many notable G.A.A. personalities among their huge staff. Perhaps the most notable of these is Donal Clifford one of Cork's most promising hurlers. Donal is a regular member of the Cork and Munster Senior Hurling teams. He has also captained Cork's under-twenty-one All-Ireland winning team and is the proud holder of All-Ireland minor and National League awards. Another member of the Cork under-twenty-one team for the past two years is Frank Norberg and readers of *Gaelic Sport* will recall his out-

● TO PAGE 37.



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ALLIED IRISH BANKS

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● FROM PAGE 35.

standing display at corner-back in last year's under-twenty-one final. The present registrar of the Cork Camogie County Board is also with Fords, she is Blanche Gibbons. Blanche has won practically every honour on the Camogie playing field with the exception of an All-Ireland medal and is one of the most enthusiastic camogie workers in the country.

If you drop into any branch of ALLIED IRISH BANKS, the chances are that you will meet a Gaelic Games personality. With the Provincial is Eddie Keher, Kilkenny's greatest score-getter of all time, and the man who led the county to last year's All-Ireland final win over Cork. Eddie, who holds the Kilkenny county scoring record at 16-79 (127 points) in 20 games in 1965, also won All-Ireland senior hurling medals in 1963 and 1967.

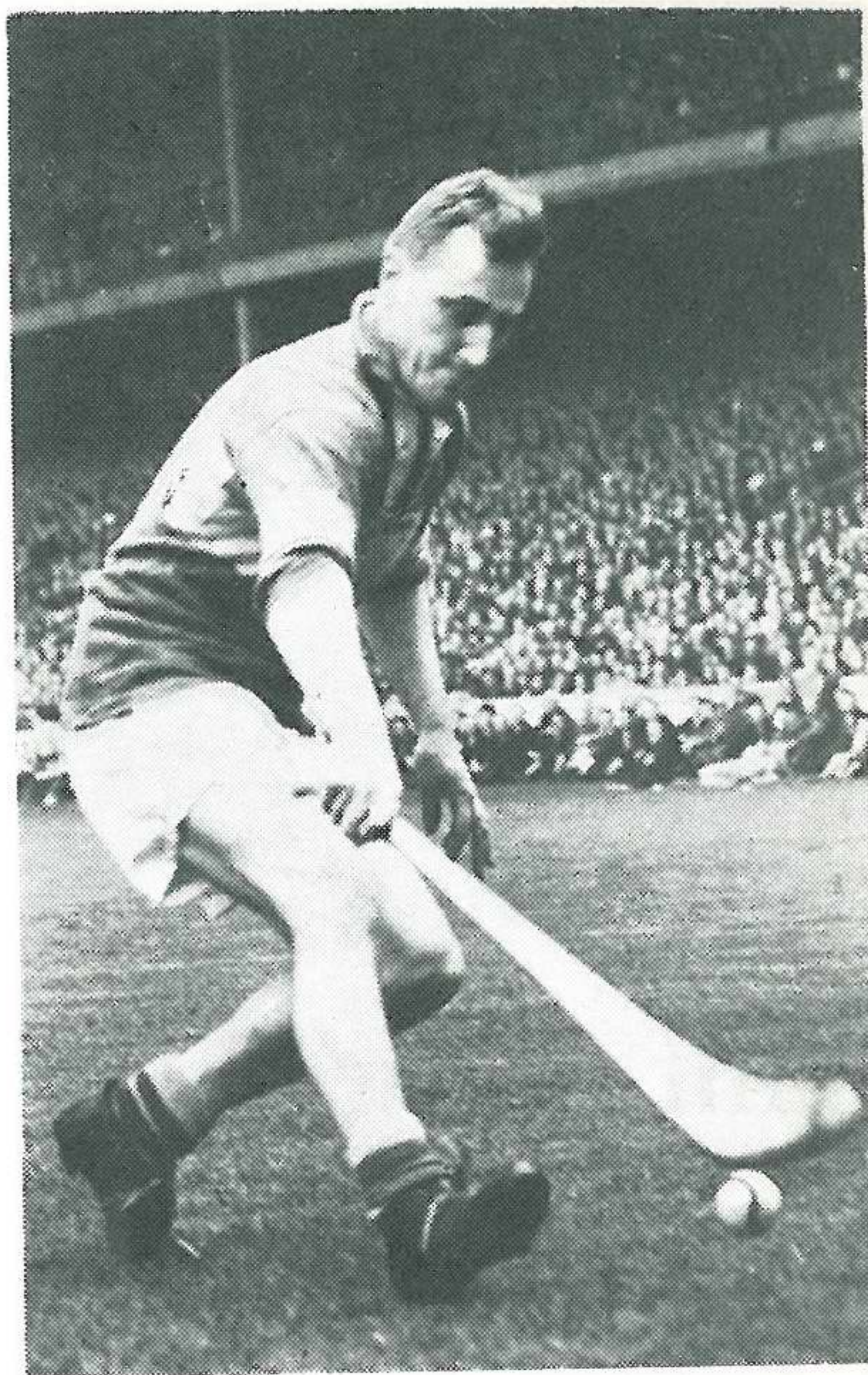
Eddie's colleagues in the Provincial include Kerry's Paud Finnegan. Paud has won three Munster under-twenty-one medals and an All-Ireland Junior football medal. Last year Paud was on the Kerry team that played against Lancashire in the All-Ireland Junior Hurling final and also represented Kerry in the All-Ireland Junior Football home final.

Other G.A.A. notables with the A.I.B. Group include Brian O'Reilly who has played a leading part in the very prominent showing of the Provincial Bank's G.A.A. football team. Brian was on the Mayo Senior side last year and is currently on the Senior Panel and indeed he's still



●
*Donal Clifford,
Cork
and
Munster.*
●

●
*Liam Devaney,
one of
Tipperary's
all-time
"greats",
who won
five
All-Ireland
senior
medals
between
1958
and
and
1965.*
●



eligible for the under-twenty-one team. Eugene O'Riordan ex-Limerick Senior Hurling star or Owen, as he is known to his friends, won an Oireachtas medal with Limerick in 1946. Tom Moriarty that great Kerry football star whose career was prematurely ended in 1958 when he sustained a leg injury. Tom won a junior All-Ireland with Cork in 1951 and was on the Kerry team that won the Sam Maguire in 1955. Tom also has the unique distinction of having toured America with both Cork and Kerry teams and has also been out to the States to play in the Cardinal Cushing Games. And there's Bernard Ward, Bar-

ney to his friends. Barney's first appearance on a football field was with the famed St. Mel's College with whom he won a Leinster Colleges medal. He also represented the Leinster Colleges for a number of years and subsequently lined out with the Longford Senior Football team. Also under the A.I.B. umbrella is one of Camogie's most devoted officials, Mary Moran. Mary is Chairman of the Cork County Camogie Board and Treasurer of the Munster Council. Apart from her tremendous administrative ability Mary has won numerous medals on the camogie playing field, indeed she lead the Dublin

● TO PAGE 39.

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● **FROM PAGE 37.**

Camogie team to victory in a Senior Camogie All-Ireland final.

Then, there is THE ARMY. Comdt. Eamonn Young, now so well known to *Gaelic Sport* readers, is generally regarded as one of the brainiest football forwards Cork has produced. He was in the team that last brought the Sam Maguire Cup to the county in 1945.



● **JOHNNY CULLOTY,**
Kerry and Munster.

Capt. Tony Wall must rank as one of hurling's greatest centre-half-backs. A master craftsman, he led Tipperary to the 1958 All-Ireland senior title, and won further All-Ireland medals in 1961, 1962, 1964 and 1965.

And an elusive and efficient attacker in those Tipperary teams of 1964 and 1965 was Lieut. Larry Kiely.

On now to STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, and one of the star Cork hurling captains of all time, recently-retired Denis Murphy. A left full back par excellence, Denis won an All-Ireland senior medal in 1966, and captained Cork to the 1968-69 National League title.

Senior Inspector in Dublin city is Michael Cleary, who won an All-Ireland minor hurling medal with Tipperary in 1953, was in the team beaten in the All-Ireland minor final of 1954, and was a county player with Dublin in 1958-59.

Last, but by no means least,

is the IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION, Ireland's largest trade union—150,000 members. In football we have that prince of goalkeepers, Johnny Culloty, who led Kerry during that Year of Glory in 1969, Dan Spring, T.D., another great Kerry captain—he led the 1940 team to victory over Galway—and won an All-Ireland medal a

year earlier against Meath seniors. E. "Tucher" Casey, an All-Ireland senior football medalist with Cork in 1945.

In hurling I.T.G.W.U. men include Ring, Din Joe Buckley, Micka Brennan, all of Cork. Buckley won five All-Ireland senior medals between 1941 and 1946, and Brennan was in the 1941 and 1943 title winning sides.

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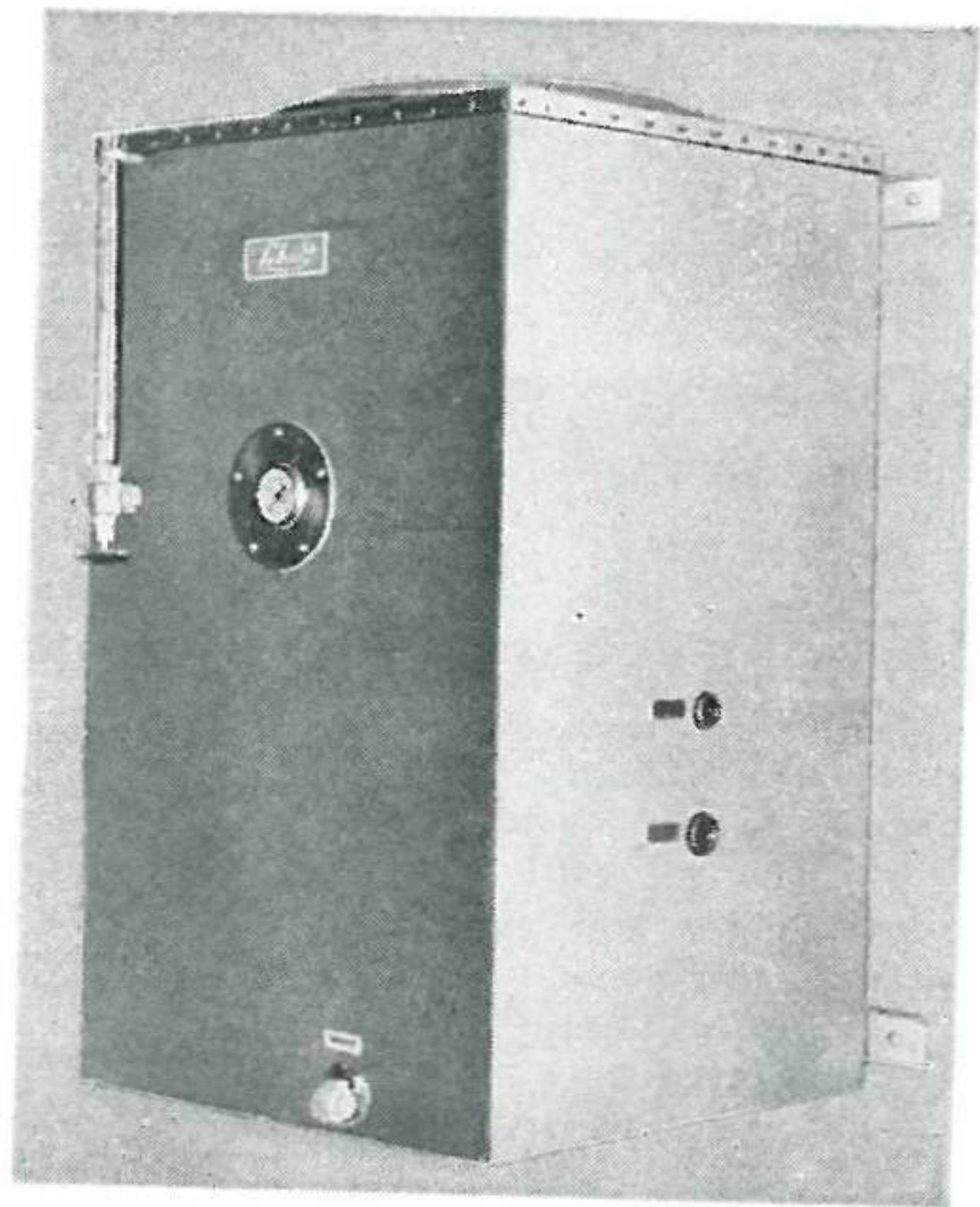
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Take running water for instance. This is a service that the great majority of us take almost for granted. Would you be surprised to learn that out of 350,000 rural consumers only 30% have running water. I was. And surprise turned to amazement when I learned that a water pump costs as little as £50, depending on the depth of the well. Attractive hire purchase terms are available. As regards the cost of installation, grants are available from the Department of Agriculture, Local Government and County Council depending on the use the water will be put to.

With running water on your farm everything is made much easier. If you are looking for a wife for instance you won't have to offer her bleak prospects of a ¼ mile walk to the well and back, before breakfast.

In the farmhouse hot water can be provided by the usual dual immersion system. The installation work together with the elements can be fitted with attractive hire purchase terms available.

T.V. and radio bring the world into your livingroom so that no matter how isolated you are you

can still keep in touch with the news. Cooking, ironing and washing are all made easier when you use electricity. Your local E.S.B. office will be glad to supply you with all the information you require and arrange demonstrations of any equipment in which you may be interested.

Outside in the farmyard no matter how big or how small the farm may be, the E.S.B. can help you get a better return for your money. For the dairy farmer electricity is used to power his milking machines while at the same time providing the necessary hot water for cleaning purposes. Whether you use the automatic pipe line installation or the more laborious bucket plant the E.S.B. can serve you. For example with the well known Burco Boiler, 10 gallons of water can be brought to boiling point in approximately 1½ hours for a consumption of only 4½ units of electricity.

For the pig farmer heat can be used for environmental control while ventilation and feeding processes can also be automated. Even if you are only in pig farming in a small way, Infra Red lamps and under floor heating can be of inestimable benefit to healthy litters. The 1½ h.p. grinding mill is another item in the E.S.B.'s fight for greater farming profits. Feeding barley can be milled and mixed to provide animal food on the farm in the winter months. By cutting down on costs you increase your profits. The old slogan "Grow Your Own, Grind Your Own, Feed Your Own" is still true today.

Fluorescent lighting for potato sprouting produces among other advantages earlier and heavier yields, easier weed control and reduced losses from early blight.

For the tomato or flower industry electricity can provide supplemental lighting in the growing room for the propagation of transplants. Where all natural light is excluded thermostatically controlled soil heating is essential.

The E.S.B. has a £42 million network to serve you. If it is under utilised you have only yourself to blame. At every E.S.B. showroom throughout Ireland there are trained staff to help you and leaflets are available on every aspect of farming, where electricity can give a helping hand. If the query is too involved or extensive for the local representative there is a central Farming Advisory Service geared to your needs.

THE COW—THE MAN THE MILKING MACHINE

"AS a designer of milking machines for more than 30 years it has always been my objective to help the buyers of our milking machines to get more milk and better milk", says designer S. A. Christensen, Kolding, Denmark. But to attain this object the decisive factors must be taken in the right sequence: No. 1 is the cow, No. 2 the man and No. 3 the milking machine.

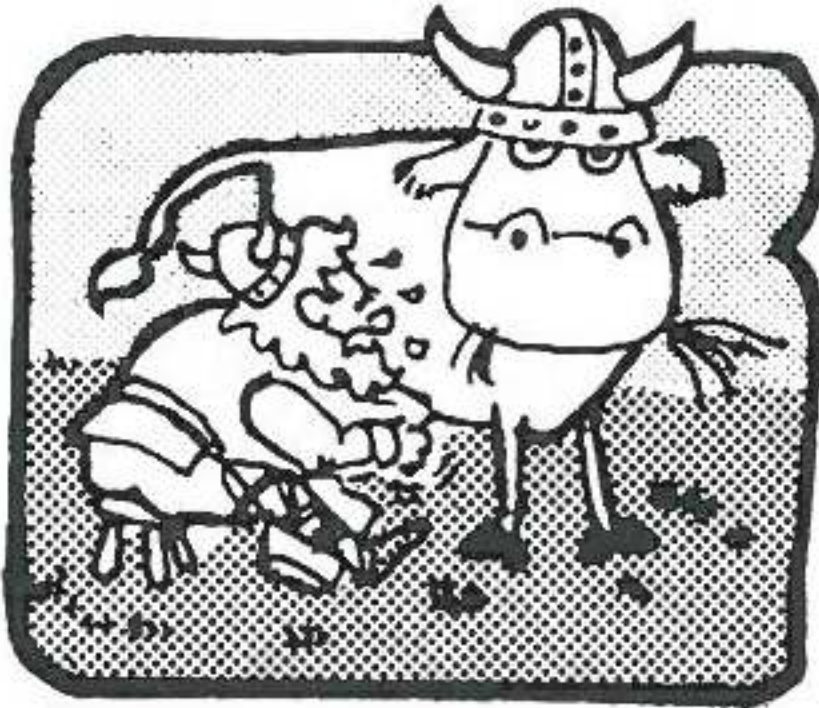
To support the assertion that the mentioned sequence is correct, no long and complicated explanation is needed. It goes without saying that being the milk supplier the cow is the main factor in this matter. Provided she has the right milk-yielding qualities, and feeding, keeping and tending are in order, we may at once proceed to factor 2, namely the man who has to take care of the milking.

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● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

He must consider the cow; try to understand her mind. He must never forget that the cow is of female sex and that it applies to her just as to other creatures of the female sex—that gently does it. He must understand the importance of a kind hand in the daily work of milking and he must never be impatient and least of all brutal. He must watch the cow carefully to see if she is at ease and ready to let down the milk. The right understanding of all this is a necessary condition of the right attendance of the milking machine.

Which demands must then be made on the modern milking machine?

First, that it is made from materials that will stand modern detergents and disinfectants. In practice this means that it must be made of stainless steel—the bucket perhaps of specially hardened aluminium. Second, it must have rubber liners that ensure a milking as gentle as possible. Not quite an easy problem to solve, for even if you know how a rubber for one particular type of teat is to be shaped, the difficulty is that the teats of the cows are not standardised. Third, the machine must have a pulsator with ducts and valves sufficiently dimensioned and which can operate quite correctly as long as possible without having to be disassembled. That the machine furthermore, must be designed without corners and other parts difficult to clean, goes without saying. Finally, with regard to the capacity of the pump, it is essential that there is sufficient vacuum for a good milking and a reserve corresponding to the size of the plant, but not so much that it may be misused.

All these factors have been taken into consideration when designing the products of the SAC-House.

Brindley Adv.

MOIST GRAIN STORAGE SAVES YOU MONEY!

By JIM CANNING

DURING the past twelve months there has been a considerable swingover to Moist Grain Storage in the Republic of Ireland. These hermetically sealed stores are now springing up like mushrooms and I would estimate that there would be well over 100 of these silos in the country by the end of this coming season. Next year will show an even greater increase in numbers. Why this dramatic changeover to storing grain in this way? The answer is a simple one; better food conversion and reduced labour costs.

The storage of high moisture content barley for livestock feeding is now becoming accepted all over England and, indeed, throughout Ulster and has been for many years. Here in Ireland with grain drying costing anything between 30/- and 50/- per ton, it is no longer an economic practice for the average livestock farmer to grow barley and pay this amount of money to have it dried before feeding it to his stock. Storing grain in an undried state is also cheaper than installing an on-the-farm drying plant, as here again cost can be anything up to £16 or £17 per ton if the grain is to be dried and handled automatically. The answer has therefore been proved beyond doubt to be "cut the barley and store it in its natural state in hermetically sealed stores."

Grain with a moisture content between 18% and 28% can be safely stored in this type of Store, which is completely airtight, the ideal being around 21% to 22%. The process which allows barley to be stored in this way is a relatively simple one. The chemical changes which take place in the Store allow the moisture within the grain kernel to respire and this respiration continues until such time as all the oxygen is replaced by carbon dioxide. The chemical changes which occur by this process allow the grain to ferment and become a highly palatable food for any form of livestock. The carbon dioxide which is generated in the Store restrains the fungal growth, which means that the grain will last almost indefinitely, providing the Silo is kept airtight.

● Jim Canning will continue this series in our next issue.

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Referee

in Focus

PAUL KELLY

talking to
NOEL COOGAN

DUBLINMAN Paul Kelly has been proving himself as one of the most competent football referees in the country, over the last few years. Paul started his refereeing career in the same circumstances as many other "men in the middle." In 1958, having turned up at the Phoenix Park to watch a club match he

was pressed into taking charge of the whistle as the appointed official failed to appear.

He has not looked back from that day and has handled many major games including a few All-Ireland senior semi-finals and the National League final at New York last summer. Kelly's firm, no nonsense approach to this

most unenviable task has made him one of the most respected referees in the game and the fact that he once sent off seven players in a game underlines his complete dedication to his job.

I met Paul Kelly after a match recently and our conversation went something like this:—

N.C.—What do you consider as the most essential attributes for a good referee?

P.K.—A sound knowledge of the rules, common sense and a high standard of physical fitness are the most important ones.

N.C.—Do you study the Rule Book often?

P.K.—Before every match I make a quick check on the main rules.

N.C.—Do you do any special training for refereeing?

P.K.—I train regularly all the year round. During the summer months when the football season is at its peak period I run three or four miles two or three times a week. I have one run per week in the winter months. All my training is done on the strand at Clontarf.

N.C.—Do the supporters in general appreciate the work of the referees enough?

P.K.—No, I don't think so. Very often the referee is a man on his own and if he is good he's not noticed. While players are inclined to have off-days it seems that referees are not entitled to them.

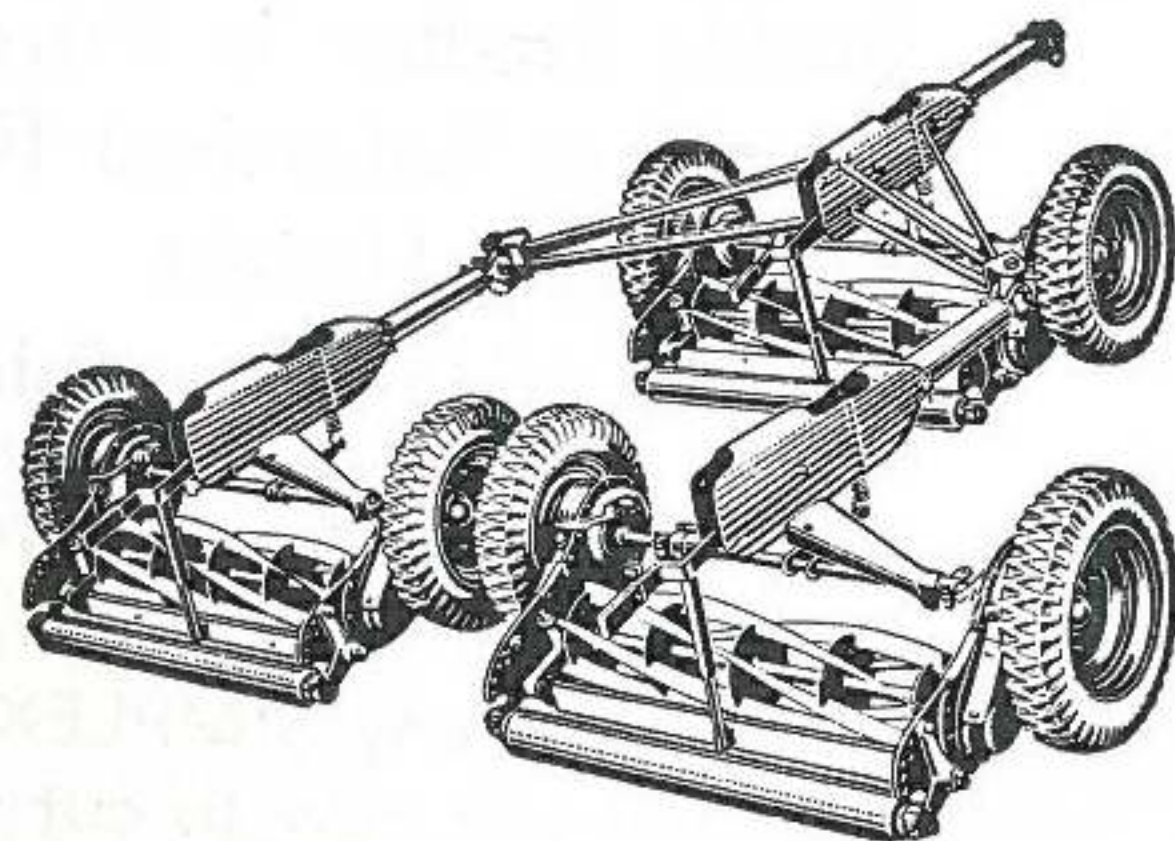
N.C.—Are there any changes in the playing rules which you feel would make the referee's task easier?

P.K.—While I don't believe that any of the proposed rule changes

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would make the referee's task any easier, I would like to see two points awarded for scores resulting from non-technical fouls like tripping, kicking, pushing, etc. I would also like to see the proposed changes tried out in challenge games to give us an idea how they would work out.

N.C.—Would you be in favour of giving umpires and linesmen power to point out to the referee offences which happen behind his back?

P.K.—No, I would not agree with this idea. I think all referees should get into the habit of throwing the occasional glance over their shoulders.

N.C.—Would you favour the abolition of automatic suspension?

P.K.—No, I think the referee's task is easier with the rule as it stands at present. Players know where they stand but if it were changed they would not know where they stand.

N.C.—Does the reaction of the supporters ever worry you?

P.K.—I pay no attention to it. Of course, I often hear what some of them are saying, but it does not affect my game.

N.C.—I have noticed some referees, who because of lack of fitness are unable to keep up with the play. Have you any views on this matter?

P.K.—Unfit referees should not be appointed to handle games. Anyway, I don't think such referees would last very long.

N.C.—Are you satisfied that the G.A.A. is doing enough for the referees?

P.K.—At the moment they couldn't do more and this point should be specially emphasised. All referees are receiving 100% backing from the Executive.

N.C.—You have impressed me as one of the strictest referees in the game. Are some referees afraid to send players off?

P.K.—No, I don't think so.

Referees adopting such an attitude would have a short career.

N.C.—What prompted you to take up refereeing in the first place?

P.K.—I enjoyed my first game at the Phoenix Park so much that I decided to take it up full time. After that match I attended a course which was being conducted by Simon Deignan, who does a lot of good work for referees.

N.C.—What do you think of the advantage "rule"?

P.K.—I like it very much and try to play it as often as possible. However it is hard to play it in a rough game and also could be very dangerous to use it in such a game.

N.C.—Which do you find easier

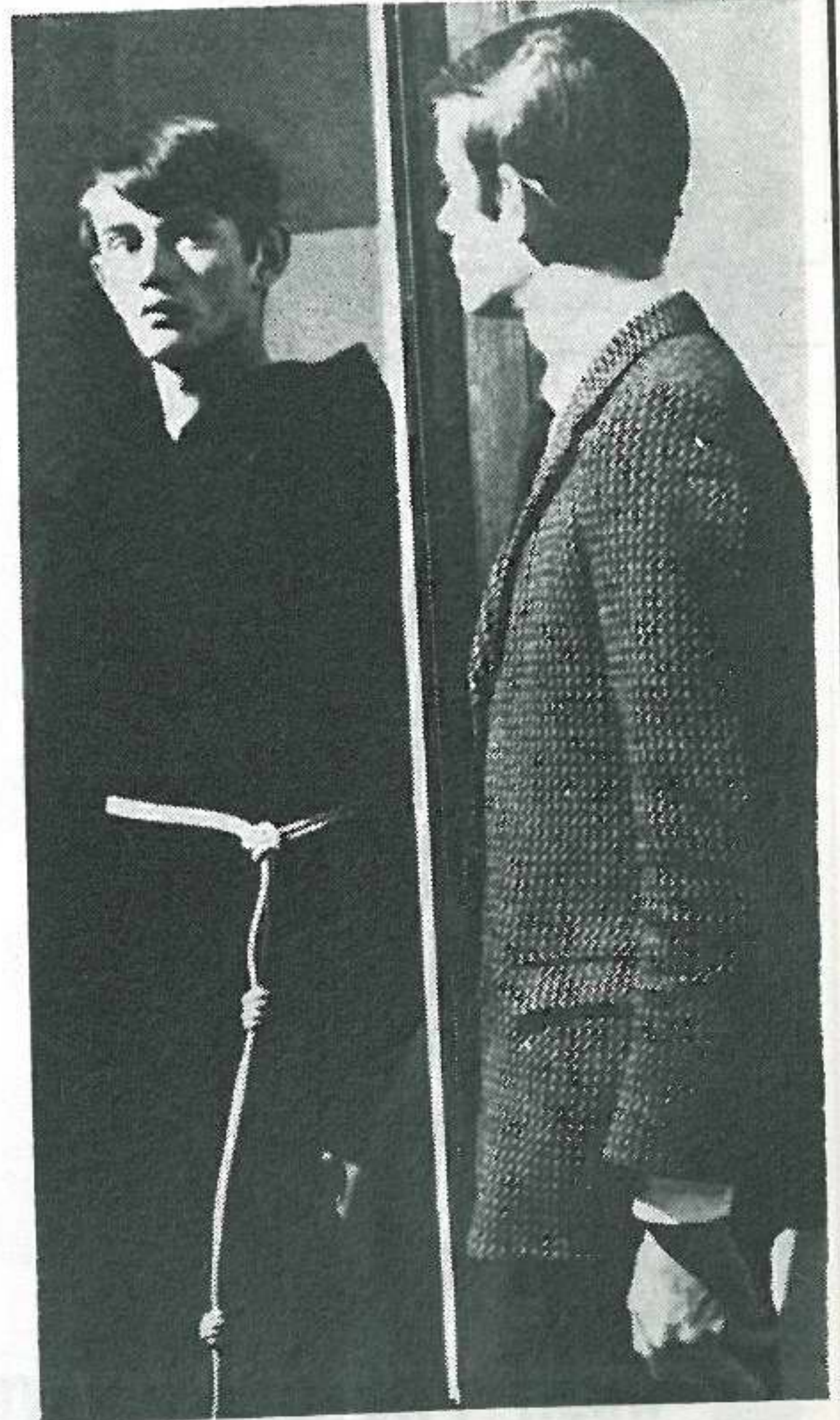
to handle—inter-county games or club matches?

P.K.—It is much easier to handle inter-county games as all players are fighting for their places and most of them are playing the ball. It is a different case in club matches where many players are unfit and as a result of this there is more rough play.

N.C.—How long do you hope to go on refereeing and have you any particular ambition which you would like to fulfil before hanging up the whistle?

P.K.—I intend to keep on refereeing as long as I can keep myself fit enough for the job. My main ambition is to referee an All-Ireland senior final.

A SERIOUS REFLECTION



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● FROM PAGE 17

O'Shea such an exciting player, for anyone who saw him in the last year and a half will agree that he has that quality about him. There is little of the subtle or the scheming about him, as of Sean O'Neill, like of the elegant and graceful Grecian form of O'Connell; but he does exude power and scope and seems to give that kind of security to the Kerry lines which one would normally only expect from a giant five times his size with fifty foot long arms and seven league boots on his legs.

You see O'Shea grasp with fierce determination at the ball as though he were not just going to hold it but squeeze all the wind out of it for daring to threaten Kerry's defensive lines; it looks like a sliothar pouched in those powerful hands, surrounded by a boney structure that might have been chiselled from a granite boulder. He stretches out a hand with the ball in it, past a couple of opponents trying to cut him off, hurls it with a challenge and a threat, to bounce yards away. The challenge is that he will follow and collect the hop; the threat is that he will do so in spite of the pigmy strength of any fifty men the opposition cares to place against him; this is O'Shea's ball and O'Shea will keep it. By hell, he will.

Off he goes then on one of those high-kneed canters, like a shire-horse colt showing uncharacteristic frivolity. His solo hardly ever ends without an ideal use of possession; and he seldom, if ever, has cause to belt the ball with all his mighty best. It is more usually a prod or a straight-arm "flake". As though he was concerned that he should kick the cover off the defenceless football.

O'Shea exudes power—that is his excitement. Just like John Doyle. And, another thing — you could just as likely find both of them with their stockings down around their ankles. In this day and age, only real red-blooded men do that.

MINOR PROBLEM IS, INDEED, A MAJOR MATTER

By JAY DRENNAN

NOTING the annual rash of appointments to selection committees, I was again reminded of the position which makes the minor championships such a disappointment to me sometimes. There is a point in very uncertainty of the composition of the selection committees until the last minute which tells against the best use being made of the resources at a county's disposal, of course. Men get selected to pick the county team who have scarcely expected it, quite often; often, too, they have little or no knowledge of the current form of the under-18 group of players. That is a specialised task, and you have to live with it.

Another point which does not help in finding the best material for the teams is the fact that the champions, inevitably, have heavy claims on representation on selection committees by their right of conquest. Some counties have two representatives from the county champions; one from the runners' up; and, maybe one or two others to fill in the picture. But, naturally, the fact that one has an intimate knowledge of your own winning team will not automatically equip you with the best weapons for forging a powerful county squad. If anything it gives you nothing much more important than a prejudice in favour of your own.

But, it is not that which I think is the worst aspect of a championship which, after all, is vital because it provides the entrance into the Association for most of the players who later become its strength and foundation. It is that selection committees all over the country are going into action at

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NO TWO MEN HAVE THE SAME IDEA ABOUT UNDERWEAR

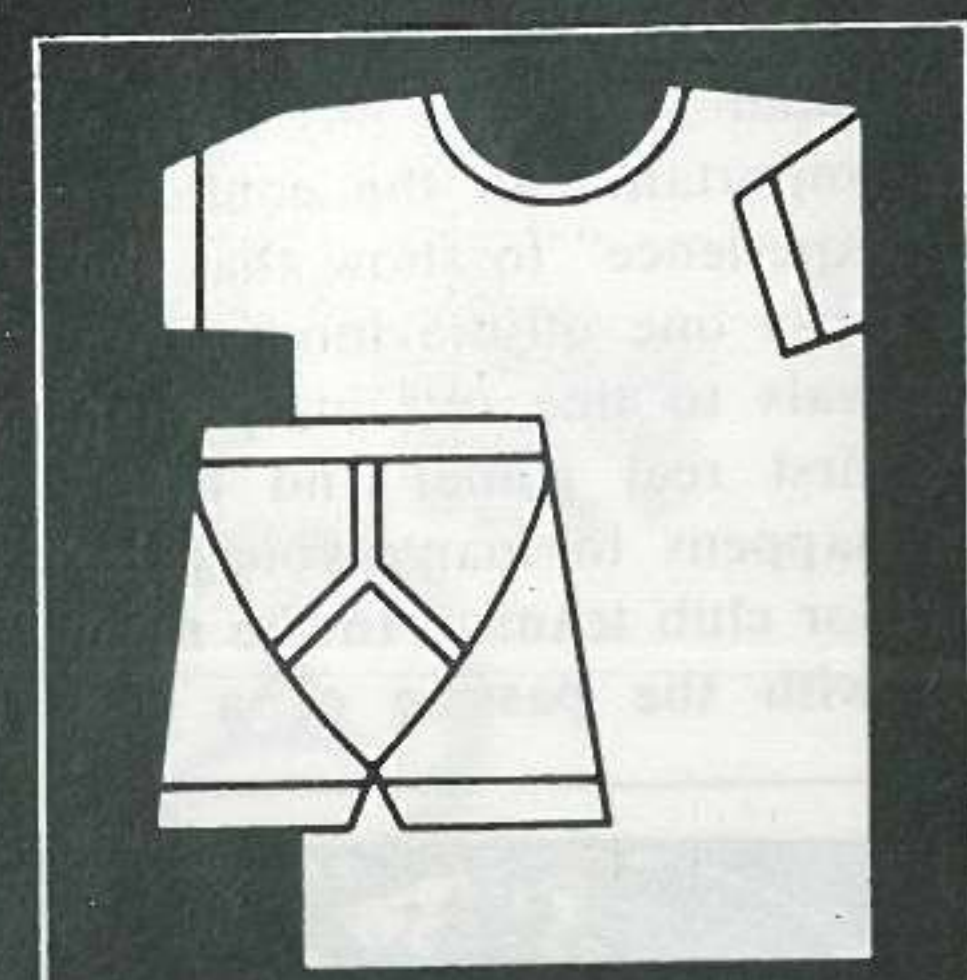
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the moment to get the best fifteen into the field for the county, while no single sight has been afforded them of the players who are available. The county championships, in many cases, begin after the start of the inter-county competitions; a county could already be relegated to a watching role as far as provincial and All-Ireland championships are concerned, when they see their own club championship expose dozens of fine prospects who would have made the team but who had not been considered because they had no form last year to recommend them.

It is a chancey business to even select an established senior player on last year's form, without having some guarantee that he is again in good form this year. Why then do so in the case of minors? It is ten times more unreasonable to pick a minor of last year as a certainty for this year; and ten times more unreasonable again to refuse to consider a player who was only just passable last year when only 16 years of age.

The amount of change which can occur in the years from 16 to 18 is, probably, greater than at any other time in the career of a footballer or hurler. You may argue that the skill will be apparent even at an earlier age if the player has it in him to improve; fair enough. But, I believe that many youngsters have the latent skill at 15 and 16, but seldom have the physique, or more important still the confidence and "experience" to show that skill. It is quite one of the most serious of ordeals to line out in, perhaps, one's first real game; and that is what happens to many young lads on minor club teams. In the meantime, with the passing of a year,

they will probably be twice the men, will no longer be overawed, and will have the confidence they lacked as raw recruits.

All in all, I cannot see the sense in the present minor championship situation; this year's club championships will be dominated, in all counties, by players who will be overage as minors next year. In many of those counties—those who lose early in the championships at inter-county level, there will be no inter-county significance whatever about the play of these outstanding players. They are finished as minors as far as the county side is concerned; they are only obscuring the other players by being involved at all at this stage.

TOP TEN

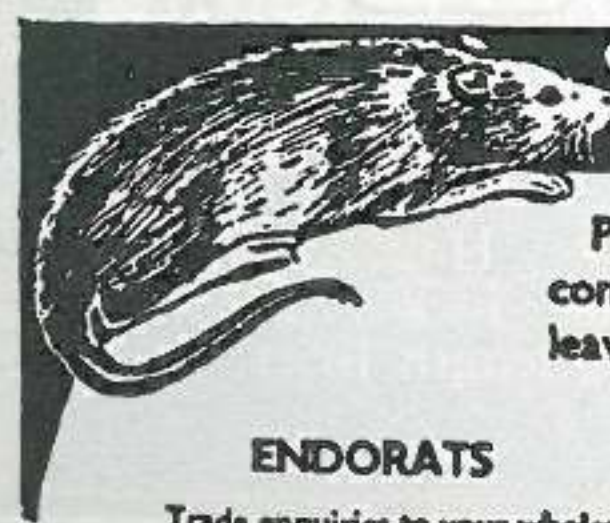
THE following lists are compiled from matches played between February 22 and St. Patrick's Day, inclusive.

HURLING

- (9) B. Moylan (Offaly)
- (8) M. Roche (Tipperary)
- (8) J. O'Donoghue (Tipperary)
- (7) D. Hanniffy (Offaly)
- (7) E. Keher (Kilkenny)
- (7) P. Spellman (Offaly)
- (7) P. Byrne (Tipperary)
- (6) D. Quigley (Wexford)
- (6) T. Carroll (Kilkenny)
- (6) G. McCarthy (Cork)

FOOTBALL

- (9) S. O'Connell (Derry)
- (9) S. O'Neill (Down)
- (8) M. Niblock (Derry)
- (8) C. Cawley (Sligo)
- (8) E. Cusack (Cavan)
- (8) J. Morgan (Down)
- (8) D. O'Sullivan (Kerry)
- (7) S. Murphy (Kerry)
- (7) M. Kearins (Sligo)
- (7) S. Lagan (Derry)



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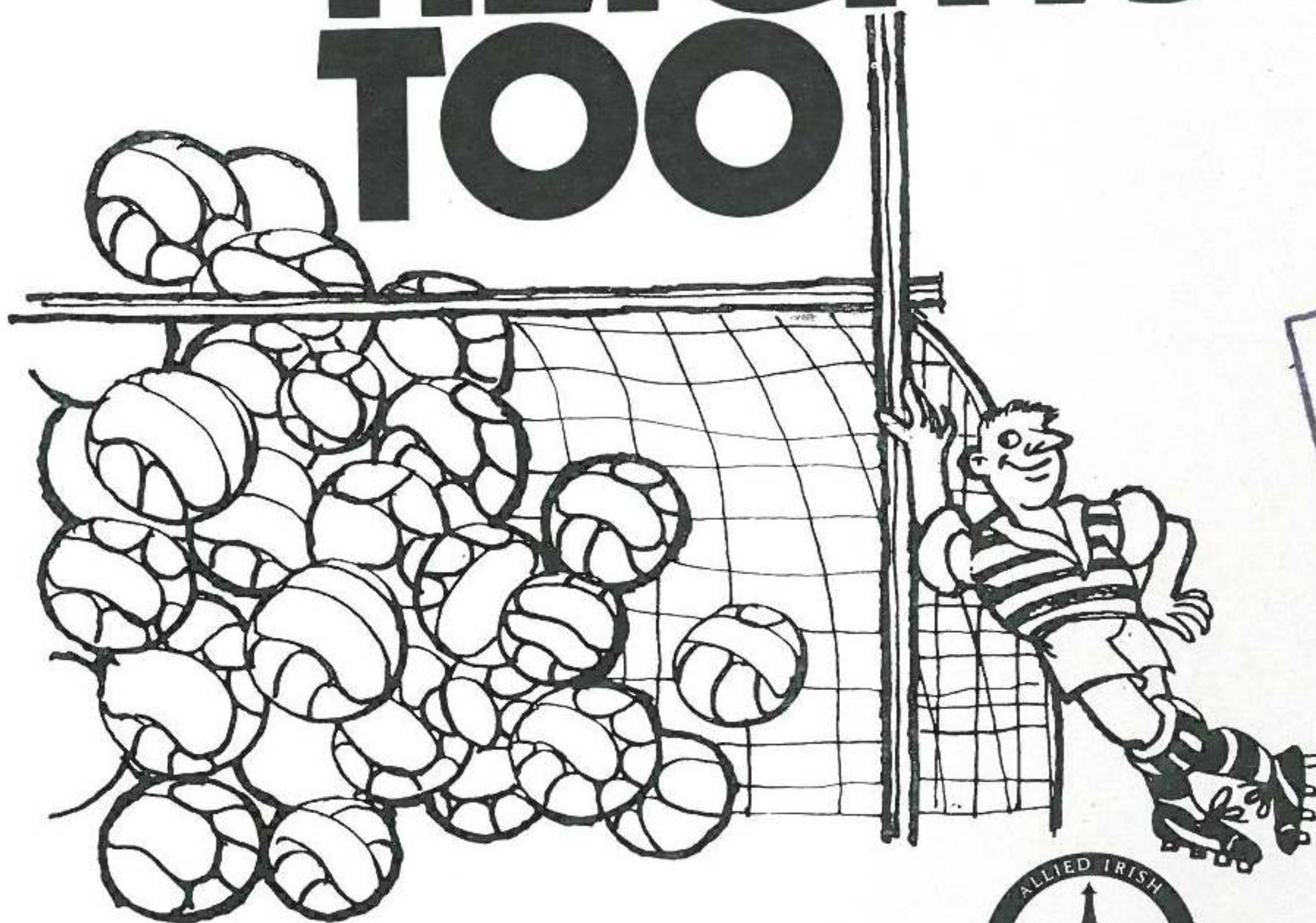
SOLUTION

● FROM PAGE 29

10	21	3L	4A	5K	6L							
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26	I	L	L	S			28	A	L	S	H	

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