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# Gaelic Sport

EXCLUSIVE

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NOVEMBER 1970



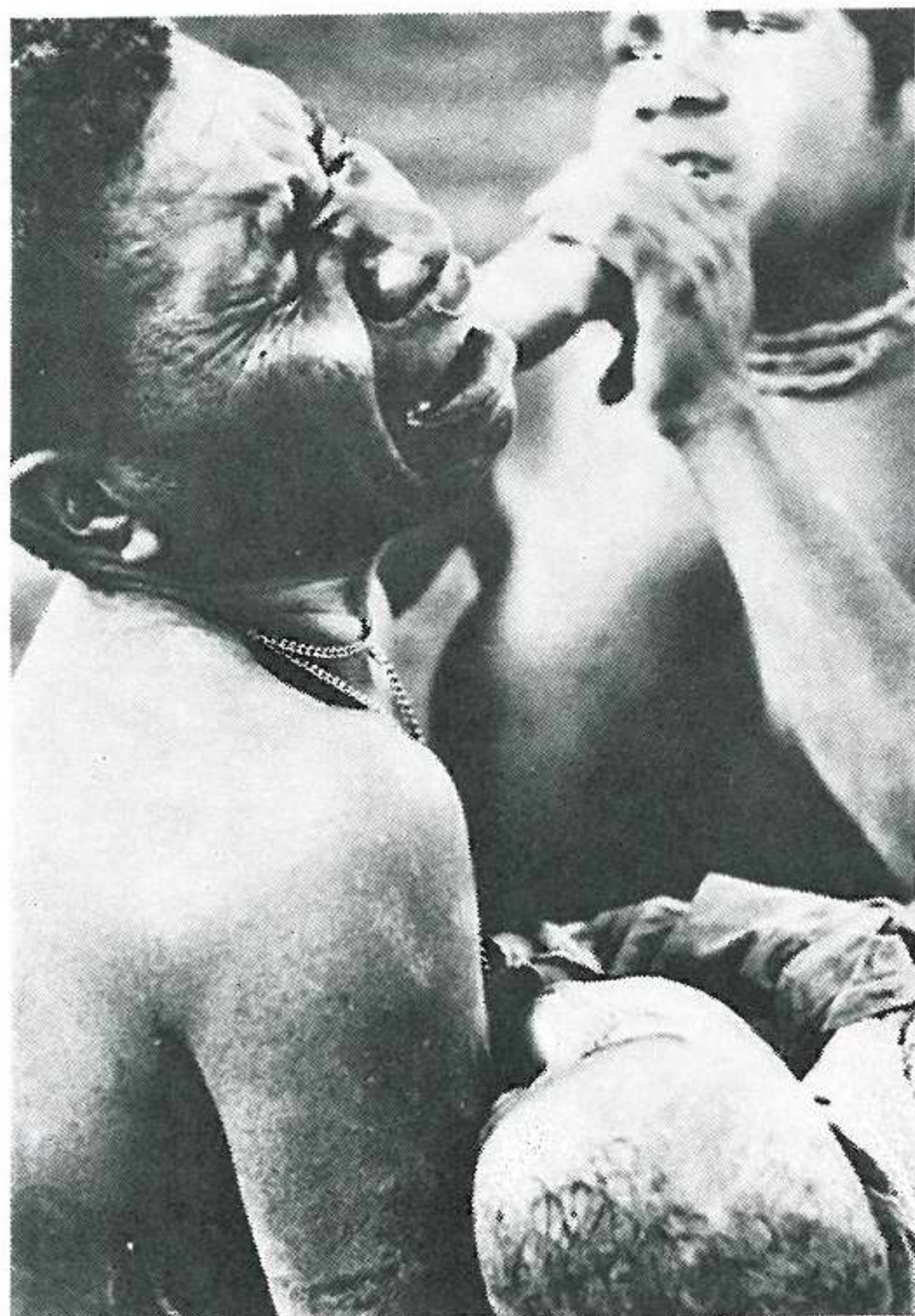
*JACK  
LUNCH*

**talks  
to**

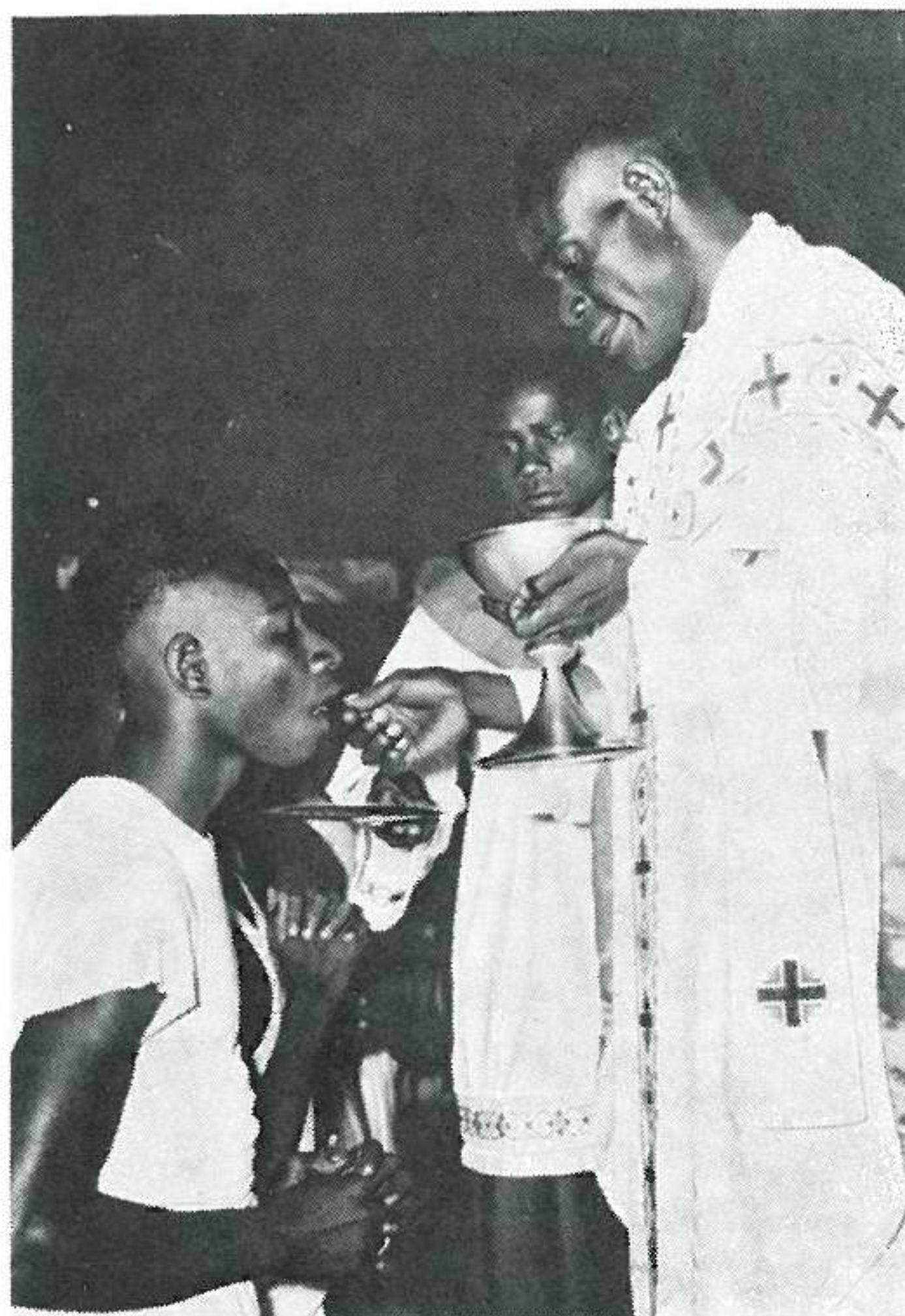
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# Gaelic Sport

Vol. 13. No. 11. November, 1970

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## COVER PHOTO

OUR cover picture this month features a flash-back to last All-Ireland Day when An tUachtarán, Pat Fanning, presented the Liam McCarthy trophy to winning Cork Captain, Paddy Barry. Surrounded by his equally jubilant team-mates Paddy, is one proud man as he holds the trophy aloft.

The gentleman on the right of our cover hardly needs any introduction. Both as a hurler and footballer he too shared in similar joyous scenes on All-Ireland Day, on six occasions to be exact.

It is our pleasure to feature in this issue on pages 5, 7 and 9 an exclusive interview between An Taoiseach, Jack Lynch and his former colleague on the sportsfield, Commdt. Eamonn Young.

## WHO SUFFERS?

WHAT else is there to be said about the recent breach between the Central Council and the New York Board? Not much, for that sad event and the dramatic series of incidents leading up to it have been discussed and dissected, almost *ad nauseam* over the past few weeks.

One thing which does bear repetition — which, in fact, demands it—is the condemnation of the savage assault on referee Clem Foley at the end of the second leg of the National Hurling League final between Cork and New York, at Gaelic Park, on September 20th.

Every fair-minded member of the G.A.A. in New York condemned that assault as strongly as it has been condemned in Ireland.

The incident, grievous though it was, must not be allowed, however, to warp judgment or to obscure reality. And the reality of the situation is that tours, official and unofficial, have been a feature of the Association's activities for more than forty years, and have been a matter of enormous importance over the past decade.

Tours concern players — on both sides of the Atlantic—and let it be remembered in this context that the players in New York are our own kith and kin. Many of them were famous and respected hurlers and footballers before they left Ireland. Have they grown horns since they settled in New York?

The current dispute is between officials, and the players, unfortunately, have no choice but to take the consequences.

New York officialdom must shoulder a great deal of the blame for the present situation. Their actions on many occasions have been high-handed and provocative; they have indulged in unnecessary brinkmanship. But the faults have not been confined to one side. The Central Council, too, must take its share of responsibility for the erosion of good relations over the years.

Recriminations will serve no purpose at this point. The break between the two bodies now seems complete; but, with no more room to go backward, is there not a very good reason to bury the hatchet and move forward again?

Is it not possible to call a full-scale conference between the officers of the New York Board and the Executive Committee of the Central Council, and there to re-establish goodwill and hammer out a new agreement? The main clause of that agreement should be that New York would get a fair deal and that they, in return, would acknowledge and be subject to the absolute authority of the Central Council.

This could be done, so very easily, if the one paramount aspect of the matter were given due consideration. Namely, that the interest of the players takes precedence over everything.



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# TAOISEACH TALKS TO A FORMER TEAM-MATE

THE Taoiseach, Mr. Jack Lynch, was one of the really great exponents of hurling, in which he won five All-Ireland medals with Cork (1941 to 1944 and 1946). But his eminence in the premier national game has often obscured the fact that he was also a footballer of the highest class, and won an All-Ireland medal in the code with Cork in 1945. Playing with him on that team was Eamonn Young, who conducted the following exclusive interview with his former team-mate. The Taoiseach—whose courtesy and interest is gratefully acknowledged by "Gaelic Sport"—covered a wide range of ground in frank replies to a series of questions concerning his own playing career and Gaelic games in general.



*Q.—Looking back on your G.A.A. career is there any particular incident that stands out?*

*A.—*One remembers, of course, the successes and the moments of glory, but there are incidents which stick in the mind when one might wish, perhaps, to forget them. Like, for instance, a 21-yard free I missed in a great Munster Final against Limerick in 1940. I think it cost us the match and probably an All-Ireland title. I could have kicked myself at the time.

*Q.—Who were your boyhood idols on the hurling or football field?*

*A.—*As a boy I had many heroes on the hurling and football fields—too many to name here. Each had some facets and characteristics in their play and their demeanour on the field that I wanted to absorb and have myself. I tried to learn something from all of them.

*Q.—Which of your All-Ireland winning games gave you most satisfaction?*

*A.—*I think the 1946 All-Ireland Hurling final was the most outstanding. It was one of the best

games of hurling I played in and I never had the privilege of playing with a better team than Cork was on that day and all during that year.

*Q.—How would you rate present day hurling standards with your own playing days?*

*A.—*I think they are every bit as high in the top class counties. It is a pity, though, that the number of these counties has reduced somewhat and I hope that the G.A.A.'s efforts to remedy this will be successful.

*Q.—In your opinion, what is the most significant step that could be taken to offset the present decline in hurling?*

*A.—*To involve the younger people not only in the game but in the provision of attractive club facilities and in the administration of their clubs.

*Q.—How do you feel about the extension to eighty minutes for All-Ireland Finals?*

*A.—*I think it adds to the challenge of the game and to the demands in fitness and training it makes on the players. In this way it should help to raise the level of the premier games.

*Q.—If you were playing now would you wear a head-guard?*

*A.—*I would, yes. It would take getting used to but it is a wise precaution in a game involving the wielding of a camán.

*Q.—Could you name some of the men who caused you most concern on the hurling field?*

*A.—*It is hard to be selective about this. Certainly, players of the calibre of Mick Mackey, Timmy Ryan, Paddy Phelan, John Keane and Christy Moylan were hard men to mark and almost impossible to hold scoreless in play. The unorthodox style of the late Vin Baston always worried me.

*Q.—As a player, what was your first love, hurling or football, and why?*

*A.—*I played hurling from a very early age, and it was my first love. The first football game I played was soccer—not organised of course. Gaelic football was not as popular in my neighbourhood and I did not take it up until my early 'teens.

*Q.—Would you favour a reduction to 13-a-side teams?*

● TO PAGE 7



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# AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH JACK LYNCH

## ● FROM PAGE 5

A.—It could have the advantage of making it easier for some clubs to field a team. It might also help to reduce crowding around the goals. By and large, however, I don't think there are strong enough arguments to warrant changing the traditional team pattern. I don't think there is any great demand for such a change.

Q.—Could you name some of the men you most admire among current hurlers?

A.—Mick Roche, Dan Quigley, Gerald McCarthy, and for his great resilience in spite of many disappointments, Jerry O'Sullivan. If Jimmy Doyle could be regarded as "current" I would include him for rhythmic style and sportsmanship.

Q.—Do you think that the G.A.A.'s current development of social amenities in the clubs is sufficient to offset whatever decline there may be in both hurling and football?

A.—I think this development is on the right lines. It may need to be accelerated. The days of toggling out on the side of a ditch are long gone, of course, and hurling and football clubs must be as socially attractive as other forms of sport if they are to continue to retain their playing members and followers.

Q.—Do you foresee a day when hurling and football may become professional or semi-professional?

A.—I can't see that happening, really. I do not think there is any demand for it and it would achieve nothing for either game.

Q.—Would you favour such a development or do you adhere strictly to the principle of amateurism?

A.—I have no objection to pro-

fessionalism as such, but I would not favour it in Gaelic games.

Q.—Do you think that the voice of youth is given its rightful place in the administration of the G.A.A. and in plans to improve the Association and particularly the games?

A.—As I have said earlier I think this is one area where young people should be given greater encouragement to partici-

★

Three current hurlers who are highly rated by Mr. Lynch.

They are, from top:

Mick Roche (Tipperary)  
Gerald McCarthy (Cork) and  
Dan Quigley (Wexford).

★

pate. The youth of today have better educational opportunities and they have a greater awareness of the problems around them. Their energy and their capacity for effecting change for the better should be harnessed as fully as possible in the sphere of G.A.A. activities. I think this could not but rebound to the benefit of the games and the organisation.

Q.—Do you think that a real

international outlet could be created for Gaelic football?

A.—I doubt it. Where the game is played outside Ireland, it is played by Irish emigrants and, perhaps, by their descendants—in the United States and in Britain. Although I would like to see it, I am not hopeful that it can be reconciled with the type of football played in Australia. It is not endemic to those countries and I could not see it becoming international in the way that rugby and soccer are.

Q.—In this context what are the future of Gaelic Games in the E.E.C. Is there any possibility that the E.E.C. countries may "take up" Gaelic Football at least?

A.—I would hope that an interest in our national games would grow from our E.E.C. participation. I would hardly see them "taking up" the games in the fullest sense. There may be some mobility of labour between Ireland and the Continent when we join the European Communities; certainly there will be more opportunity and need for us to travel on the Continent. We brought Christianity to Europe several hundred years ago. Perhaps in the coming decades we can sow the seeds of another discipline in Europe—that of our games. However, I think that our concern should primarily be that the games would flourish among Irishmen and it is not necessary for this that they should develop an international character.

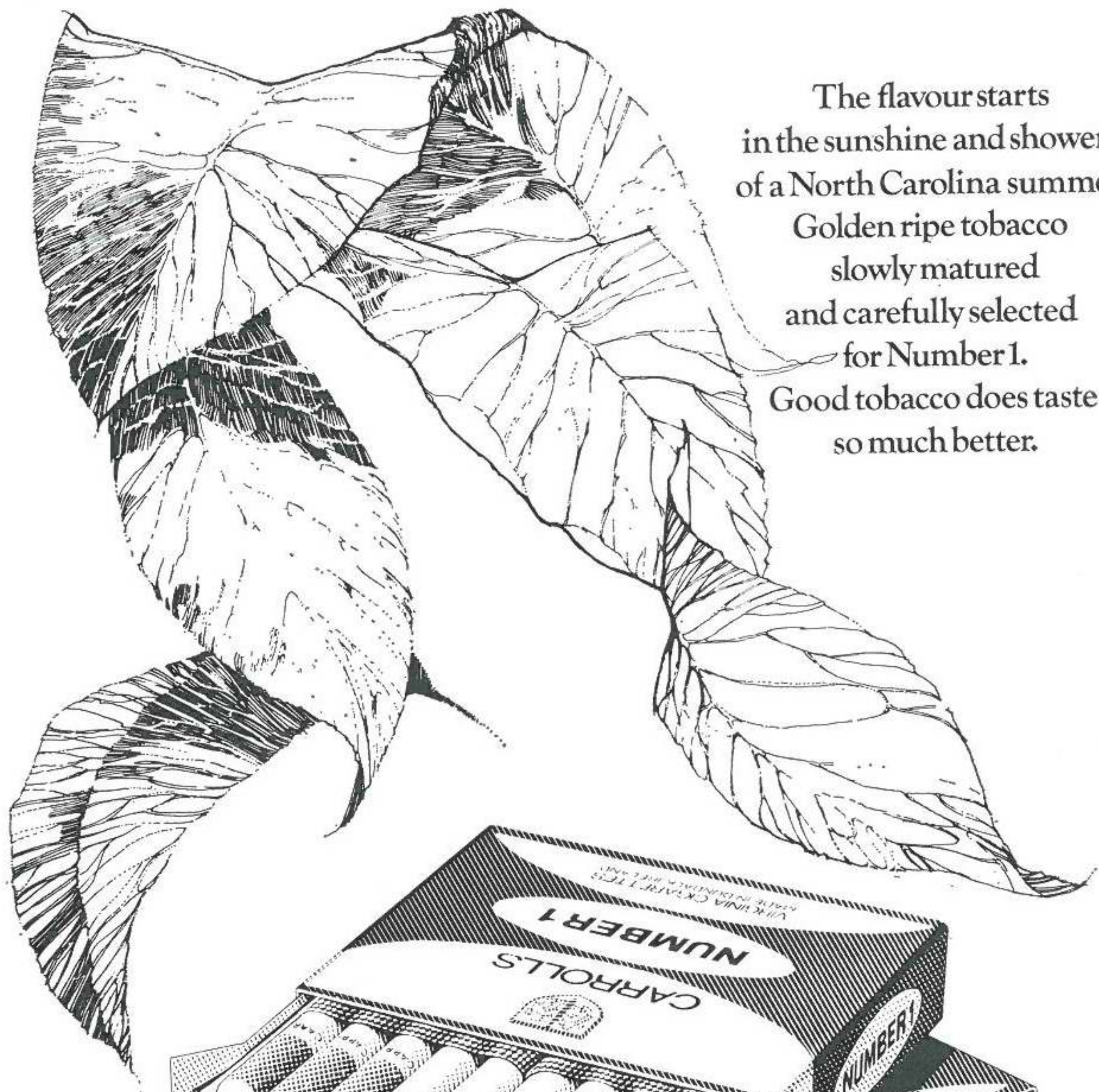
Q.—Apart from the question of 13-a-side, if you were given the authority to make one fundamental change in the playing rules of hurling what would it be?

A.—Some means of avoiding a crowded scramble in the square

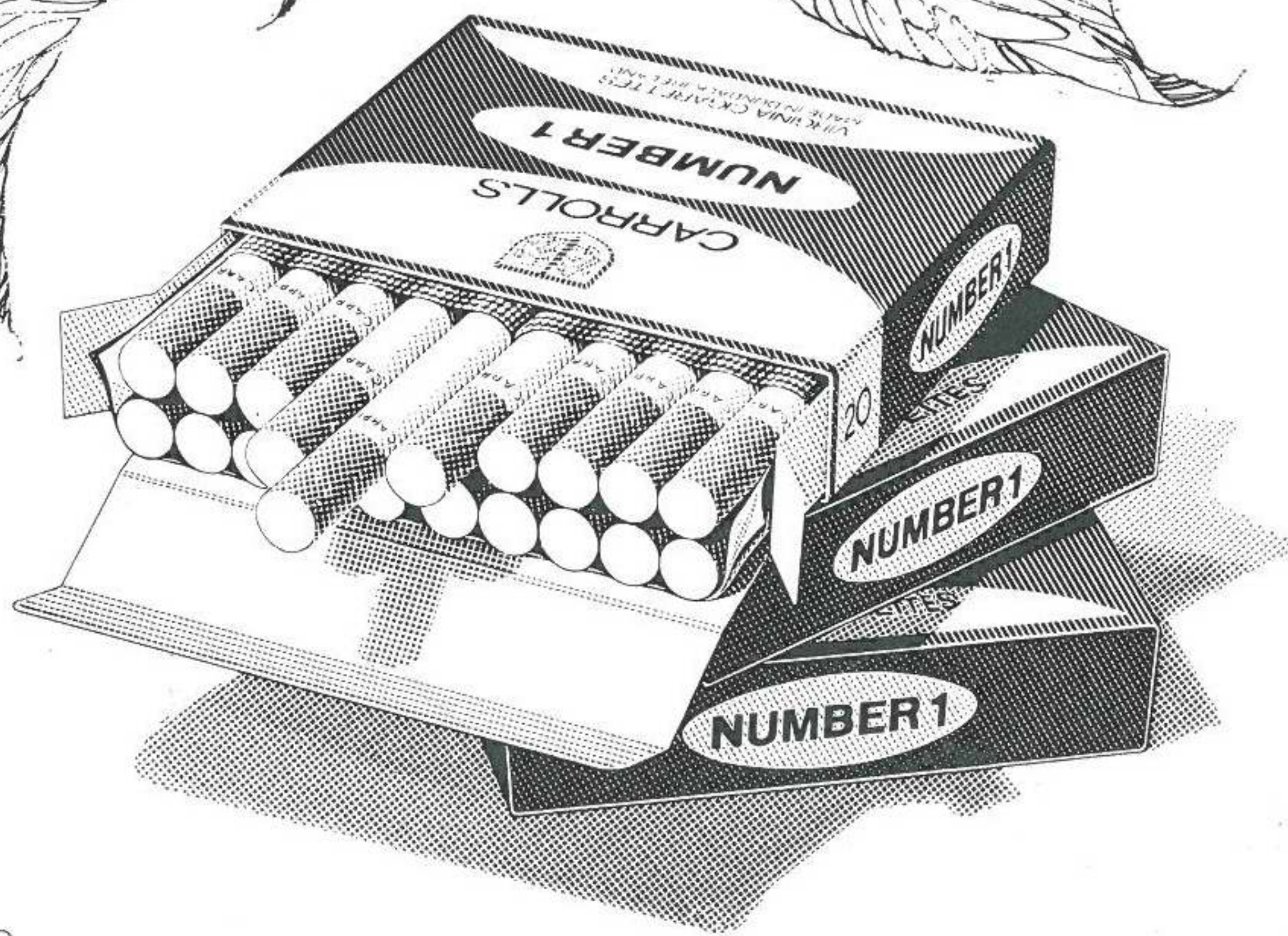
● TO PAGE 9







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## Jack Lynch Talks

● FROM PAGE 7

would probably be an improvement and since I am asked to be specific and mention one change, I would eliminate hitting the ball with the hand. Handballers are not permitted to bring a stick with them into the alley.

*Q.—What change or changes if any would you make given the same authority in Gaelic football?*

*A.—A change I suggested on a previous occasion is the rule relating to tackling. A better and more clear-cut means of tackling should if possible be devised. It would help too perhaps if there were a heavier penalty for fouling a player who is in a scoring position—say inside the 21-yard line; the resultant free could, for example, be advanced to the 14-yard line and a foul anywhere inside the 14-yard line could be penalised by allowing the free kick on the 14-yard line right in front of the goal. These are only suggestions, but something on these lines would help to remedy the present position where a premium is put on fouling and good play at a high point in the game is thereby disrupted.*

*Q.—If you were asked to name one specific way in which the G.A.A. could make most progress in the 'seventies, what would it be?*

*A.—At this point in its development and in the development of the community in general, I think the G.A.A. could take the step of joining hands in friendship with the other sports in Ireland, abolishing the ban on what are described as "foreign" games and accepting that these other games, whatever their historical evolution, are played and followed by many, many Irishmen in this island and outside it.*

# Is Micko worth one hundred pounds?



By  
**PHILIP  
RODERICK**

**A**BOUT 15 years ago, in the course of work, I was sent to interview a very famous, one-time All-Ireland hurler. I found him after quite an amount of trouble, living alone, not in the best of health, in a tiny, slightly tumbled down cottage in one of Dublin's suburbs.

He was glad to see me and I got the distinct impression that visitors were few and far between. But he had no complaints, was quite happy in his own way and we talked for several hours.

But one remark he made stayed very much with me after I had left. I had asked him how he felt now that his great sporting days were over and he had answered me:

"I don't know. I don't really know. All I have left now are a few All-Ireland medals and I don't even know where they are—and the write-ups. Sometimes I think a few bob might have been better".

The medals and the write-ups! Come to think of it, I daresay that's all that most All-Ireland

medal winners have after they pack up the game. This man's write-ups were in an old ledger book, slightly mildewed, a little yellow with the passage of years and all too obviously unread for many years.

I found it just a bit sad. However, if you think I'm going to tell you a long sad story, let me assure you that the same man recovered his health, emigrated, found himself a new life and indeed, when I met him a few years ago—he was back on a holiday—he had all the rich trappings of a very happy and prosperous exile.

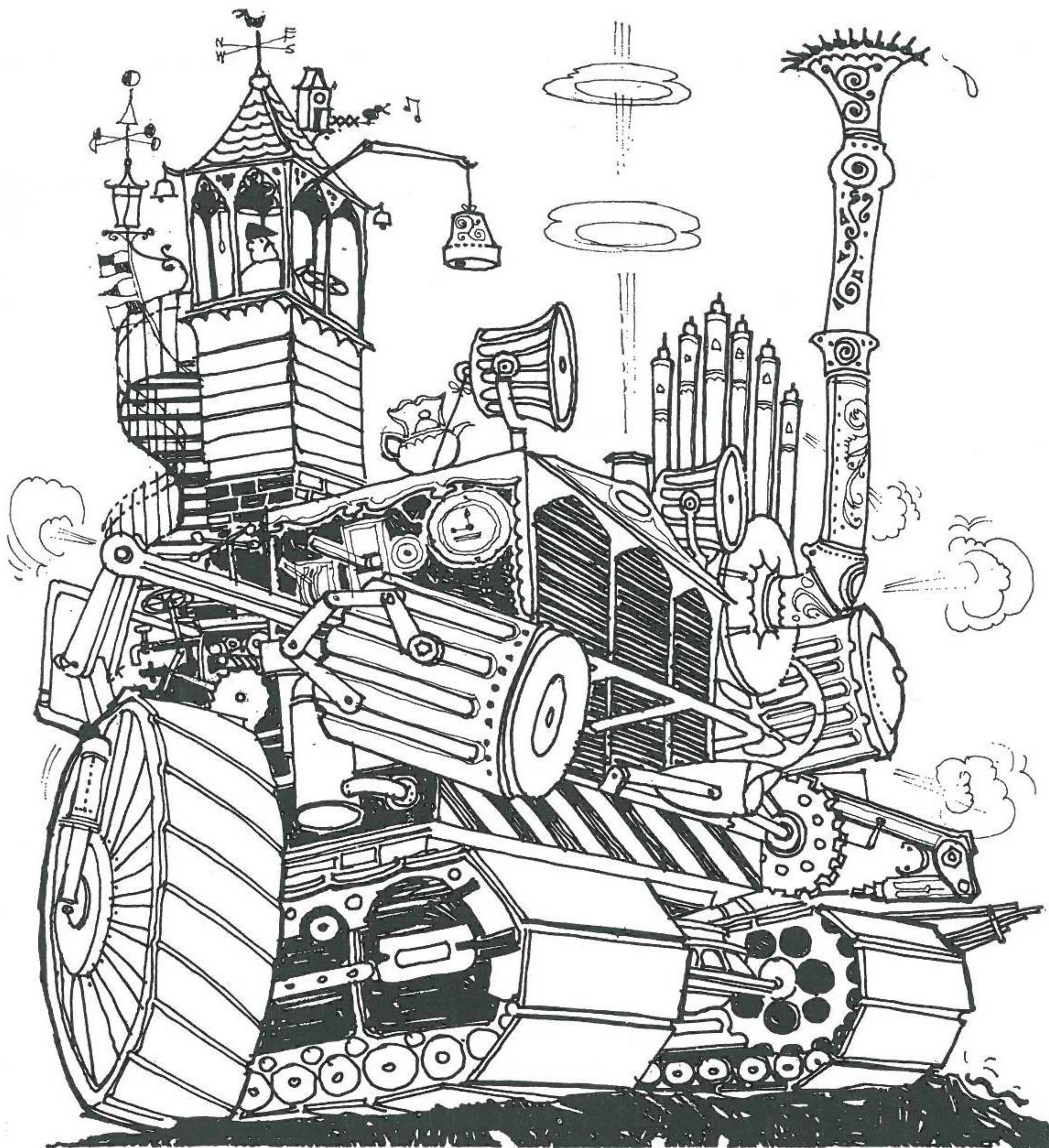
No indeed! In my own tin-pot, roundabout way I am trying to get this article around to the possibility of say a mild professionalism in Gaelic games, in the hope that I may provoke a little discussion on the matter.

Let's put the case as I see it.

Like my old all-Ireland friend, the majority of G.A.A. sportsmen take nothing more into retirement with them than the medals and the write-ups.

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Pat Griffin

By JAY DRENNAN

# STILL FAR IN FRONT OF THE PACK

THE second twenty-one has been begun; the wheel has come full circle from the years of the old Laune Rangers and the analytical brain of the great Dick Fitzgerald. The writings of Fitzgerald marked him clearly as a man ahead of his time and it was little wonder that the talk and thought which made him put down his observations on football in such advanced form indicated that Kerry was away ahead of the pack.

Decades later Eamonn Naomh Micheal O Suilleabhain in his "Art and Science of Gaelic Football" set down the condensed essence of his genius in making Kerry teams into All-Ireland champion teams. Again it indicated the extent to which Kerry had been in the lead in thinking out the techniques and skills and in coaching and training teams.

In the lean years of the 'Sixties (Kerry only won two titles in the sixties!) it became popular to consider Kerry style and Kerry attitude to football as antiquated and out of touch with the new thinking on the game. So much the more interesting that in the first year of the 40-minutes-a-side matches Kerry has produced a style and quality of play which has challenged in some respects, at least, any that we have ever seen.

The 40-minute periods have

created a difficulty in estimating teams: some of the criteria of the shorter time are either invalid or do not apply to the same extent. One point is consistency over the hour and twenty minutes: a team which failed to last the hour, or faded for periods during the hour were in dire danger of defeat; but, a team which tries to exercise consistent dominance throughout the 80 minutes stands in danger of burning itself out and being caught on the post.

Kerry, however, seem to have come to terms ideally with the new dispensation, timing their bursts to give them sufficient advantage to be able to withdraw a little on to defence to take the pressure from their attack so that it can shake loose again from the tight positioning which long periods of attack impose on forwards.

For that reason, it was some-

thing of an embarrassment for Kerry to be given the slight wind advantage in the first-half of the All-Ireland final, giving them the possibility of a plentiful share of territorial advantage, thus confining the area of operation of the attack—apart altogether from the fact that fresh, fanatically eager defenders would make the area for manoeuvre still more restricted.

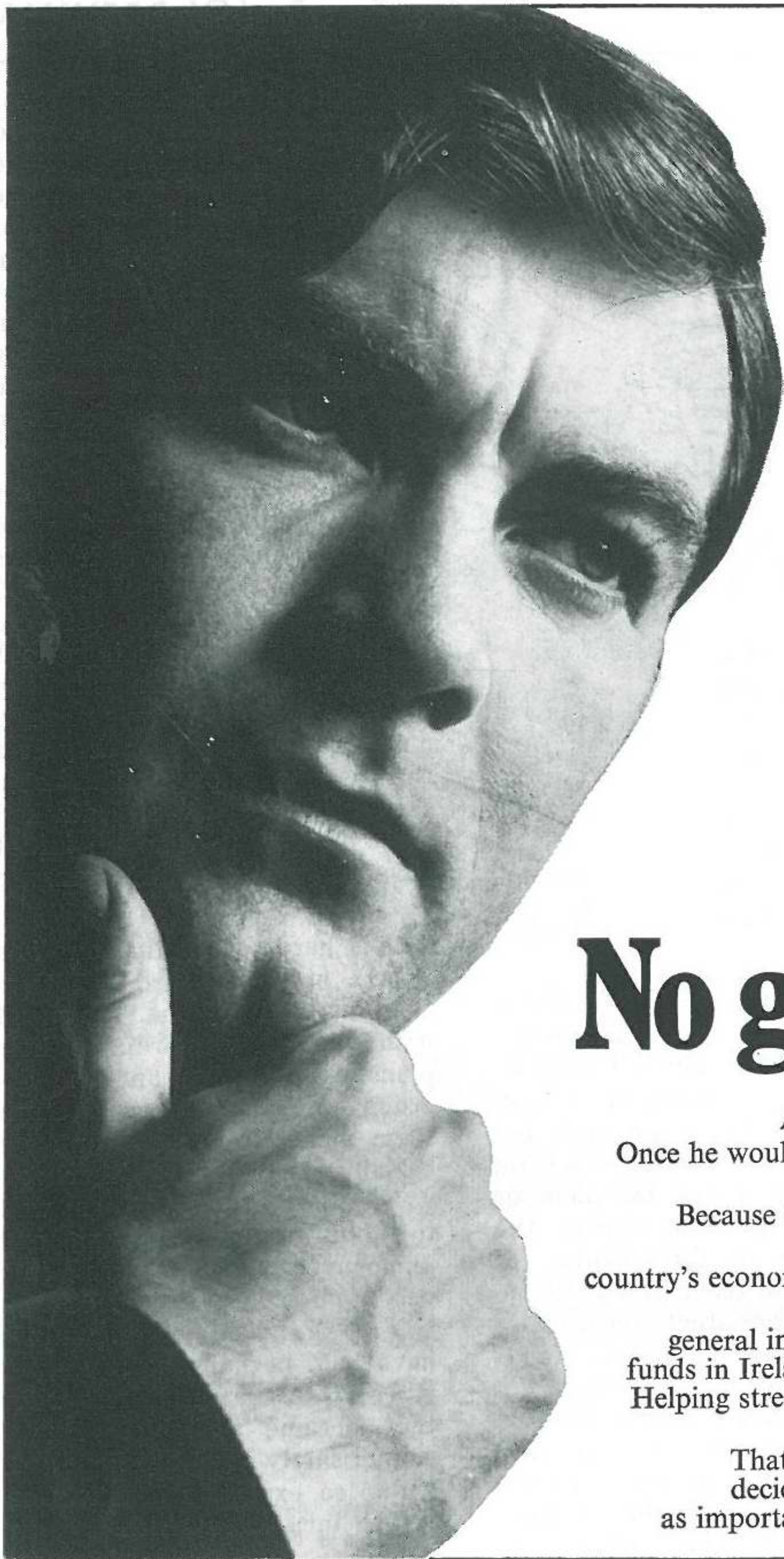
It was not entirely without significance that Kerry were reasonably satisfied with their holding action in the first half, draining the energies of the Meath backs being as important a part of the operation as setting up scores. And it was clearly obvious that they felt they had the best chance of pressing home their advantage when Meath had been allowed to take up initial advance stations at the beginning of the second-half.

It is hard to say that one has seen a better forward line than the present Kerry one. The speed with which they co-ordinate their plans of campaign and the decision with which they finish them makes them stand out. We certainly have seen other forward lines who were as well together in understanding and manoeuvring colleagues into good positions and defenders into uncomfortable ones. And we have had, perhaps, some attacks as sharp to snatch chances when they became available. But, I cannot safely say that I have seen a line so expert in construction, yet so incisive in finish.

I suppose it is the blend. There is one like Mick O'Dwyer who thinks of scores, single-mindedly like the clergyman in Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* who dreamt of Eisteddfods. Every ball he clutches is earmarked for

● TO PAGE 13





# No go for Vince

Vincent Duffy. Just turned thirty-one.  
And already running his own small-holding.  
Once he would have emigrated. To America. Or Canada.  
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● FROM PAGE 11

point or goal, as far as he knows. Only reluctantly and with the hope of a return will he part under the heaviest pressure.

There is Pat Griffin who sees a goal in every move, and who will suffer any buffeting to drive deep into the danger area. Like O'Dwyer he is only reluctantly persuaded that no goal chance exists—for him, at least. At which point he passes the ball on to someone else who might just be able to get a sight of the netting from his position. On occasions he can neither get through for goal nor place a colleague satisfactorily, so he turns aside and hooks the ball disgustedly for a point—a poor second best. You will often see his point shots drop short under the bar, as though to emphasise how little his heart is in this acquisition of points, and how reluctantly he ceases to dream of the goal that might have been.

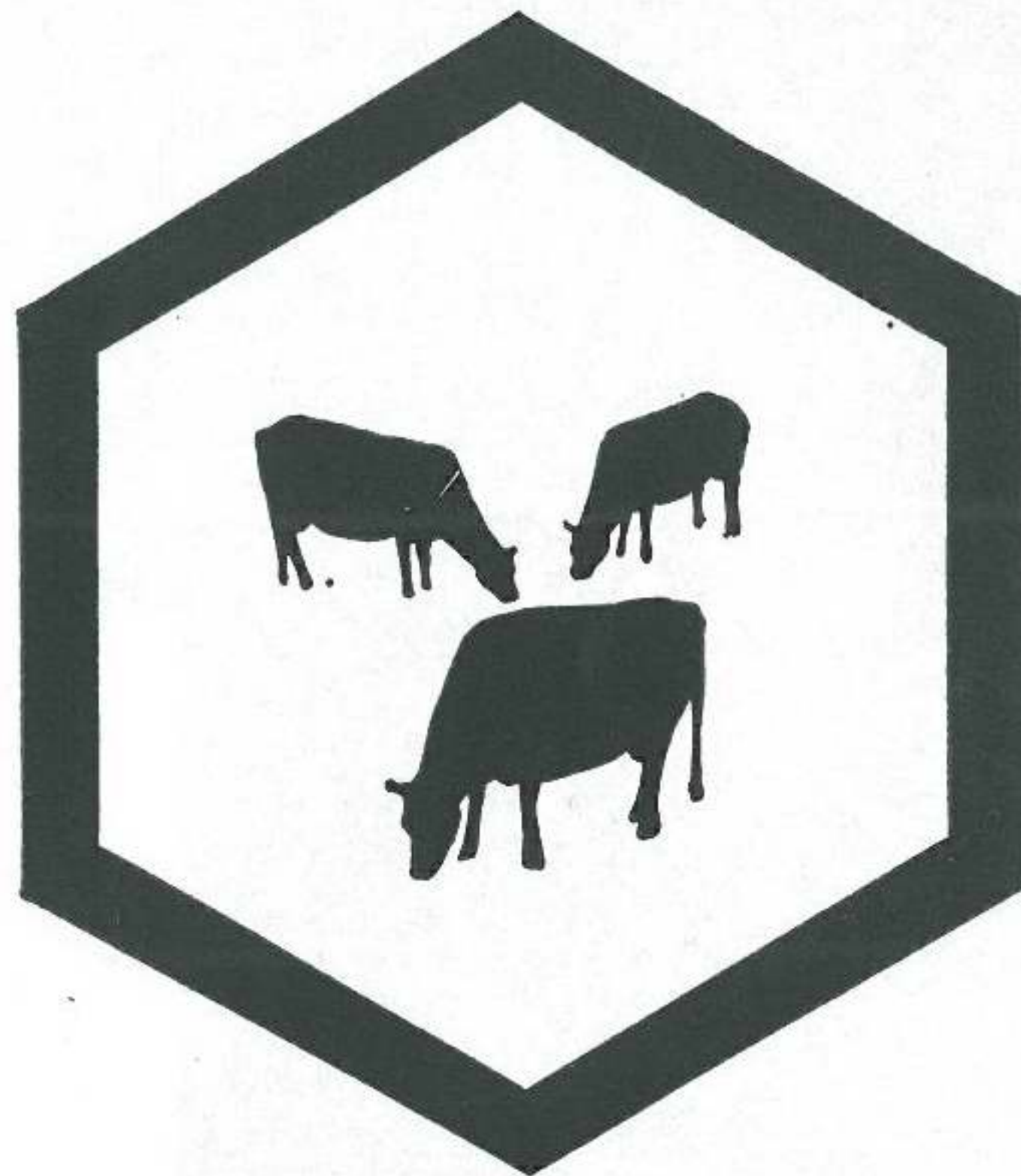
Higgins is a most underestimated full-forward: he ranks well up in the lists of strong and decisive Kerry full forwards, and no full-back has been able to quite subdue him. He can gather and find space by strength to hammer in the surprise shot or hook over a point, but he can skip aside the quick one that opens the way for the intruding colleague. Gleeson is often about to co-operate, and this man is a very complete player who can raise the pressure by falling back, work the ball through from back downfield or harrass the backs and goalie as the situation demands.

On the wings the messenger boys of the line serve with an enthusiasm that befits them; racing back to collect and relieve hard-pressed halves or centre-fields, chasing passes with gaiety down the wings, probing for openings and switching the ball on, and sometimes cutting in towards the

middle before launching a loft at goal. Lynch is always on the sprint through in support of anyone who has the ball and might wish to part with it, and his give and take in lightning passing moves often carries him through at speed into the heart of the defence and near enough to have a sizzling goal effect.

And what of those two extra forwards — O'Connell and Crowley? O'Connell always at best on

the attack, priming and prising the opposing defence with the maximum advantage to his colleagues, or steering a stylish one between the posts from 40 or 50 yards. While the man for big occasions, D. J. Crowley, toeing and warming to his job as he sways and dances out of a melee or breaks suddenly away on one of his sallies into the depths of opposing territory — a great man for the big day.



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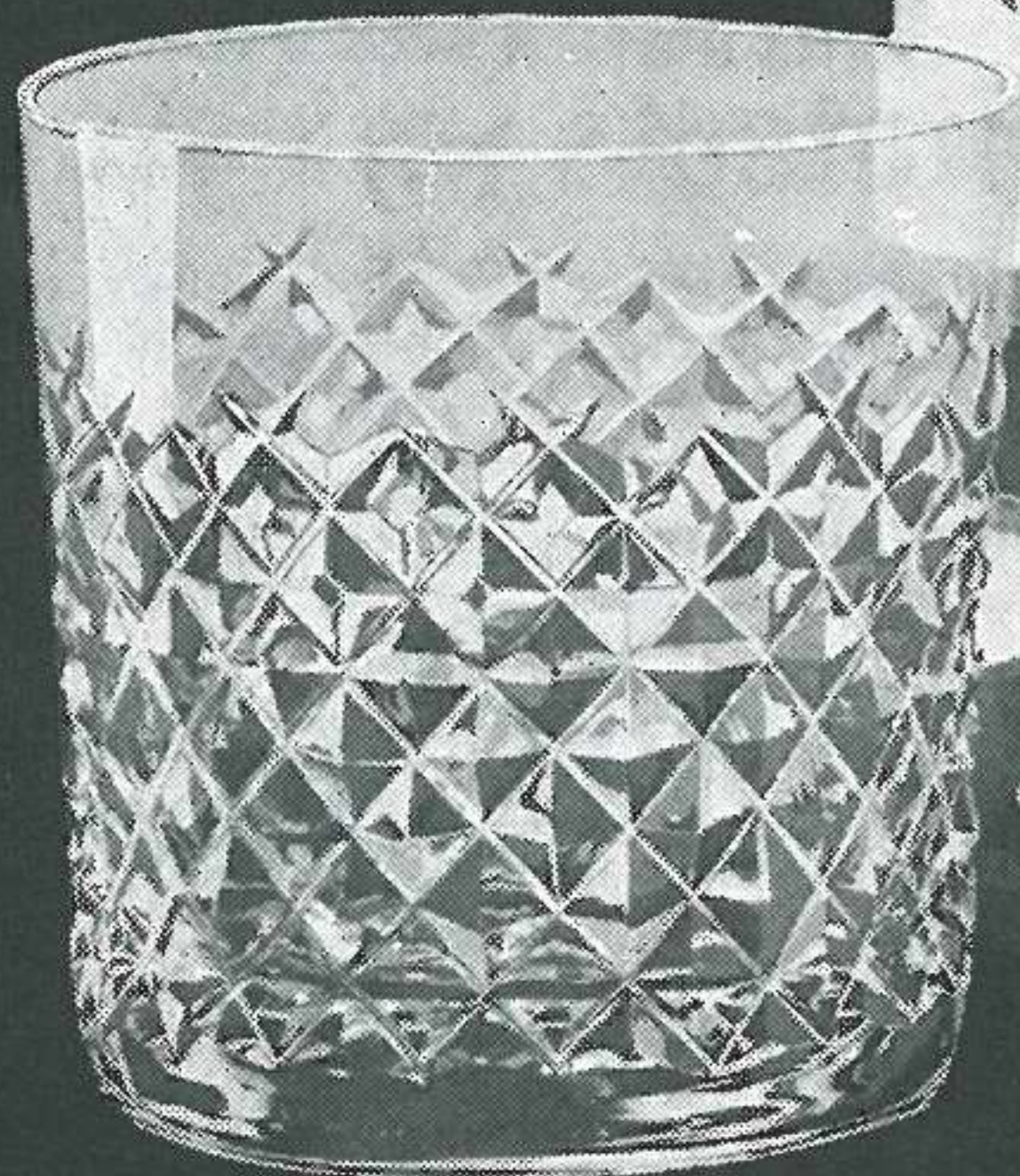
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# THE OBVIOUS BENEFITS OF THE NEW LEAGUE

**T**HERE never has been such an opportunity for a county which is thinking seriously about improving its football standards to set about the task on a crash course. The new Football League structure gives them a ready-made opportunity of getting a bit of cohesion into the teamwork, planning and implementing a plan of campaign that will bring the best out of their players, and a prolonged com-

petition with regular games to enable them to measure progress and coach for further progress.

To that extent the new League structure is an eminently sound idea and one which will surely inspire counties to make use of it to achieve their potential. And the incentive which the improved structure affords will surely bring the best out of far more counties. The results may not be seen in the championships yet awhile, but, in the long run, it will be disappointing if there is no alteration in the strongly-entrenched patterns of power which have been too long established in football.

Eight teams in each of four sections: two sections in each division. The best side ought to win through in each section, of course, but it will be a better and more searching test of their superiority than the previous kind of semi-sudden death groupings. The more important thing is that, in a few years, it would be hoped that some counties which will be beaten this year by some of the "hot-shots" will be able to work themselves upwards, and—who knows—to the top.

Naturally, the promotion for the best and the regulation which will cause the worst in the two first class sections to step down into the second class division must act as an incentive. It is not unreasonable to imagine that a county which uses the League conscientiously and with continued attention over a number of years might expect to better its position in the lower division from next to bottom or even bottom position to a mid-table position; then to a position near the top.

This is the time when the real

work has been done, for there will then be an enthusiasm which will carry the effort to win the section along on a tide. That achievement, in turn, leading to promotion into the company of the elite will beget a great rush of enthusiasm and, no doubt, a considerable amount of success. The second or third year in this division would be critical, as enthusiasm begins to pall and the danger of settling into a near bottom of the table position creeps in.

This is the time for the second drive for improved skill and tactical approach, coaching and training and bolstering team spirit. The movement through the top division may be a more painful effort, longer and more demanding in terms of morale and endurance. But constancy will bear results; a championship boost or two from a couple of good performances or progress to a provincial final or even semi-final could give a further boost. The logical process suggests that the county should end up eventually firmly fixed in the company of the best, and with a good chance of provincial honours in everybody's book, and, perhaps, a prospect for the All-Ireland championship.

That is the theoretical pattern of ideally developing a county team through the League ladder system to the top rungs. It can be done obviously: it has been done even without the help of this new League set-up. But, will it happen—that is the question?

First, where will the time be found to play all these League games without detriment to the games within the county. And it would have to be remembered that the game within the county

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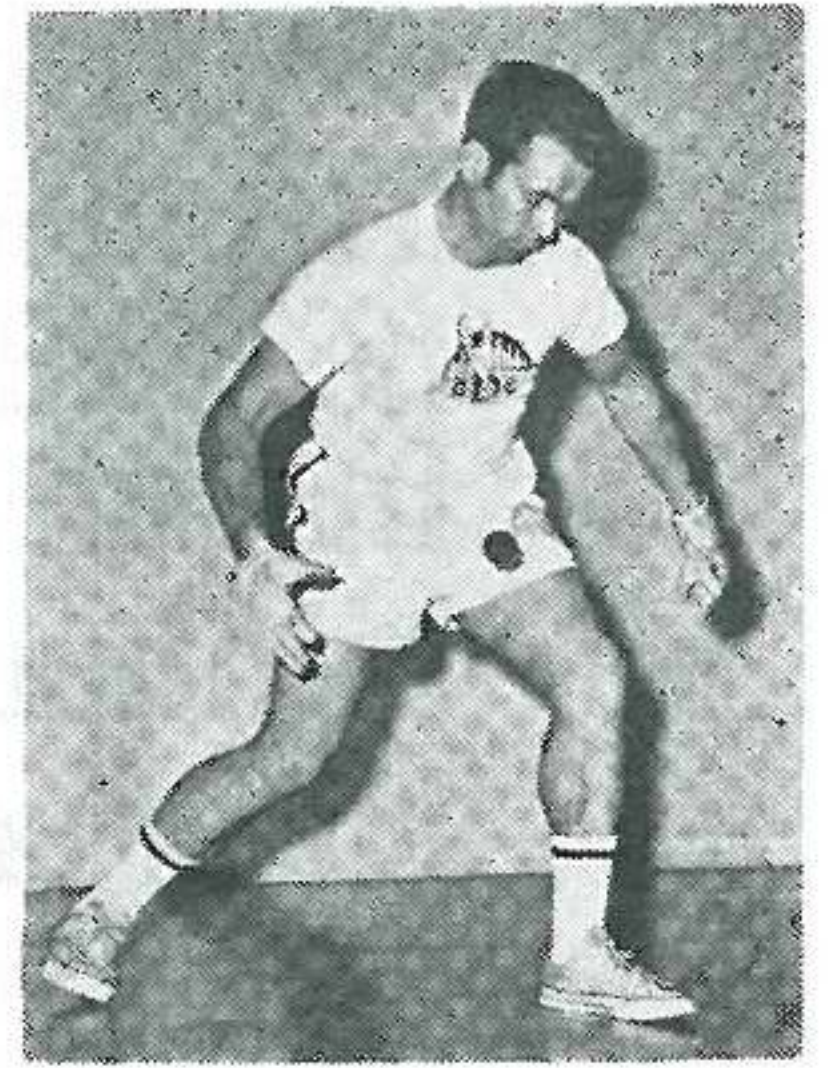
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# KIRBY IS A WORTHY WORLD CHAMPION

By ALLEYMAN



**P**AT KIRBY, the Tuamgraney-born County Clareman is the New World Singles Champion. In the singlet of the U.S.A. and with as devastating an exhibition of handball as it has been my pleasure to witness he dethroned the reigning World and present Irish champion—Joey Maher.

It was no wonder that on the night of October 10th the hills of Clare reverberated to the fanfare of drums and glowed with the light of bonfires. Perhaps Kirby had won a title for America, but his kinsmen were more interested in the fact that a son from the native heath was a World Champion.

All the tributes were timely, for in my time looking at the cream of handball players, I have never seen a more worthy champion.

Kirby is the epitome of the handball perfectionist.

Throughout World Championship week he and Maher had captured the imaginations of many thousands of spectators who had thronged along to see them in action.

Their vital clash on the Saturday night was to decide the issue. Self-appointed experts predicted that it would be a close thing.

In retrospect Kirby was cool calculating and delivering his

every shot with method. Maher was nervous, a little lethargic and unsure in his strokes.

The first game was close and Kirby won it by a couple of aces, but thereafter the issue was never in doubt as Kirby with butts "on the lob" or "on the hop" back-hand strokes and clever positioning won as easily as he pleased.

He is a truly great champion.

The winning of titles is, of course, an important factor, but for me, there were many other aspects that deserve special mention.

Sportsmanship, for instance, was the keynote of the competitions. Both on and off the court, the different representatives carried themselves with exemplary decorum, in the process proving themselves as excellent ambassadors of their respective countries.

It was obvious that their main mission was to promote the image of handball, and in this regard, they were highly successful. Charlie O'Connell, a man in his eighties travelled from the U.S.A. in a dual capacity as manager of his own team and President of the World Handball Association.

Charlie, both by his writing and hard work has done more than his share for the promotion of handball throughout the world.

It was hardly surprising that a

tinge of sentiment pervaded the audience on the opening night when Charlie made the announcement that he was retiring from his position as President.

"I am glad," he said, "to be able to make this announcement in the finest court in the world."

President De Valera who performed the opening ceremony was equally enthusiastic and retraced the history of the game in Ireland from the days of the mud floor to the present time. He was confident that handball had undertaken a new vista.

We all acclaim the veracity of that statement. To use a cliché it will never be the same again.

The new Croke Park Ballcourt with its all-glass side and back wall facade is something to be proud of.

Now, something in the region of 1,500 people can view a game in comparative comfort, but more important is the fact that each of them can see every single shot.

This is a far cry from the image our game depicted not so long ago, when only a meagre handful of about 20 spectators hugging the back wall could see the entire play. Time and time again during the last few weeks the driving initiative of Handball President, An Br. B. C.

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O Murchú; Secretary, Joe Lynch, and their hard-working committee has been lauded.

Pádraig O Fainín and Seán O Síocháin, President and Secretary of the G.A.A. respectively were first to sing their praises, but, in truth it must also be stated that the G.A.A. executive itself must be given full marks.

Without the help and financial guidance of the Central Executive the project would just not have been possible.

Never again can the G.A.A. Executive at Headquarters be indicted for their lack of co-operation to the Handball cause.

On the games themselves, I was rather disappointed with the standard.

Certainly, in the Doubles, our own partnership of Richie Lyng and Séamus Buggy were in a class of their own.

The Australian partnership of Terry Camplice and Fred Italiano were shown up in a favourable light.

They play a brand of Handball similar to our own, the reason being that the Australian Courts are big even though they do not have back walls. There was little to choose between the American partnership of Simie Fein and Ray Neveau and Canada's Mel Brown and Bob Wilson.

Mexico had Victor Yanar and Guillermo Correias in action and their good humoured acceptance of inevitable defeat was to be admired.

Barry Leech represented Canada in Singles while Vic Di Luzio was the Australian Singles representative.

But, it was really Pat Kirby of the U.S.A. and Ireland's Joey Maher, who stole the limelight.

In every game the standard of play they presented was a delight.

In all it has been a highly successful campaign and handball has benefitted considerably.



# Tony Brennan tops scoring list

TONY Brennan's total of five points in the All-Ireland final edged him home on the post over long-time leader Tony McTague (Offaly) for ranking as top scorer in the 1970 Football and Hurling championships. The Meath man gained two further distinctions—his score of 0-33 is a new county record, and he is also the first Royal County native to earn the coveted No. 1 spot.

Brennan, whose 0-10 against Offaly in the Leinster final was his best match total of the campaign, has a two points lead over McTague, and is seven points ahead of the hurling pace-setter, Charlie McCarthy (Cork). He averaged 6.60 points a game, the third best in football.

McTague was top scorer in football last year with 1-34 in six games. He has a better average this season at 7.75 points, as against 6.16 points in 1969.

Leading the way in the averages chart with a new record is Denis Coughlan, who shot 11.50 points in each of his two games with Cork. Previous to this the record was shared at 10.50 points by Brendan Hayden (Carlow) in 1962, and Mick Tynan (Limerick) in 1967.

Coughlan helped himself to 1-10, six points from frees, against Tipperary at Clonmel in a Munster semi-final, the outstanding score by any footballer. In that game, Mick Keating bagged three goals and a point for Tipperary.

Yet another record-maker is Andy McCallin, joint fourth, and Ulster's leading marksman. This is the first time since I introduced these records in 1955 that an Antrim player has earned a place in the top placings.

But despite Kerry's high scoring achievements, the Munster record will remain for another season at least. Mick O'Dwyer got

to within two points of the peak with a personal best score of 0-26 for third place. This achievement is worthy of note, for it is the top score by a Munster footballer since Dan McAuliffe equalled the provincial record in 1959.

Nine penalty kicks were awarded in the championship. Three resulted in goals, and the remainder yielded only a single point. Derry are in a unique position as the only county awarded two spot kicks in one game—the All-Ireland semi-final.

It was a moderate enough year on the hurling front, Charlie McCarthy's 1-23 earning a ranking five places from the bottom in the annual list from 1955 to 1970 inclusive. Last year the St. Finbarr's hurler shared the premier role in both codes with Paddy Molloy (Offaly) with his tally of 7-18 (39 points) in five games — the high point for a Cork man.

Previous best for a Leesider was 3-23 (32 points) that earned Seanie Barry the lead role in both codes in 1966 from five games. He is the only Cork man to top both charts outright. McCarthy now puts Cork in front in hurling for only the second season.

The St. Finbarr's chance-snapper had his most successful hour score-wise in the All-Ireland final, in which he shot 1-9. His match-score of 6.50 points for third place in this regard is over a goal down on his 1969 figure.

Tom Ryan, the former Tipperary and Clare hurler, now with Galway, carves out a new niche in the averages table with his score of 3-5 against Wexford in the All-Ireland semi-final at Athlone—his only championship game of the year.

Last year Paddy Molloy broke

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Tony Brennan





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POWER FOR PROGRESS

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a 12-year record in this regard when he reached 13 points an hour. While giving due credit to Tom Ryan for his 14 points against Wexford, the Offaly man's average, even though a point down, is probably the more meritorious of the two in that it was maintained over a run of three matches, and thus a fairer test

of consistent markmanship.

In 1956 when establishing the record score for both hurling and football at a mammoth 12-15 (51 points) in four games, Nick Rackard (Wexford) put up 12.75 points per game.

Finally, the outstanding individual score of the campaign was that 3-5 by Tom Ryan for Galway.

## THE SCORING CHARTS

### FOOTBALL

Points		Score	Games	Average
33	A. Brennan (Meath)	0-33	5	6.60
31	A. McTague (Offaly)	1-28	4	7.75
26	M. O'Dwyer (Kerry)	0-26	4	4.50
23	D. Coughlan (Cork)	3-14	2	11.50
23	A. McCallin (Antrim)	3-14	4	5.75
21	J. Hanniffy (Longford)	1-18	4	5.25
21	S. O'Connell (Derry)	2-15	4	5.25
20	M. Fay (Meath)	2-14	5	4.00
19	B. Lynch (Kerry)	0-19	4	4.75
17	J. Keenan (Galway)	0-17	3	5.66

### PROVINCIAL RECORDS

- 38 points—**ULSTER**: 3-29 in five games by C. Gallagher (Cavan) in 1965.
- 37 points—**LEINSTER**: 1-34 in six games by A. McTague (Offaly) in 1969.
- 28 points—**CONNACHT**: 0-28 in four games by C. Dunne (Galway) in 1964.
- 28 points—**MUNSTER**: 1-25 in five games by T. Lyne (Kerry) in 1955, and 4-16 in four games by D. McAuliffe (Kerry) in 1959.

### HURLING

Points		Score	Games	Average
26	C. McCarthy (Cork)	1-23	4	6.50
22	A. Doran (Wexford)	7-1	4	5.50
19	E. O'Brien (Cork)	6-1	4	4.75
18	E. Buggy (Wexford)	1-15	2	9.00
16	W. Walsh (Cork)	4-4	3	5.33
15	T. Ryan (Cork)	1-12	3	5.00
14	T. Ryan (Galway)	3-5	1	14.00
14	E. Keher (Kilkenny)	1-11	2	7.00
12	P. Cronin (Clare)	1-9	2	6.00
12	M. Butler (Wexford)	0-12	2	6.00

### PROVINCIAL RECORDS

- 51 points—**LEINSTER**: 12-15 in four games by N. Rackard (Wexford) in 1956.
- 36 points—**MUNSTER**: 6-18 in four games by J. Doyle (Tipperary) in 1960, and 4-24 in four games by J. Doyle in 1962.

## WHO STOLE OUR BALL?

By NOEL COOGAN

A well known columnist in a Dublin Sunday newspaper awards an "oscar" and a "boo" in his column each week. If GAELIC SPORT awarded an "oscar" and a "boo" every month I would suggest to the editor to give this month's "boo" to whoever was responsible for stealing the ball in this year's football final. While the keeping of balls that go out of play is a common occurrence in hurling, I cannot recall a similar incident in a major football match.

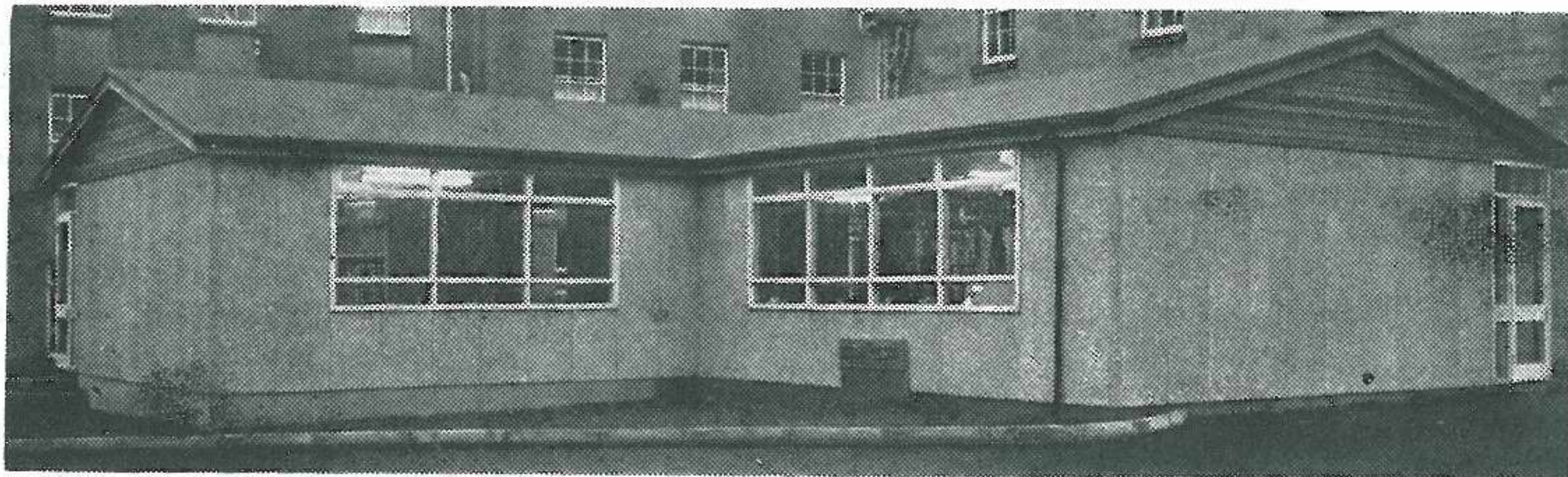
Popular RTE commentator, Michael O'Hehir, remarked that whoever had the ball hardly had it in his pocket. Certainly, whoever had it must have been noticed by somebody. Michael O'Hehir, referring to the continuous loss of balls behind the canal goal, said: "I can see a big net being erected behind that goal, and it won't necessarily be a goal when the ball goes into the net."

This appears to be the only answer to this annoying problem. During this year's hurling final twenty-two balls were stolen. Only five balls remained of the supply in the ground. What would have happened if those five had gone into the crowd and weren't returned? A good question!





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# PLEA FOR THE DRAMA

By DAN McAREAVY



THE winter social activities programme has come to stay as a permanent feature of the G.A.A. calendar.

Last year the outstanding success attending the initial official venture in inter-club question time, talent and motion speaking completely vindicated the highest hopes of the pioneers in this field, with the series of All-Ireland deciders (undreamt of a year earlier) in Dublin on March 22 setting the seal on this new branch of the Association's activities.

And I like the timetable of "deadlines" set for this year's Scór Seachtó:

Stage One—Internal Club Competitions, October 1 to November 30; Stage Two—Divisional or District Board Stage, December 1 to January 10; Stage Three—County Final Stage, January 11 to January 31; Stage Four—Provincial Championship, February 1 to February 28; Stage Five—All-Ireland Finals, March 17.

The following competitions make up the programme: 1. Step Dancing; 2. Recitations; 3. Solo Song or Ballad Singing; 4. Set Dancing; 5. Question Time; 6. Instrumental Music; 7. Motion Speaking; 8. Ballad Group.

Obviously, there will be judicious revisions compared with last year but these are fringe considerations which will in no way impinge on the brilliant concept of the basic format.

One development, however, seems vital: all clubs must be urged to have their own internal competitions—involving as many members as possible—to find

their representatives for the later stages.

In some counties these proved a financial windfall for many a hard-pressed treasurer last year, but I did get the impression that far too few availed of the opportunity. Perhaps the novelty of the event had an off-putting effect but it was a pity that so much talent went by default.

And has the Association sufficiently appreciated the foresight of Down's Tony Williamson and Cork's Derry Gowan who conceived a scheme giving such a major break-through in the social life of the Association?

Remember it was only at the 1969 Congress that a Cork motion—inspired by Gowan—sought "something along the lines of an inter-club talent contest" while Down—through Williamson—felt there were possibilities in an inter-club quiz. The result: a most fruitful marriage from which the best is yet to be.

As I say, the competition is here to stay and I would certainly regret any alteration in what is clearly a winning formula.

However, it is essential that the present Croke Park committee which includes (as well as the two "pioneers") ex-president Seamus Ryan, Leinster Secretary Ciarán O'Neill and Gerry Davy should get full support from up and down the country and also full backing from headquarters by way of disseminating information to clubs.

But could not an important new dimension be added? I have in mind the drama—an art for

which the Irish people have always held top-ranking in the world league.

Would it not be possible for many of our clubs to produce a one-act play with county, provincial and all-Ireland drama tests running simultaneously with the present "talent" programme?

Such a move—it is strongly backed by Ulster Council chairman Mr. Michael Feeney—would have the effect of involving more people in the life of the club, admitted on all sides as a crying need at the present time. It would also give a well-deserved break to the ladies so often the poor relations and "widows" of the organisation.

Already I can hear groans about the difficulties of "traveling" productions to various centres. One-night stands can be awkward but would they be really necessary in such a competition?

Could not an adjudicator travel from club to club to assess a production on its home "pitch". Following the declaration of the county winners three or four productions would qualify for the Provincial final.

I have no doubt such a festival of county champions would create a great deal of interest. If, however, travelling remained a bogey the adjudicator could nominate the team to represent the Province in the All-Ireland final.

However loosely framed the rules the main objective, as I see it, must be to get the competition off the ground.

Mr. Feeney told me: "I am all

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● FROM PAGE 23

in favour of our clubs becoming involved in drama and if a play competition can be started I will certainly give it all the support possible”.

And remaining on the drama—I became an addict early in life with the occasional “trip” still giving me untold satisfaction—it never ceases to disappoint me that the Irish theatre is so barren of plays dealing with any aspect of the G.A.A.

Off-hand I can think only of J. B. Keane’s “The Man from Clare” as touching on the activities of an organisation commanding such support throughout the country. Perhaps there are other scripts but I have not come in contact with them.

Would County Boards, Provincial Councils and Central Council not consider putting up a substantial prize to attract a play about the G.A.A.? Surely there is an important social document somewhere in those 86 years history. What better way to present it than in the legitimate theatre?

Is there not high drama, too, in the story of some of those epic matches which dot the G.A.A. tale?

And unquestionably for the comedy writer there must be a bottomless supply.

O’Casey immortalised Joxer Daly. For those who have “lived” the Association there are a shoal of characters who merit similar treatment.

P.S. My apologies to Kerry and Meath for having the slightest doubt that this year’s final might prove a disappointment.

The fare served up on September 27 provided me with my most enjoyable visit ever to Croke Park.

This was a most satisfying contest by any standard while the sportsmanship of all 32 players who participated was quite impeccable. Sincerest congratulations all round.



## ATTACKS ON REFEREES ARE NOT CONFINED TO GAELIC PARK

THE recent savage attack on Clem Foley which resulted in the Dublin referee receiving a fractured jaw, among other injuries, after the Cork-New York National Hurling League final at Gaelic Park, made sad reading. More than anything it made me even more aware of the thankless and dangerous job of a referee. Certainly, the disappointing happening across the Atlantic should have had a similar effect on all Gaels.

But, of course, attacks on referees are not confined to Gaelic Park, New York. Officials are being subjected to such violence with an annoying regularity at venues up and down the country here at home. How many good referees do we see hanging up their whistles over the years? Take the last few seasons, for example. During that time we lost fine honest "men in the middle" like Eamonn Moules (Wicklow), Peter Hughes (Louth) and most recently Fermanagh's Tommy Johnston. Why did these men retire at a time when they had

much more to offer to the future progress of the G.A.A.? Well your guess is as good as mine!

The truth of the matter is that there are far too many "toughs" in the Association. Quite a few of them are players, an odd official here and there fits into this category, but the worst offenders of all are usually unruly spectators. Most annoying of all in this respect is the fellow who thinks he knows the rules inside out, but on the other hand has never seen the inside of the official guide. He will compliment the referee on every "favour" granted to the side he is supporting but will condemn every free awarded to the opposition.

A well-known referee once voiced his opinion to me, stating that the referee's work is never appreciated enough. I agree. How often do we hear a man on the terraces remark "that's a good referee"? Of course there are some bad referees but most of them are quite competent and after all, most important of all, every one of them is only human

like ourselves. And if a "man in the middle" happens to make a few strange decisions during a game, maybe he is only having an "off day", like even the greatest of players can have from time to time.

I held nothing but admiration for the Meath referees when they went on strike last year. It takes a special type of man to take up refereeing and people should realise that without these men we would have no games. More pride must be taken in the men who take charge of the whistle and most important, steps must be taken to protect them. Not an easy job by any means, but not impossible.

First of all there must be stiffer penalties for players too fond of using their fists. Any player found guilty of striking a referee should be banned from the Association for LIFE. Similarly, is a twelve months' suspension severe enough for any hurler who strikes an opponent with a hurley?

But how can we get rid of the rowdy spectators (I refrain from calling them supporters)? Perhaps the vigilantes who waste so much time in trying to spot people who contravene the "foreign games" rule would be much better employed if they went around to various Gaelic grounds in search of would be trouble makers among the crowd.

Offenders could be reported to the appropriate County boards and if the need be so they could also be banned from attending matches. Certainly there are many people attending games nowadays whom we could do without. Referees would feel safer without them, too. Referees are an essential part of our games. We must do all in our power to protect them.



# THE CROWD ROARS!

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By **JIM BENNETT**

## **DONIE A VICTIM OF FICKLE FATE**

**A**NY way Donie O'Sullivan examines luck, it must appear to him to be a four-letter word. He must really have despaired of getting the kind of break his consistent and courageous performances for Kerry has more than reasonably earned him. But, every time it seems that things are changing for the better, the cup is dashed from his eager lips and the joy of drinking full satisfaction is denied him.

It certainly looked as though the Lady had turned her most dazzling smile on him this year: seemed ready to bestow on him her most intimate favours. Yet, again she frustrated him at the moment of fulfilment, running away to giggle at her coquettish success.

The story for Donie goes back a long way. What it amounts to, rather cruelly, is that he was afforded a full and overflowing part in all of Kerry's disappointments over the last decade, almost, and denied by most ill-fortune of more than partial enjoyment of their delights. The years 1962, 1969 and 1970 have been the red-letter occasions for the Kingdom in the last decade. Every time O'Sullivan should — with decent luck—have been in the very thick of the harvesting of the fruits of football's success. Every time he

was cheated of the climax of achievement.

When Kerry reached the final in 1962, to face Roscommon whom they defeated in comfortable style, O'Sullivan was a bright new star. He was firmly established, nonetheless, and would have been in the final side but for his return to Maynooth, which came less than a fortnight before the game.

Those were the days of stricter seminarial discipline, when no excuse was sufficient to break the cloistered regimen. No exceptions were made to the rules, not even for All-Ireland finals, and, of course, O'Sullivan was not the only sufferer. It was a problem every year, and supporters and pressmen had to get busy analysing the content of every team which made progress to the later stages of the football championships so as to be *au fait* with

the amount of damage teams would endure when the ecclesiastical colleges opened in the first three weeks of September.

It can, however, have been but small consolation to Donie O'Sullivan that he was following in the footsteps of many others, some of them Kerry men, and among them the noted Archbishop Prenderville. A couple of years later and no problem would have arisen. Just O'Sullivan's luck.

The subsequent years, 1963, 1964, 1965, when Kerry endured three successive defeats at the hands of Galway at semi-final and final stages were galling years. Now, O'Sullivan was there to play his full and unrelieved role in Kerry's unhappiness. So, too, in 1966 and 1967 when the Munster crown was carried by Cork, and in 1968 when the eagerly awaited Kerry revival was promised all the way but smothered brilliantly by Down.

There was still a long way to go, obviously, and, at this stage Donie played one of his most valuable roles ever, plugging leakages all over an insecure defence, and settling in with confidence-breeding authority at right-back. Then, on a grey and cheerless evening in Limerick he got a severe knock on an ankle in the closing stages of a League game against Mayo.

The old faithful Seamus Murphy had been working up a rare sweat in training to get back to match fitness; he was ready to step into right back. And when Seamus Fitzgerald was placed in the other corner he was as quick

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Caps

● **FROM PAGE 27**

as a wink in proving himself the best corner back in the country. No room at the inn!

By Munster championship time, O'Sullivan was well in line for a half-back position, on the wing. But, he was troubled by his injury before the Munster final, and Tom Prendergast was drafted in to fill the gap. Surely, no one expected that this move would be more than a stop-gap? But, Prendergast was so ebullient and so inspiring, a little rubber-ball as inspiring to his own men as demoralising to the opposition, that he had to stay.

But, in that very Munster final, Mick Morris was hurt and the gate opened again — visions of God never closing one but he opened another. And O'Sullivan was memorably sound against Meath. But, Morris was again fit by final time, and he was the specialist, so he was back in the centre. Now, no one could move O'Shea or Prendergast, while Fitzgerald and Murphy had created an hermetic seal about Paud O'Donoghue and Culloty. His only hope now lay at midfield, where the Master Footballer had filtered news from his island fastness that his leg muscles were giving him lots of trouble.

But, O'Connell did come and lined out on the day. And O'Sullivan sat it out on the substitutes' bench. Afterwards, the Master Footballer retired again to his contemplations, and through the autumn and winter and the Kerry tour of the League, Donie was the main place-holder at midfield.

But, O'Connell advertised those boots and thus gave warning of his imminent return to mainland football fields. Again O'Sullivan is evicted.

Again the closing of one door produced the opening of another, for Seamus Fitzgerald had to have a knee operation, and in went Donie at corner back once

● **TO PAGE 32**



# NÍOR DHEIN DHÁ ÉAGÓIR CEART AMHÁIN ARIAMH

Le SEÁN Ó DÚNAGÁIN

**B**A mhaith liom an tam a bheith agam chuige chun taighde a dhéanamh ar an méid coláistí atá sa tír seo nach gcuireann isteach ar chomortais An Chumainn Lúithchleas Gael. Tás agam go bhfuil Coláistí ann a gcuireann "Aiseanna" an fáil do na chluichí Ghaelacha ach tiocfaidh mé ar ais chuige seo níos déanaí.

Óm' eolas féin orthu tá cúpla Coláistí mór-le-rá nach gcuireann áiseanna imeartha, gan tracht ar mhúineadh nó comortais, ar fáil do na cluichí náisiúnta. Arís óm' eolas pearsanta chuaigh macléinn ó theach fíor-Ghaelach (tar éis bháis thimpisteach dá athair ag filleadh ó chluiche peile) chuig ceann de na Coláistí sin; bé an taon mhac sa chlann é agus bhí leath dosaen drifiúr aige; bhí sé ag an aois gur chinn an mhathair gur feairrde é bheith faoi smacht na sagart go ceann cúpla bliain. Caith an malrach seacht mbliain sa Choláiste sin agus ní hé nár imir sé cluiche Gaelach ariamh ach níl suim dá laghad aige ionntu. 'Sí an mháthair agus na cailíní amháin a fheictear i bPáire an Crócaigh, fiú nuair a bhíonn Contae dúchais an athar san iomaíocht.

Ceapaim gur náireach an rud é go bhfuil na Coláistí seo ag déanamh aithrise ar a gcomh-ionann sa Bhreatain agus ag tógaint na micléinn mar Iar-Bhreatanaigh ina nósmaireachtaí, ina geanúint agus ina ndearcadh. (Tagann sé rite liom a dhéanamh amach conus is féidir leo, Éireannaigh, blas an tSasanaigh a thógant leo chomh líofa sin agus

nach dtiocfadh leo ariamh abairt as Gaeilge a rá le blas Chonamara, Chiarraí ná Thír Chonaill uirthé). Má cuirtear ceist ar udaráis na gColáistí — agus cuireadh—faoi na cluichí Ghaelacha tá an pras-fhreagra acu gurb é An Cumann Lúithchleas Gael is ciontsiocair leis, "iad féin agus a gcuid rialacha" (Tuigtear gur riail 27 amháin atá i gceist). Más éogóir, ina dtuairimí, riail 27 nach éagóir, atá á imirt ag na múinteoirí seo ar an micléinn faoi'n a gceannas agus, mar adeirim, níor dhein dhá éagóir aon rud a chur ina ceart ariamh.

Dearfaidh udaráis na gColáistí liom nach gcuireann siad aon bhac in aghaidh an mhicléinn gur mian leis cluichí Ghaelacha a chleachtadh. Ach abróid leis nach aon mhaith é sin nuair nach bhfuil An Coláiste istigh ar chomortais na gluichí Gaelacha. Táim beagnach dearfa cé nach bhfuil aon teagasc sna cluichí tugtha dóibh ach oiread agus ní foláir ná go mbíonn "meon ghetto" sar i bhfad ar an micléinn a théann ag cleachtadh na gluichí náisiúnta.

Déarfáir liom nach bhfuil ach mionlach i gceist in aon Choláiste díobh. An amhlaidh go bhfuil na "Gaeil" díbirthe as na Coláistí sin de dheasca an pholasaí? Fiú más, mionlach iad, agus b'fhéidir ar an fáth sin ach go háirithe, shílfeá go ndéanfaí freastal críostaíoch orthu.

Ach an amhlaidh go mbaineann an Riail seo, 27, leis an scéal ar chor ar bith? Ní dóigh liom go mbaineann ach amháin sa mhéid go ndeirtear gur riail

aindaonlathach í agus, mar sin, do—ghlacta ag múinteoirí agus ag micléinn. Bíodh; ach nach féidir troid a dhéanamh ar an bhfód seo áiteacha eile. Cén cáil atá ag udaráis Choláistí a rá lom díreach le haon macléinn nach ceadófar do imirt i gcomortais na gluichí Gaelacha.

Deirim nach mbaineann Riail 27 le micléinn suas go dtí aois 18 bliana agus gur féidir leis an Coláiste bheith istigh ar na Comortais rugbaí, sacair agus náisiúnta leis an bhfoireann chéanna más gá. Cén fáth nach mbaineann sagart nó bráthair (nílim ag déanamh dearmad ar na Siúireacha, laethanta seo na gcomhcheart, len a gcuid madaí acaí in ionaid camáin) éigin triail as féachaint an bhfuil sé dleathach? An bhfuil sé de mhíneach acu amháin is gur gá míneach sa chás áirithe seo?

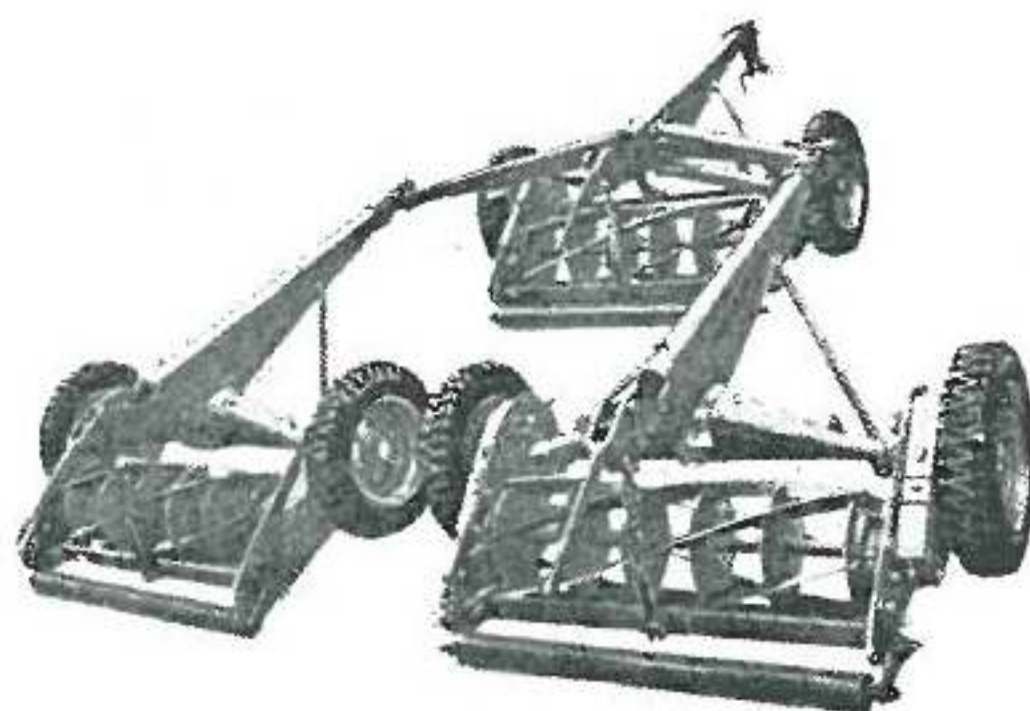
Feicfeair. Muna ndeintear ba mhaith liom go mbainfeadh micléinn Choláiste éigin díobh triail as a gceartanna a lorg — ceartanna chun teagaisc 'sna chluichí náisiúnta fháil, ceartanna chun cur isteach ar pé comórtas a oirfeadh agus ceartanna imeartha gach aon tsórt cluichí ar fhóirne an Choláiste má táid maith go leor chuige.

Is cumhín liom go mbíodh Coláiste Cnocán Naoimh Iosef, Roscré, san iomaíocht san "Harty Cup" chomh maith leis na comortais Rugbaí. Ní fhéadar cén fáth ar éirigh siad as? Bhéadh sé spéisiúil stair an scéil sin fháil ó macléinn éigin a bhí ann, mar adéarfá, san eadar-regnum.



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# New era dawns for Ulster hurling

By  
**OWEN McCANN**

NOT for years have I, as an Ulster man, been so excited about the future of hurling in the North as at present. A win in any game, but especially at national final level, can paper over many a fault, but I submit that if we look closely at the performance of Ulster hurlers over the past year, it will become obvious that a great opportunity has now presented itself—an opportunity that could herald a new era for the old game in Ulster, if officials are imaginative enough to grasp it.

I'm not going to argue one way or the other as to how this Antrim team, on performances in winning the National League Division II title, and the All-Ireland intermediate crown, measures up to the top sides in the premier grade. That's not so important at this stage.

What is important is the standard of hurling displayed by the Northerners. It was obvious in the Railway Cup ties with Connaught and Munster in the spring that the Ulster hurlers' grasp of the basics of the game was improving. And, that was brought home even more strongly in Antrim's march to the League and intermediate titles double.

Typical of what I mean was the fourth Antrim goal in the final with Warwickshire. Eddie Donnelly, from his left side, first-timed the sliothar from about 30 yards straight and crisply to goal. It was the type of match-winning stroke that I thought we would never see from an Ulster hurler. Generally, the striking of that standard was matched by the other hurlers throughout the cam-

paign. Then, the signs were that Antrim's hurlers were now getting more distance with every stroke than in the past, and the manner in which they picked off the points was also impressive.

No doubt much of the improvement has been due to the fact that the Antrim men have been gaining greater confidence in their own ability. A new flood of enthusiasm and confidence is certain to flow from the feat in breaking the Championship barrier at long last, and Antrim are likely to be all the better for that. The outfit is also fortunate in having a good quota of the type of colourful personalities that every team with designs on getting to the top needs . . . players like free-scoring and elusive Andy McCallin, Eddie Donnelly, Sean Burns and Sean Collins.

These are the reasons why I say that Ulster could be at the dawn of a new era. Another is that Antrim demonstrated themselves the type of imaginative thinking that is needed to further the game's development by securing the services of Justin McCarthy as coach.

There is an important lesson here for the Central Council. A great step forward has been taken by the introduction of the "Adoption Plan" of pairing weak and strong counties in a move to promote the game in the under-developed areas, but I would still like to see more coaching sessions by star players.

Now that the five-day week is so fashionable it should be possible to promote a number of week-end coaching sessions each

year at leading centres of population in the under-developed areas. These could be attended by hurlers, but more importantly, I feel, by officials in charge of juvenile teams, many of whom are doing their best to promote the game among the youth although handicapped by the fact that their own knowledge of the skills is strictly limited.

Such courses would not bring about a dramatic improvement, but would still help to equip juvenile mentors that bit better for their efforts to further the game. This in time, would lead to higher all-round standards.

Young boys learn more from watching the experts at work than by listening or reading about it. Therefore, another step in the right direction would be for each County Board to arrange regular visits for schoolboys under their jurisdiction to the big matches of the year. I would see nothing wrong in under-writing the cost through sponsorship.

Finally, how long must we endure the expensive luxury of the present championship set-up? Make no mistake about it, it is an expensive luxury, for the game has steadily declined under the system. Today, talk about the importance of the Munster and Leinster finals no longer cuts any ice with me.

The open-draw is a very old "chestnut". Perhaps the move would not bring about the improvements so many of us believe, but in the light of past experience, it's most unlikely

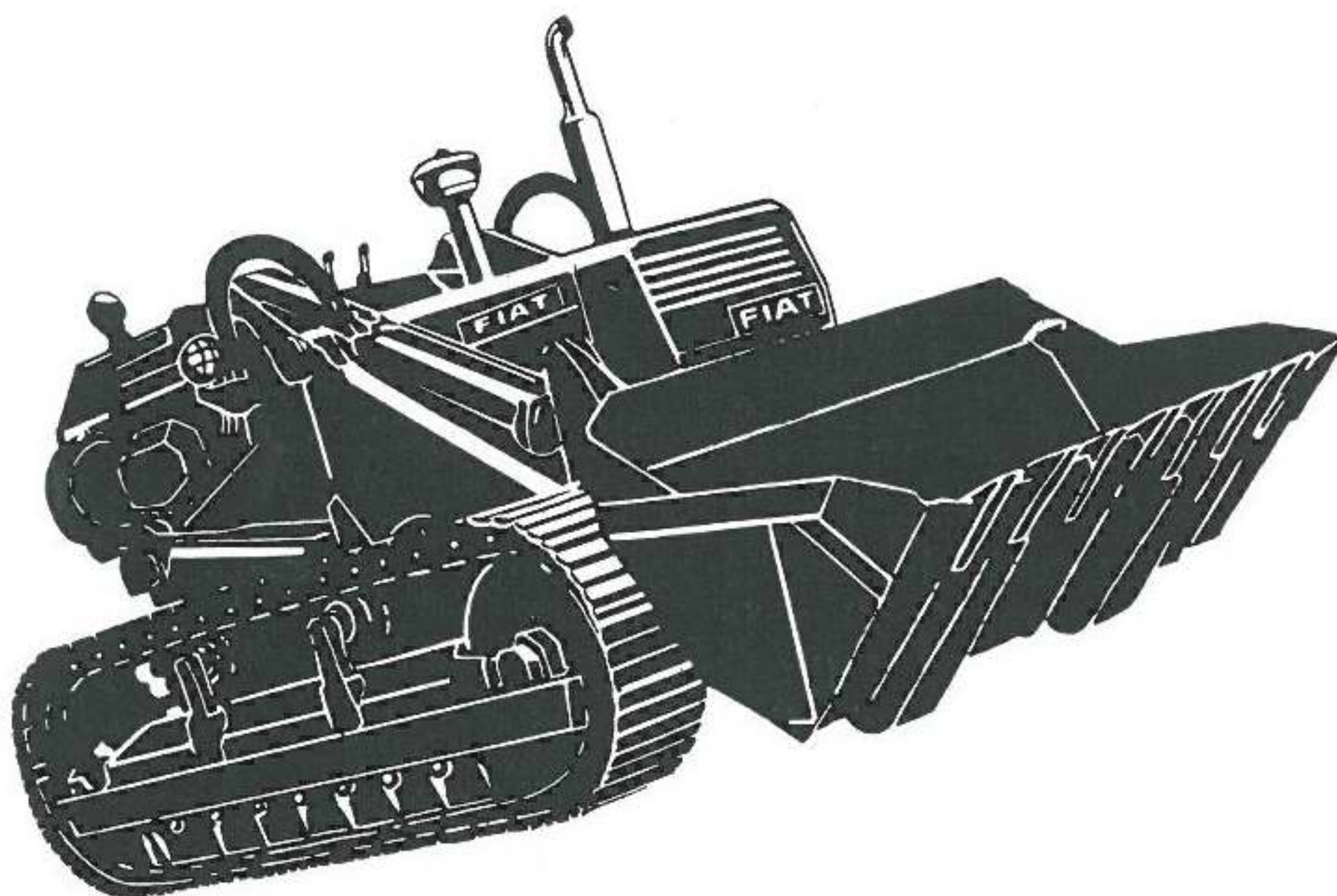
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that any ground would be lost if the system was given a trial over a couple of years.

Why not an All-Ireland test on the open-draw principle from May to July? Then, we could have the Munster and Leinster championships from August to October, together with a special competition or group for Antrim, Galway, London, the Rest of Connacht, Kildare, Westmeath, Meath and Warwickshire.

This set-up would provide some of the games with the bite and appeal in the premier grade, and in conditions most likely to favour top-class play that hurling is "crying out" for at present. The question is are we progressive enough to take it even on a trial basis?

**FICKLE FATE**

● **FROM PAGE 28**

more—left this time. So well did he play that neither a Redstone rocket nor the return to fitness of the best corner back in the country by the previous year's reckoning could remove him. Through Munster and against Derry he further polished his reputation, while his captaincy of the team in inspiring manner added to the security of his tenure. No changes for the final. This time people were sympathising with Seamus Fitzgerald.

A brilliant opening burst in the final suggested that this was, at last, to be Donie's day. But, then he was almost immobilised with muscle trouble. Off he had to go before the pattern of the game had settled or the earliest indications of Kerry's eventual victory had been observed. Small wonder that there was a slight air of deflation about the captain when he went up to collect the Sam Maguire and say a few formal words of acceptance.



# HOW DO YOU GET TO THE FINAL ON HALF A TICKET?

THIS, so help me, is a true story. And, with all the kindness that is inherent in my gentle nature, I sincerely hope that what happened to me will never happen to you. Particularly just a few days before an All-Ireland football final.

It all began on the Tuesday before the final. I dropped into the office, not with any great relish I might add, for it's a place I try to avoid as much as possible. This morning, however, it was necessary; I was looking for a letter—a vital letter.

And there, like a white oasis on a brown desert, it lay on the desk. A familiar-type letter,

neatly typed and with a satisfying squareness that suggested tickets.

Tickets they were — two lovely, gorgeous tickets for the press box. Of course, I knew they were coming all the time, I never had any doubts, but still, there's nothing like being sure. One for me, one for Tom in the daily paper . . . no problems any more.

At the risk of being suspended for life, or being banished forever from the pages of *Gaelic Sport*, I must confess at this stage that my work as a journalist also takes me to other sports, to places like Dalymount Park and Lansdowne Road.

And the following night, I was due to go to Dalymount for the international match between Ireland and Poland.

On the Wednesday afternoon, with time to burn, a few old friends to chat up and a fair thirst to satisfy, I spent more than an hour or two in the local hostelry. Finally, well fortified, I set off for Dalymount Park in good company.

At half seven I duly presented myself at the Press entrance, took out my press ticket, passed it to the checker at the door and he, just as duly, tore off the end as he had a few words of greeting with me. I restored the other half to my inside pocket and proceeded to the press box, via the bar.

Now we come to the following day. I dropped into Tom in the daily paper to present him with his All-Ireland ticket.

I put my hand into my pocket, drew out the tickets . . . and discovered that I had a ticket and a half. One half of my E 68 ticket was missing. I searched and

searched . . . and searched. But the important half, the half that carries you through the stiles was missing from E 68.

Then, suddenly, sadly, horrified, I noticed that my press ticket for Dalymount Park was on the desk in front of me.

Intact! Both halves were still neatly together. The penny, heavy and depressing, began to drop, not just slowly but with a distressing thud that could be felt all through the office.

You never saw anyone move so fast in all your life. I was out the door of that office like a two-legged Nijinsky, into the lift, out the front entrance, into the car and Stirling Moss would have been proud of me in my searing run up the North Circular Road.

They couldn't have been more helpful at Dalymount Park. All the ticket stubs had been thrown out, all the litter had been swept up in massive heaps—there must have been a few tons of it there.

But they sifted through it, poking here and there for a blue stub. Everyone got in on the act but I regret to say that most of them found the whole situation amusing. I had to endure some very ribald comments—and that's putting it mildly.

Eventually, I gave up and returned to the office—a lonely, almost frightened man. What was I to do? I could hardly hang on to one ticket and tell Tom that his was the half I had lost. There had to be fair play somewhere. He couldn't suffer for my lapse.

I took my problem to Paddy Downey of *The Irish Times*, to almost everyone you could think of—and God forgive them,

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### ● FROM PAGE 33

they only laughed at me. In the end I gave them up; there was only one thing to be done. A full confession to Seán Ó Síocháin.

As luck would have it, the following night there was a press reception in Barry's Hotel for the launching of Peter McDermott's book—"Gaels in the Sun" and I knew Seán would be there.

And by the way, although I am sure that someone will be reviewing Peter's book in this issue or perhaps in the next one, let me tell you that "Gaels in the Sun" is a cracker of a book and worth every halfpenny it costs. Go out and buy a copy of it.

Eventually, however, I got Seán on his own—and then came the confession. Bless him, he had all the understanding in the world. "Come up to Croke Park to-morrow and we'll sort out all your problems."—he told me.

And he did.

But even he must have been just a little surprised on the Sunday when he saw me walk out of the Hogan Stand—especially when the ticket that caused all the trouble was for the Cusack Stand.

You see, I wound up with tickets to burn on the Sunday.

One friend of mine, who has two 10-year tickets, decided this year to give his wife—she had never seen a final—a really outstanding treat. He would take her to the final and then early the following morning, he would fly out with her to Spain for a fortnight's holiday.

He duly made all the bookings. Everything was perfect but for one thing. Somehow or other he got it into his head that the football final was on Sunday September 22—and he made all his plane reservations and hotel bookings for Monday, September 23.

How wonderful—for me!



# OVERDUE REWARD FOR ANNA

By AGNES HOURIGAN

CONGRATULATIONS to Cork on winning the All-Ireland title so convincingly, after a lapse of 29 years. And congratulations are in order, too, to a Dublin team, who at the start were the only people who had full confidence in themselves and who yet overcame a whole succession of talented opponents to eventually take the county's first junior title.

Cork were a very impressive side, both in their semi-final victory over Antrim and in the final itself, and I was particularly glad to see Anna Crotty come in just in time to win the All-Ireland medal that eluded her so often before.

It was a fitting tribute to the devotion of the great Glen Rovers player from Cobh who had carried the Cork banner so magnificently through the lean years, and who had been prevented by illness of taking her place on the team since the Munster final.

Cork, I think, will be a big force in camogie for years to come, especially when we remember the quality of their junior teams who have been very unlucky through the past three seasons.

Dublin's junior victory was a triumph for team-work and training, for on their way to victory they met and beat teams like Kilkenny, Louth and Roscommon and Armagh all of whom contained brighter individual stars than any Dublin possessed. But the Dublin girls swung that ball from player to player, substituted admirably blended team-work for individual

effort and emerged deserving winners at the end of all.

Their success was a triumph for the tactics and theory of Miss Nell McCarthy, the originator of the entire present system of camogie coaching. The theories she and Maeve Gilroy first propounded and put into practice at the Ulster Council course at Orangefield in Belfast some years ago have now been adopted at National level, and the need to spread those ideas at all levels of camogie were, perhaps, emphasised by the All-Ireland finals themselves.

At the subsequent dinner to the teams, the President of the Association, Mrs. Rosina McManus was blunt in her criticism that there seemed a danger that the style was tending away from camogie, and towards the bodily contact of hurling.

That hurling coaches can do a great deal in imparting the basic skills of stick-work and ball-play was never better proved than at the National Coaching course in Gormanston when the advice and instruction of Des Ferguson and Christy Hayes proved really invaluable.

But, when it comes to training a team for an actual game, while hurling experts must obviously have a great part still to play in sharpening up the basic skills, it is just as obvious that the services of an experienced camogie coach are essential as well, because, as I have pointed out here so often before, camogie, at a competitive level, is not merely a "softened" variety of hurling, it is, and the fact cannot be stressed too often and too seriously, an entirely different game.

So coaching in accordance with the camogie rules is also essential. A year or two ago, this would have presented a big problem, but thanks to the work of such as Nell McCarthy, Maeve Gilroy, Moya Forde and their helpers, certified camogie coaches are now to be found in most counties and there will be more and more of them soon.

The attendance at the All-Ireland final is slowly climbing, but it is not yet the "day out" for all camogie fans that it should be. I believe it was hoped to make a start this year at organising parties from the various schools that play in the provincial competitions, but this was completely knocked on the head as far as three provinces were concerned because, owing to a change of educational schedules, the school reopening date was put back until after the final. However, there will always be another year.

With so many schools now interested, it would be a great start to the new season each year to bring the potential school side to Croke Park for the final, and let them see the stars of the game in action. Meanwhile the new Colleges' season is already beginning and again there is an increase both in the numbers and in the interest.

In this respect it is also pleasant to record a new advance this year with the formation in the South of a Vocational Schools championship in which half a dozen counties have already agreed to participate. Such a step has been long awaited and will be widely welcomed.



# I was floored

Marley Consort really does shine like new again, with only a quick wipe with a damp cloth! (That's because it's protected by a tough, thick vinyl shield, my dealer tells me). Besides nine-inch tiles, it comes in three, four and six-foot widths. And the patterns are simply super. But be sure you ask for Marley Consort by name. Now, how about another coffee?"



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# THOUGHTS OF HOME

... your home!

**O**THER races refurbish their houses in Springtime but the Irish seem to get the impulse to do the place up in the months preceding Christmas. Possibly this dates from the days when as a poor peasant nation holidays were unknown and the only event which brightened the calendar for us was the Christmas feast. Times and habits and conditions have changed — but still you'll usually find the man or woman of the house in a spending mood in the Autumn.

And these days, the best-kept, best-planned houses are likely to be in the country. Time was when it wasn't so, when the average country farmhouse was a less pleasant place to live in than the suburban semi-detached. But gradually attitudes changed, the farmhouse caught up, and now you won't be sticking your neck out too far if you say that, other things being equal, the country is ahead of the city when it comes to comfort-consciousness, not to mention decorativeness.

Country people spend longer periods in their homes and are correspondingly more interested in their surroundings. To add that homely touch to your kitchen consider the Cleopatra oil-fired

cooker/central heating unit which will give you full cooking facilities, space heating for your kitchen and hot water for your household requirements. It is a large two-oven cooker manufactured from cast iron and finished in white vitreous enamel. It comes complete with splash-back, plate-rack and towel rail and is the only cooker storage heater manufactured in the Republic of Ireland. The two ovens are particularly good for making casseroles. Finger-tip control and low running costs are features of this cooker.

The Jubilee also from Hammond Lane is another sleek white vitreous enamel cooker capable of catering to the needs of a large family. It will burn any solid fuel at all, so is handy if one particular fuel is cheap and plentiful in your area. A hidden bonus is that it will also act as an incinerator and burn household rubbish cleanly and without smells. That's a large consideration if you find the chore of burying the stuff a nuisance and live far from the nearest dump.

Yet another product from Hammond Lane Foundry is the "Maid" stainless steel sink, the

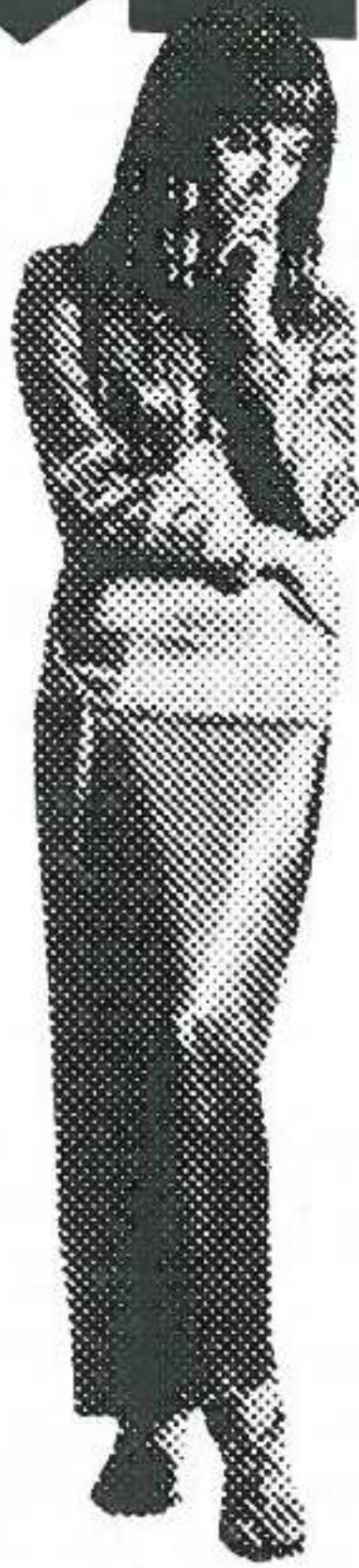
only domestic stainless steel sink made in Ireland. The "Maid" is not alone attractive in appearance but it is also very durable and from my own experience is frightfully easy to keep clean. A good rub down with a cloth after your dinner plates and cutlery have been washed, dried and stored away and your kitchen is looking like a new pin. Incidentally the "Maid" comes in various sizes so there is bound to be one to suit your particular kitchen.

A house will be cosy and warm if you take proper steps to make it so, but it *won't look* cosy if the accoutrements—wallpapers, curtains, but particularly floorings—aren't attractive. A new cooker in the kitchen will often show up a shabby kitchen floor, but fortunately it's an easy matter to put down a new one and not expensive if you go for a sheet vinyl like "Consort" by Marley. Marley have turned us all into a nation of handymen, by proving to us over the years that it really is easy to lay this stuff. You just have to remember to cut it rather big in the beginning, then leave it on the floor a few weeks till it shrinks to its final size

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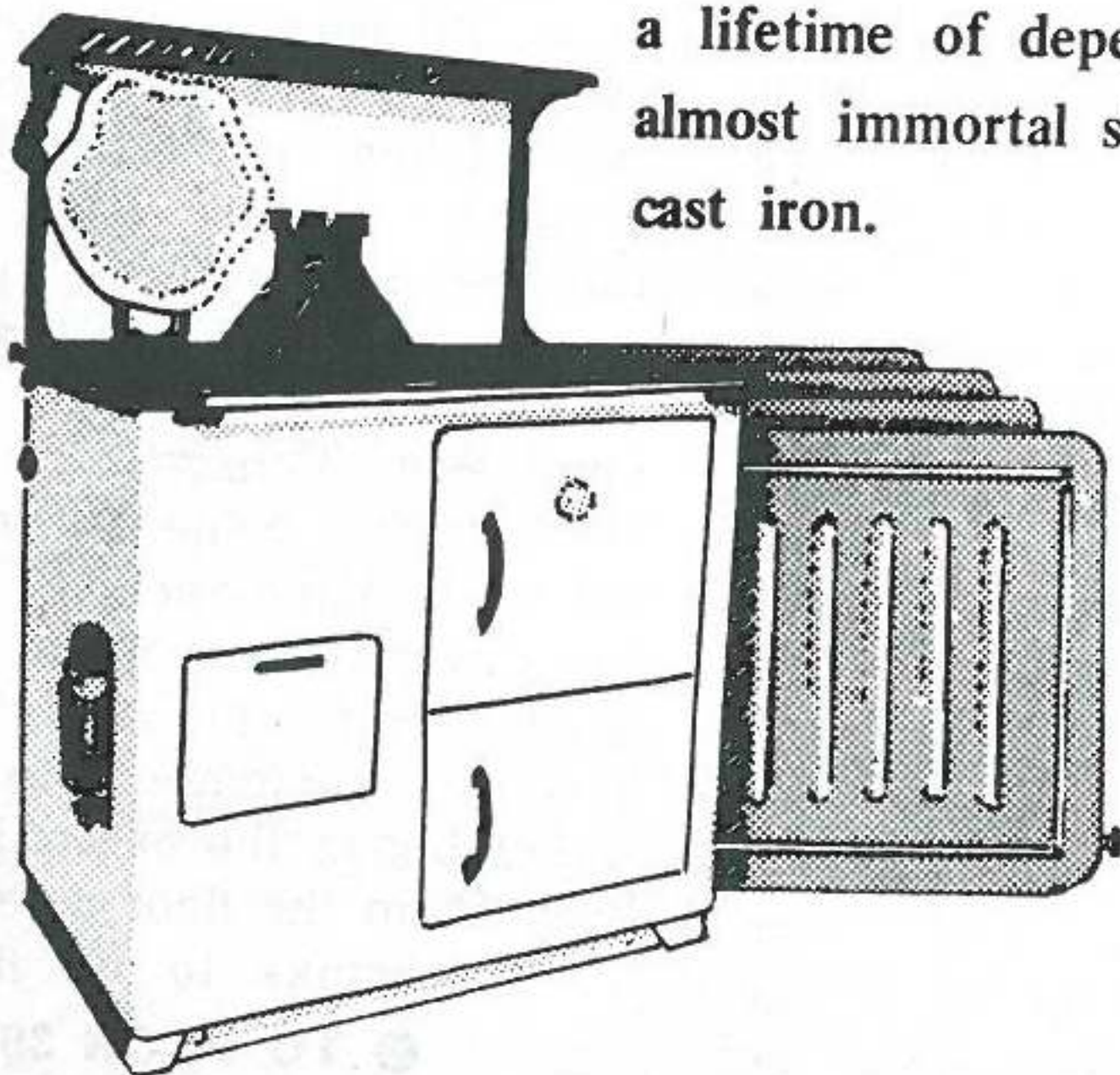
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● FROM PAGE 37

before trimming. Marley tiles are easy to lay once you get the knack—it's a question of having confidence enough to start and a couple of spare tiles in case you make a mistake. "The floor with the locked in shine" really lives up to its name and will shine for you indefinitely if you just wipe it every week with a mild detergent (washing-up liquid, suitably diluted, is very good) and then rinse with clear water. A sponge mop will take care of this job. Don't use powder cleaners or steel wool on your Marley floor because you'll only scratch that shine. And do, if you're buying something new in this line, go for the clear bright colours. They're just as practical to keep as the dull ones and will brighten your spirits as well as the house every time you look at them. The trend now is to use patterns in the kitchen which aren't quite so "kitcheny" as formerly. For instance, any one of the parquet effect floors would look good, and so would the pretty rush-matting effect. And people have discovered that sheet vinyl is marvellous for panelling the walls of a built-in bath—and it's much cheaper than ceramic tiling.

If the sitting-room or living room is to be the focus of your pre-Christmas refurbishing, then maybe you'll be looking around for a good carpet. In this line the most exciting development of recent seasons has been the new long-pile carpet. Kincora are particularly proud of their version, known as "Sheppy" and made in pure new wool. It will remind you of the coat of your favourite sheep-dog, but it won't have the same hair-shedding problems.

Though it looks so luxurious, Sheppy is so practical that it will fit very well into the family living room or bedrooms for that matter. It is available in beautiful pastel shades but also in

lively colours like fuschia, wisteria, and coral. It costs no more than equivalent short-pile carpeting, so don't forget to ask to see the samples when next you visit a carpet-shop. Incidentally, laying a carpet is one job which should be left to the expert. As a general rule it's wise to go to a good retail merchant, order the carpet from him and also let his workmen take care

of the fitting and laying. Once Sheppy is on the floor it can be easily maintained by regular vacuuming, and by abiding by the other rules of carpet-care. For instance, spills should be mopped up as soon as made, and stains should be "spotted" out as soon as they're noticed. If you treat yourself to a Sheppy rug, use a semi-stiff brush to revive it from time to time.



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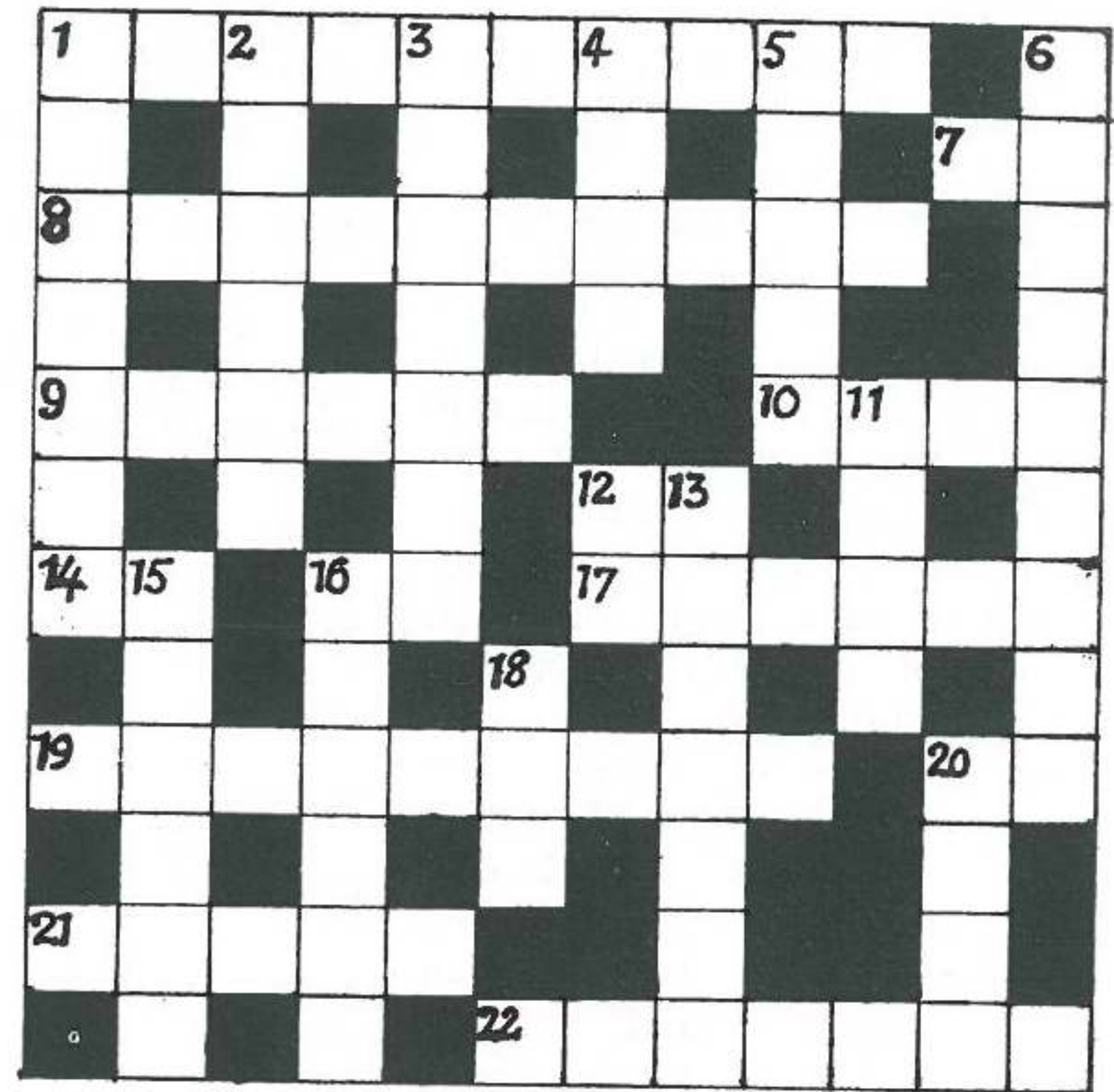


### CLUES ACROSS :

1. Down half-forward who has been known to fill a gap at midfield with great success. (4, 6)
7. Sligo player who has also served Connacht well. Initials. (1, 1)
8. Wing-forward on Louth All-Ireland side of 1957. (10)
9. Essence almost of moments of misbehaviour on the field of play. (6)
10. Neat volcanic mountain sounds like a camogie girl. (4)
12. Silence, please, for Mayo corner back. (1, 1)
14. Waterford footballer at wing-half back on the Munster team. Initials. (1, 1)
16. Cavan All-Irelander and outstanding referee. Initials. (1, 1)
17. Long-serving Waterford hurling star. (6)
19. Very promising Galway midfielder, in hurling. (1, 8)
20. I am possessive about the beginnings of Wexford and Leinster football goalie who was later a prominent referee. (2)
21. Kevin—a regular Kildare goal-getter. (5).
22. Matt—a fine wing-half back for Tipperary. (7)

### CLUES DOWN :

1. An international basketballer who won two All-Irelands with Roscommon. (7)
2. Len Hay gets mixed up with suspended County Board Chairman. (6)
3. (and 6 Down) Powerhouse of Antrim



- camogie side over a number of years. (7, 9)
4. Tears up his gear in a fit of temper. (4)
5. Ulster goalkeeper who was displaced in 1970. (5)
6. See 3 Down.
11. Note the atmosphere of the game. (4)
12. Former President of the G.A.A. who had close connections with the immediate Past President. Initials. (1, 1)
13. He is surly when asked for essential hurling equipment. (7)
15. Mayo full-forward. (1, 5)
16. Land in the S.E. produces light comfortable shoe. (6)
18. Kick delivered with this part of the foot cannot be always accurate. (3)
20. Kelly—a good Kerry full-forward. (4)

**SOLUTION : PAGE 52**

# BECKERS TEA

*the best drink*

ALLIED TEA BLENDEES, GREENHILLS ROAD, DUBLIN 12.



● FROM PAGE 15

must prosper to feed the county team. It is only when a county team gets to the very top that the euphoria engendered feeds back into the club structure of the county to produce material from which future teams will be made. Big wins cause an enthusiasm which makes youngsters want to play football or hurling, and give them a vision of the sky to aim at.

But, will the further demands at inter-county level cause greater difficulties to County Boards in fulfilling their already overloaded fixture lists? Will the club feel again that it is deprived and unconsidered, left to pick up the crumbs and play out its games on barely suitable dates and in hopeless competition for attention with the county team?

The G.A.A. is burdened by a double structure of fixtures which are almost incompatible. Certainly the interests of club and county run contrary to an amazing degree though one might think they would have common interest. Clubs have a local and close-knit community to serve; the loss of a couple of players to a county team on the occasion of some game could be the cause of defeat and the resultant disillusionment which affects both players and officials, not to mention supporters.

Yet, of course, this point is made with due deference to the idea which the Central Council had in mind: they obviously felt that there is little progress being made in the less powerful counties, and that the clubs themselves in such a depressed county can do little in an atmosphere of convinced second-class citizenship. If the impetus could not be expected from below, it had to be tried, at least, from above. I am full of interest and very hopeful that it will bear fruit in abundant measure.

But, let us not fool ourselves that it is any more than a structure which may or may not be used by those for whom it is primarily intended. It is, merely, a machine geared to perform with efficiency but which, without a driver and the right fuel, can do nothing. It is a splendid mechanism but does not contain within itself merely a confidence trick to cover over the stark reality that the same old require-

ments still remain for progress—grass roots expenditure of sweat and toil in developing youth, training and coaching, team management and building of morale . . . and, most of all, sheer dedicated work.

That is the weakness now in both hurling and football, and the new League structures in both can only hope indirectly to overcome it.

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## CUT-OUTS



Liz Garvan



Anne Carroll

**H**OPE you enjoyed the All-Ireland finals, whether you were present in Croke Park or watching them on T.V. at home. The hurling finals were not contests at all, Cork being far superior to Wexford and Galway. The senior hurling game wasn't all that sporting either. But the senior football final was as sporting as one would want to see. Unsporting play leaves a poor taste with everybody.

It was great to see such large attendances at the All-Ireland finals, especially when we read on all sides of a G.A.A. crisis, dwindling attendances, etc.

The All-Irelands are still the greatest occasions in Irish sport. Long may they continue to be so.

Our two cut-outs this month are Liz Garvan, Cork's star of their All-Ireland Camogie final win over Kilkenny, and Anne Carroll, the inspiration of Kilkenny. I had always regarded Mairéad McAtamney of Antrim as the greatest camogie player I had seen until I saw Liz Garvan

in this year's final.

She is such a dainty little player. A great tennis player too. I have always held the highest admiration for Anne Carroll. Wherever she is camogie prospers. Mercy Convent, Callan, Tipperary, Kilkenny, U.C.D., Leinster, have all benefited from her drive. But as a club player she has excelled and has won All-Ireland club medals with clubs in two different counties.

Poser to "Junior Desk" readers? Name the clubs that Anne has helped to steer to All-Ireland successes. Tip: They are

in Kilkenny and Tipperary.

In U.C.D., Anne has been equally inspiring and latest news concerning her informs us that she and her enthusiastic camogie friends are planning the publication of a camogie magazine. We wish them every success in their efforts and will be talking about the venture again.

Finally, on your behalf let me extend a cead mile failte to our first camogie cut-outs. We would like to have a message for "Junior Desk" from both Liz and Anne. Don't forget to accept the invita-

● OVERLEAF

# JUNIOR DESK

A column for  
the  
young reader

DEvised AND WRITTEn

By JACK MAHON

## CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM MICK

**A** SPECIAL feature in the December issue of GAELIC SPORT will be an exclusive interview between Jack Mahon and Mick O'Connell. Although Mick has agreed to this as a special Christmas present for our Junior Desk readers, we feel that all followers of our national games will be interested in the distinguished Kerry player's comments.



● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

tion to write to us, unlike the footballer and hurler cut-outs to whom we issued a similar invitation earlier. But they are so shy! Or would you believe lazy!

I met one of them — Willie McGee of Mayo — at the All-Ireland football final. He had just returned from the U.S. with the Mayo football team after scoring

a bag of goals in every game he played. Willie sends on his best wishes to "Junior Desk" readers and reads us every month. He was delighted to be honoured as one of our cut-outs and like most star footballers keeps a scrapbook himself. He intends to send us on a message later. We will be expecting to hear from you Willie—Liz and Anne too. Don't let our young readers down!

Dundrum, Co. Tipperary (aged 14)—"I attend Cappawhite Vocational School and hope to play for Tipperary. I was born in Kerry. My favourite footballers are Mick O'Connell, Liam Higgins, Seamus Lagan, Mick Dwyer and Joe Corcoran. My top hurlers are Charlie McCarthy, Jack Berry, John Horgan and Ned Colfer. I like "Junior Desk."

● Your choice of top players is very good. John Horgan seems to be reaching his form as a minor of a few short years ago. I've seen many great minor hurlers, Jimmy Doyle, Tom Ryan (both of them), John Quigley, Eddie Keher, Billy Duffy, but it is hard to better the blond, Horgan (J.M.).

## From the Mailbag

Edmund O'Brien, 20 Lower Sherrard St., Dublin 1—"I am a G.A.A. supporter for the past 25 years and read GAELIC SPORT every month. When did the "G.A.A. Digest" finish? Is there any hope of getting back-copies of it anywhere?"

● The G.A.A. Digest finished publication just before the mid-fifties. If any reader has a copy of one of these to spare, please send it on to Edmund (J.M.).

Patrick McLoughlin (Jun.), Ballyverdagh, Ballycastle, Co. Antrim—"I bought my first copy of GAELIC SPORT at this year's Ulster final at Clones and I found it very interesting. Could I get more information on Christy Ring?"

● Unfortunately no book has been written about Christy. More is the pity. The editor may be able to resurrect a good action photo of Christy (J.M.).

Nora Jones (14 years), Derryoran, Mountshannon, Co. Clare—"I hope you have a good competition ready for Christmas with prizes of "Our Games Annual." I would like to see the following cut-outs—John Keenan, Senan Downes, Matt Kerrigan, Sean McCormack, Mick Roche, Dan Quigley, Sam Stanley and Pat Hegarty. I hope "Junior Desk" keeps going as good as it is now."

● Yes, we will have a competition in the January issue which should be on sale before Christmas. Suppose we offered four prizes of "Our Games" for the prizewinners. O.K.? (J.M.).

James Brophy, Lackaroe, Cadamstown, Birr, Co. Offaly—"The hurling final issue of GAELIC SPORT was great with the coloured photographs of Cork and Wexford on its cover. "Junior Desk" is great. My favourite hurlers are Tony Doran, Charlie McCarthy and Ollie Walsh."



Maria Cronin, from Aghadoe.

Maria Cronin, Aghadoe, Killarney, Co. Kerry (2nd prizewinner in All-Ireland football final competition)—"I was delighted to win the ticket for the football final. I attend the Mercy Convent, Killarney. My interest is music and I have won a number of medals at fleadh ceols. I enjoy GAELIC SPORT every month. My favourite footballer is Mick O'Connell."

● Hope you enjoyed the final and you must have been satisfied with Mick O'Connell's display — his best final yet (J.M.).

Jerry Cahill, Station House,

Leo McGough, Browne's Hill Rd., Carlow (aged 10)—"I have a pen-pal in Clare. His name is James McInerney from Moyasta. He is 12 years old. "Junior Desk" is the best column in GAELIC SPORT. I saw Tom Neville's medals and Jim McGrath's handball trophies. That's all for now."

● Glad you got your pen-pal in Clare through "Junior Desk", Leo. You are one of our most faithful correspondents (J.M.).

Peter Madigan, Killyballyowen, Cross, Ennis, Co. Clare—"I think Meath should have won the All-Ireland, which I enjoyed. Their stars were Jack Quinn, Pat Reynolds, Vincent Foley and Mick Fay. Please give us cut-outs of Patsy O'Hagan, Dan McAlinden and Niall Sheehy. I look forward to "Junior Desk" every month."

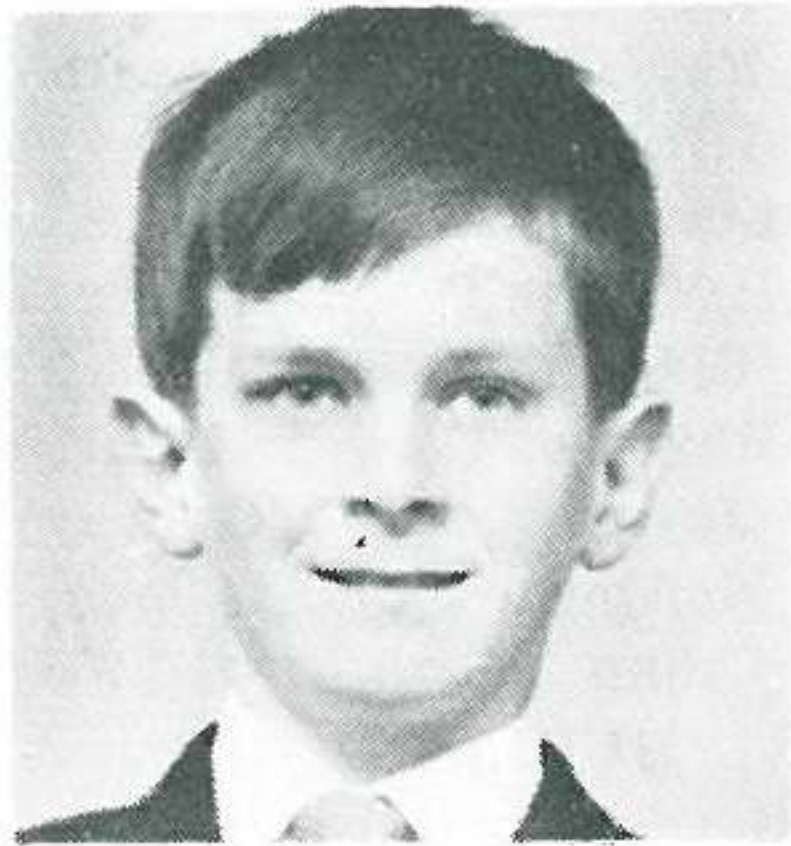
● I trust, Peter, you mean Patsy McAlinden, not Dan the boxer. Can't agree with you about Meath and the All-Ireland. Kerry deserved their win. Meath could have, not should have, won (J.M.).

Seán Ó Cathil, Lisheen, Ballyhooly, Co. Cork—"I have been buying GAELIC SPORT for months and I got fed up of it. But one day I went to town and I got a brainwave to buy it again. That night when I went reading it I found to my surprise "Junior Desk" had appeared. I think it's great. Please give us cut-outs of Jack Lynch and Christy Ring. My



stars in the minor game were Kerry (Michael O'Sullivan, Timmy Denihan, Seán Egan and Paud Lynch); Galway (John Tobin, Michael Rooney, Joe Lardner and Joe Corcoran). In the senior game the stars were Brendan Lynch, D. J. Crowley, Mick O'Connell, Mick O'Dwyer, Pat Reynolds, Mick Fay, Sean McCormack and Vincent Lynch".

● Thanks for the nice words, Sean (J.M.).



Doanie Hanrahan, from the home of . . . (sorry, no advertising)

**Doanie Hanrahan, Corracunna, Mitchelstown, Co. Cork** — "I am making a collection of GAELIC SPORTS and want the following issues: Dec. '66, Sept. '66, Oct. '66 and Jan. '67."

● Could any reader help Doanie? (J.M.).

**John Hogan, 21, Knockanpierce, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary (Aged 12).**—"I play both hurling and football for Éire Óg, Nenagh, and for the Nenagh C.B.S. Primary school teams, which won both school titles this year. I played corner forward in the hurling final and scored 4-3. Our trainers were Br. Kent and Br. Walsh. "Junior Desk" is great. Give us more old photos like ones of Jack Lynch, Tom Semple, Jamesy Kelleher, the Rackard brothers and Jimmy Duggan. My favourite stars are Mick O'Connell and Mick Roche. The stars of the football finals were: Minor: Sullivan, Long, Lynch and O'Connell of Kerry; Rooney and Tobin of Galway. Senior: Prendergast, Griffin, Lynch and O'Connell of Kerry, and Mick Fay of Meath".

● Not bad scoring, John. Per-

haps the editor would resurrect an old photo of the Rackards (J.M.).

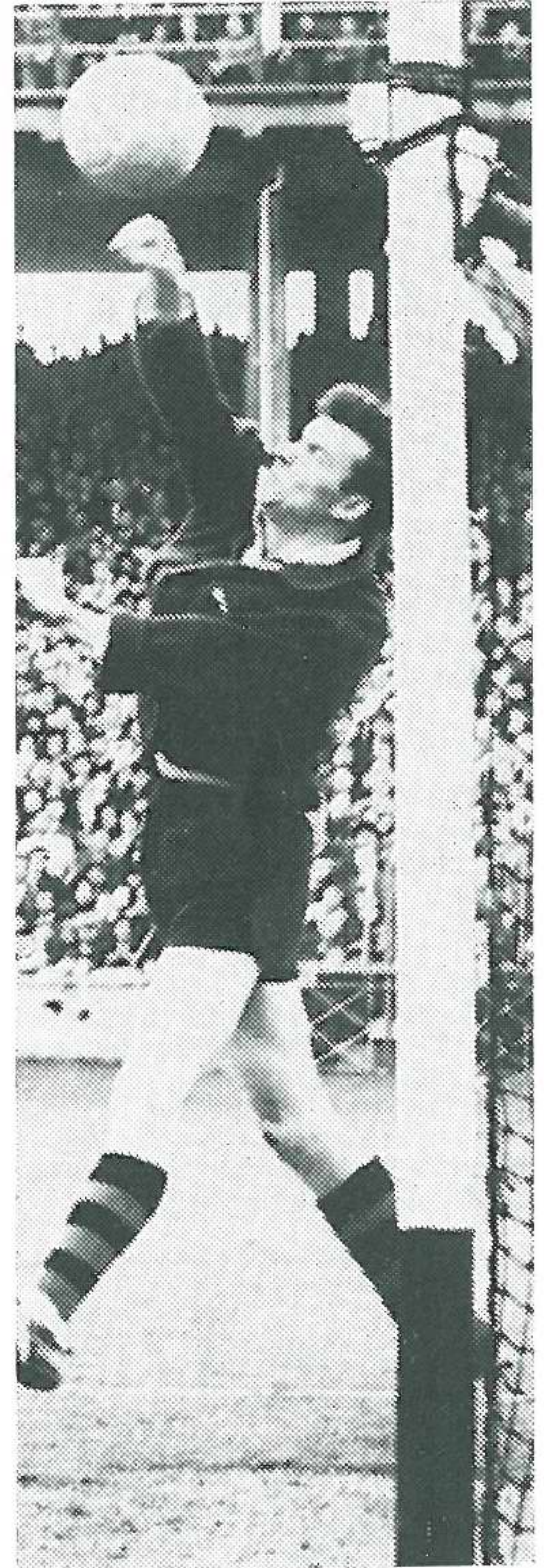
**Seamus Lombard, 6, Clogheen, Clonakilty, Co. Cork (Aged 12).**—"I play with Clonakilty Under-12 football team and we have won four matches for Clon. to reach the Co. final. I watched both finals on Sept. 27 and both minor teams played a wonderful game; the stars being P. Lynch, B. O'Shea and M. O'Sullivan. And for Galway P. J. Burke and Joe Corcoran. In the senior game my favourites were Mick O'Connell, D. J. Crowley, M. O'Dwyer, S. Murphy and our favourite Clon. Garda, Pat Griffin. For Meath Jack Quinn, Pat Reynolds, K. Rennicks and Tony Brennan were the stars. If our under-12 team can play as fast and as clean a game as Kerry and Meath did, we can be sure of the Co. championship".

● Yes, Seamus, I knew Pat Griffin was stationed in Clonakilty for some time. He is a great footballer. You never mentioned your own Clon Cork heroes, Tim F. Hayes and brother Flor. Tim F. was one of the best minor players I've seen (J.M.).

**Joseph Woods, Cloneyogan, Lahinch, Co. Clare** (First prize-winner in football final competition).—"I was delighted to win the Hogan Stand ticket. I am aged 13 and enjoy reading "Junior Desk" every month. I play football with the Milltown under-14 team. My favourite players are Mick Arthur, Jim Cullinane, Vincent Loftus, Mick Considine, Charlie McCarthy (hurlers) and Senan Downes, Pat McMahan, Michael Moloney, P. J. Kennedy, Jimmy Duggan, Pat Donnellan, Donie O'Sullivan, Mick O'Connell and Jack Quinn. I have 5 scrapbooks".

● So you play for Milltown. Milltown-Malbay, I presume. They put on a terrific show for the Co. football final there this year. A real festival. More power to them. But then Milltown, indeed all West Clare was always a great football centre. Hope you enjoyed the football finals (J.M.).

**Anne Brogan (Aged 12), Ballyknock, Bofeenau, Ballina, Co. Mayo.**—"My favourite footballers



Patsy McAlinden, former Down goalkeeper — resurrected from our files specially to please Peter Madigan of Co. Clare.

are Tom Fitzgerald, Willie McGee and Mick O'Connell. Mary's (my sister) favourite is M. O'Connell, too. She also admires Johnny Carey and Pateen Donnellan. I was very disappointed when

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# JUNIOR DESK :: JUNIOR DESK

## ● FROM PAGE 45

Mayo lost to Roscommon and with the help of God they will win next year. I would be thrilled with the idea of a commercial company sponsoring a G.A.A. scrapbook. I don't think our G.A.A. players are publicised at all as well as soccer players in England. It would make the younger people more interested in our national games and help to sell the firms' items".

● *Very well said, Anne. So how about it all you commercial firms like Halpin's Tea, or Kellogg's or Texaco or Calvita cheese or Jacobs Fig rolls ... or ... you name it. You are selling your goods in Ireland to the Irish. So why not support something Irish. Especially when it's a calculated risk. Just one of you big fellas. Good girl, Anne (J.M.).*

**Michael Langtry, Drimbane, Curry, Co. Sligo.**—"I play with my club Tubbercurry in hurling. Joseph my brother and I were substitutes on the Sligo Under-16 hurling team which lost to Derry in the All-Ireland final this year in Croke Park on the score 2-11 to 2-2. Jarlath McDonagh, who trained the team, is largely responsible for the revival of hurling in Sligo. He did great work to bring a Sligo hurling team to Croke Park for the first time. We

will win it next year. D.V.

● *Hope you do (J.M.).*

**Gerard Murray, Main Street, Charlestown, Co. Mayo (Aged 12).**—"I enjoy 'Junior Desk'. It gives us a great chance to express our views on G.A.A. games. Keep up the good work and please publish my letter".

● *Request granted (J.M.).*

Remember our prize of a guinea for the best letter on the stars of the finals. Well, the winner of the guinea by a short head is Seán Ó Cathil with special praise going to John Hogan and Seámus Lombard. Seámus' letter was so frank and, of course, it rubbed me up the right way. You know this business of being fed up with GAELIC SPORT until he saw "Junior Desk". Seriously, Seán I enjoyed your letter. Thanks to all who wrote in. We will give a rest to the competitors now until the January issue, but if you wish to write to me about anything—just anything—please do to:

"Junior Desk", GAELIC SPORT, 80, Upper Drumcondra Road, Dublin, 9.

See ye next month. Meantime work hard at school and don't forget to tell your teachers and your school pals about "Junior Desk". It is past time the editor gave a cover to us. Do you agree?

# TOP TEN

THE following lists are compiled from games played between September 13th and October 18th, inclusive.

## FOOTBALL

- (10) T. Prendergast ... (Kerry)
- (9) M. Fay ..... (Meath)
- (9) B. Lynch ..... (Kerry)
- (9) J. Quinn ..... (Meath)
- (9) M. O'Connell ..... (Kerry)
- (8) M. Gleeson ..... (Kerry)
- (8) P. Reynolds ..... (Meath)
- (8) M. Joyce ..... (Galway)
- (7) C. McAlarney ..... (Down)
- (7) T. Quinn ..... (Down)

## HURLING

- (9) J. Horgan ..... (Cork)
- (9) P. Delaney ..... (Kilkenny)
- (9) J. Moriarty ..... (Kilkenny)
- (9) M. Jones ..... (Tipperary)
- (8) P. Hegarty ..... (Cork)
- (8) F. Cummins ... (Kilkenny)
- (8) P. O'Sullivan ... (Tipperary)
- (7) G. McCarthy ..... (Cork)
- (7) R. Cummins ..... (Cork)
- (7) P. Dillon ..... (Kilkenny)

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# THIEVES

WALKING down Jones's Road after the hurling final, quite an argument blew up between three or four of us as to when and where this far from praise-worthy practice of pocketing the *sliothar* when it sails into the crowd at big hurling matches first came into vogue.

Those far distant days when the hurling thousands hosted on Dan Fraher's Shandon Park in Dungarvan could be remembered only by myself, and certainly I have no recollection of "lost ball" incidents there, except some herculean drive sent the *sliothar* sailing all the way into the seas!

A Limerickman in our company insisted that the snapping up of the stray ball was a thing he often saw happen in Thurles, although a Tipperary veteran was just as insistent that the practice was not inaugurated in the Sportsfield of the Cradle Town. Indeed, this Thurlesman strenuously maintained that ball-snatching only became a major problem in the South after the Munster Finals began to be played regularly in Limerick.

But we were all agreed that ball-pocketing had become all too popular a pastime through the past decade and we were also agreed that it is high time a halt was called to the carry-on. But, even when we were in the car and driving down town, there was still some disagreement between us on the basic rights and wrongs of the matter.

One member of the party, I had better not specify which one, was not all that much against it. He felt that a trip to Dublin to see their county play in an All-Ireland final was a real land-mark in the lives of a number of hurling followers, and what more outstanding souvenir of such a day than a ball that had actually

been in play in the match? It would be a token for years of a particularly memorable victory if kept on the mantle-piece, and it would still arouse enthusiasm, even if only used in a practice-game.

He was promptly shot down on all counts. He was asked why not bring home a bit of the Croke Park sod, or a piece of a stand-seat instead? And he was asked why was it right to pocket the ball at a big match, and why should it be wrong to pocket the ball when it came over the sideline at any junior match down the country, when there might be only a couple of dozen people present.

The answer there is simple. The man who pockets the ball in a small game, with a small crowd, will be immediately identified, and quite rightly branded as a thief. And speaking from long experience, I have never seen a hurling ball not returned when there was only a couple of score people scattered through the terraces at the Canal end.

Another aspect that came up was that the G.A.A. are well able to afford the loss of a few hurling balls. So they are, and they would also be well able to afford the loss of the nets and the goal-posts, but I have never yet seen anyone remove these objects as "souvenirs".

Incidentally, just how many hurling balls were swallowed up in the crowd on final day? I have heard one man say eight, another twelve, another 18, while another went as high as twenty-two. I did not keep count myself, but I did note that in the second half the supply of balls at the Canal end ran out, and Paddy Barry had to start pucking some down from the Railway end.

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● FROM PAGE 47

Which raises another interesting point. Are the people who gather under the Railway scoreboard more honest than the folk at the other end of the field? Certainly they usually return the ball. I suppose I would be looked upon as old-fashioned if I said that my chief objection to this pocketing of hurling-balls is quite simple. I regard it as stealing, and despite all the religious re-

laxations of late, I have not yet heard that Vatican II made any ruling which said that stealing hurling balls at Croke Park will not constitute any breach of the Seventh Commandment.

But what really convinced me that the time has come to cry halt was when someone knocked off the ball in the middle of the football final. Now, while you can slip a *sliothar* into your pocket, or stuff it up your jumper if you

feel that way inclined, a match-play football is a different proposition altogether.

Besides, while the G.A.A. can supply umpires with plenty of *sliothars*, new footballs are not that easily come by. I cannot imagine that there would be twenty-two of them available at Croke Park, even on All-Ireland final day.

Well we have been warned in time, and here is my advice to the Croke Park authorities from this day forth. Issue a public warning that balls which go into the crowd at either hurling or football finals will no longer be counted as "lost" unless they go clear out of the ground, and instruct referees not to resume the game until the ball comes back.

As one who was always critical of letting New York into the final of the National Leagues without having taken part in the earlier stages of the competition, I do not feel I am entitled to comment too severely on recent developments.

But the fact remains that Clem Foley was brutally beaten over there and quite obviously something drastic had to be done about it. The image of hurling is not in all that good repair that we can afford to let such events be passed over with no more than pious resolutions about being good boys in future.

In the present atmosphere it might be just as well if all these competitive clashes between New York and home champions were called off for a year or two, and, if the New Yorkers care to call out our teams on friendly tours, let it rest at that for the time being. We have had far too much ill-feeling on the field in these competitive matches in both hurling and football in recent years. What we need is friendship, not ferocity.

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# IS MICKO WORTH ONE HUNDRED POUNDS?

## ● FROM PAGE 9

Contrast that with the new millionaires of sport, the pampered — money-wise anyway — heroes of present day soccer and other top international sports.

Only recently we had George Best here in Dublin for the sole purpose of opening a supermarket. I don't know what he got for the job but it has been variously estimated from £300 to £1,000.

I had a chat with him during his visit and he revealed quite openly that he had already done 25 to 30 "openings"—all of which had netted him a fair amount of money.

Add that on to the huge salary he gets for playing football, plus all the fringe benefits of being a footballer and the various businesses he has been able to set up with the money he has already made in football. It has been suggested, with probably good foundation, that George Best is heading rapidly towards becoming a millionaire.

The same goes for Bobby Moore and for many others in English soccer.

But how about our Mick O'Connells, the Mick O'Dwyers, the Jack Quinns, the Eddie Kehers, the Gerald McCarthys, the Christy Rings—and all the other household names we have in this country?

True, they have their jobs, all are living happily and well but nothing is surer than that they will wind up too with "the medals and the write-ups".

Mick O'Connell, for argument's sake, is surely as famous here in Ireland as George Best. But tell

me, have you heard yet of Mick being invited to open a supermarket? Not that he would, I daresay, but I imagine you get the point I am trying to make.

Every year, we have hundreds of young men, all working towards the one ambition of winning the All-Ireland in either football or hurling. As the race narrows down, the publicity intensifies and by the time we come to the All-Ireland finals, the names of the same young men become almost daily words. They are photographed, their careers are dealt with in detail, they appear on television, on radio and they are quoted day after day.

But while in similar instances, George Best and Bobby Moore would be loading their cars for the banks, our young men, the heroes of the hour, are collecting nothing.

And yet, when a final comes around, they will battle just as fiercely and as dedicated as Best and Moore for glory.

But not for the same rewards. While our young men get the medals and the write-ups the Bests and the Moores get the medals, the write-ups, — and the small fortunes that go with them.

Surely in these days, there can now be a case for even a mild professionalism in Gaelic games?

I'm not going to suggest for a moment that it should be widespread. But I do feel that it could begin for the teams that have won their provincial finals and who have moved into the all-Ireland series.

For instance, it would not be too much to suggest £50 for every player in an All-Ireland

semi-final and £100 for every man in the All-Ireland final.

For a young man, that money could be the price of an engagement ring, or a start towards a deposit for a house. . . or for a thousand other things.

And it would be some extra compensation for the long, dedicated hours of training.

I put my case to three well-known Meath footballers in Navan one Sunday night in August, just after they had spent several hours in a long training session.

Incidentally at that moment they were drinking minerals. I was drinking harder stuff and so too were a few friends of mine.

And I pointed out that while every round I bought could be charged against expenses, every round the players bought was coming out of their own pockets. Yet, they were helping us to do our business; we were interviewing them for the newspapers.

I'm not going to give their names but when I posed the question of payment for the All-Ireland semi-finals and final in the terms of £50 and £100, two of them agreed with me wholeheartedly and the other, while he liked the idea, said it might tend to change the whole aspect of Gaelic games.

Later that evening, in bigger company, I tossed out the matter again and noticeably, while two GAA officials condemned the idea, all the players in the company agreed that they would not turn their backs on money.

Now, I am voicing the same suggestion here.

Among the readers of this magazine, there must be hundreds of old All-Ireland players who wound up with nothing more than the medals and the write-ups.

Tell me . . . would you have said no to £50 or £100 with those medals and write-ups?

Well what do you think?



# THIS WONDERFUL LIFE

SHE was young, lovely, attractive—and in my company. Better still she was listening. And, of course, I was exerting myself just a little. After all, when a charming teen-ager seems to be enjoying the company of a middle-aged man, which I am, one does tend to exert oneself. Needless to remark, I was exaggerating, too.

“It must be wonderful to be a sportswriter”—she sighed and I’d swear there were stars in her eyes at the time — “You go everywhere, you see all the great

games and you meet all those famous people”.

You should have heard me from there on. The Lies! They got better every minute. By the time

By  
**PHILIP  
RODERICK**

I was finished that adorable child must have believed that I was a cross between George Harrison, Val Doonican, Ernest Hemingway, Samuel Beckett, Christy Ring, Mick O’Connell, Eamonn Young and Nicky Rackard.

Which I am not—of course.

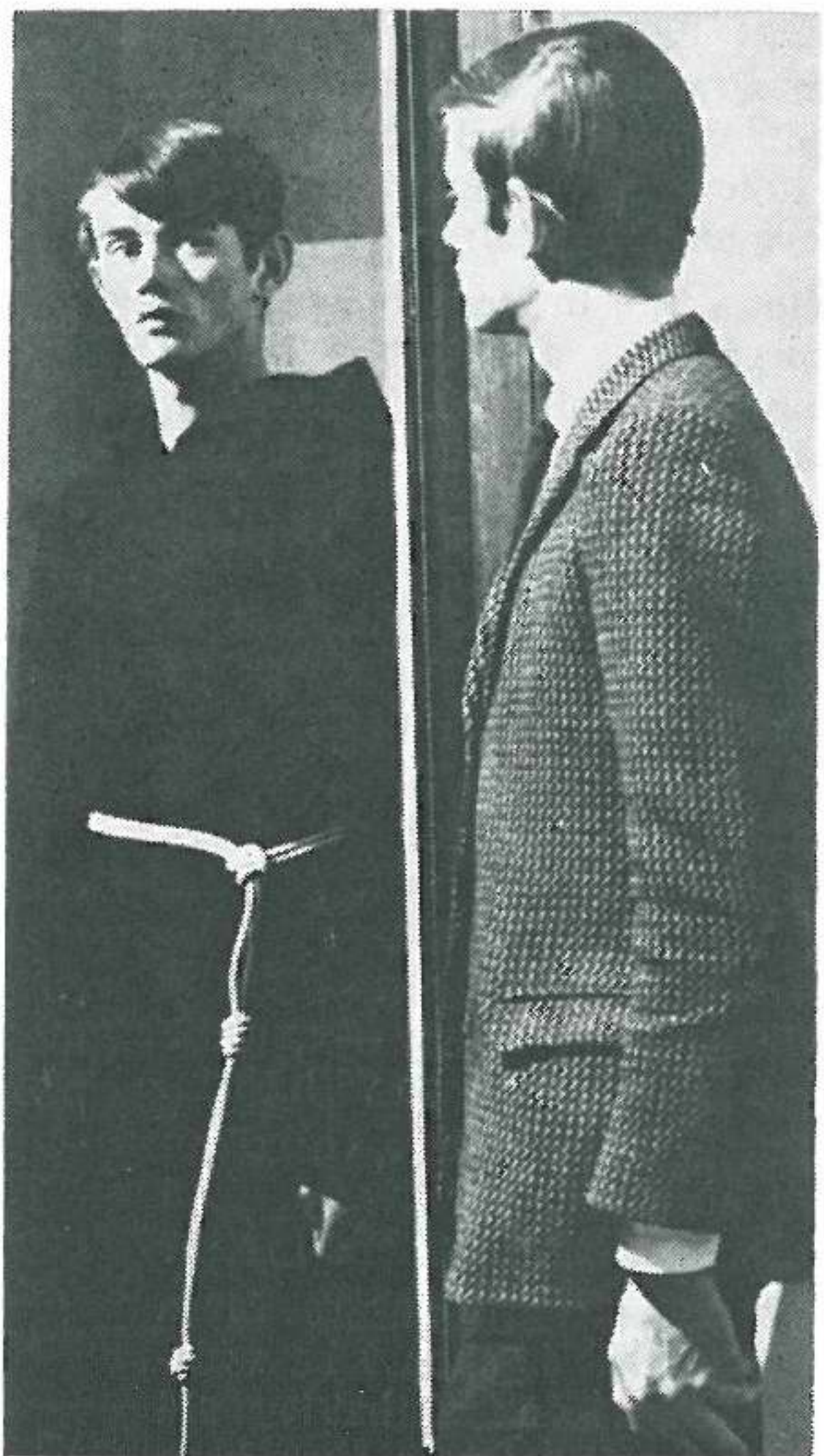
It is a wonderful life, being a sportswriter. After all, wouldn’t you love to be one? And don’t you believe quite seriously that you could do the job much better than most of us? Just imagine getting paid for watching sport . . . free tickets for all the big games . . . invitations to every sports reception . . . it’s a great life, isn’t it?

But it is not all the bed of roses that you might think. Outside of the obvious fact that eventually you run foul of almost everyone you ever write about—and risk a good belt in the face every now and then for doing so—there are a few other trials and tribulations that most of you don’t realise or suspect.

Here, let me tell you about just one day—a day this summer when your man—you know, the fellow I travel with and who works for one of Ireland’s national newspapers—went off to Limerick to work at the Munster hurling final.

We met, as is our wont, at Liberty Hall, Dublin at 9 o’clock on the Sunday morning. I was still half-starved—I had to make my own breakfast and it wasn’t the best—and he was flustered and angry. He had set the clock for 7 o’clock and, of course, it didn’t go off. The result was a hurried dash to Mass, a mixum-getherum breakfast of soggy crispies and underdone rashers and sausages with a pallid egg,

## A SERIOUS REFLECTION



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and then an irritating, frustrating drive down into the city to meet me.

However, I promised him, we would make up for it with a really good lunch at Michael Gilmartin's in Nenagh.

So far so good. We drove along nicely and gently towards Limerick, ran into Mass traffic at Naas, Newbridge, Monasterevan, Portlaoise, Roscrea . . . you name the town and we met every bit of traffic you could imagine.

We were dead late getting into Nenagh and, naturally, we had to drop into the Gilmartin's new motel on the way into the town. It was ideal for lunch. But the way to the dining room had one insurmountable barrier. The bar.

And, would you believe it, there were men there, old friends, all anxious to buy. And, of course, we did not resist the very obvious and welcome temptation.

Time was all gone to hell when we finally sat down for lunch. An excellent menu—but not the way we treated it. Bring it all together—soup, main course, sweet and coffee!—that was our order and it took us less than 10 minutes to polish off the lot. What a dreadful way to treat good food.

On to Limerick, but by now the traffic for the match was building up. We were down to a snail's pace before we reached Annacotty. On we crawled, inch by

inch and eventually, upset, sweaty and more than irritated we got to the ground. The minor match was then at halftime.

We fought our way in. Yes, fought . . . and, indeed, if it had not been for Seamus Power of Waterford, we would never have battled our way into the ground.

Up to the Press box. More chaos! A nice, rotund priest, flanked by a few more gentlemen of the cloth were firmly rooted in our seats. Immovable! Eventually—and by then I had lost your man—I would up sitting on the steps of the stand, a pillar in my way and four young Tipperary boys, yelling and roaring their heads off right behind my ears. Comfort?

When it was all over, one kind policeman told us of a short cut to Nenagh. Out the back road, around by Ardnacrusha and straight on to Nenagh. By the time we found the right road, we had gone at least 10 miles out of our way—and time was disappearing fast again.

Now your man likes to take time to write his reports—a few hours or more—and that's probably why he is one of the best men at his job in Ireland. I'm inclined to work fast, wrap it up quickly and get on the phone.

I dashed off my report and headed for the phone box. There with his back to me, hunched over the phone, and looking half-

asleep to me, was a young man. There was no budge in him.

Five minutes later I banged on the door. He woke up slightly but seemed totally unconcerned with the fact that I was waving my copy at him.

Ten minutes later, reluctantly and surly, he finally got out of the box and I rang the exchange. Another five minutes passed before I got the operator. I was put through to our office in Dublin, to copy, only to be told that the copytaker was busy and would ring me back in five minutes.

Twenty minutes later I rang back again. Still no joy; he was still busy and would call me. Another quarter of an hour passed and then—I knew it was going to happen—one of the residents wanted to use the phone and she looked as though she intended a long session.

I tried the public telephone in the street. Our office in Dublin was engaged. I walked back to the hotel to discover that the phone was available and that a call had come through for me a few minutes earlier.

I rang Dublin again to find one angry copytaker. "Where the bloody hell were you?"—he asked. I didn't bother to tell him "Let's get this bloody copy over"—I told him.

And he was a lulu of a copy-

● TO PAGE 52

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● FROM PAGE 51

taker. I knew I was in for trouble when he asked me to spell Loughnane when I mentioned the Tipperary forward.

If you have never given copy on a phone, let me assure you that it can be a hazardous affair. Just to give you an example let me quote you the case of another friend of mine, who was giving a story to an Irish national paper this summer.

He was trying to put over the name of Seamus Murphy, the Kerry corner back. But the copy taker couldn't catch the word Seamus. Eventually our friend spelled it out for him, starting with "S for Stanley". And that God love us, is how it appeared in the paper the following day. Stanley Murphy! That still has not been forgotten down in Kerry.

However, I got all my copy

through after half an hour and then I waited for your man to finish his story. As he was going to the phone, I ordered a meal for both of us.

An hour later, after I had demolished a fine steak, there was still no sign of him. He was still in the box and the air within yards of the box was blue with some of the finest curses I have heard for years.

Some of the residents of the hotel were intrigued. They were seated within good hearing distance and they loved every minute of it. Particularly when he lost his temper which was happening about every 10 seconds. Things I suspected were not going too well with the copy-taker.

He eventually sat down for his meal at quarter past eleven, but even then he was still anything but calm. I had to endure all his troubles, colourfully described in some magnificently foul language, for another hour.

And we were still faced with a drive of almost 100 miles back to Dublin!

It was well after 3 o'clock in the morning when I finally crawled into my bed in Dublin. Swearing, as usual, that I would never do it again, but knowing full well that I would have to.

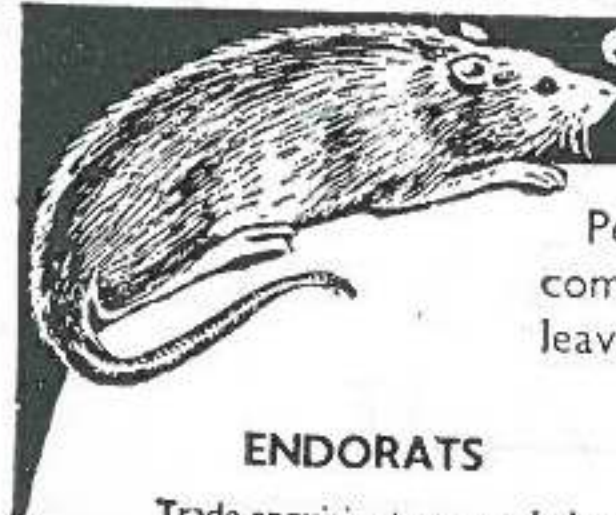
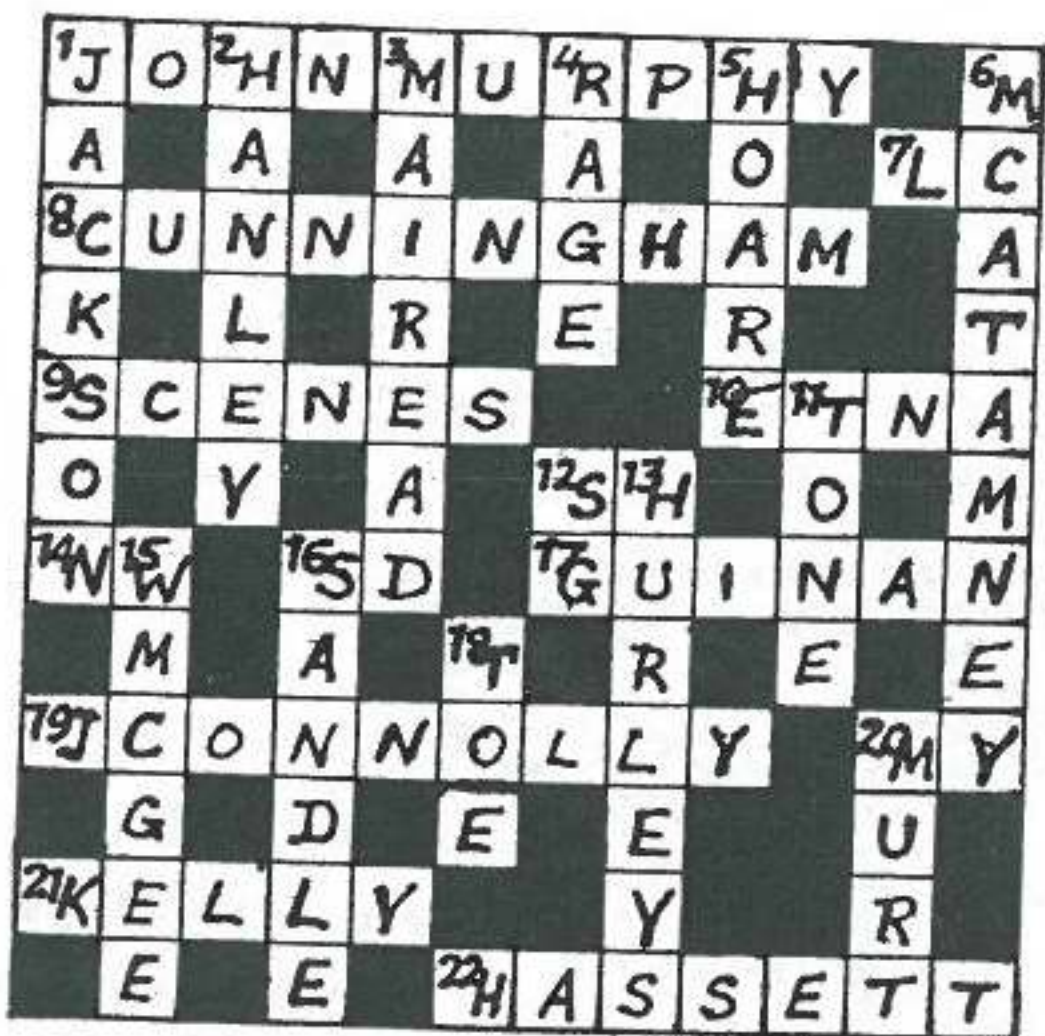
You can multiply that little day of incidents by at least a hundred every year . . . and then you say it's a wonderful life. Of course, it is, but they say that a sports journalist of over 60 is a rarity.

I often say that there must be some other way of making a living.

But then, who would give us a job?

## CROSSWORD SOLUTION

● FROM PAGE 40



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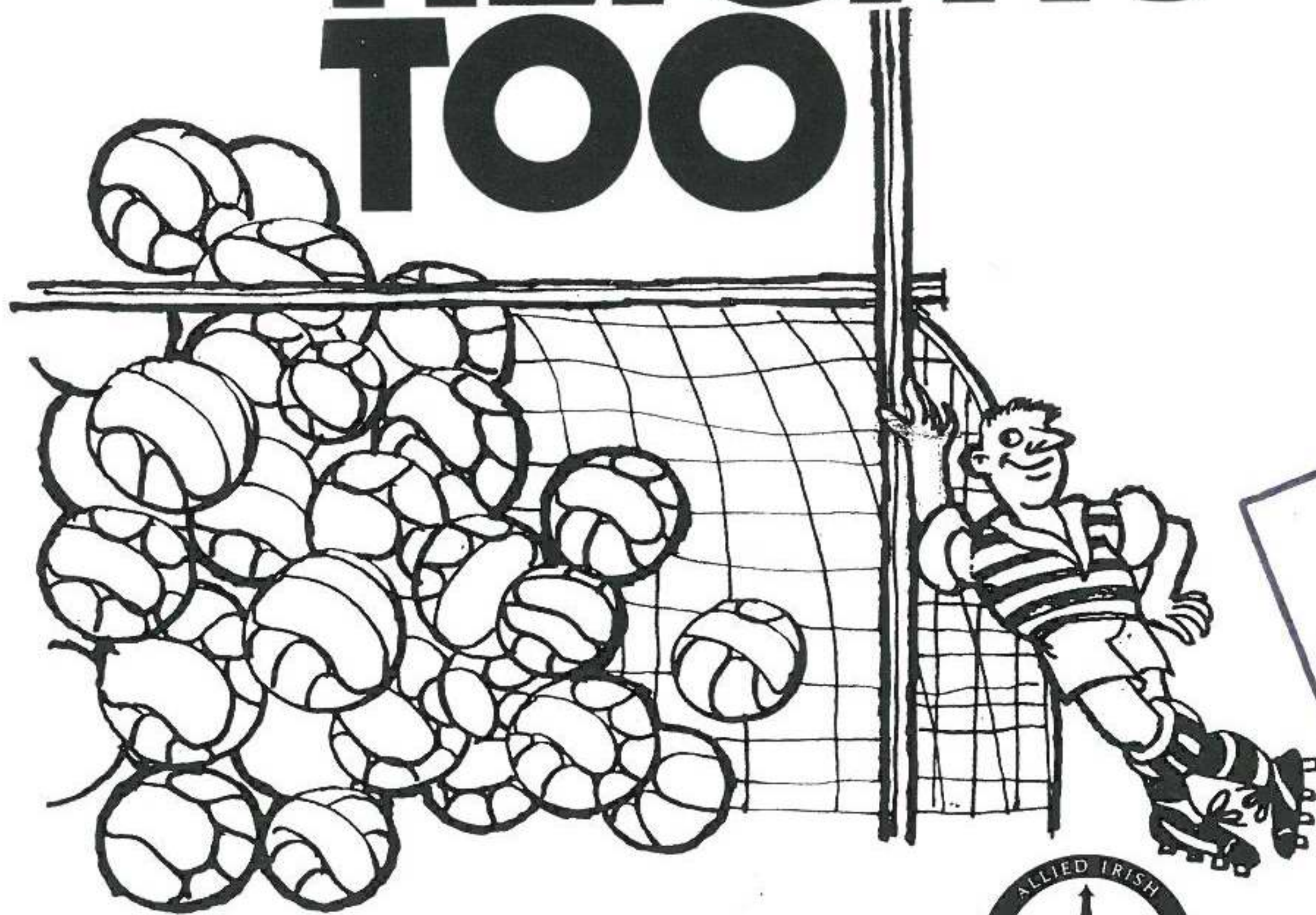
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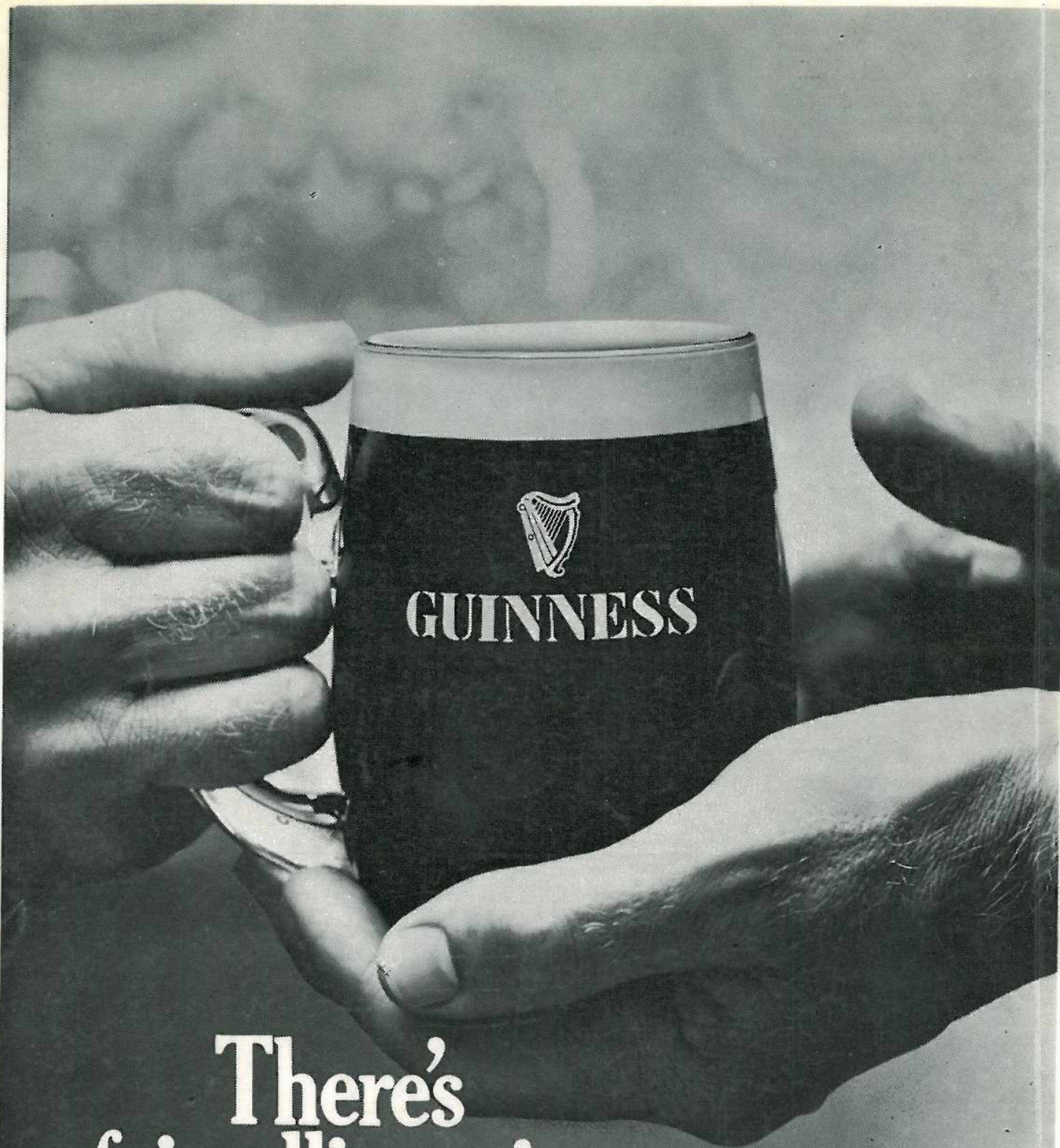


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