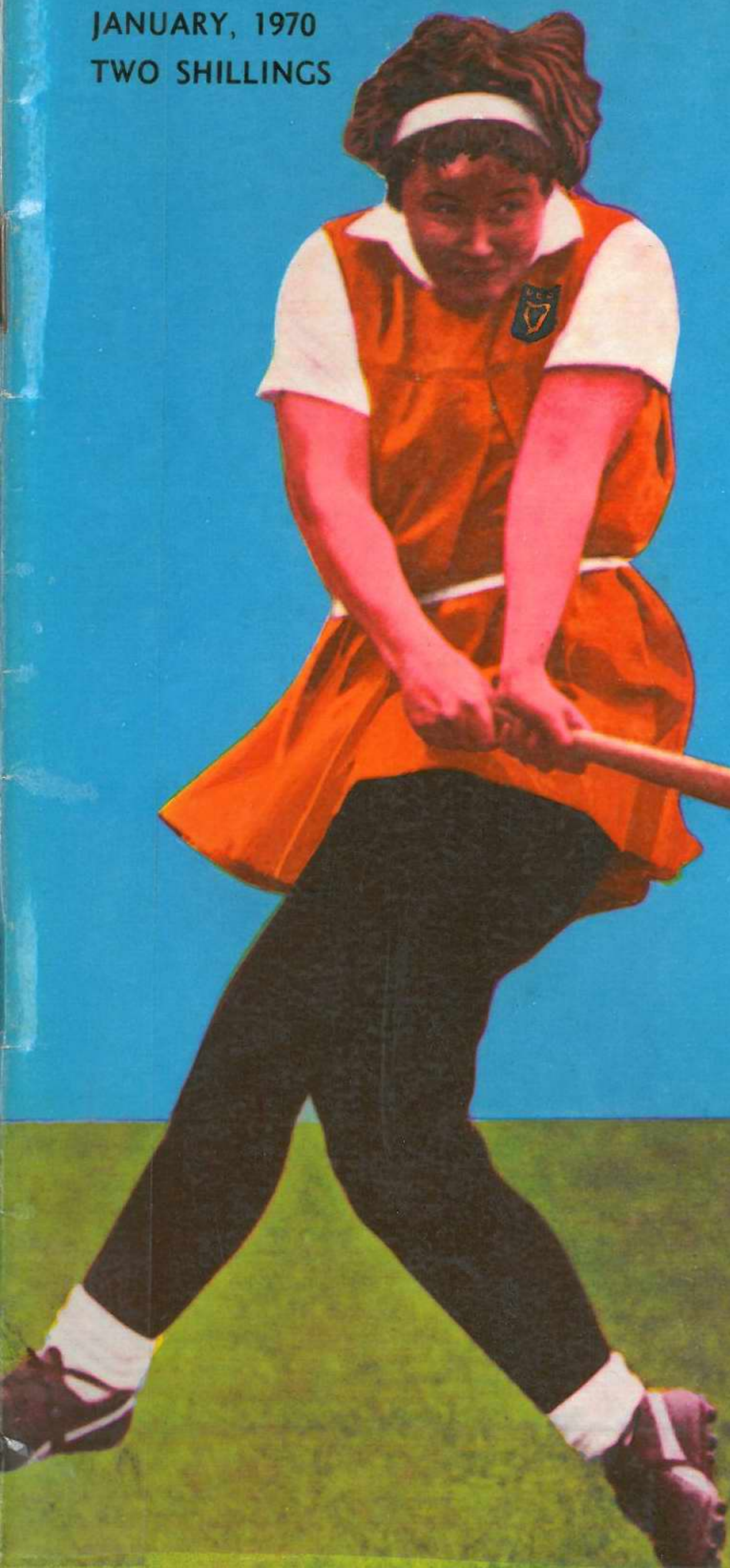


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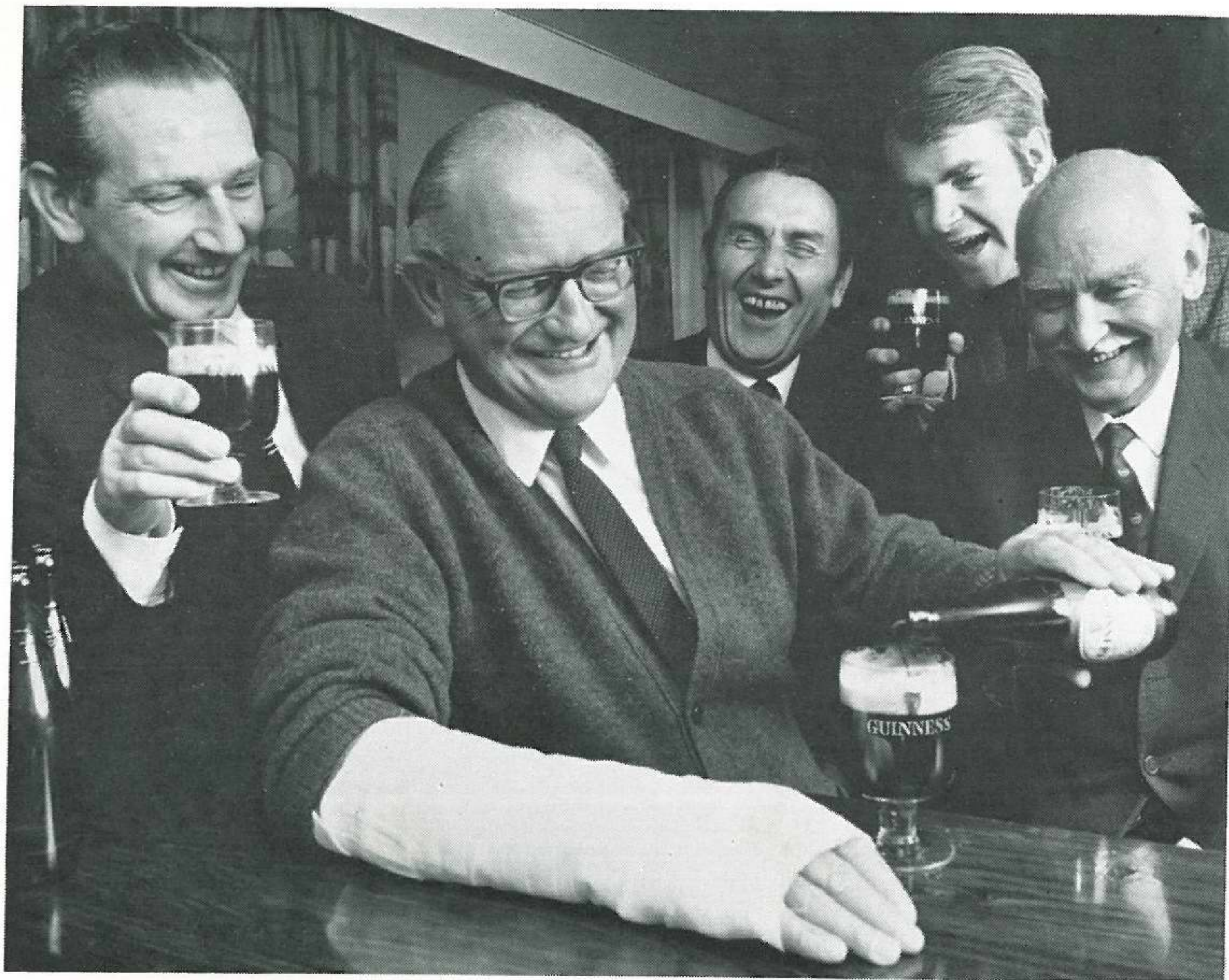
# Gaelic Sport

JANUARY, 1970  
TWO SHILLINGS



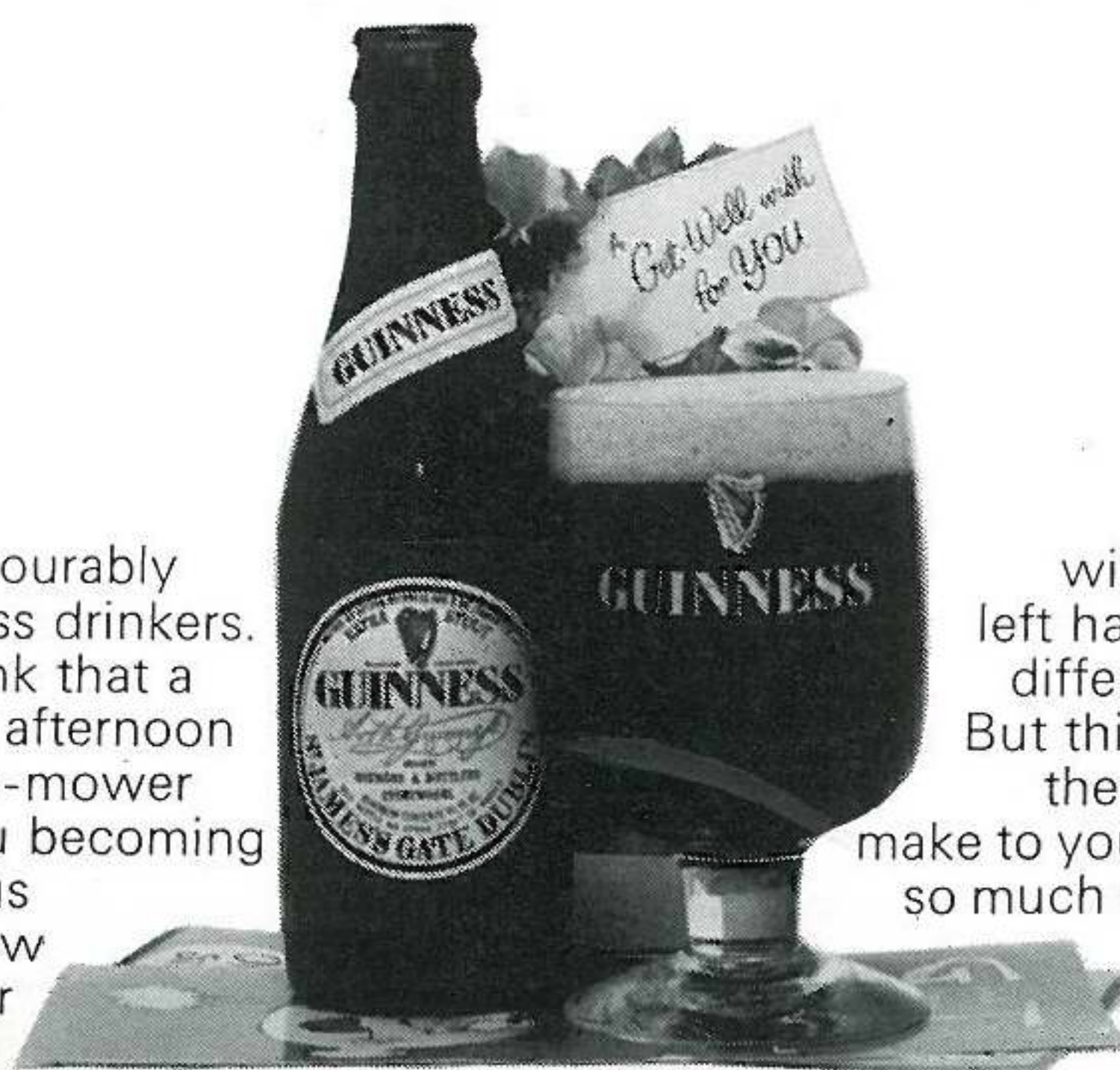
**TOP  
TEN  
STARS**

*for '69... inside*



# Left handedness

Fortune smiles favourably on some Guinness drinkers. Who would think that a simple Saturday afternoon scuffle with a lawn-mower could lead to you becoming an ambidextrous Guinness pourer? Now whether you pour



with your right or your left hand makes no great difference to the Guinness. But think of the difference the Guinness is going to make to you. Guinness says so much so well. Like hello. Or glad to see you. Isn't that right?

There's more than goodness in Guinness.

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ONCE again Joe Walsh Tours have produced their usual top class holiday brochure to entice us abroad for 1970. They have on offer a variety of enjoyable holidays to more destinations than ever before. As in past years they are operating to Italy, Spain, Majorca as well as numerous pilgrimages to Lourdes from 37 guineas, and Lourdes combined with San Sebastian and Rome from 49 and 69 guineas respectively. Not only are they offering more holiday resorts in each of the aforementioned countries but they are also including some exciting new holidays for the first time.

First of all they offer Oberammergau, famous for its Passion Play, and every departure offers a guaranteed seat to attend the wondrous play. These departures are combined with a holiday in the beautiful Austrian

Tyrol. This year they also include special 8 and 15 day holidays to Paris, Amsterdam and Brussels at prices unheard of up to now. Alternatively you can combine all these exciting capital cities in a special tour by luxury coach from 37 guineas. Lastly they offer holidays by direct flight from Belfast to Spain departing every Sunday so you can see that in Joe Walsh Tours, holidays to suit everybody are available in resorts and hotels personally chosen and inspected by them with your needs in mind.

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# HOLIDAYS 1970

**I**F you are still dreaming about last year's holiday make it your New Year resolution that this year's will be even better. You really have no excuse for not enjoying your holiday more this year and for the same amount or less in some cases. Now is the time to start thinking about your dream holiday for 1970.

Because we are not blessed with the continuous sunshine that is such a feature of much of Continental Europe in the Summer we were always slightly envious of those who could afford to spend their annual vacation sunning themselves on the Costa Brava or the Costa del Sol. This whole idea of only the wealthy few being able to afford such a holiday is happily now a thing of the past. It is important to say this and if you read on we will do what is even more important, prove it!

How about your own private apartment for 15 days on Calamayor from 53 guineas. Well this is one example of the type of holiday offered by Shannon and Airborne travel agencies. Both these agencies are now members of the Hibernian Transport Group and are offering a joint holiday programme for 1970.

In their range of Majorca charter flights by Aer Lingus BAC 1-11 Jet, Shannon-Airborne have devised a programme for discerning holiday makers and have concentrated on a small selection of good class hotels, at which substantial accommodation has already been booked.

In Palma for example, you can enjoy that millionaire feeling for as little as 85 guineas for 15 days at the Hotel Bellner. It commands a fine view of the Yacht Club and Bay of Palma, all rooms have bathroom and air conditioning and the hotel boasts two restaurants, two bars, a heated swimming pool, a cinema, hairdressing salon and a boutique. A few miles eastward along the coast you can stay at the Orient, a handsome new hotel due for com-

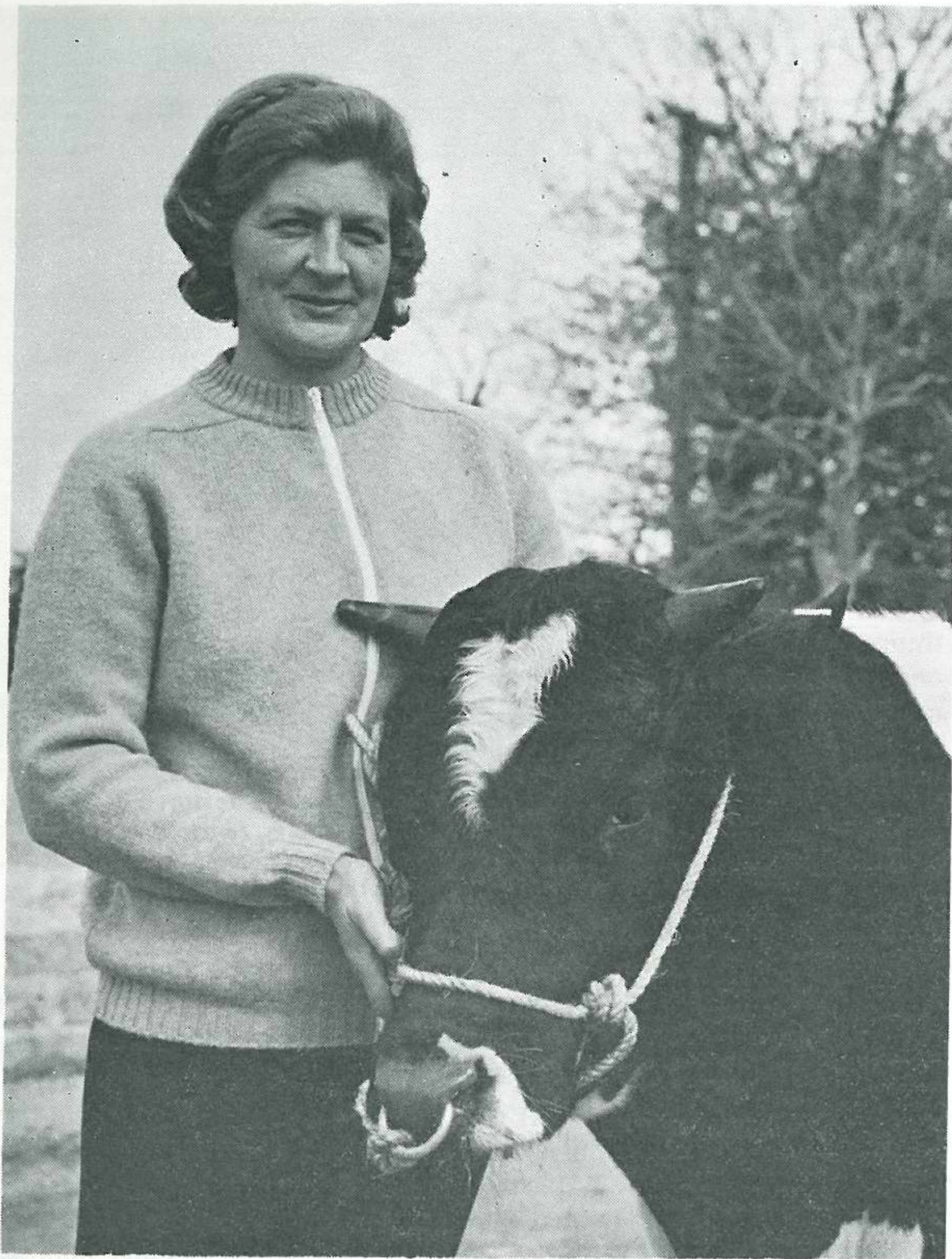


● One of the very pleasant features of holidaying abroad is the extraordinary courtesy of Aer Lingus hostesses—it even makes coming home a pleasure. And they're pretty too!

pletion early in 1970. Here you can bask on your own private terrace—every room has one. Holidays using this hotel start at 66 guineas.

If you like to feel you have an island home of your own, you may stay at the Pullman Apartments in Calamayor. These are the apartments referred to at the beginning of the article and each one has personal maid service daily. There is a night club and swimming pool and meals can be taken in the restaurant or cooked in the kitchen. Holidays with apartments only, cost from 53 guineas. Full board costs another £15-10-0.

Shannon-Airborne also offer a wide range of holidays on scheduled Aer Lingus services to resorts in Spain, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland. These holidays, all using good class hotels, are attractively priced from 65 guineas for two weeks.



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# Gaelic Sport

Vol. 13. No. 1. January, 1970.

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## COVER PHOTO

OUR front cover this month features three very prominent G.A.A. sports personalities. Our young camogie star is Ann Carroll and her male colleagues need little introduction—Mick O'Dwyer (Kerry) and Denis Murphy (Cork). O'Dwyer and Murphy are GAELIC SPORT'S Top Ten Stars for 1969 (see page 7). Ann Carroll's career to-date is spotlighted on page 42.

## COMMENT

### Time for a new deal

WILL the 'Seventies bring a "new deal" for the ordinary club players not up to inter-county standard, who form the overwhelming majority of the playing membership of our Association. The very keen interest aroused by the pre-Christmas Ulster club football championship, and the decision by Westmeath Convention to press for the introduction by Leinster of a club football test could bring a refreshing wind of change.

Proposals for All-Ireland club championships are such hardy annuals that they have become something of a joke—but not to those non-inter county men who, under the present set-up, are deprived of the chance they deserve of winning a national medal.

It's time to knock the old argument that the programme is too heavy to permit the introduction of All-Ireland club tests, no matter how desirable they may be.

Some inter-county tests could be scrapped to the improvement of the programme. Last year Kerry also showed that, despite a most demanding inter-county bill, it is still possible to complete the county championships in the same year.

With careful planning, it would be possible to stage the club championships from early February to late April—featuring the previous year's winners

—on the same lines as the inter-county tests. Club football games could be played on dates devoted to Hurling League ties, and the hurling club matches on the same days as the Football League.

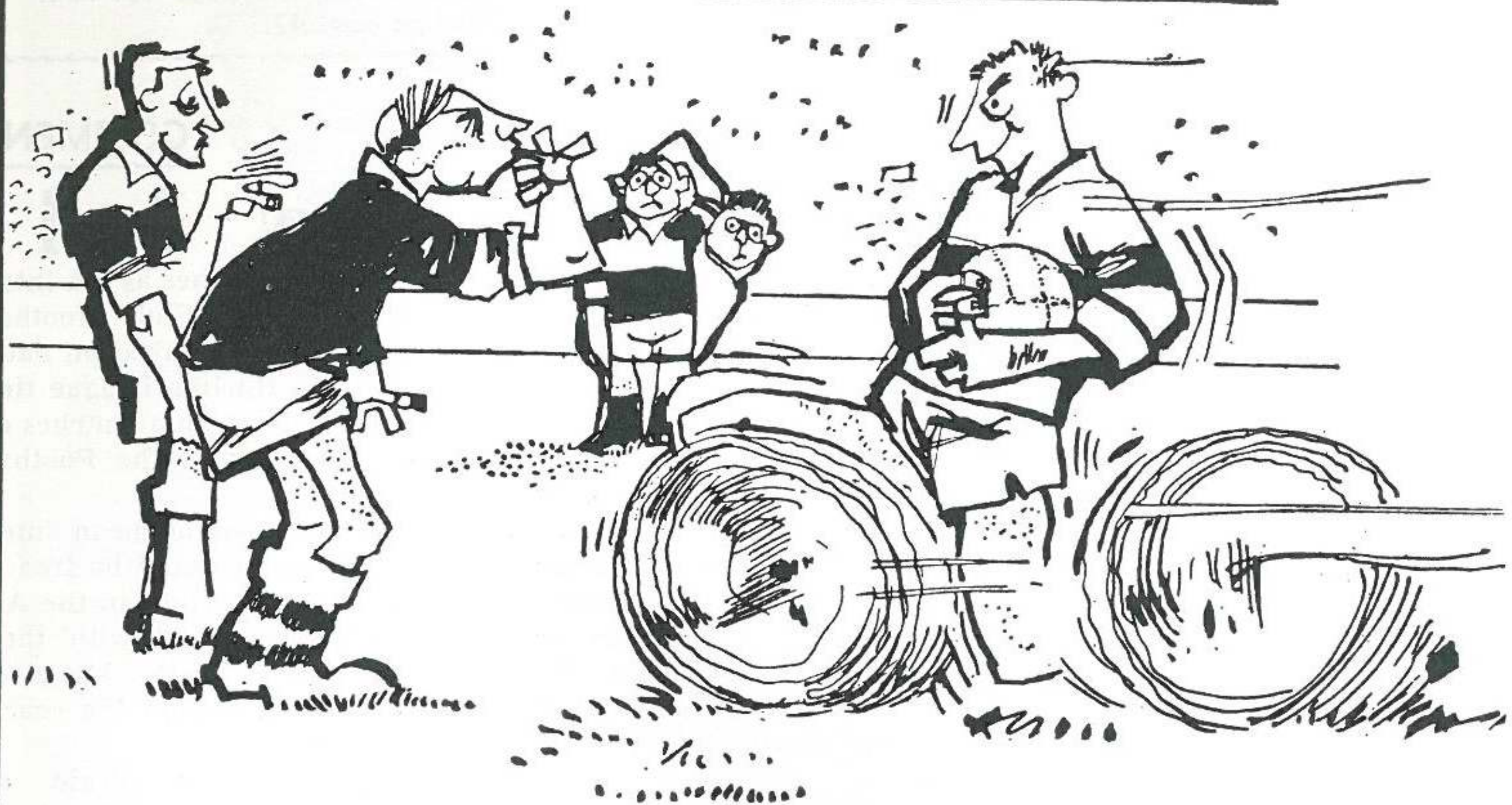
This plan would mean inter-county players would be free to play with their clubs in the All-Ireland series, and with their county teams in the League—and wouldn't disrupt the yearly programme.

Too severe a strain on players? Utter rot! No player worth his salt would complain about having to play four razor-keen matches in a month on successive Sundays. Many are doing this each summer, anyway.

Another point: Nowadays there is a tendency for clubs to seek postponements on the flimsiest of grounds—and more often than not these are successful—with the results that the county championships drag on and on needlessly in many counties.

We may talk about ambitious schemes, revival drives, and more social activities, but the basic point is that if our games are to progress as they should, we must provide the majority of the players with as many attractive and regular games as possible. Other sports are doing this, and it's past time the G.A.A. faced up squarely to the challenge.

# SHELL



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

**GOOD MILEAGE** —







MICK O'DWYER

# TOP TEN STARS



DENIS MURPHY

**M**ICK O'DWYER (Kerry) and Denis Murphy (Cork) have emerged as Gaelic Sport's top footballer and hurler, respectively, for 1969.

In football Mick O'Dwyer's consistent performances throughout the season kept him in a handy position in the points table but it was his superlative display against Offaly in the Grounds Tournament replay that finally clinched the title for him. It enabled him to finish with a two points margin over his club-mate, Din Joe Crowley. With Offaly featuring in most of the major games last season it's natural that there should be a fair sprinkling of the Leinster Champions in the Top Ten table and Willie Bryan's total of 30 points captures for him third spot in the rankings.

One can never be sure when talking of what might have been but surely but for Mick O'Connell's untimely exit from the football scene the Gentle Giant would most likely have ousted his team-mate and close friend Mick O'Dwyer from the number one spot, as it was, at the time of his departure Micko had compiled the handsome total of 28 points, just 6 points off the leader.

In hurling it may come as a surprise to find that the top spot is not filled by a Kilkenny man but as readers of this column are

aware these rating are assessed on week-to-week performances and it was not until the commencement of the Leinster Championships that the Kilkennymen started to make their presence felt, whereas the Cork Seniors were on active duty practically throughout the season. It is most pleasing to find Cork's Denis Murphy occupying the leading position, this scrupulously fair and immaculate hurler is well worthy of the honour. Pat Nolan, Wexford's keeper made a very forward showing, being pipped by only 3 points for the top spot and he in turn had just 1 point to spare over that artist of the hurling field, Eddie Keher.

The following are the final placings in the Top Ten table in both hurling and football for 1969.

## FOOTBALL

- 1—(34) Mick O'Dwyer (Kerry)
- 2—(32) D. J. Crowley (Kerry)
- 3—(30) Willie Bryan (Offaly)
- 4—(28) M. O'Connell ... (Kerry)
- 5—(26) N. Clavin ... (Offaly)
- 6—(25) H. Newman ... (Cavan)
- „ M. O'Shea ..... (Kerry)
- 8—(24) P. McCormack (Offaly)
- „ A. McTague ... (Offaly)
- 10—(23) T. Prendergast (Kerry)

## HURLING

- 1—(41) Denis Murphy ... (Cork)
- 2—(38) Pat Nolan (Wexford)

- 3—(37) E. Keher ... (Kilkenny)
- 4—(31) Willie Walsh ... (Cork)
- 5—(28) J. Doyle ... (Tipperary)
- 6—(25) Paddy Barry ... (Cork)
- „ Jim Tracey (Kilkenny)
- 8—(23) Pat Henderson (Kilkenny)
- „ Charlie Cullinane (Cork)
- „ Damien Martin (Offaly)

The following were the rankings of players in matches played from the 23rd of November to the 14th of December inclusive.

## FOOTBALL

- (10) Mick O'Dwyer ..... (Kerry)
- (7) Joe Corcoran ..... (Mayo)
- (7) D. J. Crowley ..... (Kerry)
- (7) Willie Bryan ..... (Offaly)
- (7) Seamus Murphy ... (Kerry)
- (7) John Morley ..... (Mayo)
- (6) Sean Cooney ..... (Offaly)
- (6) Pat Monaghan ..... (Offaly)
- (6) Ray Prendergast ... (Mayo)
- (5) Michael Gleeson ... (Kerry)

## HURLING

- (10) Pa Dillon ..... (Kilkenny)
- (9) Richie Bennis ... (Limerick)
- (7) Eddie Keher ... (Kilkenny)
- (7) Jimmy Doyle ... (Tipperary)
- (6) Mick Roche ... (Tipperary)
- (6) Francis Loughnane (Tipperary)
- (6) Pat Henderson (Kilkenny)
- (6) Frank Cummins (Kilkenny)
- (6) Tommy Ring (Westmeath)
- (5) Ollie Walsh ... (Kilkenny)



## At this time of year a lot of people are left standing

Winter motoring is tough on your battery. Windscreen wipers, heater, lights and all the other accessories that need vital battery power are in regular use. If your battery isn't up to scratch then you could be left standing. So don't take chances. Get your present battery checked at your nearest Esso dealer. If it needs renewing then make sure you get an Esso Premium battery.

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If it's Esso it must be good

# ***Psst! will ya' come down to Portlaoise with me?***

By

**PATRICK DAVID**

**Y**OU must be joking if you think I'm going to travel down to Portlaoise to see them."

"Take it easy"—he answered—"This Clare team might have got a raw deal against Galway and remember they knocked the day-lights out of Cork. If they beat Laois, the very least they will be in is a group play-off with either Cork or Galway.

"But Clare" — I told him — "Who ever heard of them as a football team? Have you ever even seen them play football?"

"No"—at least he was decent

enough to admit it—"But that's no reason why we shouldn't go to see them. You never know, they might be as good as they're cracked up to be. And look at it, we haven't been out of Dublin on a Sunday since the Munster final—and that was last July."

Now the reason was out. It wasn't the Clare football team that prompted the idea of a trip to Portlaoise in November. No, no, it was the chance to get out for a day. A few jars, meeting some old friends, some conversation . . . and no household worries.

"Alright we'll go" — I said grudgingly—"but so help me if this Clare team don't do something, I'll drive back to Dublin before the end of the first half."

I was still in the same frame of mind when he picked me up at Liberty Hall that morning. There was an edge on the wind that sliced through my coat and the frost was thick on the wall beside the Liffey. To make things worse it was only 11.30 and there was still an hour to go before "they" opened.

Off we went and the humour was frigid on all sides. We could have gone any place else but Portlaoise. The prospect of watching a Clare team was enough to blight any man's day.

We eventually got there and the humour didn't improve when we couldn't find the Press gate into the ground. By the time that was straightened out, I was fit to be tied and dumped in the local river.

Clare were out first . . . and, so help me, they even looked like a football team. There was a very pronounced professional look about them when they raced on to the pitch and went through a few warming up exercises.

I was particularly taken by their full-back—the towering P. J. Kennedy. "The last of the big full-backs"—I heard someone re-

mark a little unkindly behind me.

I recognised a few other faces—Sean Downes, Paddy McMahon, young Michael Hough—he used to be a runner, I think — Joe Lillis, Michael Moloney and Maurice Dillon.

By now I was frozen solid, or so it seemed. I couldn't even light a cigarette. My two frozen mitts were stuffed up the sleeves of my coat.

Then they started—and to say the least of it, it was a revelation. This Clare team looked the part. They swarmed into attack, lovely hand-passing, fine fielding, good kicking and a sturdy determination that anyone who tried to pass would feel the full brunt of a Clare shoulder.

It was wonderful stuff, one of the best matches I have seen this year. And Clare thoroughly deserved to win. They looked a great football team and they are.

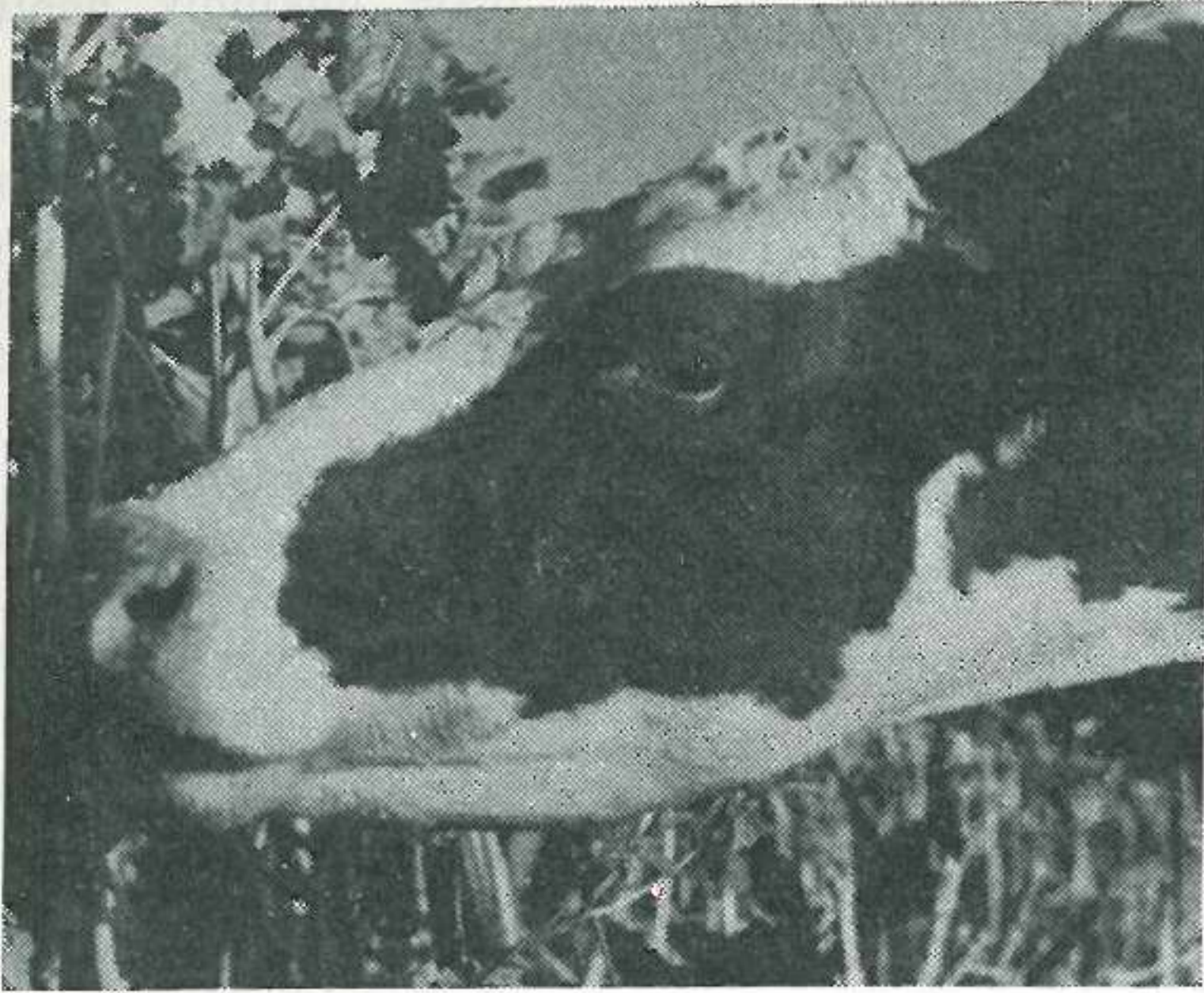
Cork used to be the big danger to Kerry in the South but on the evidence of this game, I'm prepared to lay bets now that the biggest threat to the all-Ireland champions next summer in the South will come from Clare.

"Well"—said he to me—"What do you think now? Won't you agree that we did right in coming to see Clare?"

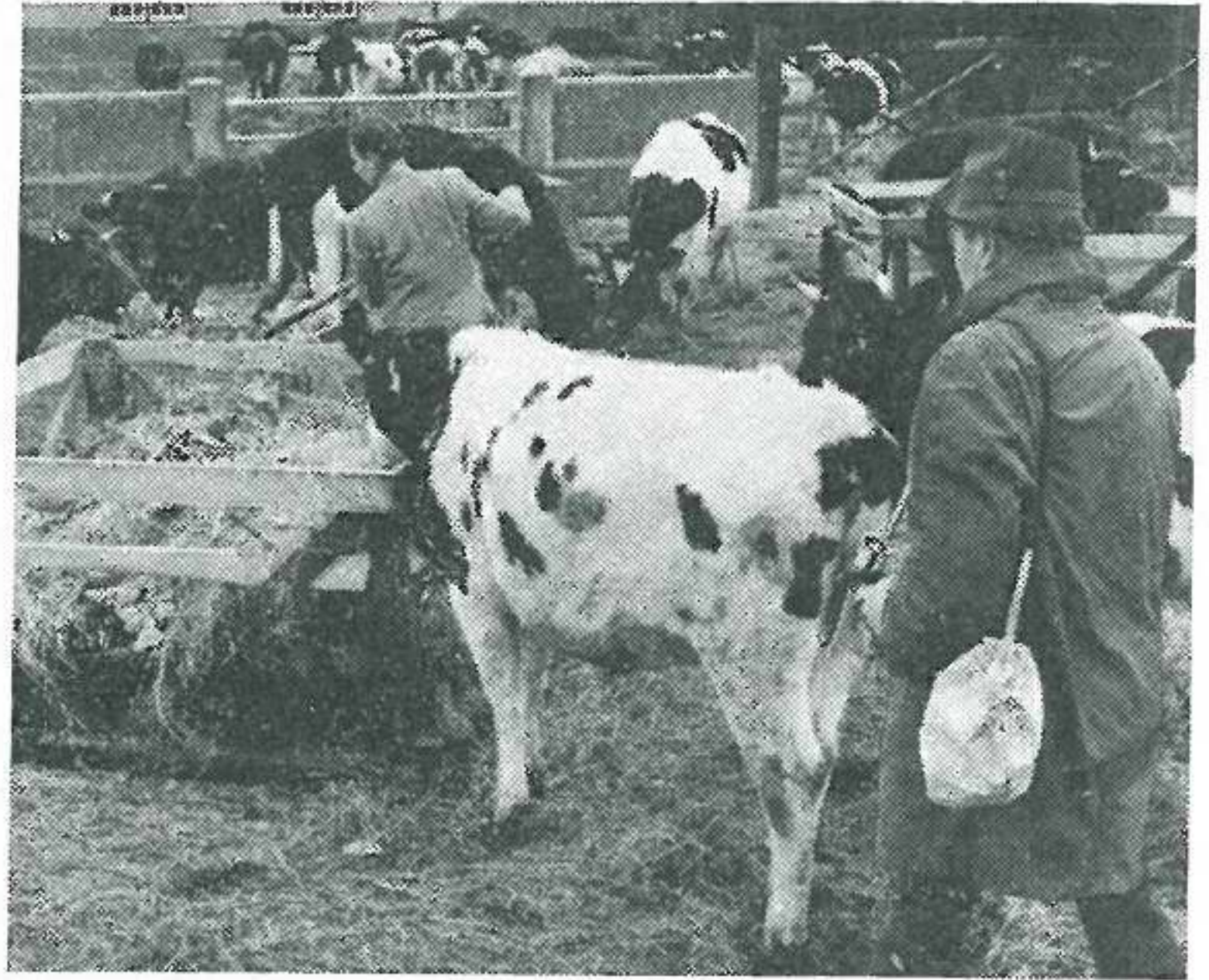
At this stage I had the cup that cheers in my hand, and the old half-dollar cigar was pouring fumes through the lounge of the very attractive motel just outside Portlaoise.

"One of the best football teams I have seen this year"—I told him—"A most satisfactory day all round. The only pity is that they must face Kerry in the South. If Kerry weren't there, I'd be prepared to lay generous odds that we might see a Clare football team in Croke Park next year."

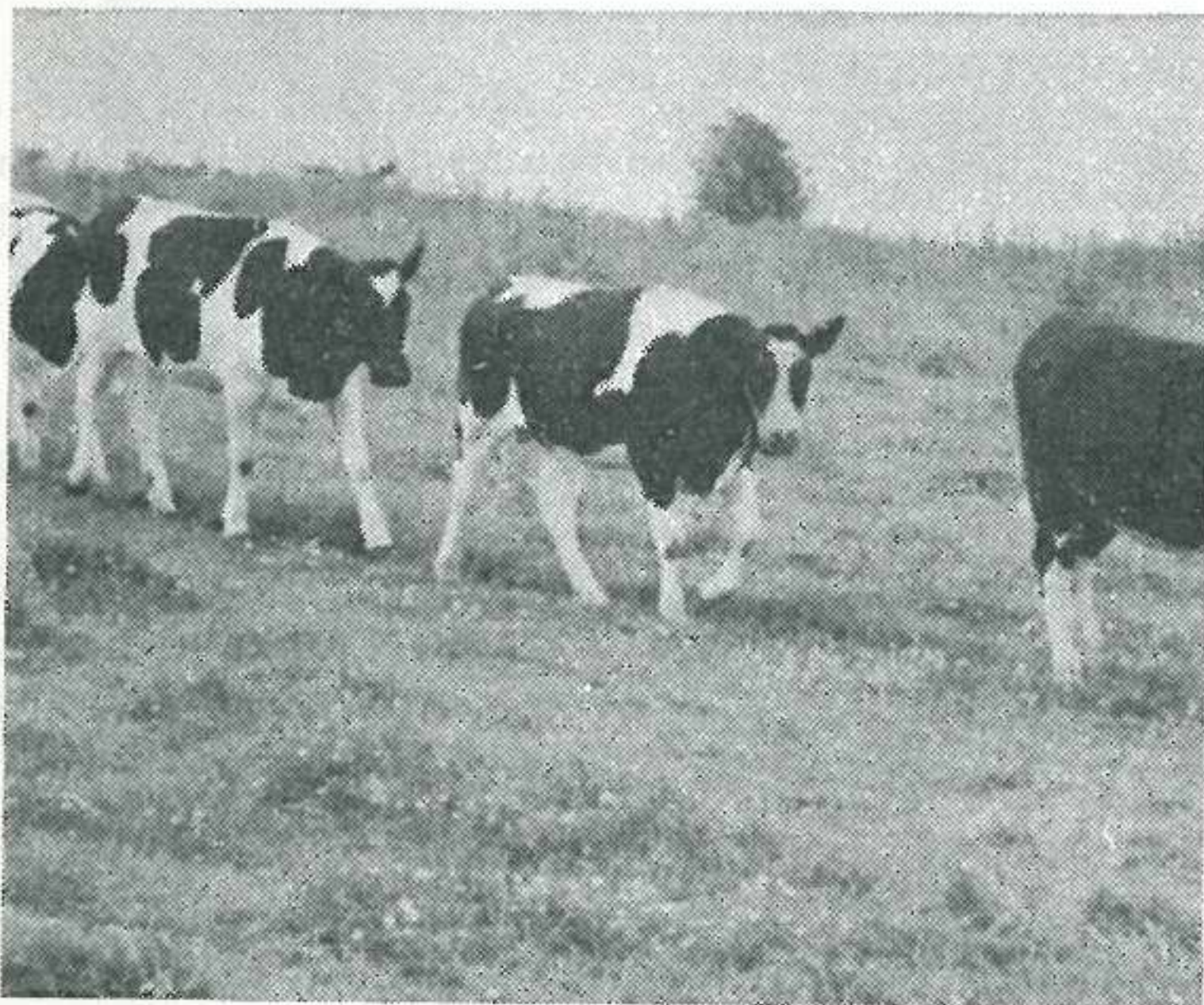
And, Kerry and all, it could still happen yet . . .



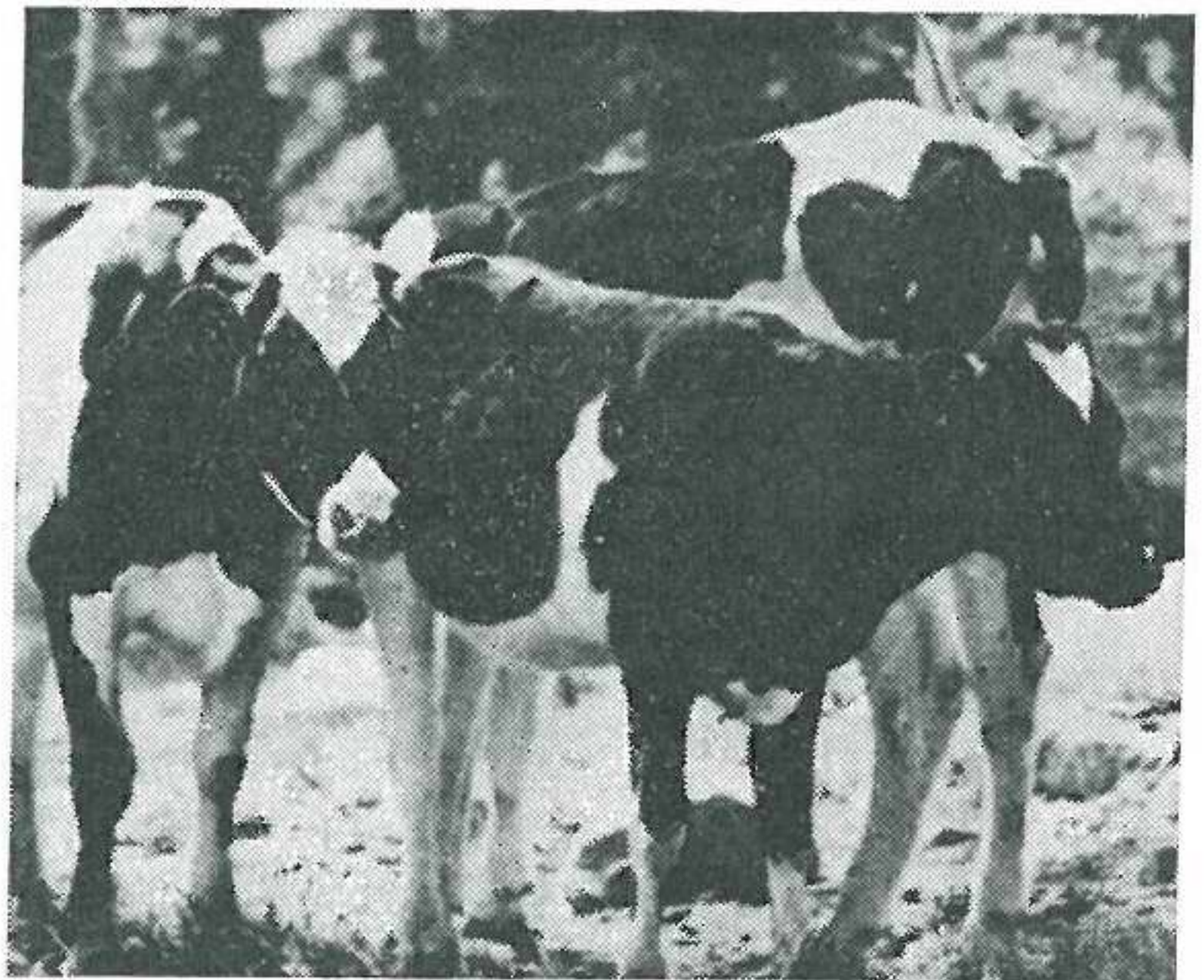
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# MY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# TOP TWO STARS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# OF '69



By RAYMOND SMITH

THE Editor has asked me to name my Hurler of the Year and Footballer of the Year and I find the task far more difficult than was the case at this time last year.

You see then I was able to plump unhesitatingly for Mick Roche (Tipperary) and Sean O'Neill (Down), for not alone had each starred in his respective All-Ireland Final but had given consistently outstanding performances on the road to Croke Park.

To me the criterion is not solely on how a man performs on the great day itself, when the eyes of 65,000 spectators or more are on him and you have the full spotlight of television and Press coverage and all the glamour and spectacle of the day. No, I take as much account of a man's influence of his side as a whole, his record and what he did perhaps back in the earlier rounds of the championship.

For if a team does not get to Croke Park, how can there be a performance by any member of the side that will go into the annals of the game?

Mick O'Connell did not have a very good game in the All-Ireland Football Final but they all agree that he played some of the finest football of his career in bringing Kerry out of Munster and in winning them the League crown.

And his very presence on the

Kerry team on Final day had a wonderful inspirational effect on the side as a whole — who can forget the way the stands and terraces rose to him as one man as he made his appearance on the pitch from under the Cusack Stand?

But the hard fact must be faced at the same time that in the choice of the Hurler of the Year and the Footballer of the Year, the performance on the day itself cannot be discounted.

I remember Michael Keating saying to me after the 1968 Munster Final (you will recall that he gave one of the most brilliant performances of his career on the wing against Cork that day) that the odds were against him repeating the performance in the Final. Michael had learned enough to realise that when you hit a peak day like that, it's odds-on that you will be a marked man in the decider and then it's not always possible to keep at top fitness right through to Final day. Unluckily for him he got injured in a club game and it came against him near the close of the first half in the Final. Unluckily for Mick Roche too that his side was beaten after the brilliance of his individual display. For the Hurler of the Year and the Footballer of the Year, excepting on very rare occasions, are picked from the winning All-Ireland teams

(Jim McKeever in 1958 was one of the rare exceptions).

I could plump for Mick O'Connell then as the Footballer of the Year, taking his performances through the season up to the All-Ireland Final as the criterion and on the Final Day itself I could go for D. J. Crowley, who made some of the finest individual runs I have seen from the midfield position (in one toe-to-hand run he must have carried the ball fully sixty yards into Offaly territory).

But after cold reflection and leaving all sentiment aside I plump for Johnny Culloty and if ever a man deserved the honour of the Footballer of the Year award, it is this modest player from Killarney.

Already he goes into the annals as the man who led the Kingdom to the 21st but he should now go in as the Footballer of 1969 and if I had a vote in the selection, he would get mine without any question or doubt whatsoever.

Before I talk about his talent, let me put on record his sportsmanship. Have you ever heard of Johnny Culloty being "in the wars" or have you seen him guilty of those exasperating little tricks of gamesmanship that may make the crowd laugh momentarily but which the really great ones of the game (men like

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### ● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Bobby Rackard or Jimmy Finn, for example) did not stoop to when the chips were down.

A great sportsman — and a great captain. A great captain in the sense that his approach is the quiet, masterly one—not the flashy or flamboyant one. From his position in goal, he surveys the field and he sees the weak spots and he is able to get his point of view across in a quiet but very effective manner.

As a goalie, he is one of the soundest I know. Only one lapse and that because he was too sure. When I met him at the reception after the All-Ireland Final, I walked over to him sitting at a quiet table down the hall (he doesn't like the lime-light of the top table) and I said: "That great save just after half-time made up for 1960, Johnny."

He smiled and said self-effacingly: "That's the luck of the game."

Yes, the luck of the game. In 1960 Jim McCartan kicked one in from 40 yards—a speculative shot. Johnny was so sure of taking it that he was picking the man to whom he would send out his clearance—the ball, however, glanced off his up-stretched fingers and into the net. The turning point.

No real mistake since then—and just after half-time against Offaly, a shot that had "goal" written all over it. No team needed a goal more than Offaly then—and a goal could have transformed the game, in their favour, as Mick Morris admitted afterwards. But Johnny Culloty with that wonderful positional sense that comes with long experience was in the right spot at the right moment—and the ball was saved.

I jotted down in my notebook: "That save has won the 21st for Kerry."

All that happened subsequently was incidental. The big climax



● **EDDIE KEHER** proudly holds aloft the Liam McCarthy Cup following Kilkeny's thrilling win over Cork in the 1969 All-Ireland hurling final. "Keher inspired the Kilkenymen to new heights by his leadership", says Raymond Smith.

of the drama had come and passed and all we saw from then on merely impressed upon us the superior skill of Kerry's football and Offaly's lack of real punch up front.

But a goal just after the interval would have uplifted Offaly's game—to the extent that they would have attained new heights. A team challenging for the highest honours, challenging especially against Kerry of the proud tradition needs the uplift of a goal in an All-Ireland Final to get anywhere. Points alone do not suffice.

Back in 1955 when Dublin threw down the gauntlet to Kerry in a memorable Football Final, Johnny Culloty was a member of

the Kingdom side — at corner forward.

He has seen the great moments and the lean seasons—he has not lost his head in the flush of victory or become a nasty player in moments when the opposition may have flaunted their talent in the elation of bringing down "mighty Kerry".

Most will remember him as a footballer only, as a goalie of fine talent, but those of us who know and love hurling will think of Johnny the hurler. Like Niall Sheehy he has a particular love for the game and I have seen these two men on wet days battle hard for the Kingdom in tough, uncompromising Division II hurling matches. Going out maybe to

play hurling the Sunday after Kerry had won some big football match and if they were only interested in headlines, they might not bother.

So I hail Johnny Culloty the all-rounder—and that is another reason he is my choice for 1969.

In hurling I could go for Martin Coogan (Kilkenny) or Pat Henderson (Kilkenny) or Ted Carroll (Kilkenny) and in either of these three instances I would be making a good choice. All three have given brilliant service to Kilkenny and all three starred in the All-Ireland Final and were consistency itself through the season.

But I must in the final analysis

● **TO PAGE 48**

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

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**R***let's shake***U***them up***L***in the***E***'seventies***S**Says **SEAMUS Ó BRAONÁIN**

**Y**OUR Editor has asked me to write on what rules I would like to see changed in the playing rules of football and hurling. No mean problem, but a vital one, indeed. Let us have a look at some of the thoughts that have been abroad within recent times. They have concerned football mostly, for it is in football that almost all the dissatisfaction has occurred. There is a general feeling about, I sense, that hurling is a fantastic game within even the present rules, and that what we are short of is players of the required extreme skill who can interpret it for us to the full.

There is a feeling about football that we have an abundance of skilled practitioners, willing to play the game with delightfully skilful concepts, but that they are being hampered, in some degree, by the rules of the game as they stand at present. With a bit more licence here or there, they seem to think, they could really make this game into a showpiece. What is found wrong?

**The foot pick:** I would never allow it to be legislated out of

the game. Under no circumstances can I see anything good coming from its elimination. Apart from the fact emphasised very well by an tAth Leon O Morachain that it is an integral skill of the game, and that the reduction of the skills of any game can do nothing but impoverish it, there are plenty of pragmatic reasons.

I was interested to see that Dermot Earley confirmed my repeated insistence that the straight pick would lead to worse evils when he was interviewed for a profile which appeared in last month's issue. As he put it, you would have players diving in and scrabbling for the ball on the ground, if the straight pick became legal. Players say there is a great deal of lunging in by opponents as they collect the ball from the ground; is it not obvious that the fact that they can pick it direct will encourage more lunging with the boot, since the opponent's only chance of competing is by preventing the picker possessing himself of the ball?

**Enlarged parallelogram:** From

one point of view, there is something in this—it would clean up play in the goal area, since a penalty would be the result of fouls in that area. But, you would then be clearing an area in front of goal much larger than the present, and a hundred different attacking gambits would be foiled because the attacker, naturally, must be excluded from the new parallelogram as from the old, before the ball, if one is to be fair to backs. Otherwise, it is merely discrimination against defenders, who are already by far the underprivileged classes of the football field.

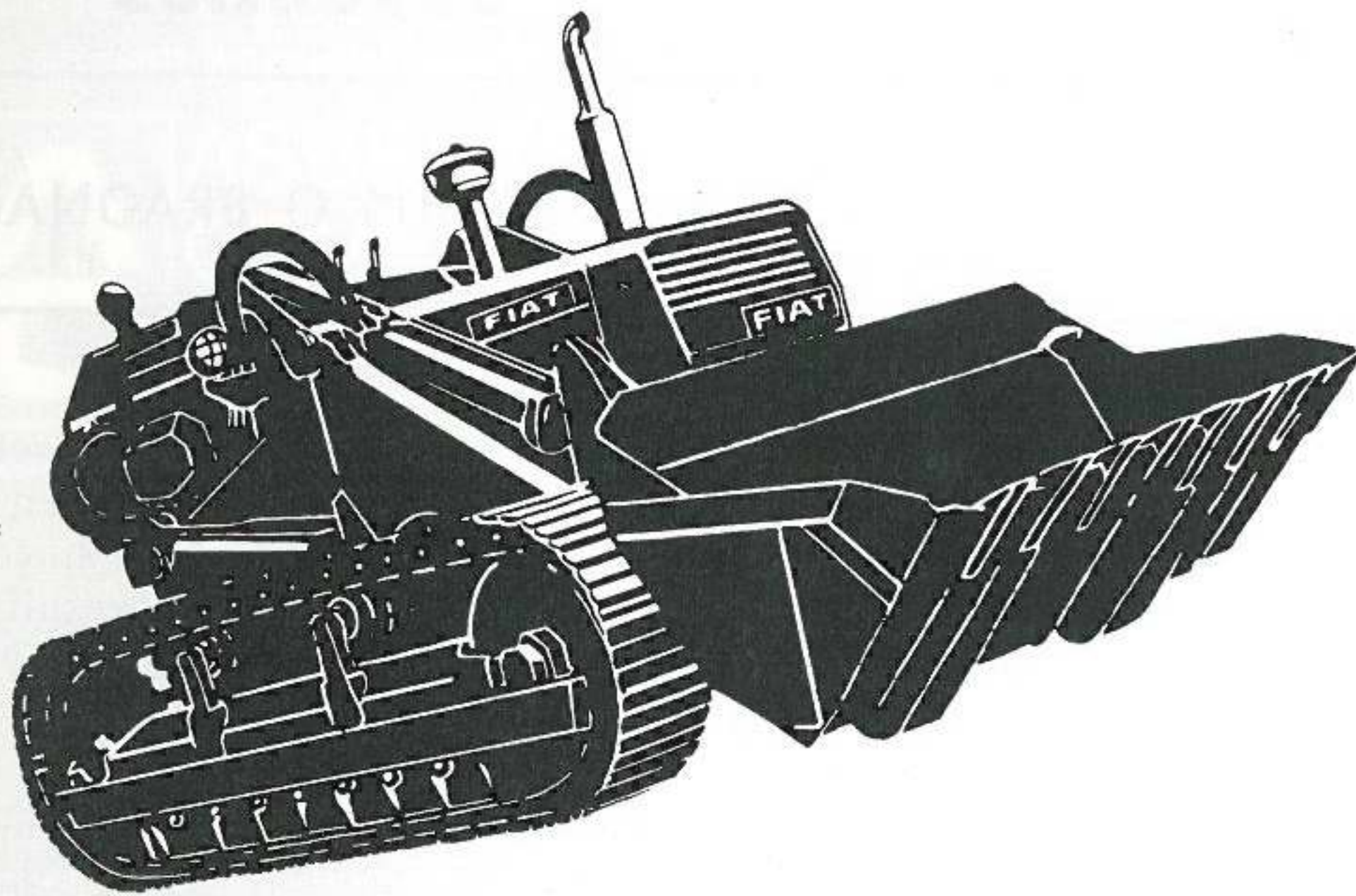
**Double-free for fouls in the 14 yard zone:** This copy from basketball of the double-free, might, on certain occasions, prove a just and adequate solution. But, how many times would it be a present of two points, or, at least, one. The attacking side may have worked a clear opening, a forward is through in front of goal and is pulled down frantically by outmanoeuvred defenders. In such a case the

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# FIAT POWER

## ● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

double-free would seem equitable. When else? When can you say that the forward is a sure goal-scorer? Or even point-scorer? Certainly not when there are defenders still in his path and within range to tackle.

Your back will, of course, ask—and rightly so—why he should be chosen for special punishment when his colleagues and the opposition get away with, perhaps, far worse and more ill-intentioned fouls further out-field, and suffer only half as much punishment.

It is too easy to hold possession indefinitely; there are too many possible ways of disposing of possession, and too few lawful methods of combating the man in possession. To this extent, those who suggested that the Rugby tackle, or the Australian rules tackle, be introduced were thinking along the right lines, but, I submit, in the wrong direction.

They felt that the tacklers should be given greater freedom in combating the possessors. All very well, but the way of doing that which is suggested would, I feel, so alter the concept of the game of football as to ruin a large part of its individuality. Allow that kind of tackle and you will have reduced the game to many of the ills of Rugby, gone against the thinking prevalent in the whole Association that what is required is greater and easier flow of the play.

No, I am certain that any extension of the latitude of the tackler would be a step in the wrong direction. I would go the opposite direction on the same line, and bring about fair play for all by restricting the licence of the possessor.

First, I would reduce the number of steps which may be travelled in possession from four to three, to bring the rules of

## ● TO PAGE 48

# FULL-TIME TRAINING MUST BE RESTORED!

Its health in the province at the moment belies the battle that rages in most of the counties. for in the present National League Sligo, Roscommon, Mayo and Galway are all faring exceptionally well.

But the squeeze is greater now than it has ever been. As more and more young people leave the West, and more of those who stay take little interest, the pressure on clubs never eases so that now it seems that the founders' dream of a club in every parish cannot be the success once hoped for.

It is the small rural clubs that are mostly affected. Winning, to many of them, is almost unknown. And if winning is not supposed to be the most important thing in sport, to my mind it is certainly the essential incentive for progress; and perhaps the only path to carry the club's most promising players to selection on county senior teams.

This of course throws an extra burden on County Board officials, for their pool of talent is nearly always drawn from winning teams, which don't vary so often, and consequently within the county the pool becomes smaller. So they are forced to rely on players who have left their native county, and who have done well with other clubs.

Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo and Leitrim are worst hit in this respect. At one stage Leitrim had only two players of their senior football team residing within the county. They have tried to rectify that. County Board secretary Tommy Riordan told me they were concentrating more on youth in the hope that the economic blight that has drained the blood of the county might soon pass, and he might be left enough players on which to pin new hopes of success.

Mayo are not a lot better off. Nine of their present senior squad reside outside the county. Roscommon and Sligo are similarly hit. It is all so frustrating and expensive for Boards, particularly when a team has a good chance of doing well in either league or championship.

It means that if a team such as Mayo want to show up well in the league they must get together at least once a week and when it comes to a vital match it can be three or four times a week. One can imagine then what expense is incurred in the other Connacht counties.

Of course players could be left to train on their own. But no matter how good the player's intentions—and it takes a lot of interest and guts for a player to get out and train on his own—it is not the same thing as being urged on by a trainer. He will do all the things he thinks he should, but he will not do that extra bit which is the vital difference.

Galway, are the best off in this respect. When they hit their great three-year-run in the championship, fourteen of their players lived in the county. They could come together as often as they wished and it was the spirit spawned from this togetherness that brought them victory and made them such an outstanding team.

That is the proof. When the Central Council decided to stop collective training they immediately erected an impregnable barrier between victory and less well-off counties in Connacht. It is time they did something to alleviate this awful burden on weak counties, not alone in Connacht but in the whole of the West of Ireland.

That is my hope for the coming year.

Says

**SEAN RICE**

**A**NOTHER year has dawned, and another decade. And the struggle for Gaelic football survival gets tougher and tougher.

So many things threaten this game of ours to-day that one wonders what the 'seventies hold in store, particularly for the game in Connacht.

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By  
EAMONN YOUNG

A LOT of money has been spent on stadia in recent years and many of our most sincere people have been asking if the money was a dreadful waste. They tell us that the days of the big crowds are gone either to the television screen or other attractions, that the cost of up-keep for these grounds is out of proportion to their value and that we would have been far wiser to have invested the money in many smaller grounds with better and more comfortable seating accommodation.

While there is some sense in the argument the matter reminds me a little of the question by the girl-student of the university who asked Bishop Lucey of Cork why were the five new churches built in the city when the money could have been spent much more wisely elsewhere.

Just like the churches the stadia were needed for the people, to ensure that about fifty thousand people could see a provincial final, while Croke Park is necessary both as a showpiece and as a venue for the All-Ireland finals.

If these places were not available thousands will stay away and fail to be impressed by the electric atmosphere of the big day and in addition we will fail to attract what I will call the passing trade of spectators.

The employment these stadia give and are giving, the money that was ploughed back into the community and the value of the investment are other arguments which should help to assuage any

misgivings we may have about the value of the stadia.

The next step is to develop these venues not to hold further crowds but to increase comforts for both players and spectators. The awareness of the necessity for covered accommodation is, I think, desirable and necessary while comfortable dressing rooms, showers, quiet entry places, refreshments and first-aid facilities are musts for players.

A most vital stage in the further development of the stadium, large or small, is the creation of a community centre and here the latest notable example is the plan made by the ninety-year-old club, St. Finbarr's of Cork.

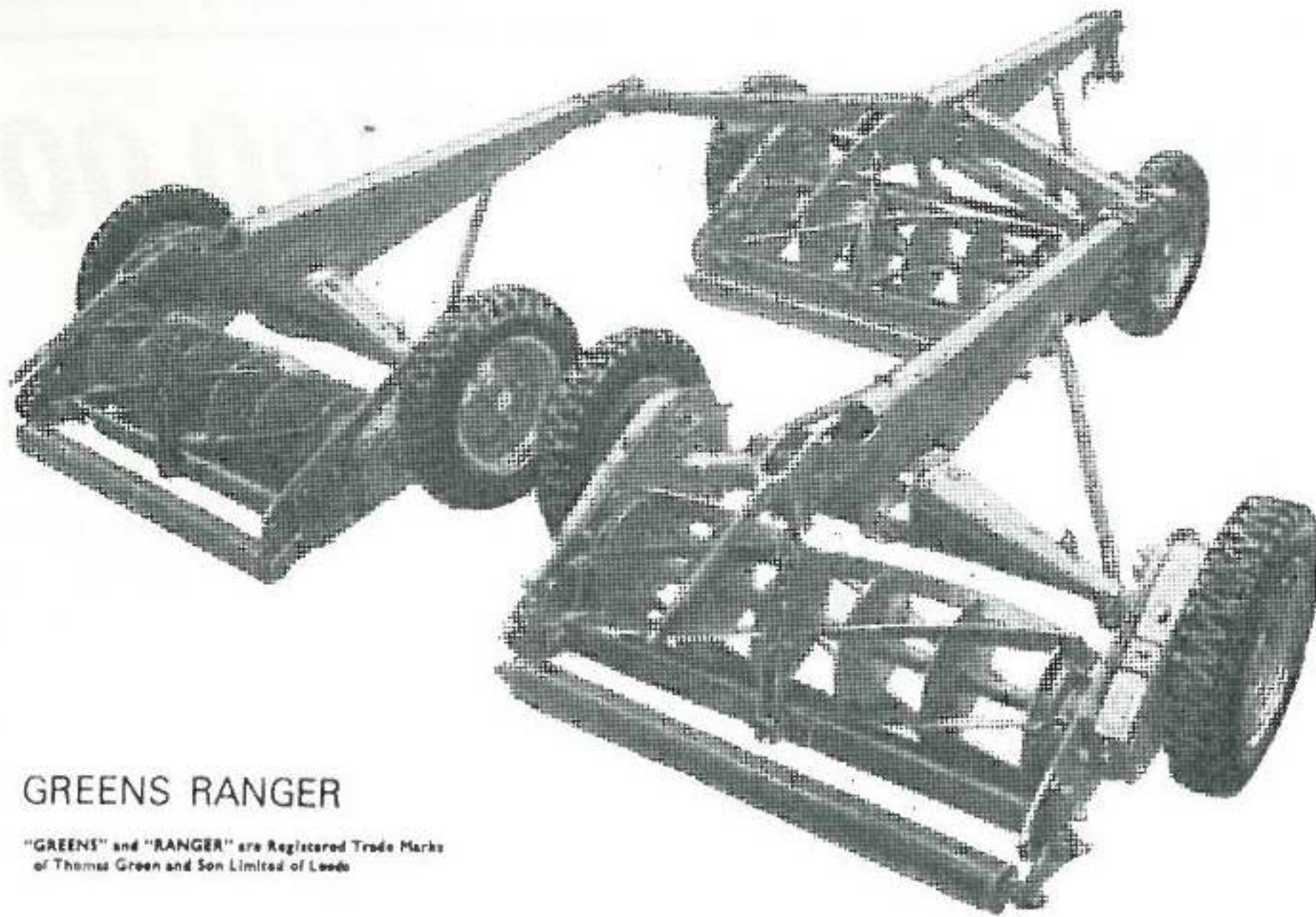
The club proposes to spend about one hundred thousand pounds in the next twelve months. They will lay out three fields and have a wall built around the lot. Some of us don't like this restriction created by walls, for sometimes the result is that players as well as intruders are locked out. However this is one of the inevitables of modern society.

The pavilion will include clubrooms, several meeting rooms, a bar, a hall, pitch and putt club, squash and handball courts, and Jim Goulding the chairman of the hurling club tells me he and his committee have enrolled the enthusiasm and energy of John Herrick who as chairman of the central committee will, under the umbrella of the hurling and football clubs organise a small army (John says

● TO PAGE 21

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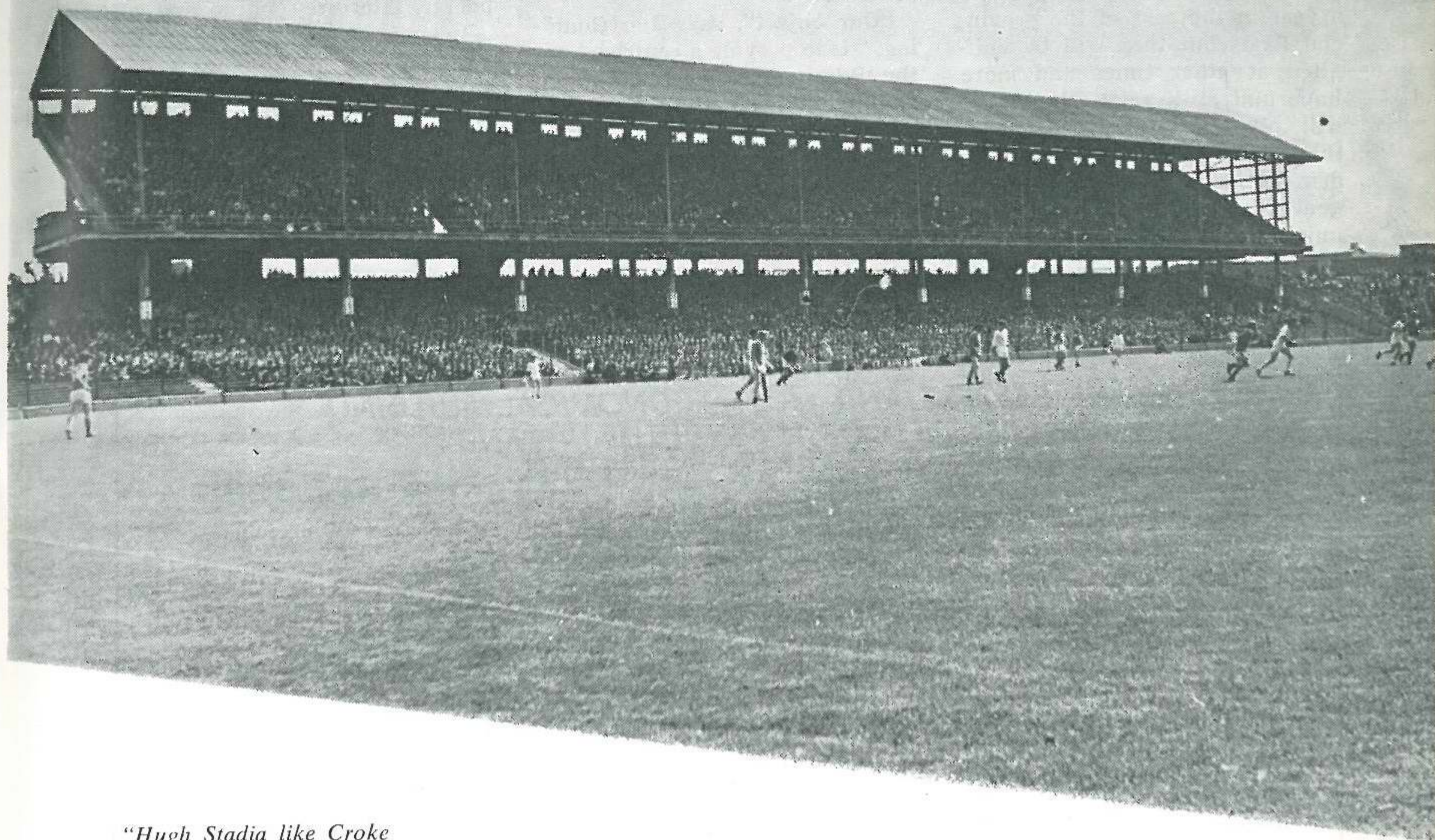


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*"Hugh Stadia like Croke Park (above), Thurles, Casement and Kilkenny are not just showpieces but are essential to the well-being of the G.A.A.", writes Eamonn Young.*

● **FROM PAGE 19.**

that sounds more impressive than the simple word "army") of helpers who will be calling on the thirty thousand or so who may subscribe to this great enterprise.

The first step is to drop brochures into everybody's door in a particular district and then a few days later have it followed up by two collectors calling to persuade the householder to assist. The collectors will in some cases be men who have learned the technique the hard way in the very many charitable organisations which do good for the poorer class of society. Others will be young men whose ability to collect has been confined strictly to the round ball. But it's the

enthusiasm that matters. Between the battle-scarred and the innocent the money will surely roll in from parents who wish their children to play and other children who long ago knew the joy and the value of organised and disciplined competition.

The Barrs have an advantage in that they do not have to build from the ground up. Already there is a virile and popular club which retains the affection of thousands by its good hurling and football. What is now needed is to enrol the great uncommitted population which has occupied in recent years the big new housing estates. They will be encouraged to affiliate, to join the pitch and putt club, to hold socials, to come and watch the

boys and girls practising and generally to become involved in this great sports centre.

A vital part of the motive power was supplied by Connie Noonan who had already contributed substantially to the pitch the club called after him. Connie, who has a War of Independence record, made a success of his life in New York where he is a very prominent member of the Irish community. Frequently in Ireland and always in touch with his club his forthright thinking and undiminished energy are more valuable even than his cash contributions.

It does seem that the day of the big empty stadium is ever coming to a close. No doubt they

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● FROM PAGE 21.

will be filled only once or twice a year in the case of the provincial finals but they will be half-filled at other times and more important still, very often there will be a few hundred people there playing, watching, arguing, drinking, dancing, and mingling generally in an atmosphere of uninhibited decorum that can

only bring further good to the community.

"Our object", says Jim Goulding, "is to provide a centre where the 'Barrs club can live and work and play, where the community which supports us can feel at home and enjoy itself. We are the leading sports club in an area which recently has spread far beyond it's previous limits. We

hope to have most of these people interested in us and all will benefit."

"The job is a big one," John Herrick says, "but our small army is equipped to do it. The results will I hope make everyone proud that he had a hand in it."

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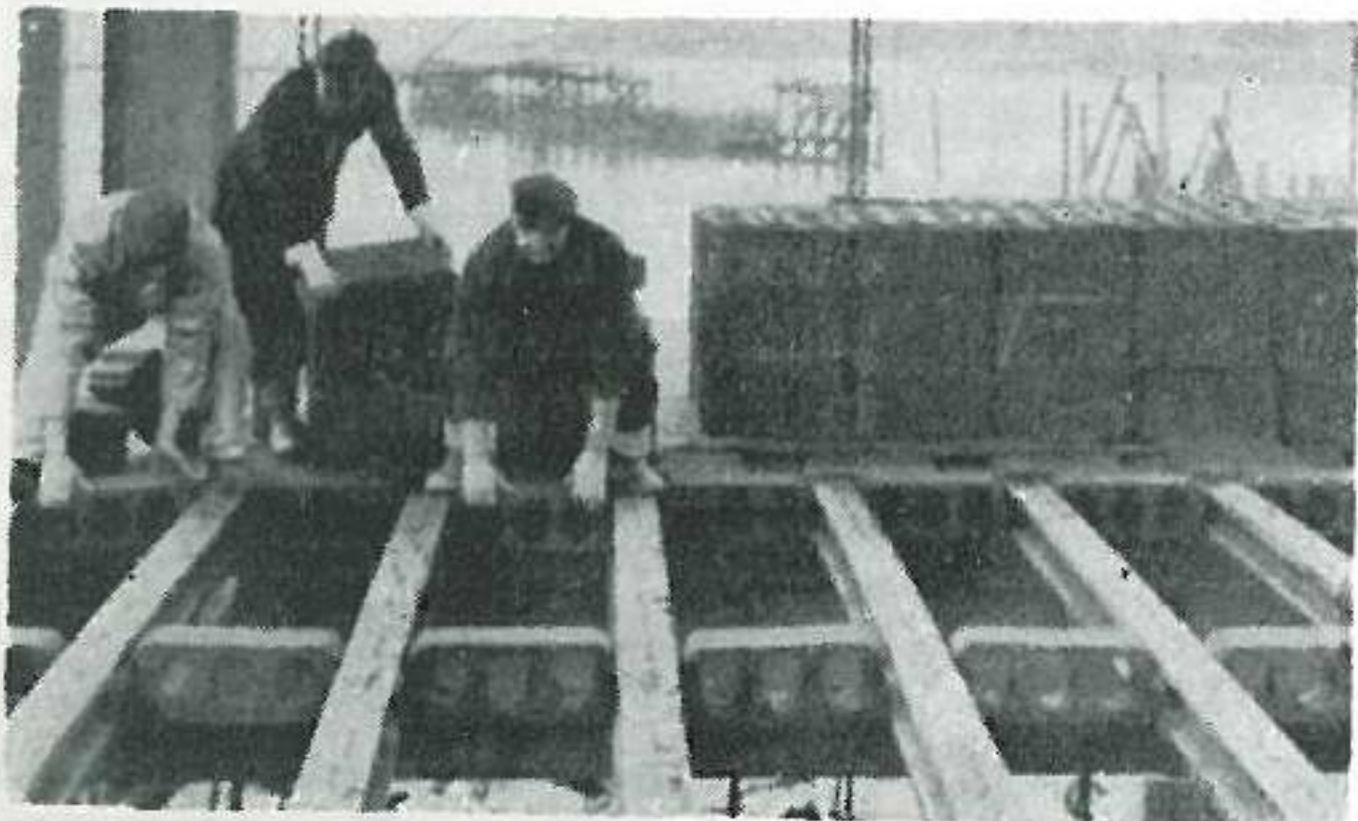
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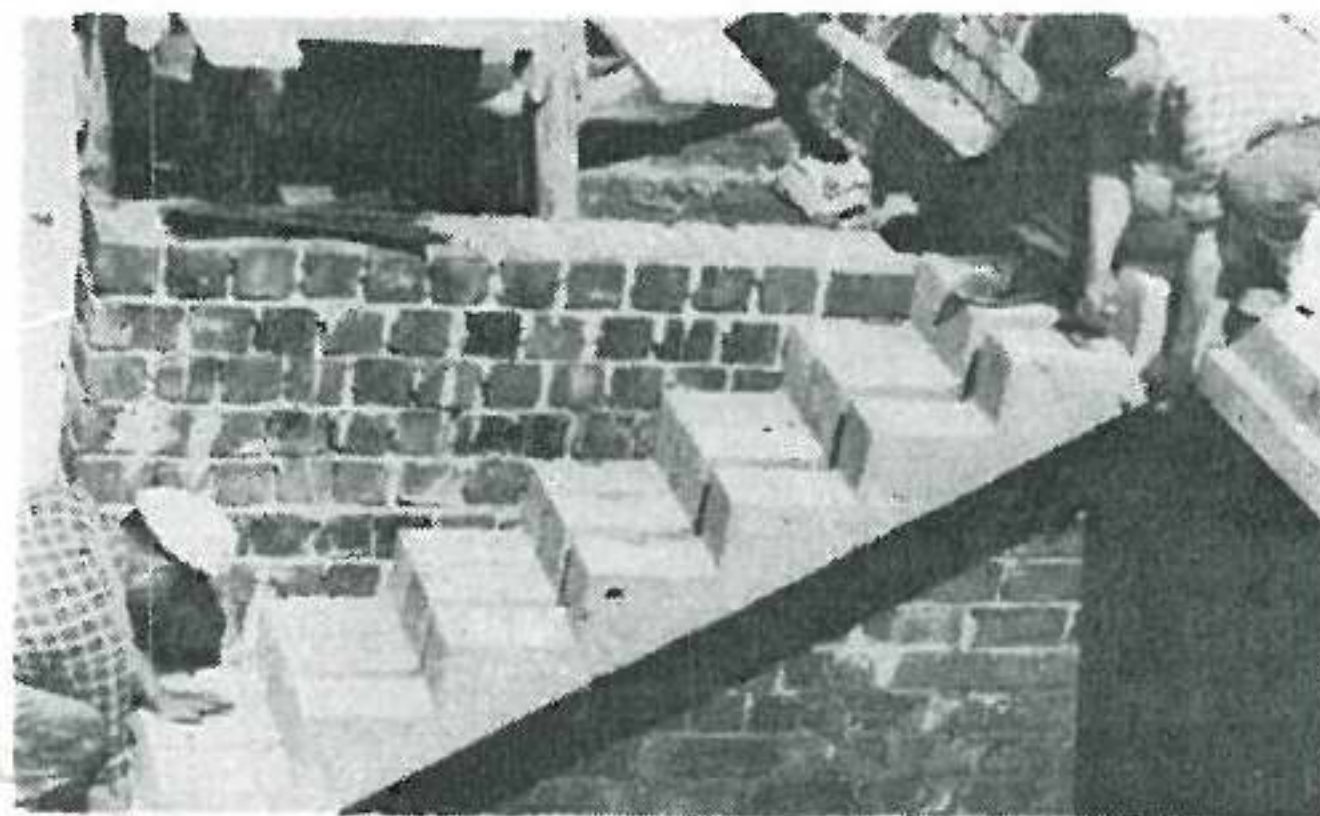
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# WHO DO YOU HATE?



Nick Rackard

## Asks PHILIP RODERICK

ONLY that I had been raised by a kind, sweet, gentle and well-mannered mother, I would have screeched my head off at him in Croke Park. At the time I doubt whether anyone could ever have hated Marcus Wilson as much as I did.

There he was, in a National Football League game—I think it was a home final—and no one in a red jersey could beat him. Now remember, I didn't know Marcus at the time; I had never spoken even a word to him. But, so help me, if I had been asked to give an opinion of him, the words would have burned holes in asbestos.

He was tough. There was no question about that. But the way he dealt with the Cork forwards was scandalous. He couldn't possibly have been doing it by fair means. There he was, horsing Corkmen all over the place—and the referee as blind as a bat!

How could anyone possibly like Marcus Wilson? As far as I was concerned, he was an enemy, to be disliked, even hated.

And mark you, this was at a time when the same Marcus was building up into a magnificent hurler and footballer. The trouble, of course, was that he was playing with Dublin—and I had no time, good, bad nor indifferent for Dublin. And as I saw it, everything that was

detestable about Dublin was centred in Marcus Wilson. Worse . . . he seemed to be getting better with every game.

Time passed . . . and in one of those strange ways, I discovered a slight sneaking regard for Marcus Wilson. Which may have been helped by the fact that Cork and Kerry had slipped just a little to the left of the football picture at the time.

Now take yourselves to the 1958 football final. No one in the world wanted an all-Ireland football medal more for the same Marcus Wilson than I did. I was getting a bit worried at the time that he might wind up his career without one.

I was now a Dublin supporter. Derry were my new hate. Jim McKeever and the Gribbins were my new enemies. I had no time now for Derry, who, by the greatest fluke in the history of football had removed my lovely Kerry from the scene in the semi-final. How dared they?

I wanted to see Derry get a good hammering in the final and who better to do it than Dublin—and my new hero, Marcus Wilson, the darling man?

One word against him and I would have stretched his accuser on the spot.

Nowadays Marcus and I are the best of friends and I couldn't recommend better company. He

is a kind, charitable man, witty, humorous—despite a penchant for telling old jokes—and there is an extraordinary gentleness in him.

I have often mentioned my one-time "hatred" to him. He accepts it, of course, and as he has often retaliated — "There were a lot of Corkmen I hated, too."

But Marcus was not my only "enemy" over the years. There were thousands of them. Take Nick Rackard, for instance.

There were times in the 1956 hurling final at Croke Park when I felt like going out on to the pitch to take him on myself. Happily, perhaps for me, I was well wired in. But there were moments in that game when I was screaming my head off, in a vain plea to every Corkman on the pitch to stop the rampaging Rackard by any ploy in the book or outside it. Stop him, stop him . . . at any cost.

And that went for every Wexford man—Ned Wheeler, Jim English, Paudge Kehoe, the lot. The impertinence of them in being in an all-Ireland hurling final against Cork, the traditional heroes of the game—and beating them, which made it even worse.

But only a few short years later, when Tipperary had won the Munster title again and Cork

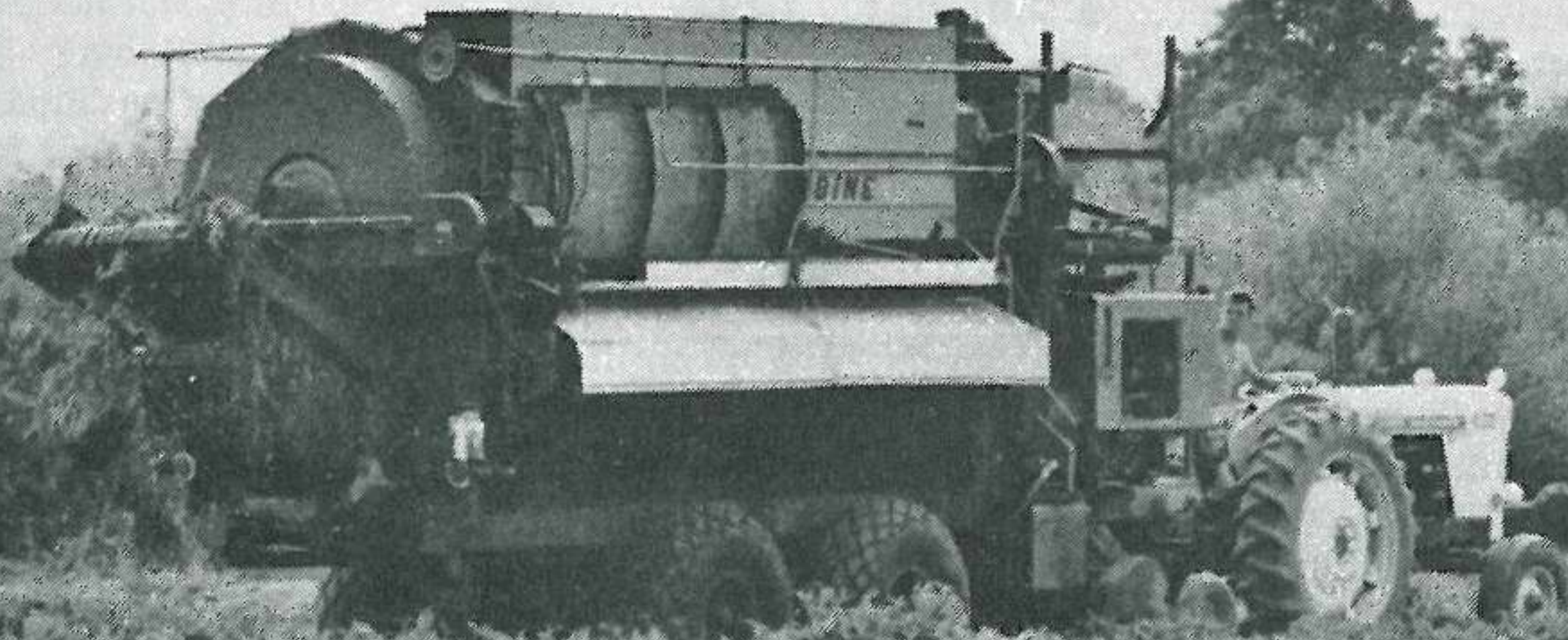
● TO PAGE 25

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● FROM PAGE 23

were out in the wilderness, who was Wexford's staunchest supporter in the 1960 all-Ireland final?

Me, of course . . . with every kind word of extravagant praise for those wonderful Wexford men. Any team that beat Tipperary that year was a friend of mine.

And as for Nick Rackard, retired by then . . . now there is a good friend and a gentleman of the game. We have often broken bread since — and perhaps knocked the top off the odd bottle or two—and I will never have a word against him—from anyone!

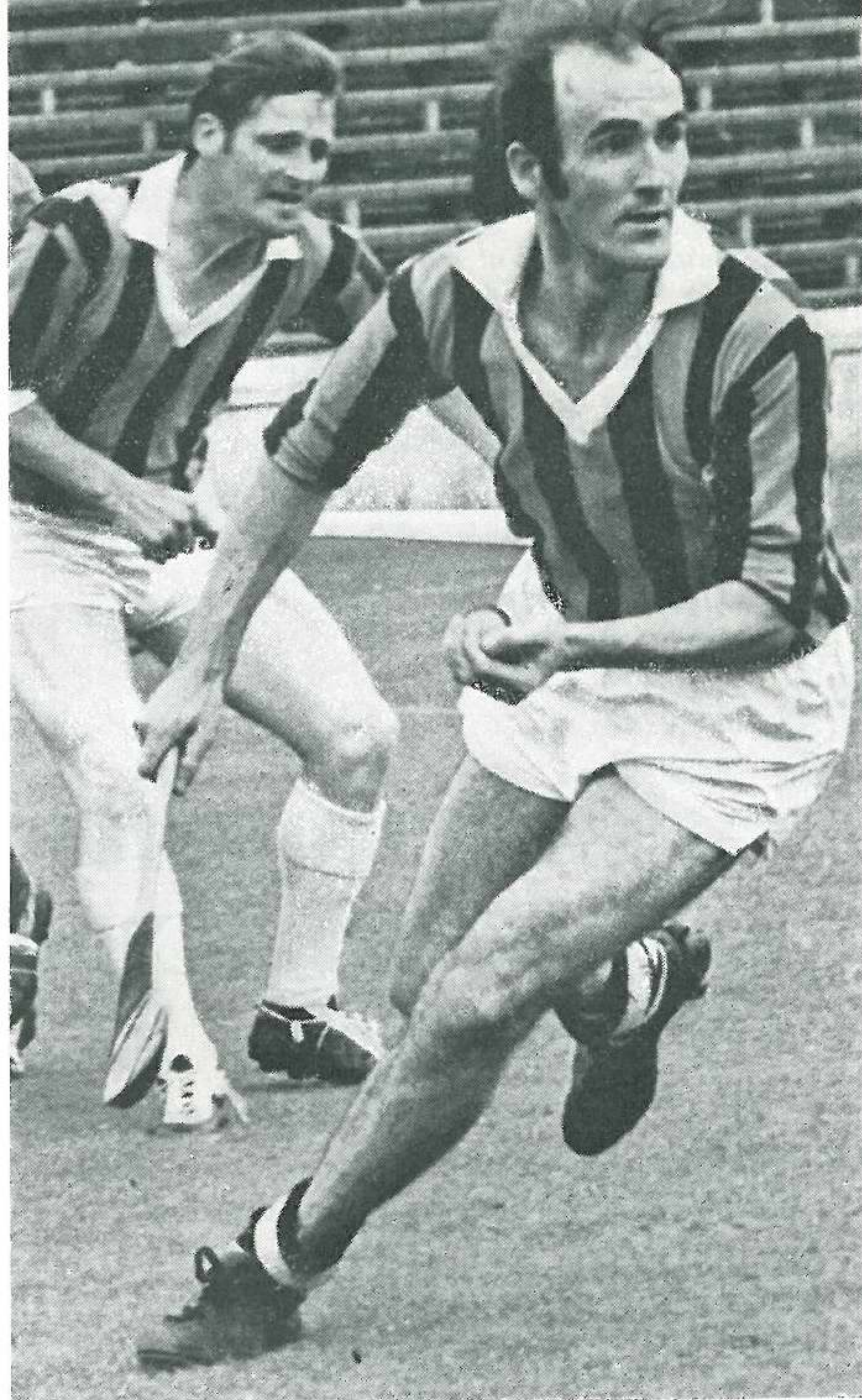
And what about the Tipperary men? Did you ever see a finer team, a better bunch of lads, a more sporting side, than when they knocked the stuffing out of Dublin and Kilkenny? Not a man to be seen in the class of Jimmy Doyle, John Doyle and Donie Nealon. Heroes . . . every last one of them.

I hated Down when they beat Kerry, loved them when they beat Offaly . . . but then I was a rabid Offaly man when they beat Kildare this year.

Galway have had their ups and downs with me. Who hated Frank Stockwell and Sean Purcell more when Galway beat Cork . . . but who loved them more when they whipped Meath?

Now we are marching into the 1970s and while all of you are working on your New Year resolutions, pardon me while I try to work out my pet hatreds for this coming season.

At the moment, Tipperary hurlers must be high on the list. After all Cork will have to beat them to retain the Munster title and that's going to be some job. I'm sorry about this, Jimmy Doyle, Mick Keating and Co. . . . but I'm afraid I will not be able to talk coherently about you until



Eddie Keher

the Munster championship is over.

But don't be too worried. If by some sorry chance, you beat Cork . . . I could be your staunchest supporter and best friend for the all-Ireland final—particularly if Kilkenny happen to be in it.

Now there is going to be my No. 1 hatred for 1970—Kilkenny. I can sense it already.

How can I possibly like Eddie Keher, Pa Dillon, Pat Henderson, Martin Coogan and above all, Ollie Walsh and Paddy Delaney, after what they did to my beloved Cork in the 1969 all-

Ireland final and again in the Oireachtas final? The wounds are still healing!

So Eddie Keher . . . even if I talk to you during 1970 and nothing is surer than that we will—the same Eddie will know what I am talking about—pay no attention to any outward signs of friendship and liking. Up there in the stand while you play, I will be the 16th enemy. However, I might reconsider the situation if Kilkenny are beaten—preferably by Cork.

Am I mad? . . . or does everyone feel like this?

Tell me, for instance, how good a supporter are you?

*I am firmly convinced  
that, if we put our  
trust in the youngsters,  
they will not let us  
down. The alternative is :*

# CATASTROPHIC CONSEQUENCES

**I**N all my years playing, and following and writing about the G.A.A. I never felt any real anxiety about the future of the games or of the Association, until, a couple of weeks before Christmas, I happened to be present at a meeting where a few young men in their early twenties, all of them players, and some of them inter-county stars, aired their views.

One naturally expects such young men, especially if, as these were, keen, articulate, educated and progressive to be generally in disagreement with what we used to call The Powers That Be, but are more popularly known nowadays as the Establishment.

Most young men of spirit disagree with their elders almost by instinct, and it is a good thing that they should do so. Otherwise we could make very little progress anywhere. This attitude I expected.

But what frightened me was that these young Gaels were not

alone in revolt against what they considered the Establishment; according to themselves they had lost faith in the whole Association.

Their grounds for such an attitude were plainly stated. They felt that administration, at all levels, was out of touch with the players and completely out of touch with the younger players. They felt, according to the most vocal of them, that, "Our only function is to do the training, and win the matches, and keep our mouths shut." Another made the complaint. "We are never asked. We are always

told. We are treated as children to be shushed into silence any-time we raise our voices. If we, the young players, stopped playing to-morrow the whole Association would fold up . . . and yet we are told our opinions don't matter . . . No wonder so many young people are either dropping out or moving over to other forms of sport in which the great grand-dads are not in full control."

But it was the reaction of many of them to the Association's National idealism that really shattered me. "Lip-service to ideals, that is not idealism," I was told, the same speaker adding, "Why attack the South Africans for banning coloured people from their games when we ban our own people from playing our own games? Or why ban people who join the British Army or Navy or Police, and not ban people who take a similar oath or make a similar declaration to become a teacher or a Civil Servant or work in the Post Office under the British?"

As for the Ban on certain games. It was "stupid", they said, it was "irrelevant." One of them wanted to know when had anyone been suspended for playing in or attending a cricket match; another claimed that in his part of the country our games were losing out, not to those two "big bogies" soccer and rugby, but to golf, basket-ball and pitch-and-putt.

And what was most disheartening of all, they had no solution to offer, so that, by the time they had finished there was precious little wind left in my sails. In any case, how could I, a member of the older generation, reply without branding myself as just

another reactionary who had failed to march with the times.

The only answer that I could make was to point out that they themselves were as much part of the Association as the people they criticised and that, instead of just grousing and muttering and complaining among themselves, they should face up to the fact, and force everyone else to face up to the same fact, that the Association belongs to all its members, old, young and middle-aged. If they, the young people, I said, did not agree with the way things were being done, surely their obvious answer should be to organise themselves and see to it that their viewpoint was heard and represented at all levels.

That answer of mine they said was out, because nobody wanted to listen to them. If they organised they would be denounced as hot-heads and trouble-makers and irresponsibles, they had no hope, they felt, of being elected to anything, and several of them said they saw no future for themselves in the G.A.A. at all.

But, because I see no future for the G.A.A. without these young people, I have spent the past couple of weeks wondering, not so much about where we of the older generation have slipped up (because such an exercise is, in all the circumstances, a waste of time) but what we can now do to bridge the gap that seems to be widening so rapidly between the rising generation and ourselves.

It was all too painfully obvious to me that I and these young men were on two completely different wave-lengths. Fundamentally they, as I, had the same cause at heart, the original G.A.A. purpose, the preservation and popularisation of the native pastimes and all those pastimes stand for, but their ideas as to how that should be done are so absolutely different from the convictions of my generation that,

on the surface, reconciliation of the two viewpoints seems a mighty task.

But the fundamental fact remains that, if we lose the youth we lose everything, and it appears to me that the only way to win back the youth is to give them the opportunity of letting their voices be heard at every level within the Association and giving them their proper share of responsibility in the running of affairs.

How this can be worked out I hesitate even to suggest, for I fear I am too old in my thinking and too set in my ways to gauge properly the aspirations of youth. Yet one thing is certain.

If we are to win back the young generation we must invite and even implore their participation to a far greater extent than hitherto in every aspect of G.A.A. activities. We must give them responsibility. We must, and don't laugh at me, even give them power.

I am firmly convinced that if we put our trust in the youngsters, they will not let us down. On the other hand, if we do not listen to them, and as far as is feasible, give them their head, it is we who are letting them down. and, if we do, we must be ready to take the catastrophic consequences.

## A SERIOUS REFLECTION



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# THE OTHER MICKO

## Kerry's scoring machine

By OWEN McCANN

WHO ranks as the greatest footballer Kerry has produced? This is an almost impossible question to answer to the complete satisfaction of all, but right up there in the highest ranks must be Mick O'Dwyer. Defender or forward, take your pick, and the long-serving Waterville man can parade the most impressive credentials.

It is not easy to get a tangible yardstick with which to single out one great back from another. Sufficient here to say that in a brilliant career as a defender, highlighted by the winning of All-Ireland senior medals in 1959 and 1962, O'Dwyer displayed a consistency in high-quality play that has few equals in the game's history.

But when it comes to forward play we are on much more solid ground. Scores win games, and the man who can consistently pop the ball into the net, or over the bar, is a forward with that "something extra". And if the score-getter is also an artist in opening up the way to goal for his colleagues, so much the better.

In the past year, especially, Mick O'Dwyer emerged as a 22-carat performer in all these facets of forward play at its most successful. In fact, he carved out an impressive record that must now make him a powerful contender for ranking, if not the greatest Kerry footballer of all time, certainly their most successful marksman.

For some fourteen years prior to O'Dwyer's vintage campaign of 1969, the South, not alone

Kerry, had not produced a truly dynamic sharpshooter. Since 1955 at least three players in each of the other provinces bettered 100 points for an annual campaign of inter-county games, and Railway Cup ties.

Yet, between 1955 and 1968, the best score put up by a Munster player was a moderate enough 9-52 (79 points) in 17 games in 1963 by Bernie O'Callaghan. Amazingly, that score was still good enough to leave the Kerry man top scorer with a lead of six points for all-Ireland in football that year; the lowest figure of any chart-topper and the distinction also for O'Callaghan of being the only Munster player to gain this role.

O'Dwyer has completely altered the picture. In the Grounds' Tournament final draw he passed out by four points the Munster peak by bringing his score for the year up-to-then to 4-71. He had played two games more than O'Callaghan during the Kerry pace-setter's record-making run, but there was still little to choose between the respective match averages: O'Callaghan 4.64 points; O'Dwyer 4.36.

Then came that spectacular scoring barrage against Offaly in the Grounds' final replay. His total of 2-8, a personal best in one game, earned for O'Dwyer the ranking as Munster's first representative in the Club Elite—that small band of footballers who have scored 100 points or more in a full season's campaign. He made it by three points 6-85 (103 points) in 21 outings.

The double-round in some

National League groups, with games up to mid-December, coupled with the Christmas holiday arrangements, means that our annual review of the year's top scorers has to be held over until next month's issue. But I'm betting that when all the scores are added up, we will find Mick O'Dwyer out in front nationally for the big ball game.

In the golden hour against Offaly, as good a display as we have seen from any sharpshooter, O'Dwyer just failed by a point to bring his score as a senior to 350 points.

That was his 73rd game in an attacking role, and brought his score to 22-261 (327 points). This works out at the very creditable per-game-score of 4.47 points. He also scored 0-22 as a defender.

Now that Mick O'Connell has dropped out of inter-county football, the Waterville ace leads the way in the South in the scoring returns as regards footballers currently in action. The Valentia Island stylist shot two points in the All-Ireland final to bring his record in the premier grade to 13-313 (352 points) in 134 engagements, at the rate of 2-62 points a match.

Mick O'Dwyer has provided some of the best all-round scoring performances of my time, apart from that never-to-be-forgotten exhibition against Offaly at the end of November. There was, for instance, the day at Carlow in October 1962, in his early days as a forward, when he featured a National League meeting with the home county by

landing six points from play, and a further five from frees. In addition, he had a hand in Kerry's only goal that day.

Then there was the 1965 All-Ireland semi-final with Dublin, in which O'Dwyer only went in as a substitute after the interval, and almost demolished Dublin on his own. Kerry were in arrears 0-4 to 1-3 on the re-start. O'Dwyer, in cool, competent style, set up his team's first goal by Derry O'Shea, and followed on by helping himself to two well-taken goals. At the end, Kerry were triumphant by 4-8 to 2-6.

More recently, great goals against Offaly in the League "Home" final in May, and against Kildare in a Croke Park challenge in August, rank with that brace against Offaly some weeks back as but other classic examples of the way this former star defender has expertly mastered the art of outsmarting goalkeepers.

It is a tremendous tribute to Mick O'Dwyer's ability, dedication and non-stop effort that it was at the age of 32 that he put this golden flourish to this latest brilliant chapter in his great career by pushing dramatically to new scoring honours for a Munster man.

This striking success underlines, too, in the best possible way his tremendous qualities as an attacker . . . qualities that few forwards in the famed Green and Gold down the years (and there have been some good ones) marshalled and put to anything like the same telling effect.

So, defender or forward, Mick O'Dwyer is one of the truly great ones. Indeed, when we weigh in the fact that he has also already served Kerry well in another role, that of county selector, his place in the annals of football in the county must now be well nigh unique!

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And out on the football field, where most of us only know him, there is the absolute perfectionist, the master craftsman for whom only the best can be truly satisfying.

That's how I see Mick O'Dwyer. And, in any analysis of Kerry's triumphs through 1969—the year that brought them an unprecedented slam of all the major titles in Ireland—the man from Waterville must be right up there at the top.

He, of course, would prefer to think that other men on the team did more than he did. Perhaps in particular games they did. But for overall consistency, for genuine wholehearted effort at all times, for his resolute belief that Kerry would not be defeated, who on the 1969 Kerry team could stand upsides with Mick O'Dwyer?

The enigmatic Mick O'Connell had his towering hours during 1969 but he disappeared after the all-Ireland final. D. J. Crowley had the game of a lifetime in the All-Ireland final but for almost two months after was only a flickering shadow of the man who

partnered O'Connell against Offaly.

All the others too—Pat Griffin, Brendan Lynch, Tom Prendergast, Mick O'Shea, Seamus Fitzgerald and Liam Higgins—had their hours of glory.

But all the time O'Dwyer was there, always sound, always scoring, always opening up, devising and prompting the moves that kept Kerry out in front.

An then, to wind up his year, he came through with the performance of a lifetime, a glittering display of football magic that really crowned 1969 for Mick O'Dwyer.

His display in the Grounds Tournament final replay was out of this world. And one knew it was going to be his day right from the start when he kicked his first point through the Offaly posts.

At the end of it all, he wound up with a personal tally of two goals and eight points, a record for a Kerry footballer in Croke Park, certainly a record for any corner-forward in a major football final at headquarters.

Every score he got that Novem-

ber Sunday had his personality stamped on it. But the two that really captured the imagination were the goals that wrapped this match up for Kerry and added the Grounds Trophy to their National League, All-Ireland and World Cup victories.

Halftime was almost on us, when the ball was kicked out from the Kerry goalmouth and in a flash the ball had been whipped out to O'Dwyer far out on the left corner.

He drew his man with ease and tapped a pin-point pass to Pat Griffin, who in turn slipped it perfectly to Liam Higgins just outside the square.

Higgins, hemmed in, turned . . . and there was O'Dwyer, who had raced in from the wing and back on the spot to collect the pass.

And the Waterville man picked his spot carefully. In full stride, he cracked the ball well away from Offaly goalkeeper Martin Furlong into the corner of the net.

O'Dwyer's second goal was a second gem and the scoring was executed in almost similar fashion. He was back, dead on the spot to collect the ball from a bout of beautiful Kerry passing and with the same urgency and accuracy, he slammed the ball well out of Furlong's reach. Even Furlong, in his acceptance of the inevitable that afternoon, paid tribute to O'Dwyer.



## ANOTHER LOOK AT THE OTHER MICKO

By  
PHILIP  
RODERICK

And what few in the crowd at Croke Park that afternoon realised was that only a week earlier O'Dwyer had played in the Kerry semi-final for Waterville against Mid-Kerry and that local people at Tralee, all discerning judges of vintage football, had voted his performance as one of the finest ever seen in a championship game.

Or that earlier in the year when penalties had been awarded against his local team, O'Dwyer had gone back into goal to save them?

There are many facets to Mick O'Dwyer and perhaps we may never know them all. Those we know we can talk about and write about—and they, of course, show to us that few footballers in the past decade or more have given such magnificent, rewarding service, loyalty and strength to the Kingdom.

For the last year or two, Mick O'Dwyer has given the occasional hint that he might retire from football to make way for some of Kerry's up-and-coming youngsters.

Let's hope that he is not too serious about it.

On his displays during 1969 and particularly on that tour de force of the Grounds Tournament final at Croke Park in November, there must be a few other All-Ireland medals in him. And at 32 he is still young enough to collect them.

# RANSOMES

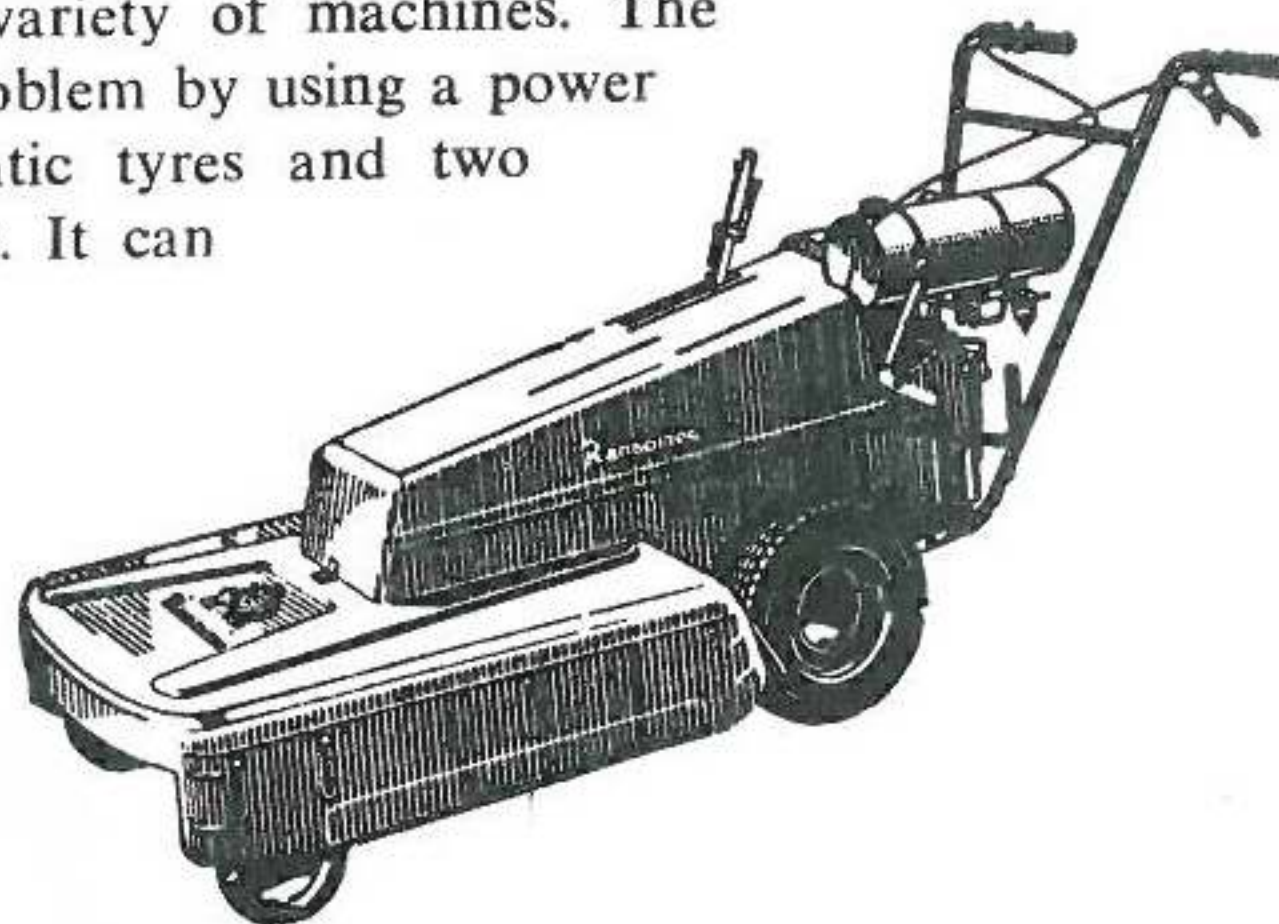
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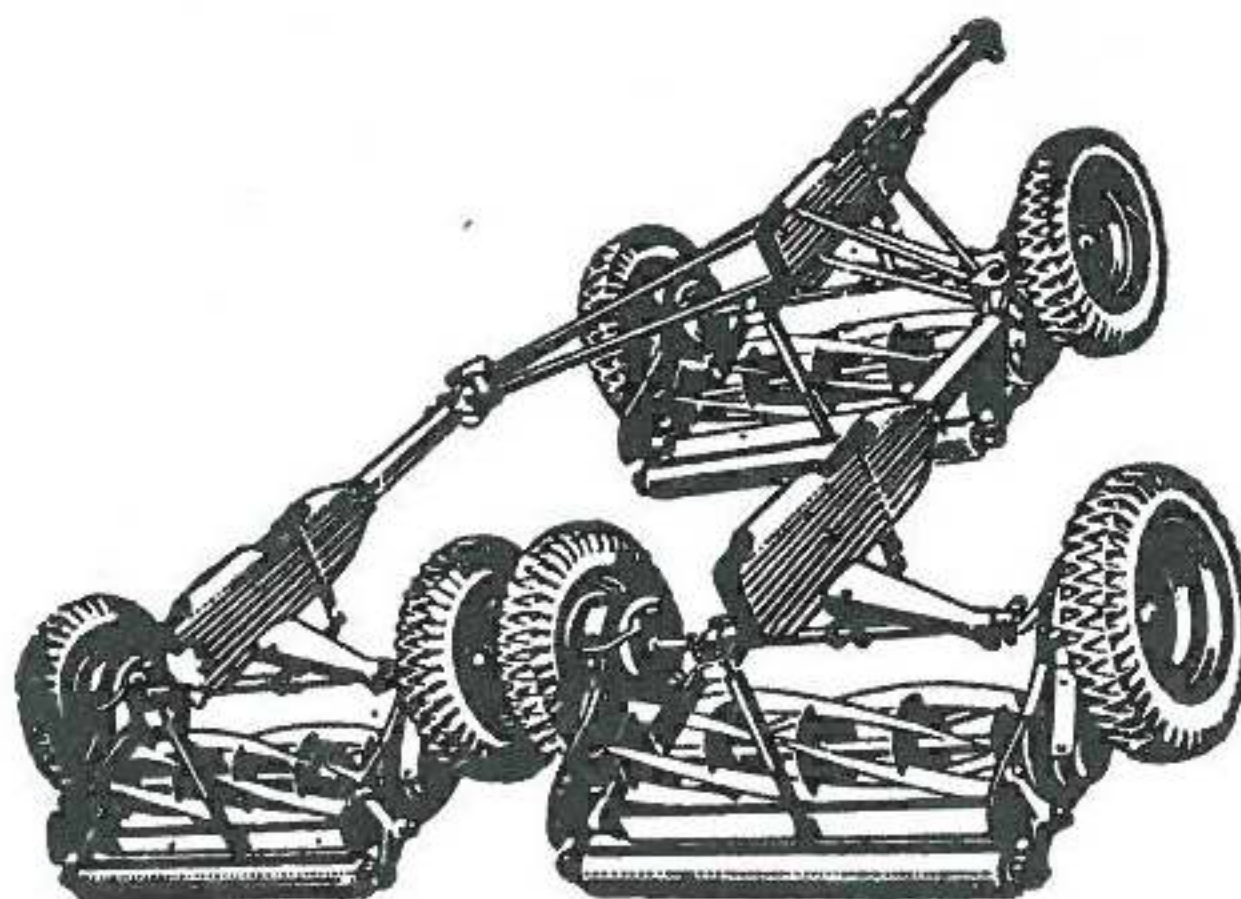
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NOW IS THE TIME FOR NEW YEAR  
RESOLUTIONS—WELL THEN . . .

# ARE YOU FIT FOR 1970?

By FRANK FLYNN

**T**O start on a serious note, think of the improvement in the quality of Irish life which would occur if every one of us made just one resolution for the New Year and was able to stick to it: a resolution to be a better person in the year ahead. Maybe you gave up making that sort of resolve when you were ten or twelve—but why not celebrate the start of a new decade by reviving it? Even the tiniest improvement in the quality of what one might call one's spiritual life can make a difference not only to one's own character but to the response evoked from other people. I think we should all give it a whirl. And if at first you don't succeed . . .

And now for some practical propositions as to how you can look better, feel better and be healthier in 1970.

Victor Craigie of Premier Dairies is a very health-conscious distributor. As well as subscribing wholeheartedly to the theory that yoghurt is a first-class food, he asked me to remind sportsmen that the basic rule of drinka

pinta milk a day will pay dividends in better health and more energy. Children being what they are, ice cream will always find favour with them. Did you know that if there's a birthday coming up in your family you can order an ice cream cake from Premier Dairies which will come complete with decoration of fresh cream and coloured icing, on its own silver salver? A twelve and sixpenny cake will make up into fifteen liberal servings—with no risk of tummy upsets later! Premier ice cream cakes should be ordered from your milkman or the local Premier stockist and given a few days' notice they'll supply to any part of the country.

In the dark months we all rely on fruit a good deal to give us plenty of vitamin C, among other things. There's also the psychological factor that it looks bright and appetising and that it tastes well! If you've picked up the pleasant habit of drinking orange or grapefruit juice before breakfast you ought to try the new Jaffa Queen juice. It comes in large glass jars with screw tops—



● **RON BARASSI**, captain of the Galahs' touring team which took the country by storm in 1967. There was no doubting the Aussies enthusiasm, keenness and footballing ability but what impressed most onlookers was the tremendous fitness of Ron and his team mates.

these will fit any type of fridge door incidentally — and you can be sure it's fresh because supplies are delivered to Ireland on a weekly basis and sent to the shops every few days. It's a particularly pleasant drink and unlike some other juices is made from the liquid content of the

● TO PAGE 35

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If Down v. Antrim at Belfast.

JUNE 28th, SEMI-FINAL, A.  
Cavan/Fermanagh v.  
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● FROM PAGE 33

fruit only: others contain the pith, pips and skin pulped down.

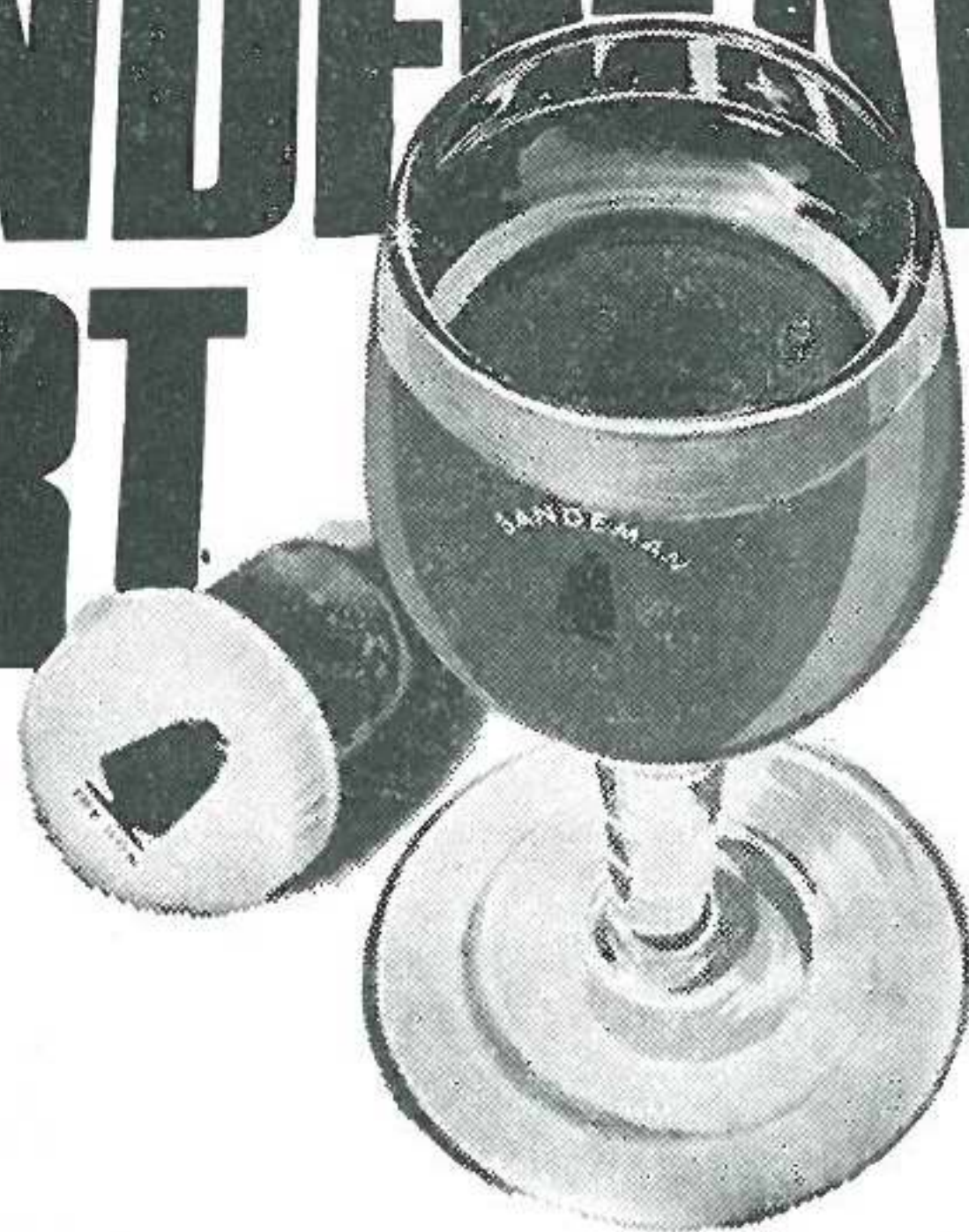
You could expect to pay about 3/3 to 3/9 for a jar of Jaffa Queen—the grapefruit juice is cheaper because grapefruits grow larger than oranges and it takes less of them to fill a jar. The company distributing Jaffa Queen also handle those SPC tinned fruits which are so popular as an after-dinner treat. The secret of their tastiness is that they're packed in a solution of pure cane sugar and water, making up a very rich syrup. The whole apricots with kernels left inside for extra flavour are particularly luscious—try them if you want a change from fruit salad, peaches and pears.

As a personal aid to fitness and general well-being, I find a glass of sherry laced with a raw egg and taken first thing in the morning a great way to start the day and I am not alone in this as quite a lot of the lads in my club also start the day on sherry and raw egg. Speaking of sherry I must mention here Nigel Beamish, that most genial and ever-friendly man. Nigel himself has that lean athletic look, unlike most big businessmen, and in his capacity as Managing Director of Edward Dillon and Co., the distributors of Sandeman Sherry, I wouldn't be at all surprised if he too is a "sherry and raw egg" man.

Regarding mechanical aids to fitness we suggest a visit to the Health and Fitness Centre, at 44, Nassau Street, ask for Mr. Mandl, mention "Gaelic Sport" and you'll get extra special treatment. The Centre stocks a complete range of sports and body building equipment and in their ultra modern showrooms you may browse round at your leisure.

Well there it is friends, some aids to fitness for 1970 and may we wish you a most Healthy New Year.

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# TEAM OF THE SIXTIES

*... and hopes somebody agrees with him*

LAST month I imagined myself as the manager of an Irish international Gaelic football team and proceeded to select a side to beat the world. Now, the Editor has asked me to go one better and pick my "team of the Sixties" in which I would select the fifteen best footballers in their re-

spective positions for the past decade.

Well, here we go anyway and what better place to start than at the beginning, which, in this case, is the goalkeeping position.

It was a particularly good decade for netminders and several spring to mind, including great

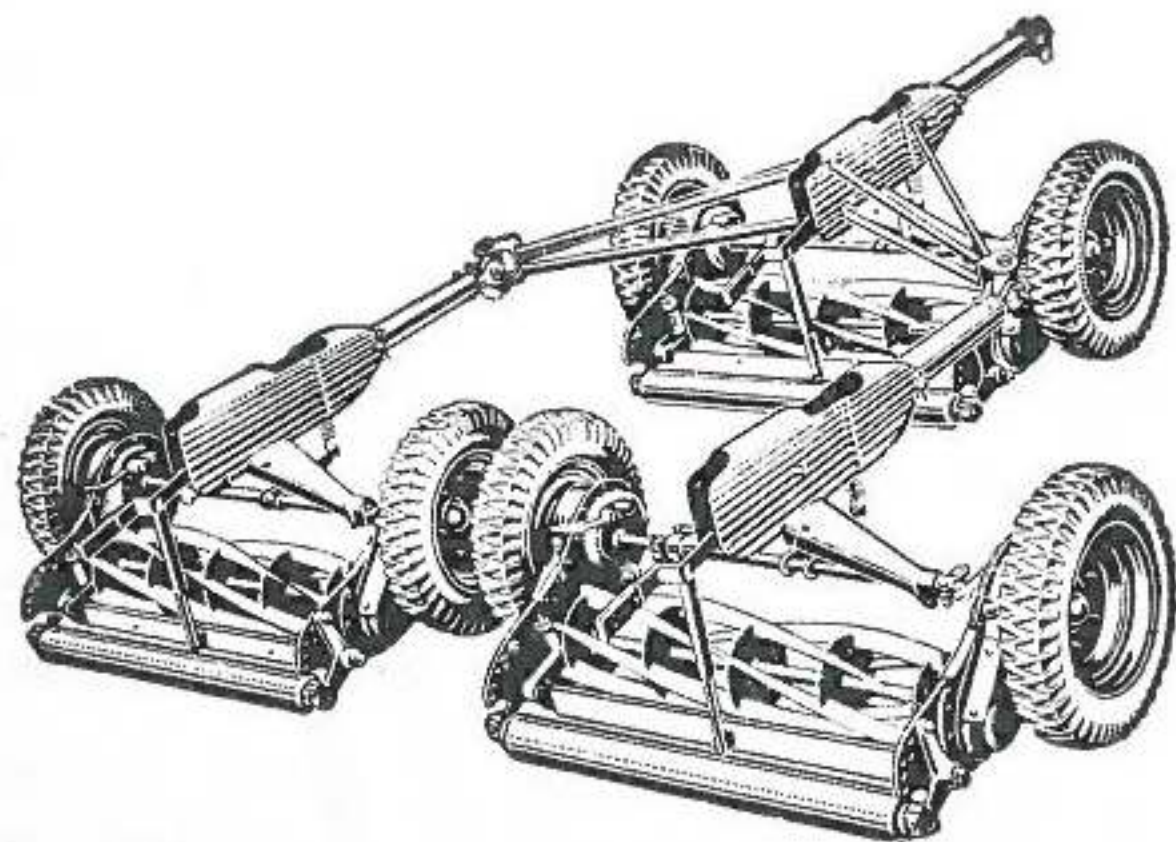
favourites like Johnny Culloty, Johnny Geraghty, Billie Morgan, Seamus Hoare, Danny Kelly, Willie Nolan and Martin Furlong, to mention a few. The more I try to single out one man from this group the more confused I become. One thing that strikes me about all of these custodians is the fact that they all played on teams which were regularly in the limelight. To solve this problem position I give you a goalkeeper who is an exception to that rule and played regularly behind beaten defences. Wicklow's Andy Phillips saved his county from many a heavier defeat and was a regular for his province for a few years running.

After much deliberation within my mind I arrived at a full-back line of Enda Colleran, Noel Tierney and Tom O'Hare. The former had stiff opposition from stalwarts like George Lavery, Gabriel Kelly, Paddy McCormack and Mick White, but the Galwayman's sterling defensive play plus his staunch leadership earns him the vote. He may not be performing as brilliantly at present as of yore but at the same time it is difficult to overlook Colleran's consistency throughout the decade. At full back most supporters would find it extremely difficult to separate Noel Tierney, Jack Quinn and Greg Hughes. The high fielding Connachtman just shades it although any one of this trio would adequately fill the bill. For the number four jersey Downman Tom O'Hare had to overcome strong challenges from

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Peter Darby and John Bosco McDermott. The Mourneman's attacking qualities plus his deadly long distance free kicking ability ensured him a place.

The Sixties were the greatest ever era in the history of Galway football and it is only natural to anticipate a fair sprinkling of Tribesmen finding their way onto the "team of the decade." Two of them gained places in the full back line and a similar occurrence arises in the half back line with John Donnellan and Martin Newell filling the wing positions. It is difficult to recall a sounder centre half-back over the last few years than Meath's Bertie Cunningham. He may not have been the spectacular type who stood out in a game, but on the other hand few forwards who opposed him got anything soft.

At midfield Mick O'Connell must be an automatic choice and there is hardly any need to give reasons for his selection. Joe Lennon, who gave Down such great service in this area before reverting to his present defensive role, is chosen to partner the Valentia maestro. It is not easy imagining any midfield partnership gaining the upper hand on this great pair when at their best. Other centre-field men who gave cause to remember the Sixties with a certain amount of satisfaction include Des Foley, D. J. Crowley, Jimmy Duggan, Ray Carolan, Mick Burke and Colm McAlarney.

There are numerous contenders for the front line positions and the fact that we must narrow them down to six in the long run means that several top class attackers must be left on the sideline. One man who can't be left out is the brilliant Newryman Sean O'Neill who, in the decade just gone from us, proved himself as one of the best full-forwards the game has ever known. He also had some memor-

able hours in the right half-forward position, but the number fourteen jersey seems to fit him better. If you are having Sean O'Neill on your team you must also have Paddy Doherty. And what a wonderful understanding this magnificent pair developed between them in the Sixties — reminiscent of the great Galway pair, Purcell and Stockwell, in the previous decade.

Doherty has now retired and Gaelic football is poorer without him. After much deliberation I award the Ballykinlar man the centre half-forward berth, but not before strongly considering the undeniable merits of three



● PADDY DOHERTY (left) and SEAN O'NEILL . . . their brilliant football throughout the 'sixties will seldom, if ever, be equalled.

brilliant forward leaders, Mattie McDonagh, Jim McCartan and Pat Griffin.

However, the real reason for this decision is to allow ace Sligo forward Mickey Kearins to occupy the left wing position. This player's scoring feats was one of the highlights of the decade and the best tribute I can pay to Kearins is to say that if the Yeats County had fifteen players

like him they would probably have won an All-Ireland title over the last few years.

For the right wing my choice is Sean O'Connell, the brilliant Derry forward who has been consistently starring for his county for the past dozen years or so. That leaves just two corner forward positions to be filled and that is solved by placing John Keenan on the right and Mick O'Dwyer on the other side. These two players have served their respective counties in many different areas and are more than worthy of inclusion in the side.

Much as I would like to have included other ace attackers like Cyril Dunne, Seamus Leydon, Charlie Gallagher, John Murphy, John Timmons and Willie McGee, this is not possible as a football team consists of only fifteen players.

So my selection is:

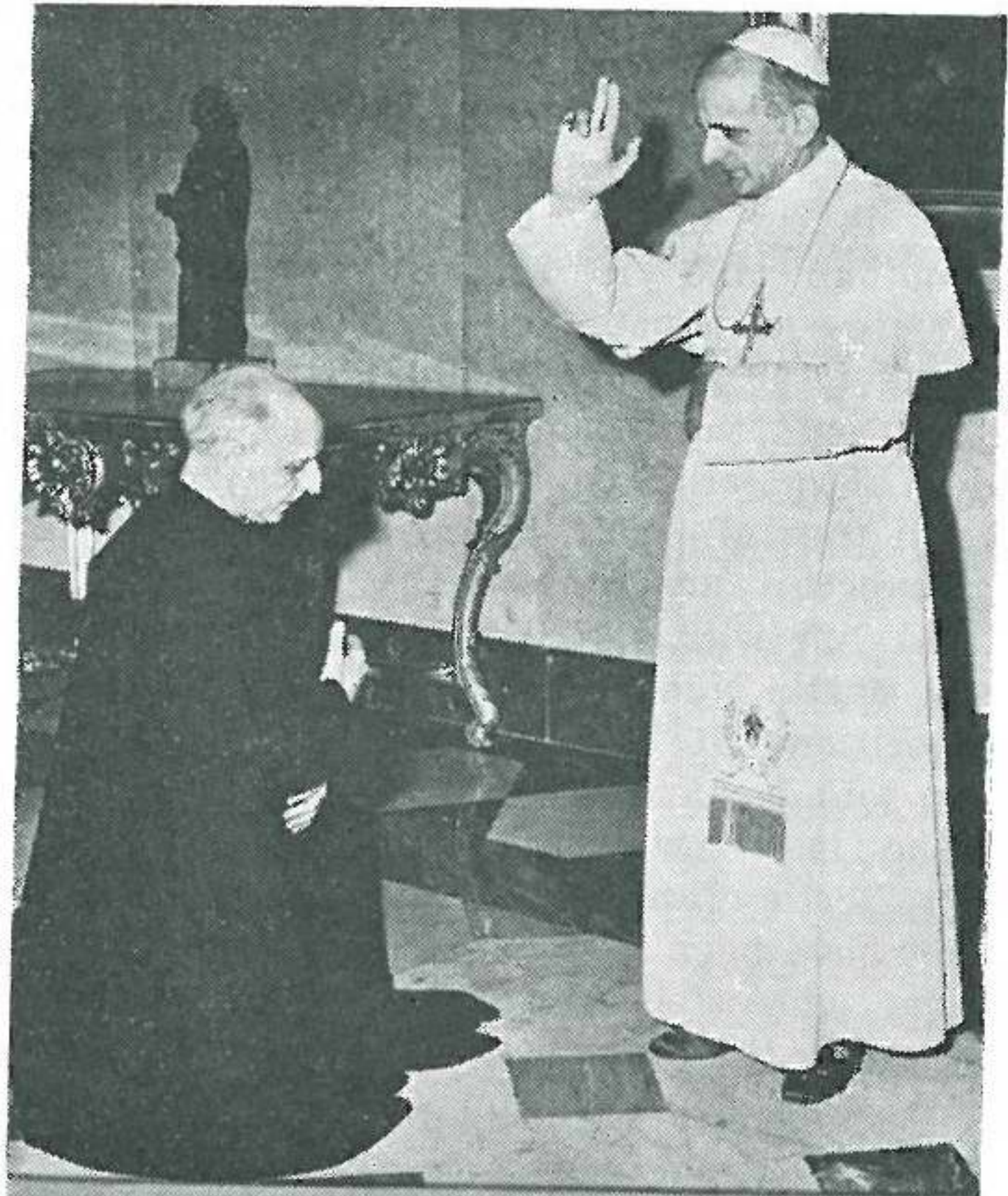
**A. Phillips** (Wicklow); **E. Coleran** (Galway), **N. Tierney** (Galway), **T. O'Hare**, (Down); **J. Donnellan** (Galway), **B. Cunningham** (Meath), **M. Newell** (Galway); **M. O'Connell** (Kerry), **J. Lennon** (Down); **S. O'Connell** (Derry), **P. Doherty** (Down), **M. Kearins** (Sligo); **J. Keenan** (Galway), **S. O'Neill** (Down), **M. O'Dwyer** (Kerry).

Before anyone starts getting ideas I would like to explain that fine players like Gerry O'Malley, Jim McKeever and Des Ferguson were not considered as they were ending their careers at the beginning of the decade. I suppose some of the readers are also wondering why some players who are still in the game are included in the "team of the decade" and yet were not selected on my "team of the year" in last month's GAELIC SPORT. I explain this by stating that the "team of the year" was selected on current form while the other selection was based on form over the past ten years. I hope somebody agrees with me!

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"I CONSIDER HIM THE GREATEST EVER"

# JACK MAHON TALKS TO SEAN PURCELL

**I** CONSIDER Seán Purcell the greatest footballer I have seen. Wonderful college player in the 'forties, Purcell had a lean early inter-county career until the Galway team of 1954 arrived. Last year many of the fickle writers swung their allegiance to Sean O'Neill of Down as their *numero uno*. This year some of the same fickle ones have gone for Mick O'Connell. Next year, it will be someone else.

But I can only think of the first half of the All-Ireland final of 1956, or a Polo Grounds display in 1957 to know I've never seen better than Purcell. If I should ever doubt, I think of the countless days I watched Seán play on the senior team in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. It was a positive joy to watch him perform everything so effortlessly and so stylishly. He is still very keen on the game, often misunderstood and I've asked him some thought-provoking questions.

**J.M.—How much has football deteriorated in recent years?**

S.P.—I suppose all ex-players are inclined to hold the view, privately at least, that the game is not what it used to be! I feel that there is far too much pulling and dragging, obstruction and playing the man rather than the ball, in present-day football. Open football is impossible in important matches because it pays to foul. Most scores come from frees.

**J.M.—How do you feel it can be improved again?**

S.P.—Stricter enforcement and uniform interpretation of rules by referees. A player who persists in fouling should be sent off for duration of game. Down-Galway challenge game this year an example of how Gaelic football should be played. Minor game on same day a disgrace.

**J.M.—Would you consider becoming a referee?**

S.P.—No. Ex-players as referees not the solution. Young men should be encouraged to take up refereeing.

**J.M.—You're a Connacht Council delegate now. Do you find yourself able to contribute in this capacity. Or have our meetings deteriorated into wordy meetings about club objections with little or no action?**

S.P.—Connacht Council meetings are concerned mainly with the running of competitions at county level, dealing with injury claims, objections, grants for pitches, etc.

**J.M.—Do you find yourself becoming less interested in things G.A.A.? What I mean is, do you go religiously to see a game every Sunday or have you found other interests cutting across what was a regular custom for you?**

S.P.—I usually watch a game on Sunday. I am deeply interested in G.A.A. matters and wish to see our games being made more attractive to young people.

**J.M.—I see you have a soccer team in Tuam now. What if your young son gets keen on soccer and prefers it to Gaelic?**

S.P.—I have hopes that by the time my son grows up, the Ban will be long gone. I would also hope that our games will have become so attractive by then that they will be his first choice, apart from any sense of loyalty to me.

**J.M.—How can the G.A.A. create a new situation whereby former players who want activity can be enticed back into active membership again? This is a major problem. So many former G.A.A. players are now much more interested in golf.**

S.P.—Golf offers an opportunity of active participation in sport which former players desire. The social side of things has been sadly neglected by G.A.A. It is good to see the development of club rooms, etc., in recent times.

**J.M.—As I see it, especially with the disturbances in the North and the headway made by the Civil Rights Association there, does it now seem that the Ban has lost whatever relevance it had?**

S.P.—The only possible defence for the Ban now is that its removal would damage the G.A.A.; that we would lose all our players to other codes. This is a defeatist attitude. I hold the opposite view and believe the removal of the Ban would be a great step forward in both our national and sporting objectives.

**J.M.—Who, in your opinion are the top players of to-day?**

S.P.—Watching Mick O'Connell play against Mayo in Galway last Spring I was once again reminded what a wonderful player he is. Of the young players I think our own Jimmy Duggan is the greatest. Willie Bryan and

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I.N.T.O.

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● SEAN PURCELL, the former Galway star, with his wife and family, as they relax at their home in Tuam.

● FROM PAGE 39

Nicholas Clavin of Offaly have also impressed me.

**J.M.—Do you think there is too much fuss being made of this Australian—New York relationship or are we making enough of it at all?**

**S.P.—**I disagree with the idea of allowing any team from outside Ireland to compete in an All-Ireland competition. However, I think that American and Australian Tours are a wonderful thing and feel that an All-Ireland team instead of a county team making such a tour would be a great success.

**J.M.—Are we G.A.A. folks too keen on winning? We have too few friendlies and when we have them they create no interest to player or spectator. Why don't we place more emphasis on enjoying the game?**

**S.P.—**Perhaps there are too many competitions at all levels and not enough friendlies with more social contacts after matches.

**J.M.—Should we go professional or, at least, semi-professional?**

**S.P.—**Not in the foreseeable future. The question of payment

for referees is one that might be considered.

**J.M.—Do you find that the Irish mass media is tending to play-down the G.A.A. games and over publicise our attempts at international combat in other sports. Those rather pitiful attempts do get far too much publicity, don't you think?**

**S.P.—**I think that the mass media try to be fair. No sports organisation seems to be satisfied with the time or space allocated to it which might not be a bad sign of impartiality. It is impossible to please every sports fan.

**J.M.—Do we make enough of our native games in the tourist market?**

**S.P.—**Ireland is a very sports loving country and our national games and other sporting attractions should be publicised abroad.

**J.M.—Galway's football stock has gone down. Is it time for a new team to take over the running of Galway's football fortunes?**

**S.P.—**Galway football board has remained basically the same for almost 20 years. County teams have enjoyed tremendous success

during this period and the game itself is in a healthy condition in the county. Much of the credit for this is due to the officers of the Board and I say this even though I don't always agree with them.

**J.M.—As a footballer what was your greatest thrill in memory? It may be something that would appear insignificant to others.**

**S.P.—**Beating Mayo in the 1954 Connacht semi-final was my greatest sporting memory. It made up for many years of frustrating defeats and opened up the road to future success.

**J.M.—I notice Clare footballers are making the breakthrough. Same with Limerick. Great credit due to men like Mick Tynan and Senan Downes. What advice would you give Clare or Limerick now?**

**S.P.—**Not to be overawed by reputations of individuals or counties. Confidence is the corner-stone of success.

**J.M.—Is the G.A.A. losing ground? If it is, how can it be given a boost?**

**S.P.—**In my opinion, the removal of the ban would give the G.A.A. the boost it needs going into the Seventies.

# ANN CARROLL

## OUR COVER GIRL

**A**NN CARROLL, the subject of our cover picture this month has many claims to camogie fame, but in one facet of the game she has possibly no rival in Ireland — her almost fanatical dedication to the pastime of the girl-Gaels.

She began her inter-county career with Kilkenny, before she was yet into her teens, but then her family went to live in Ballin-taggart, just over the Tipperary border and she was soon playing in the club colours of Glengoole-Ballingarry and in the blue and gold tunic of Tipperary.

While still a school girl she

won two inter-provincial medals with Munster, two Munster medals with Tipperary and captained Tipperary against Dublin in the All-Ireland final of 1965.

Indeed in that year she set up a record never likely to be equalled when she won a Leinster medal with Callan in the Colleges and a Munster medal with Tipperary.

In 1965 she also won her first All-Ireland medal when Glengoole-Ballingarry won the All-Ireland club championship. In that same autumn she came to U.C.D. as a student of Architecture, and signals her arrival

by helping the Dublin students win back the Ashbourne Cup in the following February.

Later that year she helped her Tipperary club retain the club championship, and was on the Tipperary and Munster sides again that season. But early in 1967 disaster struck. Her family had moved back to live in Kilkenny City and, in a practice outing she badly injured a knee, an injury that was fated to keep her out of camogie for more than twelve months.

Indomitably, however, she worked on that knee until, by mid-summer, 1968, she was back to full fitness again, and signalled her return by helping her Kilkenny club, St. Paul's, win the All-Ireland club championship of 1968. But in many respects the season just past, 1969, was Ann Carroll's greatest year to date on the camogie fields.

In the spring she was the sheet anchor of the U.C.D. team that won the Ashbourne Cup, she was again a stalwart of the St. Paul's team that retained the Inter-club All-Ireland title, and she played on the Leinster team that won the Gael-Linn Cup and inter-provincial title, thus becoming one of the very few people ever to win Interprovincial medals with two different provinces.

In addition she is now captain of U.C.D. and has set a new headline there by introducing coaching for young players, revised training methods and infused her colleagues with so much of her own enthusiasm and dedication that the students have in the weeks before Christmas achieved victories over every top club in Dublin.

Her immediate sights are set on winning the Ashbourne Cup once again at Belfield next month, and of course she still had one great ambition, the winning of a full All-Ireland medal.

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# **DRIFT** **OF** **YOUTH** **FROM** **G.A.A.** **IS** **CAUSE** **OF** **GRAVE** **CONCERN**

By  
**SEAMUS O CEALLAIGH**

**J**ANUARY is the month for resolutions we are told, but whether they are good or bad only time alone will tell.

In the G.A.A. world we regularly hear of a lot of things which want mending, and, I suppose, we all have our own ideas on such matters.

Community development is something which has come very much into the picture over recent years. It is an involved process but one the G.A.A. must learn to understand and come to grips with.

The older Gaels will remember a time when the G.A.A. was often the only organisation in a parish. This is no longer the case, and in many instances now the G.A.A. club has little interest or involvement in parish affairs.

Welcome indications suggest a bid by a few of our leading clubs to re-establish themselves as Community leaders, and development proposals in some Munster areas are certainly steps in the right direction.

The last twenty years or so has witnessed a remarkable growth in the number of clubs who have developed playing fields, and now most of our worthwhile units have grounds of their own at various stages of progress.

This should materially help them to the next stage—the provision of club and dressing rooms, and the aim should be to

build on a scale capable of development as community centres.

The G.A.A. of its very nature must be vitally interested in youth—if only to ensure its own survival. It must take a far more active part in youth organisation and provide modern amenities in order to hold and attract our young people.

This it has neglected in the past, and we see the result of that neglect in the alarming number of boys who desert Gaelic Games in their early teens, and turn to other codes.

This is a happening that was once peculiar to the large centres of population, but is of recent times also almost as evident in even quite small places.

A drain of this nature is undoubtedly a very serious complaint—and it has been ignored for too long.

To get at the root of the matter is not easy but it is nonetheless imperative that this be accomplished — and without further delay. Only then will it be possible to commence remedial action, which has become a matter of extreme urgency.

The youth must be saved for the G.A.A.—and it may mean doing some unpalatable things in order to accomplish this.

Playing conditions are not always ideal and it has become apparent over the years that

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# FITNESS FOR FOOTBALL-4

JOE LENNON



WITH another festive season behind us and a new football season in front, I wonder how many have started preparing for the coming season. Time was, of course, when neither players nor teams thought much about training till March or April and some counties did not call in their players till May or June.

Although this attitude to training existed as recently as 1960 or even later, now at the beginning of a new decade, it is worth noting that a tremendous change has taken place in this field. It is not unusual to find county teams hard at training in January and indeed many club teams as well.

Over the past few years, there has been a big increase in the

number of clubs which have organised winter training and training under lights. I must mention here Sean McDermotts, of Three-Mile-House, Co. Monaghan, as a great example of a small county club which had faith in the value of indoor and outdoor training. After three years hard work, they have eventually won the Junior Championship of the county and next season, for the first time in the club's history, they will play as a senior club. They won the Ward Cup for the past three years and have collected several other trophies—all through their determination to get fit and stay fit—training under lights to do so.

If a club wishes to keep its players in reasonably good shape over the winter months, it can

do so at a very small cost, either in the local hall or on their own pitch. The main problem to overcome is light. If a lighted hall is available, a club can keep all its players in very good shape by providing two or three indoor training sessions per week. Failing a hall, a small area of a field can be lit sufficiently well (for a few pounds) to enable the team to train outdoors through the winter.

Assuming that a club is interested in winter training, what is the best type of winter training for Gaelic footballers?

Of course this will depend on several factors. But in general, the off-season training should build up strength, stamina and speed and the early season training should build up the other two S's, skill and reaction (stop and start). Remember the five S's we mentioned before.

Those winter sessions should be very demanding. For when the players do not get the satisfaction of playing with a ball, they should get the satisfaction of working themselves to a standstill in training for strength, stamina and speed routines.

These three factors should highlight the winter programmes for as soon as the season starts, the player who has done his winter work can concentrate on skill training and will be streets ahead of the player who wants to get fit by playing a few games.

As I said earlier, the strength sessions should aim at overall strength with particular empha-

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sis on legs and arms. The stamina work can be monotonous but if carefully planned it can be challenging and exciting. Moreover, improvement can be felt and measured very easily, and this is important. The player who knows or can feel that he is getting stronger and fitter will keep coming back for more training.

The reaction work can be used as interludes in the strength and stamina routines. In fact these three items lend themselves to programming a very useful session. One can alternate the stamina work with the speed work and use reaction drills to liven up the session.

There are three points I would offer to those who are planning winter programmes. Firstly, ensure that improvement can be measured by grading the number of repetitions and reducing the rest interval. Secondly, break up the session well and include reaction and speed work in the stamina part. Thirdly, offer a challenge or a competition at every stage of the session.

There are two things to bear in mind always when training a team—your players love competition, love trying to beat an opponent and secondly, they love combining to produce wins in any type of competition from 2-a-side to 15-a-side. Always try and satisfy these two desires while ensuring that they all work very hard in the process. For details of sessions see *Fitness for Gaelic Football* by Joe Lennon.

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JOHNNY CULLOTY  
(Kerry)

# OSCAR TIME

## '69



BILLY MORGAN  
(Cork)

By OWEN McCANN

THE past year may not have provided vintage fare as regards great games, but there was still much to enthuse over on the playing fields. This becomes very evident as we run the

rule over the many classic features that must be analysed in the difficult task of awarding the "Oscars" for 1969.

D. J. Crowley has many supporters for the outstanding in-

dividual performance for his brilliant part in Kerry's "coming of age" football final win. But ponder awhile. . . .

Jack Donnelly also displayed a superb repertoire of midfield skills in Kildare's win over Meath in the Leinster Championship at Croke Park in May; Denis Coughlan was superb for Cork in their Munster hurling final success, and Seamus Killough gave as good an exhibition of full-back play as I have seen in Antrim's win over Roscommon for the All-Ireland Under-21 football title.

One remembers, too, the power of Greg Hughes' football in the drawn Offaly-Cavan semi-final; some majestic performances by Mick O'Connell, and a splendid showing by Sam Stanley for Connaught in the drawn Railway Cup hurling final with Munster.

Strong contenders all for the ranking, and a fact that also underlines all the more the quality of the display I rate tops for 1969 when I say that I still had no qualms whatever about awarding the accolade to Ted Carroll.

One man does not make a team, but I doubt if Kilkenny would have beaten Cork in the hurling final but for Ted Carroll. In that near disastrous first half for the Noresiders, he kept their hopes alive with his unquenchable spirit, and utterly dependable play.

In that half-hour was defensive

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hurling at its best—and more importantly when it was wanted most by his team—and but for that solid bulwark put up by the Lisdowney man, Kilkenny's cause might have been a forlorn one at the half-time whistle.

Carroll may not have been quite as consistently in action in the second half, but he displayed also the master touch when duty called. All round, a golden performance, sealed in a greatness that all others of the year lacked because he accomplished so much under severe pressure, and when things were not going at all well for his team.

Save of the year? Offaly's Martin Furlong and Damien Martin, Billy Barnville (Tipperary) for London against Kilkenny, Billy Morgan and Paddy Barry, of Cork, and Johnny Culloty, all have many great saves to their credit.

I plump for the one that may have meant the essential difference between the winning and losing of an All-Ireland final. It came in the opening stages of the second half of the football final, when Sean Evans hit a splendid shot that had "goal" written all over it.

However, Culloty, with that vigilance, shrewd positioning and alert reflexes that we know so well, saved splendidly. Had Offaly got the goal they so badly needed at that stage, I have a hunch they would have went on to make history.

Of the many goals scored I remember with relish a gem of a score by Mick O'Dwyer for Kerry's third in the League "Home" final with Offaly, a brilliantly taken goal by Sean Kilroy to put Offaly 3-11 to 0-3 ahead at the interval in their Leinster Championship clash with Westmeath in June at Croke Park.

No Cork man will forget the goal Eddie O'Brien lashed home two minutes from time to clinch the Hurling League semi-final win

over Tipperary at Thurles, and one of the best features of the minor grades was a great movement climaxed by a brilliant goal by Pat Lonergan for Cork early in the second half of their football semi-final win over Galway.

But none earned my applause to anything like the same degree as a goal by Paddy Doherty in the first half of the Ulster final at Belfast. The Down footballer, with that dynamic expertise born of experience and practice, applied the final flourish to a grand movement with a thundering left-footed drive from far-out that gave the Cavan 'keeper no chance. A goal of rare splendour.

But 1969 had its irritating features, too. "Wooden Oscars" to the many officials up and down the country who failed to keep faith with supporters as regards punctuality. Too many games last year started late, and the ten minute interval rule was unashamedly widely abused.

The ridiculous National Football League set-up for 1969-70 with some groups on the single round system, and others over a double round, is another award winner in the poor image building stakes.

Brickbats, too, for those fans who are ready at the drop of a hat to barrack referees, and also to those new "soldiers of the toilet-roll brigade."

## GRAVE CONCERN

● FROM PAGE 43

both hurling and football could be considerably improved as a spectacle, and provide greater enjoyment for its active participants by the overhaul of some of the provisions governing play.

We must take a hard and unattached look at many of the existing rules, playing and otherwise, and ask ourselves if they fit in with the requirements of the present day.

The Catholic Church, to which the vast majority of our members belong, has found it imperative to make sweeping changes, in keeping with the times, and in an effort to secure a greater involvement of all its members.

The G.A.A. must not shrink from doing likewise, and it needs men of bold ideas and broad vision to prepare the blueprints of its future.

These may have to charter a course far different from that followed for so long. The old ways appeal to many of us, but we must not forget that the G.A.A. was founded so that all the youth of Ireland might play native games.

We must keep this ideal always to the forefront as the paramount aim of our organisation.

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## MY TOP TWO

● FROM PAGE 13

go for the captain, Eddie Keher. Always I have maintained to my friends that Keher to me is one of the most deadly forwards in modern hurling. Deadly in the sense that he has the best eye for an opening that I know; he sees the smallest gap and he is through and then he seldom fails to finish.

He told me once that you get about six real chances in the hour and you will be doing well perhaps if you get two goals or one vital one off them. A star of Keher's calibre is going to be that closely marked anyway.

Why do I pick Keher as my Hurler of the Year, apart from the achievements of his career, going back to 1963, when he set a record by scoring 14 points against Waterford in the hour, 10 from frees.

After half-time against Cork, Kilkenny were making their bid and Paddy Delaney and Eddie Keher were in the van of some all-out attacks. Then Delaney was knocked out and taken away on a stretcher.

Kilkenny were upset, very much so. A key man had been removed from the scene. Keher went in centre-forward. Suddenly Pat Henderson was hurling with new brilliance at centre-back, suddenly Ted Carroll, blood flowing from a mouth injury, was in complete command on the right and Jim Tracy was making brilliant interceptions on the left. Martin Coogan was playing a real attacking game at half-back. In a word, Kilkenny, instead of losing their heads, decided to cut

down Cork with sheer hurling talent.

Keher cut loose at centre-forward, probing, swerving and striking with masterly skill. This to me was Kilkenny hurling at its greatest and Cork, who had started so well, wilted before it and then crashed to defeat.

Corkmen said afterwards that the injury to Pat Delaney brought about their defeat. Kilkenny could still have won, I think, if Delaney was there for the hour. What happened was that with his retirement, a new bite, a new fierceness of controlled intensity came into Kilkenny's play—Keher leading the final onslaught, exhorting his men to keep their heads above all cost and inspiring them to new heights with his leadership.

Eddie Keher spoke very well as he received the Cup and to me a modern captain must be articulate and must have the ability to face Press and television for he is the mouthpiece of his team on many occasions—and of his county too.

So there it is—the award in hurling to Eddie Keher to set the seal on a decade that put him amongst the immortals. But, as I have indicated, it's not easy for me to pass over Pat Henderson, Ted Carroll and Martin Coogan, in that order, and if Cork had won the names we would have been parading would have been Denis Murphy, a self-effacing captain of real worth in the Johnny Culloty mould, also Gerald McCarthy, so outstanding at wing-back in the Final, and Denis Coughlan for his brilliant mid-field display in the Munster Final.

## RULES

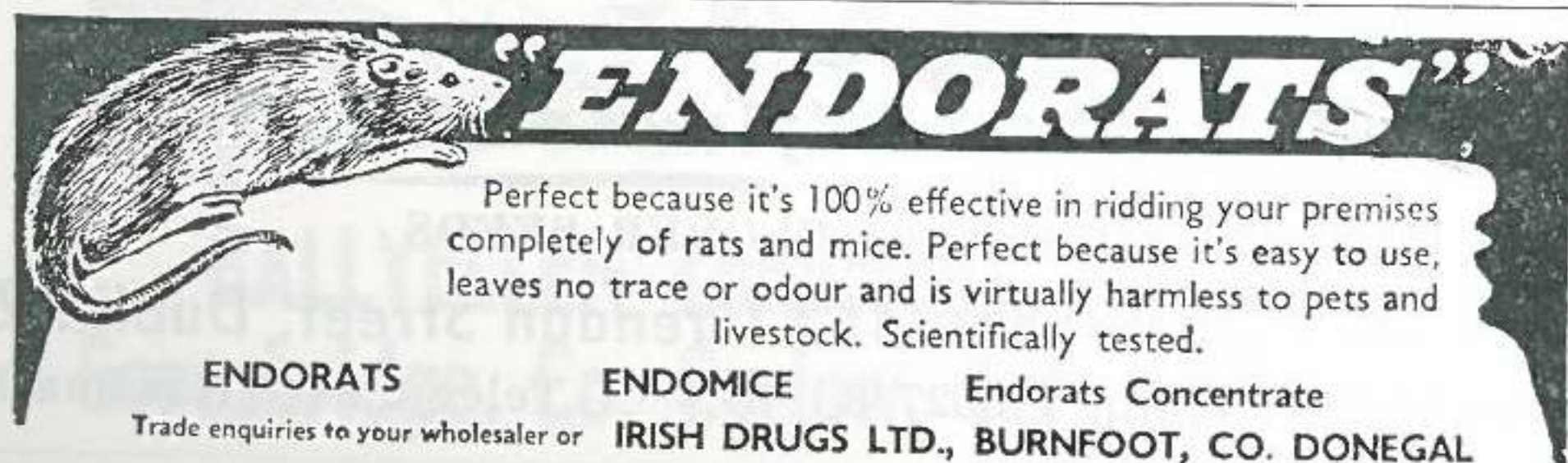
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both games—hurling and football—into line. I suppose that would have a bye-product in that there would be no confusion, in future, between the two games.

Secondly, I would abolish or restrict the solo-run. I consider it the most ill-used gambit in the game of football. There are only, perhaps, a dozen of the top-class players who can use the solo with discretion and maximum effect. For the rest, I have seen more promising players ruined by their selfish adherence to the solo whether the circumstances warranted it or not, than I care to remember. How many, even of the best players, can you absolve from either stupidity or avarice in the use of the solo-run. D. J. Crowley, of course, is a wonderful example—his judged use of the gambit has greatly helped to make him one of the best players in the game to-day. But, I do not think that can be said of many others.

Perhaps, then, I would not eliminate the solo completely; for a beginning I would again bring football into line with hurling, in that I would allow a player to catch only twice before playing the ball away.

Those are the changes I would make. I would expect them to make the game more fluid and exciting; faster and freer with much improved passing and movement into position, more subtle in conception of moves and counter-moves to create openings; but much cleaner in that defenders will not find opponents carrying the ball around them while they are helpless to do anything but resort to the humiliation of pulling them down. Hurling? I would leave well enough alone, thank you.



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