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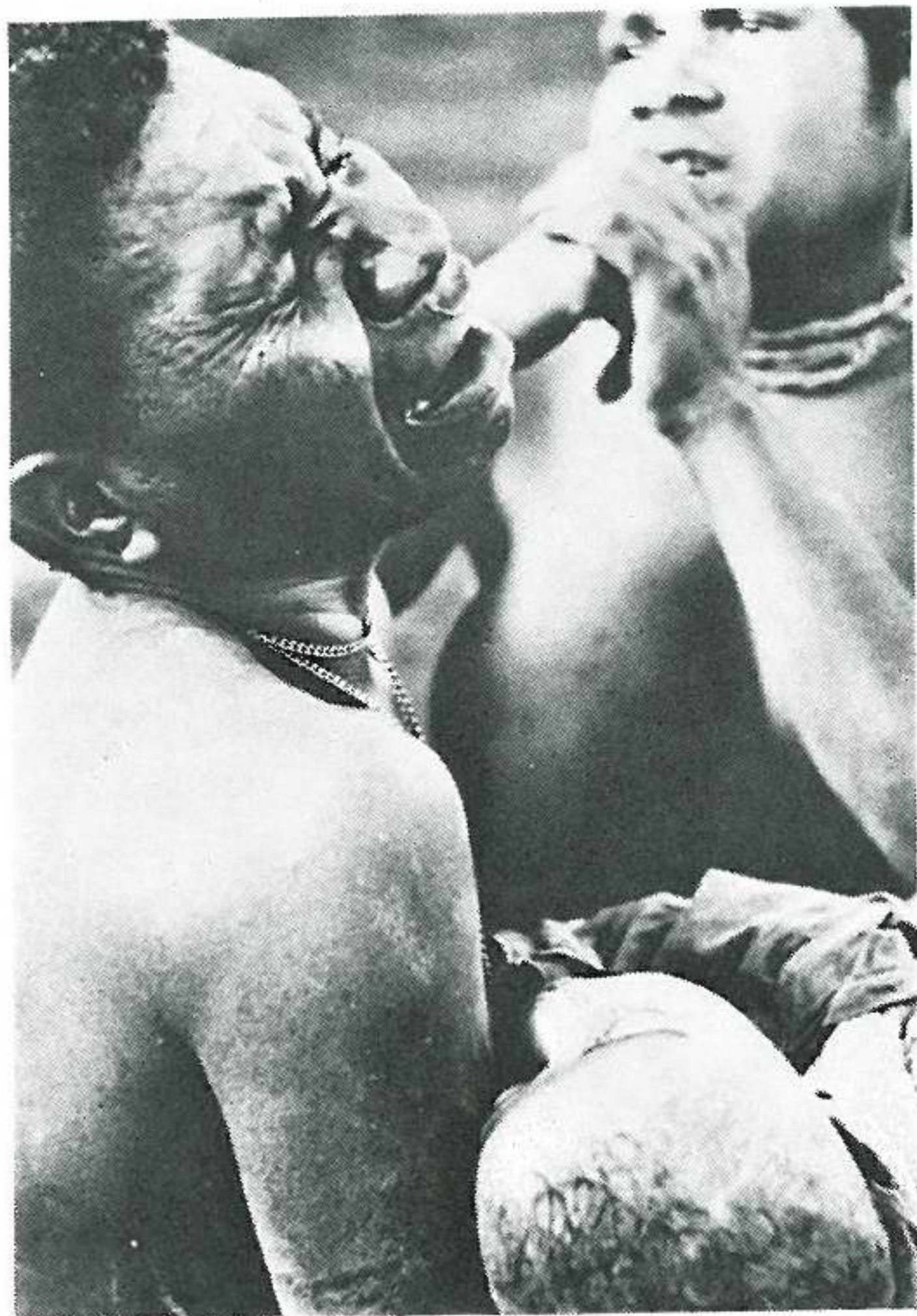
Gaelic Sport

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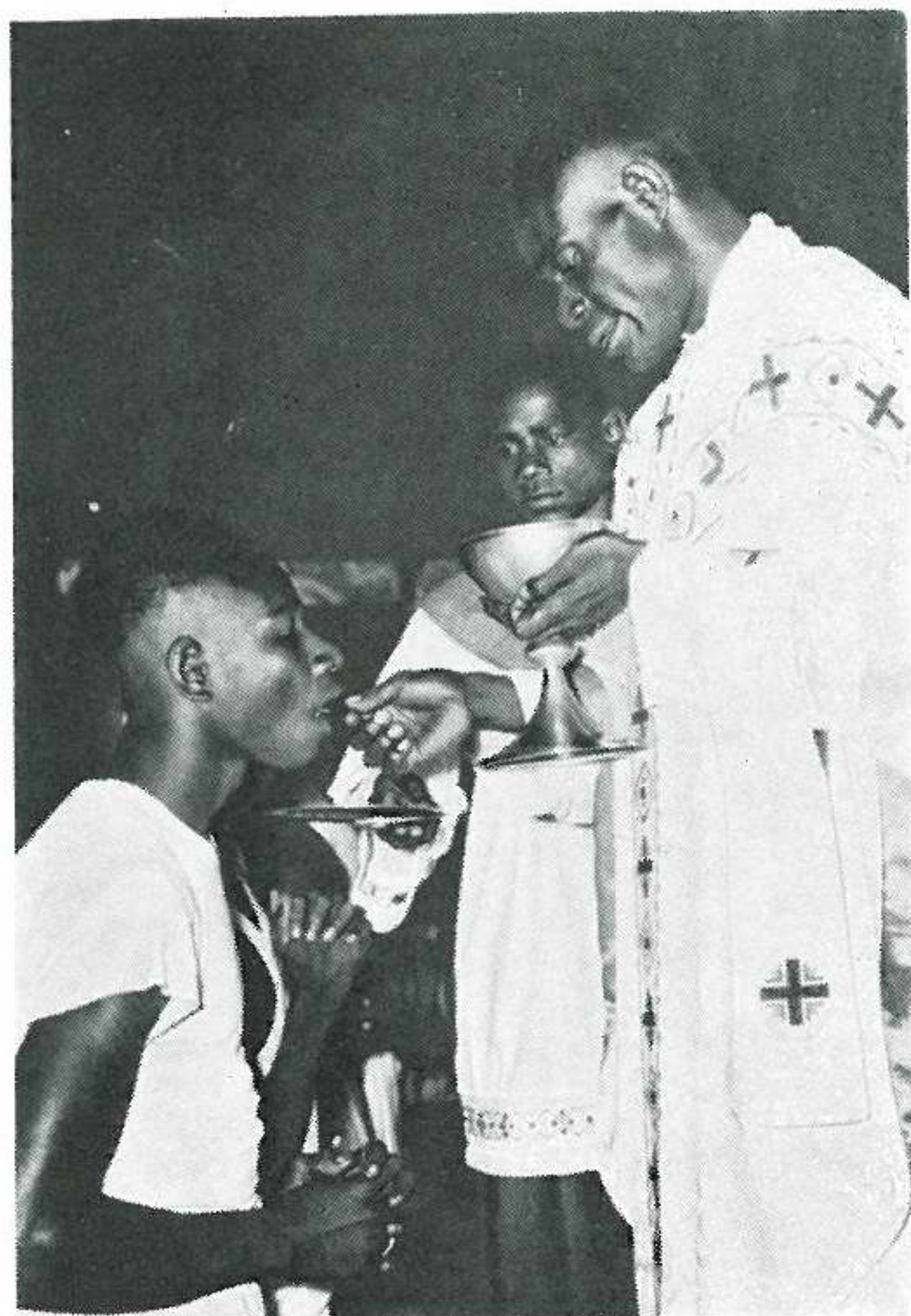
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i bPáirc an Chrocaigh

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in senior and minor football

23 AUGUST 1970 — **MUMHA v. ULAIDH**
in senior and minor football

16 AUGUST 1970 — ALL-IRELAND HURLING SEMI-FINALS

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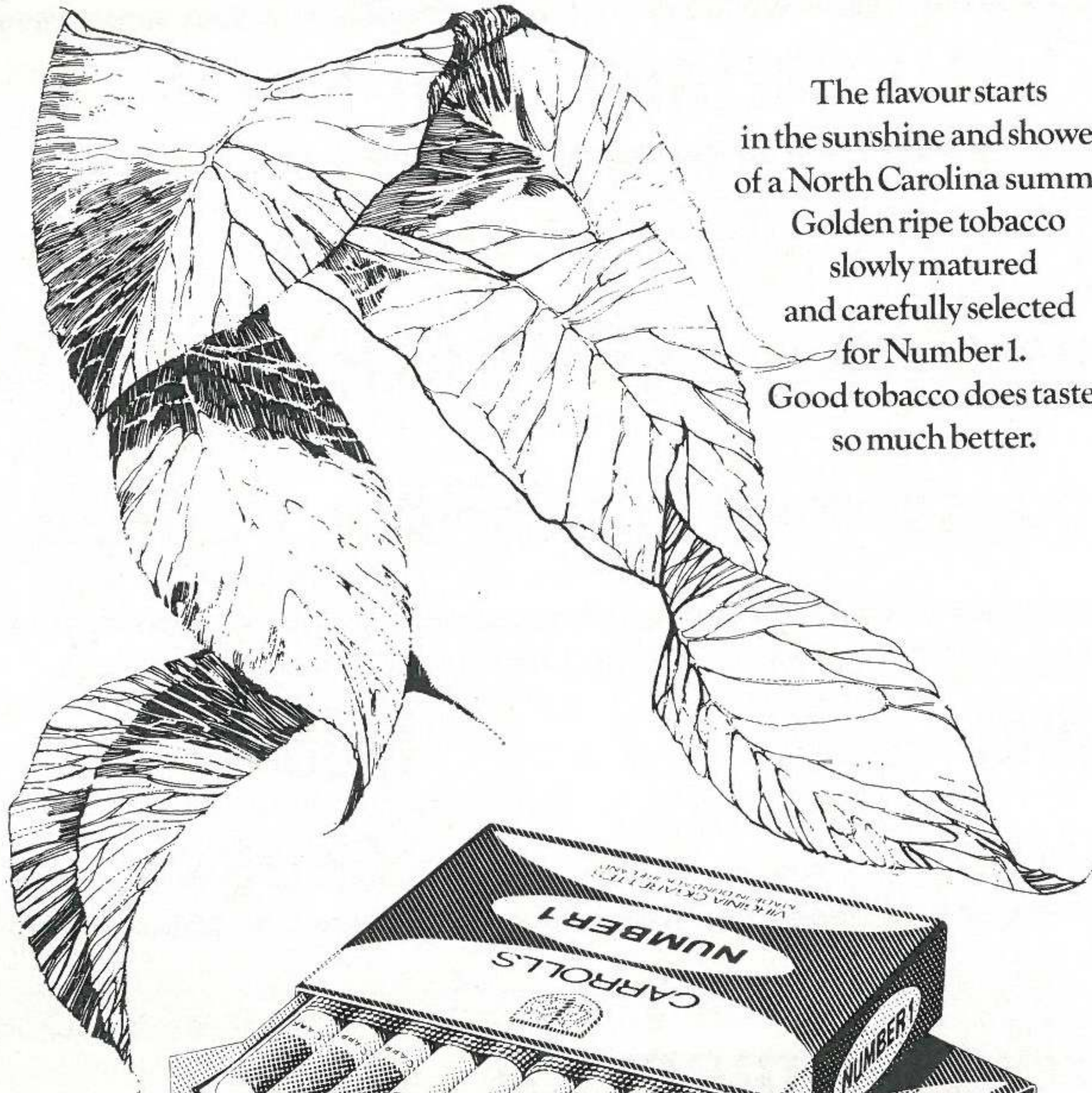
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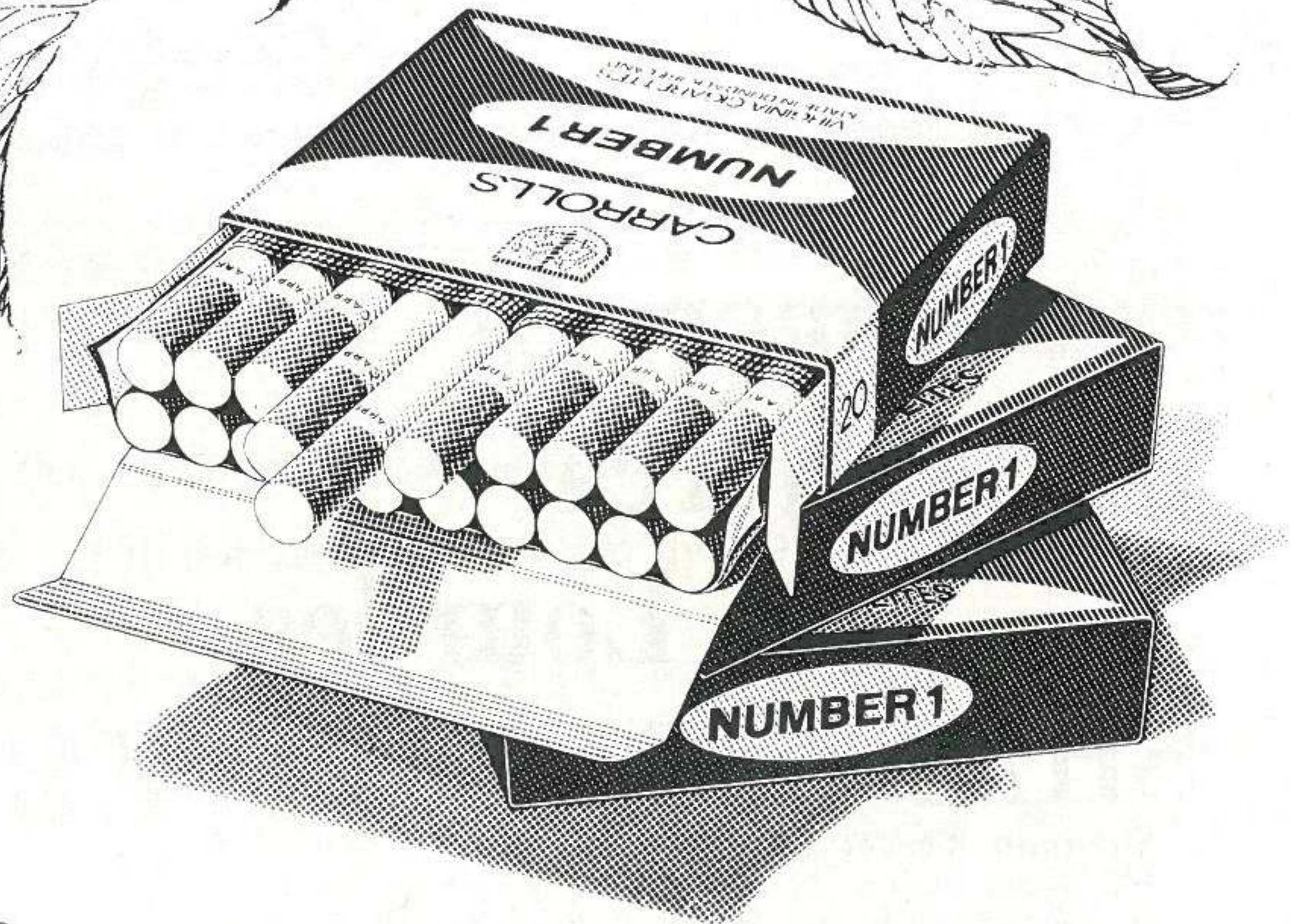
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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 13. No. 8. August, 1970.

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INDEX

	Page
Galway Hurlers Welcome Back to Semi-finals —by Moondharrig	5
A Teenager's Plea	7
An Urgent Job for G.A.A. Planners —by Seamus O Ceallaigh	9
The Genius That was Jimmy Doyle—by Owen McCann	13
Who Purchased Mick's Boots? —by Patrick Carver	15
Let's Not Commit These Sins Against Hurling —by Jim Bennett	17
Crossword	19
Tough Year on Favourites —by Jay Drennan	25
If the League Dispensed Mayo's Dreams it also manufactured their Nightmares, —by Sean Rice	27
More Hallucinations —by Eamonn Young	29
A Survey of Scores and Scorers —by Owen McCann	32
Ag Imirt Pele —le Sean O Dunagain	37
Handball—by Alleyman ...	38
Another Triumph for Old- 'Youngy' —by Philip Roderick	41
Camogie, by Agnes Hourigan	43
Junior Desk—by Jack Mahon	47
Talk of Surprises! —by Eamonn Young	52
Quiz	54

COVER PHOTO

OUR Front Cover picture this month features Kerry's Tom Prendergast being tackled by a West Australian forward, during the Kingdom's opening game of their recent Australian tour, at Fremantle Oval. Tom's tenacious displays down-under earned him the nickname of "Nobby Stiles". A compliment indeed to the English soccer star.

(Picture by courtesy of West Australian Newspapers Ltd. and Raymond Smith.)

PLAY ON, PLAY ON

THE provincial finals have proved that Congress '70 did not err when it agreed to a limited experimentation with the 80-minute game.

The innovation has won widespread approval. Fears that the extension of ten minutes in each half would place too big a burden on players have been dispelled.

All of the provincial deciders played during July have shown that not only were the players capable of meeting the demands on stamina—not to mention will-power and concentration — imposed by the longer game, but that the great majority of them could have continued, without undue strain, for at least another five minutes in each half.

The success of the venture has been assured. Spectators have got outstanding value for their money in more than one of the finals—the Meath-Offaly football decider in Leinster was so fantastic as to be unique — and, having experienced the advantages of the new departure, they are unlikely to stand for a return to the 60-minute game — if Congress '71 were so foolish as to backtrack on their decision of last Easter.

Indeed, there is likely to be a demand for the 80-minute "hour" in all senior inter-county championship games, and probably in the National Leagues as well. Cer-

tainly, from the player's point of view, uniformity is desirable.

True, that would merely extend the spectators' boredom by twenty minutes in many winter League games, but this is a hazard that can be met with equanimity if the summer peaks continue to shine.

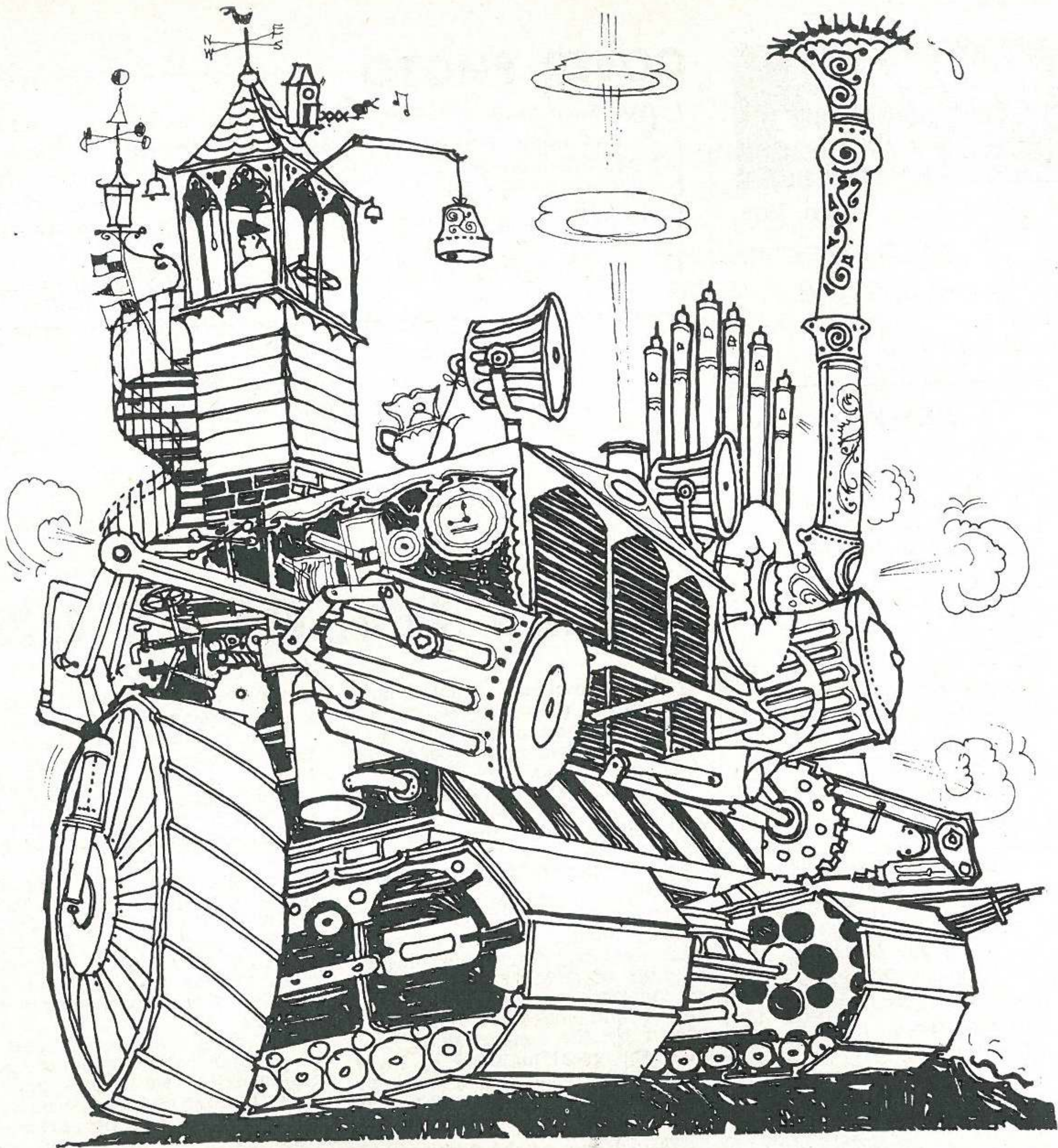
An objection put forward against a uniform duration in all senior inter-county competitions is that two games, sometimes three in summer, are played at most venues and that the programme would consequently run too late.

The simple answer to that is to confine all afternoon programmes to two games and to start the first of these—usually a secondary inter-county grade or club match — fifteen, or even thirty, minutes earlier.

But, apart from the exigencies of crowded fixture lists (aren't week evening games the solution in this regard?) there should no longer be the need to supply an overpowering feast. An 80-minute game is now good value for anybody's money.

Moreover, the winter curtain-raiser invariably makes a mess of soft grounds, leaving the inter-county players—and particularly hurlers—with an additional, and avoidable, handicap.

The winter curtain-raiser should have been scrapped long ago.



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Galway hurlers welcome back to the semi-finals

By **MOONDHARRIG**

AS one who saw Galway hurlers in so many of their great games from 1923 right through to 1958 in the All-Ireland series I am mighty glad to welcome the Tribesmen back out of Munster. I felt it was a sad mistake when they themselves opted for inclusion in the Southern province back in 1959.

It would have been far better then for the hurling game had we gone for the Open Draw in the All-Ireland championship and left the Leinster and Munster title-races go on as separate events. But it is easy to be wise after the event, and we have not yet been wise enough to adopt that open draw.

But to come back to Galway. The first time I saw them hurl, against Kilkenny at Croke Park in the All-Ireland semi-final of 1923, they really amazed me.

I was only a child at the time, and my knowledge of top-class hurling was restricted but I did not believe that anybody could beat the cool, clever hurling of Wattie Dunphy's Noresiders. But Galway just swept them out of their way on a May Sunday at Croke Park, and I was silent in the back of the old Citroen all the long and dusty road home, pondering on the power of men

I had never before heard of, Mick Gill, goal-keeper Junior Mahoney, Ignatius Harney, Bernie Giggs, and the sweetest hurler of them all, Australian-born McGrath.

"All right" said the wiseacres, "Galway beat an over-confident Kilkenny, but let us see how they will handle the Munster hurling of tearaway Limerick."

Well I was there that day too, in the September of 1924, and Limerick were no problem to Galway either as they marched triumphant to their only, never-



Jimmy Duggan . . . who gave long and distinguished service to Galway hurling in the half back line.

to-be-forgotten All-Ireland victory.

But then, Mick Gill for a few years, transferred his allegiance to Dublin, Mick King developed a bad knee, and though they appeared in a couple of All-Ireland finals, Galway, for a few years, slipped back.

They threw away the All-Ireland semi-final against Clare at Ennis in Limerick in 1932. Down around Gort they will still make low-voiced references to Biddy Earley and the white ball.

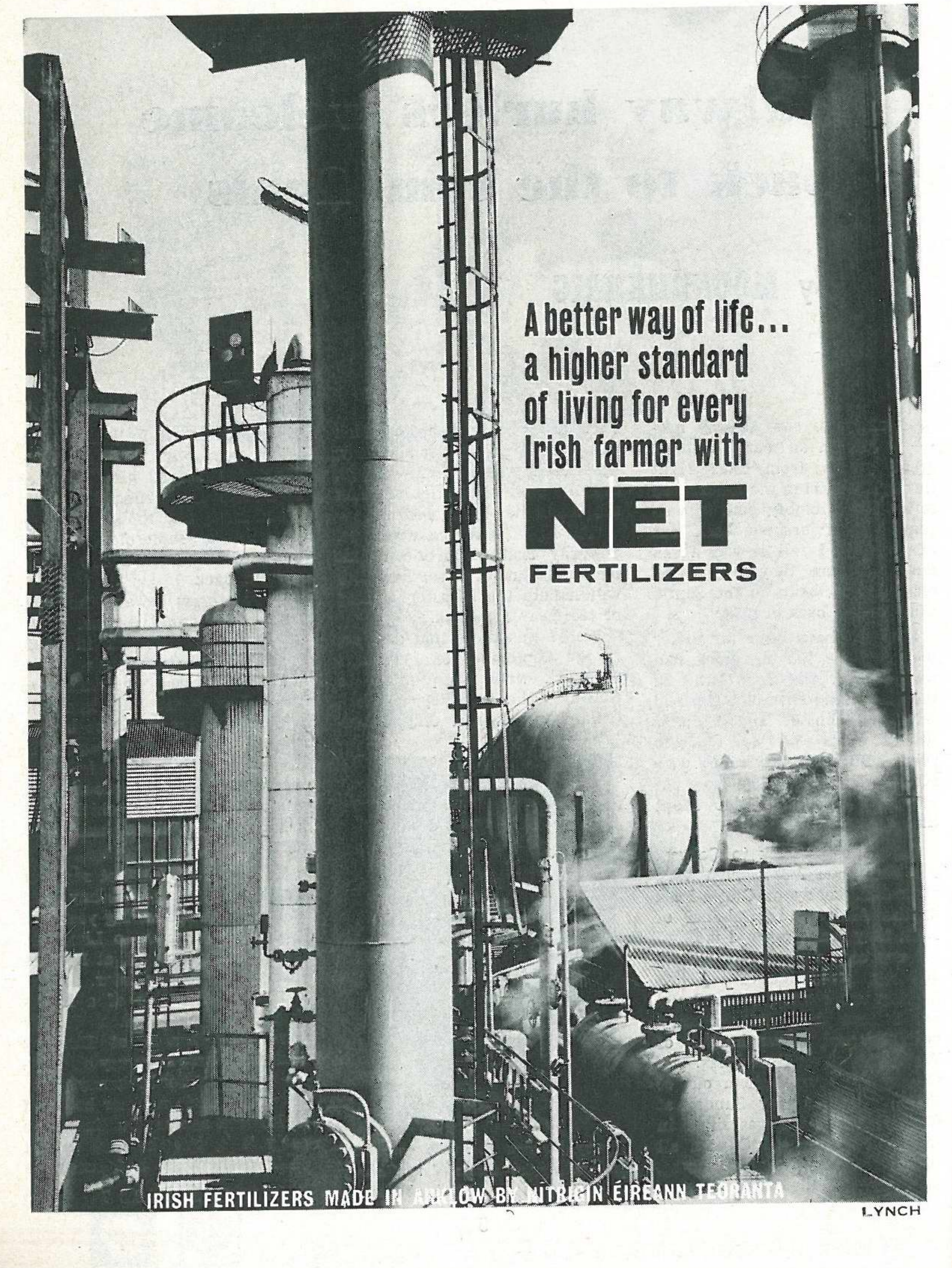
Biddy Earley of course is still very much of a living legend in Clare while that white ball was introduced in the second half, and was the ball with which Clare achieved their almost unbelievable victory.

That match I did not see, but I saw Galway run Kilkenny hard at Birr in the following year and give a fierce game to Limerick, Mick Mackey and all, at Roscrea just twelve-months later.

There was a bit of a hiatus then until 1937, when Galway were only beaten at Birr by Paddy Phelan's accuracy off long-distance frees for Kilkenny.

Galway made another bold bid at Roscrea against Dublin in the early '40's, but the first day of their desperately bad luck was

● TO PAGE 7



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● FROM PAGE 5

against Cork at Ennis in 1944. Galway that day lost by a point a game they should have won, and their luck was even worse against Kilkenny at Birr in the following year.

That game I saw, and it was almost unbelievable that a team so much on top through the field as Galway were, should still retire beaten by a single point.

Again that single point margin was against them in 1947, once more against Kilkenny and once more at Birr and I believe myself that if Pierce Thornton had not broken his leg in the football semi-final of 1946 Galway would have been All-Ireland hurling champions of 1947.

Through the following few years Galway battled hard but vainly in the championship and at last broke through to the final in 1953 when they had a point to spare over Kilkenny and met Cork in the final.

For much of that hour, Galway held the whip hand, with Mickey Burke playing magnificently on Christy Ring. But Burke had to retire injured in the closing stages and Cork struggled through to a none too convincing victory after Galway got somewhat disorganised.

They were again in the final in 1955, but failed to last the pace against risen Wexford, to whom they went down even more heavily in the semi-final of the following year.

In 1957 we had Galway's last semi-final appearance a somewhat unsatisfactory game against Waterford which the men from the Decies won, and then in 1958 they made their last Croke Park championship appearance, against Tipperary in the All-Ireland final.

Again Galway battled gamely but were outgunned, and that day I think they made the decision that for them there was no future in isolation.

A TEENAGER'S PLEA

I AM a young teenager and I am closely associated with a rural G.A.A. club. I am a loyal supporter of the G.A.A. at both club and inter-county level and it plays a big part in my life. But when I ask my other friends "why don't ye like G.A.A. games" they all give me the same reply: "What does the G.A.A. hold for us?"

I have often asked them what do they expect from the G.A.A. Most of the younger G.A.A. followers make out that the G.A.A. is not moving with the times and that at parish level, it does not provide any entertainment, other than games, for the youth, and they also suggest that young people should be allowed into the committees, like in other organisations.

From my point of view, the G.A.A. is very lacking in some parishes, while I would say in my own parish it is active and has plenty of entertainment for the youth.

What I would like to see is much more competitions, particularly for the teenagers from ages fifteen to about eighteen. It is a pity to hear our teenagers speak-

ing out their minds against the G.A.A., generally, and against their own clubs, about matters which could be settled if better relations were established between the club leaders—in rural areas particularly — and the teenagers.

I speak my mind clearly on this matter and I will go so far as to say if something is not done soon about this matter, then rural clubs are in danger of grave decline due to the lack of youth.

Most teenagers would, I know, definitely participate in rural club activities if they were assured that functions of entertainment would be held. Some rural clubs give particular care to functions and outings, while others concentrate too deeply on games and don't provide social life after these games.

So please, club leaders, ask yourselves are you doing the right thing to encourage youth into your clubs. Are your clubs just as active and entertaining for the youth as for the grown-ups? If not please think again.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD
(18 years. Club:
Galtee Rovers)
Bansha West, Co. Tipperary

But the funny thing was that Galway's ten years in Munster never produced a hurler of the calibre of the 1923 All-Ireland team or of the men who came after them down the years, Mick King, the 'maestro', Sean Duggan, Jimmy Brophy, Donal Flynn, Pierce Thornton, Inky Flaherty, "Hockey" Nestor, Stephen and Josie Gallagher, Jim

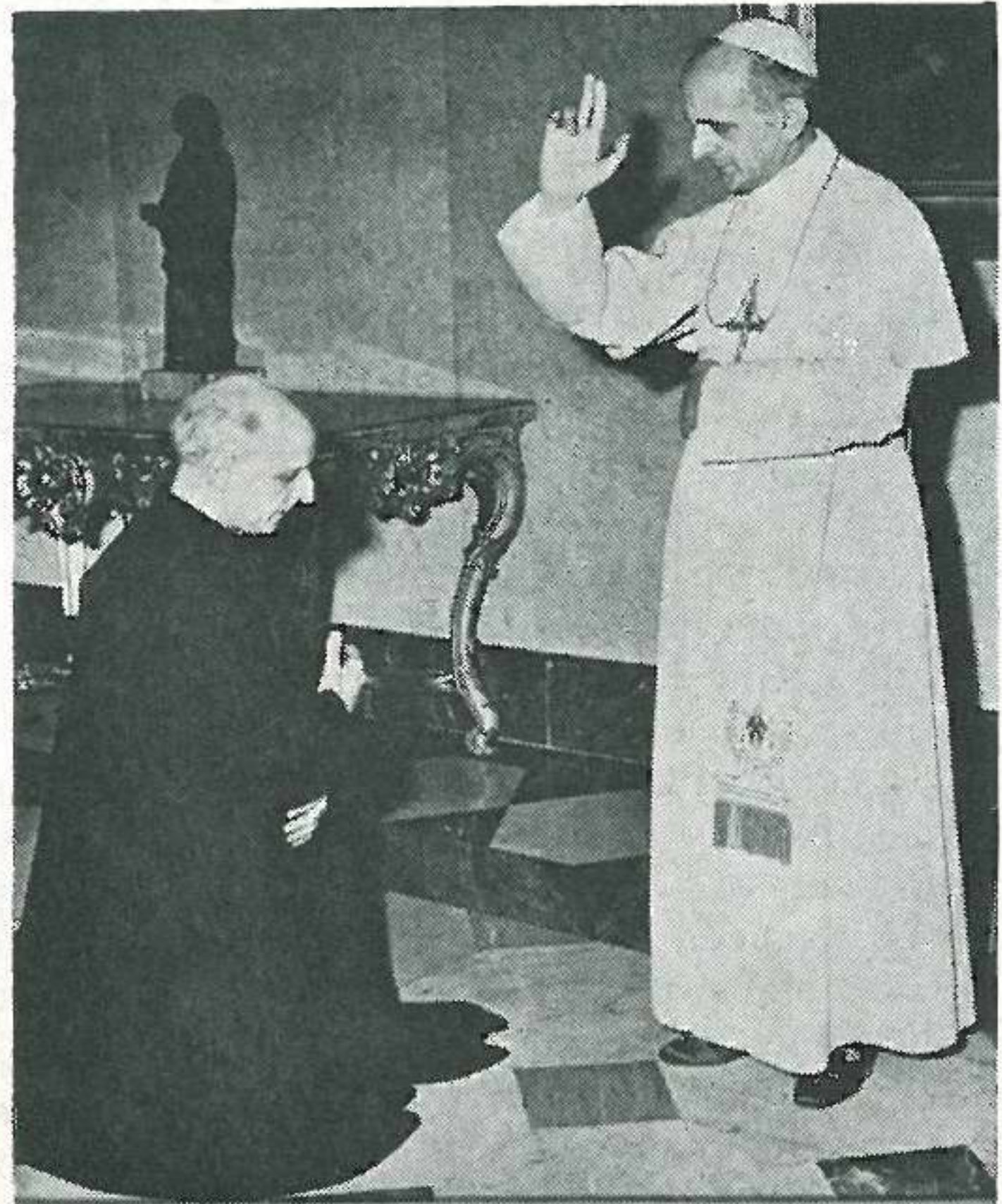
Killeen, Willie Fahy, Paddy Gantly, Jimmy Duggan, Colm Corless, Frankie Duignan, Hubert Gordon, Tommy Kelly, Bernie Power, Joe Salmon, Mickey Burke, Tom Boland, Mike Sweeney, Paddy Egan.

If the return to their own devices gives Galway such hurlers again, who will complain about the change?

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WHAT HAVE YOU TO LOSE? PERHAPS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

AN URGENT JOB FOR G.A.A. PLANNERS

NOTHING is more urgent and vital for Gaelic planners at the moment than the discovery of some means to popularise hurling throughout the country.

The G.A.A. can point to remarkable progress in many spheres during the eight and a half decades since its foundation. But there is the other side of the picture—a glance at which should shake Gaelic legislators from any feeling of complacency. Hurling—which above all others must rank as our national game, and the best team game in the world—is slowly dying.

During the last quarter of a century the Hurling Blue Riband has only rested in five counties, with the leading centres of Tipperary, Kilkenny and Cork claiming nineteen out of the twenty-five. The distribution was: Tipperary (9) 1945, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1958, 1961, 1962, 1964, 1965.

Cork (5) 1946, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1966.

Kilkenny (5) 1947, 1957, 1963, 1967, 1969.

Wexford (4) 1955, 1956, 1960, 1968.

Waterford (2) 1948, 1959.

I admit that championship successes are not the be-all and end-all of the work in any county, and many of our best players never won a championship medal.

However, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that hurling only flourishes in a minority of the counties. A few others can boast of spasmodic spells when the game looked like “catching on” only to fall back again.

In the provinces of Connacht and Ulster, Galway is the only county represented in the Senior Championship. Half the counties of Leinster do not participate.

The sad state of hurling has been referred to time out of mind—but are we getting any nearer to solving the problem? Most committees seem unwilling or incapable of tackling the matter themselves and salve their consciences by hoping the central authority will do something.

With all the goodwill in the world the governing bodies can do very little. It is primarily a job for local endeavour. If every club took up the propagation of hurling as a kind of national crusade—organised teams in schools, streets and factories and got competitions going, the foundations would be laid from which the divisional boards could broaden the work and arrange inter-parish contests.

The solution depends in the first place on the enthusiasm and devotion of the little known men in the towns and villages who are prepared to put a hurley in hands that have not had it before. If they fail us, if we cannot get hurling played from Valentia to the Giants Causeway—the game must die and with it the whole purpose and meaning of the G.A.A.

The Central Council can help

BY
SEAMUS
O'CEALLAIGH

by offering inducements so that hurling may be played in every boys' school in the country.

The putting of a hurley in the hands of every boy attending a primary school in Ireland is a big task, but not one beyond the capacity of an organisation like the G.A.A.

The co-operation of the teachers is an absolute essential and they should be covered against any liability arising through injury or other cause, through the operation of the accident scheme.

The strength of the G.A.A. is based on the parish unit, and now, when the structure is being threatened by the unprecedented drain of our rural youth, the time is surely opportune to focus attention on the necessity of developing the young body in the practice of the national games, particularly hurling.

School boards should operate in every county, and they should arrange competition in the different age groups, from ten to fourteen, restricted to groups of not more than eight schools, the aim being to play the greatest number of games with the minimum of travelling. School Leagues should be played in each group and suitable trophies awarded.

The winners of these leagues, in the upper age group, should play off for the county championship, the successful school to then play for an All-Ireland Schools' Cup or Championship.

Many boys now graduate to secondary and vocational school,

● TO PAGE 11

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OF
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?
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AGAIN**



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● FROM PAGE 9

and much greater effort should be made to induce all such establishments to play hurling.

For the others a serious problem arises when schooldays end, for it is here we discovered a gap the present G.A.A. programme through which most of the leakage to other games can be traced.

There is no doubting the fact that in the cities and big towns particularly, many of our Gaelic playing youth switch over to other pastimes immediately their school days are over.

This frequently occurs because of the failure of our Gaelic legislators to provide suitable and adequate competition for boys in the fourteen to eighteen years age category. A couple of games a year, often with boys three or four years his senior, is not adequate to sustain the enthusiasm of even our most Gaelic-minded youth. And that is all many of them may expect.

Present-day youth cry out for competition, and Boards and councils of the G.A.A. must wake up to the fact that these must be provided, otherwise our young lads will turn to organisations that are only all too anxious to cater for them.

For their own good, existing clubs should take a lively interest in the organisation of adequate competition for the boys under minor age in their district, and sponsor as many teams as practicable, on a street or district basis, to participate in them.

Most of the match-winning clubs can attribute their strength to some school "nursery" which keeps turning out ready-made players who only need a kindly interest, and ample match play to repay in rich dividend.

Hurling has become probably the most expensive of all the popular field games, and the plight of the individual hurlers, faced with the prospect of buying hurleys, most of them of inferior

quality whilst still very costly, cannot be fully appreciated by non-players however sympathetic they may be. In the case of clubs the problem is multiplied many times over and we must face up to the fact that old-established hurling clubs are being forced out of existence or made curtail their activities very materially, through sheer inability to provide the necessary finance to keep teams going.

True, the various councils are doing something towards helping to subsidise the cost of camans to young players in the school and juvenile leagues. What is really needed, however, is an unbreakable hurley and the powers that be must give substantial financial incentive to those experimenting in this direction. We have been assured that it is a distinct possibility, if the proper encouragement was forthcoming.

The ban, too, must be lifted on worthwhile prizes for tournament competition. In the days when bicycles, suit lengths and such trophies could be offered, club hurling was humming. That is more than can be said for it now.

In days when worthwhile inducements are being extended to players to travel to America and play there, those that stay at home should at least be allowed to play for top-class prizes.

The colourful figures are gone from hurling and every effort must be made to get them back. This great game can be saved but only if all, and particularly those in the traditional counties, put their shoulder to the wheel and get a caman into the hands of all our youth.

Fourteen short years from now the Gaelic Athletic Association will celebrate its centenary. One wonders will there be any necessity to set aside the first Sunday of September, 1984 for an All-Ireland Hurling Final.

It is a sobering thought.

TOP TEN

WE are tempted to include in this month's rankings the entire Meath and Offaly teams who made the Leinster football final on July 19 such an epic encounter. With places limited to ten, however, we are forced to choose only a few from that galaxy of stars.

There was a wide field to choose from over the past few weeks, as is reflected in the following lists. The rankings have been compiled from June 21 to July 19, inclusive.

HURLING

- (10) D. Martin Offaly
- (9) W. Murphy Wexford
- (9) M. Roche Tipperary
- (9) P. Wilson Wexford
- (8) P. Delaney Kilkenny
- (8) W. Walsh Cork
- (8) P. Nolan Wexford
- (8) M. Graham Limerick
- (7) D. Ryan Tipperary
- (7) C. Roche Cork

FOOTBALL

- (9) V. Lynch Meath
- (9) P. Donnellan Galway
- (9) A. Brennan Meath
- (9) K. Claffey Offaly
- (9) N. Colleran Galway
- (8) M. Kerrigan Meath
- (8) W. Bryan Offaly
- (8) D. Coughlan Cork
- (8) M. Keating Tipperary
- (8) D. Earley Roscommon

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THE GENIUS THAT WAS JIMMY DOYLE

OWEN McCANN

*Recalls the scoring
feats of the ace
Tipperary marksman*

JIMMY DOYLE "grew up" in the inter-county senior hurling sense with my scoring statistics. It was only a couple of years before he started punching home the goals and points so expertly in the top grade in 1957 that I introduced these records to Gaelic sports journalism.

The Tipperary man was there from the very early tentative seasons, then, and with his consistency and high-scoring feats, he quickly helped to give an exciting dimension to the charts. As the years moved on, and his razor-sharp finishing edge put him in a special class among the game's finishers, he opened up avenues in scoring returns that I had not even dreamed of when I first rather unsteadily pioneered the way.

So, his decision to stand down from the inter-county ranks was a double-blow to me. Apart from his retirement writing finish to the displays of hurling magic that we all admired so much for so long in inter-county competitions, the book-keeping chore has lost much of its appeal and expectancy. Looking back now over the years, it seems that with Jimmy Doyle around there was always some noteworthy record to watch out with keen interest for.

The many scoring achievements to the Thurles Sarsfields hurler's credit, and his consistent dominance of the charts during his career naturally prompts the burning question: was he the greatest of them all in the match-winning art of finding the way with machine-like efficiency to goal?

The old-timers, of course, have

their heroes, and will parade many great men right back to the mighty Andy "Doorig" Buckley, of Cork. Some say he scored from six to eight goals in Cork's win over Kilkenny for the 1903 All-Ireland home title!

In my own time, score-taking was but one feature of the game's many skills that Cork's legendary Christy Ring honed to such a fine art, while Nick Rackard (Wexford) proved himself one of the most dynamic finishers of them all in the 1950's when the general standard of hurling, it is probably true to say, was at its highest peak. Then, there is Eddie Keher.

It is difficult to get an acknowledged yard-stick with which to measure true greatness. But surely an outstanding factor in this regard must be the ability of a player to shrug off an unnerving experience in the earlier stages of a match at the highest level, and go on to nobly help fashion a win with high-quality play, and spot-on finishing?

I remember Jimmy Doyle passing this test to my own satisfaction at an early enough stage of his career. The match was the 1959-60 National League final, in which he had to compete with the artistry of Christy Ring, and at the Cork Athletic Grounds to boot. Cork were leading coming up to half-time, and Doyle had some moments earlier had a free which he shot low for goal cleared, when he completely missed from a close-in free off the ground after failing to lift the ball.

Far from unsettling the Tipperary ace, he came back in the second half with a display of

progressive hurling, topped off by the scoring himself of six points.

It speaks all the more for Doyle's great qualities that he won high praise that day from so many in the face of the powerful opposition that was provided by Ring, who had a brilliant game, and also scored 3-4. I would rate that match one of the real high-points in Doyle's career, even though he had many more much more successful games score-wise—his full tally for the 1960 League clash was 0-9.

Another factor in Jimmy's favour is the high-scoring rate he maintained over such a long period. It will be generally agreed, I feel, that an over-loaded calendar a stronger competitive element as regards games outside of the Championship and the more demanding training sessions imposed greater pressures on hurlers in the 1960's than in any other decade in the history of hurling.

Yet, although his career was dogged by injuries, Jimmy Doyle still proved himself the master competitor. He was hurling's busiest campaigner (Christy Ring played just over 100 games in the nine-year period 1955-63), and he averaged the wonderful score of 6.77 points a match, most of the games being during the demanding 'sixties.

In all, the accurate Tipperary sharpshooter played 178 games as a senior ranging through all the various competitive games, and the Railway Cup, and scored 113 goals and 867 points (1,206 points). This is 544 points more

● TO PAGE 14

● FROM PAGE 13

than Ring scored in that 1955-63 era, and also works out at a slightly better match average for Doyle. The great Cork man's match score was 6.62 points for 134 goals and 260 points (662 points).

These figures, with particular reference to that match total of

over six points, put into striking relief Jimmy Doyle's worth to a team as a chance-snapper. And during that great career he scored in all but four games!

Like the great score-grabbers of the past, Doyle could win a match virtually off his own hurley. One remembers his 2-10 against Wexford in a challenge game at

Thurles in the early days of his senior career in 1958, and another score of 2-10 put up again at Thurles in an Oireachtas Cup semi-final with Kilkenny in September 1960, the highest scoring hours of his career.

There were other noteworthy individual scoring achievements

● TO PAGE 56

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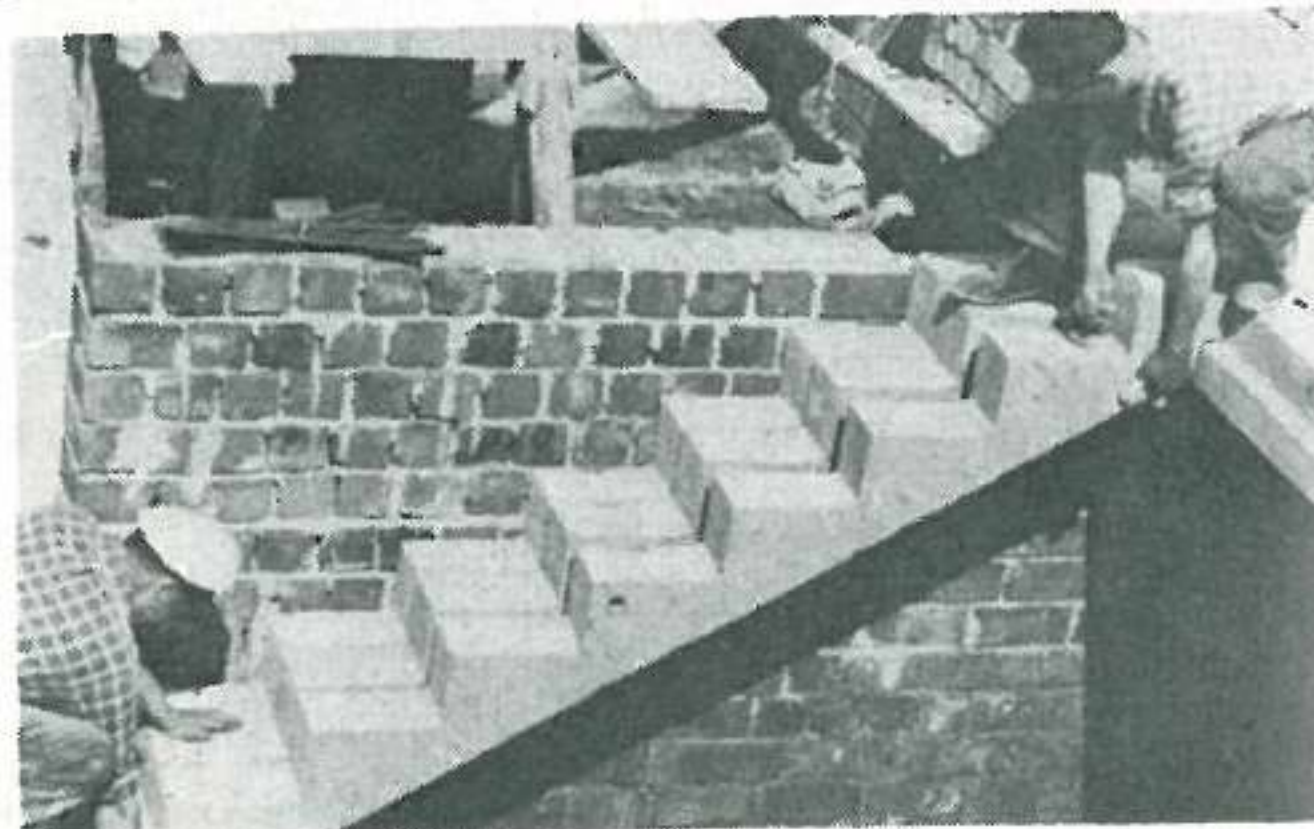
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*Mick O'Connell*

WHO PURCHASED MICK'S BOOTS?

I DON'T know about you, but I laughed my head off when I read it.

There you had the Kerry selectors worried as to whether or not Mick O'Connell was going to turn out this season.

He was playing in club games, of course — but that wasn't the same. No one knew for certain what might happen when the Munster championships came around.

As the world knows, Mick O'Connell is a delightful law unto himself. And Kerry's selectors are never too sure when they have — or when they have not — got him.

But Mick let them know in a way that was typically his own, one that gave everyone in Kerry a good old-fashioned laugh. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

He didn't send a message to the selectors. All he did was to insert a small advertisement in the "Kerryman".

"For Sale — One pair 1969 football boots. Size 8½; good. Owner has bought new pair. Apply Mick O'Connell, Valentia Island."

A rather neat touch, I thought —and pure Mick O'Connell.

Limerick made a bold bid to stay in the Munster hurling championship. They survived a first round draw with Clare, won the replay and then on the third successive Sunday of play, they gave Cork a first-class fright in the semi-final.

It was a little sad to see them disappear, particularly when they worked and trained so hard this year in their bid to get back up to the top.

But, one thing, at least, that beating by Cork did, it gave midfielder Bernie Hartigan the chance to step back into track and field again, a sport in which, with time, he could so easily be one of the finest weight-throwers in the country.

For several years now, Bernie —and to a lesser extent his brother Pat — has been caught between Gaelic games and athletics and so far the Gaelic games have always come out on top.

After the drawn game against Clare, this year, I remember asking him whether or not he would

compete in the track and field trials for the European Cup and he admitted to me that while he would travel to Dublin for the trials, he had not put in as much as one hour training with either the hammer or the discus this year.

And the sad part of it, is that he could be so good with the discus, if he just put his mind down to it for a few months.

He can throw comfortably up around the 150' mark—and remember that was the Irish record up to a few years ago — but nothing is more certain than that he could reach 165' with even a fair amount of hard work.

With Limerick now out of both the hurling and football, I hope that we will see a little more of the two Hartigans in athletics this season.

Congress this year gave their blessing to the short or quickly taken free in Gaelic football.

But it seems to me that the news has not quite percolated to some of our referees yet. And there have been times over the past month when I wondered just how can a player take one of these quick frees with profit.

For argument's sake, how can one take a quick free when the ball is still in the referee's hands?

And that precisely is what happened not just once but several times during the two Leinster senior football semi-finals at Croke Park recently.

One particular instance I recall clearly happened to Longford at a time when they were struggling desperately to get back into the game against Offaly.

Offaly fouled near the middle of the field and Longford's Jackie Devine raced back to take a quick free. But, lo and behold, the referee picked up the ball and walked forward with it—not back

● TO PAGE 16



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● FROM PAGE 15

with it—and carefully placed it on the ground for the free.

By this time, all hope of a quick free was nullified. The Offaly men had gone back into marking positions and any profitable advantage for Longford was gone.

As I said, this happened several times and, in fact, I also noticed another extraordinary thing during the Meath v Kildare game which again worked completely against the potential advantage of a quick free.

Kildare were penalised and a Meath back came forward and took a quick free. The referee immediately blew for a stoppage and ordered the Meath man to bring the ball forward by at least five yards to where the foul had been committed. This in my opinion was a ridiculous decision.

After all the Meath man was penalising himself—in regard to distance—by taking the free well behind where the foul had been committed. But by taking it from there and quickly, he was turning a penalty into an advantage and the referee should never have penalised him a second time—and that, exactly, is what he did.

I think a little get-together to discuss the quick free might not do some of our leading referees any harm.

Someone once said that other sports have officials but the G.A.A. has "mentors".

And lately, I'm beginning to wonder where all the mentors come from?

There must be thousands of them, if one is to judge by the number of them who have a compulsive urge to gallop on to Croke Park and every other ground in Ireland, at the slightest indication of even a mild injury to a player.

At one stage during the Offaly-Longford replay at Croke Park last month, I counted eight mentors on the field at the one time

● TO PAGE 56

LET'S NOT COMMIT THESE SINS AGAINST HURLING

THE All-Ireland hurling championship should be a competition, in the strict sense of the word, otherwise it is nothing. But, what we have seen this year only in spots could be described as very competitive. The Leinster championship seems to have narrowed itself down to such an extent that Dublin are a total wash out; the other fringe counties could hardly put out a decent intermediate team between them, and the only question needing to be decided was whether Offaly could spring one on the big two—Kilkenny and Wexford.

Offaly did very nearly catch Kilkenny bending last year, and they certainly caught Wexford with their rear-end undefended. But, this year's events helped es-

tablish the fact that they will not make the grade when their opponents are prepared for the onslaught. It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the fact that Leinster turns out to be little more than a test match each year to see whether it is Wexford or Kilkenny who will go ahead to the All-Ireland series.

Munster was always the tit-bit of hurling; it was what kept the game live and exciting even when things were black elsewhere, by making the championships into something which put some zip into the scene right from the beginning. A first round in Munster used to be equivalent to a premature All-Ireland final. It is only a few years ago when Tipperary and Waterford were the two outstanding powers in hurling, and when they made their first championship appearance against one another in 1959, it was as good as the decider of the All-Ireland—barring accidents, everyone knew that the winners could go on to win the championship. And that is just the most potent of recent examples that come to mind—there have been plenty of others.

Now, look at Munster. Clare faced Limerick at Thurles—poor crowd, poor hurling, little bite, even in the circumstances of a close scoring game. The replay, in Limerick, right in the heartland of both contestants, was miserably attended, and the hurling could only be said to have descended to the same level as the conduct—and that was bad enough for anything.

Meanwhile, Tipperary and Waterford were engaged in the semi-final of the provincial championship. You would have thought it was 1959 all over again, with the All-Ireland at stake, to observe the manoeuvrings of the

powers that be in both counties before the venue was decided upon. Cork was chosen—imagine it, in a game which Tipperary would need to have their right hands tied behind their backs to lose. The public showed the fixture the contempt it deserved and a handful of enthusiasts endured the inevitable. Worse, the gods even did not feel sympathy for them, because it came on to teem rain in the middle of the first half, and soaked everyone to the skin long before the game had “dragged its slow length along.”

All right, so it could just have been one of those years when all games seem to lose their edge and the public becomes apathetic. But, that, surely, does not excuse the planned destruction of credibility which the All-Ireland semi-finals must mean. It appears to me incredible that anybody could think of putting Galway and the British champions straight into these semi-finals, without a sniff of the form or the competitive pace of the championship, and opposed to teams emerging from Munster and Leinster, and, therefore, of necessity, geared up to deliver their best. It is murder. Murder most foul! Murder, not only of the chances of Galway or London making some kind of forward steps in technique and skill, but, worse still, murder of the game of hurling.

How can the discrediting of the validity of these semi-finals be anything but bad for the image of hurling? What good is there in having matches which are nominally semi-finals, and which, I suppose, fill a logical gap, if they are viewed by a few masochistic thousands in an atmosphere redolent of the death-cell.

● TO PAGE 19

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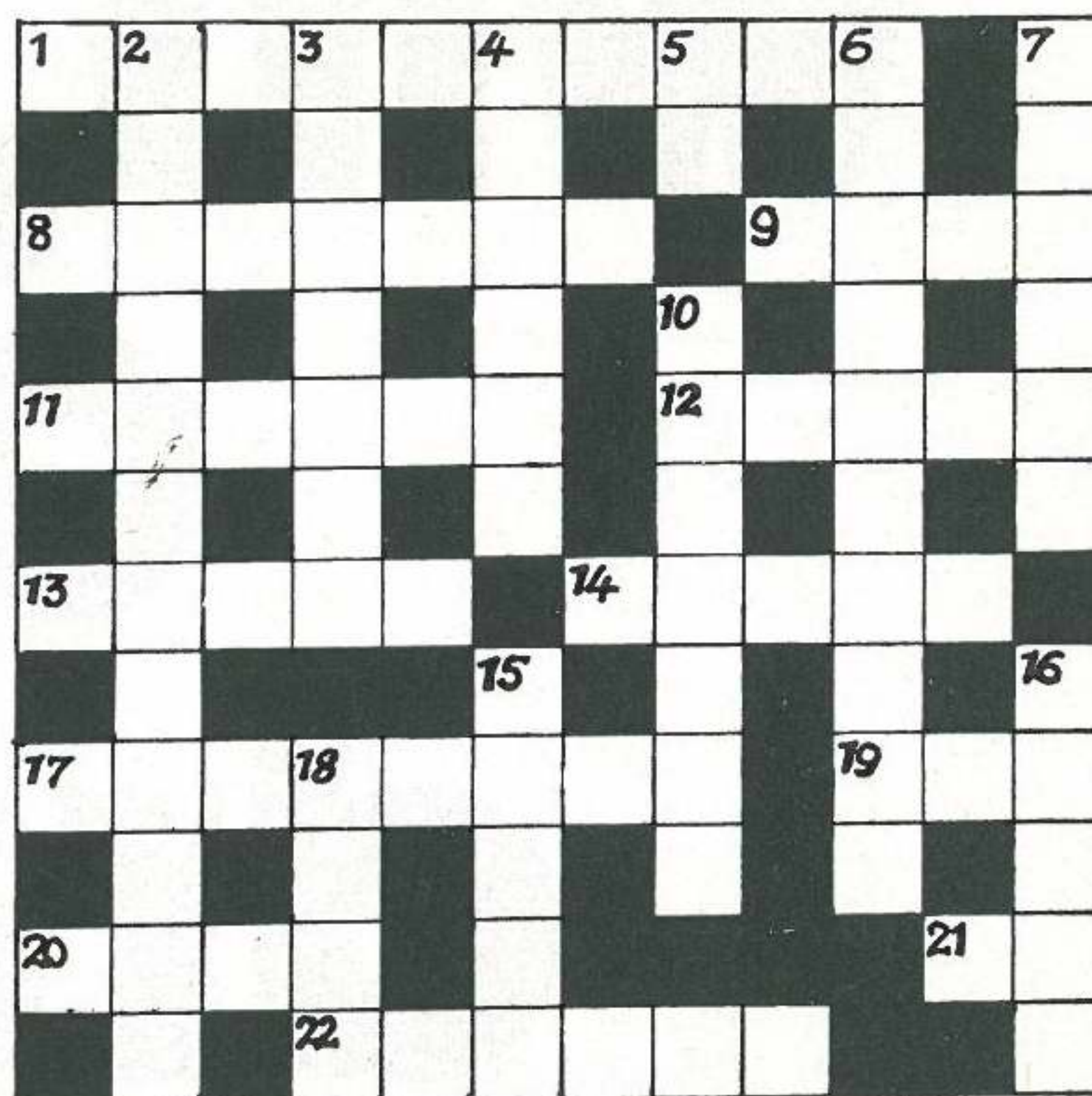
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CLUES ACROSS :

1. A little man, but a fine Tipperary goalie of 25 years ago. (5, 5)
8. Bent art produced by ex-Armagh full-back. (7)
9. Care would be necessary to acquire this piece of land. (4)
11. Consistent Down defender ends by lending money. (1, 5)
12. Cork full-forward on occasions in the 50s. (5)
13. Tessa, when contrary, becomes a worthwhile possession. (5)
14. Discoveries — players of potential suddenly come to notice. (5)
17. League champions of 1947? (8)
19. Erin's — — a prominent Waterford club. (3)
20. Leap forward to make an appeal. (4)
21. System of election used by the G.A.A. (1, 1)
22. Chairman of Connacht Council until this year. (6)

CLUES DOWN :

2. Sister Beril becomes an overwhelmingly superior opponent. (12)
3. Centre-forward for Wicklow footballers. (1, 6)
4. Tipperary-born Kilkenny All-Ireland winner. (1, 5)
5. Dublin and Laois midfielder. Initials. (1, 1)
6. His fielding brought gasps from Croke



7. Thoughtful and smart play for which you almost need a cleaver. (6)
10. Kerry-born Cork hurler of great scoring reliability. (1, 6)
15. Grins appear at this indoor game played in many clubhouses. (5)
16. North Eastern team will make an effort even when turned about—to send their request for admittance to a competition. (5)
18. Johnny is a Leinster corner-back who captained his county to near-success last year. (4)

SOLUTION : PAGE 56

● FROM PAGE 17

I have always backed London's claims for admission to the All-Ireland championships; it should do them good, and certainly would give them the only possible further incentive for improving their standards. But, not at the semi-final stage, but rather the first round in the

championship of one of the provinces, or each one alternately, or in a separate "province" of their own along with Galway and the Ulster championship winners. It is with a degree of reluctance that I would accept the latter alternative, but anything would be better than nothing, and it would give the winning team

from that group some sort of familiarity with the big game atmosphere.

Worse still, this year, there will be eighty minutes of one-sided slaughter to endure instead of the standard 60 minutes of last year. I say, it is a disgrace; that overall it can do nothing but harm to hurling.

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Everybody wants to win... nobody wants to lose and a draw means that you have only a fifty-fifty chance of surviving next time out.

Life is exactly like that; everybody wants to win but remember the old saying "It's tough at the top." The only sure way of getting to the top for you

and your family is by starting a regular savings plan and sticking to it. So get into training now... put something aside week by week or month by month and no matter how the team fares you'll always be on the winning side.

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START SAVING TOP RAVING

FROM time to time we read in the newspapers comment about the "state of the economy". We read reports of speeches of Ministers and others connected with the world of finance. The general tenure of all these is that while the country is in a sound financial position things could well get worse if certain measures are not taken. Hence appeals to save, to "Buy Irish", etc.

But what few of us realise is that by sitting back and doing nothing we are actually helping to make things worse. Many may ask, "But what can I do?" or "Isn't it the business of the government to sort things out?" We are all aware of the various means by which the government raises money to keep the administration of the country going, to finance various development programmes — provision of better health and educational services, improving agriculture and thus helping exports, setting up new industries and helping in the ex-

pansion of existing ones. We also know that each and every one of us pays in one way or another for these essential services, as well as for the provision of jobs, for ourselves, our families, relatives and friends. We do this by paying income tax, turnover tax and excise duties on such things as liquor, petrol and cigarettes. Many people adopt the attitude — "Isn't the government getting enough out of me?" and sit back and let things happen, either for better or worse.

But there is a very positive way in which **everyone** in the country can help, and that is by contributing more of their money to savings institutions. By saving, you are investing in your country and making your own future and that of your children more secure. You are actually "lending" money to the government, which helps to keep the

country in a sound financial condition, which increases its status internationally and thus helps our vital export markets; you are helping the various development programmes which provide the amenities which so many of us take for granted and which make the country a better place in which to live.

You may very easily argue that, "After all, how can I possibly save any money these days when I pay so much already in taxes?" It may seem a strange paradox, but, steady increases in saving would help to lessen the amount of these taxes so many of us complain about. And you will not have to suffer in silence while you contribute to the National Savings effort, for all forms of government saving guarantee your capital, which means that you will get back whatever amount you put in, and in addition will be paid interest on your money. So you

● TO PAGE 23



● Alexander Gysiatnikov of Russia receives An Cumann Luth-Chleas Gael Trophy from Pádraig Uas. Ó Fainín, President of the G.A.A. after the finish of An Rás Tailteann in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, on Sunday, July 5, 1970. Gysiatnikov, who is the first Russian to win the trophy, also retained the race-leader's jersey throughout the race.

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SAVING

● FROM PAGE 21

are helping yourself as well as your country, by putting aside regular amounts for the "rainy day" or any major commitments, such as marriage, buying a house, the education of your children, retirement; and the money you save is actually earning additional cash for you!

There are government-guaranteed ways of saving to suit all tastes, all pockets and all age groups. They all have one thing in common—absolute security. There can be no loss. Rates of interest vary from 4% up to 8%, depending mainly on the length of time money is tied up. Income tax exemption in whole (as in the case of Savings Certificates) or in part (as in the case of savings bank deposits) is an important factor to be considered when selecting a savings medium. In some cases money may be withdrawn with ease and without delay and this facility will appeal to many.

People save for different purposes and for different lengths of time so that the needs of each person varies with his or her circumstances. The National Savings Committee at 72-76 St. Stephen's Green, can let you have a free booklet—10 SAFE WAYS TO SAVE—setting out the salient facts about the various Government-guaranteed savings media. This will help you to make a selection.

The Post Office savings services offer a choice of ways to save safely and profitably. There are different schemes suited to different ages, different purposes, different goals. And while your money is in the Post Office not only is it safe and quickly withdrawable when needed but you have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not being used for someone else's private profit

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There are Savings Stamps at 6d. and 2/- to make it easy to start saving. You can open a Post Office Savings Bank for only 10/-. Savings Certificates can be bought for as little as £1. And Investment Bonds come in £10 units. There are different attractive features about each. And tax concessions which are valuable when you're an income tax payer. Full details of all these schemes are set out in separate leaflets which you can get at your post office.

You can reach your goal only with the help of Saving. Saving means self-discipline and self-denial. You must stay with it. It needs guts. And the time to start is always NOW.

Saving is vitally important to the development of our country but many savers are unaware of the fact that the small sums of money which they "put by" every week or every month have far wider implications than the benefits which accrue to them or their families. Personal saving on a regular basis—even a couple of bob a week—becomes a habit which is hard to break.

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Basic human desires are constantly urging us to seek a higher standard of living. Savings expand the national pool of capital from which the country draws to develop her industries. The more we save the more money becomes available for the setting up of new industries—ensuring a more prosperous Ireland for our children in the future. On the other hand, if the rate of saving declined, economic development would be seriously cut back and this would ultimately lead to increased taxation. Voluntary saving through Government-guaranteed securities such as the Post Office Savings Bank, Investment Bonds or Trustee Savings Banks, etc., means that not only are we lending money to the country but also we are getting good interest rates on the money. It can be seen then that saving is in fact practical patriotism, improving at it does the lot of our fellow workers and that of the entire country.

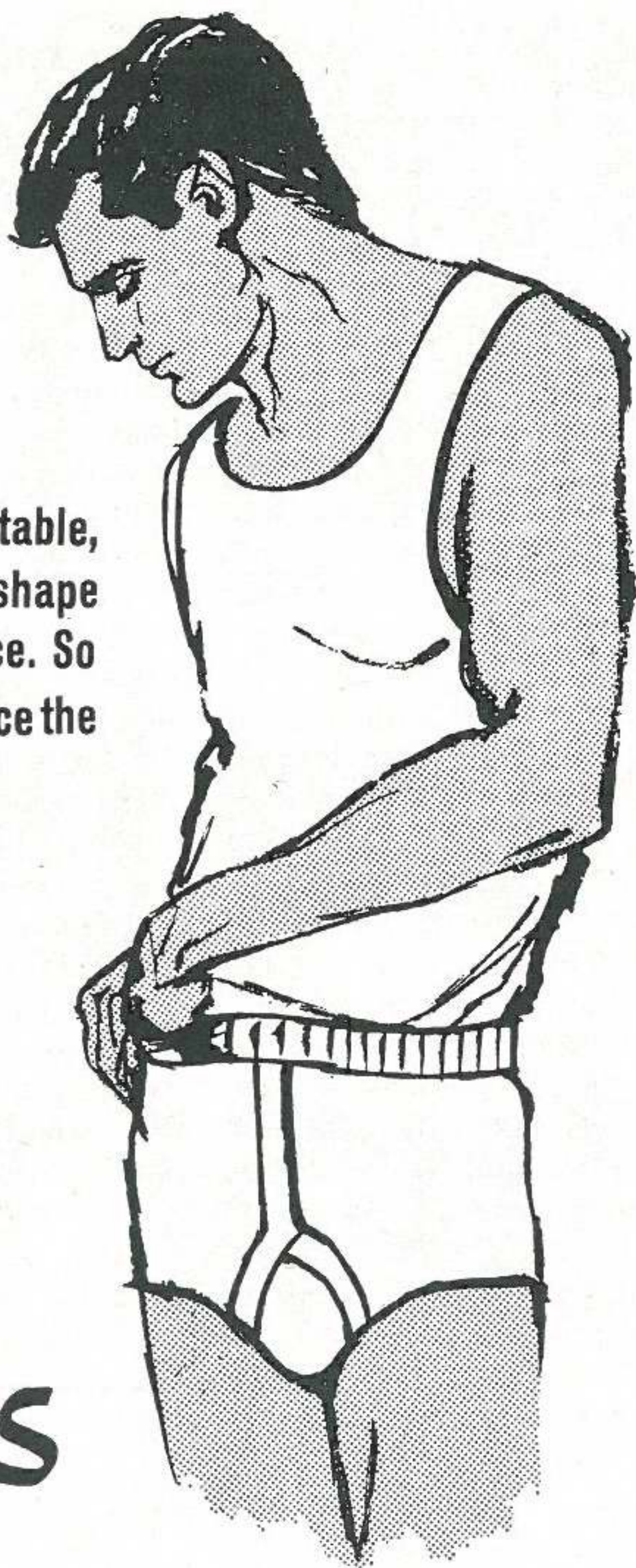
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TOUGH YEAR ON FAVOURITES

THIS has been a tough year for favourites in the football championships. As I write, the bookmakers' lists have been blown asunder, and a lot of punters have surrendered their long-term favourites for more realistic, if shorter-term, ones. Before coursing, there were hundreds who could not hear of a defeat for Mayo in this year's championship: the League victory had convinced them; and an illusory brilliance against an impoverished Offaly in Wembley gave what appeared to them as certain proof.

I think it is a pity that Mayo made such a hasty exit, for their quality in certain respects is undisputed. There is, for instance, a style to their concept of the game of football which is exciting and refreshing. The difficulty is that it is anything but secure, and as long as I can remember Mayo they have been playing sweet football and losing most of the time through sudden lapses of form or overemphasis

on the stylishness of their approach. When they met their doom against Roscommon it was on a wet day and when faced by vigour and fitness and constant harrying—combinations of events which have never helped Mayo to give of their best.

The thing I regret most is that this could be a severe blow to the future prospects of this team's success. Of course, they are, in the majority, young and with long life in football before them. But, some of them are not, and these have been important key-men in the side; men who formed the link and enabled the absorption of so many of the younger brigade a couple of years ago. Prendergast, Carey, Morley, Langan, Loftus—that is a formidable backbone in any side, and, if the truth be told, most of these are still the men who power the side in its better performances.

The greatest danger, I suppose, is that the team itself, or its followers, would lose the confidence which had been built up

over the last year, and which was a pretty tenuous thing because of past failures to realise the obvious potential in the side. Perhaps, in a way, the worst thing that happened them was the "glorious" and over-sung victory over tired Galway in 1967. It pitchforked them into a higher bracket of expectation before they had really sweated their way into that bracket.

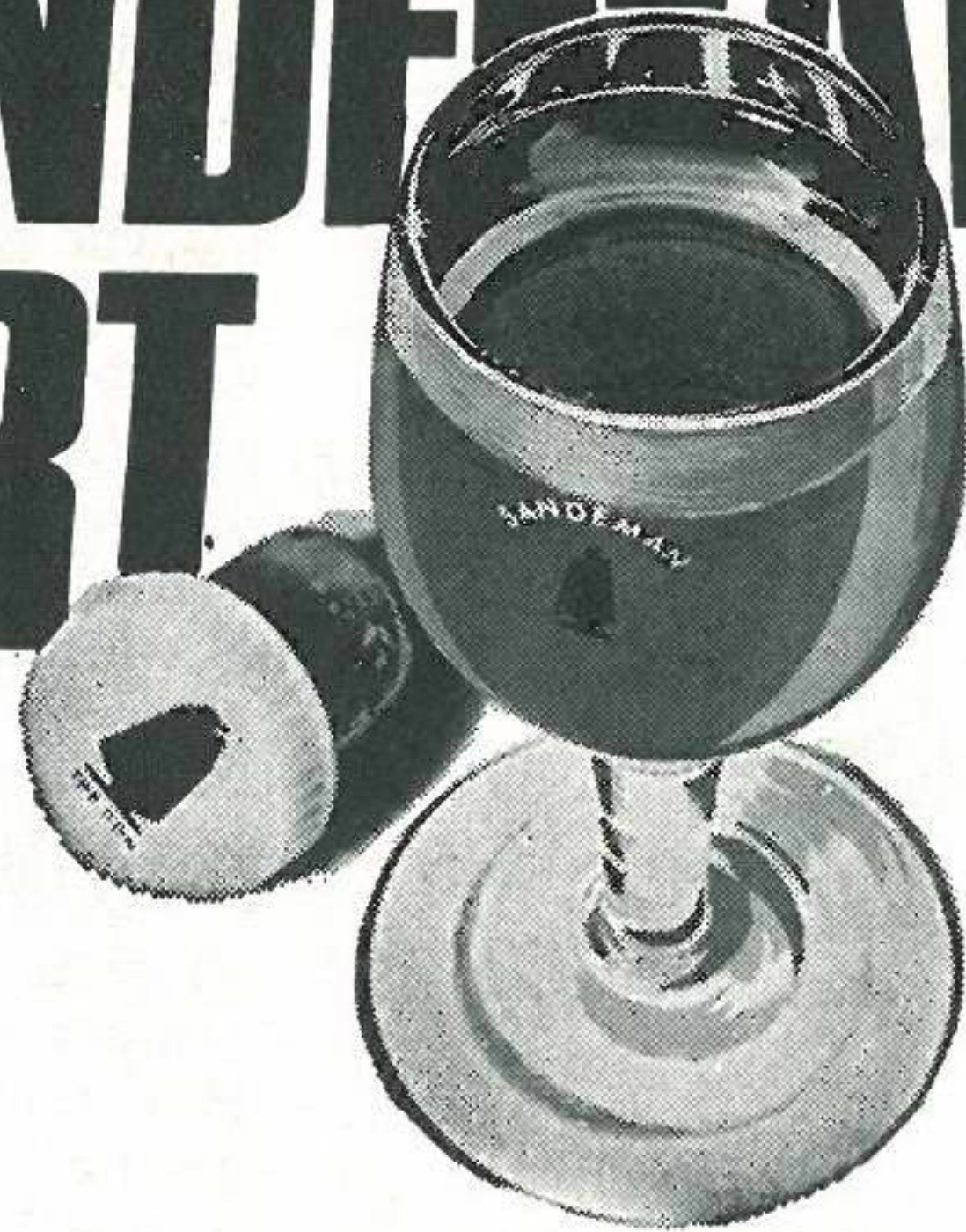
I said I was sorry to see them out, and I would be even more sorry if they did not come again stronger than before. Mayo always have a touch to add to the football pie that gives it a particular savour.

The fall of Down was quite a shock to some, but I was not too put out, nor, I am sure, are Down men themselves, on mature reflection. Antrim have (like the man who sells insurance) shown their endurance. Their difficulty was not so much a realisation of potential as of managing to string together enough inspiration and confidence in themselves to carry them to a notable victory. Furthermore, there are many good reasons why we should be pleased for their success, mostly because further failure could have had a blighting effect on a side which showed plenty of good qualities. Under-21 All-Ireland success last year was an encouragement, perhaps, which may have contributed mostly to their emergence this year as noteworthy challengers.

What bothers one about Down is not that their senior side failed; they never did consolidate on that brilliant All-Ireland victory in 1968; the younger stars never showed the qualities of character which the 1960 group possessed; and, on the day against Antrim, they were beset by injury, migration and loss of form. Much more disturbing is the fact

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● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

that Down were eliminated in the first round of every championship this year, and that their minors took a pulverising beating at the hands of Derry. The danger signals read "Beware". A recession in Down, for however short a period, would be a disaster at the present time.

Cavan have finally had to "eat crow" at the hands of Derry, and it took a long time for the power of tradition to lose its sustaining qualities. It may be a blessing in disguise for Cavan, for they have picked up something like the last half dozen of their Ulster championships, not on their present merit, but on their traditional power in the past. The facts speak for themselves; Cavan have been a total failure in the All-Ireland series in all those last championships, something which could never have been said for them before that.

It may seem like a ridiculous paradox, but when they were best they were foregone conclusions for the Ulster title; and when they have been challenged for that title they have been less than their best. Is the solution of the riddle somewhere in the heavy hoodoo they have seemed to cast over Derry and Down, in particular? Time and again the outspoken view of the Cavanmen has been borne out: "We'd want to be very bad not to be able to beat Derry and Down". Indeed, it was only when they were pretty bad that they failed to win Ulster.

They came to the All-Ireland series and lost conclusively; the year before or the next year Down came through and played stunningly well. How can you explain this except in terms of the grip of tradition. Perhaps the smashing of that grip would be the best incentive for Cavan to recover their old glory—when they have to win Ulster on merit alone.

***If the League dispensed Mayo's
dreams it also
manufactured their nightmares***

By SEAN RICE

IF any team bore the mantle of prospective All-Ireland champions a few months ago it was Mayo. They had performed so convincingly in the National League final against Down, and later against Offaly at Wembley, that a 20-year span of championship failure seemed certain to be bridged.

Their potential had long been expressed. Mayo were the form team. That National League win had evoked a spirit of confidence that at last seemed to weld together the team's glistening links. It was the Spring of a new decade and a new era in Mayo football, or so it seemed.

For if the League dispensed Mayo's dreams it also manufactured their nightmares, and the lesson is too late for 1970. The shocks of that fall to Roscommon at the first hurdle of the championship are still reverberating throughout Ireland.

How did it happen? Were Roscommon that good? Were Mayo lulled into a false sense of security by reports of Roscommon's unimpressiveness against Leitrim in the first round? Were Mayo's earlier victories as worthy as they then appeared or were they simply off form?

It could have been a mixture of all.

Roscommon knew it would take a performance transcending anything they had previously given to beat Mayo. They were not without hope. They had caught Mayo napping before and with the League champions still intoxicated by success Roscommon's opportunity was ripe.

They had nothing to lose. Just as Kerry and Offaly and Derry and Down loomed unshakable over Mayo in the National League so did Mayo over Roscommon in the championship. It was the confrontation of this formidable challenge that stirred Mayo into preparation and defiance — and ultimate success in the League.

Roscommon faced that type of challenge against Mayo. And reinforced by the ebullience of Dermot Earley at midfield, they succeeded.

Mayo's problem was in preparation to try to hone their edge to the same degree of sharpness as in the League. When one loses the edge after a spell of peak fitness the effort to regain it is doubly difficult.

But their appetite for football had disappeared. They looked a sorry sight trying to stem Ros-

common's enthusiastic tide. Where once each player followed every opportunity there was now a reluctance to go for the ball at all; it was as if they hated the very sight of it.

This was magnified midway through the second half when Mayo took a 3-points lead, and looked then like gaining the upperhand. Had they been as sharp as say in the game against Offaly at Wembley they would not have allowed this lead to be pared away.

Instead Roscommon chipped away at their hollow defence until it caved in like an empty paper bag.

Roscommon will not take an All-Ireland title this year, Galway seen to that! But their day is not too far away. Seven of this year's team are current under 21 players. They have not gathered sufficient experience yet, although their All-Ireland title in 1944 was gained at the first attempt outside the province in many years.

They have, though, in Dermot Earley, a footballer of rare talent. And when the raw edges of the others are sanded, all of them together will bring new hope to Roscommon.



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IT ALL BEGAN WHEN PELE PLAYED IN GAELIC PARK

I NEVER liked this pitch in Malta. They went all highfalutin' about it. There was a lot of talk by the northern teams about the burned grass in Brazil so the Maltese, this year 2000, covered the floor of their World Cup pitch with rubber and then laid on it a carpet of synthetic grass that would make the mouth of a Kerry cow water.

Then they brought in this rain-aversion, by which they can simply turn away the dropping moisture electronically and rain never falls on the pitch. It's the same as having a glass dome over the whole area. The stand holds one hundred thousand, but the close-net television around the place in the halls and bars looks after as many more.

I often slip back along the tricky road of memory to the start of the World Cup in Gaelic Football. I think it was 1970, and the big soccer games in Mexico that did it. They were all moaning in Ireland because the kids were out there banging the ball around shouting about Tostao and Bobby Moore who were great men of the time. The G.A.A. had its back to the wall they said and the crowds weren't turning up.

I think it was that time that Kerry O'Donnell, never short of a bright idea . . . he was an easy-going Kerryman, knew him well, . . . he invited Pele the great Brazilian to play Gaelic in New York where he turned out with a Kerry football team that played Cork. Christy Ring (you know all about him), he turned out to mark Pele for a laugh, and Christy never laughed in his life about such things, and we had a great day. I was invited over to throw in the ball because I wrote such nice things about John O'Donnell. Anyway the place was full of mad Brazilians and madder Irish and the thing caught on. Pele was terrific and a wonderful man to meet the gang.

So in Wembley the cute Irish got a hold of Bobby Charlton and did the same. Then the thing became fashionable. Many more great players played guest Gaelic football, for there are mad Irishmen everywhere and deep down maybe people were disappointed at the lack of real excitement in soccer as shown in that very skilful World Cup of 1970, where six hundred million people got an overdose of it.

Ireland's entry to the Common Market brought a further interest in Gaelic games and Europeans generally, after they had seen that nobody was going to be slaughtered, raved about

hurling. Come to think of it, weren't we mad not to realise how great was a game that had stayed alive in a remote island for a few thousand years.

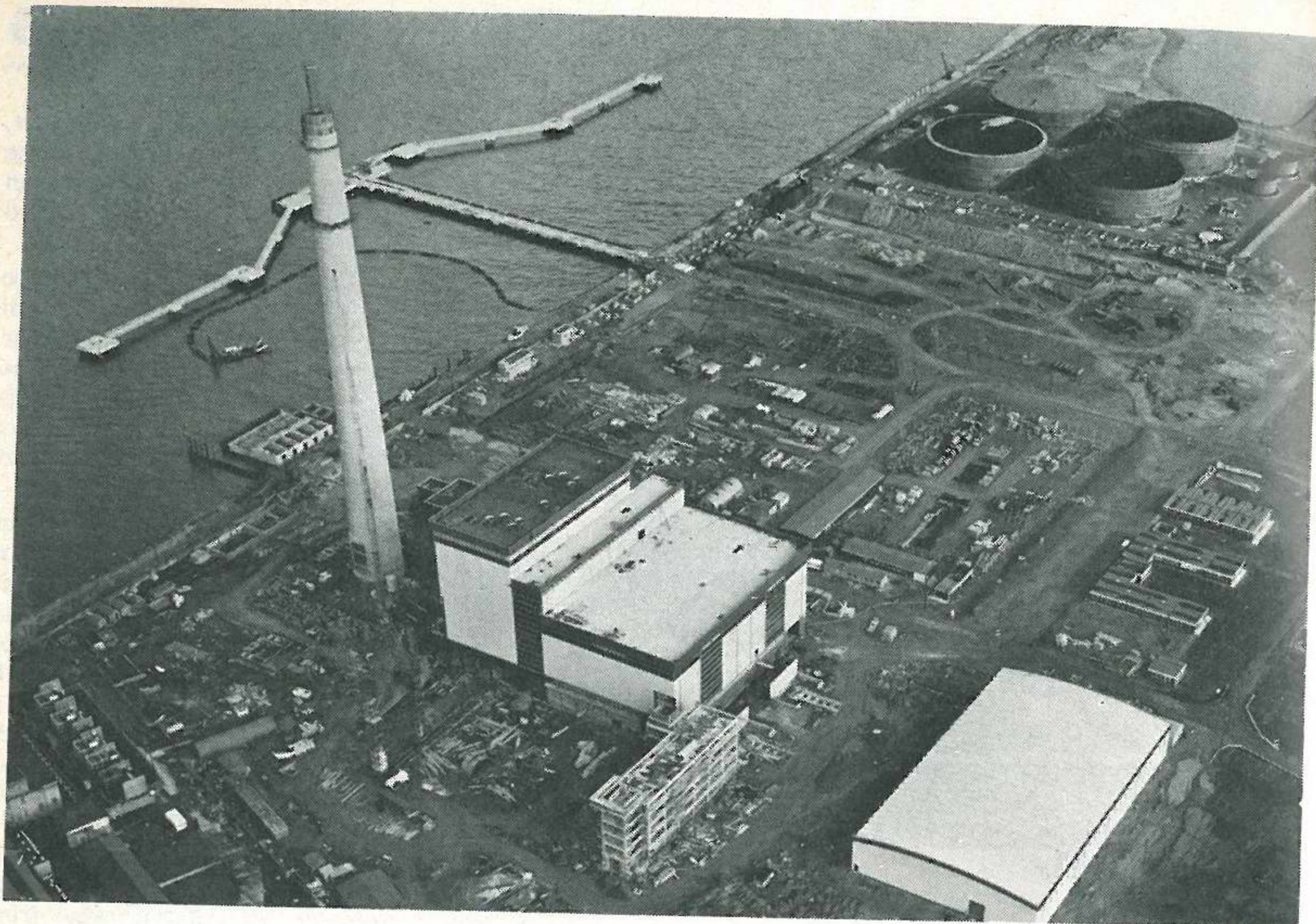
But everyone suddenly took to Gaelic football. An intellectual said the only comparison he could make would be with the spread of the amour courtois (coortin' in the kitchen to you) of the Renaissance days. In fact his opinion didn't matter.

Gaelic was played in France, in Germany, in Sweden and in Italy. Bit by bit the soccer men took it up and just as Christianity stepped into the shoes of paganism in history, so the high fetch and the long kick gently replaced the header and the ball along the carpet. Australia was already in or nearly, so there was international competition ready made. The remarkable thing about this revolution in sport however, was that it came from the top down and not from the grass roots up. The G.A.A. had always relied on the parish and the lads of the village. I'm convinced that it was Pele himself that started the Gaelic Football World Cup . . . and John Kerry was another Michael Cusack.

So the countries got interested internationally. There was money in it and prestige and just as England in the soccer we got the father and mother of a hiding from everyone including the Nigerians who were trained by Irish priests anyhow.

Some of the other countries made a great fist of it. The Watusi of Sudan, able to jump five feet in a standing jump destroyed everyone, but they wouldn't score in a fit. The Japanese tried a fast one when they built in springs to their boots but the little divils went bounce-

● TO PAGE 31



The E.S.B. Pigeon House 'B' generating station now under construction at Ringsend in Dublin

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POWER FOR PROGRESS — PROSPERITY FOR PEOPLE

● FROM PAGE 29

ing all over the place like men on trampolines and they couldn't score any more than the Watusi.

It was in the Cup of 1990, ten years ago that Con Flynn's grandson from Dunmanway — Con played in the All-Ireland of 1897—beat them with three great goals from the square. I'd say all of them were from inside the square, but they said the Pakistani referee was married to a woman from West Cork.

The Swedes built in receivers to their players' ears in the 1985 quarter finals. They were playing the Filipinos . . . a simple bunch of people. The Swedes started flying, but they found it all hard to understand on the sideline. You'd find it hard to understand too if your entire forward line stormed down the field and kicked the ball into your own net. Then they did it again. By that time the Swedes had found out that the simple Filipinos had monitored the Swedish signals and reversed them. The intelligent men from Scandinavia never recovered. Which shows you what I always said: games are no place for brains.

Lima, Peru, has the finest city team in the world and Peru is

about the best country. It started when Fr. Paddy O'Brien of Ballyneen got moving with his Indian football team out there on the Cork mission. Half the players are still called Paddy.

I often wonder how our great players John Joe Sheehy, Mick Higgins, Padraic Carney, Paddy Prendergast, Sean O'Neill, Sean Purcell, Neally Duggan, Paddy Driscoll . . . and the many others would get along to-day. I think they would beat anybody. But then I'm getting old and at eighty-five I'm losing a touch of my speed.

The war did a lot to mould humanity, to bring us back to our senses and to show us that nationalism that sets a man at his neighbour's throat is the work not of God but of the devil. But I must stop preaching.

We have the twenty-four foot goal from soccer and it's better. The goalies have to work harder and the crowds like it. But I don't like the second bar at the top of the goalpost twenty-five feet off the ground, introduced because a grandnephew of Brendan Nestor's kicked a long high ball from fifty yards to beat a side from Turkey in the last minute. More power to him.

We'll have to get that out of the rule book at the next Congress in Vienna. Wouldn't be a bad place for a week-end. God be with you Sean Og and the few quid you used to give us at the Gresham in the fifties.

So Malta it is this year. Apart from the pitch which in all fairness is fine, though I don't like it, the whole place goes en fete for the money rolls in. The idea of an island venue is supposed to be a good one, for thousands literally thousands of boats of all kinds, from the ketch to the luxury liner anchor near the shores and those little collapsible helicopters you can carry under your arm can lift half a dozen people ashore and back any time. From the air you'd think the island had simply added a big circle of land to its perimeter. But there you are.

Time for me to go to sleep now. Tomorrow will be a long day with seven games one after the other. The crowds, the old friends, the comradeship and the pride in being Irish. And yet I still see Jim MacKeever in Derry's red and white sweeping up there to take them out of the rainy clouds that wept above Croke Park in the days of our youth.

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PUT UP MORE FLAGS!

WILL this month's All-Ireland Senior Football semi-finals see any marksman turn on a display of power shooting to at last fill a notable void in the exciting story of the outstanding individual scoring achievements of modern times? No forward has set up a really spectacular scoring barrage at this particular level of the football series since 1955, and, indeed, in the past decade, the highest score recorded by any finisher was ten points.

This is modest enough when measured against the Championship record of 5-3 shot by Johnny Joyce in a resounding win by Dublin over Longford at Mullingar in 1960 in the Leinster Championship. But when it is remembered that teams are invariably keenly matched in the national semi-finals, and also that the tensions are generally greater than in most of the preceding matches, it is understandable enough that the scoring wizards have not exercised their talents in truly dazzling fashion.

Paddy Doherty set the pattern of the 'Sixties when he scored 1-7 for Down in their drawn semi-final with Offaly in 1960. The Bachelor of the Scoring Science from Ballykinlar scored his goal from a penalty kick with a left-footed drive some eight minutes from the end to bring his side level. He put over three of the points from free-kicks.

We had to wait six years for that feat to be equalled. Cyril Dunne stepped up alongside Doherty with exactly the same score in the 1966 Galway-Cork semi-final. Ten minutes into the second half he shot the Westerners' only goal of the game with another left-footed drive, and put over four of his seven points from placed balls.

The top points scoring exhibition of the decade was put up just under a year ago in the drawn Offaly-Cavan semi-final by Tony McTague. He pointed seven times from frees, and added a further three from play.

That leaves the South "out in the cold". The province's best score went into the notebook after that historic Kerry-Longford match in 1968, in which Pat Griffin scored 1-4.

The outstanding score of the late 'fifties stands to the credit of Sean Purcell with his 1-6 for Galway in their 1959 history-making game with Down—the Northerners' first semi-final appearance.

In the past decade the only All-Ireland senior hurling semi-final was last year's high-scoring Kilkenny-London set-to. Eddie Keher helped himself to 0-12, seven points from frees; and Fr. Murphy, who returned to the Kilkenny team for that game after an absence of three years from major competitions, hit 3-2.

In the 1954 All-Ireland senior

hurling semi-final between Wexford and Antrim, Nick Rackard established the record for all competitions with a mighty score of 7-7. Two years later he landed the second highest score for a semi-final with 5-4 against Galway. Munster's tops in the period is 0-9 by Phil Grimes in Waterford's win over Galway in 1957. In 1958 Galway had a bye to the final, and they competed in the Munster Championship from 1959 to 1969 inclusive.

Back to football, and the chances of a penalty kick in the coming semi-finals. In the past decade the 22 games—this total includes two replays—yielded only seven spot kicks, and Paddy Doherty was a central figure in two of those. After his 1960 goal, he had a penalty saved by Johnny Culloty (Kerry) in 1961.

Four of the kicks brought goals, one resulted in a point, and the one remaining, other than that 1961 penalty against Kerry, was pushed around the post for a "50", from which no score resulted. 1968 was the only year in the decade marked by a penalty in each tie.

The most decisive win in any match at this stage since 1955 was by Kerry in their replay that year with Cavan. They won by 14 points—4-7 to 0-5. Kerry also have the most decisive winning margin for a semi-final proper, as distinct from a replay,

A SURVEY OF SCORES AND SCORERS

By **OWEN McCANN**

and again they put up their figures against Cavan. They beat the Breffni county 2-12 to 0-6, a dozen points to the good, in 1964.

The year of the goals was 1968, when eight came from the two games. Nine goals were scored in 1955, but that campaign was unique, as each semi-final was drawn. Kerry landed the best goals bag in games with Cavan at four an hour in the 1955 replay, and again in the 1965 semi-final. Not one goal was scored in 1956, when Galway beat Tyrone, and Cork ousted Kildare, the only season under review in which the umpires were not called on to raise a green flag.

This month it's Connacht against Leinster, and Ulster and Munster in opposition in the semi-finals. The last such set-up was in 1967, when Meath ousted Mayo, and Cork beat Cavan.

Leinster have a good record against the West since 1955. Dublin beat Mayo after a replay in 1955, and Galway in 1958. Offaly mastered Roscommon in 1961, and that 1967 success made it 4-1 for Leinster, whose solitary defeat was in 1964, when Meath lost to Galway.

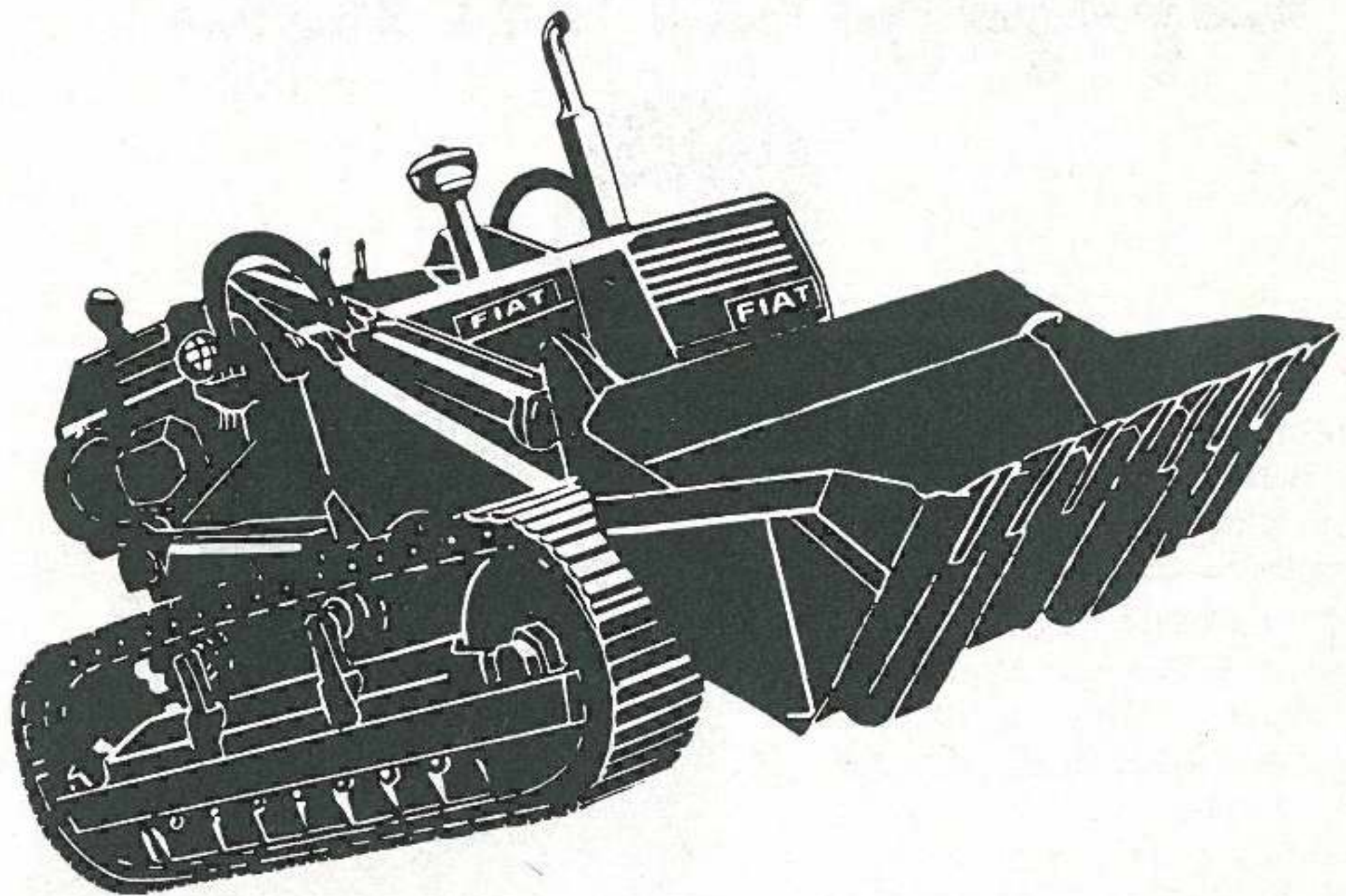
Munster lead the other half 3-2. Kerry beat Cavan in 1955 after a replay, and again in 1964, and it was Cork's turn against Cavan in 1967. Derry beat Kerry in 1958, and Down ousted the Kingdom in 1961.

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BEST SCENE

"YOU need look no further than shirts," they told us at the Best's shops in O'Connell Street and Westmoreland Street

when we dropped in recently to enquire about the latest developments in fashions for men. Events on the menswear scene

are moving swiftly. Although it is only a couple of years since we ran our first piece on the new, smarter approach to men's clothes—and almost had to apologise to readers while we did it!—now the scene has been so transformed that there is hardly a man in the country under sixty-five who hasn't re-thought his wardrobe to some extent.

No matter how conservative you think you are, we bet that you now own at least one coloured shirt. Not so long ago "white only" was the unbreakable rule. If you treated yourself to a new tie since Christmas, we know you didn't buy a piece of anonymously-coloured cloth—you went for something a bit more striking than dark blue or grey. Quite unconsciously, then, you've been following male fashion, and a very good thing, too.

Best's tell us that country visitors are some of their best customers, with the self-confidence to wear what's new and a little bit different. This shop has the happy knack of stocking the type of clothes which, while they're definitely original and modern-looking, are not so way out as to be freakish, and sensible men who want the extra bonus of good styling as well as good wearing qualities and finish, find they can make good investments there.

At the moment the big story is in shirts. Youngsters arriving at social functions—or even at Macra na Feirme meetings—have been seen to remove their jac-

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kets as they come in and sit down, just so people will have a chance to admire the detailing on their shirts!

All shirts now appear to be figure-shaped, which is hard luck perhaps on the man with a thirty-eight or forty-inch waist, but at least buying a shaped shirt might persuade him to slim down a bit! For the rest, the figure-fitting shirt is more comfortable to wear and it also sits better under a jacket. In the Raelbrook Trimform range, which you can see at Best's, they are reassuring customers that they haven't cut the shoulders any less deep, or trimmed anything off the armholes—they've just neatened up the shirts around the waistline.

This Raelbrook collection has some really enterprising shirts in it, though all of them are eminently wearable even if you're a solid citizen and weigh up to sixteen stone. Their blue, lacey, see-through shirt is snapped up as fast as it comes into stock, but if you aren't the see-through type then you can pick a more conservative fabric but ensure that you choose one of the longer-collared shirts, with interesting pocket detail.

Looking at the rails of knitted sweaters and casual knitted jackets at Best's, you'd be struck by how much more "shirty" they've become. Details like turn-down collars, fly-front fastenings and neat cuffs are very popular on knitted garments. Here, too, the colour story is very big news. Manufacturers such as the producers of the Bardiknit range are concentrating on clear, strong colours rather than on the earthy, marled tones which we associate with men's knitwear. It all makes for a more colourful world, and if it means easy wear and easy care as well, and isn't too hard on the pocket, why should any man complain?

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Purpose: Entirely devoted to missionary work in any place assigned to them by the Holy See, with special emphasis on pioneering assignments and on assistance to the most needy and destitute. Each member can usually expect to spend a number of years on overseas apostolic service. Some missionaries are engaged in teaching or nursing and a few are qualified doctors.

Religious Exercises: Geared to an apostolic life and including the usual daily practices. The Fathers recite the Divine Office in private.

Details of Novitiate: The Novitiate lasts one year. Students for the priesthood decide on the Mission Territory in which they would like to work, and then continue their Philosophical and Theological studies in the International Seminary of the language which will be used in the Mission Territory. International Seminaries exist in France, Spain, Italy, England and America. The Brothers are taught a trade or profession, suitable for their future work in the Missions.

Qualifications: Candidates for the priesthood may be accepted in the junior seminary at the age of 12 and follow a grammar school course or they may enter the novitiate directly after completing their G.C.E. Candidates for the brotherhood admitted only after 17.

Description of Habit: A black cassock, with collar and a black sash which is fastened on the right.
For further information please write to: Fr. Sean Russell, F.S.C.J., Director of Missionary Activities, 16 Dawson Place, London W.2.



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Purpose: The motto of the Congregation is 'To preach the Gospel to the Poor'. To this end the work is varied: parochial work, preaching missions; teaching in seminaries and colleges; and above all, foreign missionary work.

Religious Exercises: The priests and brothers live the ordinary religious life: daily Mass and meditation, Divine Office, etc., according to the Oblate Rule Book.

Details of Novitiate: After GCE or Leaving Certificate examination candidates do a novitiate for 1 year, followed by 3 years philosophy, sometimes at the university, then 4 years theology, after which they are ordained priests. Before entering the ministry they do pastoral theology for 1 year.

Qualifications: In college at the age of 11. In the novitiate at 17. An Oblate priest at 25. Good health, morals and average intelligence.

Description of Habit: The dress of the diocesan priest: i.e black cassock and cincture. The distinctive mark is the Oblate crucifix, worn by a cord round the neck and supported by the cincture.

For further information please write to: Rev. Jos Ryan, O.M.I., Holy Cross, Great Crosshall Street, Liverpool 3, or Rev. Vocations Director, O.M.I., Belmont House, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, or Rev. Vocations Director, 14 Quex Road, Kilburn, London N.W.6.



AG IMIRT PELE

Le SEÁN Ó DÚNAGÁIN

NAACH íontach an rud é gurab é an t-ainm atá againn as Gaeilge ar chluiche na liathróide móire na "Peil" agus gurab é an timreoir is cliútaí ar domhan ná Pelé—an taon donas atá ar an scéal ná sacair an cliuche a imríonn sé. Mar sin féin ní haon dochar smaoinemh air mar fhear mór spóirt a thug pléisiúr d'an-chuid daoine (seachas iad siúd a bhí mar chéilí chomhraic aige ar an bPáirc!).

Cén tionchar a bhí ag Comortas Chorn An Domhain ar ogánaigh na tíre seo agus cén dochar a dheineann sé do chluichí na nGael?

Is féidir a rá gurab í an telefís, le caoin-chéad R.T.E. i 1966 a chuir ar a súilibh do dhaoine in a lán áiteanna sa tír seo go raibh cluiche peilé ann ina cosctar usáid na lámh. Ar ndóigh bhí lucht leanúna an tsacair sa tír a chuir spéis mhór sa chomortas agus bhí drong eile ann gur sium leo aon tsórt cluiche nó sport agus ba speis leo siúd comortas Chorn An Domhain chomh maith. Is dócha go raibh ceatadán éigin de bhaill An Chumainn Luthchleas Gael a bhí ag breathnú ar chuid de na cluichí pér bith. Toisc an deifríocht ama (7 n-uair a' chloig) idir Meicsicó agus an tír seo bhí deis ag daoine amharc ar

na cluichí lasmuigh d'uaireannta oibre, i mbliana.

Is iontach go deo an phoiblíocht a tugadh do na himreoirí ar fad roimhré sa dóigh go raibh ainmneacha na nimreoir, go háirtithe na himreoirí Shasanacha, ar eolas ag cuid mhaith daoine. Caitear na céadtha mílte punt ar phoiblíocht agus chomh maith íoctar turastail an-arda leis na himreoirí féin. Téann an phoiblíocht i bhfeidhm ar ogánaigh go mór mhór agus ar ndóigh eiríonn siad sanntach faoi'n airgid agus ní thógfainn orthu é. Samhlaíonn gach duine díobh gur Pelé eile é; más imreoir de chuid An Chumainn Luthchleas é tá an baol ann go dtionntóidh sé chun an sacair ar mhaithe leis an airgid.

Caithfidh An Cumann Luthchleas Gael dul san iomaíocht leis seo go háirithe i dtaca le poiblíocht dhe. Ní mór imreoirí na gContae a phoibliú ar gach bealach is féidir. Cén méid uair a conachthas daoine de leithéidí Eddie Keher nó Micheál Ó Conaill ar Theilifís Éireann curim i gcás? Cén fáth nach mbíonn an dá fhoireann ar chlár speisialta an oíche roimh chraobh-chluiche mar shompla? Deintear a leithéid i gcás fóirne rugbaí a imríonn i bPáirc Lansdúin.

Ní mór a chur ar a súilibh d'ogánaigh na tíre go bhfuil tur-

asanna chuig Meiriceá agus Londain agus fiú go dtí An Astráil ar fáil gach bliain d'imreoirí na gcluichí naisiúnta—fiú dóibh siúd as Contaethe nach mbaineann Craobh na hÉireann amach.

Chomh maith ní foláir deiseanna agus áiseanna níos fearr a bheith ar fáil sna chlubanna; tá an lá feistithe cois claí imithe tharainn—a bhuí le Dia. Ní mór imeachtaí chaidrimh a reachtáil sa Chlub agus má bhíonn an béim ar imeachtaí dúchasacha sea is fearr é; ní miste an troid a thabhairt ar an mbonn sin más áil linn an focal "naisiúnta" a choinneáil it dtaca leis na cluichí againn féin agus í gcás an té nach dtaithníonn a leithéid leis ní chailliúint do na cluichí é.

Tá cumainn sacair bunaithe in áiteanna anois nach raibh ionntu ach cluichí Ghaelacha le blianta fada anuas. Tá an dubhshlán tugtha agus mura dtógtar an srian idir an dá lámh scéithfidh an capall uainn. Cheana féin tá moltaí ag an Ard-Chomhairle faoi nithe áirithe, ar a scríofar amach anseo, ach is leasc le Comhairlí Chúige agus le Coistí Contae áirithe glacadh le cuid acu. Im' thuairim tá sé thar am smaoinemh ar dóigheanna nua-aimsireacha in aois na teilifíse, gléas nach bhfuil faoi thioncar ag An gCumann Luthchleas Gael sa tír seo go nuige seo.



Joe Maher

IT WAS NO WILD GUESS?

By ALLEYMAN

WHEN you read these notes Ireland's representatives for the World Championships will be known.

They will be in strict training

for the rigorous sessions which lie ahead in the first week of October.

As for our Singles player, I am not indulging in any wild guessing when I plump for Joe Maher.

With the exception of one slight blemish—that was in the Gael-Linn competition this season when he was beaten by Murty McEllistim of Kerry, the great Louth player has stood out as the best Irish handballer of this decade, indeed, if not of all time.

Between himself and the chance to defend the crown he won in Toronto, three years ago, stands Seamus McCabe of Monaghan.

I doubt if the Monaghan player has sufficient guile to stop him in his tracks.

When we speak of the Irish doubles partnership for the games we are engaged in more serious problems, for there are quite a few competent combinations who could make the grade.

The McEllistim brothers, Tom and Murty, immediately spring to mind. This Kerry combination from the famed handballing village of Ballymacelligot has stolen the limelight in the Munster campaign this year and, in my opinion, can only be stopped by the Wexford partnership of Richie Lyng and Seamus Buggy. The latter have already beaten the reigning doubles champions—Joe Clery and Paddy Lee from Arklow, a feat that tells its own tale.

However, in the final analysis I gauge that the Kerry men by dint of their sheer skill and dour determination will be our representatives.

In the coming months I will

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deal with the chances of the other competing countries. This is not a practical exercise at present simply because the respective representatives have not been divulged.

There is even a doubt about the nominated American singles player—Pat Kirby. He had been chosen on the strength of his winning the American Singles last year, allied to the fact that the World Games at that stage had been scheduled for May of this year.

Another American championship is now at hand, so if Kirby is deposed one must wonder as to his chances of getting the berth in the World Championship.

A World Handball Championship for Ladies? The chances are, that in the very near future, the Central Handball Council will announce that a Ladies World Championship will be run in conjunction with the Games in October.

This idea was fermented recently when the go-ahead Dublin club 'Na Fianna' ran a ladies competition in conjunction with their Féile Na Fianna fortnight.

It proved so successful that immediate moves were made to Central Council for the initiation of a ladies championship.

The idea has been received favourably and the grape-vine has it that come August a Ladies All-Ireland championship will be staged.

This will obviously be the precursor to the ladies section of the World Championship in October.

Such an innovation would certainly lend a touch of glamour to the event and, would be a tremendous boost to the game in this country.

It is timely, at this stage, to pay tribute to the Committee which is in course of organising the World Games. It is an under-

statement to say that they are working overtime.

Finance, or lack of it, has been the major stumbling block, but even in this regard progress has been made. The recent raffle has realised a tidy profit of £2,000 and at present plans are afoot for the staging of a fund-raising walk on the Sunday preceding the games.

By the same token every credit must be given to the

G.A.A. Central Council for backing the venture all the way.

In the past this body has been much maligned with regard to its contribution to handball, but in the context of the present such a charge could never be substantiated.

And to complete this happy picture there is the news that the new court is nearly completed and will be ready for use before the end of August.

HAVE YOU MET THE POOR SISTERS OF NAZARETH?



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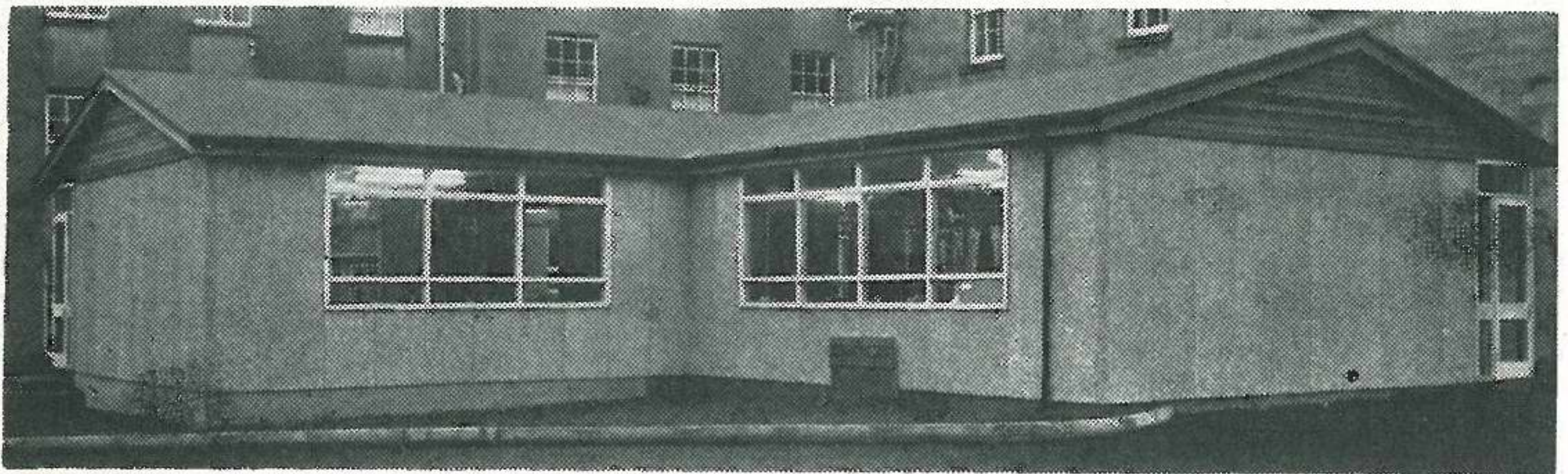
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ANOTHER TRIUMPH

FOR OLD 'YOUNGY'

By PHILIP RODERICK



BACK in the early 1940s, I knew of him and I knew of his family—who in Cork did not?—but I didn't know him at all.

And indeed, to me, when he won his All-Ireland senior medal in 1945, he was just another Corkman, a good one, of course, who helped to beat Cavan in the final—and to bring Cork its first All-Ireland football title since 1911.

That was a very special occasion for all of us—and for the Youngs in particular. If you like to check back on the records you'll see that his father Jack won his only All-Ireland football medal with that team of 34 years earlier.

He was probably finding it just a little hard to emerge in his own right at the time, even though he was a cast-iron regular on every Cork team and at the beginning of every year, you would find him propping up a Munster football team with 13 or 14 Kerry men.

He had the fame of his father to contend with—and then, too, his older brother Jim was keeping pace with Jack Lynch in winning All-Ireland hurling medals.

But there was no keeping him down. When all around him were fading gently into retirement, he really began to step up the pace and better he got with every year.

A time came, of course, when he had to retire from inter-

county and inter-provincial football, but he kept his hand in and I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that he might be contemplating a gallop or two in this year's Cork junior championship.

Football, of course, wasn't enough for him at all. He turned his hand to writing and I don't have to tell you that he made more than a fair success of it. Just turn over a page or two of this magazine and you'll see what I mean.

He took up squash and, needless to remark he refused to play it for just fun. He became one of the best in the country, good enough to play for Munster and to compete in the Irish championships.

He never does things by halves. It's either the top or nothing.

He trained two Cork teams to two All-Ireland football finals and that they lost wasn't his fault.

I really got to know him—and his immediate family and the whole flock of Youngs—around about the middle 1950's and to say the least of it, it was a rousing experience.

You see, you just don't get to know the Youngs, you become hopelessly and irrevocably involved with them—in their lives, their loves, their arguments, their hospitality, their enduring friendship and their incredible unpredictability.

And I found facets of this man's personality that I had

known nothing about. He will sing for you at the drop of a hat and do it remarkably well, perhaps even better than a professional and he honestly believes that he is as good as his wife Monica, God bless her, who can launch into an aria with all the strength and sweetness of Maria Callas.

And argue? He can go on for hours—and on any subject you care to name. And with an intensity that belongs to him and to him alone.

But I could go on and on . . . for it's easy to write about him.

Any man who insists on doing everything well and who believes that every minute of his waking day must be used to do those things profitably is easy to write about.

Army officer, football coach, football player, squash player, writer, talker, what have you . . . the great wonder is that he finds time to do everything.

And when he told me three years ago that he had enrolled at University College Cork to study for a B.A. degree, I just shrank into the comfort of approaching middle age and said to myself that he must be stone mad.

But here we are three years later and now we have him as Eamonn Young, B.A.

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THE PIONEERS OF A GREAT EXPERIMENT

THE Camogie Coaching Course at Gormanston College will be part of the history of the game by the time this article appears, but there is every reason to believe from the amount of work that has gone into its organisation that this course will in future be looked upon as a real landmark in the evolution of the Camogie Association. It is interesting to note who the organisers were. Well it was all figured out by a committee of five, with the assistance of the head of the G.A.A. coaching courses, Des Ferguson, whose record on the football and hurling fields needs no embellishment.

The others were Rosina McManus, President of the Camogie Association who has herself done a great deal of organising among the Grammar Schools in the North. Then there was the General Secretary Sheila McAnuly and Lily Spence, who were the founders of the Ulster Colleges competition.

All three were closely connected with the first camogie coaching courses run so successfully through the past couple of sea-

sons at Orangefield in Belfast. The Leinster representative, Agnes Purcell, was for a decade Secretary of the provincial Council, long time chairman of the Leinster Colleges Council and was the driving force behind the very successful coaching course for the Colleges organised at Mountmellick last Easter.

The Munster representative is Eithne Neville, who comes of a family not alone steeped in the Gaelic tradition but one who has done immense service to the native games not alone on the playing fields, but in the Council Chambers.

Her father, Mick Neville, played in several All-Ireland finals both with Dublin and with his native Limerick. Her brothers were all distinguished hurlers.

One of them, Fr. Earnan Neville has been both a member of the G.A.A. Central Council and President of the Handball Association.

Eithne Neville herself first came to prominence with U.C.D. a club with whom she won Dublin League, championship and

Ashbourne Cup medals. She also won an All-Ireland medal as a reserve on the Dublin team in 1958.

On her return to her native county she quickly won her place on the Limerick team, and won a Gael-Linn interprovincial Cup medal with Munster. But she has never contented herself as a playing member alone of the Association.

Eithne has been for a long time Secretary of the Munster Council and has put great work into organising camogie in Limerick at every level, but particularly among the schools.

In addition to all this she is a very well known referee, and has officiated at games at every level including more than one All-Ireland final.

It is devoted enthusiasts of this calibre who are the real striking force behind camogie and it is very interesting to note, especially for those in the G.A.A. who feel that enough of their players are not interested in promoting the games when their careers on the field are ended, that Miss Neville and Mrs. Purcell with Dublin, and Miss Spence with Antrim, are all All-Ireland medal-holders.

Considerable progress has already been made in the inter-county championships in both grades, but no champions have been crowned as I write. However, Galway are already senior champions of the West as they have not been opposed in this grade, while Antrim look virtual certainties to represent Ulster once again.

Both sets of All-Ireland semi-finals will be played this month. The Leinster champions must travel West to play the Connacht representatives, while the Ulster champions come down to play Munster.

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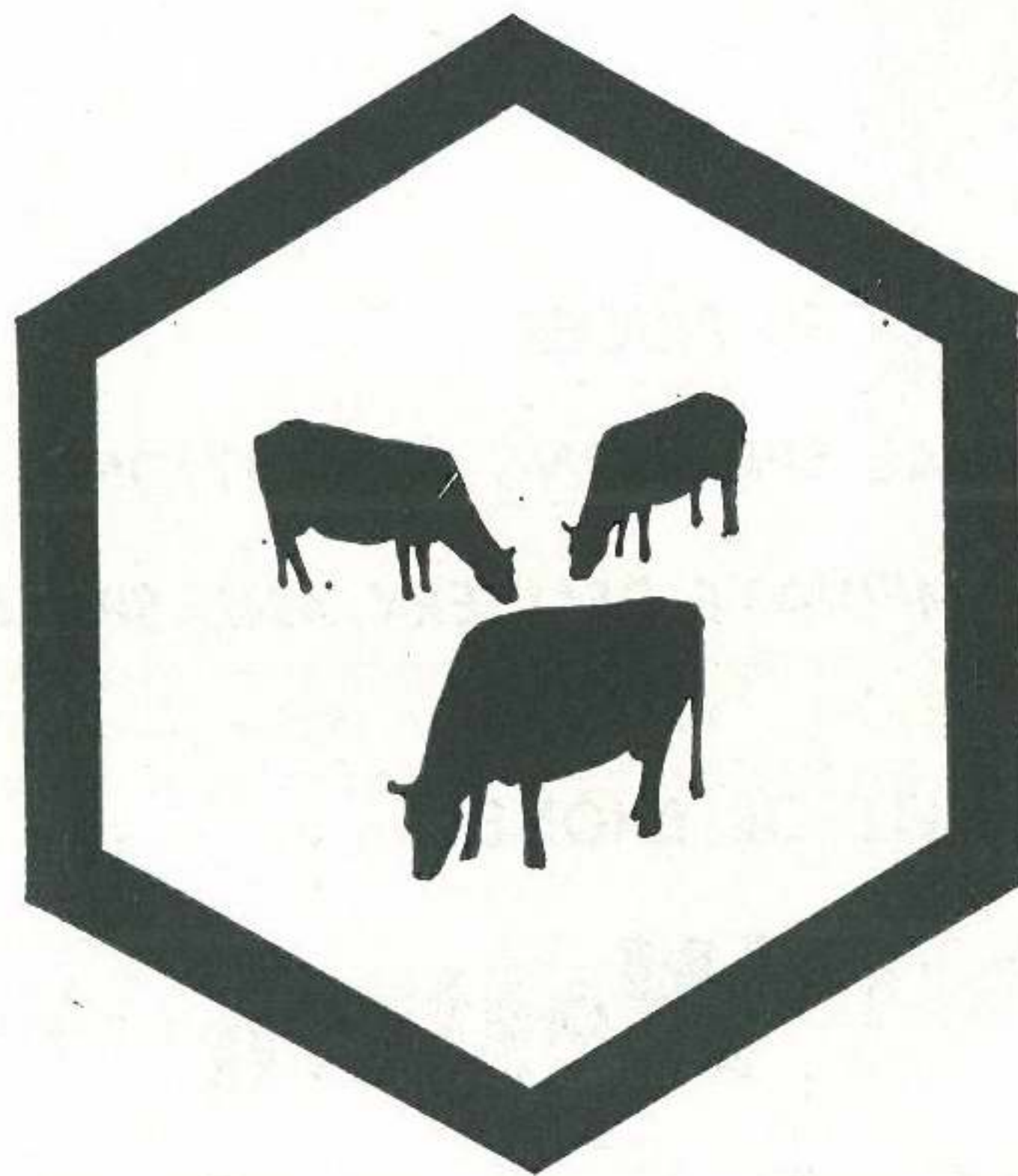
CROPS give a good yield and grass grows well only when there is sufficient lime in the soil. On many farms, crops and grassland are of very poor quality because the land is too low in lime. On many other holdings, crops and grass are not as good as they might be because the soil is moderately deficient in lime.

In this country, it could be said with some confidence, that very little of our soil has enough lime, which after all, is the very foundation of soil fertility. Soil which has sufficient lime one year may be deficient the next year. For example lime can be lost through drainage, crops and livestock can remove lime, heavy use of fertilisers such as Sulphate of Ammonia tend to use up the lime in the soil.

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● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

tural Instructor will, if necessary, have the soil tested and this test will ensure that the lime is applied only where it is needed and in the correct ratio.

A New Zealand expert said we have the greatest facilities for the production of grass. These facilities provide a golden opportunity for farmers to compete successfully in the production of meat, mutton and milk with every country in the world. It is more than twenty years ago since the New Zealand expert visited us. Since that time the research work of the Agricultural Institute has conclusively proved that production from our grassland can compete with production from any other country.

To be absolutely successful, the farmer must always treat his land in such a way that the maximum benefit is gained by him. Reliable figures produced by the Agricultural Institute show that this country could carry twice the number of livestock. A figure perhaps that will cause many a raised eyebrow.

But if the potassium and phosphorous status of our soils are kept up to the required level, the projected stock carrying capacity is possible. Both these nutrients are essential for good growth, development of grass and clover. If either one is in short supply then maximum growth is not attained. The numbers of livestock on the farm will determine the quantity of nitrogen to be used.

Cutting back on fertilisers can greatly reduce the amount of money available for future development on the farm. This is false economy and one that can cause serious losses to the farmer. Fertile soils are the guarantee of big yields, and big yields mean more profit.

JUNIOR DESK

CUT-OUTS



Pat Dunny



Gerald McCarthy

A new column
for the
younger set

DEvised AND WRITTEn

By JACK MAHON

SO you liked the Mailbag idea in last month's column. Young Noel Toolan was thrilled to see his ideas appear and has promised a long letter for a future issue. We have a good Mailbag section again this month and a bumper competition. But you'll read about that later.

Hope ye are still keeping up the scrapbook. This is the real height of the G.A.A. season and you should be able to get good action photographs from the daily and provincial newspapers. This month our two CUT-OUT stars are that irrespressible Kildare man, Pat Dunny, and the Cork hurler who seems to improve every day, Gerald McCarthy.

How many great goals the Kildare forward has scored in the past few years! And he is a fine hurler, too. Pat was one of the really great under-21 stars with Kildare when they won All-Ireland honours some years back.

Remember Gerald McCarthy's

epic game for Cork in last year's All-Ireland? I'll never forget it. For sheer power I have seldom seen anything to beat it. Two

worthy cut-out subjects. Don't forget to keep all the cut-out subjects and place them in a special page in your scrapbook.

Mailbag Selection

LIKE last month, I'm not going to print the letters in full. Here are extracts from those received since the last issue.

Francis Costello, 2319, Morris Avenue, New York 10468— "I am 15 years of age and have not missed an issue of GAELIC SPORT in the past four years. I enjoy your new column especially. Here in New York there are so many young Irish-American boys like myself, who go to Gaelic Park and are keen on football and hurling, but the pity is, nobody organises juvenile and minor grades. At the moment, players are being brought out from Ireland to help teams here in big games, but I believe this would not be needed if the youngsters here were trained properly.

I have written to the former Down player, Paddy Doherty, several times and he has replied.

He sent me on colour photos of the Down team for my scrapbook and photo albums. I have many autographs, too, of players such as Christy Ring, Jimmy Doyle, Joe Lennon, Paddy Doherty, Sean O'Neill, Cyril Dunne, etc.

My mother is from Galway and my father from Fermanagh. Our family is thinking of returning to Ireland soon and my younger brother, Tom, aged 14, and myself may go to post-primary school in the coming September. We would go to a school in Galway, Clare or Limerick. Last week I saw one of your cut-out stars, Donal Clifford and Willie McGee was here last year. It is a great pity, that Paddy Doherty and Jimmy Doyle have retired. I wish we had more publications like GAELIC SPORT."

Now there is one hell of a

● TO PAGE 49

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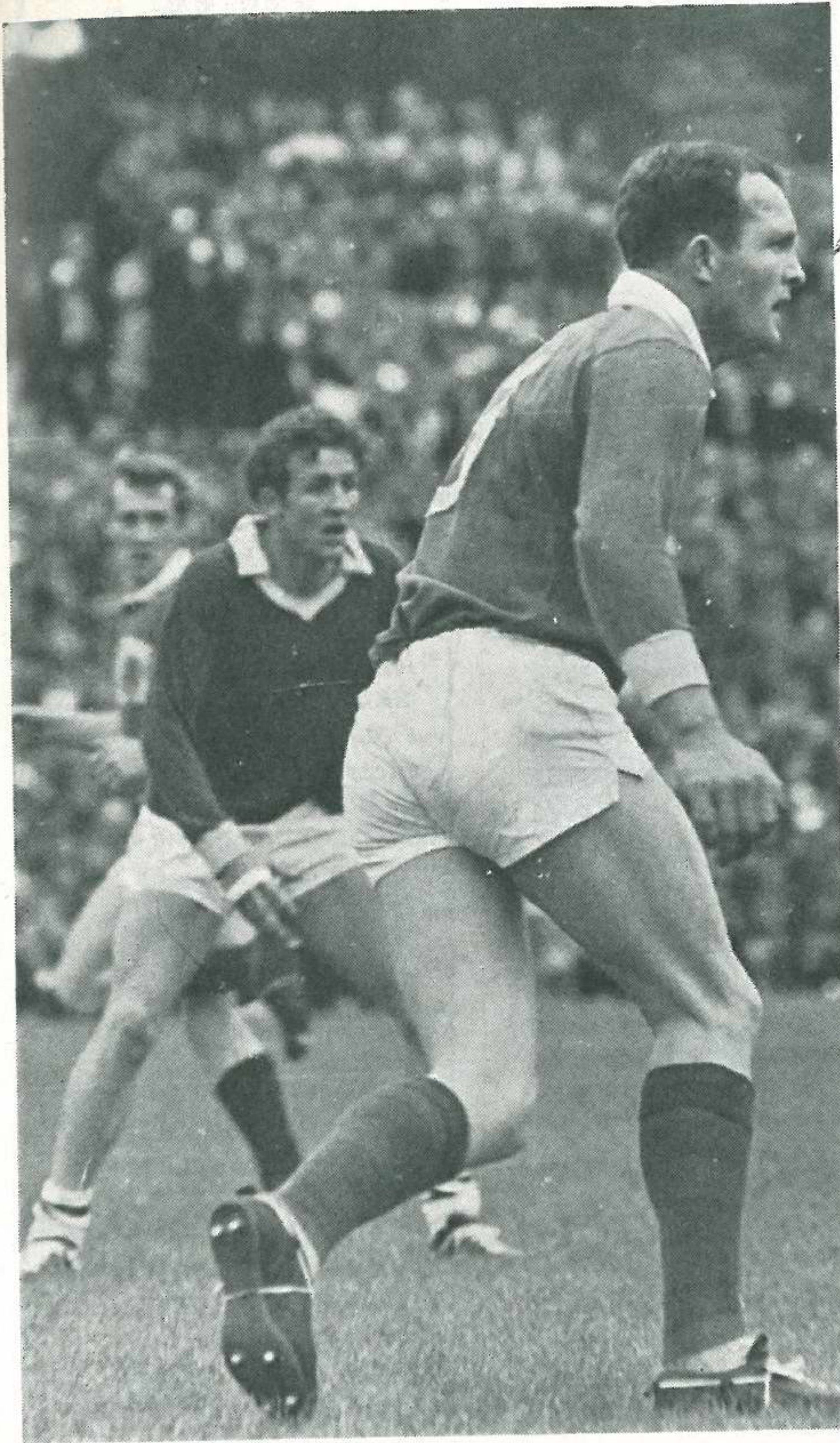
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Joseph Mulligan (right), a contributor to Jack Mahon's Mailbag. And left . . . Doanie Hanrahan's favourite footballer, Ray Prendergast.



who went to America with the Munster hurlers. Our under-14 and under-16 football and hurling competitions are going great at the moment. Tony Mansfield, the club chairman, is a great organiser. Our club has its own field and dressing rooms and it is hoped to further improve it this year.

The club organised a trip to Croke Park on last St. Patrick's Day for the juveniles and over fifty travelled. It was great and we hope another trip will be arranged for All-Ireland day. There should be a schoolboys' section on All-Ireland day at Croke Park. Could you do anything about it?

My daddy, who is from Monaghan, and a member of the Gardaí, played football with Frank Evers and Gerry Daly of your 1956 team. If I don't go out quickly I'll be late for the practice. I hope you can print my letter in some future issue. If you do, I will display it in the club room. Give us more big-named stars—some from Ulster.

P.S. Why have we to pay 2s. and 5d. for a 2/- publication?"

Not alone will we print your letter, Joseph, but your photograph appears as well. I wish every juvenile was as enthusiastic about his club and as generous in his praise of the club chairman. Don't forget to display this in your club room, and we would like to hear more of your club. I'm sure my good friend, Donal Whelan, who lives in Abbeyside, is known to you. Oh yes, you should not have to pay 2/5 for a 2/- publication. 2/4 should be the maximum. But I wish GAELIC SPORT would include the amount of tax to be paid after the price

● FROM PAGE 47

Paddy Doherty fan in New York. You have made a good point Francis, regarding the failure of the New York G.A.A. to organise juvenile competitions. This is something the G.A.A. in England

is doing with much success. (J.M.)

Joseph Mulligan, The Grove, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford (12 years) — "I come from Abbeyside, which has produced many great hurlers. Our hero to-day is "Padna" Enright,

● TO PAGE 51

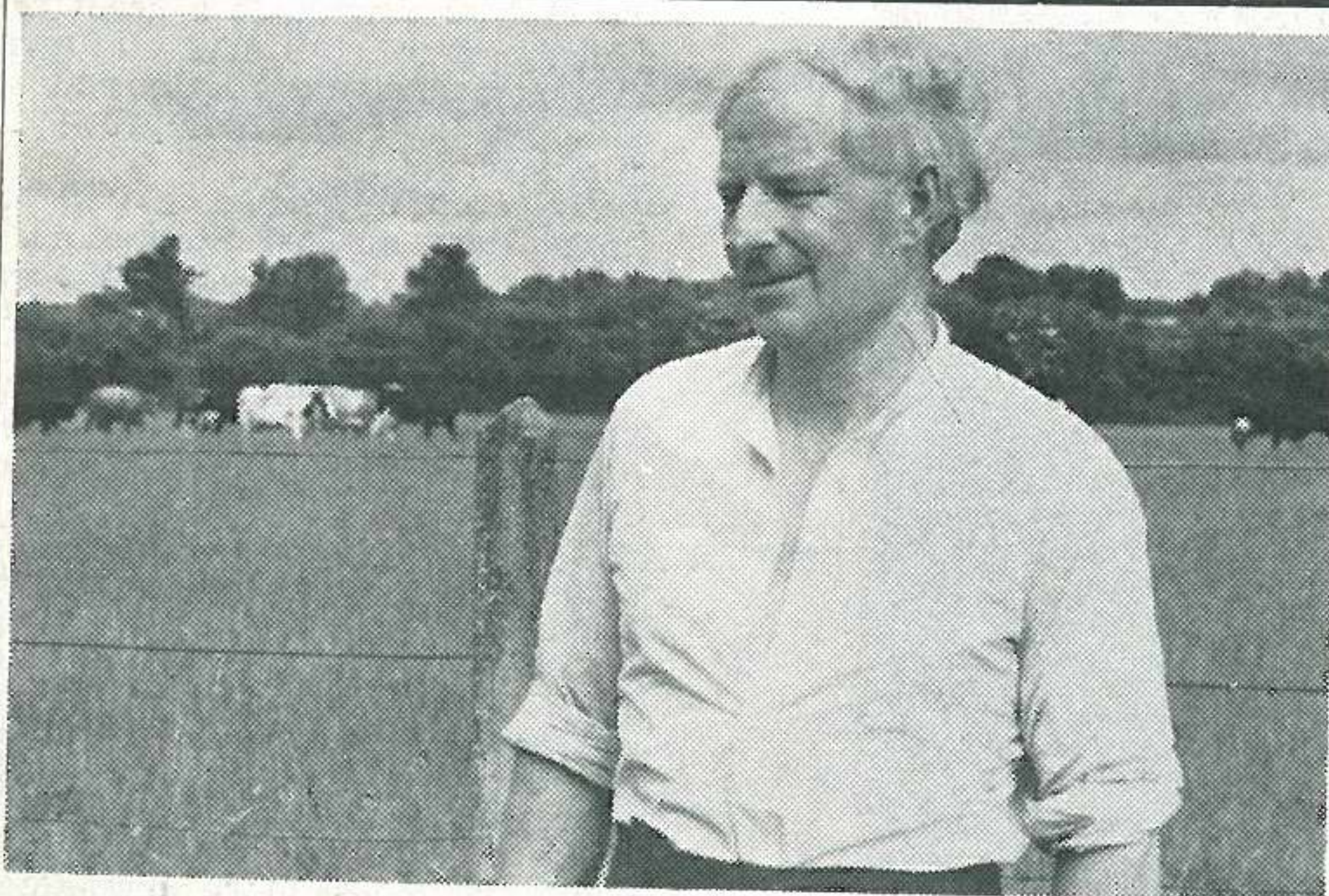
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T. J. Maher, President of the 130,000-strong National Farmers Association, pictured on his farm in the heart of the famed Tubberadora country in Tipperary. E. D. Ryan, the last surviving link of this peerless band of hurlers, died recently.

Mr. Maher heads an organisation that includes many famous hurlers and footballers and is fully conscious of the close links between rural Ireland and the strength of the G.A.A. John Doyle, Tipperary (holder of eight All-Ireland senior hurling medals); Bob Stack, Kerry (holder of six senior football medals); Mattie McDonnell, Meath; Pat Reynolds, Meath; Michael Kerins, Kerry; Tom Cheasty, Waterford; Jim Roche; Limerick and Gerry Colleran, Galway (brother of Enda Colleran), Sean Foran and Sean Evans, Offaly, are just some of the names to be found amongst the N.F.A. membership. Mr. Maher himself is a frequent attender at G.A.A. fixtures.

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FOILSEACHAIN RIALTAIS

AN STUARA,

BAILE ÁTHA CLIATH, 1

● FROM PAGE 49

on the front cover as follows: Price 2/- (Tax 3d. extra) as some other magazines do. (J.M.)

Donnocha O Concubhair, 8 South Parade, Waterford. — "Thank you very much for sending on "Twelve Glorious Years" and "Three In A Row" and the Galway G.A.A. Yearbook. I am 13 years old and secretary of the Water Street Hurling Club. I have collected about 40 issues of GAELIC SPORT and many other books. I have also collected hurleys belonging to famous players, i.e., Eddie Keher, Donal Clifford, Seamus Cleere, Charlie Cullinane, Billy Murphy, Phil Bennis and fifteen others. Our team has played in Belfast's Casement Park, Wexford Park, New Ross Park, Sean Tracey Park, Tipperary, Thurles Sportsfield, Pearse Stadium, Galway, Nowlan Park, Kilkenny, St. Finbarr's G.A.A. Field, Cork, Dublin and Limerick.

We have had some famous players give talks to us at night, such as Seamus Cleere, Ollie Walsh, Ted Carroll, Tom Walsh, Jimmy Doyle, T. J. Semple, John Moloney (referee), Frankie Walsh, Charlie Ware, Austin Flynn, Donie Nealon, Ned Colfer, Mick Flannelly and Jimmy Langton.

Our club has made three stars of the year presentations and I have received three of these from Pat Fanning, Philly Grimes and Noel Drumgoole, respectively. Michael Walsh is the man in charge of the club. He started it three years ago."

Now there is an imposing list of venues visited and played in by the ambitious Water St. juvenile hurlers. Many minor players have not played in as many venues. Michael Walsh must be a great worker, not to mention Donnocha O Concubhair. Obviously, Donnocha, your club officials believe in organising outings for club members. Please tell me more of this. Was it a tour? How did ye gather the necessary finance?

Send on your photograph as we would like to feature a 3-in-a-row sports star (J.M.)

Doanie Hanrahan, Corracunna, Mitchelstown, Co. Cork (13 years) — "I like Junior Desk. My father

gave me a scrapbook, but the trouble is, I hate cutting out the photographs as it ruins the book. Could you have all the photos on one page at the end of every three or four months? My favourite footballer is Ray Prendergast. I would prefer you to call the column 'Junior Platform', I enclose my photo."

Yes, a nice photo too, Doanie.

Don't be afraid to cut out the photos and mind your scrapbook. It will give you much pleasure always. We will stick with Junior Desk for the time being but, if anybody has any other suggestions for the name of the column, I'll be happy to hear them. Maybe the editor would include a photo of Doanie's favourite footballer. (J.M.)

Name the Players

THIS month we introduce a competition to the column with two prizes for the first two correct entries drawn from a hat. First out gets a Hogan Stand ticket to the All-Ireland hurling final and second prize is a Cusack Stand ticket for the same game. A very good friend of the column, who wishes to remain anonymous, has kindly presented us with these very nice prizes and we are repeating with a similar competition in the All-Ireland hurling final issue next month.

The competition is a simple one. All you are asked to do is to identify the two hurlers

photographed. Entries must be submitted on the coupon attached and should reach this column on or before August 12.

The competition is confined to those who are fifteen years of age, or under. So get cracking all you schoolboys and school-girls and send in your entries. We will be publishing photos of the winners, so why not send on your photo as well and write a letter telling me something about yourself or your club, or just anything.

Write to :

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Name.....

Name.....

Name of entrant.....

Address

Age years.

TALK OF SURPRISES!

By
EAMONN YOUNG

MEATH, the All-Ireland champions or '54 were going to be champions again in '55. Or so said many of those who watched them come out to play Dublin in Croke Park in the Leinster championship. Peter MacDermott, Paddy O'Connell, Mick O'Brien and that stylish big player at full back Paddy O'Brien were all still going strong. Meath were on their way again.

Dublin had a bunch of fliers. There was Olly Freaney, Sean Boyle, Jim Crowley, the big ball-playing back or midfielder; there were Cathal O'Leary, Jock Haughey and that corner-man with the wonderful swerve Kevin Heffernan. Yet Dublin wouldn't beat Meath.

But the hour wasn't long on when the flying Metropolitans showed, that perfectly trained, they were in form to beat almost anybody. Their fast lateral style which moved the ball as much diagonally as forward, found a man always running into place for the kick or pass and with the Meath defence split wide open it was only a matter of time. Goals and points became shattering blows to a sturdy side from the Royal County. Surprise, and Dublin marched on.

They would beat Kerry in the final also, said their supporters and at the time that included just about everybody within twenty miles of the Liffey mouth. Many of the neutrals felt likewise especially as Kerry were expected to have no answer to the fast-

moving style of this undoubtedly good Dublin side.

At the time one of the big men in the Kerry defence, in every sense of the word was Ned Roche of Knocknagoshel. But he wouldn't be able to stay with Kevin Heffernan the new Dublin full-forward who would have the advantage not only of his own ability but of the lively well-oiled machine of which he was an invaluable cog.

A week before the game I was up in Navan with a Cork junior team, playing Derry. Taking me for a Kerryman (a fate worse than death) they asked me what we were going to do about Ned Roche. Knowing Ned rather well I pointed out that he had a good defensive sense and wasn't short on speed. They laughed at me.

On the day, Dublin were expected to win well but Jim Brosnan hammering in his few points and Tadhg Lyne's immaculate foot clefting them over from the left wing Kerry made it an hour's total of twelve points. On the other side Kevin Heffernan, who I think would have run around Ned Roche at left corner, his usual place, elected to hold the ball and wait for the big fellow to dive at him thus allowing the forward to slip by. But Roche never bought and the star Dubliner was forced into errors too costly to be redeemed within the short sixty minutes. Surprise, yes, and dismay.

In '59 Tipp. went out to play Waterford in Cork. The mighty men from Tiobraid Arann had

beaten all before them in '58, taking Galway at the end. Waterford we all knew would be a stride along the way. It was on only three minutes when a fast ball went away down the left wing to the Blackrock goal. Larry Guinan, a truly fine player, hit it an unmerciful belt in the air and Roger Mouncey in the Tipp. goal never saw it on the way. That started it. Waterford seemed to go berserk. They hit everything, man, ball and all . . . but fairly. And believe it or not when the half time whistle sounded, Waterford led by ten goals and two points to nil. The commentator on the Connacht final read out the news to his audience and said: "Hold it. That must be a mistake. We'll check." He did, but it wasn't.

In the second half Jimmy Doyle, injured, came on and he with Tony Wall tried very hard to get a score. John Doyle, Mick Burns, Mick Maher, Kieran Carey . . . all tried what they knew but there was simply nothing could be done about it. It finished with thirteen goals to four with some points thrown in on either side.

I still don't know what happened.

And in the following year Tipp. again won the Munster championship giving Waterford a terrible hiding in the process — I think by the same margin. That wasn't a surprise, merely, Jove's thunderbolt or something. The most recent real surprise (apart from those of the current sea-

son, like the exit of Mayo and Down) was four years ago in Cork when Tipp. went out to play Limerick.

At the famous cage (where we put some of the wildest) Johnny Lanigan the Tipp. selector was joked a bit about the Tipp. side and he laughed saying, "One of these days we'll have a full team." They were short one or two. But they'd still beat Limerick, and Cork too in time.

The game was on about four minutes when a long high ball dropped to John Doyle and Tom Bluett at the Blackrock side. It was stopped by both and fell five yards back of Doyle who turned around to clear it away. I saw no other player.

"Look at Cregan" shouted the trainer Doney Donovan to me and I was in time to see a flashing blond figure dart in from the wing, sweep away the sliotar from John Doyle and with a hard ground stroke, stick it right in the net. What surprised me was that Cregan should not have been within ten yards of that ball at the time. Some sixth sense had him moving long before his man Mick Burns and that was that. Before the hour was over Eamonn Cregan had scored three goals and four points against a reeling Tipp. side and as the hour ended I knew that another chapter in the glorious book of hurling was firmly closed. Cork beat

Limerick rather luckily and hammered a bewildered Kilkenny team out of it, a Noreside bunch superior in everything but a die-dog-or-eat-the-hatchet spirit that won Cork their most unexpected All-Ireland. That year I said, and repeat now, we should have struck a special medal for a man named Cregan.

But surprises will always come as long as one man will be motivated more than the other. Or as long as one will understand the reason for his efforts more than does the other. Tests don't always show the better man or the better team. They reveal the person or bunch best on the day or the hour. But a game can be won or lost only once and here's to the side that slips it across their opponents by fair means and that includes preparation, lulling the other fellow into false security and as much guile as possible in the actual test.

Speaking of surprises there's a yarn going the rounds just now about Joe Keohane, the rather good Kerry full-back and the Donegal football team. I know it isn't true, for Joe has great time for Donegal teams, having spent some time soldiering up there, but anyway the Donegal chaps in a pub were pulling Joe's leg about Kerry, and Joe was taking it well. There was no other way. Eventually as the night wore on they were asking

Joe what was the procedure on the Hogan stand when one was accepting the All-Ireland Cup.

The reason they wanted to know was because they were well aware that very soon, Donegal men would want to know exactly the details of the ceremony.

"Well," says the big Kerryman, "You walk up the steps and you meet the president, that'll be Pat Fanning now, and he'll give

● TO PAGE 55



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QUIZ

QUIZ

QUIZ

TRY scoring some goals and points off these chances. Remember that you have to be sharp to avail of any opportunity, so watch the time limit, especially

when it is a goal chance. But, occasionally, you will be given a free, and you have plenty of time then.

even one senior provincial title. Can you name them? Give yourself a point for two; add a bonus point for all three.

(70 seconds)

POINTS

1—Can you name the player who plays for his county's senior team at full-back, yet, yields that position to another on the county's under-21 side, having to move out to corner-back himself?

(Time Limit: 7 seconds)

2—Who is the chief-coach at the National Coaching Summer School at Gormanston this year?

(5 seconds)

3—What College won the All-Ireland Colleges Football championship this year?

(5 seconds)

4—Who were the defated finalists in the All-Ireland Colleges championship in football?

(7 seconds)

5—Who will conduct the National Camogie Coaching Course this summer?

(7 seconds)

6—Who was the player who totted up a record total of 17 goals in 1969 in football?

(5 seconds)

7—The Supplementary Football League was initiated this year. Who were the winners?

(5 seconds)

8—What competition was the St. Brendan Cup for?

9—Which county holds the largest number of senior hurling provincial championships?

(70 seconds)

10—There are only three counties which do not possess

GOALS

11—What was remarkable about every provincial final this year?

12—When were the Tailteann Games last held?

(10 seconds)

13—In 1966 the same referee had charge of the two All-Ireland senior finals. Who was he?

(10 seconds)

14—For what competition is the Bob O'Keeffe Cup the trophy?

15—Which unique G.A.A. family can field two of the best seven-a-side teams in the country — all brothers and sisters — in hurling and camogie?

(7 seconds)

16—He keeps goal for his county in football and hurling championships?

(7 seconds)

17—Monaghan reached one All-Ireland senior final. When was that?

(5 seconds)

18—Ulster have been favourites to win the Railway Football cup is most of the last ten or more years. But, when did they first win the trophy?

19—Which county holds the same number of senior hurling and football All-Irelands? This does not mean "None".

(7 seconds)

20—With what county did Willie Young win two All-Irelands in football?

(10 seconds)

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THE ANSWERS

POINTS

- 1—Pat McDonnell (Cork) whose place goes to Brian Tobin on the under-21 team, while he occupies the corner-back position.
- 2—Michael Ryan (Dublin)
- 3—Colaiste Criost Ri, Turner's Cross, Cork.
- 4—St. Malachy's, Belfast.
- 5—Rev. Fr. Maher, Donie Nealon and Des Ferguson.
- 6—Willie McGee (Mayo).
- 7—Cork (defeated Antrim in the final).
- 8—For contesting between the New York selections and those of the home League champions.

9—Gaiway, 60.

10—Westmeath, Fermanagh and Wicklow.

GOALS

- 11 They were of 80 minutes duration.
- 12—1932.
- 13—Jimmy Hatton (Wicklow)
- 14—The Leinster senior hurling championship.
- 15—The Kehoes (Wexford).
- 16—John O'Donoghue (Tipperary).
- 17—1920.
- 18—1942.
- 19—Wexford (five in each).
- 20—Cavan (goalkeeper) 1933, 1935.

● FROM PAGE 53

you the cup. You'll take the cup in your two hands . . . like that . . . and then you'll change it to your left arm, and you'll shake hands with the President.

"Yes," said the Donegal fellas, "and then?"

"And then," said Joe, "you'll keep a good hold of the cup and you'll shake hands with the Queen of England beside Pat Fanning."

"What . . . sure the Queen of England wouldn't be there," yelled the boys.

"Well," says Joe, "She'd have the same chance of being there as Donegal has . . ."

And I'll bet Donegal will make it before that!

Of course the most important thing about a surprise is that we're never ready for it. Like the friend of mine who woke up in his car, to find the back door swept off and a "Road Up" sign lying in the back seat.



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THE GENIUS THAT WAS JIMMY DOYLE

● FROM PAGE 14

by the Tipperary star that were by no means as high, but still had a quality well above the ordinary. I recall, in particular, his exhibition against Wexford in a 1967-68 National League quarter-final at Croke Park in March 1960. He scored 0-11 that day in a grand showing of purposeful forward play and accurate shooting both from frees and play. That was the type of confident attacking play, laced with smooth finishing, that enables a player to take a grip on a particular match, and affect the outcome. It is also the type of quality-plus performance that is a powerful argument for stamping any player as a man

with something extra special in his class.

Jimmy Doyle gave so much to hurling — great games, magical touches, wonderful goals and points, and the type of exciting talking points that are needed to accelerate the development of any sport. Dedication, the endless hours of practice perfecting and polishing his own natural skills, and above all, those sporting qualities and that whole-hearted endeavour that made him such a wonderful ambassador for the code, and a man who must have inspired countless young boys.

Looming over and above all in my book, however, is that remark-

able consistency he displayed throughout his career in picking off the vital match-winning scores under all pressures and in all conditions.

Few of the truly great came up to Doyle's standard in this vital aspect in a forward's make-up. Few matched his accuracy in front of goal with the pace, technical excellence and intelligence in such demanding conditions over such long periods of virtually non-stop hurling.

Doyle's credentials, then, are tremendously impressive. So, was he the greatest scoring wizard of them all? I suppose that basically when it comes down to cases we can all satisfy ourselves that our own choice is in fact the No. 1, but for myself I will be content to bracket Jimmy Doyle with Christy Ring on top of that company of sharpshooters extraordinary.

PATRICK CARVER'S MISCELLANY

● FROM PAGE 16

—and there was also a representative of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade!

What they all hoped to achieve I'll never know—I don't number a great deal of mentors among my friends—but I do know that one mentor would have been plenty.

Isn't it about time that the G.A.A. made some really hard and fast rules about who or who cannot go on a field during play?

For it is becoming slightly farcical.

For instance, down in Limerick recently I saw a man rush on to the field to provide a drink for one of his players.

And believe it or not . . . the game was only a minute and a half in progress at the time!

The more I see of Cork's midfielder Gerald McCarthy, the more I am convinced that he is going to become the hurler of the 1970s.

He was only a young fellow when he won his all-Ireland medal with Cork in 1966 and he was just feeling his way in the game.

Nowadays he has matured into a magnificent player, fast, decisive, clever and with hurling to burn.

And above all, he has this wonderful capacity to pace his game.

And finally, I wish certain people would stop referring to living G.A.A. players as "immortals of the game." Remember, the first condition of immortality is . . . death.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

● FROM PAGE 19

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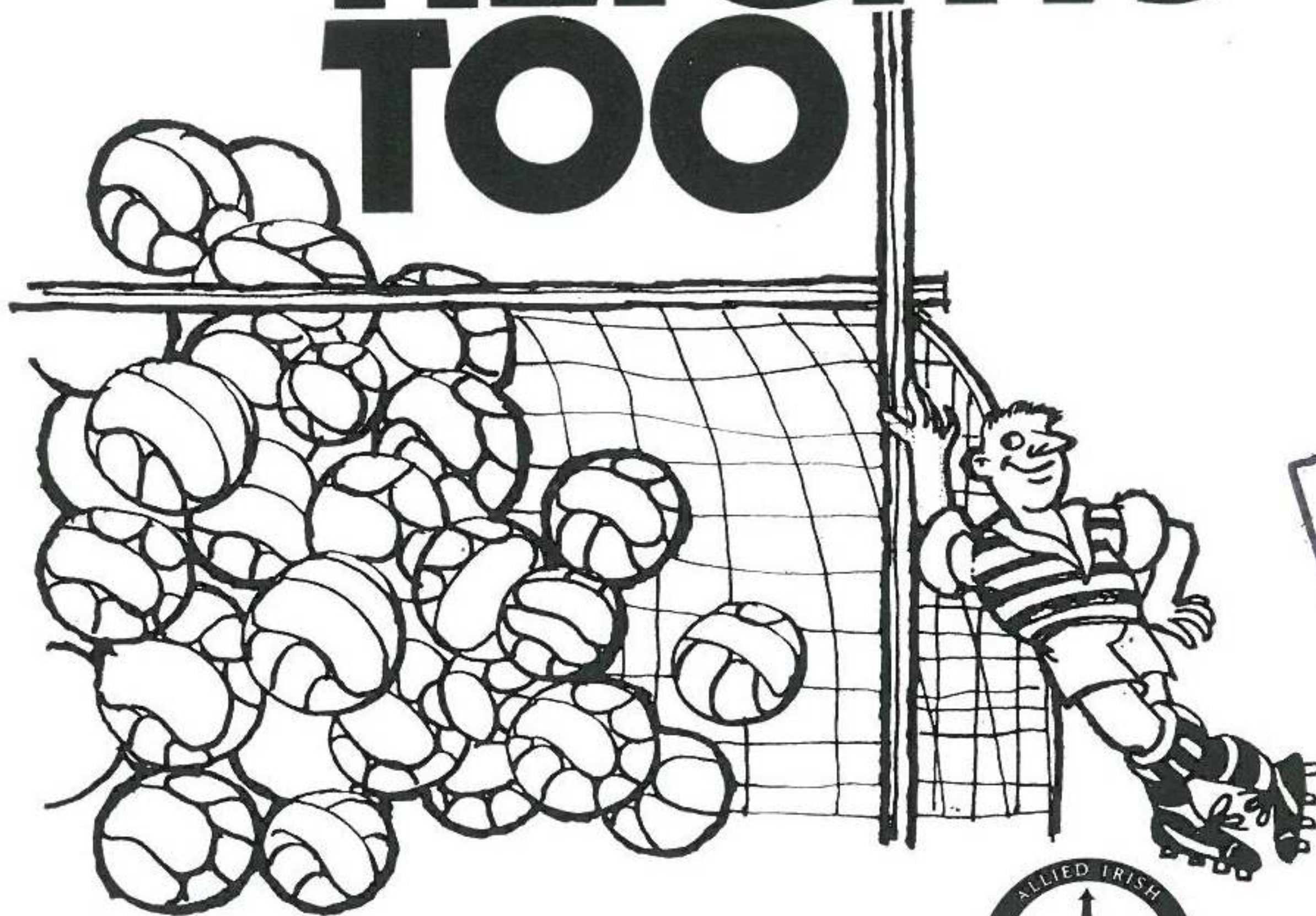
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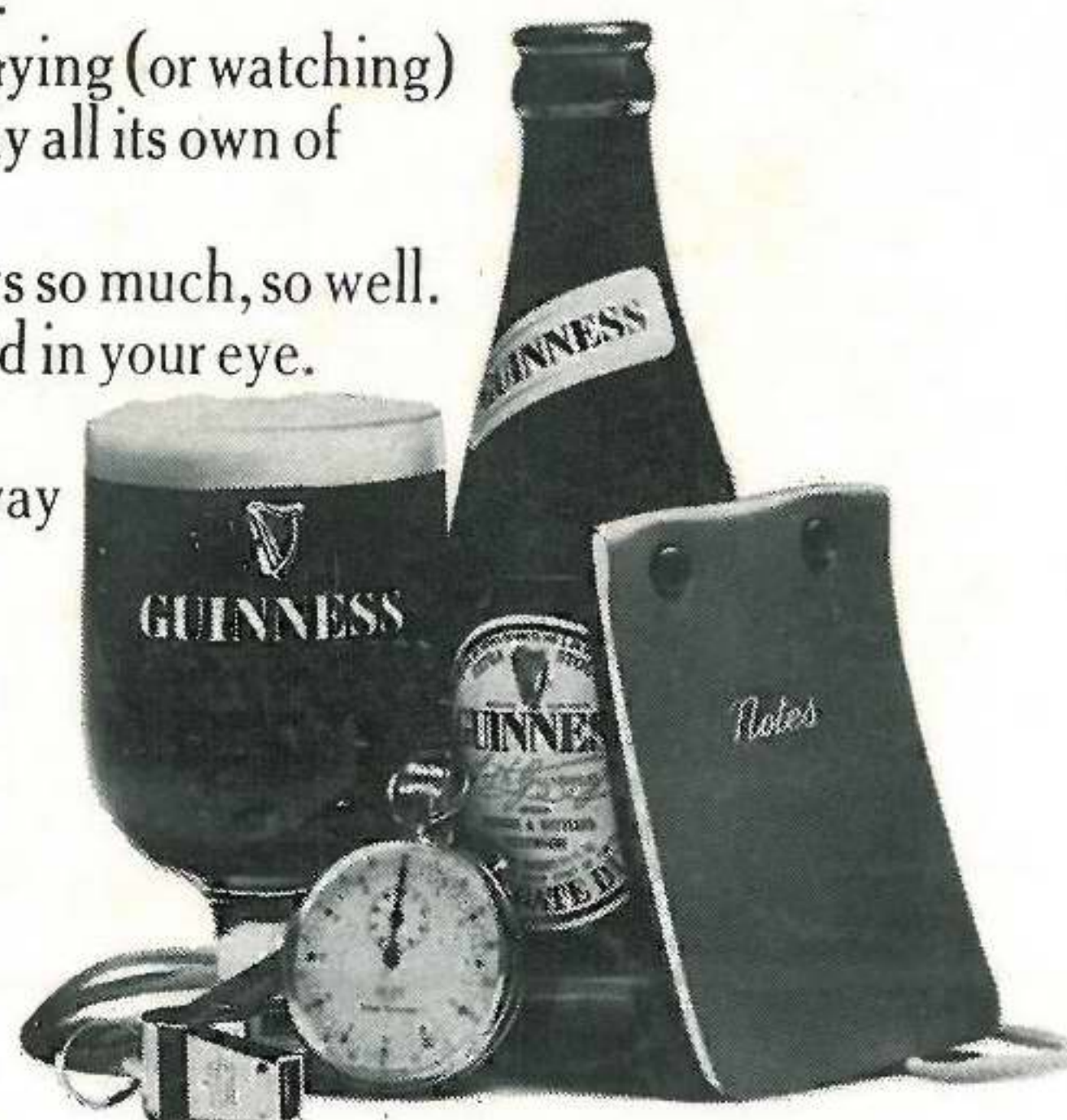


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