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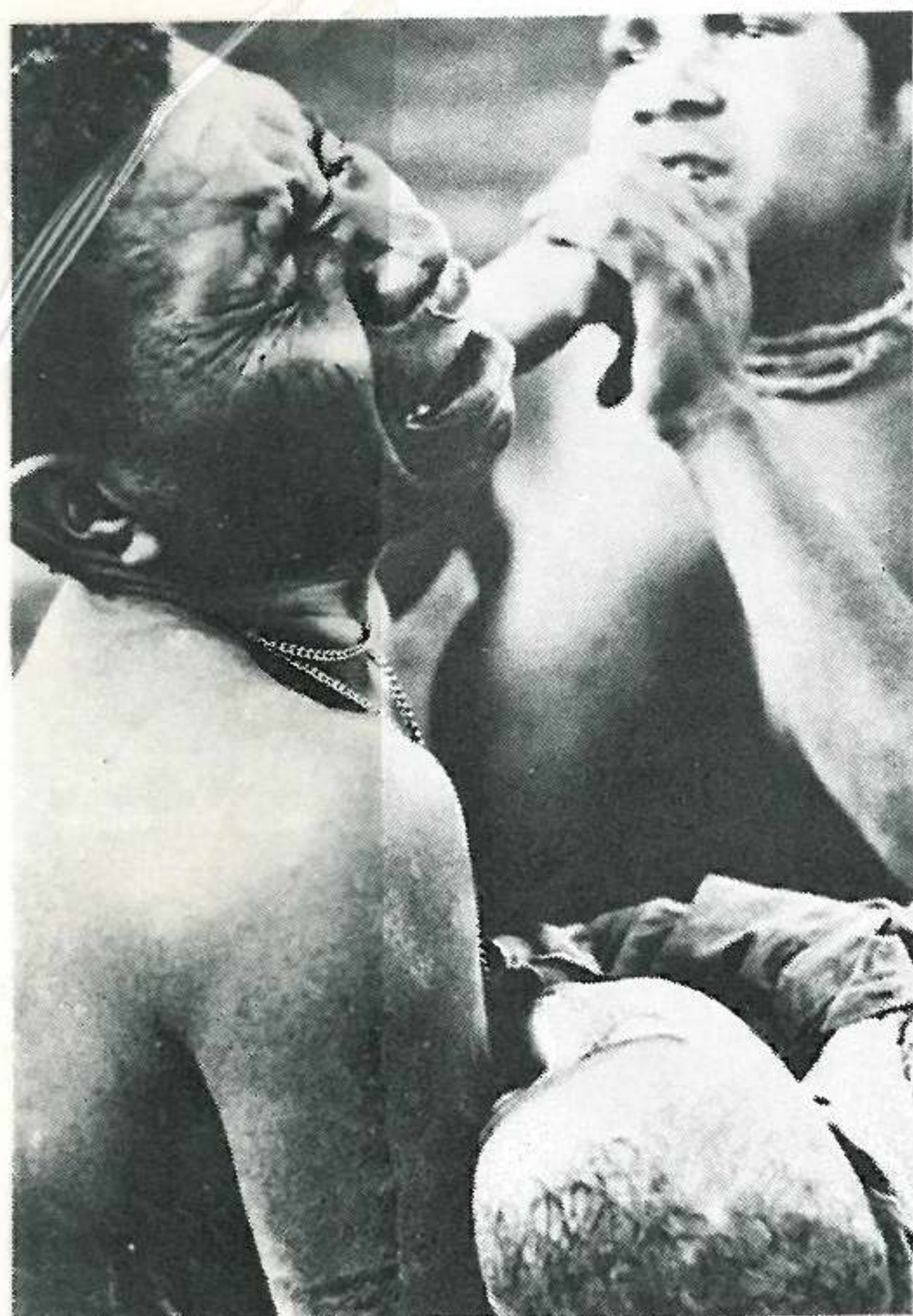
Gaelic Sport

TWO SHILLINGS

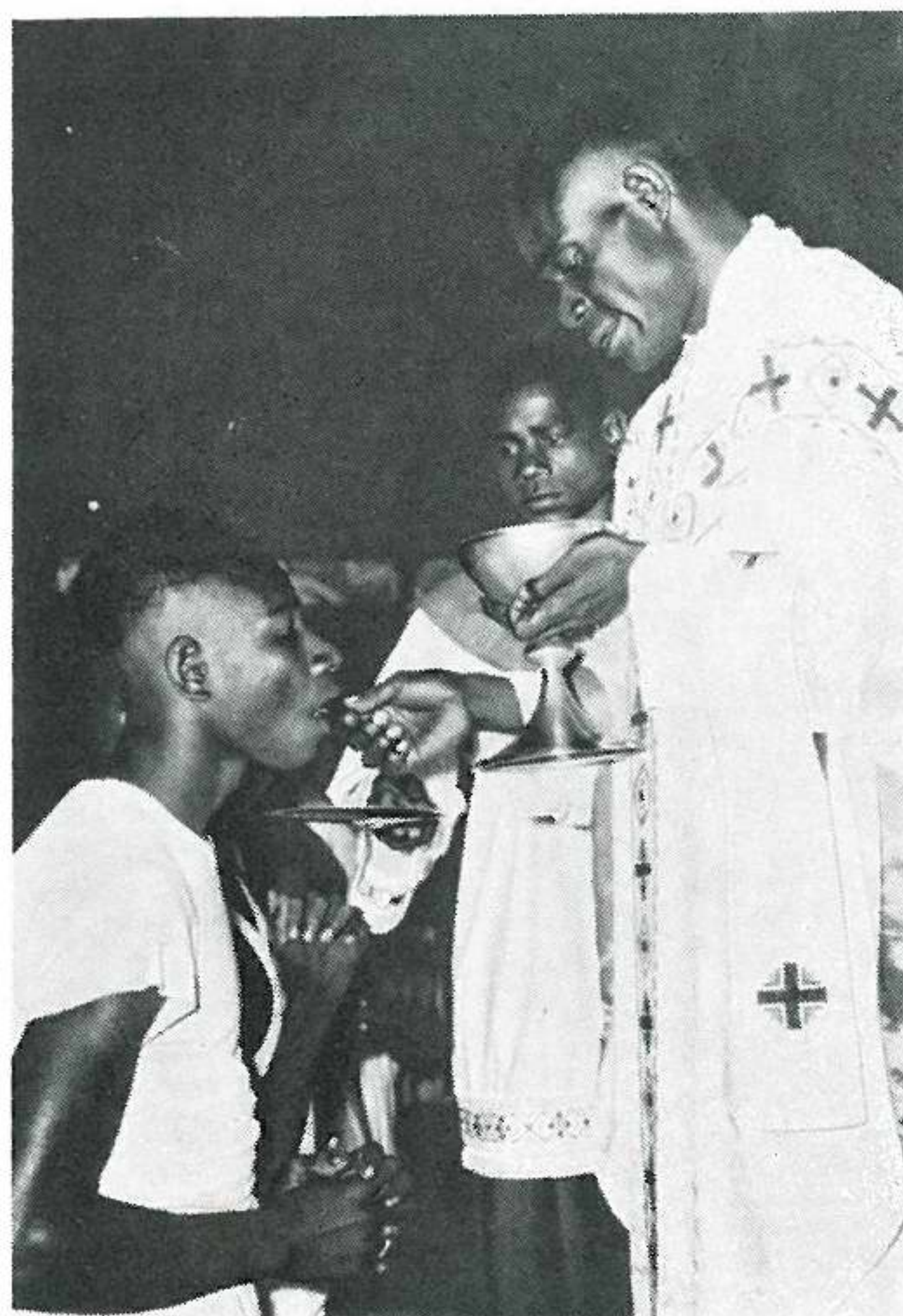
JULY 1970



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MOTOR BIKE, MAN!

By FRANK JAMES

THE magic passport nowadays to life on the open road is not a firmly-grasped black-thorn stick and a serviceable caipín as the old 'fir siúl' knew them. Today, it's a motor cycle, and you're eligible for one as soon as you've reached sixteen years of age, which is the age when you can apply for a provisional licence.

Motor cycles as some of us remember them were fearsome, heavy monsters with an in-built tendency to breakdowns. Today's lighter more fragile-seeming machines are actually much better designed and represent very good value for money. They are cheap to maintain and repair and this represents their attraction. Motor bikes are an expanding market in Ireland and the development of a firm like Danfay Distributors represents just what's happening. It is only five years since Danny Keany, its Managing Director, with Terry Brooks, now its Manager, founded the firm.

In their first year they sold 160 Yamaha bikes. In their fifth they sold 2,250 and nineteen seventy will see even this record broken. Danny Keany is himself a top motor cycle racing champion and when we went along to his firm we found the proprietor absent—

racing in the Isle of Man which is a nice way to combine business with pleasure.

Danfay feel that Yamaha have made an impact on the market here because they offer better-looking bikes and also reliable bikes at competitive prices. They now have six models on the market from the 50 cc MF3D to the latest addition, the YCS2E 180 cc which sells for the hefty price of two hundred and forty one guineas. But you can, of course, buy a motor bike for much less than that and they're made in a range of four colours, red, blue, green and maroon. I racked my brains but couldn't ever remember seeing a green motor-bike—but the red and blue Yamahas are certainly as much a part of the Irish countryside these days as the green postboxes or C.I.E. buses. Other models in the Yamaha range are the YF5, the YG1, Y11, YA6 and YAS1—which won't mean much if you're not an aficionado of motor-cycling but will conjure up pleasant mental pictures if you're a devotee.

Traffic congestion interferes with one's driving pleasure and it is only a matter of time 'till the motor car is banned completely from city centres. I thought Dublin's rush-hour was bad 'till I drove through Cork recently! In the United States, where so many trends originate, it's quite common for the staid father of a family who uses his large car for daily driving in the course of business, to keep a motor scooter in the garage for 'fun' driving. This doesn't necessarily involve becoming a part of the doing-a-ton image. A short and relatively slow-speed run on a motor cycle can blow away the cobwebs and actually act as a refreshment to the tired driver.

For the present, however, and in Irish conditions, the cycle enthusiasts are the young people. They find that they're within a price range which appeals to them, and fuel bills are still very low, even allowing for rises in turnover tax. In fact there is so much to be said for motor cycling that I'm seriously thinking of trading in my ten h.p. four seater for a Yamaha!

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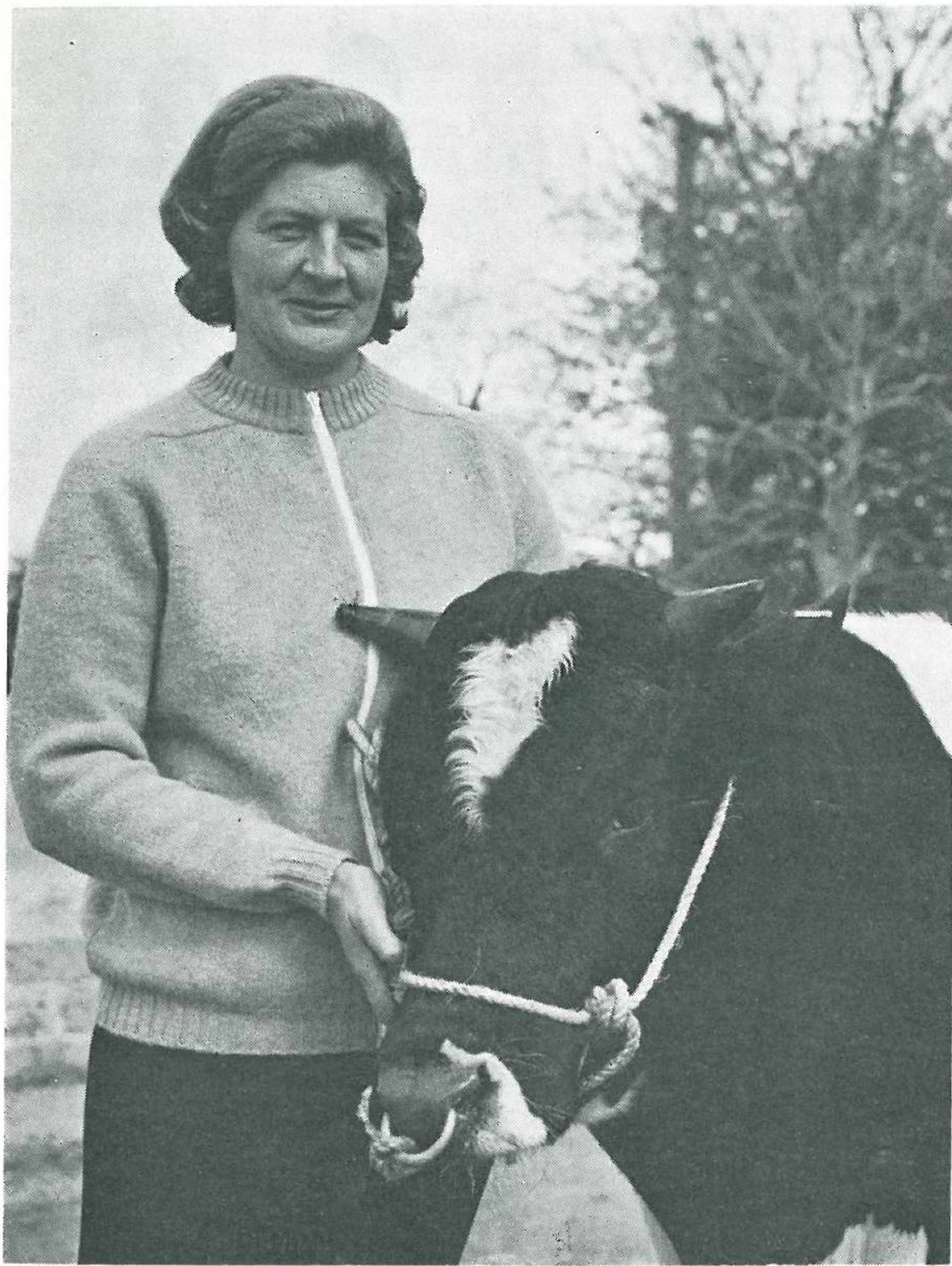
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Gaelic Sport

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COVER PHOTO

SINCE GAELIC SPORT was first introduced way back in 1958, our Front Cover has been concerned primarily with personalities of the playing field. This is as it should be, and this is as it will be in the future. Our readers like it this way. But just this once, we thought we would let the fans share the spotlight. Were you at the recent Mayo v. Down League final? Are you in our picture? You are! Well congratulations.

FACING FACTS

IT would be silly to deny that very many members of Cumann Lúthchleas Gael watched the World Cup games on television with keen interest—if not with the technical knowledge of the soccer devotee.

But technical knowledge is not essential to the appreciation of excellence in sport. The qualities of a fine game, or a fine team are self-evident. The World Cup games were a magnificent show-piece, worthy of the admiration of sportsmen of any persuasion.

What did tire us of the whole business, however, was the unfavourable comparison which almost daily could be heard made between soccer (at the Mexico '70 level, of course!) and our own national pastime of Gaelic football.

BUT NO COMPARISON IS POSSIBLE, FOR THE VERY SIMPLE REASON THAT THEY ARE TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT GAMES.

It is admitted, of course, that the skill and clinical efficiency of the professional soccer player is extremely highly developed. And the World Cup games showed the sport played at its highest level by the finest professionals in the world.

Excellence is always admirable, and this was one of the main reasons why the unfavourable comparison was drawn. It is true—however much it hurts to say

it—that excellence is a rarity in our own code of football. Here, the fact that it is an amateur game must be taken into account. But we could strive for something better than what we usually witness from week to week on Gaelic fields.

Those who have advocated coaching (Joe Lennon being the most prominent of the pioneers) were aiming at the standards of performance which they knew were necessary to present our own very fine game in its best possible form to a young generation which, as we know to our cost, can be very easily weaned away by the glamour of the professional soccer player, as presented on the television screen.

But a high degree of ball playing skill is not the only aspect of the matter. Neat attire, punctuality and discipline are other components of the excellence which we should strive for in our own games.

A World Cup soccer player doesn't play with his stockings down around his ankles; nor with unwashed togs. And the Mexico '70 organisers did not permit bingo sessions at half time.

We are pinpointing extreme cases. But we do so deliberately: for we believe that the very best example all round is absolutely necessary if we are to stop the current drain of youth from our own pastimes.

**If it's Esso
it must
be good!**



GAA SHOULD TAKE

OFFICIAL CENSUS

WELL, the World Cup is over and the G.A.A. still goes on, bloodied but unbowed. This sort of massive saturation through television is just one of the things which we shall have to learn to live with in the present day. But, learning to live with it is an enormously difficult thing in an organisation which, without putting too fine a point on it, has allowed the times to get a head start on it and to increase that to a length.

We are staggered at the power and the completeness of the barrage which the coverage of the World Cup games over a span of three weeks and the preparation for and post mortems after can unleash on the defenceless heads of the ordinary members of the Association. It is an unfair balance in which the G.A.A. and the game of Soccer are weighed when the glamour of the great international campaign alone is seen in distinction to the local game and the local club.

Confrontation on a front so spread out as ours is hardly the remedy to any problems of dis-

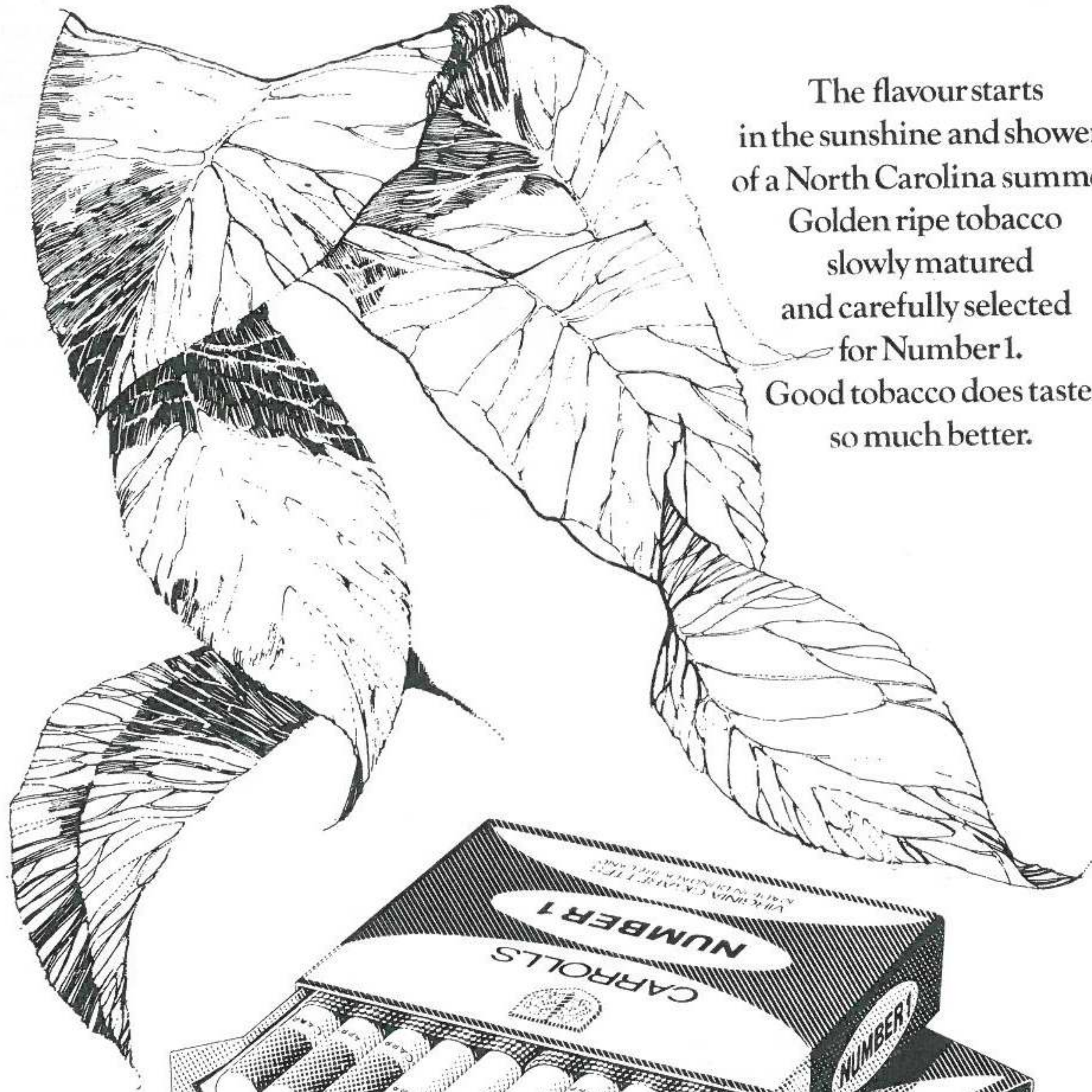
cipline or procedure—at least, not if the opposition cannot be overwhelmed and made amenable. The fact is that there is no direct course of action which may be taken against the kind of pressures which are beamed in upon us. As has been pointed out recently in these pages, the streams of powerfully backed mass-circulation glossy magazines are simply blotting the G.A.A. from the booksalls.

We are in the singular position of being a small country which has identified itself in everything that concerns communications and culture with the English-speaking segment of the world. To be logical, we ought to have identified with the games of that segment also. Pig-headedly, we do not, and the result is that the games position casts into extraordinary relief the illogicality of our drift into the "system" in other ways. It emphasises that the point of G.A.A. policy about native language and culture in general is more vital than one might casually suppose. The situation may well resolve itself into whether we shall have a

complete and distinct Irish culture, or none of it at all.

But, the situation is not without hopeful aspects, some of which are only brought home to one on occasions such as these. The man from Kerry, for instance, who pointed out his county's list of fixtures on one Sunday of last month. One hundred teams playing on twenty-one different grounds throughout the county: a total of 1,500 players taking part; surely something in the nature of an average attendance of 300 at each game—that is small enough, and, while some games might have less, some must have had so much more as to bring that average about. That is a formidable thought in one county.

I presume that a similar situation is not an unreasonably optimistic estimate of the other counties; several must score far more heavily than that: Dublin, Cork and Tipperary, for instance, and most counties where there are larger population centres. At the height of the season, they must surely average as heavy a schedule of games as do Kerry. That would suggest a figure in the region of 50,000 playing members, and nearly 500,000 spectators or officials involved throughout the country in G.A.A. activities on a Sunday at the peak of the season. Is that figure beyond reason? Is it fanciful to suggest that more than half a million take part on one given Sunday in the mid-season in the activities of the G.A.A.? I do not know, but it seems not an unlikely supposition. Is it not worth while having an official census some Sunday soon and letting us know how big a part the Association plays in the Irish way of life.



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Famous Munster Hurling Finals



FIFTY years ago, the Munster Council wasn't functioning so well, for its final was as late as August 29. Of course it's a little easier to fulfil fixtures to-day because then there was a spot of bother on, that had little to do with hurling.

Cork were reasonably good in the inter-county field that year, for most of the men who had won the All-Ireland of the year before were available. There were the captain from Carrigwohill Major Kennedy. Sean Og Murphy, Matt Fouhy's uncle, Sailor Gray, Balty Aherne, John Barry Murphy, and the rest.

That year, Sean MacCarthy, ex-President of the G.A.A., told me he was a selector and all were very conscious of the fact that Cork hadn't won an All-Ireland since 1903—and it's not fair to the public or good for the game to have the red jersey out of it that long. So the selectors picked their team. They did it in a very simple manner. For every position they set down the names—say five—of the best men who played for their clubs in the position. Then they picked the best man in each and that was that.

One departure they made from the plan. Jack Keane of Limerick was a strong, hard player they felt they couldn't quite

handle, so, instead of putting Balty Aherne where he should have been played (and that's about anywhere) they slipped him in at right wing with orders to mind Jack Keane.

It was a good hour between two strong, hard players and the other twenty-eight lost a bit of sweat also. Cork won it. But in 1920, where I started, the fact that Munster was pretty troubled,



Kieran Carey, one of Tipperary's greatest backs in the late 'fifties and throughout most of the 'sixties.

and games—gatherings of felons — unpopular with the British, made the completion of championships very difficult. So the Munster final was late.

Then came the news from England. In "deary Brixton prison" a man who had said in the dock that he would be free, dead or alive within a month was now definitely on his way out. Terence MacSwiney underestimated his own physical strength and iron determination. Only a ghost now, he still hung on and at home feeling was very high. They decided not to play the Munster final against Limerick and the men from the Shannon in good spirit refused to take a walk over.

Cork won it eventually, but were beaten in the All-Ireland which wasn't played for two years later.

In '25 Tipp won the All-Ireland and on the following year went to America. This was a powerful team led by Johnny Leahy, his brothers Mick and the great Paddy, the breath of Tipperary hurling who said *au revoir* four years ago. There was Martin Kennedy, the greatest full forward of them all, the old-timers say, Phil Cahill the fine player from Holy Cross and that wonderful halfway line striker, Mick Darcy. These were world champions for

● TO PAGE 10



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● FROM PAGE 9

they had beaten everyone from Dublin to San Francisco and back again.

So, on that September afternoon in the Cork Athletic Grounds the crowds poured down to see the champions play and to see also a young eager Cork side have a go at them. The crowd was much bigger than anyone expected and they stood there jammed tight against the palings. At last something had to give and it was the light paling around the pitch and the crowd moved onto the field itself and eventually right over the white lines until the ref had no alternative to calling off the game in the face of this peaceful but relentless invasion.

Paddy Leahy used say to Jim Hurley :

"Sure why wouldn't they come in? Weren't all those Corkmen proud to be rubbing shoulders with us, and we world champions."

In Thurles a week later they were at it again. This time the pitch was left to the players and before a fine crowd they hurled a glorious hour in which the "young fellas" proved they were able for the masters and the score was a draw.

A fortnight later, and it was then the first Sunday in October, the men met for the third time and the hour of youth had come, for Cork won it by five points and then took the All-Ireland.

In 1939 the great Limerick team met a Cork side that had been coming for two years. The venue was Thurles and the day was hot. But not as hot as either the reputation or the hurling of the green-shirted men from Limerick who had as a team won probably more matches in the previous six years than any side before or since. For Limerick's record in Ireland, London and New York was tremendous. Considering the players they had no

one would wonder. In addition to the superb centre-back play of Paddy Clohessy and Jim Kennedy's strength and soundness there were the Ryans, Mick and Timmy, on the halfway line and that great forward line where Mick and John Mackey and Paddy MacMahon were stars. Cork had the men who just then weren't very well known, but who soon after were to create a record of unsurpassed brilliance. Crowds went mad and the excitement on the field was electric.

The hurling was hard, fast, with little handling of the sliotar so that the man who could whip it away on the ground after the clash of timber was the man of the hour except, of course, for Mick Mackey who, as always, played it anyway his brilliant unorthodox hurling mind decided. But at the end it was Cork in front and without a "tack of the voice left" we went home winners by two precious points.

In the following year it was Cork and Limerick again, with Jim Roche and Paddy MacMahon, the Kildimo Thrasher, playing great hurling in the forward line. John Mackey, a blonde Adonis flying at right wing and young Dick Stokes proving a clever skilful player. After Billy Campbell's glorious, long range point to level the sides amid desperate excitement and only two minutes left, Stokes finished Mick Mackey's raid with another stylish point. It looked all over for Cork.

Then Cork scored a goal and it was disallowed. At this we nearly went off our heads. Then came the free, and up went Quirky. Straight and true! The master hurler, John Quirke, saved Cork and with a sigh of relief we heard the final whistle. A fortnight later, however, Limerick would not take "no" for an answer and amid a repetition of the intensity, Mick Mackey led his men to victory and then brought home the All-Ireland.



Tommy Doyle, one of Tipperary's immortals.

The Limerick skipper was then in his country's uniform, for Germany had overrun France and the country's neutrality was threatened. Mackey was the greatest possible one-man fillip to the Army.

In '49 it was that the great Tipp side led by Sean Kennedy and his brother, Paddy, Tommy

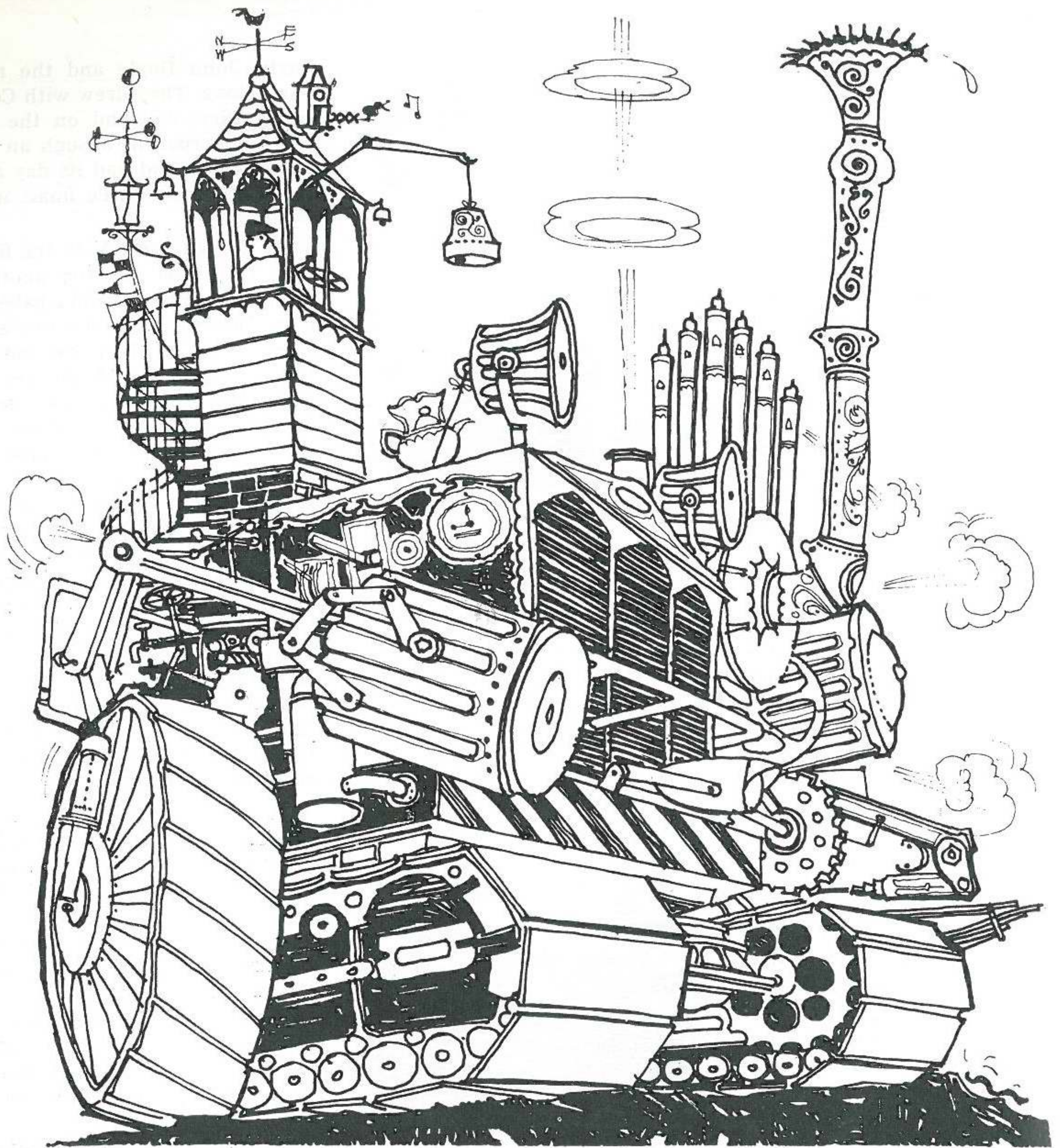
Doyle, John Doyle and the rest came along. They drew with Cork on the first day and on the replay they crushed through an opposition that had had its day and went on to win three finals in a row.

In '52, in Limerick, in the final the stage was set for another Tipp win. This would make it four Munster finals in a row and, as we knew, if Tipp got out of Munster they would all die on Croke Park or equal Cork's great four finals in a row. Before the game ended in Limerick it seemed to me that half of the Cork four-in-a-row side was out on the field in clothes just begging the men in red to win. But it was something more tangible than that which did it. It was the brilliance of Willie John Daly, John Lyons, Matt Fouhy, Joe Hartnett and above all, the positively heroic hurling of Christy Ring who was chaired off the field with white headbandage red with his own blood.

In '56, Limerick had won it all the way. Donal Broderick had played Ringey out of it at right full-back and Vivian Cobbe's sweet striking was a beauty to see while the Ryans, Liam and Seamus and Dermot Kelly were strikers of the highest class.

Then Ringey went on fire for ten minutes, scored three goals and it was all over. Limerick people could hardly talk coming out of the field.

But there it is. No one, simply no one, knows what is going to happen. Cork went up to Limerick a few years ago to play Tipp in what was expected to be a good game. We didn't raise a gallop. But that is the anti-climax which again causes one to await the unexpected. The Munster hurling final is probably the most exciting and most unpredictable game in the country. Who's going to win it this time? God alone knows, but let's hope we'll be there to shout.



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*Final fling turns
out to be
new lease of life*

NO player on the Mayo team deserved a National League medal more than Joe Langan. Others may be high on the list, for Ray Prendergast, Joe Corcoran and John Morley have all made valuable contributions, and made them at a time when the standard of football in the county was disastrously low.

But, somehow, Langan is different. He is the longest serving member of the team. He appeared on the scene as a minor in 1958—a critical period for Mayo football. All of the great Mayo team of the fifties had by then retired and comparisons were made between them and new players arriving on the scene.

But spectators can be very cruel. They yearned for another Carney or another Prendergast or another Tom Langan and if what they saw were disappointing, those new players suffered irreparably.

Joe Langan survived the comparisons and the criticism of that period. But progress for Mayo and him was slow. Yet it is a measure of his dedication and spirit that, in the autumn of a vacillating football career, he should be there to carefully guide his younger team mates to victory.

Had Mayo not been successful this might have been Langan's last year in inter-county football. In the fall of last year he set himself a programme of preparation for the National League. It was seen as a valediction, a final fling before submitting to the ravages of time and constant defeat. It turned out to be a new lease of life.

Langan's influence on the whole Mayo team has been enormous. He has played the role of midfielder with aplomb, linking smoothly between defence and

attack and spraying his forward line with controlled passes.

His plan is essentially one of running, gathering the loose ball, transferring it to a better placed colleague and creating the extra man for the return pass. There is a minimum of high, spectacular fielding and long kicking in this plan.

It is ironic that notwithstanding his highly intelligent distribution of the ball Langan's shooting at goal has been unimpressive, with a consequent loss of confidence, to the extent that now he rarely shoots for the goal at all.

Because of this, together with indifferent form, he was removed from the Mayo forward line over 12 months ago. He was considered at that time to be over the hill. There was no bite left. Frustration had begun to erode his style.

But this year his performances in the league have been exciting and constant. As team trainer Seamus Daly put it: "Langan has been the inspiration in Mayo's success. He has never missed a night's training since last November and his performances have benefitted as a result. Without a doubt Langan is playing better now than at any stage in his career".

How long Langan can stick the severity which his type of midfield play demands remains to be seen. How Mayo might perform without him is also another question.

He has won every award in the game now except an All-Ireland medal. That National League success is certain to re-inforce his dedication towards achieving that last elusive honour.

By SEAN RICE



**The new
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SEE YOU BEYOND IN TIMES SQUARE!

THERE was a time when a trip to Newmarket was almost like a trip into the unknown. It was only five miles away but the people there were foreigners. You saw them occasionally—at a court session or a fair day—but for the most part they were total strangers and one rarely talked to them.

Now they had fixed the divisional hurling final for Newmarket — and it posed all sorts of problems.

The committee had approached me the other night to make sure that I would be available to play. Even with my innate modesty, I know they would be hard pushed to win without me.

But the day they picked! Any other time would have been ideal but not this week-end. I had already committed myself.

So, on the Friday, I got out my hurley, packed my little bag, kissed my mother goodbye and told her that if anyone was looking for me that I had to go up to Cork City to see about a new job.

I took the train to Limerick, grabbed a taxi and within half an hour I was at Shannon. There was no trouble at all. My passport was in order, my ticket correct and I was whisked like a whirlwind into the departure lounge.

I was just about to sit down when I saw Dan. He was supposed to be getting ready for the divisional final in Newmarket.

But he had his hurley and his bag—and he looked like a man who was about to head off on his travels.

“I thought you were supposed to be playing in the divisional final?”

“I know,” he told me, “but between ourselves they picked a most awkward day.

“And by the way,” he asked, “have you seen Mick yet?”

I hadn’t—but I was curious. “Why,” I asked, “what’s he doing here?”

“Oh, he’s going out, too. And he was supposed to pick up Joe, Tom and Gerry on the way.”

“Don’t tell me they’re also going?”—I was a little intrigued now.

“Indeed, they are,” he told me, “and so too are Charlie, Eamonn, Kevin, Ollie and Din Joe.”

“But aren’t they all due to play in the divisional final? I was worried. “They’ll never be able to hold it if they are missing.”

“There will be enough there,” he told me, “they can always get a few subs somewhere.

The departure lounge began to fill up. As far as I could see everyone of them had a hurley and a small bag.

I began to count them. Ten, 15, 20 . . . 25 . . . 30.

And then I saw John Francis himself. “What are you doing here,” I was mildly indignant now. “I thought you were to

By

PHILIP RODERICK

referee the divisional final on Sunday.”

“I know, I know,” he answered me patiently, “but I have other things to do. They’ll be able to find a referee somewhere. There must be plenty of them in Newmarket.”

He had hardly turned his back when I noticed old Paddy struggling through the door with a huge bag. It was just like the one he used to bring our jerseys to all our games.

“Tell me, what have you got in the bag,” I was suspicious. “That’s not your week-end case.”

“By God, it’s not” — he was perspiring freely—“If you had to drag this all the way for the last few hours, you’d know all about it. But I thought I’d better bring the jerseys in case they hadn’t any out there.”

By now I realised that not only was every member of our local team in the Shannon Departure lounge, but there were also 14 members of the team we were to play . . . the referee . . . old Paddy with the jerseys.

All that was missing was the chairman of our club. But the thought was no sooner into my head than I saw him, red-faced and sweating, bulldozing his way through the door.

“I thought I’d never make it,” he told me a little angrily. “I had to spend the whole morning looking for substitutes to play in the

● TO PAGE 56

SPOTLIGHT ON THE PROVINCES

WHAT exciting days are ahead as the fields for the coveted Provincial Senior Championships are steadily whittled down! Big crowds in the sun, intriguing matches, uncertainty, joy and disappointment . . . these are some of the many "weaves" in the overall pattern that annually makes July such an absorbing and stimulating month in Gaelic Games.

So, as we impatiently await the struggles ahead, let's put the spotlight on some of the outstanding features of the Provincial Senior Championships, which have a history stretching back to 1888. A year earlier the first All-Ireland Championships were promoted, but were not run off on the provincial system.

The last historic year was 1968, when Longford beat Laois 3-9 to 1-4 before an attendance of 30,000 at Croke Park for a first Leinster senior football title. Now only Westmeath, Wicklow and Fermanagh remain without a single senior provincial crown to their credit.

In this respect, however, Donegal are in the unique position of being the only one of the 29 counties in the titles winning chart that has not won a single football award. Their successes were in hurling in 1906, 1923 and 1932.

The longest unbeaten run in football in modern times came to an end at Killarney on July 17, 1966, when Kerry, bidding for a ninth Munster title in succession, lost by a goal (2-7 to 1-7) to Cork at Killarney. That defeat foiled Kerry of a share in the provincial titles record standing to the credit of Cavan, who

TITLE-WINNERS' TABLE

Here is a break-down of the provincial titles won by the counties, with the years of the first and last successes shown in brackets.

TITLES	FOOTBALL	HURLING
86 Galway	26 (1900-1968)	60
54 Antrim	11 (1900-1951)	43
52 Kerry	51 (1892-1969)	1 (1891)
52 Dublin	29 (1891-1965)	23 (1889-1961)
50 Cork	19 (1890-1967)	31 (1890-1969)
48 Cavan	47 (1887-1969)	1 (1907)
45 Kilkenny	3 (1888-1911)	42 (1887-1969)
38 Tipperary	9 (1888-1935)	29 (1895-1968)
30 Mayo	30 (1901-1969)	—
24 Wexford	10 (1890-1945)	14 (1890-1968)
14 Limerick	2 (1887-1896)	12 (1897-1955)
13 Monaghan	11 (1888-1938)	2 (1914-1915)
11 Kildare	11 (1903-1956)	—
11 Roscommon	11 (1905-1962)	—
11 Meath	11 (1895-1967)	—
9 Louth	9 (1887-1957)	—
8 Laois	5 (1889-1946)	3 (1914-1949)
8 Down	7 (1959-1968)	1 (1941)
6 Waterford	1 (1898)	5 (1938-1963)
4 Armagh	4 (1890-1953)	—
4 Clare	1 (1917)	3 (1889-1932)
3 Donegal	—	3 (1906-1932)
3 Offaly	3 (1960-1969)	—
2 Tyrone	2 (1956-1957)	—
1 Carlow	1 (1944)	—
Derry	1 (1958)	—
Leitrim	1 (1927)	—
Sligo	1 (1928)	—

reigned supreme in the North from 1891 to 1899 inclusive.

Kerry, who did not enter the football race until 1889, won their initial provincial crown in hurling in 1891. In 1968 a 1-21 to 3-8 victory over Cork at Killarney left the county Munster Champions in football for the 50th time, and last year's successful defence of that ranking means they now have four more

football awards than their nearest rivals, Cavan.

In hurling, we have to go back to the early days for the record of five titles in succession. This was completed by Cork in 1905.

Another distinction held by Cork is that they won the 1941 All-Ireland Senior Hurling Championship, but lost that year's Munster final! The provincia!

finals were delayed because of an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, and Cork and Dublin were nominated to contest the All-Ireland final. Cork won 5-11 to 0-6 in September, but in October at Limerick they lost to Tipperary by 5-4 to 2-5 in the Southern summit.

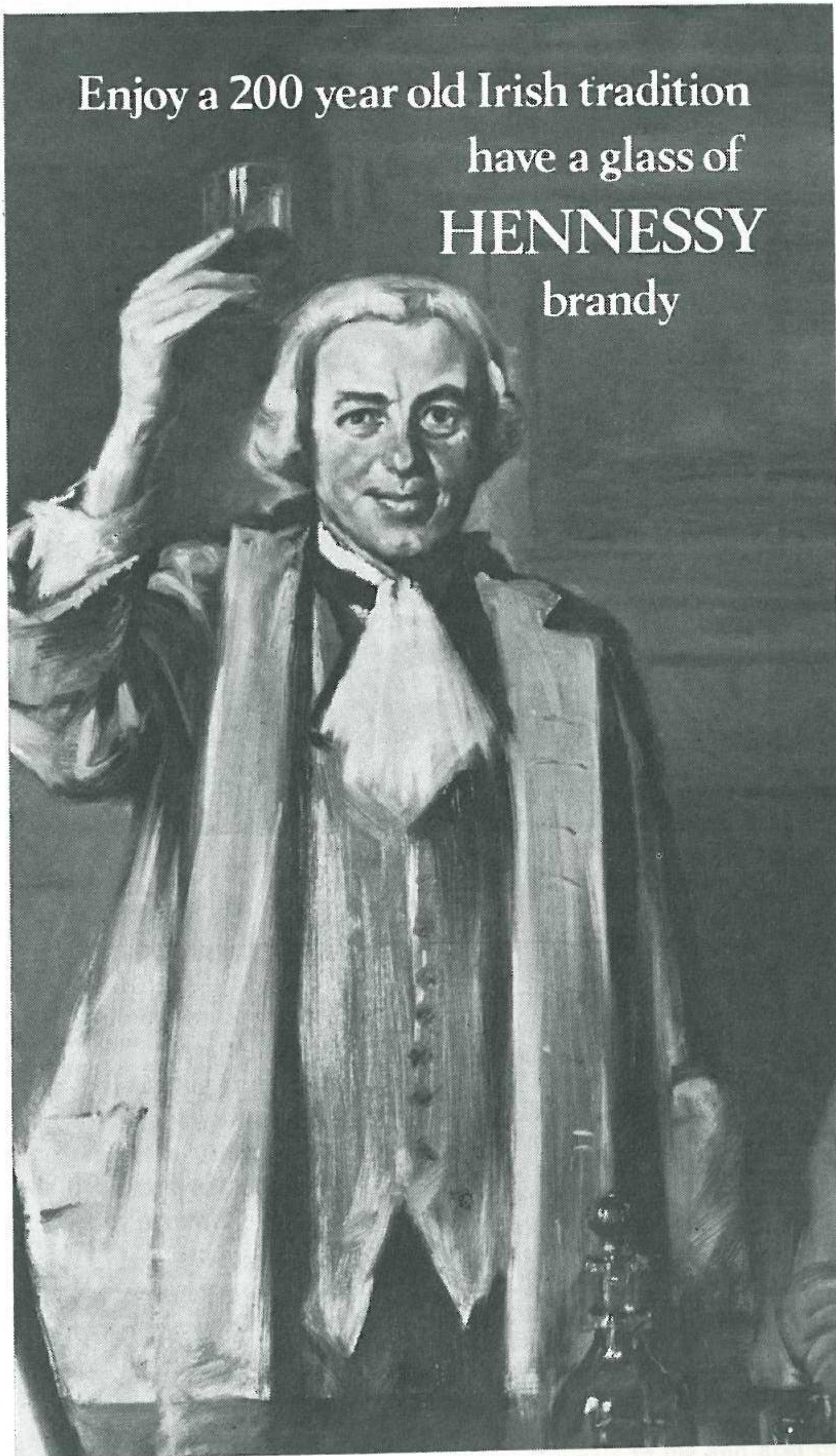
The biggest attendance at a provincial game crowded into Limerick for the 1961 Munster hurling decider, when 60,177 paid receipts of £7,469-15-5 to see Tipperary beat Cork 3-6 to 0-7. The high point in football was reached in 1962 at the Leinster final at Croke Park. 59,643 passed through the turnstiles for a Dublin-Offaly meeting that ended in a 2-8 to 1-7 win for the Metropolitans.

Galway are out in front in the chart with 86 titles, 32 more than their nearest rivals. This total includes all the years the county went into the All-Ireland hurling championship proper as Connacht champions without having played a single game. In effect, Galway have now 87 titles, for they will again represent Connacht in hurling semi-finals next month after an 11-year spell in Munster, but this success, title-wise, has not been included in our current list of Championships winners.

Antrim, who edge out Kerry by two points for second place, also gained many of their 43 Ulster hurling awards without playing a single match.

Wexford and Kildare share the Leinster football record with six Leinster titles in succession. The Slaneysiders were champions from 1913 to 1918 inclusive, and Kildare reigned from 1926 to 1931. In Connacht, Mayo set the way in 1910 by winning their fifth football crown on the trot. Galway equalled that feat in 1960. In Leinster hurling, no county has yet won more than three championships in succession.

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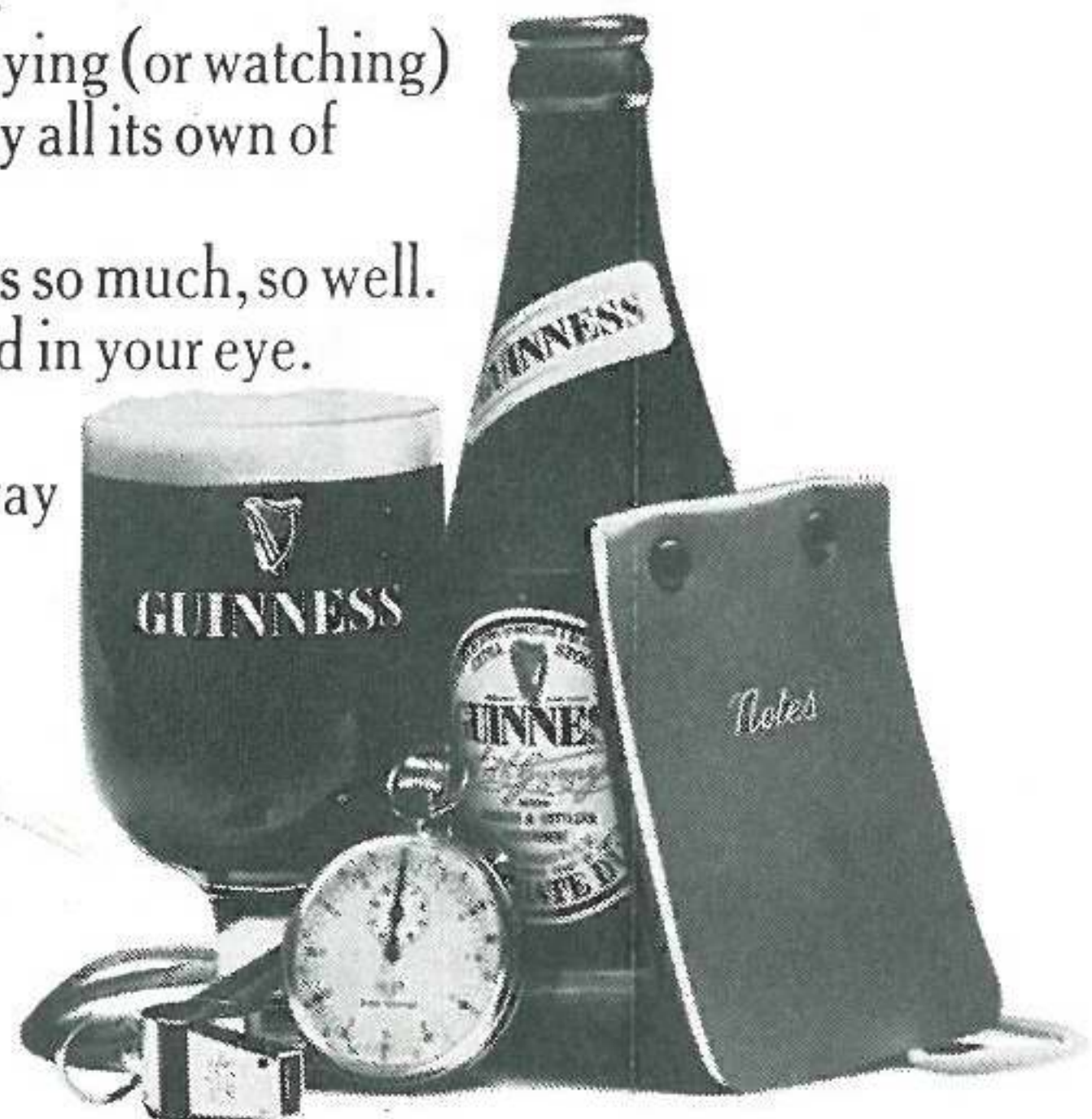


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There's more than goodness in Guinness

DUBLIN'S PADDY CULLEN

talks to NOEL COOGAN

ONE of the big problems facing the G.A.A. at the moment is that of making the games more popular in our capital city, Dublin. The swing towards sports like soccer and golf has been very noticeable in recent years and the fact that Dublin teams have not been faring too well on the Gaelic fields hasn't helped matters. The latest in the long list of disappointments suffered by the loyal Metropolitan supporters was the county footballers' first round championship defeat by Longford at Mullingar some weeks ago.

This promising young combination, following their good League run, were expected to challenge strongly for championship honours. But the Midlanders were far from flattered by their three points winning margin and once again people were left to wonder "what is wrong with football in Dublin?"

One man whom no blame could be placed upon for that defeat of late—is ace goalkeeper Paddy Cullen, who, since first donning the county colours in 1967, has proved himself as one of the best netminders in the country.

A few days after that defeat by Longford I spoke to Paddy. Our conversation went on these lines.

N.C.—Were you disappointed at Dublin's first round championship defeat?

P.C.—Yes, I was very disappointed. We expected to beat Longford. We had the material to do so and we were fit, probably fitter than Longford. But some of our players definitely did not give 100%. There was

nothing to prevent us from winning that game and there should be no excuses.

N.C.—Dublin showed some promising form in the National League. Do you think that they may have been over-rated?

P.C.—No. I don't think they were over-rated. When they gain experience they should fulfil the promise showed. There is a good future for this team if it is kept together.

N.C.—Are you satisfied that the best players are being selected to wear the county colours?

P.C.—The present panel is the best that is available. But, unfortunately, wearing the Dublin jersey does not mean the same to some of them as it means to me.

N.C.—Are you satisfied with the way G.A.A. affairs are being handled by the various Dublin county Boards?

P.C.—Yes, I am quite satisfied with the work being done by the Boards.

N.C.—Making the games attractive to the youth of the city seems to be one of the major problems confronting the G.A.A. to-day. Soccer appears to be the "in" sport in Dublin. How can we win back the youth to the Association?

P.C.—Gaelic games are not as classy as soccer. Soccer is a more skilful game than Gaelic Football. However, a great opportunity to make the sport more attractive was lost at Congress when the proposed rules changes were rejected. I think the delegates put the G.A.A. ten years behind the times by rejecting them.

N.C.—Are you in favour of all the proposed changes?

P.C.—I would be in favour of most of them, especially the pick up which I feel would eliminate a lot of fouling from behind, which occurs when a player bends down to lift the ball with his toe. I would also like to see two points awarded for all frees sent over the bar, as one point is often poor compensation for a forward going through with a goal at his mercy. A larger square would also eliminate a lot of fouling around the goal area. I would not favour the reduction of the playing number to thirteen nor would I like to see the solo run restricted as it is one of the features of the game.

N.C.—As I see things the "Ban" is actually turning young people against our games. Has it outlived its usefulness and would the Association be better for its removal?

P.C.—The "Ban" to me is non-existent, especially in Dublin. It is a silly rule. Anybody should play any game they want to play. I play Gaelic Football because I like the game and not because it is our national game, as it is called. I also like soccer and I wouldn't miss the World Cup on television for anything. I think that we would definitely be better off without the "Ban".

N.C.—Is the standard of football improving or disimproving?

P.C.—The standard is improving all the time. More teams are using the combination brand of football. This is the only brand which appeals to me and also the brand which Dublin teams have

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CORK

GAELIC FOOTBALL IS TAKING ROOT IN BRITAIN

FROM one long-term viewpoint the most exciting thing that has happened on the G.A.A. fields this year was the display of the London juveniles against the Dublin North City sides over the Whit week-end. For the first time, a team of sons of Exiles have shown that they not alone love the games of their fathers but can play them sufficiently well to be able to meet and beat a team of their own age from home.

Now, for me, the really vital point was this. Those London youngsters have every other code of football available to them. The fact that they not alone play Gaelic, but play it so well is proof positive that they must prefer it to any other brand. And that is something of which a number of our young lads here at home should be made aware

Moreover, I am told that there are juvenile teams elsewhere in Britain who are as good as, and possibly better than those to be found in London. If that is so, Britain should, in, say five years time, be able to put a team in the field that will challenge the best here at home. And that will, at last, give us a start to something approaching full international competition.

What a pity it is that there was not a similar sustained effort made years ago to cultivate our games among the sons and grandsons of the Irish exiles in America? Had that been done, we would long ago have had native-born sides representing America in the Tailteann Games more

than a generation ago, while we would have had teams with similar "back-bones" in the League, St. Brendan Cup and World Cup games through the past 20 years. But, unfortunately, that has been far from the case and native-born players have been few and far between.

Instead the power of New York and American hurling and football teams, as far back as I can remember, and I saw the Tailteann teams of 1924, 1928 and 1932, was then as firmly based on emigrants as were all the teams we have seen come here since 1950. There were, it is true, three or four American-born players on that football side that won the league title of 1950 and when New York beat Cavan in Croke Park that day I had high hopes that victory would give such an added impetus to the game in the States that I felt we would have the native Americans dominating the visiting teams inside a few seasons.

Well, that was twenty years ago, and so far from American-born players increasing in num-

By MOONDHARRIG

bers, they have fallen away until now, if we see one on an American side, he is usually a lone eagle.

So up to very recently, when the new Immigration Laws came into effect, the American teams we saw were built round stars we had known in various grades here at home. But since the pinch of the new Legislations began to be felt, there have been signs of changed conditions, particularly in New York.

As far as can be judged from this side of the Atlantic, a number of teams on the other side just do not have sufficient players available to keep going. There has, I understand, been an effort to encourage native-born youngsters, but too many teams seem to take the handy way out by temporarily "importing" players from Ireland.

Now, up to the last Easter Congress this procedure was completely illegal. Yet so many players crossed the Atlantic last summer that a friend of mine, who has certain duties at Shannon Airport, told me that there were week-ends when you could pick a good team from all the players who went out.

The result was that Congress decided last Easter to allow players go out, provided they received permission from their County Boards. Fair enough, but, judging by the rumours that have been going the rounds, the number of players setting out has already been, to say the least of it, considerably greater than the Congress delegates probably visualised. This too, is fair enough. These players are free agents and perfectly entitled to go if they feel like going, as they obviously

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● FROM PAGE 21

do, but there are two points that, to my mind, still need considerable qualification and clarification.

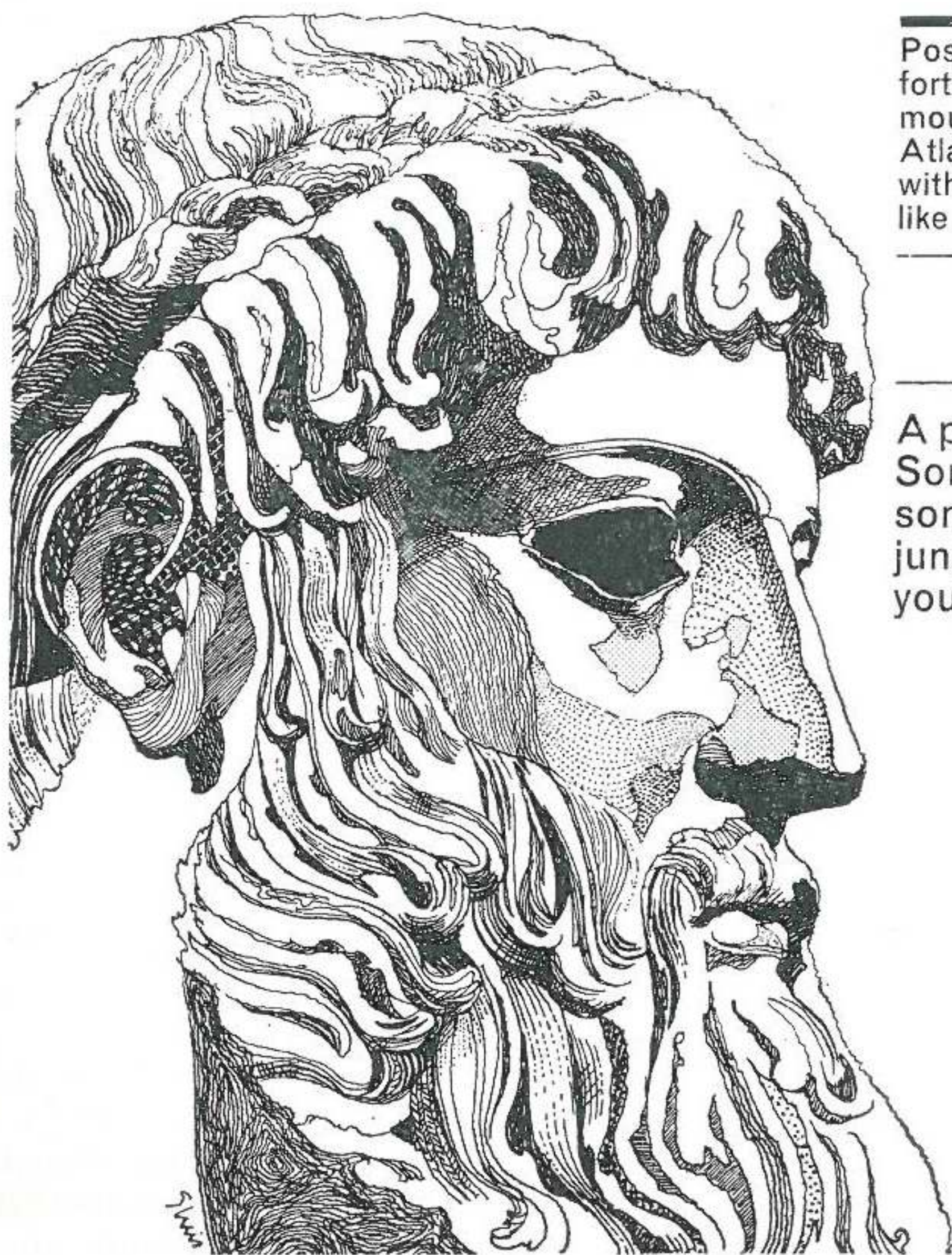
Can a player who crosses the Atlantic for a few weeks, and plays in competitions over there be objected to on the grounds of illegality when he comes home. After all he only gets permission from his County Board to travel

He is not transferred. Indeed it is doubtful if he can be transferred over and back since, as far as I know the New York G.A.A. is not affiliated to Central Council.

In the second place I keep on wondering how players can afford to travel out, some for several weeks at a time? There seems to be no limit to the hospitality available on the other side of the Atlantic, during the summer

months, at least. Yet, under the Immigration Laws, the vast majority of these players cannot afford to stay in America.

But the real basic problem is surely this. How long can the games in the United States survive if they must depend on importing players from Ireland during the Summer? And next, is it too late to strive to foster the games, even now, among Irish-American youngsters."

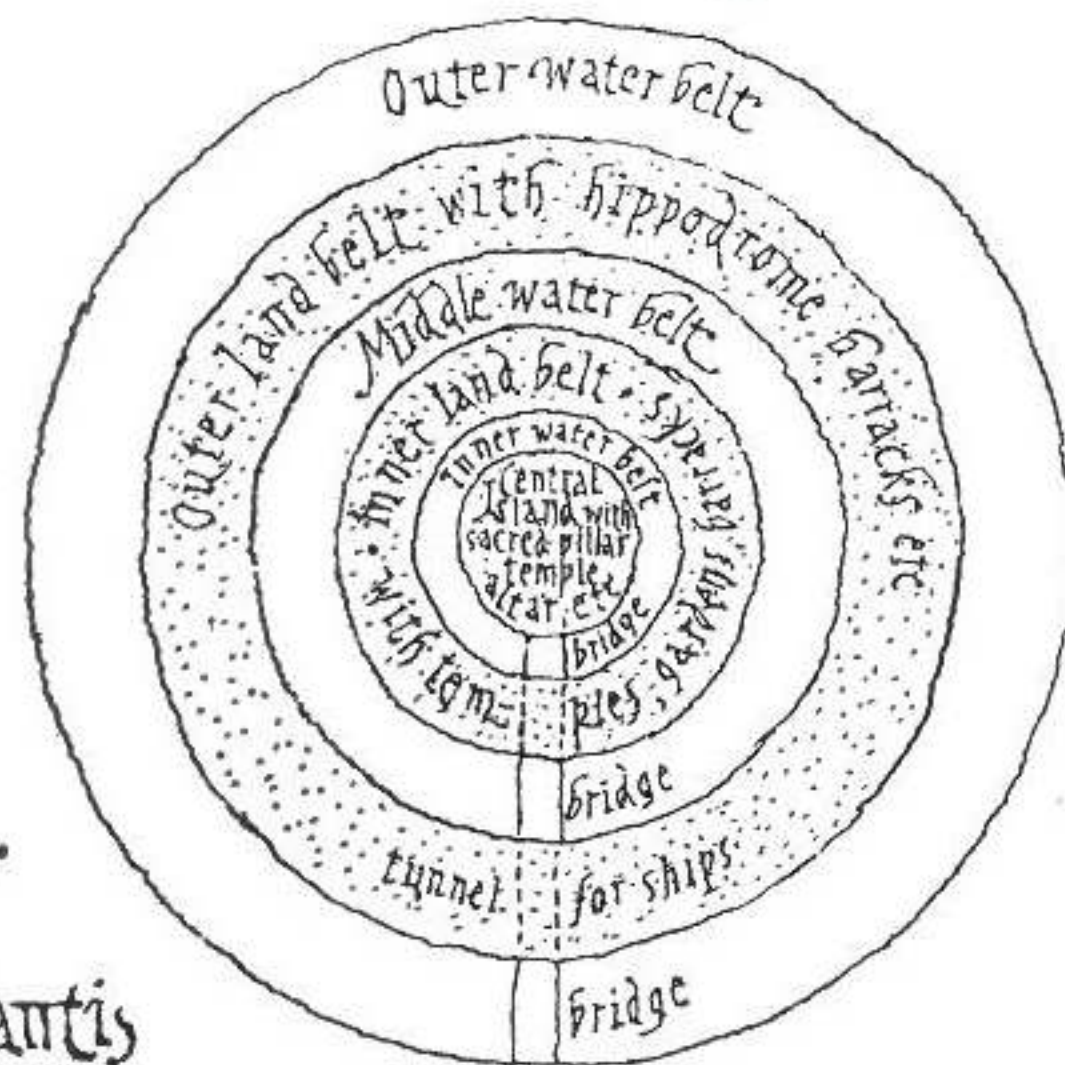


Poseidon, god of the sea, according to Plato, fortified with alternate belts of land and water the mountain on Atlantis where lived his wife Cleito. Atlantis, that great island to the west of Gibraltar, with its most fair and fertile central plain, is now, like Hi-Brasil, its Irish counterpart, lost.

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CLUICHÍ DÉ SATHAIRN

Le SEÁN Ó DÚNAGÁIN

TÁ Rúnaithe Chontae agus Oifigigh eile An Chumainn Luithchleas Gael cráite le fada faoi'n oiread sin Comortas a bheith ar chlár An Chumainn. Do'n chontae atá ag déanamh go maith sna comortais eadar-chontae ciallaíonn sé go mbíonn na comortais eadar/chlub sa chontae sin curtha ar ath-lóó mhí go mí; uaireanta tarlaíonn sé go mbíonn craobh-chluiche na bliana á imirt an bhliain dar gcionn.

Ní mithid don Chumann cinneadh a dhéanamh anois go nimreofar cluichí ar an Satharn. Tá seachtain cúig lá ag furmhór na ndaoine i láthair na huaire agus lasmuigh de cheist na gcomortas tá ceist tabhachtach eile ann. Baineann sé le lucht féachanna chomh maith le himreoirí, sé sin, an chesit chaithimh-aimsire. Is ceist domhanda í seo.

Tá an oiread sin saor-ama ag daoine maraon le neart airgid, go bhfuiltear ag breathnú timpeall ag lorg bealaigh chun an téileamh le haghaidh pléisiúir a shásamh. Ba cheart don Chumann Luithchleas teacht i dtír ar an éileamh seo. Tá airgead le déanamh as ach ní hé sin amháin atá i gceist ná fiú ní cheart amharc ar mar bhealach le clár na gcomortas a thabhairt chun críche.

Mura dtagann An Cumann i dtír ar an riachtanas seo an chaithimh aimsire, rachadh muintir na tíre ar thóir an "Lao Ordha" pé ar bith. Caillfear lucht leanúna ár gcluichí féin do na cumainn spóirt eile, ní ar mhaithe leis na cumainn úda ach ar mhaithe le pléisiúr.

Chomh maith le gach rud eile bheadh cluichí ar an Satharn

áisiúil ar an dá bhealach seo, eadhon, go dtabharfadh sé deis dóbh súid nach bhfreastalódh ar chluichí Domhnaigh teacht chuig cluichí Ghaelacha agus thabharfadh sé deis do chuirteoirí, go háirithe sna contaethe fan an chósta, freastal ar imeacht éigin dúchasach; is mór leis an turasóir ón iasacht a leitheidí fheiscint nuair atá sé ar saoire. Aontáim go mbíonn imeachtaí Ghaelacha ar siúl in áiteacha le linn an tSamhraid (cuirim i gcás Bré, a ghnóthaigh Craobh na hÉireann i gComortas Ghlór na nGael anuiridh) ach níl bunaithe ar bhonn rialta sheasamach.

Seachas na pointí a luadh thuas tá fáth i bhfad Éireann níos tabhachtaí fós go mbeadh cluichí ann Dé Sathairn. Nuair a bhíonn fóirne an chontae ag déanamh go maith is beag cluichí eadar/chlub a cuirtear ar siúl sa chontae sin ar feadh cuid mhaith den bhliain. Éiríonn imreoirí na gclub mí-shásta dá bharr agus téid ag imirt cluichí iasachta (ar an Satharn cuid mhaith!) ar mhaithe leis an imirt agus ar mhaithe leis an gcaidreamh sóisialta a leanann iad. Deintear é seo faoi cheilt agus go hoscailte agus tá sé á chleachtadh go fóirleathan. Tá an nós seo tugtha faoi ndeara ag an hOifigigh i gcontaethe áirithe ach nor tháinig siad ar an bhfreagra. Tá an freagra anseo!

I dtaca leis na cluichí ar an Satharn éiríonn pointe mór eile. Os rud é go mbeadh barraíocht ama ag Clubanna a gcuid dualgaisí a chomhlíonadh maidir leis na cláracha oifigiúla sa chontae bhéadh éileamh mór ann do chluichí in aghaidh clubanna las-

muigh den chontae. Ba ócáidí sóisialta a bheadh ann go hiondúil agus b'fhiú iad a mhisniú. Chuige sin ní mór cead ginearálta a thabhairt do chlubanna a gcuid socraithe, i leith na gcluiche dhubhshlán seo, a dhéanamh ar an aon choiníoll amháin nach nimreodh imreoir a bhí roghaithe d'fhoireann an chontae an Satharn roimis cluiche eadar-chontae ina mbeadh sé páirteach.

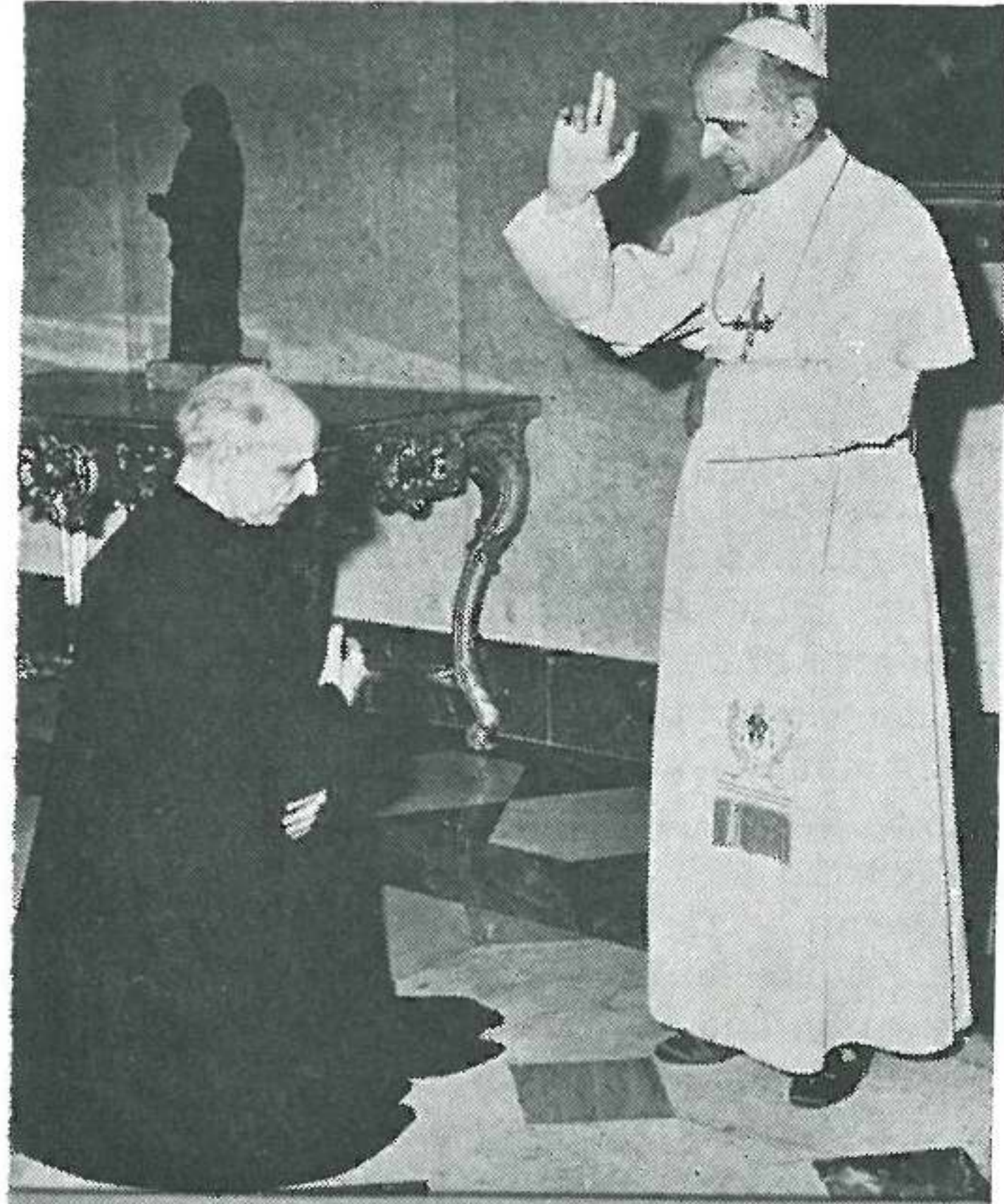
Tagann ceist eile isteach sa scéal chomh maith, ceist na gcomortas luithchleasa (BLÉ agus NACA). Ní chóir cluichí mór-le-rá a chur ar shiúl Dé Sathairn i ngiorracht triocho míle den ionad ina mbeadh Comortais Craoibhe a reachtáil ag an heargráis úda.

Ní bhíonn leise ar udaráis na gcluichí iasachta cuid dá gcluichí móra a chur ar siúl Dé Domhnaigh nuair is léir dóibh gur chun a dtairfe féin é, cé gur ar an Satharn is mó a bhíonn na cluichí sin dá gcleachtadh. Cuir-eadh rásaí na gcapall ar siúl ar an Domhnach le déanaí féachaint cén bail a bheadh ar a leitheid; níl aon chruthúnas ann nach leanfar leis, amach anseo.

Tá daoine áirithe sa Chumann ag rá go bhfuil an iomarca comortais ann idir peil agus iomáint ar gach leibhéal. Tá an ceart acu, fhaid is ar an Domhnach amháin a imrítear na cluichí. Le fada an lá tá Coiste Bhaile Átha Cliath ag reachtáil comortais ar an Satharn—ní fhéadfaí na Comortais uilig a chríochnú marach gur rinne siad amhlaidh. Tá sé in am don chuid eile den tír glacadh leis an eisiomlár. Tá súil agam nach fada uainn an lá.

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

WHAT CAN WE DO TO STOP THE DRAIN FROM GAELIC GAMES?



asks Joe Lennon

EVEN though this year's World Cup was in Mexico and viewing times were most unsuitable for young boys, there was still a tremendous amount of schoolboy interest in the competition. Despite exams many stayed up and watched till 3 a.m. It is generally agreed that there was a tremendous boon in soccer after the 1966 World Cup and this boon was only really affecting Ireland in 1968-69-70. Will the recent competition increase the interest in soccer, add to the increasing number of clubs and players and hence attract even more young players away from Gaelic games? If so what can we do to stop the drain, to stimulate interest in playing and subsequently watching and win back the lads who have turned away from the G.A.A.

We had four Congresses since the '66 World Cup and hence four chances to make the changes necessary in our games to sustain interest and attract more players. The signs are that the next four Congresses might also pass without the obvious and necessary changes taking place.

Although the Official Guide says that colleges are bound by the rules of the G.A.A., one important break through has been made. College competitions are now thirteen-a-side and even though the last Congress rejected 13-a-side for adult competitions, it will so remain at school level.

Taking this major breakthrough as a starting point, I feel that if we are to save the games we must get all our schools

and colleges to make more changes in the playing rules to make the game more attractive to boys. I would go so far as to urge the setting up of a Junior G.A.A. with its own rules and regulations for all players up to and including minor grade. However, more of this another time.

What practical steps can be taken now to improve the game by changing or amending rules? First of all, I must stress the necessity for altering the rules. Our playing rules are so ambiguous in many cases, so vague in many cases and capable of several interpretations that players get confused and frustrated. Referees have their own interpretations of what constitutes a foul and referees differ too much from day to day. All this lack of definition, uncertainty, this do-it-yourself Official Guide is terribly frustrating to young players.

Young players need and want simple definitions of all the terms we use in the game. They want the same definition to hold good every day no matter who is referee or where the game is played. They want rules clarified and stated simply—what is the exact definition of a legitimate tackle? Why does "reaching from behind" constitute a foul, what does it mean anyhow? And body-contact, the greatest single reason in my estimation for the loss of players, we should, I believe, legislate all permissible contact out of the game. No charging, checking, holding, pulling, etc., and only when contact is incidental to the play as in

jumping for the ball, should it be allowed at all. If we did this, all players would see very clearly what exactly was meant by a legitimate tackle and the incidence of violence in our games would be greatly diminished.

According to the rules at the moment, there is no limit to the number of players which may tackle the man in possession—yet the old cry—"Ah! two tackling" still goes up. Obstructing by hand or arm is vague and arbitrary. The whole rule about a square ball is difficult for young players. I believe we should either scrap it altogether or award a "square ball (free out) as soon as an attacker gets in the square before the ball. There is so much that needs to be tied up neatly and clearly explained.

Of course, if changes in the rules are to be made they should be made after careful thought and discussion. It is essential that everyone concerned in rule changing should have a thorough technical knowledge of the game. It should be done objectively and conscientiously.

Once the rules were redrafted for schools competitions and suitable alterations made as to size of pitch, playing time, penalty for fouls, etc., then I think only the playing rules should apply to the players—not all the other rules, especially Rules 26-30. We should not demand allegiance but rather try to win it and retain it. We should make the game suit the players instead of trying to get the players to conform to rules which have nothing to do with actual playing of the games.



Brendan Lynch

DYNAMIC QUARTET

THERE is nothing quite like personality-plus forwards with the ability to consistently find the target for raising the pulse. After all, scoring goals and points is the ideal, the essence of what football and hurling is all about. And the young men of to-day are proudly keeping their era to the fore with their dynamic finishing powers . . . players like Charlie McCarthy, Willie McGee, Brendan Lynch and Gene Cusack.

McCarthy is Cork's greatest score-getter since Christy Ring. More than that, he has also reached scoring heights well above anything approached by any Cork hurler since 1955, other than the man from Cloyne. There could not be a more striking testimony to the dashing St. Finbarr's hurler's artistry than that, more especially when we consider the strength of the game by the Leaside, and the many grand forwards the county produced over the past 16 years.

"Wee Charlie", a county minor in 1962, 1963 and 1964, gave the Croke Park patrons an early foretaste of what was to come as a senior back in 1964, when he helped himself in fine style to three goals in the All-Ireland minor final win over Laois. As a senior, he has so skilfully employed his great talents that last year found him ranking as Cork's top scorer for all competitions for the third successive campaign. Only Christy Ring, who held down the premier spot with-

out a break for an eight year period, 1955 to 1962 inclusive, has filled the No. 1 role more than once.

The elusive and speedy 23-year-old McCarthy had also his most successful campaign yet in 1969, when he scored 14-56 (98 points) in 16 games for all competitions, for third place in Ireland. In each of the previous 14 seasons, no Cork hurler other than Ring, got to within even 30 points of that McCarthy score!

Ring himself bettered the 98 points mark only three times. He shot 101 points in 1959, established the Cork record in 1961 at 22-38 (104 points) in 13 games, and landed 99 points in 15 games in 1962.

To Charlie McCarthy, too, belongs the distinction of the best match-score by a Cork man since the Ring era—3-3 against Wexford in an Oireachtas Cup tie at Cork in October, 1968. As a senior the Leaside marksman-in-chief has scored 41 goals and 135 points (258 points) in 64 games, a good match average of 4.03 points, and he failed to score in only three games.

Willie McGee is in a class of his own when it comes to outfoxing goalkeepers. Last year he carved out an impressive new goal scoring record with his total of 17—four more than the record that was jointly held by Down's Paddy Doherty, 13-97 (136 points) in 24 games in 1960, and Johnny Joyce (Dublin), 13-16 (55 points) in 14 games in 1962.

The red-haired Burrishoole man, whom Jack Mahon last month in JUNIOR DESK said may yet be as good a forward as the great Tom Langan (Mayo), will ever be remembered in his native county as the four goal hero of the 1967 All-Ireland Under-21 football final replay win over Kerry. Since then he has added a Railway Cup medal (1969), a Connacht senior championship award (1969) and a National League medal to his growing collection.

McGee has not found the way to goals with quite the same dramatic effect in any senior game as in that under-age replay with Kerry. But he goaled three times against Down in a challenge in June, 1969, at Crossmolina, and equalled that nine points tally with his sparkling exhibition against Offaly in that entertaining game at Wembley in May, when he finished with 2-3.

Equally good at setting up scores as taking the half-chance himself, the Mayo forward now has 26 goals and 37 points (115 points) from a 51 game senior career, or 2.25 points a game. Last year was his most successful campaign with 17-22 (73 points) in 27 games, the third highest in Connacht.

Brendan Lynch is a footballer who has superbly made the transition from preventing scores to outsmarting backs and goalkeepers. Back in 1965 he wore the No. 1 jersey for Kerry in

By _____
**OWEN
McCANN**

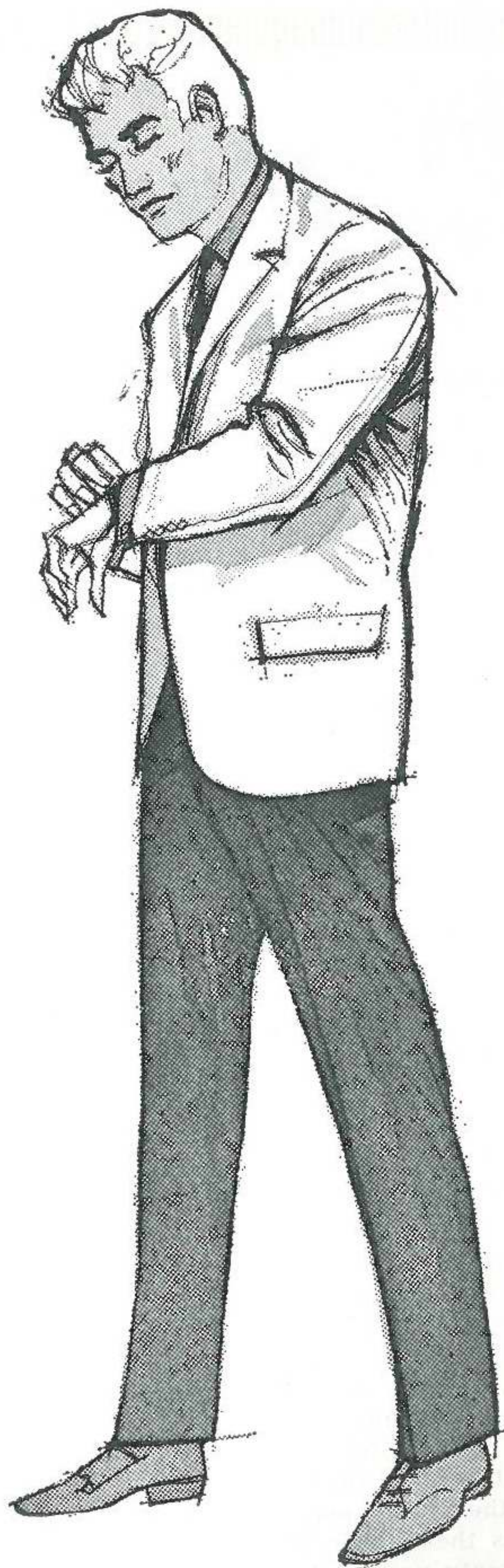
their unsuccessful All-Ireland minor final with Derry. He figured as an attacker with the county in the minor grade in 1966 and 1967, and was first chosen in the Under-21 series in 1967. In fact, he was in the Kerry team beaten by Mayo in that Willie McGee golden hour.

Promoted to the senior team early in 1968, the Beauford footballer, who is only 20, has already punched home the fine total of 14 goals and 102 points (144 points) in 42 games, including the matches during the world tour. A proud distinction to his credit is that his score of 1-5 against Leinster in a 1969 Railway Cup semi-final at Tralee is the best by a Munster footballer for one game in the series since 1961. Last year, Lynch was Kerry's second highest scorer with 6-51 (69 points) in 19 games.

Gene Cusack has taken over the mantle worn so long for Cavan by Charlie Gallagher. Like McGee he has a brilliant flair for popping in the goals. Already he has landed 16 from only 28 senior appearances, and his bag of nine for 1969 put him in second place in the goals-stakes for All-Ireland's to McGee.

Cusack, who has been playing in the Under-21 grade again this year, scored 1-5 against Kerry in May at the opening of Cavan's new Terry Coyle Memorial Park—his best match score. He was third highest scorer in Ulster

● TO PAGE 31



look to **DUBTEX**
for the debonair look

Farewell to Jimm

TIME is a cruel master. You see the emergence of a great talent and the flowering of a brilliant young player; you sit back to luxuriate in the pleasure of that player's delights; and before you have begun to count the years you are astonished to find that he is announcing his retirement.

You wonder how time can have passed so quickly; you wonder how it can have dealt so cruelly with the player of your middle-age, when it seemed so lenient with the players of your youth. How they seemed to go on and on in the good old days when we all were young. What an age it was that Mick Mackey graced the scene, or Christy Ring, or Seamus Power, or Harry Grey, or Garret Howard if the years of your youth correspond to the age of their glory.

Another thing, maybe, has something to do with it, for there is no doubt that the top players did, truly, last longer in the "good old days." Ring, for instance, was on the wrong side of forty before it could be said that he was anything less than a certainty for the Cork team. Mackey, too, was the kingpin of Limerick for twenty years. Today's hurling and football is imposing a much heavier strain on the player than that of the thirties or the forties. In those

days, if you were one of the star players everyone thought you were terribly hard-pressed if you turned out with your club in the county championships and in three of four really knife-edged tournament games for suit lengths, as well as being in top trim for the provincial championships and the few League games the county played, with, perhaps, a couple of tournament or charity games thrown in.

The schedule of to-day's player contains such a thick collection of calls on his services that he is almost burned out of the game

ments, and if you are a star with a star county you could come in for a goodly share of these competitions, too.

The first danger of all of this must be that the club which produces the really good player has to content itself with a small share of his greatness. Too many times he is answering county calls; it is a cause of no little chagrin to the club, and a cause of some detachment to the player. But, when he gets the chance, and when he has the opportunity of getting his game integrated with that of his club

By

SÉAMUS Ó BRAONÁIN

rather than forced to retire in the fulness of years. County teams compete in two All-Irelands, nowadays, you might say, with the emphasis which is laid on the National League. There are Oir-eachtas and Railway Cup, Grounds Tournament and other matches of prestige value; there are challenges and practice games to find the best combination; there are trips to America or even Australia, possibly; there are Cardinal Cushing games and O'Byrne Cups, McKenna Cups and Player-Wills Cups, Marckievitz Cups and Wembley Tourna-

colleagues he will have to fit in those county championships, those county leagues and those tournaments which, especially at this time of the year, spring up with irregularity and persistence of weeds in an uncared for garden. There will, probably, be inter-county club championships for him, too, and invitations to take an all-expenses paid tiring trip to the States, and meantime he will, if he is half a man, realise the obligation which rests on him to take a hand in the running of the home club, and in coaching the youth in the skills

my Doyle

which have made him a show-piece.

It's tough at the top, and a player can get tired of it all so much more quickly these days than in the "good old days". And if you put over on the other side of the account the amount of things which the star player is missing by being so involved, the picture to-day is made even less favourable. Television, radio, cinema, dances, discotheques, coffee bars, clubs, jazz sessions, pop sessions, ballad sessions, jam sessions, discussion groups, debating groups, sit-ins and talk-ins, youth clubs, tennis, badminton, squash; basketball, volley-ball, indoor football, and motor cars to get from one to the other more quickly and affluent pockets to afford them. How much of this was a distraction to the young Mick Mackey?

This piece set out to be a brief farewell and a thank you to Jimmy Doyle, but it seems to have led down a philosophical by-way. The thing is really that those of us who have watched him play cannot credit that it is time to call it a day. It seems only yesterday that he was the talk of the country for his brilliance as a minor; that his great future was being forecast. It seems only a little while since he came first on the Tipperary team and it seems so short a time since he taught his first real senior lesson to Kilkenny in an All-Ireland semi-final. Of course, he has

played a lot since then; we remember his considerable self-sacrifice on several occasions in turning out for Tipperary while injured and with little to gain personally but with quite a lot to lose. The All-Ireland final against Dublin in 1961 is a memorable example, when the seriousness of his ankle trouble might have led him to the end of his playing career there and then.

Injuries were the deciding factor in the end, also, for Jimmy had more than his share. Not altogether unexpected, of course, for with the best will in the world, he was a man which every opposing team had to mark closely and try to play out of the game. With even the most scrupulously fair opponents, such a necessary course to every game must have meant a sore blow here and there during most games. Then, Doyle was not the massive kind: not like the burly Mick Keating whose very size and bulk make it possible for him to fend off many tough tackles; nor, like the equally stylish Mick Roche, hard and strong and capable of absorbing and riding the hard clash.

Jimmy Doyle was only a little man, really, and he hurt when he was hit. It was on his ability to get clear of the rucks that his great skill lay; he had an unique gift of instinctively being able to make space for his stroke, though everybody who marked him must have known he would hit off the



left, and that he would make his room for himself by pulling away backwards rather than by trying to bulldoze through. But, even that could not have made Doyle a great; he was not fast; he was not powerful; he wasn't even all that elegant to look at; he looked altogether too casual, usually, to be a great threat to any defence. But, could he strike a ball! His remarkable accuracy and power of stroke was the mark of the man who had put in the hours, weeks, months and years of practice — the dedication that made him, while he played, the most feared of all hurlers.

Coming after (and, for a while, at the same time as) the unique Christy Ring, Jimmy Doyle was always subject to the most critical comparisons. But, no one more than the Corkmen will be found to pay higher tribute to his own quality: the Corkmen remember ruefully many a time when Doyle destroyed them.

Now, at a mere 32, Jimmy Doyle has to go. His toll of injuries has been heavy. As I say, he hurt too easily, and healed too slowly. The whole process was a psychological stress as well as a physical one; and, for a married man with responsibilities it was, naturally, an unfair financial burden, too. He has taken the only way out which his circumstances allowed. He will not be forgotten.

DEATH OF DUBLIN FOOTBALL

BY PATRICK CARVER

JIMMY KINSELLA, one of Ireland's top professional golfers, sat across from me in the restaurant in London Airport and he thumped the table. Hard enough to make a few people at the next table turn around to take a closer look at him.

"Tell me what's wrong with them", he asked. "Have they no b—y spirit left? Are we ever going to have a team again or is it that no one gives a damn anymore?"

And what subject do you think we were discussing on a Saturday night, a fair distance from home and right in the middle of one of the world's busiest airports?

Not golf—although he had just finished playing in the Agfa-Gaevent tournament that afternoon. And he had been out of luck.

No indeed. We were on one of Jimmy's pet hobby horses. The Dublin football team—and their ignominious, shattering departure from the Leinster championship in the first round at Mullingar the previous Sunday.

What answer could you give him? He had been reared in the Gaelic football stronghold of Skerries—and in the legend of Bobby Beggs—and by his own admission, had at one time—golf permitting, of course—been one of Dublin's staunchest supporters.

"We followed them everywhere," he told me with an unmistakable touch of pride. "Up and down the country, we were always there. But what's happened now? A bad football team and worse still, no one to follow them."

How right he was—and is. It seems sad that the golden,

halcyon days of Dublin football are well and truly over. And who holds out any hope for a better future?

Do you remember that famous Sunday when the Dublin supporters massed in Donnycarney, marched down the Malahide Road, on along Fairview and then up along Clonliffe Road to see Dublin in the All-Ireland final? The blue and white flags were flying proudly that happy day.

And do you remember that great unknown warrior of Dublin support who, dressed up in his blue and white suit, always insisted on joining in on the pre-match parade around Croke Park. I always meant to find out his name—and I never did.

Do you remember? . . . why, yes, of course, you do.

They were the good old days when Dublin were flying high and mighty on a rolling wave of football glory.

Every kid in the streets, from Ballybough to the Park knew the names of everyone on those Dublin teams . . . Kevin Heffernan, Marcus Wilson, Ollie Freeney, the "Yank" Murray, Cathal O'Leary, John Timmons . . . and the rest of them.

And they were good days when Dublin were there, or thereabouts in the Leinster or All-Ireland football championships.

What has happened? Think back now on those good old days and then come with me for a moment to Mullingar on that day this year when Dublin took on Longford in the first round of the Leinster championship.

The first omens of gloom were on the road down. Hardly a car

passed us. The few that did didn't even have a blue and white flag waving.

We stopped at a pub just outside Mullingar and we had no trouble in fighting our way to the bar for a drink. There was no one else in the place.

Lunch in Mullingar itself was the second eye-opener. The proprietors of the hotel would have welcomed a little business.

The gloomy portents rose at Cusack Park—long before the first whistle went.

Longford trotted out on to the field—and you could have heard the cheer back in Ballymahon. Dublin followed and there was a silence that seemed to stretch right back to O'Connell Street.

Bob Hyland of the "Irish Independent"—he writes that very good column on Dublin G.A.A. every week—sat beside me in the Press Box and I sensed that it was not going to be a very happy afternoon for him.

And it wasn't. The same Dublin team couldn't have beaten its way out of a paper bag. They were woeful—and Longford weren't much better.

But as Sean Murray of Longford said afterwards—"We may not have been good, but we were good enough on the day and that's all that matters."

As a game of football, it died long before the end. Even when Dublin were presented with two gift goals late in the second half, no one seriously believed that they had any chance of winning.

The aftermath of the game played a bad second fiddle to a poor wake. Everyone wanted to have the corpse buried quickly,

the few words said—and then off for home. Mullingar was deserted within an hour.

We held the post-mortem on the way home and delivered our verdict rapidly. Death from under-nourishment, low spirit and no care. And above all—no love or affection.

And there, possibly could be the kernel of the whole trouble. The present Dublin team has lost all its friends and supporters. There wasn't even the whisper of a cheer at Mullingar.

And tell me, where have the supporters gone? The thousands who backed Dublin in the 1950s and the early 1960s must still be there—somewhere.

I don't have the time to go out to look for them.

But I would suggest—respectfully, of course—that the Dublin G.A.A. Board might do worse than to send out a few Vigilantes to search for the missing supporters.

And in the meantime, they might also start thinking of getting a decent football team together again. Otherwise I can see Dublin becoming a very, very remote outpost of G.A.A. strength—and very soon.

And who would want that?

DYNAMIC QUARTET

● FROM PAGE 27

last year with 9-32 (59 points) in 16 games, and as a senior he has scored 16 56 (104 points).

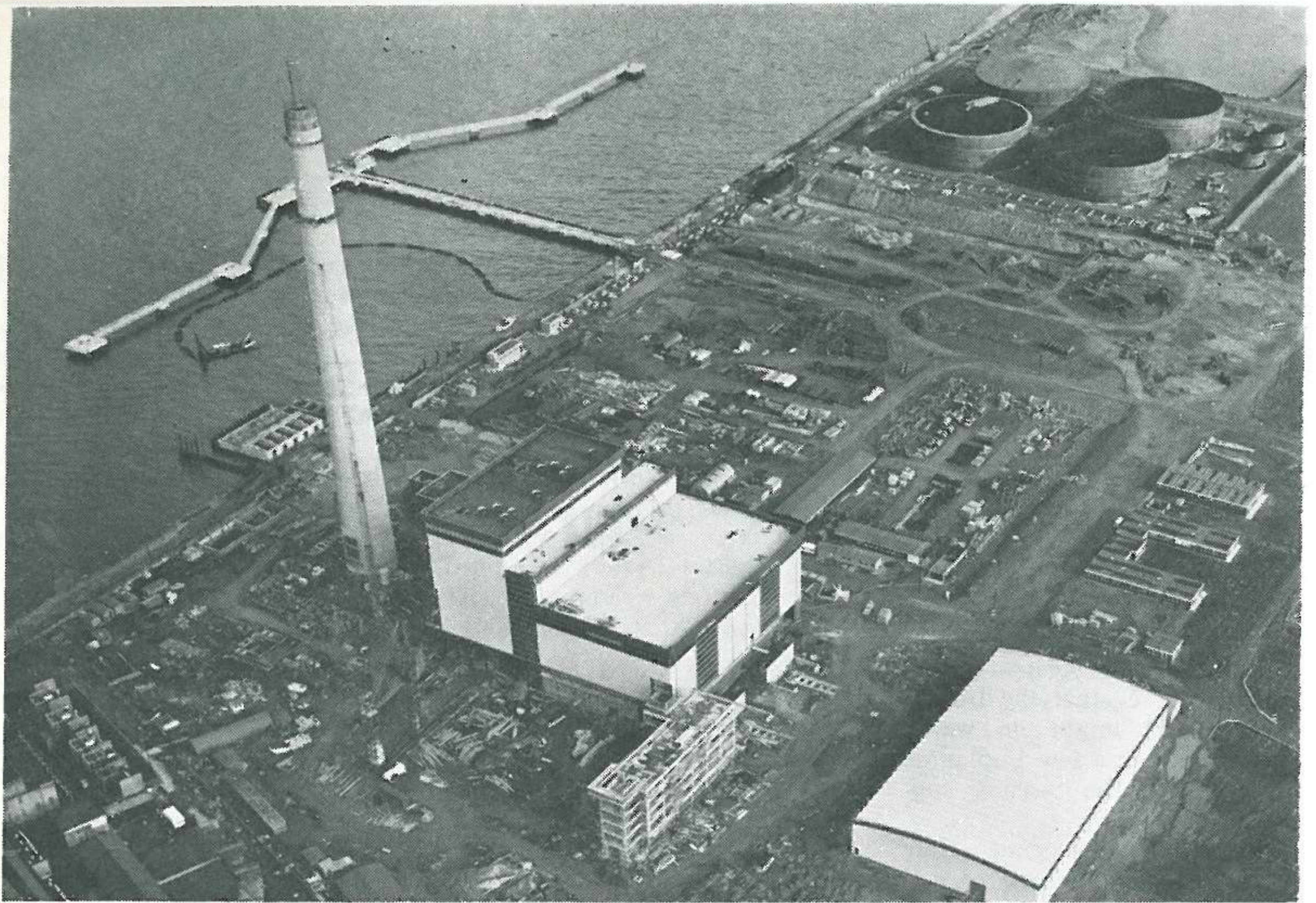
So, at the time of going to press, some impressive achievements have already been recorded by Charlie McCarthy, Willie McGee, Brendan Lynch and Gene Cusack. But there are still greater days ahead for this quartet . . . days during which they are certain to bring new glamour and appeal to hurling and football with their clever all-round play, and dynamic finishing techniques.

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QUICK-FIRE QUIZ

TRY scoring some goals and points off these chances. Remember that you have to be sharp to avail of any opportunity, so watch the time limit, especially when it is a goal chance. But, occasionally, you will be given a free, and you have plenty of time then.

POINTS

- 1—What is the cause of the sadness in Galway hurling circles due to the dashing of some of their hopes of a strong team this year? (5 seconds)
- 2—What change has been brought about in the rules which govern the throw-in at the beginning of play in football?
- 3—Name the three brothers who played for Kerry in the 60s. (7 seconds)
- 4—What are colours of (a) Wexford (b) Carlow? (5 seconds)
- 5—Sligo won the Connacht minor championship in 1968; did they ever win it before that?
- 9—For what county did Stephanie O'Connell play some great camogie?
- 7—What county has won most provincial senior football titles? (3 seconds)
- 8—Name the four Ulster counties who have not won a senior provincial hurling title. (7 seconds)
- 6—When was the All-Ireland semi-final (senior) in hurling or football played at a venue other than Croke Park?
- 10—Which county has most often won the Liam McCarthy Cup? (10 seconds)

GOALS

- 11—Who was the first man to

captain two All-Ireland champion teams in the same year? (7 seconds)

- 12—When was the last occasion three brothers played in an All-Ireland final?
- 13—Who was the current player who scored three match-winning goals when introduced as a substitute in an All-Ireland semi-final, but missed earning a draw for his side by missing a close-free in another? (5 seconds)
- 14—There was a father and son connection between the victory of Kilkenny over Tipperary in 1922 in the All-Ireland final, and their next big match victory over them in 1966 in the National League final. Who were the father and son? (8 seconds)
- 15—Who was the first Roscom-

mon man to gain All-Ireland medals in football and hurling? (10 seconds)

- 16—Who was the first Kerryman to be chosen for the Rest of Ireland hurlers against the All-Ireland champions? (7 seconds)
- 17—Who was the last player to win two senior provincial championship medals in the same year? (Hurling and football, of course — no catch). (10 seconds).
- 18—Only one player has captained his county to minor and under 21 titles in football. Who is he? (5 seconds)
- 19—What are the club colours of Dunmore McHale's?
- 20—When was the first time a hurling or football final was broadcast over the radio? (10 seconds)

- 11—Gerald McCarthy (Cork) 1966—senior and under-21.
- 12—The Quins of Meath: Jack and Gerry on the fifteen, and Martin as a second-half sub.
- 13—Des Griffith (Mayo), as minor (1966) and senior (1969).
- 14—Joe Dunphy (1966) and his father Eddie (1922).
- 15—M. J. Keane: junior hurling 1965; under-21 football 1956.
- 16—Declan Lovett.
- 17—Jerry O'Sullivan (Cork) in 1966.
- 18—Tommy Diamond (Derry).
- 19—Green jerseys; white shorts.
- 20—In 1927 — hurling, Cork v Dublin.

GOALS

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- 1—The emigration of five of their best players to the U.S.
- 2—The referee faces the players.
- 3—The Lucys — Noel, Jimmy and Vincent.
- 4—Purple body and gold shoulders to the jerseys; white shorts (Wexford); Green, yellow and red thirds; white shorts (Carlow).
- 5—Yes, in 1949.
- 6—Cork.
- 7—Kerry: 51 titles.
- 8—Armagh, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh.
- 9—1952. Cork and Galway in Limerick.
- 10—Cork: 13 times.

## POINTS

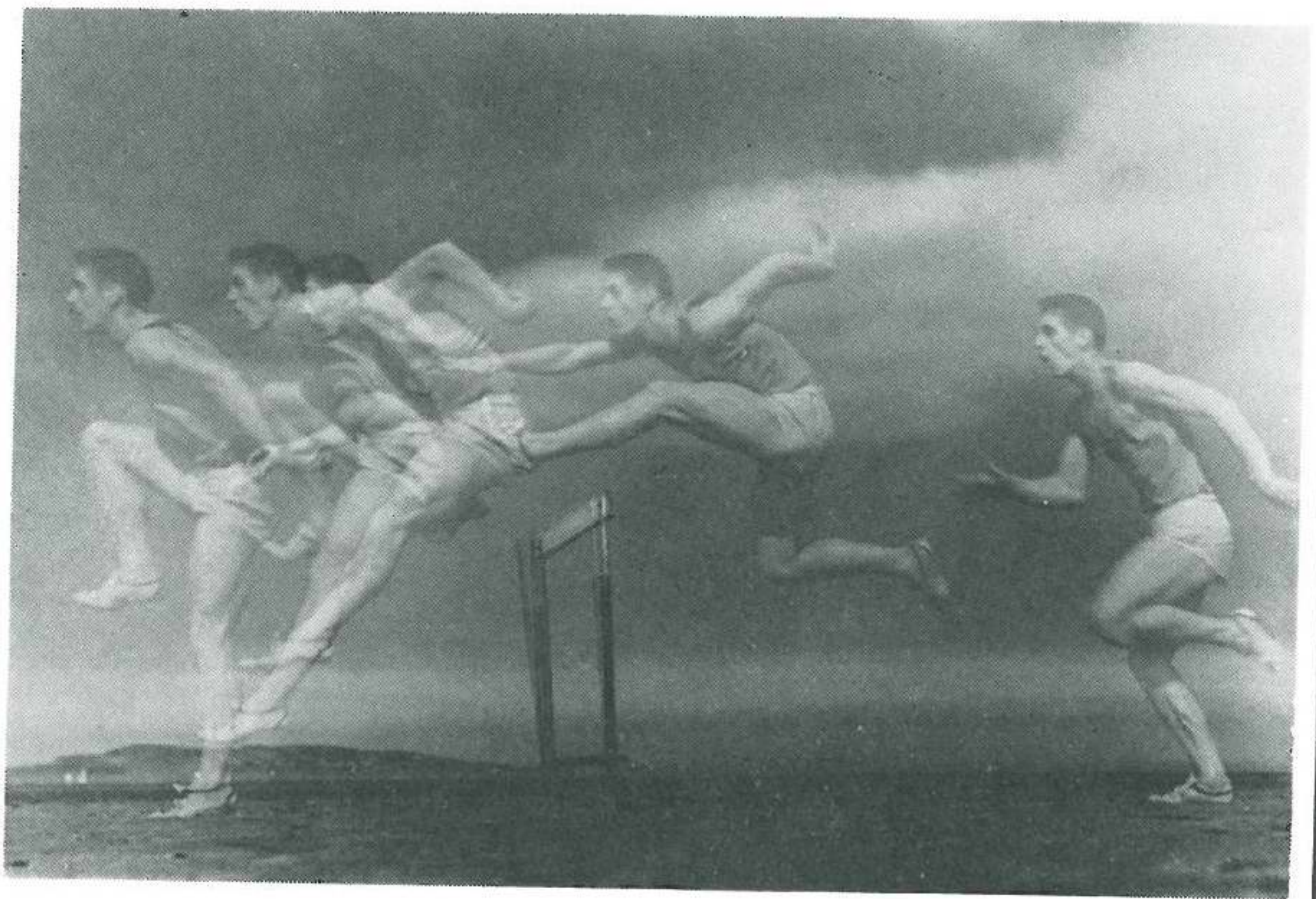
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LATE STARTS ARE INEXCUSABLE

IT all reminds me of my beloved brother, a very nice chap and the life and soul of every party in which he was to be found, but a terrible one for punctuality. Or more accurately, for the lack of punctuality. It came to the stage, in the end, when most of his friends spoke of him as "The Late Peter Drennan." And it has stuck to him over the years to such an extent that in another twenty it will no longer seem a joke, or rather it will appear like one in very bad taste, indeed.

Well, it looks as though the G.A.A. is doing its best to emulate my brother, Peter, in this area of human behaviour. Things are getting better, they tell me in some areas and at some activities. But, what is the good of that when in some important and news-catching occasion there is such a grievous worsening of a situation which was never good that it makes people throw up their hands in horror and dismay.

You will have read, no doubt of the wonders of punctuality which were performed at the recent championship game between Offaly and Laois; and again on the occasion of the opening of a new park in Co. Down, when the major attractions of the after-

noon began almost an hour (or was it more than an hour) late. Add to that the fact that it had come on to rain in the time in which the crowd waited for Offaly and Laois, and that many of them got a drenching for their pains. I know they would probably have got wet during the game had it started in time, but, at least, they would have had the dubious comfort of having a game to watch to take their minds off their misery.

This business of late starts is getting to be a great annoyance. It no longer qualifies for the description of "native Irish fault", and we can no longer pass it off as an endearing little failing without which we would be, perhaps, more efficient, but less attractive. It is being used and will be used against the Association to-day, in a world which is efficiency-mad, maybe, but which will use any kind of failing of this kind against any organisation.

But, I see in it a different kind of failing; the failing which should be obvious from the inside: It shows that the organisation of the Association, and the work of the willing thousands of volunteers is unable to handle any more all the complications which the passing years and mul-

tiplying competitions and activities are placing on them. They are extraordinarily successful, I agree. But, there is such a widening in the scope of the things that the Association is trying to do, and such an enlargement of the horizons at which it aims that the numbers of voluntary workers and the possibility of their co-ordination is no longer enough.

This is not another plea for professionalism; by no means, for a couple of professionals in an office somewhere is not going to get a game in Mullingar or Cork or Cavan started on time. It is a questioning of how we can get more people to take on the hundreds of jobs which need doing, and how they can be directed towards doing them to the best advantage of the Association. It is a question of the manpower, and also of the management skills. New championships have been dreamed up nearly every year in the last ten years or so; hurling plan competitions have complicated the scene; thousands of leagues and tournaments and local competitions have to be seen to. And every game needs attention; every one of the fixtures needs people doing a sometimes quite heavy job of work to make sure that everything runs smoothly and to time. It's a daunting proposition. It is only when you think of it that you realise the amount which is already being done by unheralded and unsung heroes. And, if so much is being done, does this not prove that the extra bit is only a little way further to go. Oughtn't we try with our very best endeavours to go that extra step of the way and make things a little nearer perfect.

Why, for goodness sake, will

● TO PAGE 36

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● FROM PAGE 35

clubs and county teams not make every possible effort to avoid late starts? Why can they not make sure to arrive in good time. That is a large part of the problem. The organisation at the venue will only be able to work to the best advantage when they are not hindered by outside considerations about which they are helpless.

As I said, what I mostly deplore is the fact that so much endeavour by so many hundreds of people is going without its proper reward. The reward that it demands is that their work be crowned by sparkling success. This would, in turn, rebound to the credit and the projected image of the Association to an immeasurable extent.

With all the people who had set so much of their time aside to do various jobs around the venue, and before and after the game, and in the days before and after, preparing and planning and getting things done, and clearing up the loose ends afterwards, is it not ridiculous that the visible results of their efforts are most obvious in the very late start of the major games of the day? It is not a fair result; nor is it fair to the army of voluntary workers who have done so much.

It is not fair to them that this situation should continue. They are doing as good a job now as would be needed to produce split-second timing, and perfect organisation. The difficulty, usually, lies in the co-ordination of the services of these workers. That is our weakest section.

You can see that, too, in the almost total lack of programmes at our games—even quite important games. It would need to be a championship semi-final before you could be sure of getting a programme even at inter-county level; and, you might as well keep your sixpence (or more) unless it happens to be an

All-Ireland occasion. The dearth of programmes is bad. It does not help anyone really. And, all that is needed is a good co-ordinator in the right place—because the workers are there and are willing to be worked, both towards the production and the marketing of such programmes.

The programme is the thing I value most at a game, I may say; and, while I know that there are many who couldn't care less about a programme, the majority do. Certainly all who are interested in the games of football or hurling will value the assistance of a programme to pick out the minor players; they would like to know a little about them. Indeed, the less well-known the teams in a game, the more important the programme, I would have thought.

There should be no championship game without a programme. That ought to be a basic minimum requirement, and it should be from that basis that we would expand. I think it was so not so many years ago, but, in those days, there were senior and minor games and not a whole lot else.

Another point on the programme need is that you find very little information in the daily press about the teams for the less important matches. Two reasons, of course, account for this: first, with so many games on, space simply will not allow that kind of detail; second, the line-outs are not available or are not communicated to the newspapers by the counties. The result of this combined with the lack of programmes means that I have quite often gone to a game as a spectator and been reduced to making notes of the number and position on the field of players who took my fancy, or, indeed, players who were cursed with all kinds of ill-luck during a match. The following morning, in the newspapers, I find the

identity of the men who caught my fancy. But, what an unsatisfactory way of doing things.

Then, again, I have been willing to endure it and keep on going to games in a half-blinded condition like that, but, how many of the fringe members will be satisfied to continue like that and how many neophytes will be scandalised? If we let this keep on happening, we shall have deserved the Christian stricture:

“Woe to you scandal givers . . .”

There is great hope in the business-like way the new President and his executive and the new Central Council are setting about problems in the Association. Let us hope that this question of the management of resources (human) for the creation of a smoother Association to the attainment of a better image will be given the importance which it deserves.

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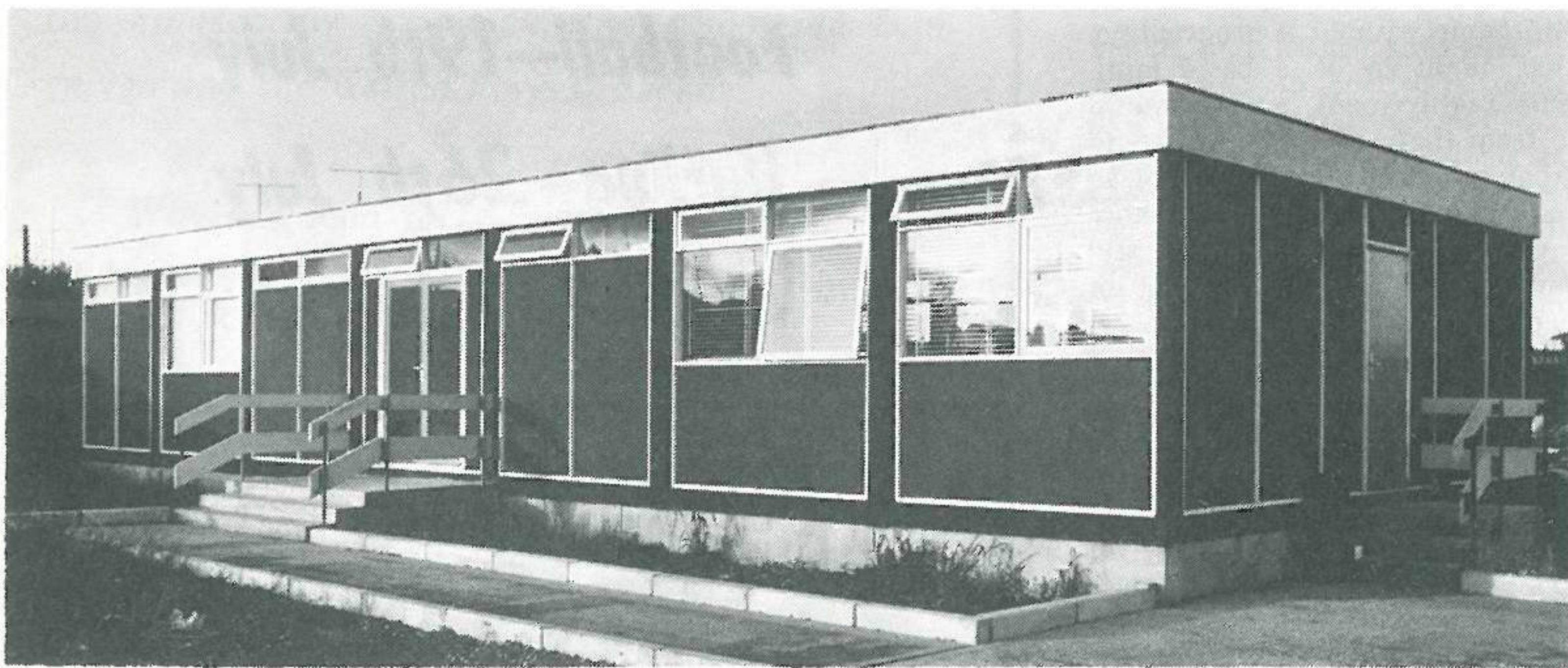
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CAMOGIE

ALL ROADS LEAD TO GORMANSTON

By AGNES HOURIGAN

THE Camogie Association has made a lot of forward moves during the past couple of years, but none that is likely to have as far-reaching or as beneficial an effect on the whole future of the game as the National Coaching Course which is scheduled to take place at Gormanston College this month.

Camogie, as any regular reader of this column will have realised, has been making remarkable advances during the past few years. The setting up of the Junior All-Ireland series and the All-Ireland Colleges championship have immensely strengthened the game in parts of the country where if it existed at all, only did so through a couple of summer months, but as the game has been spreading so has been the demand for coaches who could teach aspiring players to enjoy their game, and play it properly and effectively.

Only with the spread of competitive camogie did a great number of people suddenly come to realise that hurling camogie was not simply hurling played by girls, but that it was an entirely distinct game, based on hurling certainly, but with its rules differing from hurling rules, particularly as regards some very important aspects of tackling and bodily contact.

It was then that the demand for competent coaches began and the Ulster Council, aided by the

Belfast Education Authority and, oddly enough, the Northern Ireland Milk Board, instituted the first such courses at Orangefield in Belfast. Under the guidance of Miss Nell McCarthy, the Dublin trainer, Maeve Gilroy and Moya Forde, of Antrim All-Ireland fame, these courses were a tremendous success. It may be recalled that Antrim not too long afterwards beat Dublin in an All-Ireland final.

The couple of Southern representatives who made the trip North were very much impressed, and in the following year or so, the County Boards of Dublin and Kilkenny held coaching courses on a less elaborate scale, but which did a great deal towards improving the all-round standard.

This year further new ground was broken when the Leinster Colleges Council held a residential course for members at Presentation Convent, Mountmellick. One of the most heartening things about this gathering was the fact that such a high proportion of nuns and physical training teachers attended, even from schools that have not yet affiliated to the Council, which proves the ever-growing interest in the game in the schools. Moreover, yet another way of providing coaches has been tapped by the setting up, under the auspices of the Dublin County Board, of a competition for Colleges of Higher Education.

And this was won, very fittingly

and significantly by a team drawn from the pupils of St. Raphael's School of Physical Education, Sion Hill.

Now we have the National Coaching Course to which each affiliated County Board can nominate three representatives, while each Provincial Colleges Council can nominate six candidates.

The course will be conducted and supervised by the three men who have been associated with the very successful G.A.A. courses at Gormanstown down the years, Des Ferguson, Donie Nealon and Rev. Fr. Tom Maher. They will of course have the full assistance of leading camogie coaches and Physical training teachers and this will be from every aspect the most thorough course of its kind yet scheduled under camogie auspices.

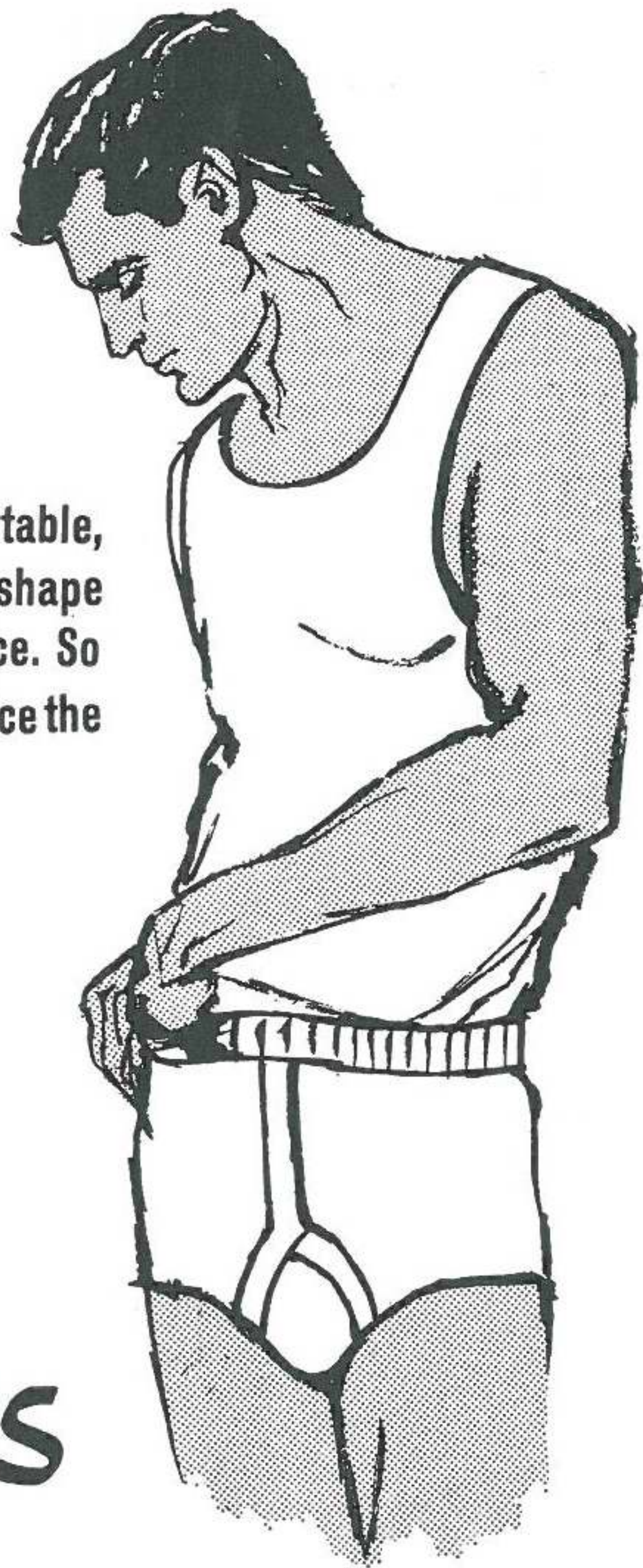
It should prove a new landmark in the advance of the Association and it should be a big first step towards supplying the crying need for trained coaches.

Moreover, the fact that all these coaches will have the same instruction on the basic skills and the basic rules means that we shall soon have a similar interpretation of these rules all over the country, and players will no longer be mystified as to why they are penalised for pushing, elbowing, or direct-contact tackling.

So all roads lead to Gormanston this month!

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national

JOE MAHER IS STILL THE ONE TO WATCH

By
Alleyman

ALL handball activity at the present time is centred on the forthcoming October World Championships. On the playing front the focus is on the Provincial Championships, especially in the Softball Singles grade as it has already been decided that the winner will automatically represent Ireland in the World tests.

It is nearly superfluous to say that the favourite at the moment is Joey Maher, who though losing his Gael Linn Trophy a few weeks ago is marching on unimpeded in the Championships.

He has already accounted for the challenge of Wexford's Richie Lyng, and his next opponent at the end of the month will be Des McGovern of Meath.

Quite frankly, I think he will easily overcome this challenge and then, by my book, his only other obstacle would be Murty McEllistrim of Kerry.

McEllistrim, who comes from Ballymacelligot was shown up in a very favourable light in the

Munster Campaign, though it was a pity that for a reason unknown to me, Limerick's Pat McGarry did not compete.

In this analysis, I have deliberately omitted the Connacht and Ulster Champions.

Since Marcus Henry of Sligo is not in the reckoning as far as the Western campaign is concerned there is no other player in the Maher class. Seamus McCabe of Monaghan will, as usual, through lack of competition emerge from Ulster, but, lack of match-play will tell against him.

It all adds up to a final showdown between McEllistrim and Maher for the right to wear the Irish singlet in October. This could be the best game seen in Irish Handball for decades.

Maher, now in the veteran class by any standards has the ambition to get the berth so that he can defend the World Title he won in Toronto in 1967.

But, equally important for him is that he wishes to do so in the Irish colours, since his previous victory was as Canadian representative.

On the other hand, there is the exuberant youth from Kerry, fit and fiery and ready to prove that his near-miss against the Louth Ace two seasons ago was no flash in the pan. However, my wager is that Maher will be our Singles representative.

The system for selecting the Doubles combinations is less clear-cut but at the same time, absolutely fair.

Each Province has been delegated with the responsibility of submitting two partnerships and, these, in turn will play-off in a round-robin competition on a two division basis.

It is quite likely that the respective partnerships will not be drawn from the same county, hence, for example, one could

find a Leinster partnership of Dessie McGovern from Meath and Joe Clery from Wicklow.

This variation of partnerships will, no doubt, lend itself to a most intriguing competition. Here again, I have definite views on the outcome and, gauge, that ultimately, Ireland's doubles partnership in the World Games will be the McEllistrim brothers, Tom and Murty, from Kerry.

One remembers vividly, their fantastic feat some few years ago when, as juniors, they established the record of winning all four championships in the same season.

In the interim, they have won their way to the top of the senior ladder, and, confirmed that they are a combination of undoubted quality.

Last season their interest waned somewhat, but now they are back in full cry for that World Championship spot and, by their recent performances, are going to get it.

So much for the playing aspect of the World Championship. On the administrative angle it is satisfactory to be able to report that the huge debt of some £40,000 on the new alley is gradually being whittled away.

The "21 Ace" Super Raffle recently concluded yielded a tidy net profit of some £2,000.

In addition, subscriptions are flowing in, both from the private and commercial sectors, so that by October, this big debit should be considerably reduced.

Throw in the fact that the actual construction of the new court is well under way and, this one time gloomy picture is completely transformed.

Ireland's first-time hosting of the World Championships is going to be an unqualified success.

HAS ANY TEAM BEEN FINED?

ASKS PATRICK DAVID

PADDY DOWNEY was in New York for the Cardinal Cushing Games—and I was in two minds about what to do with a spare Sunday.

I could stay in bed late, take a leisurely lunch, hop down to the beach for the afternoon and then look forward to the prospect of England being slaughtered by Brazil in their qualifying match of the World Cup in Mexico.

Or I could think of taking a trip down the country to see a

championship football match—or even go to Croke Park, where there were two on. I wasn't too enamoured of the second; Croke Park without a crowd always depresses me. And I couldn't see Wexford and Kildare and Longford and Louth pulling in any record number of spectators.

Cavan town might be the answer. It was handy to Dublin, a nice short trip and, with a little luck, I could be back in Dublin

again to see that World Cup game.

Of course, a little bit of judicious company on the way back . . . and it might be possible that I could be diverted into a cool pub somewhere.

The match at Breffni Park promised little. If Cavan couldn't beat Fermanagh, they didn't deserve to be Ulster champions.

But still it would be a day out. A few pints on the way, a comfortable seat in the sun at Breffni Park and a chance to meet a few old friends from the North.

I went.

The journey up was nice. I picked up two young hitch-hikers on the way and they were good company. They told me about their boyfriends, the dances they had been to in Dublin, their detestation of the long-haired Casanovas they had met in Dublin and they even sang a ballad for me.

They joined me in a drink in Virginia—and I took a little false pride in the way that some of the local youths in the pub eyed me a little enviously.

We parted before we arrived in Cavan town. Both were from the county, but, God forgive them, neither of them had ever seen Cavan play football — and worse still, they couldn't have cared less.

I had two hours to spare when I landed in the town and I got rid of most of the two of them with a few drinks in Louis Blessing's charming pub and an excellent meal at the hotel.

I rambled down to the ground with nearly half an hour to spare, picked my spot in the glorious sunshine and read my Sunday newspaper. I wasn't in the mood

A SERIOUS REFLECTION



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to go to the press box. All I wanted was a little happy solitude.

The appointed time for the match came up. Devil a sign of one or other of the two teams. Ten minutes went by, fifteen . . . and still a blank field. Nothing going on.

By my watch it was heading up for 20 minutes before they started. I was now getting worried about that trip back to Dublin. Time was running away.

There's no need to tell you anything about the game. Cavan did what they liked and they had it all wrapped up by half-time.

Half-time! The sun was now just a little too hot for me, my patience was rising to meet the heat and getting uncomfortably torrid. Explosion point was coming up!

Again the time passed—murderously slowly. Five minutes, 10 minutes . . . 15 minutes . . . 20 minutes.

In the name of all that was holy, what could they possibly be doing? After all, they had played for only 30 minutes and the exertion had been little. Now they needed 20 minutes to get over 30 minutes of half-hearted football.

Just what was so important in the dressing rooms that it needed 20 minutes to discuss it?

Could it be that they were talking about the World Cup? Or could it be that they just didn't give a damn one way or the other about the spectators?

They eventually sauntered back on to the pitch and play began again.

But, angry, frustrated, bitter . . . I had enough. Ten minutes after the start of the second half, I picked up my newspaper and walked out. And, so help me, that's the last time you'll see me in Cavan for an Ulster championship match — unless I'm ordered to go there.

I was delighted the following morning to see that young Declan

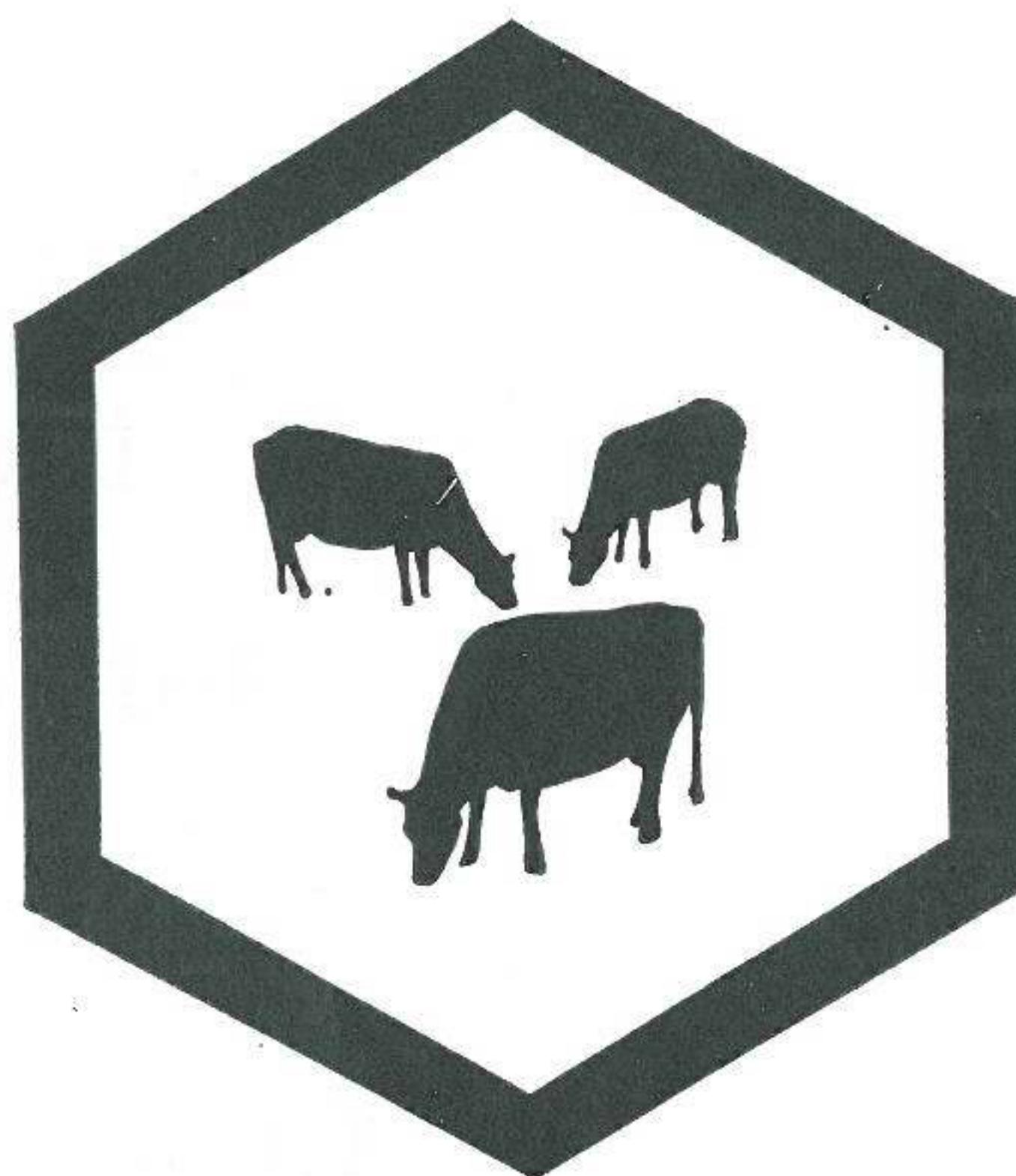
Downes of the *Irish Independent* had a good cut at both delays. Even more delighted to see that John D. Hickey also pinpointed the same fault at the Antrim-Donegal game. John even pointed out that the second half there had to be delayed so that a bingo game could be completed.

More power to them! It's high time all these late starts and these half-time siestas were firmly brought to public notice.

This whole business has become close to a farce — and I lay the fault firmly on the shoulders of the G.A.A.

They introduced a law at Congress this year that all offenders in late starts and lengthy half-time intervals should be punished with a fine.

But it's still going on, Sunday after Sunday—and can you name any county or team that has been fined yet?



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JUNIOR DESK

A new column
for the
younger set

DEvised AND WRITTEn

By JACK MAHON

YOU know something, readers, I really enjoy writing this column. I've been writing now since October 1956, when, under the pen-name "Corrib", I opened a weekly column, with the title "Galway Notes" in the *Gaelic Weekly*, under the editorial guidance of Paddy Downey, currently Gaelic Games editor of *The Irish Times*.

There is no need to give you a boring account of my journalistic history since then, but nothing I've written, and this includes the editing of four Galway G.A.A. Yearbooks and the writing of "Twelve Glorious Years" and "Three in a Row" has given me quite as much pleasure as writing this column.

It is always nice to know that you are being read. At the start I wondered if the younger set, if you will forgive me calling you that, would respond by way of writing letters to me. I asked you to write to me telling me what you thought of the column (give out hell to me if you wish). It was nice to hear from so many.

I asked you, too, to send on a good photograph of yourself. But it seems Irish youngsters are very shy! The invitations are still open. Yes, please write and tell me who you are, what team you support, how you feel this column can improve and don't forget the photograph.

Perhaps we will be able to prevail on the Editor to give us more space. Don't fret, he realises only too well that you readers are the men and women of to-morrow and, if we demand enough, he will see it our way.

I was disappointed to receive no correspondence from any of the younger readers in the Six Counties, or let us call it the "Fourth Green Field." It strikes me, though, that not enough youngsters are as yet aware of this column, which we will pride ourselves on is the FIRST ever G.A.A. column specially written for youngsters.

A reader from Scoil Eanna in Salthill, Noel Toolan, by name, thinks the least the editor should do would be to inform youngsters

like himself of the emergence of such a column.

"Why didn't you have an announcement on the cover of the magazine stating that this had begun," he asked in his childish way. Logical, yes. Why not?

But I'm being less than fair to the late Paul Russell, a former Kerry star, who used to write a weekly column for the *Sunday Review* and for a short time wrote a column for youngsters in the *Gaelic Weekly*. Paul was a great character, God rest him, and really excited followers with his very readable and often controversial writings every Sunday. There was bite always in what he wrote and he was read by everybody. Well, almost everybody.

To get down to business. How's the scrapbook going? If you haven't got one, then get one now. It would be nice, I know, if somebody produced a special G.A.A. scrapbook, but we will get someone to provide it yet. This is now the third instalment of

CUT-OUTS



Sean O'Neill



Pat Henderson

● TO PAGE 47

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Father Damien Juniorate,
Clones, Co. Monaghan.

● FROM PAGE 45

"Junior Desk" and, so far, we have kept the format of it the same. We started a cut-out scrapbook idea, presenting two subjects with each column. First time it was Mick O'Connell and Christy Ring, last month it was Donal Clifford and Willie McGee. Wasn't I glad I had chosen the bould Willie, when I saw him perform so brilliantly for Mayo against Offaly in Wembley Stadium? Wasn't that a really superb performance? He did everything so confidently.

I like this Mayo team. They now have the winning flair and will be hard to beat this year. It's time you younger folk in Mayo started writing to me. It certainly is an exciting time for you.

This month's cut-out subjects are Sean O'Neill of Down and Pat Henderson of Kilkenny. O'Neill is one of the greatest footballers I have ever seen. He is playing a long time now. It's not yesterday since I played on him myself in Wembley Stadium — 1959 in fact. He was only a gasún then. Did you see his brainy play in the League final against Mayo? Wonderful. I've never seen any footballer to score great goals and points so consistently.

Sean, himself, must be tired of being told of this or that score being his greatest. On behalf of you I'm inviting him to write in to us and let us know. How about it, Sean? While I'm on it, I'd like to have a message, too, from the other subjects we have chosen so far. So get your pens out Mick O'Connell, Christy Ring, Donal Clifford, Willie McGee and Pat Henderson. The address is at the end of the column!

Another worthy subject is that broad-shouldered Kilkennyman.

Pat Henderson. There was a time not so long ago when we thought Kilkenny would never beat Tipperary in a major hurling game. Many Kilkenny people thought so too.

Not Pat Henderson. I was in Croke Park the day Kilkenny first laid that bogey. It was a league final and there was a gale force wind blowing into the Railway goal. It was the greatest hurling game I've seen, in fact probably the greatest sporting spectacle, and Kilkenny won. Need I say that as so often since Pat Henderson was in his glory. Pat possesses all the lion-hearted qualities needed by a man to in-



Martin Grealish

I'm not going to print the letters in full. Here are extracts from all of the letters I've received to date:

Philip Egan, Main Street, Lis-carroll, Co. Cork.—"Congratulations. What G.A.A. fans have been waiting for a long time has arrived . . . Give us colour photos. Soccer comics are issuing good colour photos of soccer stars. I would like to see a G.A.A. comic each week that costs around 1/- or 1/6. Too many ads in GAELIC SPORT. My favourites are Charlie McCarthy and Mick O'Connell. Yes, I agree with a pen-pal section and while I'm at it any pen pals interested in writing to me should start now. I'm 15 years. Hobbies—hurling, football, handball, all games. Publish handball stars too. One last point hurleys are shocking dear."

Martin Grealish, Frenchfort, Oranmore, Co. Galway.

spire a team to All-Ireland success. I have seen him doing it twice since that famous league game. A wonderful man to have on any team.

Before we leave the cut-out section, I feel the photos are rather small. But perhaps it is better to continue with the format we have introduced. Might I mention also that the President of the G.A.A., Mr. Pat Fanning, is one of our most avid readers. A great youth leader in Waterford himself for all of his adult life, he knows the value of catering for youth, and his performance to date as President speaks well for the future of the G.A.A.

A selection from the mailbag

Martin is the only youngster with the courage to send on his photograph. With that fine smile of his he has no need to be ashamed of it. (J.M.).

"I am 14 years old and play hurling. Last year my club, Oranmore, won the Co. Galway Under-14 hurling title and I played in goal. I would like to be a good hurler and play for Galway."

I had the same ambition myself Martin. Keep it and train hard. Always be fair. (J.M.).

Michael Collins, St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, Co. Dublin.
Good name—that. (J.M.)

"Junior Desk is a great idea. I like the idea of GAELIC SPORT printing their own scrapbook. There is a soccer album, 'The Wonderful World of Soccer Stars in Action' which it could be modelled on. The pictures are

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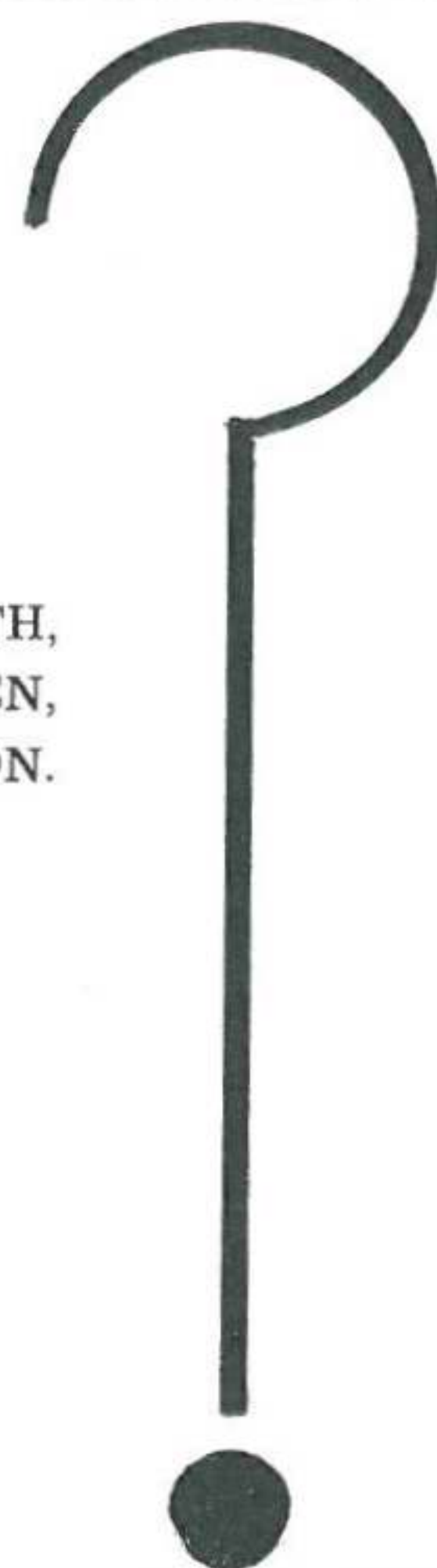
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SENIOR FOOTBALL FINAL: SUNDAY, 19th JULY

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

SELECTION FROM THE MAILBAG

● FROM PAGE 47

full-length in colour. The space in the album has a biography of each player. The adhesive is applied only to the top of the picture so that it acts like a hinge. Thus you can fold back the picture and read the notes underneath it."

Thanks Michael for very valuable advice. (J.M.).

Noel McInerney, 1 St. Joseph's Tce., Clarecastle, Co. Clare. — "Thrilled I was to see "Junior Desk" appearing. Glad too to see photos of Christy Ring and Mick O'Connell. My brother, John says Ring was the greatest hurler of all. We have many photos of Christy, even one of his wedding. Mick O'Connell is a complete gentleman on the field. Sean Purcell was great too. Yes, I'd love to see GAELIC SPORT provide a scrapbook. Please put in the following photos: Jimmy Smyth, Matt Nugent, Eamonn Russell, Mick Hayes, Joe Sammon, Phil Wilson, Jimmy Duggan and Kevin Heffernan."

And what about Jimmy Cullinan? (J.M.).

Tom O'Connor, 21 Slaney St., Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford. — "It's time GAELIC SPORT started to cater for the younger set. Your cut-out pictures could be a little bigger and maybe a couple of lines underneath describing the player—a sort of pen-picture. I have a scrapbook. A badge and club membership of GAELIC SPORT is a good idea, but comic strips are out.

"I am aged 12 and my favourites are Pat Nolan and Mick O'Connell. To-day I saw a club game between Buffers Alley and Enniscorthy Shamrocks. Keep up the good work."

You must have been happy with last month's cover picture of Pat Nolan. (J.M.).

John Murphy, Mohill, Co. Leitrim.—"I'm delighted you've started "Junior Desk." Keep it up as long as possible. **FOR EVER.**

"I would love to see you include as cut-outs Paddy Doherty, James MacCartan, Sean O'Neill, Joe Lennon, Tom O'Hare, Des Foley, Paddy Holden, Mickey Whelan, Charlie Gallagher, Greg Hughes, Packy McGarty, Don Feely, Mattie McDonagh, Cyril

Dunne, Noel Tierney and John Donnellan."

You should be happy with Sean O'Neill this month. But aren't nearly all of your pin-ups finished or almost over the top? Have you any favourites among the younger stars at all? (J.M.).

[We've given him Cyril Dunne as a bonus, Jack.—Editor]

Muriel Boyd, St. Nicholas's, 14 Cove St., Cork.

Yes, a girl. You're very welcome, Muriel. Fáilte. (J.M.).

"I was amazed and delighted to see "Junior Desk" in this month's GAELIC SPORT. I am 14 years old. My favourite hurlers are Jimmy Doyle Mick Roche and Charlie McCarthy. I have many autographs. How about some colour photographs and a pen-pal section?"

Mention of Jimmy Doyle reminds me that he has retired from the game. Jimmy and myself became great friends while on a visit to the U.S. in 1957. A grand fellow and, next to Christy Ring, the most talented hurler I've ever seen, Jimmy will be missed. Perhaps the Editor will be good enough to include a photo of Jimmy specially for you, Muriel. (J.M.).

[A picture of Jimmy Doyle appears on page 29.—Editor]

WATERFORD JUVENILES

The other day I received a letter from Dennis O'Connor, Water Street Juvenile Hurling Club, 8 South Parade, Waterford. His club is forming a G.A.A. library and he was seeking copies of all of the Galway G.A.A. Yearbooks, "Twelve Glorious Years" and "Three In a Row." Now this idea of forming a G.A.A. library is a great one and should be copied by all juvenile clubs with ambition.

Such a library should include as many past issues of GAELIC SPORT as possible, all past issues of *Our Games* and *Cuchulainn Annuals*, Tony Wall's book, Joe Lennon's, Raymond Smith, Dr. Eamonn O'Sullivan, etc. At some later date I'll include a bibliography for this purpose. In the meantime if any reader wishes to help the Waterford idea please write to the above address.

Finally young readers please write to me at "Junior Desk", GAELIC SPORT, 80 Upper Drumcondra Road, Dublin 9.



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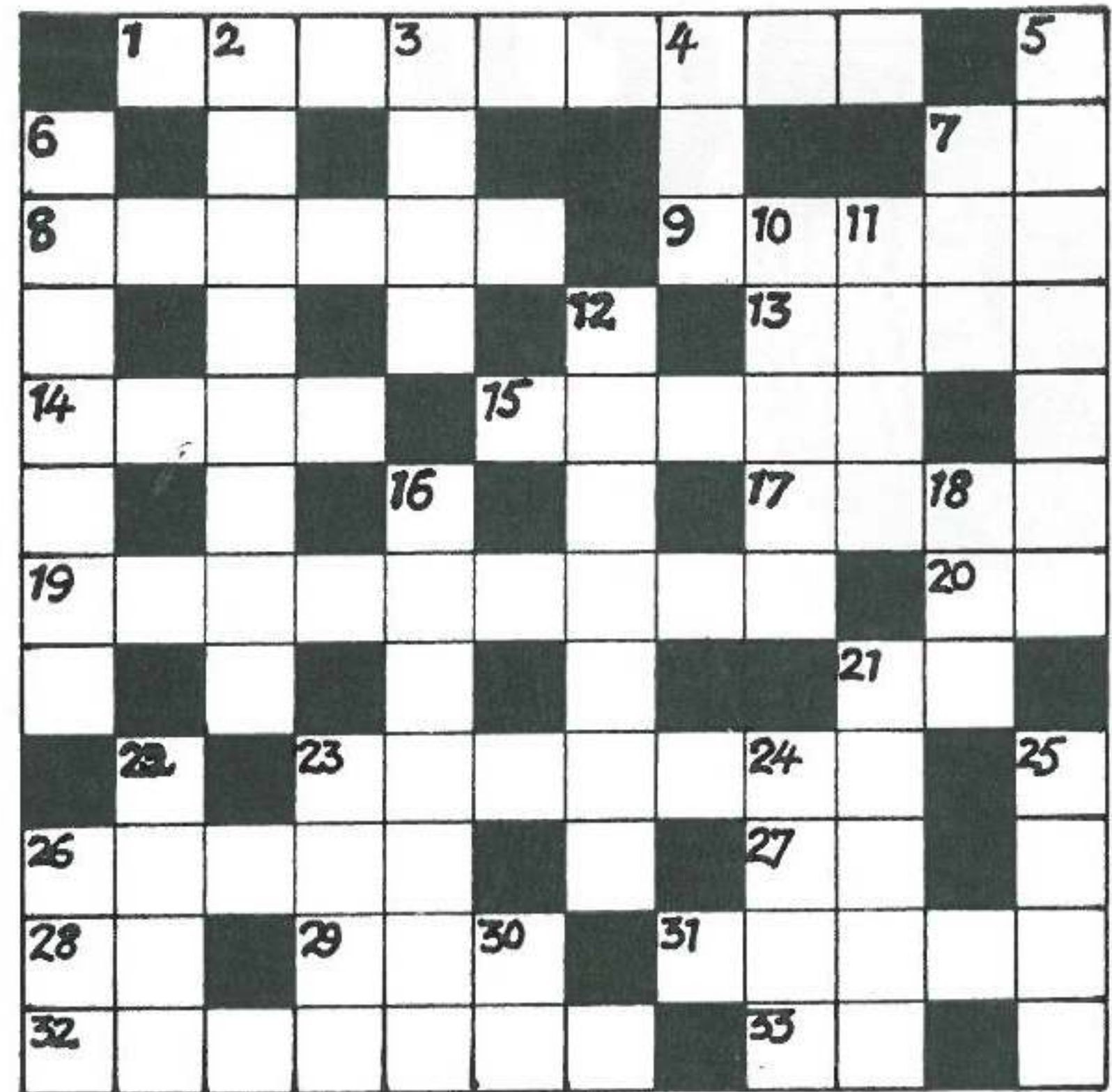
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ACROSS

1. Top-scoring forward for his hurling county. (1, 8)
7. Begins urgently, like many a game. (2)
8. Such an ill-positioned shot can be difficult to score—geometrically (6).
9. A hard run in pursuit of the ball (or the man in possession of it). (5)
13. Sounds like a Chinese; spells like a river on which southern city folk could feel at home. (1, 3)
14. One of the contestants in the services championships ? (4)
15. Galway midfielder; his brother figured with Dublin. (5)
17. Tactical gambit caused by loose play mostly. (4)
19. His missing of a crucial free last year will be recalled as much as his brilliant minor career. (1, 8)
20. Among the fifteen players in the game. (2)
21. Dublin half-back of '50s. Initials. (1, 1)
23. Fling 'em together in order to produce an All-Ireland winning Mayo wing-half back. (7)
26. Almost failing in the big match. (5)
27. Alternatively. (2)
28. Great Wexford hurler whose career was shortened by injury. Initials. (1, 1)
29. Donal is caused briefly to nod. (3)
31. A ring which makes the subject of greatest concern to a hurler when choosing a new hurley. (5)
32. Interprovincial goalkeeper. (1, 6)
33. Almost the key to the problem. (2)

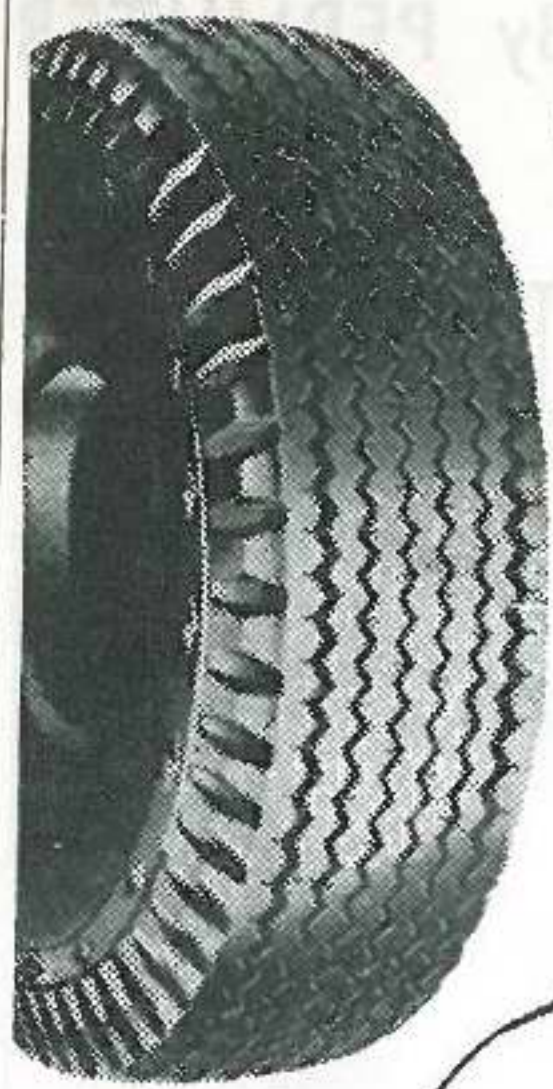
DOWN

2. Johnny served a long term at the top for Kilkenny. (8)
3. Deuce reversed and beheaded could cause the ball to be prodded into motion, as in billiards. (4)
4. "Gega". Initials. (1, 2)
5. One kept goal for Cork hurlers; another played corner-forward for their footballers—in the '50s. (7)
6. One of the first Corkmen to represent Munster in football; Hyde ran to make it possible. (7)



7. Utilise possession to the best possible advantage—like Sue. (3)
10. A decision which is considered somewhat unjust. (5)
11. Unsuccessful contestant; — ran in horse-racing. (4)
12. Records of games which can be of vital importance in coaching and noting good and bad points of the play. Often broadcast to the public. (1, 1, 5)
16. Roscommon full-forward of '40s, known for his wandering style. (1, 6)
18. You have almost to be bold to try a soft looping shot. (3)
21. Chairman of Dublin Co. Board who was hurling goalkeeper for the county. (1, 4)
22. Central venue, which housed All-Ireland hurling semi-finals when Galway represented Connacht. (4)
23. Tamall maith de bhlianta ó shoin.
24. Reno comes to Kilkenny. (4)
25. Chase represents outstanding young Cork footballer of recent years. (4)
26. Ref. almost gives a free. (3)
30. North-East. (2)

SOLUTION : PAGE 56



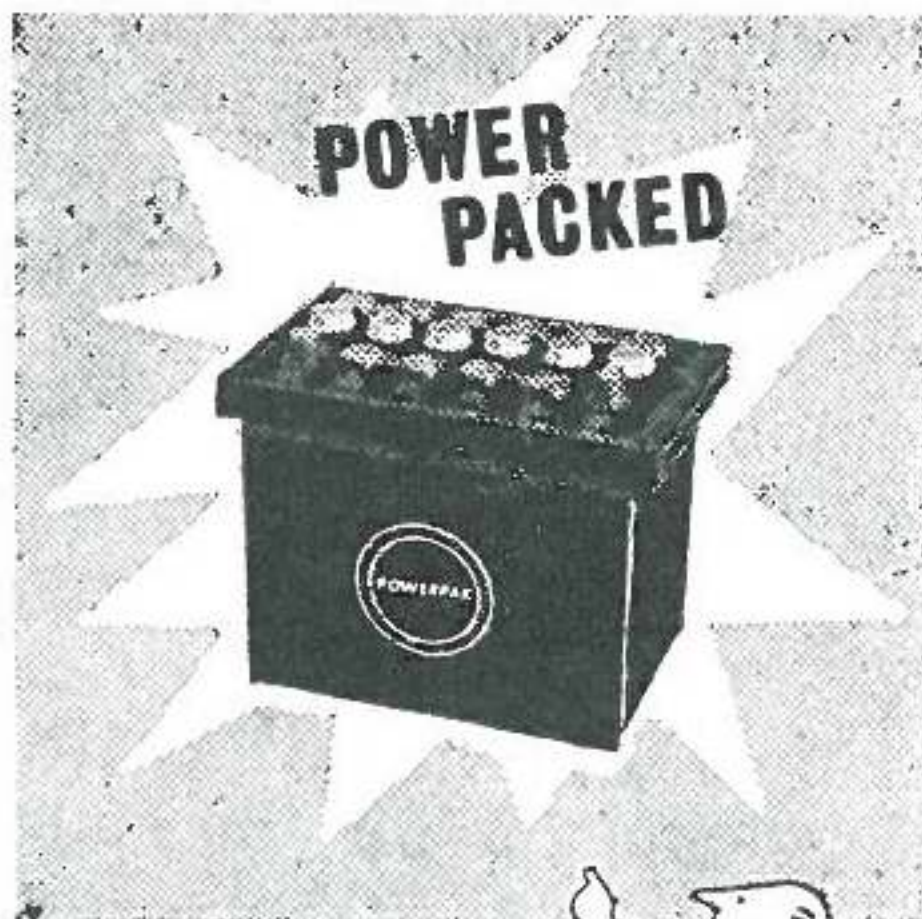
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FLEET STREET WRITERS DROP THE 'BEGORRAH' NONSENSE

WEMBLEY TIES GET DUE RESPECT

THERE was an unhappy, sad time in London's Fleet Street and its environs, when the mere mention of the Gaelic games at Wembley Stadium was like the scent of a healthy fox to a pack of baying, hungry hounds.

Decent, respectable English sports journalists, many of them good friends of mine in normal circumstances, suddenly developed an early summer madness. Overnight, they became war correspondents, avid for battle, straining at the leash in their efforts to get to Wembley to cover Gaelic football and hurling.

Not for them, of course, the prospect of honest stories on the sport of football and hurling. Oh, no! The side issues, the off-beat colour, the chance to spread themselves lavishly in an orgy of "mickey-taking" . . . they were the appeals of a G.A.A. Saturday afternoon at Wembley.

And for a long, long time, they had their way. I don't have to remind you how dishonestly insane some of them went in

BY
DAVID GUINEY

their lurid discriptions of the "goings on" at Wembley.

One particular friend of mine, a man whose sports reports from every part of the world, have made him a beloved international figure, went down to Wembley some years ago and for three hours he sat contentedly beside me in the Press Box, completely and utterly absorbed in both the hurling and football games.

When they were over, he confessed honestly that he had enjoyed every moment. He spoke glowingly of the non-stop action, the speed, the accuracy, the magnificent, no-quarter-asked-no-quarter-given struggle of young, fit and athletic young men.

Back in Dublin a few days later, I picked up his paper—it had been sent to me from London — and I sat down to read what I honestly believed would be an unbiased, intelligent com-

ment on the two games he had seen.

The perfidy of the man! He skipped over the games lightly . . . and his story, in the main, dealt lavishly and embarrassingly on all public houses situated within a mile of Wembley Stadium.

According to him, every publican with sense, had closed down on that particular Saturday to

● TO PAGE 54

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● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

avoid the possible onslaught of hordes of drunken Irish supporters.

It made highly-colourful reading for the English. For the Irish in London another bitter enemy had been made.

But he wasn't the worst. There were all too many others, each with the knife of sarcasm ready to carve us into bitter little chunks. In particular, I remember a certain young lady who took us all for a good, old-fashioned gallop.

She was charming, polite, gracious — utterly and completely feminine. With all the cool sophistication and haughty aplomb of a top model, she swept into the Wembley Press Box and set us all on our ears.

With an air of helplessness that had us drooling, she confessed prettily and with a deli-

cate air of helplessness that she knew nothing about sport.

Would we help her?

Would we what? Con Kenealy of the *Irish Independent* and myself almost fell into the stadium in our gallant efforts to attend to her needs.

Could we get her a cup of tea? . . . or a sandwich, or a drink? Fire the questions at us; we would be happy, ecstatically happy to answer every one of them.

My goodness, how we nursed that simple, beautiful child! And my goodness, how she deceived us!

Beneath that appealing veneer of sweetness, there was an amazon of a woman, a tiger of the vicious pen.

Her reports of the two games were opals of dishonesty. And they were sprinkled with "St. Patrick's", "Battles of Clontarf and Brian Boru", "Begorrahs and

Begobs . . ." "The Old Bog Road . . ." and what have you.

I still think of that woman . . . and I'm too kind to put down here on paper what I'm thinking.

I remembered her, too, this year, when I walked up along Olympic Way on my way to Wembley Stadium.

Time and again I was assailed by earnest-looking young men, all shaking collection boxes, all with the cry: "Help us to drive the British soldiers out of Ireland."

Here, I thought, was more ammunition for the hatchet men and women of Fleet Street.

But, I'm afraid, I was not giving enough credit to the men who run London's G.A.A. and who put on the Wembley football and hurling games.

For their dignity and fortitude in the face of every insult and every silly report, finally paid off handsomely this year. The days of "gimmicry" by London's Fleet Street are well and truly over.

The Fleet Street journalists were there again in strength — but the difference was so noticeable. Here were serious sports writers, approaching a job of work with the same honesty and enthusiasm that they have been giving to their own World Cup team.

And that was obvious in all their reports the following day. They reported what they saw — and it was equally evident that what they saw, they liked and enjoyed.

They had done their homework well and one saw their professional pride in the knowledge that they had done it.

All in all, last month's Wembley tournament was more than a triumph for London G.A.A. It was a decisive rout of all the "gimmicry" that had been ram-

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pant for years. Wembley's G.A.A. Saturday had finally come of age—in every way.

And how magnificent, too, it was that this occasion was marked by two of the finest Gaelic games that Wembley had ever seen.

Mayo, befitting their status as the new National League champions, put on a superb display in beating the All-Ireland finalists Offaly.

And Cork and Kilkenny, bless them both, showed how hurling can be played. Their meeting would have made a classic, memorable All-Ireland final.

So hats off to the London G.A.A.

By their wonderful efforts over the years, they have now turned Gaelic Saturday in London into a showpiece of sport.

Not alone for us Irish . . . but also for the English.

TOP TEN

THIS month's rankings cover more ground than usual, and yet, considering the number of championship matches played over the past four weeks, the lists are not as representative as one might expect.

Are the real stars becoming fewer under the pressure of team effort? If that is so, it is not a bad development. Still, we all admire a hero, and our games would become very dull indeed if the great individualists were to merge into the relative anonymity of the team.

The major exceptions in the period under review—May 24 to

June 14, inclusive—were Pat Dunny of Kildare, Dermot Earley of Roscommon, Gerald McCarthy of Cork, Willie McGee of Mayo and Pat Cronin and Pascal O'Brien of Clare.

HURLING

- (9) P. O'Brien Clare
- (9) G. McCarthy Cork
- (9) B. Moylan Offaly
- (9) J. Carroll Laois
- (8) J. O'Gorman Clare
- (8) P. Cronin Clare
- (8) M. O'Dwyer Tipperary
- (7) J. Millea Kilkenny
- (7) J. Hogan Limerick
- (7) J. O'Donnell Limerick

FOOTBALL

- (9) W. McGee Mayo
- (9) P. Dunny Kildare
- (9) D. Earley Roscommon
- (8) O. Leddy Cavan
- (8) W. Miller Antrim
- (8) J. Corcoran Mayo
- (7) E. Tavey Monaghan
- (7) B. Barden Longford
- (7) K. Claffey Offaly
- (6) S. O'Connell Derry

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PADDY CULLEN OF DUBLIN

● FROM PAGE 19

used down through the years. However, some teams have gone out to try and stop our present team from playing football by adopting negative, spoiling tactics.

N.C.—If you happened to be appointed as manager of the Dublin football team how would you tackle the problem of bringing the Metropolitans back to the top of the tree?

P.C.—I would decline and propose Kevin Heffernan to take

charge. I would also like to see all the players placing their trust in Kevin and doing what he tells them to do. Against Longford most of them did the opposite as to what they were told and that is another of the reasons why we were beaten.

N.C.—In conclusion, Paddy, what is your main wish for the G.A.A. in the future?

P.C.—My main wish is that an all out campaign be undertaken in an effort to recapture the youth into the games.

TIMES SQUARE

● FROM PAGE 15

divisional final and it took me to the pin of my collar to get them. However, everything is in order now."

They were calling for the plane—and within a few minutes we were airborne and off to play in New York.

Of course, our opponents had to find an extra player. They travelled with only 14 and it took us hours to find someone in New York to fill the gap.

It was only weeks afterwards we found out what happened to him—and was he mad?

"And why shouldn't I be?" he stormed. "That ruffian Tom Smith came to me a week before the match and told me that he would see me in Times Square on the night before."

"And why didn't you show up?—everyone wanted to know.

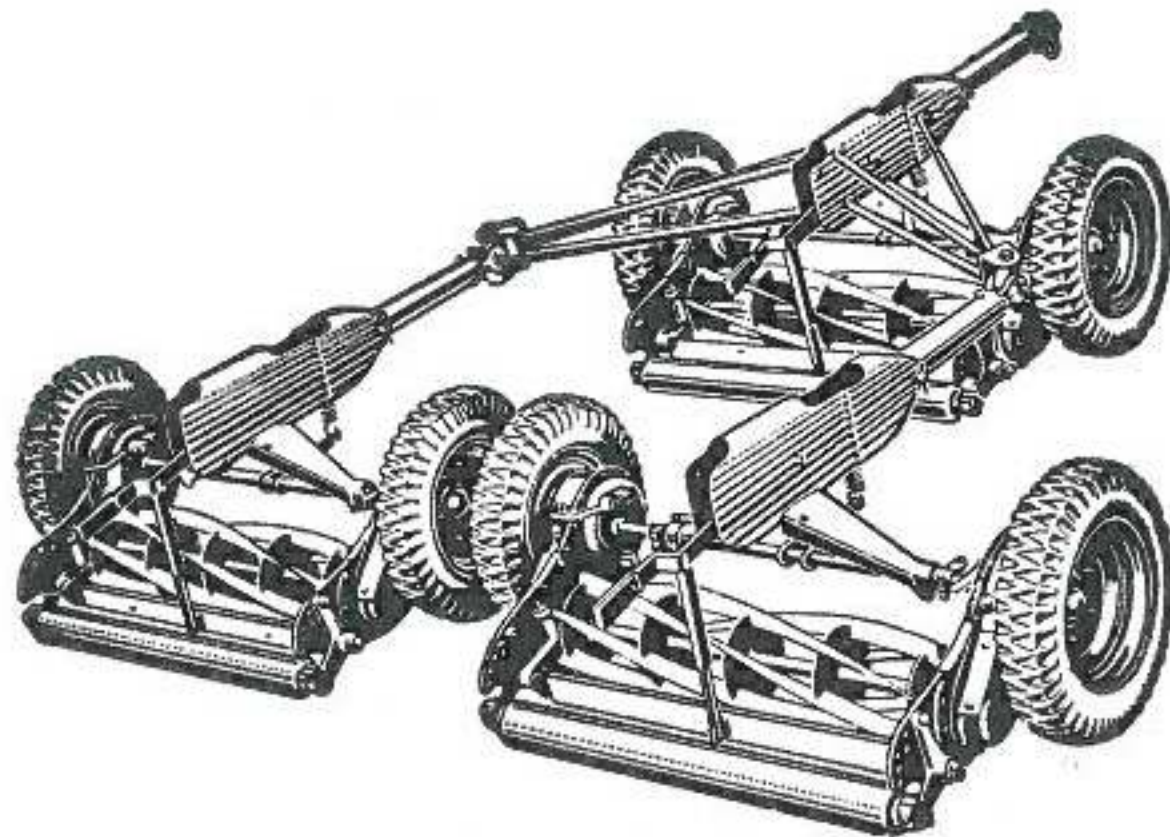
"How the hell was I to know where Times Square was," he was livid, "I thought it was in Newmarket."

I had no sympathy for him. In this day and age, that any G.A.A. player shouldn't know where Times Square is must be beyond all comprehension.

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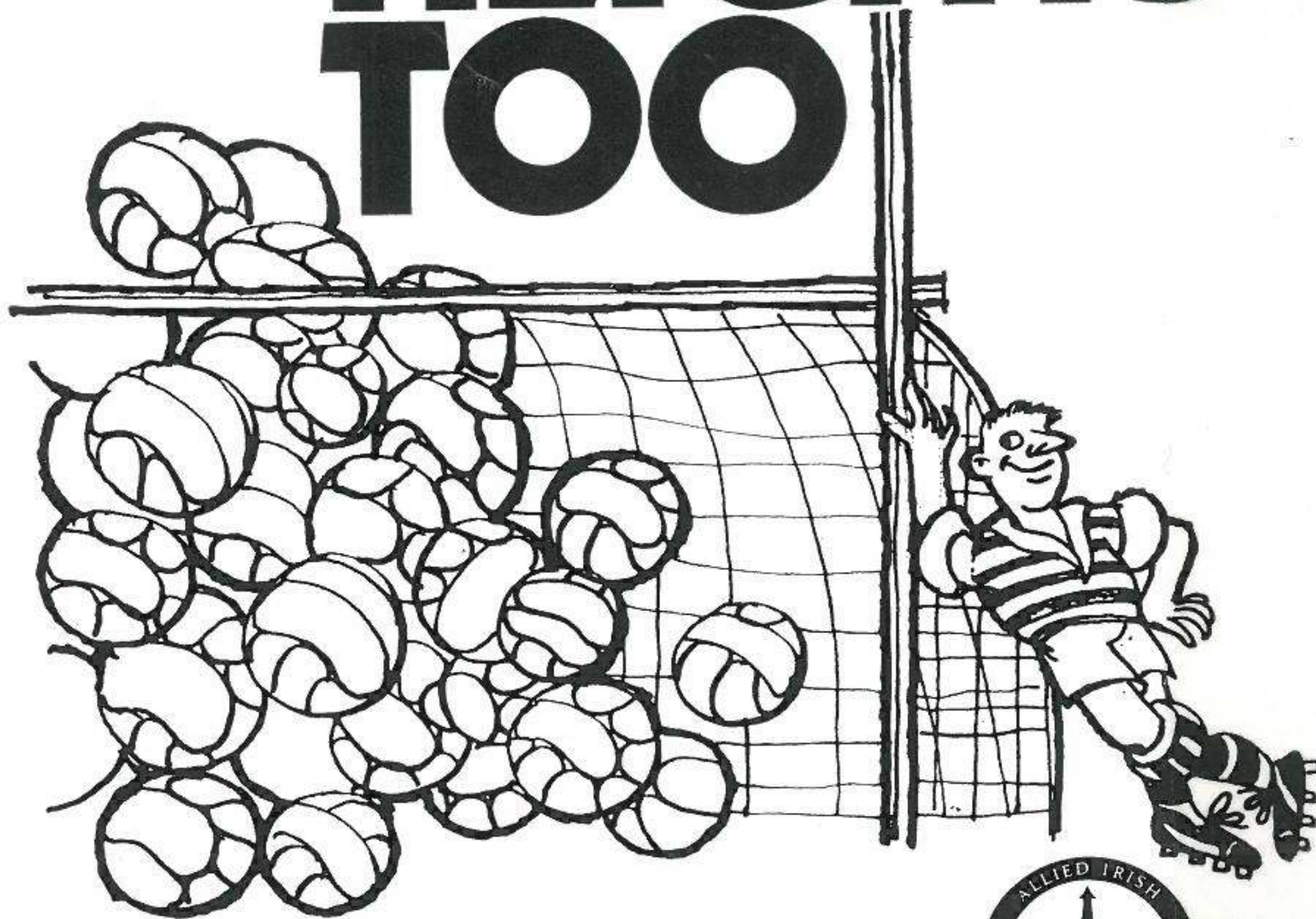
● FROM PAGE 51

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E	E		16J		F		17S	O	18L
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Y	N	A	L					21J	B
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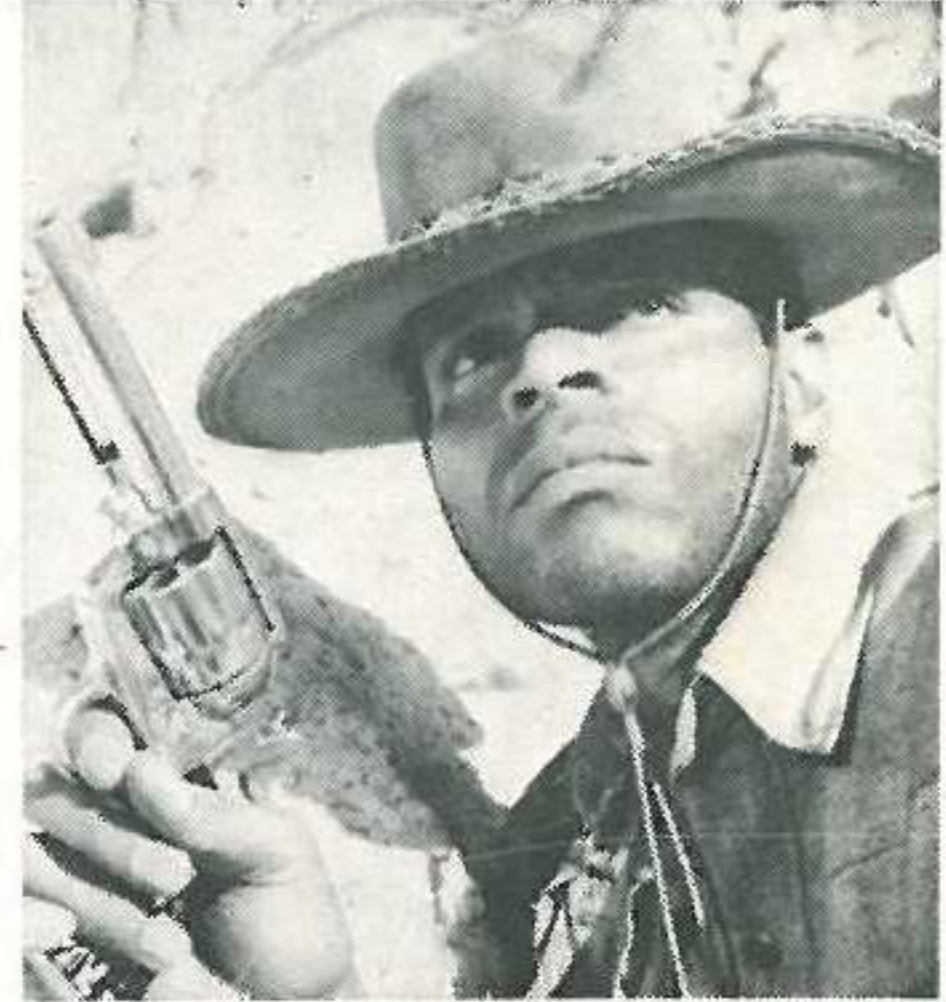
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