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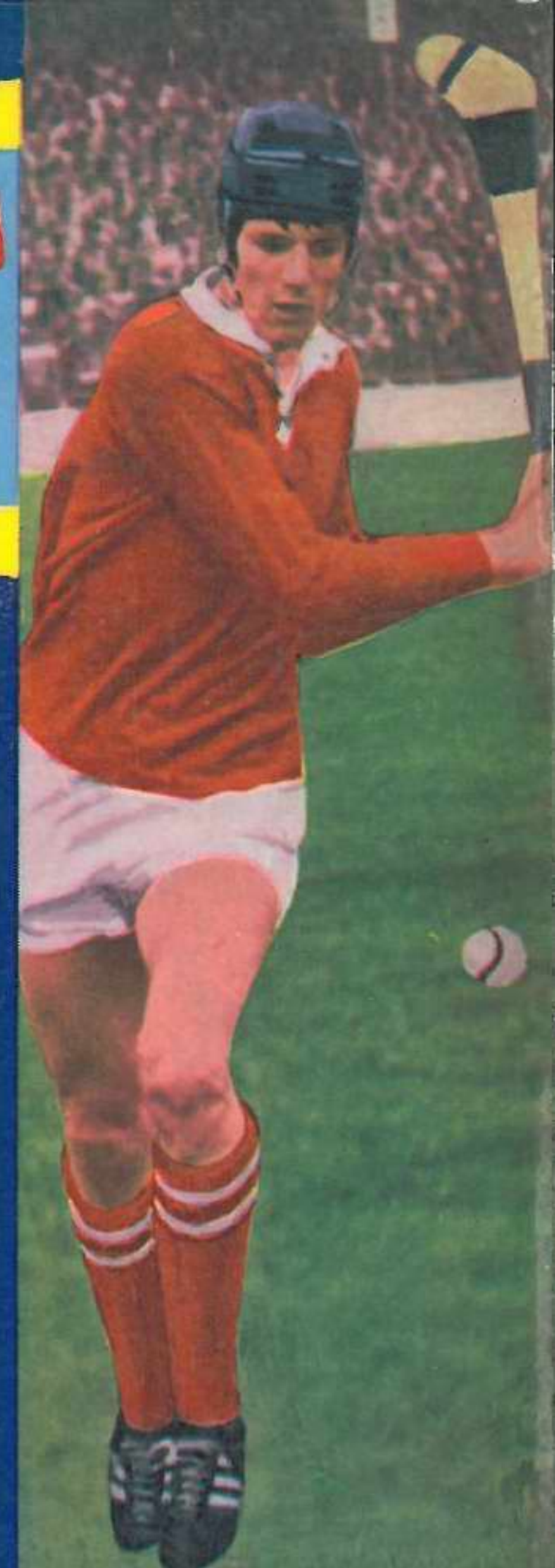
GAELIC SPORT

IRELAND'S LEADING GAELIC GAMES MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

'76 HURLING FINAL BEST EVER?

JOHN O'SHEA PUTS
THE EXPERTS
ON THE
SPOT



**EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW
WITH
CORK'S
CAPTAIN
RAY
CUMMINS**

By
EAMONN YOUNG

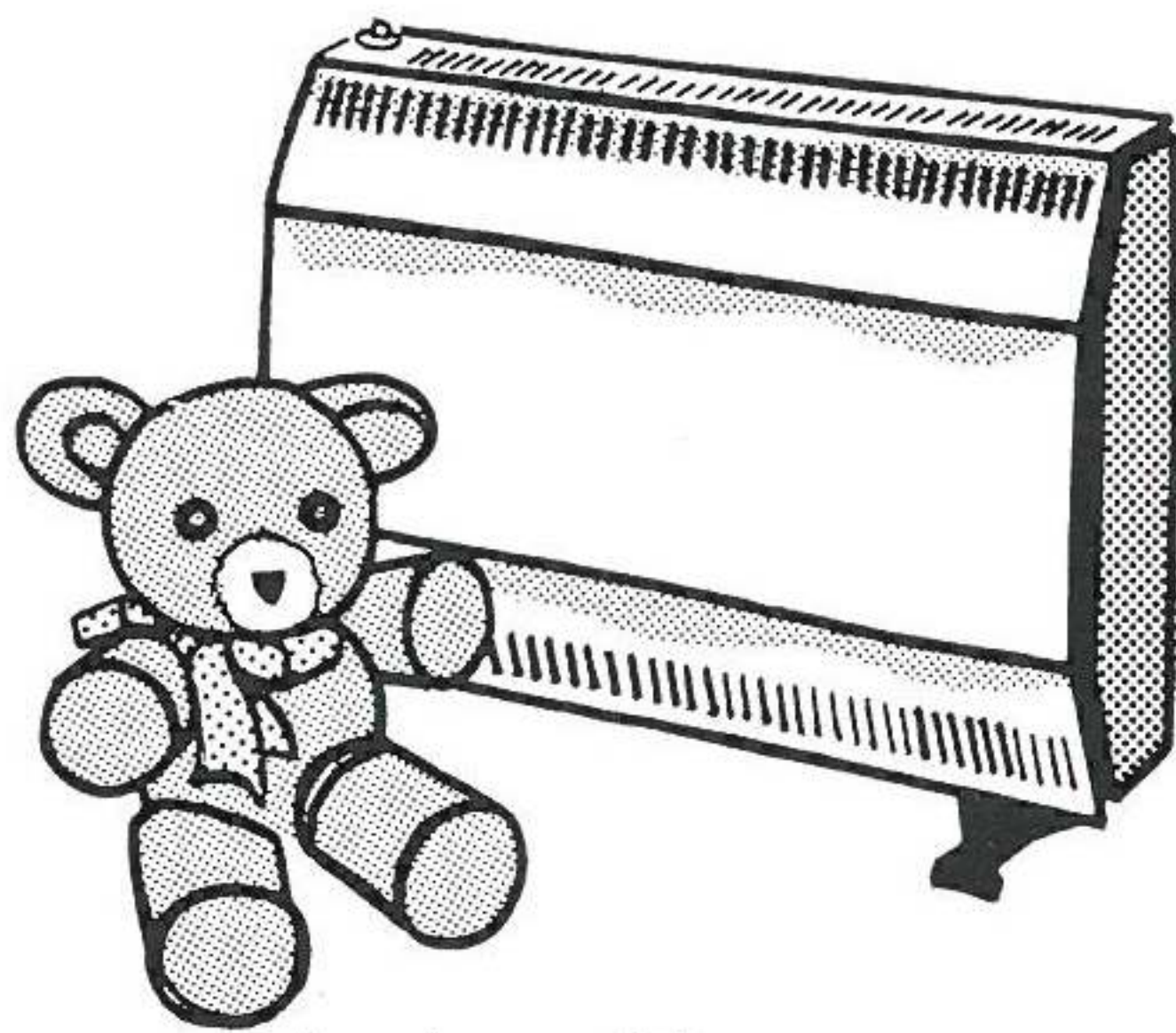
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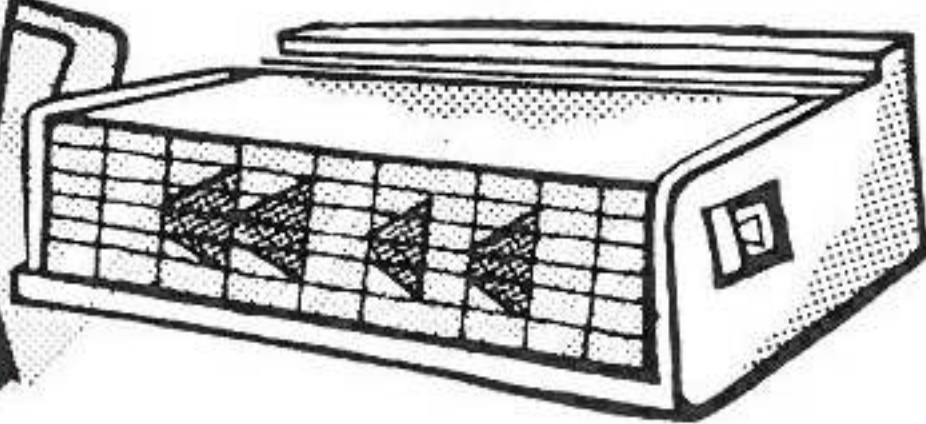
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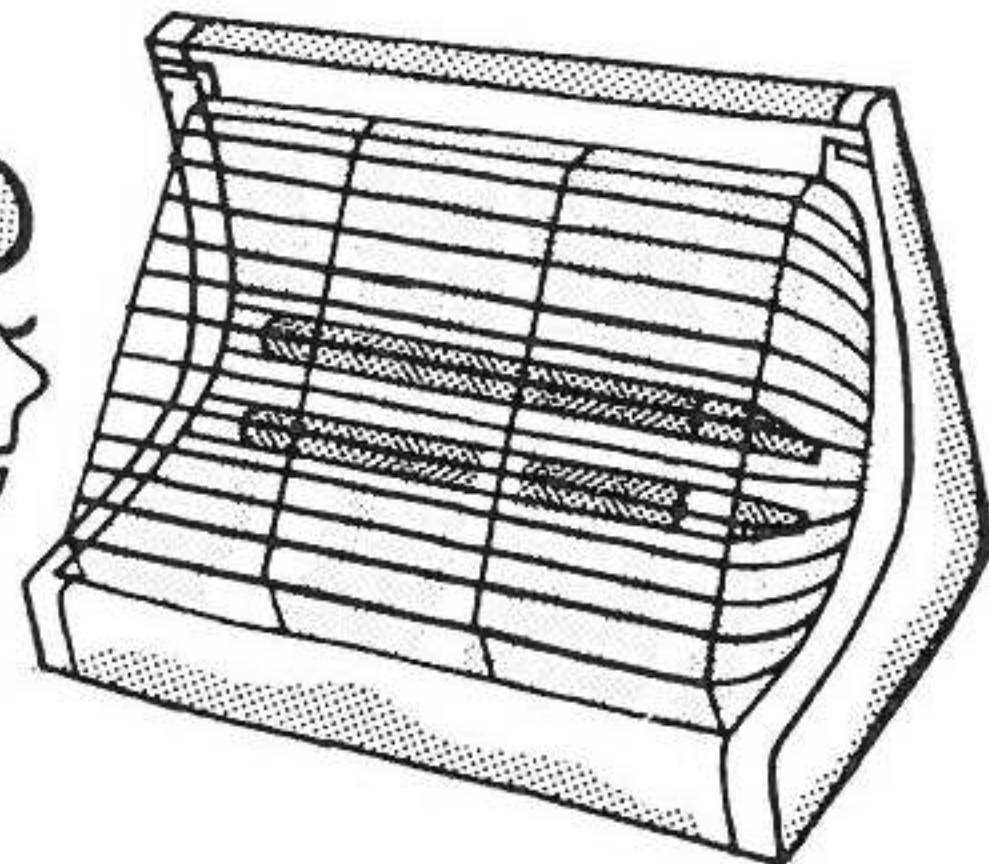
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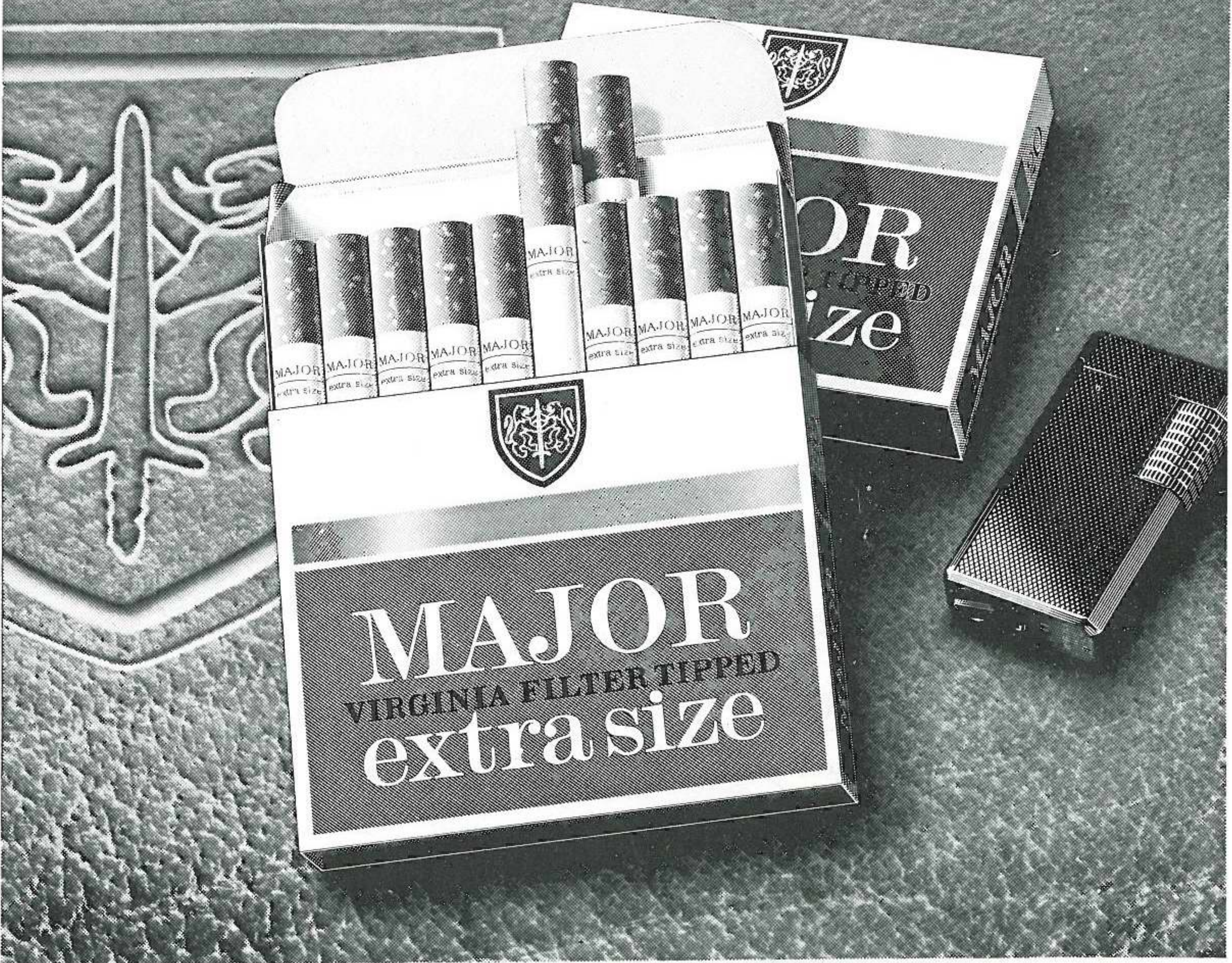
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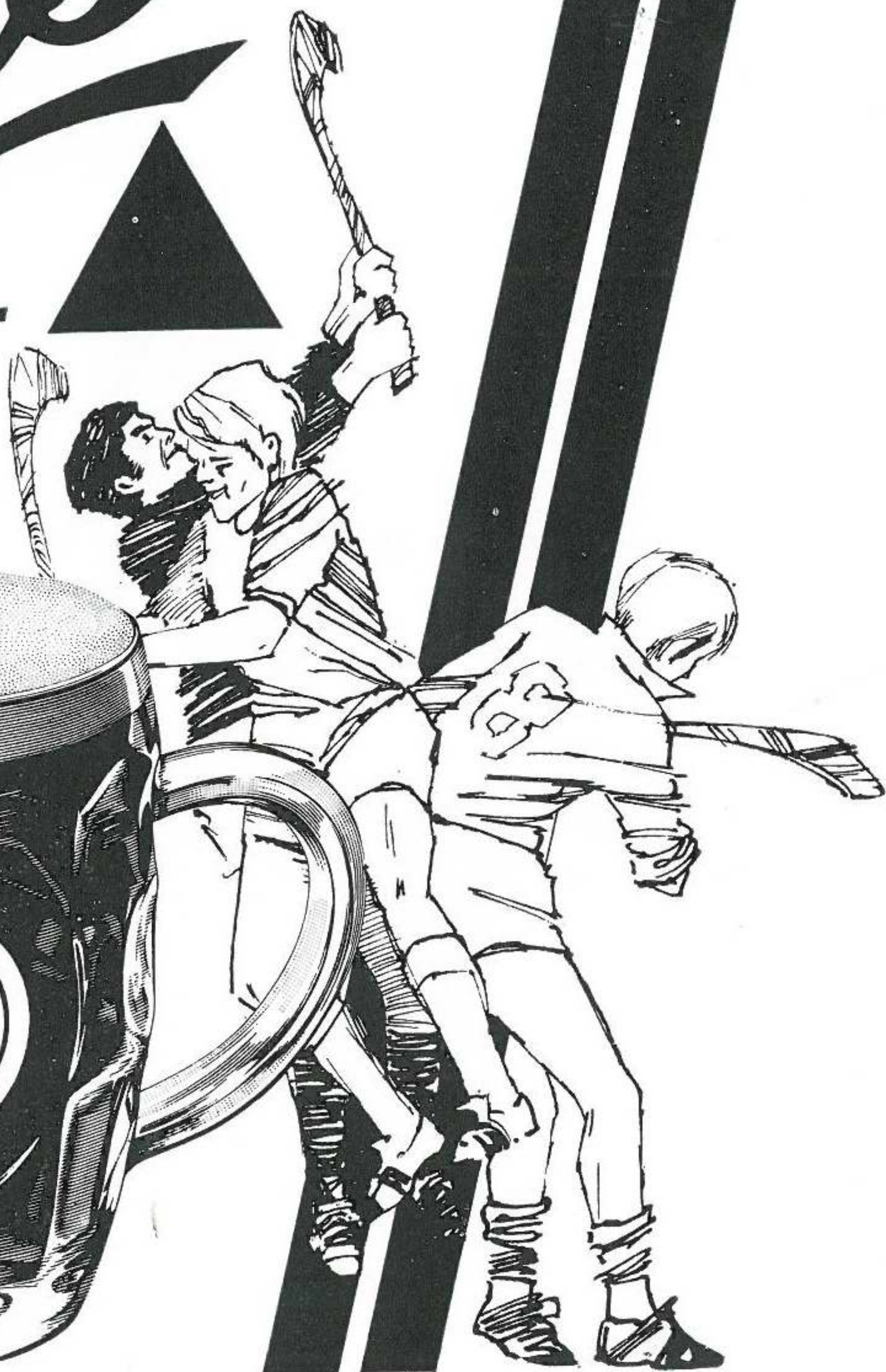
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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 19. No. 11. November, 1976

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE year now drawing to a close must rank as one of the most successful ever in the long history of Gaelic Games.

The hurlers provided many memorable moments, ranging from an exciting series of matches that built up to the most intriguing and appealing finale ever to a National League campaign in the code, to that thrilling clash of Cork and Wexford in September that must rank as one of the best All-Ireland finals on record.

The footballers, generally, may not have produced as many pulse-raising and refreshing games as the hurlers.

But such matches as the sparkling National League final last May, the splendid Sam Maguire Cup summit, and above all, a rousing Dublin-Cork clash in the first round of the National League last month, showed that, despite what the prophets of gloom had loudly contended for so long, Gaelic football, as structured at present, can indeed at its best prove an exhilarating and rewarding sport to watch.

An attendance of 73,588 at the Dublin-Kerry final established a new record for the reconstructed Croke Park, while 25,000-plus watched the Cork senior hurling final in October. Then, there was that splendid gathering of 18,358 at the Dublin-Cork game in the National League last month.

These are only some of the highlights that not only underline the pulling power of Gaelic Games, but help to illustrate that there are solid grounds for looking back with immense satisfac-

tion on the past year in hurling and football.

At the same time there can be no grounds whatever for complacency. It is not necessary here to stress that the position of hurling outside of the game's strongholds continues to be a cause for much concern, or that the standard of football in more than half of the thirty-two counties leaves much to be desired.

These are problems that officials are fully alive to, and are making vigorous efforts to solve. But these are long term matters — for the immediate future the aim must be to build firmly on the great gains made as a result of the successful campaign of 1976.

In particular, every effort must be made to present the games to the best possible advantage.

Fortunately, the Association has been measuring up really well in this regard. But there can be lapses concerning punctuality, match programmes, the interval break—particularly at games in the National Leagues.

The price of progress, then, is eternal vigilance. The wonderful year that was 1976 in Gaelic Games has opened the door wide on what could prove a very exciting era ahead for hurling and football.

By exploiting the games' many fine qualities, and presenting them consistently to the best possible advantage, officials can not only ensure that hurling and football proudly maintain their dominance of the Irish sports scene, but go on to even greater things in the future. Let's hope the opportunity will not be lost.

COVER PHOTO

ON our front cover this month — in posing the question as to whether the recent hurling final was the best ever?—we illustrate three of the greats of hurling (from left): Pat McDonnell (Cork), Tony Doran (Wexford) and Cork's Ray Cummins, who talks with Eamonn Young on page 9 of this issue.

These pages are
written by

none other than

ANDY CROAK



Kilkenny and Kerry will hand up titles!

NOW, I'M NOT a fellow who likes saying "I told you so". And I wouldn't have brought this matter up at all if it weren't for the fact that the Editor wishes it to be mentioned now and again that GAELIC SPORT is every damn bit as good as the rest of them when it comes to assessing the merits of teams and forecasting the results of matches.

To be absolutely frank, he dropped a very broad hint that I should remind my readers of a column I wrote here last January. I mention this only to prove to one and all that I'm not really as big a boaster as the following paragraphs might suggest.

Anyway, about that January column. Very few of you remember it now, I dare say. Well, it's because we all have short memories at times that I've reproduced the words which appear at the top of this page.

They were printed above the aforementioned January column and (let me say it with all due humility) struck plumb on target.

★ ★ ★

TEN MONTHS ago I felt it in my bones, and had a shrewd idea in my underestimated head as well, that Kilkenny and Kerry would soon come to grief.

At the same time, every Tom, Dick and Harry who had a platform to air his views in newspaper or periodical was bleating that both counties would retain the All-Ireland hurling and football crowns for years to come.

Some of them must have suspected they were writing rubbish, yet wrote on regardless.

Kilkenny, a really great team,

were obviously coming to the end of the line, but one big victory was not enough to justify the rating that Kerry were so generously given.

But credit where credit is due. They DID reach the All-Ireland final again. They can take some crumb of comfort from the fact that Dublin were magnificent on the day.

The football final was a satisfactory match (delightful, of course, from a Dublin point of view) and the hurling final between Cork and Wexford was a thrilling exhibition, crowning a great season for the premier national game.

I wouldn't agree, however, with those who said that it was the best hurling final in 25 years. Anybody who saw the 1954 and '56 finals between the same counties and the '59 drawn match between Waterford and Kilkenny couldn't possibly say seriously that this year's decider produced better hurling.

★ ★ ★

I KEEP A close eye on what the forecasters write and say on radio and television before the big games. The great majority of them backed the wrong horse in both finals. I think Jim O'Sullivan of the *Cork Examiner* was the only one to bring up the double, forecasting Cork and Dublin victories.

Dublin were virtually written off — how Heffo and his boys must have laughed! But I was pleased to see that two of GAELIC SPORT's contributors, Sean Rice and Jay Drennan, came up trumps. Both gents

tipped Dublin in our last issue.

Good show, chaps; I think the two of you came close to fifty per cent of the total number of sports writers who believed Kerry could be beaten.

★ ★ ★

JUST AS I hit the last letter of foregoing sentence, the Editor stuck his head in the door of my office.

"Andrew," he said, "it wasn't only in January you had visions of the future. In your March column you also said that Kilkenny would bite the dust. And what's more, you quoted yourself in our September issue. Andrew, you must do something about your memory. One of these days you'll land us in a jam."

I looked up the files when he had left, and the blighter was right. That left me with no option but to put in another "puff", and as I've said before, I hate praising myself.

★ ★ ★

BY THE TIME this appears in print you will all have seen the names of the Carrolls All-Star hurlers of 1976.

It's easy to disagree with selectors, but heaven help us a few of the choices on this team pass my understanding.

Noel Skehan is okay in goal. He played well again this year. But was he better than John Nolan (Wexford), Martin Coleman (Cork) or Jim Corr (Antrim), whose displays in America all the scribes on tour were raving about?

Wasn't it time that the honour in this position went around?

Fan Larkin, Willie Murphy,

Mick Jacob and Denis Coughlan were excellent choices in defence. None of that quartet could be opposed. Joe McDonagh and Johnny McMahon pass scrutiny, but in the case of the Clareman, only by a hair's breadth. Recall that he was well beaten in the replay of the National League final.

The first shock comes at midfield. Pat Moylan earned his award, but the omission of Gerald McCarthy is stunning. What are my dear friends of press, radio and television up to?

Martin Quigley was lucky to get in again. He didn't have a great championship season. But I'll forgive the selectors in this instance — there was no better man around. That also can be said of Mick Malone, but I wouldn't have objected if the award had gone to Jimmy McNamara of Clare.

★ ★ ★

THE INCLUSION of Jimmy Barry-Murphy is as mystifying as the omission of Gerald McCarthy. All right, it was Barry-Murphy who beat Tipperary when he was brought on as a substitute at centre forward in the Munster championship. And he struck the winning scores against Wexford in the All-Ireland final, having played poorly until the last few minutes. Were two good spells



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

● Automatic choices on the Carrolls All-Star team. From top (left to right): Willie Murphy, Fan Larkin, Denis Coughlan, Mick Jacob, Tony Doran, Pat Moylan.

enough to earn him an All-Star award?

Colm Honan of Clare was the man for left half forward.

Tony Doran and Mick Brennan must have been unanimous selections, although I feel sorry for Ray Cummins who in any other year would have "walked" on to the team for his displays at full

forward in the Munster and All-Ireland finals.

But I appeal to my sainted ancestors to throw some light on the flabbergasting decision to omit Eddie Keher in favour of Seanie O'Leary.

After this, I wait in fear and trembling for the announcement of the football selection.

CROAKETTES

I NOTED with satisfaction that the Central Council jettisoned the Management Committee's recommendation to "split" the 1977 American tour into hurling and football trips at different times of the year.

I am told that the San Francisco people wouldn't "wear" the proposed change. All we'd like to know now is: who put forward the hare-brained idea in the first place? The public should know — To say the proposal was ludicrous would be an understatement.

★ ★ ★

THERE was widespread criticism of the charge of £1 to Hill 16 and the Canal End at

the All-Ireland football final. I heard, too, that the children's gate was closed at one o'clock. After that, any chiseller wanting to see the game had to fork out a quid at other terrace entrances. If true, that was scandalous. How many chisellers went to Croke Park with a quid to fork out?

★ ★ ★

In certain quarters the Dublin team are being accused of changing Gaelic football into a version of basketball. Because they have developed the hand-pass to the degree of skill practised by such teams as Antrim and Cavan more than a quarter of a century ago.

Rubbish. They are using a technique that was lawfully re-introduced to the game last year and if they have developed it to a point of precision that others cannot match, well that's too bad for the begrudgers.

★ ★ ★

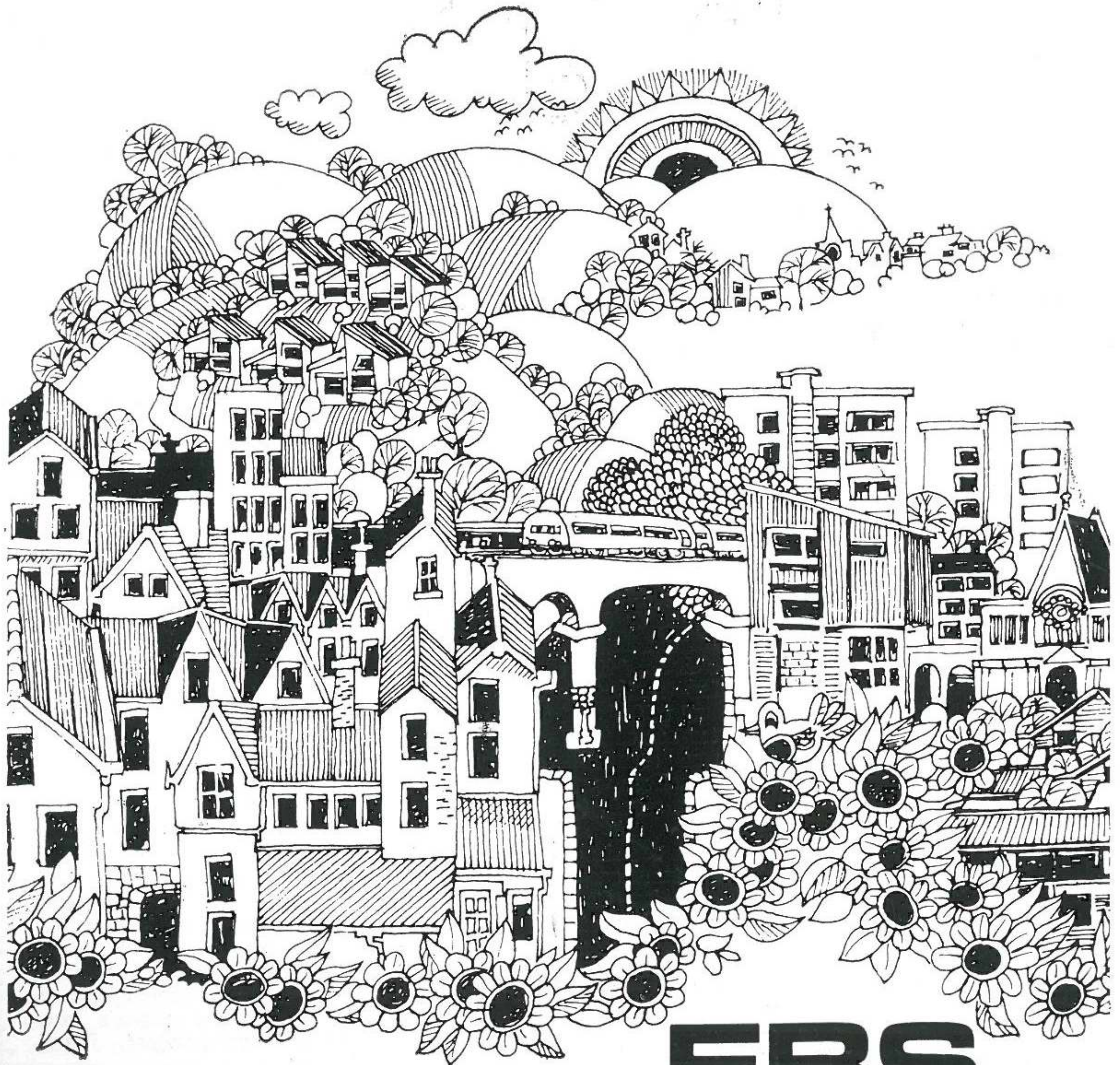
I WAS glad to see John D. Hickey return to the pages of the *Irish Independent* around the time of the All-Ireland finals. I hear that his hosts of friends, and "enemies", would dearly love to see him back with some sort of regular column. That wouldn't have to cut across the paper's new G.A.A. correspondent, Donal Carroll.

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Top Ten

TOP MARKS FOR BRIAN

WHAT an exciting time for top-class individual performances—particularly in football! The All-Ireland senior final, the dominant match in the period covered by the current Top Ten review, from September 19 to October 10, provided a rich quota in this regard, but many players also caught the eye prominently in the opening rounds of the National League.

Inevitably, however, the emphasis must be on the show-piece match of the year. And, what a memorable final debut that game proved for Dublin's youngest player—Kevin Moran!

His was an outstanding display — cool, utterly dependable, progressive and enterprising, and an inspiration as well to his team-mates. Without doubt the young Good Counsel club man was a giant in his contribution to the Metropolitan success.

Another bright jewel in the winners' glory day was Pat O'Neill's mastery at left half back. He, too, left a major impact on the game.

Then, there was the magic of Brian Mullins. Superb fielding and a splendid work rate all through, allied to positive play made him a dominating figure in the Dublin side.

For good measure he put a golden flourish to his day by taking the team's third goal in fine style, and shooting a point.

So, it's the tall St. Vincent's man, who celebrated his 22nd birthday on the day after the final, who earns top billing in our line-up this month, and with it ranking as the first footballer

of the year to gain a maximum ten points rating. This latest score brings Mullins up to 18 points over-all, as he first made his entry into the charts in May.

And Moran and O'Neill? The centre half back takes second place with nine points, which gives him a total of 15, as he made his debut last month, while O'Neill comes into the reckoning for the first time on an eight points ranking, and third position over-all.

Gay O'Driscoll enhances his status as one of the most consistent defenders around with his selection for the fourth time since June (he now has 27 points in all), while David Hickey earns the top forward honours on a seven points listing.

The only Kerry men to find favour are John Egan, in for the first time this year on six points and Pat Spillane, who moves up to 17 points in all by adding five to his total this month.

Of the many challengers for places in the chart after the first round League ties, the two who make it are Frank McGuigan, who had a splendid debut at full forward in Tyrone's win over Derry, and Denis Long, prominent in Cork's loss to Dublin in a grand game at Croke Park, in which the Leesider featured his fine showing by shooting three grand points.

FOOTBALL

10	B. Mullins (Dublin)	18
9	K. Moran (Dublin)	15
8	P. O'Neill (Dublin)	8
7	G. O'Driscoll (Dublin)	27
7	D. Hickey (Dublin)	7
6	B. Brogan (Dublin)	13
6	J. Egan (Kerry)	6
6	F. McGuigan (Tyrone)	6
5	P. Spillane (Kerry)	17
5	D. Long (Cork)	12

HURLING

8	Ger Henderson (Kilkenny)	22
7	Pat Henderson (Kilkenny)	15
7	E. Keher (Kilkenny)	13
7	M. Hickey (Waterford)	7
7	J. Galvin (Waterford)	7
6	G. McCarthy (Cork)	14
6	M. Ruth (Kilkenny)	6
6	M. Whelan (Waterford)	6
5	M. O'Doherty (Cork)	5
5	P. Dowling (Laois)	5



Ger Henderson
(KILKENNY)



Brian Mullins
(DUBLIN)

AMORPH
TKISOK



TEST IT ON YOUR FLAVOUROMETER!

LAKESIDE

CHAT

WITH RAY

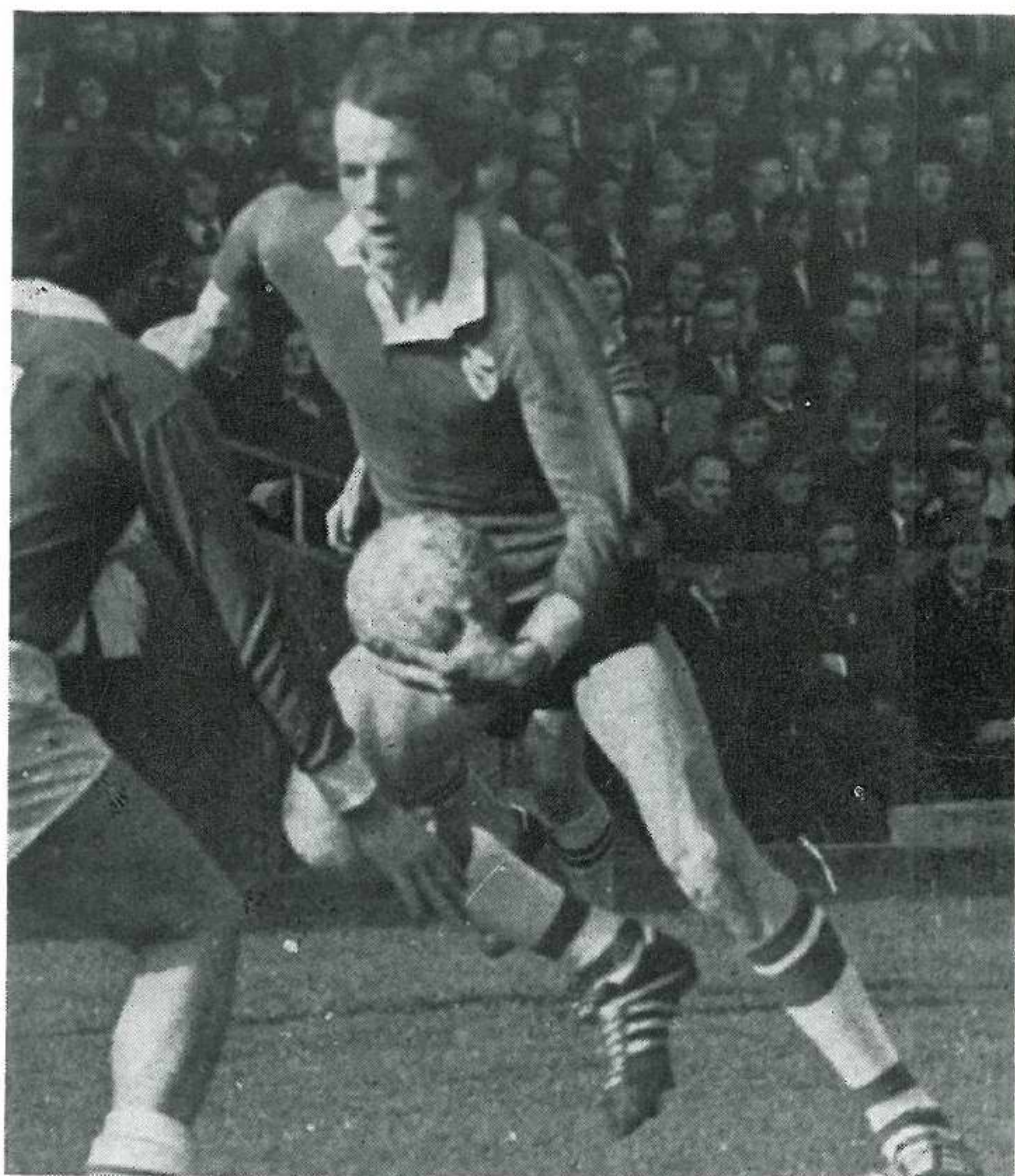
HE draped a long lean form over the chair, laid a relaxed hand under his chin and gazed out the window to where the men on the lakeside under the evening sun were shutting down the machinery at the close of another day. Ray Cummins was a little unhappy at my visit to his work-caravan by the water at Inniscarra, and hard to blame him, for just then he was tying up a few loose ends before taking his fractured nose to hospital after that grimly unsuccessful county final with the Glen on the day before. Still when I told him to say what he wanted about any subject I'd propose, or that he himself would like, he just settled more comfortably into the chair and the quiet voice murmured in a contemplative tone that belied the precision of his words.

"Yes, I'm a bit unhappy today that we lost that county final. Good luck to the Glen but we did want to round off the All-Ireland with another county championship. However, a player's life is full of joy and sorrow and maybe that's what helps to make men of us. Our games are great for the whole society. They are wonderful for those people who live through

By
**EAMONN
YOUNG**

them with the same fervour as the players. I sometimes think the chaps on the line get even more worked up than we do. At least we have the ball to chase and hit. It's all great for the followers who travel around the country—to cheer their men on and this great pride in our own is good for our people. Anyway, the games are magnificent and hurling is incomparable.

"Training is great for young men. It introduces a discipline into our lives that makes better people of us and when we think of the thousands of boys (and girls also) who daily subject themselves to the discipline of training we must accept that it does great good for the nation and will help us to keep our end up in competition with other races not only in our play but in work also. The man who is pre-



● RAY CUMMINS . . . "Motivation is powerful".

pared to drive himself, to punish himself so that he can get the best out of his body and mind for his club or county must be a good man in the real sense of that word. And it teaches us to take defeat. I know how it feels today, in body and spirit, but what harm—we'll be back.

"I'm always nicely excited before games and this controlled stimulus is good for all players. While I have done a lot of training over the years, I'm no physical educationalist, and yet we all know that if a man gets proper rest, eats well and has a full life, he should come up to the day of the game in fairly good form. Regular living and care in the matter of drink are vital things and, indeed, I was

● OVERLEAF

*Sherry...
liquid gold
from a sunnier land.*



SANDEMAN

quite pleased—and I'm no prude—to see that in the recent All-Ireland celebrations here in Cork players generally didn't drink too much even though there was plenty of it going free. Perhaps we're maturing.

“This thing we call motivation is simply powerful. Last year we wanted badly to beat the Glen; we did. We wanted badly to win the All-Ireland; we did. This year the Glen were keyed up to wipe out the memory of last year's defeat by the Rockies and they were, as you saw, deeply motivated. Dublin also wanted to hammer Kerry. When we can motivate ourselves we do produce good performances and here there is some difficulty with some players today. There are many lads who train as well as anybody did forty years ago I'm sure, but others are reluctant enough. I suppose it's the more varied life and more social attractions. But when the men behind the team succeed in getting the chaps worked up, then they're hard to beat. The value of the trainer-coach is now being well understood and we all have an idea of what men like Mick O'Dwyer and Kevin Heffernan do. In our own case Fr. Bertie Troy and Kevin Kehilly supported our Cork selectors very well this year and I have a world of respect for Doney Donovan's handling of the Cork football team. The trainer-coach can make or break a team and generally he is better if he's not a selector, for then he's the players' man who can always listen to a complaint, justified or otherwise, when a selector might be inclined to set a man down as a cribber. Anyway, the trainer-coach is close to the team and understands them very well.

I would favour putting the team in the hands of one man during the game—if one man will take that responsibility. Switches are usually made far too slowly

and by the time a man is moved the chaps up in the back of the terraces will tell you afterwards that they nearly had their hair torn out. It's hard to get five men to agree on a switch when the air is tense and they're getting a worm's eye view from the dug-out, the worst place in the field from which to see a game.

"Captaincy is quite important and maybe we are giving more respect to the captain than we used because of the discussions. It is very important that teams will analyse their games before and after. The best man to chair the discussion is the trainer, I suppose, though every club has its own man here. In these discussions players can speak honestly and openly about their problems on the field and usually the men to help them solve these troubles are all around them listening. It's a good thing to have the shy man talk, especially in an audience where something can be done to help him play better. And if the man in charge is sensible, then there will not be any silly criticism, but constructive thinking. I would pass on to small clubs the great value of this match analysis. The captain can, and should, play a sound part here and if he does, the lads will respect him all the more. Of course it is important that he will give them a real chance of talking.

"I remember with great joy my days in school (and here he smiled slowly when I interjected a comment that he was known as a very diligent student). I played a lot of both games and learned the skills from very dedicated Brothers and lay-teachers. As a result I became like many more lads, a dual player. There is great fun in this and playing one game is a grand break from the other. But to play both in top class is very hard when one remembers the schedule and the merit of opponents, many of whom concentrate in-

tensely on one game. Generally, it's rather hard to maintain a high standard in both and while a lot depends on the personality and the everyday life of the man concerned, it may be that in the long run a player will attain a higher standard by concentration. Of course, to win honour is very lawful and why should we stand in the way of the man who likes to earn championships in both codes?

● **Brendan Cummins added another to the family's glittering collection.**



"I don't deny, however, that a long championship series takes a lot out of a man. I worked hard for the All-Ireland; we started a long time ago—and when it was over I think I was pretty drained. The result was that I could never really get myself going for this Cork county final and, goodness knows, I tried hard for my club, as a player should do."

He seemed a bit down-hearted then, and at his age I would have been twice as bad, so I said: "Tell me about your family." I had known his father Willie as a beautiful hurler at seventeen, and Willie has the unusual distinction of owning three All-Ireland minor hurling medals. He hurled with Carraig Tuathail and married Mary Walsh of Glountane, a relation of the famed 'Bowler' Walsh about whom Jack Barrett said, "he was the best Corkman never to win an All-Ireland", for Bowler's hurling days were between 1903 and 1919 when nothing came to the Lee.

"My brother Brendan, who as you know is a good player,

manages the sports shop in town," continued Ray, "and Kevin teaches in Colaiste Chríost Rí. We have no sisters. I'm now living in Kinsale with my wife Bernadette and our little baby daughter. I have five years experience as an engineer and I love the work for I can get out whenever I like. Frank Cogan, Billy Morgan and I are married to three sisters and their surname, Allen, comes down from the Manchester Martyr from Bandon who gave his life for freedom one hundred and nine years ago."

And there the quiet voice stopped. There was so much more I would have asked had we been sitting over a cup of tea, or a pint, but I remembered this big quiet man's appointment with a doctor and for once had the good manners to keep my mouth shut. "Thanks a lot, Ray," said I, "and good luck. Keep it up while you're enjoying it." And he smiled his thanks as he towered there on the steps of the caravan and then quietly slipped in the door to resume the interrupted tidying-up of his work.

At the top of the hill I stood for a while and looked over the valley. The evening sun painted the fields and hedges with a green crystal clarity and across the waters of the lake where the wavelets nodded their heads to the fresh breeze, a broad pathway of light spread its golden carpet on the way to the sun. The brown thrush on the white-thorn looked me quietly in the eye and all around flowed the silence of the dying day. Down below was the black roof of the little caravan where the tall, quiet man who talked hurling was tidying up his papers and, I don't quite know why, I felt suddenly sad. Ray Cummins, remarkable player and unusual man, to me just then was a harmonious part of the lonely quietness, the hushed serenity of lake and meadow.

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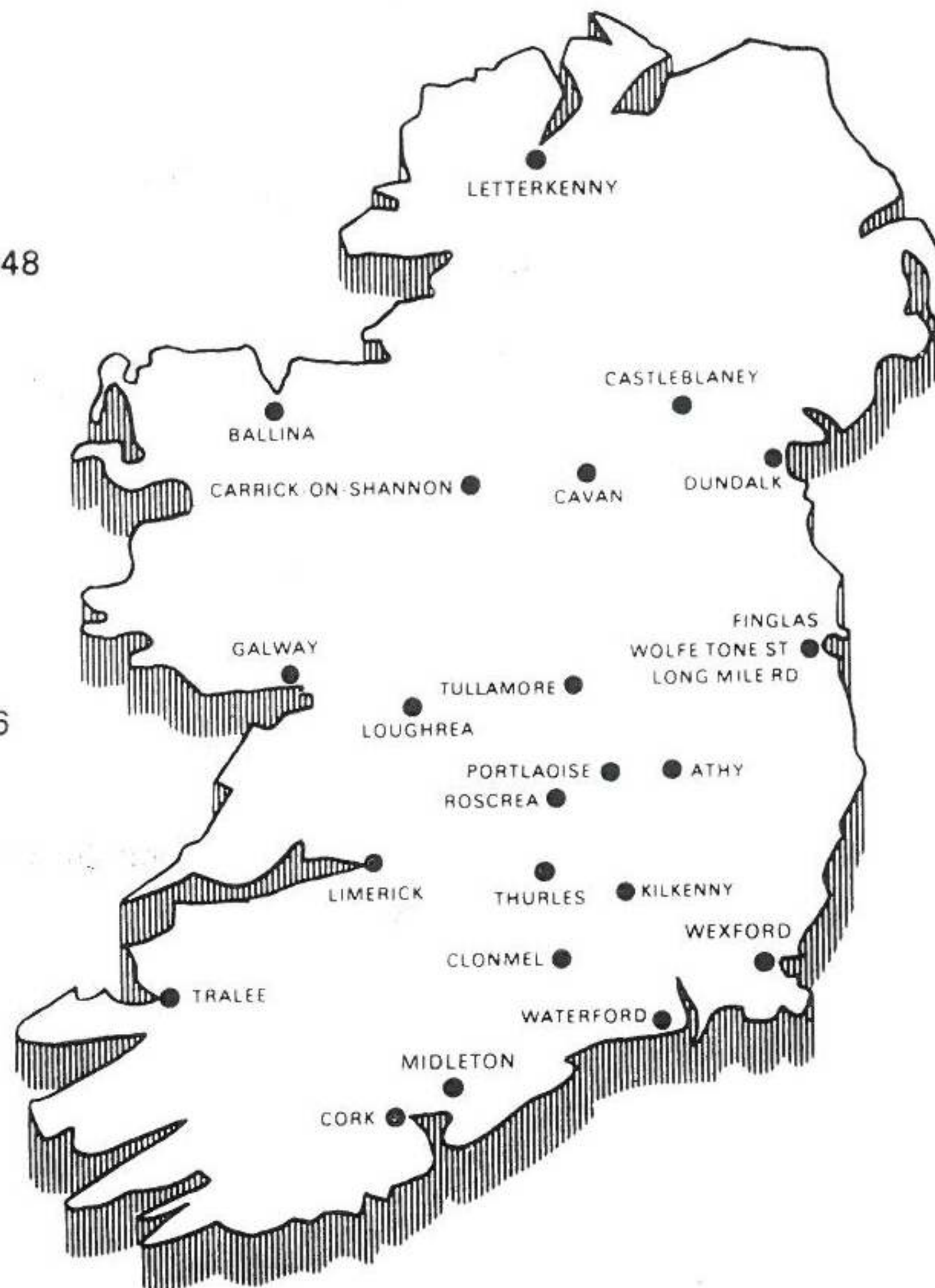
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SOBERING MESSAGE IN FOOTBALL FINAL

DAN McAREAVY'S

ULSTER VIEWPOINT

THE select band of counties with a genuine chance of winning the All-Ireland senior football championship—or, indeed, of appearing in the semi-finals — seems to have become very small indeed; veering dangerously close, in fact, to the situation in hurling where the McCarthy Cup continues to be the preserve of the few.

That was the sobering message I took away from Croke Park on September 26 when Dublin and Kerry seemed the proverbial mile ahead of anything which the vast majority of the other counties could serve up.

I realise that a year is a long time in sport but at this stage I don't think there is a county in Ulster capable of spiking the really big guns in the 1977 championship. Maybe the other provinces are more optimistic, and needless to say I will be very pleased to eat my words come August and September next if a Northern squad can make it to the top.

If we in Ulster are to come into the big time reckoning again the first signs of revival may be seen in the forthcoming Railway Cup competition for which Down star Sean O'Neill has been given overall charge.

Having often in the past criticised the Ulster Council on persevering with an obviously outmoded Railway Cup selection system, I unhesitatingly applaud our legislators in nominating O'Neill as the provincial supremo. It is a most imaginative

decision which could not have been bettered.

Ulster's golden period as Railway Cup specialists, which began in the mid-fifties before reaching full flower in the sixties, has been on the wane for too long now due mainly to some inexplicable lapses from sides which, on paper, seemed strong enough. In my book the Down wizard is the perfect choice to give the injection so clearly needed.

Personally, I believe that the Railway Cup in its present provincial format has outlived its usefulness. However, that view is not shared by the powers-that-be and definitely not by Sean O'Neill who has always attached great importance to it and not least when he pulled on the Ulster jersey.

O'Neill takes over with full charge both as manager and selector. It will be up to him alone to decide what to do even though he may avail of the assistance of others of his own choice.

Ulster president Malachy Mahon explained: "Sean has been given full responsibility for

the team and its selection. It will be a great challenge for him but I feel he is the man to put Ulster back on the Railway Cup map again."

Already there is a great deal of speculation in several quarters about the approach of the new boss to the challenging task ahead. One thing is certain: he will bring a dedicated professionalism—in the best sense of that word—to his campaign to restore Northern fortunes. Towards the success of that effort he merits the co-operation of all. In sincerely wishing him well the hope must be that Sean's influence will filter out to all the counties through the panel of players selected to restore our provincial fortunes.

But I cannot let the occasion pass without a comment on the Dublin-Kerry 1976 decider in which I was totally convinced that the Kingdom would romp to an easy retention of their title.

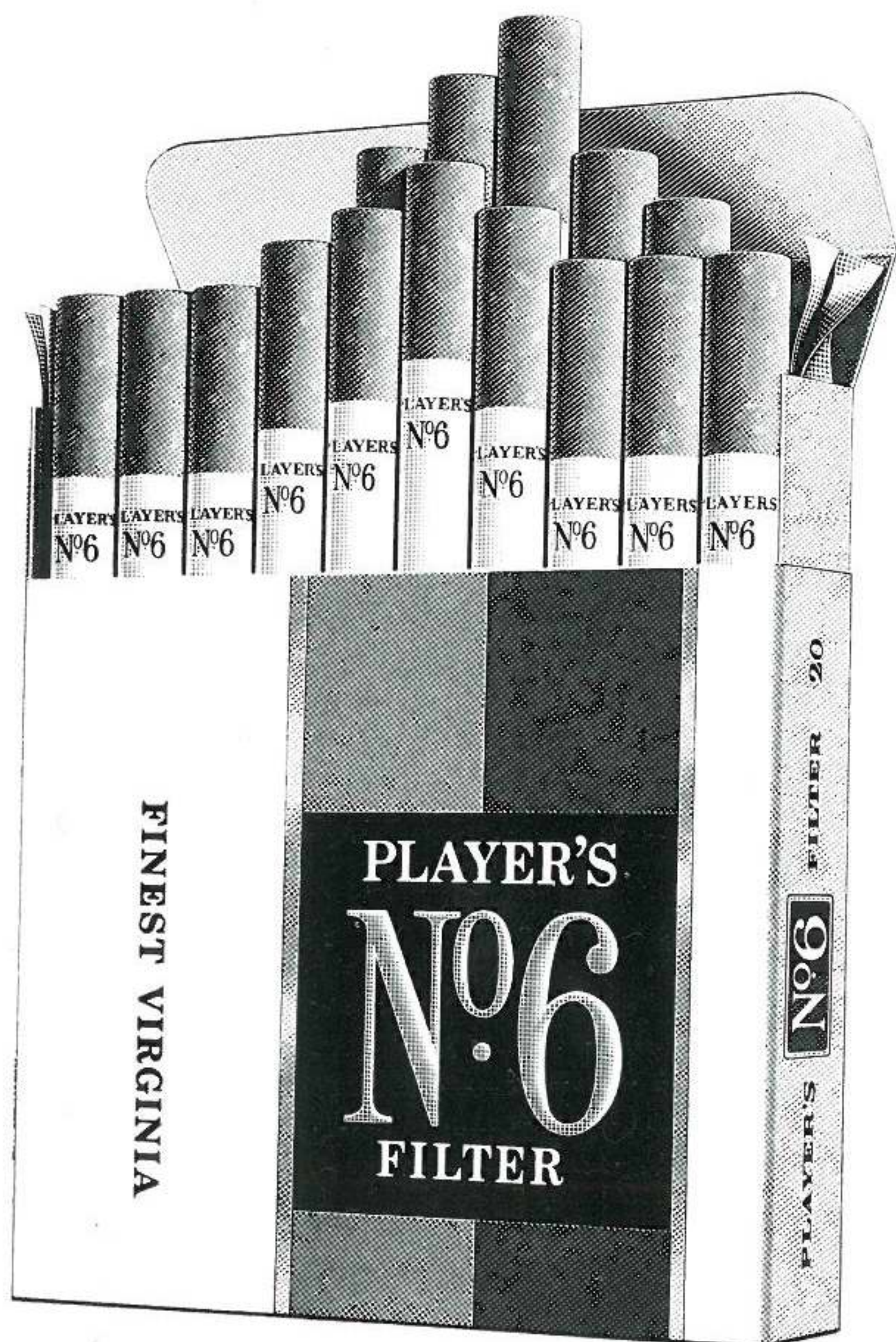
However, after 20 seconds of play I was as certain as one can be at a sports fixture that the hopes of the holders had been all but officially jettisoned. In that brief opening interlude six Dublin players handled brilliantly before Kevin Moran blazed his goal shot across the posts and wide, before a Kerry player had touched the ball.

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RARE HONOUR FOR CON MURPHY

By MICK DUNNE (RTE Sport)

● Ray Cummins proudly holds aloft the Liam McCarthy Cup after Cork's victory over Wexford in this year's All-Ireland Hurling Final. President Con Murphy (right) had the added pleasure of presenting the trophy to a fellow Cork man.



WHEN Con Murphy handed over the Liam McCarthy Cup to Ray Cummins following Cork's hurling triumph on September 5 he became the first president in over four decades to have the pleasure of presenting the trophy to a fellow countyman.

It was as much as 41 years since a previous president had seen his native county win an All-Ireland championship at senior level in either hurling or football during his term of office. Until Con Murphy this year it hadn't happened the president of the Association since 1935 when Kilkenny won the hurling title by beating Limerick in the first final played in the presidency of the late Bob O'Keeffe.

Although the presidential roll lists Laois as the county of Bob O'Keeffe, who was president in 1935/'36/'37, he was, in fact, a native of Kilkenny, born in the famed hurling parish of Mooncoin.

Indeed, in his youth the late Mr. O'Keeffe played on the Kilkenny hurling team of 1899, but most of his life was spent in Laois and his deep involvement in G.A.A. affairs — as player, referee and highly-respected administrator — was as an adopted Laoisman.

He qualified as a teacher at De La Salle College (Waterford) in 1902 and, having spent two years teaching in Dunboyne, he

moved to Laois as principal teacher in Borris-in-Ossory. He played on the Laois team that won the All-Ireland hurling championship in 1915 (our only one, unfortunately), was honoured by Leinster in the old Railway Shield competition and was a Poc Fada champion on several occasions.

Bob O'Keeffe was president of the Leinster council before being voted into the highest office of the Association. Shortly after his death in 1949 the Laois County Board presented to the provincial council the massive O'Keeffe Cup, which is now the trophy for the Leinster senior hurling championship.

As already stated, this native of Kilkenny was the last president before Con Murphy to have his native county win a championship during his period in office.

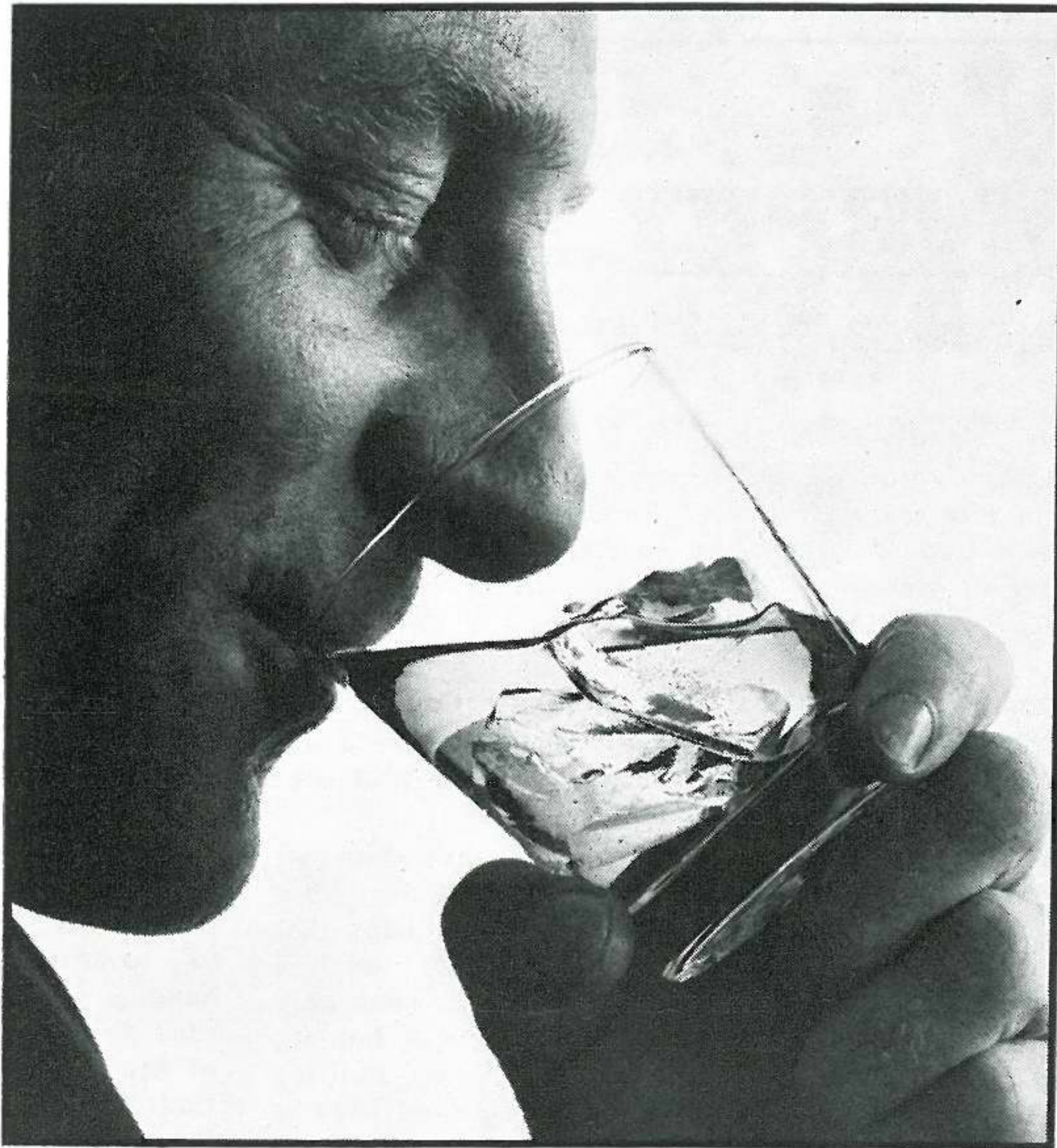
The late Seamus Gardiner, who died only this year, is listed as a Tipperary president and was on his final year as president when Tipperary won the 1945 hurling championship. But Seamus was, in fact, a native of

Clare, having been born in Lisdoonvarna.

Incidentally, it is fitting that a son of this great Clareman should be the one to coach the St. Flannan's College (Ennis) senior and junior hurling teams to success this year. Father Seamus Gardiner, who is doing such valuable work as chairman of the association's Communications Committee, is on the teaching staff of the Clare college.

Another Clareman was in a similar position to the late Seamus Gardiner when Dublin won the football championship in 1958. That was the first year in the presidency of Dr. Joe Stuart, a Dublin official for many years, who is a native of Ogonelloe, Co. Clare.

Roscommon's Dan O'Rourke missed being in the presidency when his county won the second of their two successive All-Ireland titles by just two years. Roscommon were champions in 1943 and '44, but he was not elected president until Easter 1946 and, then, the following October he was the president who received Paddy Kennedy and the rest of the Kerry team when they went onto the old Hogan Stand after beating Roscommon in the '46 replayed final.



He switched to Paddy.
And saw the light.

Paddy
The Thoroughbred.



ARKS

GREAT FINAL?

OPINION POLL

compiled by
JOHN O'SHEA
(*Evening Press*)

THE critics lauded it . . . the punters enthused about it . . . the players seemed to derive great pleasure from it.

But how good really was this year's All-Ireland senior hurling final? Was it the greatest, or does it merit being placed on that plateau?

We thought you would like to hear the views of some of hurling's most prominent players, past and present, on that subject.

JIMMY SMYTH:

The best final ever. That's the way I saw it. And for the following reasons: The pace was fierce . . . it had a lot of pure hurling . . . we had give and take—very sporting . . . and it had a cliff-hanging quality.

It had all the thrills one expects from a great game between two top-class teams. What a finish we would have had if Doran had been awarded that free close in when Cork had edged ahead.

We had a case of one side—Wexford—racing off into a commanding lead, being pegged back, and then overhauled. I'll never forget it.

EDDIE KEHER:

For sheer excitement and thrills, this game was hard to beat. It was the type of match that must have pleased everyone—except of course the hapless Wexfordmen.

It was too close and keenly contested for it to have been a great match in the aesthetic sense. The marking and so forth was so tight as to keep stylish

efforts to a minimum.

Yet we had some magnificent individual displays, and both teams tried everything to swing things their own way.

I have always maintained that it's near impossible to compare final teams with those who have competed in previous deciders. But I maintain that the enjoyment level and excitement level for the spectator was on a par with anything which I have experienced.

JOHN DOYLE:

Not wishing to take from it, I would not place it alongside the 1956 final. The standard I thought was good, but hardly magnificent.

There was plenty of action and excitement, but again, I would think that some of the other finals, which I have seen, surpassed it on that score.

It's never easy to compare finals, but I'll finish by saying that it was a good game, and leave it at that.

JIMMY DOYLE:

It was the best final for years. I have to go back about sixteen years to recall a more thrill-packed game.

We had Cork meeting Wexford for the first time in a number of years in a final. And that in itself was something novel. In my opinion the speed was fantastic, much quicker than in my time in finals. It was tough and it was clean.

In fairness I must say that I didn't think the standard was especially brilliant, though it was

pretty good. Wexford wasted a lot of scoring chances, and that I believe must take somewhat from the overall standard.

But I will remember it as a final that gave me, and I would say everyone who saw it, a lot of memories.

BOBBY RACKARD:

I would not consider it one of the great finals. There were too many scoring opportunities missed. Wexford missed a few very easy goal chances in the second half; that would not have happened in finals where such as Christy Ring and Jimmy Langton played.

Certainly the 1947 decider was a far superior game, and I can think of a few others.

Of course the fact that there was not much between the sides made it very enjoyable for the spectators, and I would say it was a marvellous game in which to play. But I'm afraid I would not remember it especially.

DONIE NEALON:

The first half was as good as ever I saw. But I thought it fell away a bit in the second period.

As regards the standard, the manner in which the scores were taken was brilliant. Cork, well behind, were prepared to pick off their points.

The degree of overall skill and excitement was also high. In fact this match had everything.

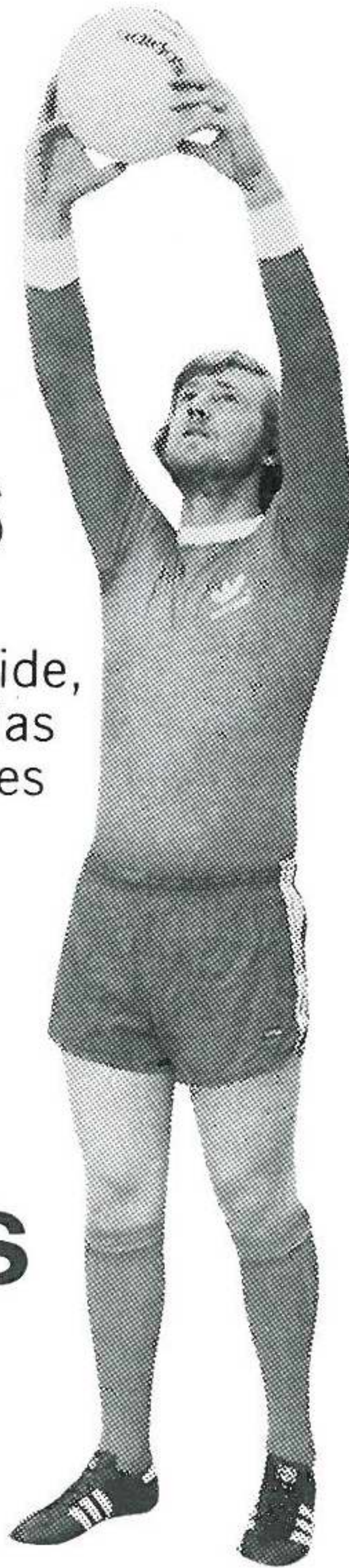
I have always considered the 1959 final the best I saw. But I must say this year's game ran it close.

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Mick Butler
Wexford

SCORESHEET

Wexford men fill all top placings

TWO new faces on the senior championship top scorers' charts, a famous first for Kerry and Munster, and the major records still standing . . . that is a brief summary on the SCORESHEET scene this month now that all the goals and points have been recorded for the 1976 provincial and All-Ireland hurling and football tests.

The newcomers to the line-up are Mick Butler, Wexford's first national chart-topper since 1968, and Michael Sheeny, who has at long last brought his county and the South in "out of the cold" by taking the premier position in football.

Butler hit 1-4 in Wexford's gallant failure to Cork in that memorable clash for the Liam McCarthy Cup. That brought his bag for the entire campaign to 3-20 (29 points) in five games at an average of 5.80 points an outing.

The Buffer's Alley man's haul is the best by a Wexford hurler since the late, great Nicky Rackard scored 51 points (12-15) in four games in 1956. That

By
**OWEN
McCANN**

stood as the national record until Eddie Keher cracked home 4-43 (55 points) in four appearances in 1971.

The great Kilkenny stylist was in even sharper finishing form the following year when he pushed the all-Ireland record up to a tremendous 63 points on a 6-45 scoreline from five engagements. That's a target that is certainly going to take beating in the years ahead.

Butler had five points to spare over his nearest rival in this season's hurling chart, teammate Tony Doran, who notched 5-9, also in five matches at an average of 4.80 points. This season's captain, incidentally, was the man who headed the



● Tony Doran, Wexford's captain in this year's All-Ireland final, probably is now playing his best ever hurling since first donning the Wexford jersey way back in 1964.

line-up in the code in 1968 with 6-3 (21 points) from three ties.

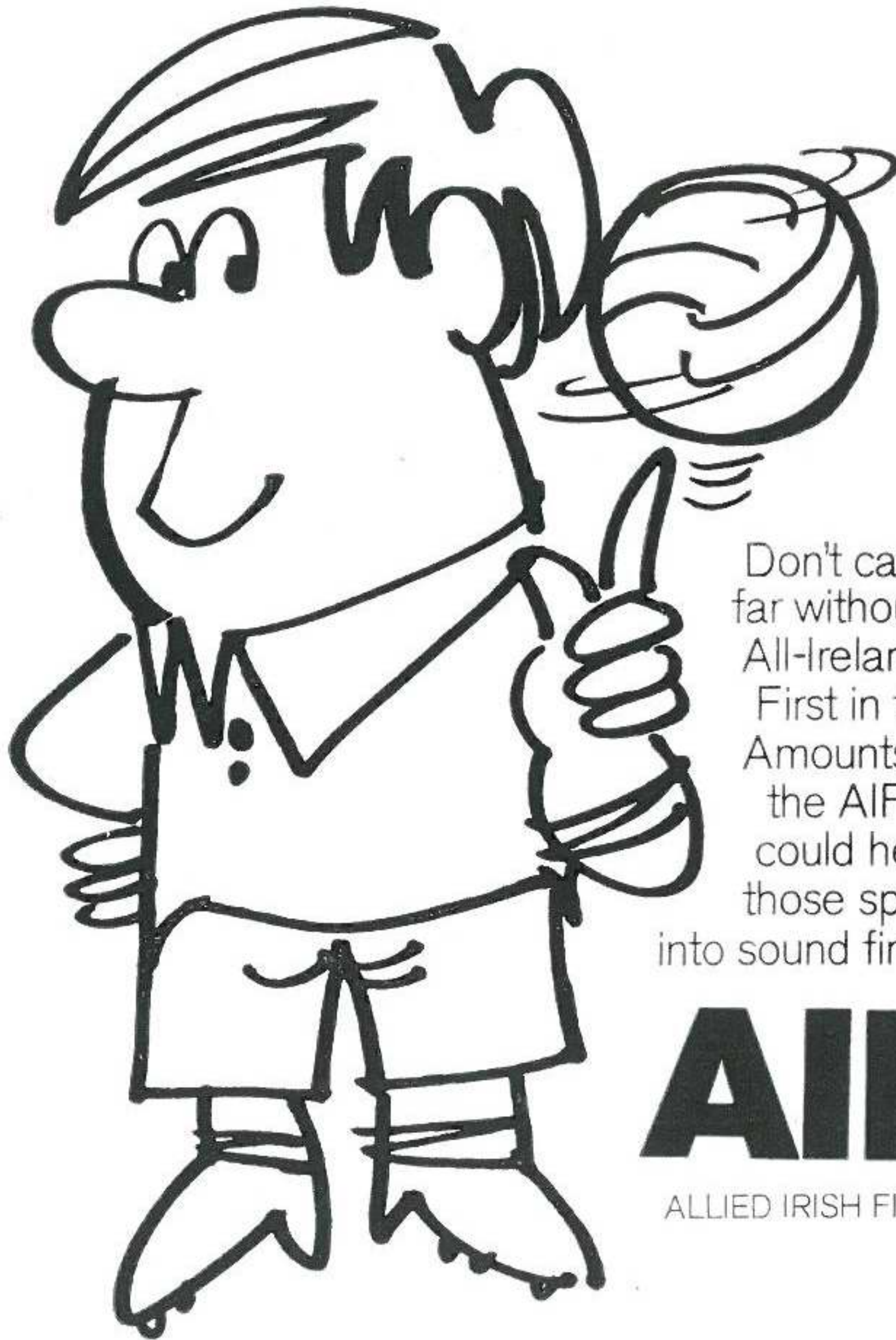
There is a complete dominance by Wexford of the premier placings in hurling, as in third place on 23 points is John Quigley, 2-17, and No. 4 is Ned Buggy, 3-13. Each had five games and as a result Quigley has the better match average — 4.60 points to Buggy's 4.40 points.

Then comes the man with the best match score of all—Eamonn Cregan, who put up 6-2 in his two appearances with Limerick, and that works out at a highly impressive ten points a game.

Next comes Cork's No. 1, Charlie McCarthy, who played three games and put up 3-8 (17

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GAA



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● FROM PAGE 19

points), or 5.66 points on average.

Back to Eamonn Cregan, and he achieved the best individual barrage of the series in the Munster final at Páirc Uí Chaoimh, where his lethal finishing was such that he finished with 4-1 against Cork.

Other noteworthy individual scoring achievements were recorded by Johnny Walshe at 0-12 in Kildare's brave bid against Wexford in the Leinster semi-final at Athy in June; 1-8 by John Grogan at Thurles when Tipperary lost by a point to Cork in the Munster semi-final, also in June, and Pat Moylan's 0-10 during that stellar show at mid-field that did so much to prompt Cork to their summit win over the Leinster champions.

The Blackrock man finished two points below the individual peak for a Munster hurler. This stands to the credit of Charlie McCarthy at 1-9 in Cork's win over Wexford for the 1970 title. However, Moylan's bag in the All-Ireland final was the best by any Cork hurler on the way to the latest Liam McCarthy Cup win.

The high point for an All-Ireland senior final was written into the record book by Eddie Keher (who else?) during Kilkenny's unsuccessful bid against Tipperary in the 1971 final. He scored a superb 2-11 during that 80 minutes game.

In football, it is very hard to credit that since I introduced these records all of 22 years ago, a footballer from Kerry, or Munster for that matter, did not figure among the chart-toppers until Michael Sheehy clinched his place in the line-up during the recent Sam Maguire Cup game.

The Austin Stacks club man jumped into the lead position when he cracked home 3-3 in Kerry's big win over Derry in



Some of 1976's top marksmen. On top from left: John Quigley (Wexford) and Charlie McCarthy (Cork). On left is Mike Sheehy (Kerry) while Eamonn Cregan (Limerick) is featured on right.

the All-Ireland semi-final. Three further points in the losing bid against Dublin left him with 4-26 (38 points) from five games, or 7.60 points a tie.

In earning this extra special place for himself in the rankings, the 22-year-old Kerry footballer finished with two points to spare over his closest challenger, Jimmy Keaveney, who was the leading marksman nationally in 1974 and again last year.

This year the Dubliner was among the goals as never before in the championship. He found his way through to the net six times, and put over 18 points as well for good measure to bag a total of 36 points. He, too, had five outings, and thus his match average is well up on Sheehy's at 7.20 points.

Keaveney also put up the best score in any game during the championship campaign. The match in question was Dublin's first defence of the Leinster championship at Mullingar, where he shot 3-4 against Longford, one of his goals being from the penalty spot.

Next comes Sheehy with that 3-3 against Derry. The Kerry sharpshooter notched 0-11 in the Munster final replay win over Cork in extra time, while Joe McLoughlin put up 1-8 in a big Galway win over Leitrim at Carrick-on-Shannon in a Connacht semi-final in June.

In third place in the 1976 national football chart is Brendan Kelly (Derry), 0-29 in five games, or 5.80 points a game, and he is followed by Steve Duggan (Cavan) with 1-22 (25 points) in four ties, or 6.25 points a match. Completing the top five is Pat Spillane (Kerry) with 2-14 (20 points) from five outings, or four points a game.

Finally, still standing for at least another year are Frankie Stockwell's high points for an All-Ireland final, and Jimmy Keaveney's national record for a full series of games.

Stockwell scored 2-5 in Galway's win over Cork in the 1956 decider, while Keaveney shot 1-38 (41 points) in five outings last year at the fine match average of 8.20 points.

MOONDHARRIG'S DIARY

How Heffo planned downfall of Kerry

ALL-IRELAND football final day was, no matter from what angle you cared to look at it, a great day for all concerned, for the G.A.A., for Gaelic football, for the spectators in Croke Park and for the millions more, some in rather far-off places, who were able to watch the game "live" on television.

I have not seen a football final played at a greater pace than this one was. Indeed, from the press-box the speed of the opening stages was almost incredible, although after the stoppage caused by Kerry goalkeeper Paud O'Mahony's unlucky injury neither the pace nor indeed the performance ever reached quite the same peak of perfection again.

There were several aspects of this game that linger in the memory. There was the utter sharpness and dedication of the Dubliners obvious right from the throw-in. There were the number of occasions, in both halves, when goaling chances seemed to be obviously on for Kerry, but were never availed of. Indeed I was amazed more than once to see Kerry men opt for points when badly-needed goals did not look impossible.

Again, looking back on the game as a whole, one can see, with the benefit of hindsight now, exactly how Kevin Heffernan and his co-adjutors laid their plans to beat Kerry this time, and how well those plans worked. A year ago Kerry won, primarily because their half-backs not alone contained the immediate opposition but were able to advance, bolster up centre-field, and lay on extra supplies for lively half-forwards.

This time the Dublin half-forwards had the measure of the Kerry wing half-backs, and one has only to recall the number of times David Hickey and Anton O'Toole were in the forefront of the

winners' forays, and thus were able to reinforce heavily the supremacy that Brian Mullins and Bernard Brogan had, from the start, established around mid-field. But that was only the half of it. When the new-look Dublin half-back line of Tommy Drumm, Kevin Moran and Pat O'Neill was first named against Galway, there were many critics, and these were only partially silenced when the trio, playing together as a line for the first time that day, completely blotted out the powerful Galway half-forward line of Tom Naughton, Jimmy Duggan and Liam Sammon.

But if ever three men silenced all criticism it was that Dublin half-back line in the final. Tommy Drumm may have been the least conspicuous, but he was tremendously effective, while Pat O'Neill has never had a better game in the Dublin jersey. Not alone was his high fielding a revelation, but his placing of his clearances was pin-point. Yet the success of the day was Kevin Moran, who, except for a brief period in the third quarter, was a dominant centre half-back. That perhaps was not so unexpected. What came completely out of the blue, as far as almost all of us were concerned, were those dramatic breakaways of his right down the centre. As I saw it, this was something Kerry had never bargained for, they had no plans made to contain these raids, and they never did succeed in either picking up or cutting off the sturdy youngster from the Long Mile Road as he careered through, and he did just that five times in all.

Accepting that Kerry were so surprisingly outplayed for long spells, I am still wondering why, for instance, John O'Keeffe was never called out to mid-field or, though it might have been a drastic remedy, why somebody did not take the chance of switching

ned ry



The Dublin half-back line, which when first named against Galway had many critics—but not alone did they immobilise a very experienced trio in Naughton, Duggan and Sammon but were even more impressive when cancelling out the Kerry half-forwards in the final. Pictured (from left): Tommy Drumm, Kevin Moran and Pat O'Neill.

Denis Moran to the half-backs and bringing up Ger Power. But we are all so much wiser after the event, so, to come back to what I said earlier, it was a great day for the G.A.A. and for Gaelic football. And that was especially the case in Dublin.

Two years ago the success of Heffo's Heroes caused all the more raptures because what is rare is wonderful, and because of that remarkable transformation that in less than six months brought Dublin from the Second Division of the League to the All-Ireland title. Although the army of Dublin supporters marched gallantly out of Croke Park a year ago with banners flying, that defeat was disappointing, though I must say that the numbers who continued to follow the team to county matches was ample proof that "The Dubs" had built up a sizeable core of all-the-year-round supporters. When Dublin came back to Croke Park for the League semi-final and final, the crowds were back in full force, and followed them to Mullingar and Tullamore for the early games in the championship.

And never was Heffo's Army seen out in greater force than at the final itself. That was important point Number One, but point Number Two was even more important. And this was that the small unruly element which earlier had been hanging round the fringes has either been disciplined by the honest-to-goodness Dublin followers, or have been let know they just were not wanted. All the many Battalions of Heffo's Army are as much of a credit now to their players as the players are to them. Which of course was just as it should be.

Even more encouraging for the future of the G.A.A. in Dublin was the tremendous crowd that turned up in O'Connell Street on the night after the final to acclaim their heroes. The enthusiasm then

shown augurs well for the dedication of so many youngsters to our own games. Indeed, it must also be acknowledged that the bearing of the present set of Dublin players, both on and off the field, has done a tremendous amount to enhance the prestige and the status of Gaelic games in circles in Dublin which would not have dreamed of even pretending that they knew anything about Gaelic football some years ago. So, as far as the winners' contribution is concerned, everything in the football garden is rosy.

On the other hand, one can see no way in which this defeat will do any harm to the game in Kerry. True, the Kerrymen never like to be beaten in a final and least of all by Dublin who remain their closest rivals on the Roll of Honour, though still a pretty safe distance behind. But this team is a young team with, one feels, much of their football greatness still before them, and if there are replacements needed, well after all Kerry retained the Under-21 title just a fortnight before having to part with their senior crown. And that should be insurance enough that we will continue to see the Kingdom's green and gold in Croke Park through the years immediately ahead.

Nor had the counties represented in the minor final any reason to feel unhappy. Cork seem to produce an endless string of capable youngsters nowadays and if this season's crop did not quite measure up, they were not blessed with the best of luck. As well as that, they were opposed by a very talented Galway side, and it must be remembered that Galway's three-in-a-row champions were powered by the victorious minors of 1960. And there are those in the West who believe the 1976 winners are at least as good as the lads of 16 years ago.

By

JAY DRENNAN

TIPPERARY ON THE MARCH AGAIN

IT takes a lot to get a Tipperary man down. You may think he is depressed and falling into a state of torpor when things begin to go wrong, but all he is really doing is withdrawing into himself to commune in his private soul with the shades of his ancestors and the spirits of Knocknagow. More fool you if you think his silence and apparent docility are indications that his confidence is gone or that his wish for supremacy is dissipated.

Especially when it comes to hurling, your Tipperary man is a deep and unfathomable fellow. You may say in an effort to raise his hackles that Tipperary hurling is finished and there will never again be a decent minor team in the county, let alone a powerful senior one. And you may think that his non-committal, half-smiling disclaimer is, in fact, an agreement with your view. Rest assured he will not react as some other county men would with heated denial of the whole statement of your view, if not a smart cuff across the jowls.

For one thing, the real Tipperary hurling man knows in his heart's core that all you say is utter nonsense, but he wouldn't waste time or raise his blood pressure by arguing with anyone who is so complete a fool as to mouth the opinion at all. For another thing, he does not need the sound of his own voice in argument to convince him that

it is all lies and that Tipperary will be hurling when others will need archaeological surveyors to find traces of the game in their territories.

And, finally, your sound Tipperary man prefers always to "sing dumb" when there is nothing particularly fine to sing about, and wait with stoic fortitude for the bad times to pass and the normal good times to come again. It will be time enough to smile expansively then and allow the denigrating fool of yesterday to be today's admirer.

The thought occurs because of the few simple but pregnant words uttered by His Grace of Cashel when presenting the All-Ireland trophy to the captain of the Tipperary minor hurling team which had just recaptured an All-Ireland title that had eluded them since 1959. Dr. Morris said he had been 16 long years waiting for that moment. (His accession to the See took place in 1960 and his patronage of the G.A.A. and his presentation of the All-Ireland minor trophy had begun from that year—the one after the last year in which Tipperary triumphed.) He sounded like a man who had just had a large burden removed from his shoulders, as though the fear had gripped him that he might have some unlucky influence on Tipperary's constant failures in all his years in the position; or, as though some

niggling doubts, pressing against his better judgement, were causing him terrible temptations to sin against faith in the upstanding, manly qualities of modern Tipperary youth.

Welcoming that minor squad back to Thurles on the Monday night after the reclamation of the minor All-Ireland championship, the large crowd left no doubt about their clear intentions for the future. The minors were marvellous, but they were only an indication of the general movement of Tipperary hurling back to a position which would befit it.

They talked of the minor final, but equally they talked long and deep about the senior championship that might have been won if only they had been a little more careful and a little more knowledgeable in advance of the possibilities of their team and the vulnerability of the others. Cork had been made a present of that Munster semi-final in Limerick, so the consensus went. It would never happen again, they averred. Next time they would know they had the material to come back to the top and there would be no throwing away championships by underestimating themselves or by lacking a morsel of conviction at the first hurdle of the summer.

Just now there is a great deal of concern about the welfare of

the well-proven players. The promise of the youngsters is obvious from the minors but they are the guarantee of the future, not the present. There are plenty of promising young hurlers— young in Tipperary now means anything up to 25 because players below that age have had no chance to establish their reputations during the slack years.

And for that very reason there is some concern for the well-being of the men who strode the hurling world once and who still remain active: Tadhg O'Connor, Noel O'Dwyer, Seamus Hogan, John Flanagan, and maybe Francis Loughnane. These are men who know the road.

In a time of transition it is always important to have men who know the road. This was the thinking behind the team which went out in the championship against Cork last summer. Shinnors, O'Connor, O'Dwyer, Loughnane, Hogan and Flanagan had been on the trail with better teams in better days. They were there to take the strain so that the younger players and those who had already shown quality but who were without achievement could get on with the running and the hurling with less weight on their shoulders.

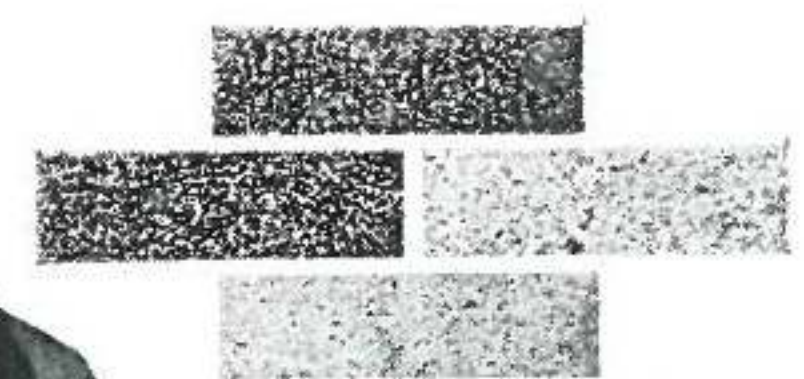
Unhappily, Loughnane and Flanagan of the forwards were found to be many rungs from the top of the ladder of form. Loughnane's slip had been a quick and drastic one and he was struggling desperately to hold on, so he was unable to give the strong guiding hand. Tipperary's selectors were obviously so concerned with the need for the touch of experience that they persevered too long with Loughnane and Flanagan that day. Earlier replacements might have paid winning dividends if only because of the fact that the younger players were playing with confidence and verve and not in need of much guiding experience.

If they were, however, it must be admitted that this was largely due to the stability furnished from an early stage by O'Connor, O'Dwyer and Hogan, together with Jim Keogh who must be accepted among the established because of his Munster experience and obvious natural talents. So, it is still a matter of some concern in Tipperary that a sufficient number of the established group find their best form

for the coming year: with their presence to backbone the effort the rest of the team will be found, they say, to complete a fifteen which will take the Munster and All-Ireland crowns—or know the reason why not?

No one has caused such comment since the Cork championship match as did John Grogan. Many readers will remember this big fellow playing centre-field

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BESSER BRICKS

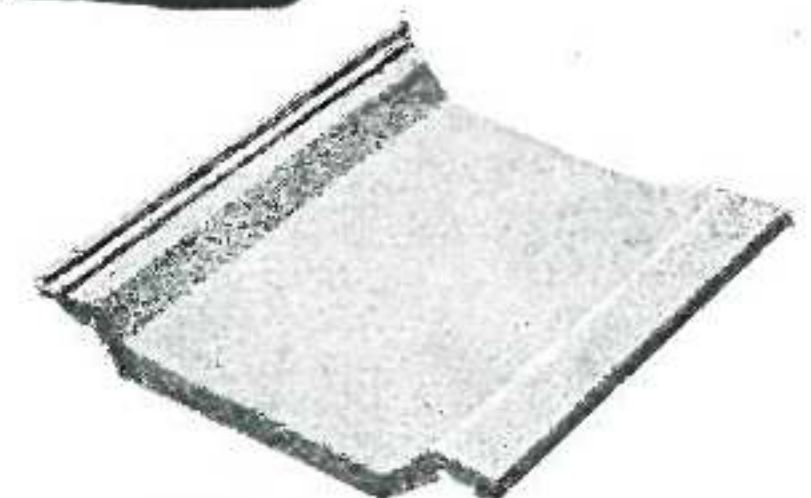
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HANDBALL SCENE

By SEAN CLERKIN

PAT Kirby, the apparently ageless wonder of modern handball, achieved his ambition of winning the All-Ireland Open Singles Championship for the third successive time when he beat Richie Lyng in this year's final.

This win, which brings with it the coveted Coca-Cola award, definitely places the Clareman in a class apart.

It can now be argued with a lot of justification that he compares favourably with many of the recognised stars of the past such as John Joe Gilmartin and John Ryan.

In victory this year, Kirby showed all the qualities that make him great. Lyng came prepared to make him fight all the way for his laurels and thereby we witnessed a most interesting final.

Lyng took up the running from the start, butted accurately and with discretion, and went on to win the first game 21-4.

It was obvious now that Kirby's real mettle was to be tested but he came through with flying colours. In dogged fashion he contained the Wexfordman in the second set and gradually edged out in front for victory. He had now set the pattern for the third which he won rather easily.

But, while Kirby was again establishing himself as the King of the Softball code, it is also relevant to point out that Peadar McGee, the great exponent from Newport, again left a definite imprint on the handball code. He won the Singles Championship for the fifth time in a row and also took the doubles title in partnership with Pat McCormack.

These victories certainly place McGee in a special bracket beside such well-known names as Joey Maher, Paddy Downey, J. J. Gilmartin and Tom Soye.

Fate also decreed that this season Pat McGarry, Limerick's favourite handballing son, would win a senior championship medal. He joined up with Michael Hogan to form an impregnable doubles partnership that took the challenge of the best pairings in the country in their stride. In the final they beat a formidable Roscommon pairing in Joe O'Brien and Brian Colleran and thus McGarry atoned for his many near misses down the years.

However, my kudos for the year go to the Sheridan brothers Greg and Dominick, from Cavan, who bridged a thirteen year gap by taking the All-Ireland junior softball and handball titles back to Ulster. It was a magnificent achievement, on consideration that standards in Ulster are not at the same level as in the other provinces. I rated their softball final match with Meath's Jim Molloy and Anthony Wright as the most exciting I had seen in the Glass Court since it was opened in 1970.

It indeed was a game of character, punctuated by spells of brilliant handball and the optimum in human endeavour. It was reminiscent of some of the classics we used to witness in the old court. These victories by the Cavan boys were but just reward for the many dedicated officials in the county who have kept the game to the forefront.

Amongst them one finds Doctor Galligan, who has done wonderful work in promoting the game in Cavan town. Andy

Cullen, one of handball's most esteemed administrators, and Michael Leddy, Chairman of the County Board.

With All-Ireland champions in their midst, the limelight now shifts to the people of Cavan town. They must face up to the challenge of providing their new champions, and those who will succeed them, with a covered court. For, it hardly seems right that the only place the Sheridans could train for these finals was in the Meath court at Ceanannus Mór.

And, finally, a word of congratulation to Michael Maher from Louth who took the first-ever 60 x 30 minor championship to the county. He thus had the distinction of winning what his illustrious father Joey, the late Fintan Confrey and many other great Louth players had failed to achieve.

CHAMPIONS

S.S.S.—Pat Kirby (Clare).

S.S.D.—Mick Hogan and Pat McGarry (Limerick).

S.H.S.—Peadar McGee (Mayo).

S.H.D.—Peadar McGee and Pat McCormack (Mayo).

J.S.S.—Tommy O'Brien (Kerry).

J.S.D.—Greg and Dom Sheridan (Cavan).

J.H.S.—M. Walsh (Roscommon).

J.H.D.—Greg and Dom Sheridan (Cavan).

M.S.S.—Michael Maher (Louth).

M.S.D.—J. McGovern and F. Carroll (Meath).

M.H.S.—J. Dineen (Limerick).

M.H.D.—F. McCann and M. Porter (Sligo).

Under 21 S.—Tommy O'Brien (Kerry).

Under 21 D.—Pious Winders and Tom O'Rourke (Kildare).

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Ah! . . . That's a great tourney

FOUR years ago the Kilmacud Crokes club in Dublin launched an All-Ireland seven-a-side football tournament as an annual event on the eve of the Sam Maguire Cup summit game. The competition, which is played off at the Glenalbyn Grounds in Stillorgan, has gone from success to success in the meantime, and is now firmly established as one of the season's top attractions.

A welcome new dimension was given to the event last year when BASS SPORTS sponsored the event—their first sponsorship of a G.A.A. promotion. That was a splendid gesture by BASS SPORTS, and one that added greatly to the appeal of the seven-a-side test.

Furthermore, it is pleasing to be able to record that the sponsorship continued for the 1976 tournament.

Mr. John Tuite, Marketing Manager of Beamish and Crawford Limited, brewers of Bass Ale, told GAELIC SPORT on behalf of the sponsors:

"I told you last year that we were waiting for a good competition to enter G.A.A. sponsorship and that we felt that we had found one with Kilmacud Crokes. The success of last year's tournament confirmed our judgement."

Mr. Tuite also told us that his organisation was more involved with the G.A.A. this year, and had given substantial financial support to the construction of Cork's magnificent new Pairc Ui Chaoimh.

"That was one sponsorship which I can assure you all our workers in the brewery totally agreed with, particularly in that the Cork senior and under-21 hurlers brought home All-Ireland titles in this, the opening year of Pairc Ui Chaoimh."

Thirty-two club teams, drawn from all provinces, vied for the fourth Bass All-Ireland seven-a-side football title last September. Many well-known inter-county players were in action, and, despite atrocious weather conditions, the competition produced high standard play, and keen matches.

Raheens, of Kildare, and Athlone qualified for the final. In the semi-finals Raheens and Skryne, of Meath, played a draw, while Athlone had a 1-10 to 0-4 win over a fancied Roscommon Gaels squad.

The Raheens-Skryne game was decided on penalties. The Kildare side converted three as against Skryne's two, and an interesting feature was that Pat Dunny of Raheens, although

missing his "own" penalty, saved three.

In the final, Raheens, who had won the Kildare county senior championship the previous Sunday, completed an outstanding inside-a-week double by scoring a 3-3 to 2-2 win.

Athlone got off to an encouraging start with points by B. Reilly and T. Cullen, but Raheens quickly hit back with a D. Campbell goal and two points from J. Winters.

Soon after the interval T. Cullen, despite a great effort by T. Waters in the Kildare champions' goal, sent home to level the scores.

In a move initiated by Raheens' goalkeeper—a man of many positions, whilst yet remaining a goalkeeper—P. Campbell put the Raheens men ahead again.

But Athlone, with B. Murtagh playing well, kept pressing and were rewarded with an equalising goal from Westmeath inter-county star D. Kelly.

However, from a Jack Waters free, D. Campbell gave Raheens a lead they never subsequently relinquished, and B. Graham sealed the issue for the Kildare champions with another well worked goal.

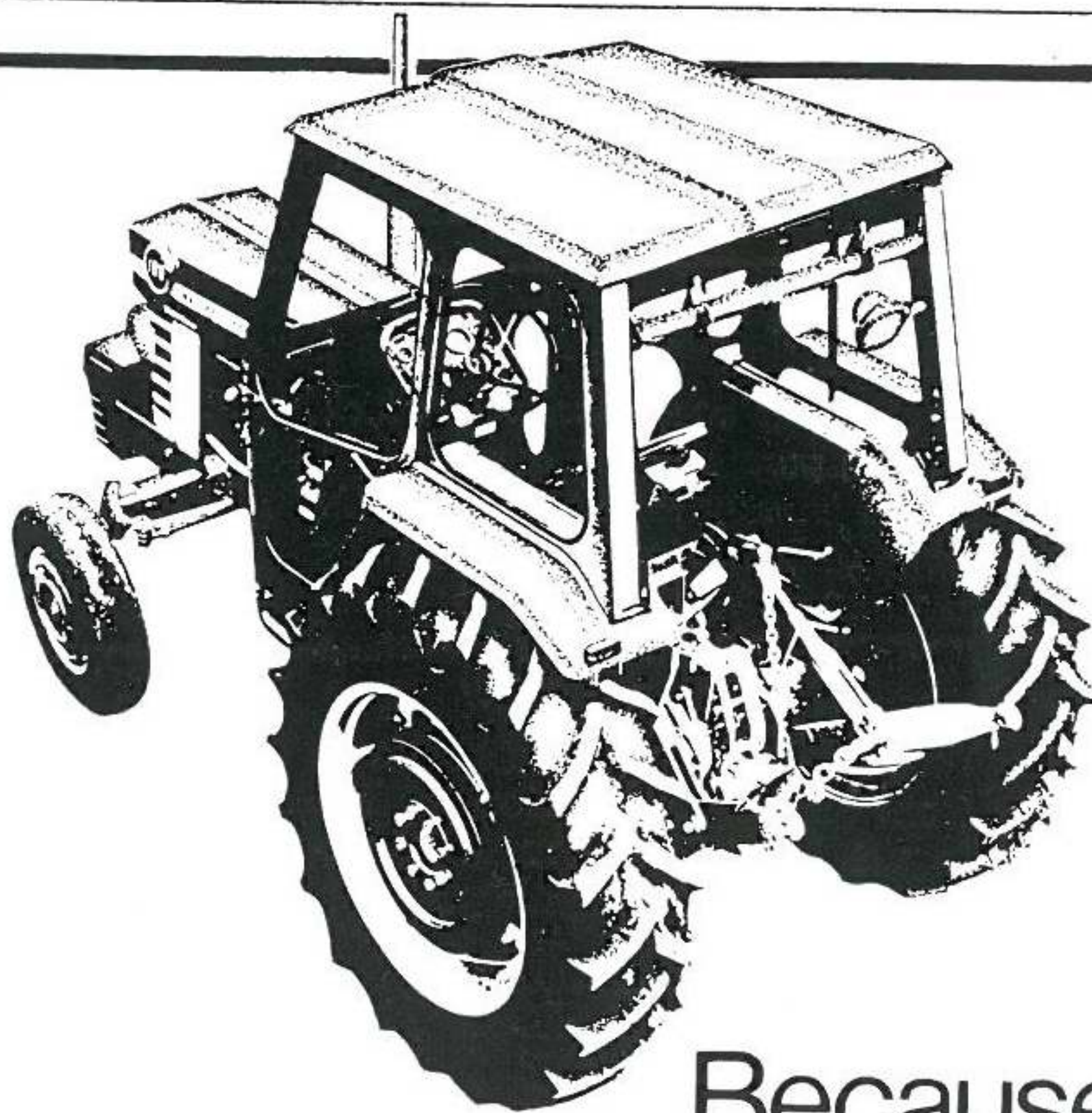
Great credit is due to both teams for a tremendous display of determination and high spirits. As John Moloney (Tipperary), the referee, said:

"It was a terrific performance under the terrible weather conditions."

Pat Dunny, T. Waters, B. Graham and P. Cunningham were best for Raheens, while to the fore for Athlone were B. Murtagh, K. Dolan, T. Collins and B. Reilly.

Scorers: Raheens—D. Campbell 1-1; P. Campbell 1-0; B. Graham 1-0; J. Winters 0-2. Athlone—T. Cullen 1-1; B. Kelly 1-0; B. Reilly 0-1.

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CAMOGIE COMMENT

By AGNES HOURIGAN

WELL, the All-Ireland Camogie finals are over now and once again we had entertaining, exciting and very satisfying matches at Croke Park before Kilkenny in senior and Down in junior each gained their second titles. In each case the margin was only a single point, and in neither case had the losing teams Dublin or Wexford all the luck of the day. However, while Dublin and Wexford both played well enough to suggest that they will be in strong contention again in next year's championship, it must also be conceded that Kilkenny and Down were deserving victors.

In the senior game, while Dublin were there with a chance right to the end, it was only some wonderful goalkeeping from Sheila Murray that kept them in such close contention right through the second half. While as expected Dublin were the faster and sharper, Kilkenny's greater individual skills, with Bridie Martin, Helena O'Neill, and Angela Downey particularly conspicuous. One must add on, of course, one remarkable save by the goalkeeper Teresa O'Neill early in the second half just after Dublin had taken the lead with the only goal of the day. Had Dublin goaled again then the game subsequently might well have been very different.

There were two interesting aspects about this Kilkenny team. First there was the hurling connection. Captain Mary Fennelly had a whole selection of cousins playing in the All-Ireland Under 21 final on the same day, the Downey twins are daughters of a Kilkenny All-Ireland player, while stalwart mid-fielder Peggy

Carey is a niece of one of the great hurling half-backs of all time, the late Paddy Phelan.

In addition three of the Kilkenny players have played for Dublin clubs, and won championships in Dublin, Mary Fennelly with Celtic, Ann Carroll with U.C.D. and Liz Neary with Austin Stacks, a club with which she went on to gain an All-Ireland club medal.

It was also probably the last occasion when Ann Carroll will be seen in inter-county Camogie after a distinguished career that brought her every honour the game had to offer except a Dublin senior championship medal, although she did win a senior B championship with U.C.D. a couple of seasons ago. Now teaching in Donegal, she finds the journey south for games too difficult and has decided to call it a day as far as inter-county play is concerned.

The London-born Ann, who has in a varied career starred with Mercy Convent, Callan, St. Paul's of Kilkenny, St. Patrick's of Tipperary, played for Tipperary and Kilkenny in All-Ireland finals, winning two with Kilkenny and also winning Gael-Linn medals both with Munster and with Leinster, as well as several Ashbourne Cup medals with U.C.D., also shares with Liz Neary the record number of All-Ireland club championship medals won — they have five apiece.

In addition Ann has the remarkable record of having played in goal, at full back, centre-back, in all three mid-field and all four forward positions, and finished up as full-forward in

that September final. Her great work for the game is not finished however.

She remains on as one of the National Coaches. Already the great work she can do for the advancement of the game has become obvious in Donegal where the school where she teaches, Loreto Letterkenny won the Ulster junior Colleges title in the Spring, and one awaits further developments in the North West in the season ahead.

The only disappointment about the finals was, once again, the relatively poor attendance. This time the games had got a fair share of publicity from the newspapers, and if not all we would desire from radio and television, at least more than in previous years, yet the support was far less than it should have been.

Of course we had the unusual position that there were two Leinster teams meeting for the first time in the senior final. While one would expect the Dublin supporters or the bulk of them to have come in any case, no matter whether their own county was playing or not, the fact that Kilkenny were also playing in that Under-21 hurling final cut heavily the support for the Nore-side girls. In addition with Wexford also in the junior final, it meant that only two provinces were represented. But still, considering the many thousands of affiliated players we have throughout the country, one can only continue to wonder why they do not come in greater force to support their own final. It is a question that continues to baffle me.



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of the month award*



Congratulations to recent award winners –
Tony Hanahoe (Dublin), Eddie Keher (Kilkenny),
Pat Spillane (Kerry), Colm Honan (Clare),
Mickey Lynch (Derry), Mick Brennan (Kilkenny),
Tony Doran (Wexford), Willie Murphy (Wexford).



● The dazzling Dubs that even dazzled Dan! Back row (from left): Kevin Moran, Anton O'Toole, Sean Doherty, Jimmy Keaveney, Paddy Cullen, John McCarthy, Tommy Drumm, Bernard Brogan, Bobby Doyle. Front row: Brian Mullins, Robbie Kelleher, Pat O'Neill, Tony Hanahoe, David Hickey and Gay O'Driscoll.

● FROM PAGE 13

For my money this was the best move of the match and although it did not affect the scoreboard, the champions were clearly unsettled in the same way as Muhammed Ali of old used to mystify opponents in the initial confrontation. Suddenly it seemed that Dublin had more players on the field than their opponents and Croke Park began to enjoy this rhapsody in blue so ably conducted by Maestro Hefernan.

As with the first half so with the second. That penalty goal by Jimmy Keaveney in the opening minute — the first penalty, I understand, to be scored in a

final since 1962 — was another decisive screw in the Kerry coffin. Not even the 1975 masters could prevent the inevitable now and that third goal by Brian Mullins, off good play by Drumm and O'Toole, merely completed the formalities. The Jacks were back and deservedly so.

Twelve months earlier I thought I had never seen the likes of the Kerry representatives. On this occasion they were completely outplayed by a Dublin side which certainly got sweet revenge and precisely by the same seven-point margin too. I still find it hard to believe that my heroes of '75 fell so heavily.

And my stars of the match? Well, they must be Dublin's Kevin Moran and Brian Mullins with referee Paddy Collins (Westmeath) meriting special mention for a very competent handling of the proceedings. The co-operation between the referee and his officials was another welcome feature.

Despite a surfeit of basketball tactics, I won't quickly forget the 1976 final but I will be less anxious to recall the Galway-Cork minor affair in which the continuing decline in standard at this vital level must cause a great deal of anxiety if the future is to be assured.

L★A★D★I★E★S P★L★E★A★S★E



Edited by *KITTY MURPHY*

IT was one of those wet, miserable days. I woke to the sound of cars swishing past. The rain was pelting hard and bitter against the window pane. I turned over for a few more minutes. It seemed to stop, so I got up and looked out the window. It was still lashing — just that the wind was driving it in a different direction. I stood looking out hoping t'would go away. It didn't. Will I or won't I—the grey leaden skies were not at all inviting. Still, it wouldn't be right not to go to work just because climatic conditions weren't right . . .

I began to realise how ill-prepared I was for the Winter. My shoes were hard set to keep out dust not to mention rain, and indeed the only coat I own bears a "Showerproof" label, which has proven more than once to be a downright liar. The umbrella, then, was my only hope — but where was it? I did have one last year but a search of the usual hideaways revealed nothing. You see, each year I magnanimously donate in or about half a dozen umbrellas to our illustrious Transport Company. I went back there once — to the lost property section — but the kindly gentleman showed me about fifty brollies, none of which were mine. I hadn't the nerve to say continue on, so I went away empty-handed.

My friend has a very nice fold-up one which someone brought her from France. She

doesn't leave the house till a half an hour after me and the nasty idea of taking it without saying anything did enter my head but needless to say I didn't entertain such a mean thought. I wondered then how I'd get around my problem. My head isn't used to that kind of exercise that early in the day so in case of shock reaction I made a good pot of strong tea. My friend joined me and we agreed that it was a dreadful morning. Ideas matter less than the ability to make them work so I decided to make my point. I stood up and looked out for about two minutes, my cup firmly grasped in my hand. You know this is only a shower, says I with an air of conviction—there's a break over there and I'd say the sun will be shining within twenty minutes. She smiled and informed me that while I might be right I should also know that the Deluge was only a shower. Anyway, says she, I presume its my umbrella you want and she big-heartedly handed it over.

Off with me then into the elements and towards my bus stop. The rain and wind were at my back one minute and right in my face the next. I had to call on all my strength to hold on to the umbrella. Some people have all the luck — Mary Poppins got paid for that kind of thing. The crunch had to come. I turned the corner but the umbrella didn't. It turned inside out, pointing right back the other

way. I wheeled around into the wind but it didn't budge. I held it out in front of me, caught the rim and tried to coax it back but that was secondary to the repair job on hands. I made one last bid for glory. I stood out in the middle of the pathway and whirled round like a spinning top. That did the trick alright and the umbrella came right back to form.

There was quite a queue at the bus stop but then I expected that, conditions being as they were. I stood there peeping out under the rim of my precious umbrella. The rain was pouring down. The lady in front of me had an umbrella and every now and then she decided to shake off the rain. She merely tilted it back, but after getting a fill of one shoe I wised myself up on the situation. Every second car that passed had only the driver in it. That didn't annoy me, but something else did. There's a slight slope, in near the edge of the path and at this stage it was holding a good inch and a half of water. The cars sped past drenching each and every one of us. I tried waltzing in and out of the queue but had had to battle so hard to regain my place that I thought it better to stand my ground.

A bus approached indicating its intention to pull in for fully fifty yards. That promised much but only one got out and one got in. That didn't really improve the situation. A second bus came

quickly but that passed by and left us wondering. A third one followed about a quarter of an hour later. It was City Centre bound which was no use to me. It did, however, take most of what stood in my way of progress and that wasn't bad. Of course, the conductor was asked about ten times where the bus was going. To give him due credit, he maintained an admirable balance of civility. He said nothing but kept his finger pointed at the strong bold lettering which clearly spelt out CITY CENTRE.

I got on next time round. I had to stand but I didn't mind. Everything went along smoothly till a pedestrian attempted a mid-traffic crossing. He made it alright, but myself and two "followers" nose-dived to the front of the bus. I felt sore, but the driver glared hard saying—"It's not my fault, you know". I felt like telling him 'twasn't mine either but thought better of it. Anyway, I resumed my stance in the passageway. This time I deposited my wet, dripping umbrella in the luggage space beneath the stairs and held the roof bar with one hand and my bag with the other. The conductor came on his rounds. "Your fare, please," says he, looking me straight in the eye. I can't, I said. Alright, he returned, but you're not getting off this bus till you pay. He needn't have worried—I wouldn't want to stay on even if he were to pay me. I'm not that crazy about buses!

I kept hoping I might get a seat but beyond shuffling a couple of feet every time someone got off, I didn't make progress. Every window in the bus was closed tight. I excused myself and stretched full length across two ladies to slide a window back a half an inch. However, just as I was about to inhale the "fresh" air, 'twas banged closed again accompanied by "you'd swear 'twas June". I

coughed, gasped and resigned myself to suffocation. At this stage the windows were completely clouded and I was unable to see the outside world. I endured three bad traffic jams before I reached my getting-off point. I fought my way to the door and then wedged myself free of the throng waiting to get on. Anyway, I escaped and turned the corner. Suddenly I had a horrible feeling that something was amiss. I stood. The umbrella — I had left it on the bus.

I panicked — then decided to do something. I went back round the corner. I could see my bus stuck in the traffic so I said here goes. I ran back along the path and right up to the door of the bus. I knocked on the glass panel but the conductor and driver both waved their hands and pointed towards the next stop. I did my best to tell them what I wanted but they ignored me. I made my way to the stop and took myself to the end of the queue. I waited till the bus reached the stop. As the people got out I walked up to the door of the bus amid mutterings of—"Where do you think you're going" and "who does she think she is".

I ignored everything and as the last person got off I squeezed myself on the steps of the bus. The conductor had been watching me and met me head on. Off the bus, says he, you jumped the queue. Look, I said, I've been on this bus all morning and I'm only collecting my umbrella. Where is it, says he, with a doubting look in his eye. Behind you, I said, pointing to its resting place. He picked it up and handed it to me, saying—it's all wet, take it and get off the bus. Now, I ask you, what did he expect?

Anyway, thankful for small mercies, I made my way to the

office. 'Twas late, quite late in fact, but considering everything I had done well to get in at all! Everyone had arrived and there was no shortage of complaints. C.I.E. once more headed the poll for Booh of the Week. Really, they never escape, and sure they have no control over the weather.

Open umbrellas were scattered here, there and everywhere. One of the fellows was standing in front of the fire drying out the ends of his jeans. I advised him to bring in a spare pair for "occasions" like this. I walked into my own room and my squeaking shoes told their own story. I had no spare pair so what's the point in being clever if it only makes the other fellow smart?

I had just about dried out when one of my colleagues informed me that 'twas my week on the tea. I canvassed for volunteers but since there were no offers I had no choice but to brave the elements once more. However, every cloud has a silver lining and when I got back my pay cheque was left on my desk. Things aren't so bad after all. At least they weren't, but the forecast for tomorrow says that a trough of low pressure is fast approaching from the Atlantic! Guess who's thinking of going to the Azores for a few months?

Bye. See you next month.

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Champions of Champions

That's my opinion of Heffo's Dubs

"**G**REAT" is a word too often abused in sport. But there can be little doubt that this is a fitting description of the talented company of footballers who have kept Dublin such a dynamic and exciting force in the game over the past three years or so.

By **TONY KEEGAN**

I know there are those who will talk eloquently about the Galway men who brought up the last three-in-a-row run of national titles in the All-Ireland senior football championship in the mid-'Sixties—and rightly so.

Then, again, it says much for the quality of Kerry football and the players of the modern era that the county embellished All-Ireland senior championship wins of 1969 and 1970 with four National League titles on the trot (1971 to 1974 inclusive).

Nevertheless, I'm prepared to argue that "Heffo's Heroes" are still in an extra special class.

In saying this I am not going to stress the obvious here — skilled, clever footballers in all departments, a progressive and classy approach to the game, combined play, wholehearted work-rate from every member of the side. Obviously, Dublin would not be where they are today without these great qualities.

At the same time, it must be admitted that these are assets that are needed in the make-up of any team with designs on getting to the top.

It is in the manner that Dublin have complemented these strong points, however, with consistency, dedication and character that has me rushing

to their side for ranking as Champions of Champions.

Consistency? Just consider the Leinster championship. Few will seriously dispute that this is one of the most difficult of provincial titles to win. Certainly, it can prove the most demanding games-wise.

Dublin, for instance, played five games in the East alone in 1974, whereas Galway qualified for the All-Ireland final last year by playing only three matches.

Yet, despite the demands in the East, and the strong competition there, the Dubs can still point to the wonderful record of eleven wins in eleven games on the way to a first

● TO PAGE 39



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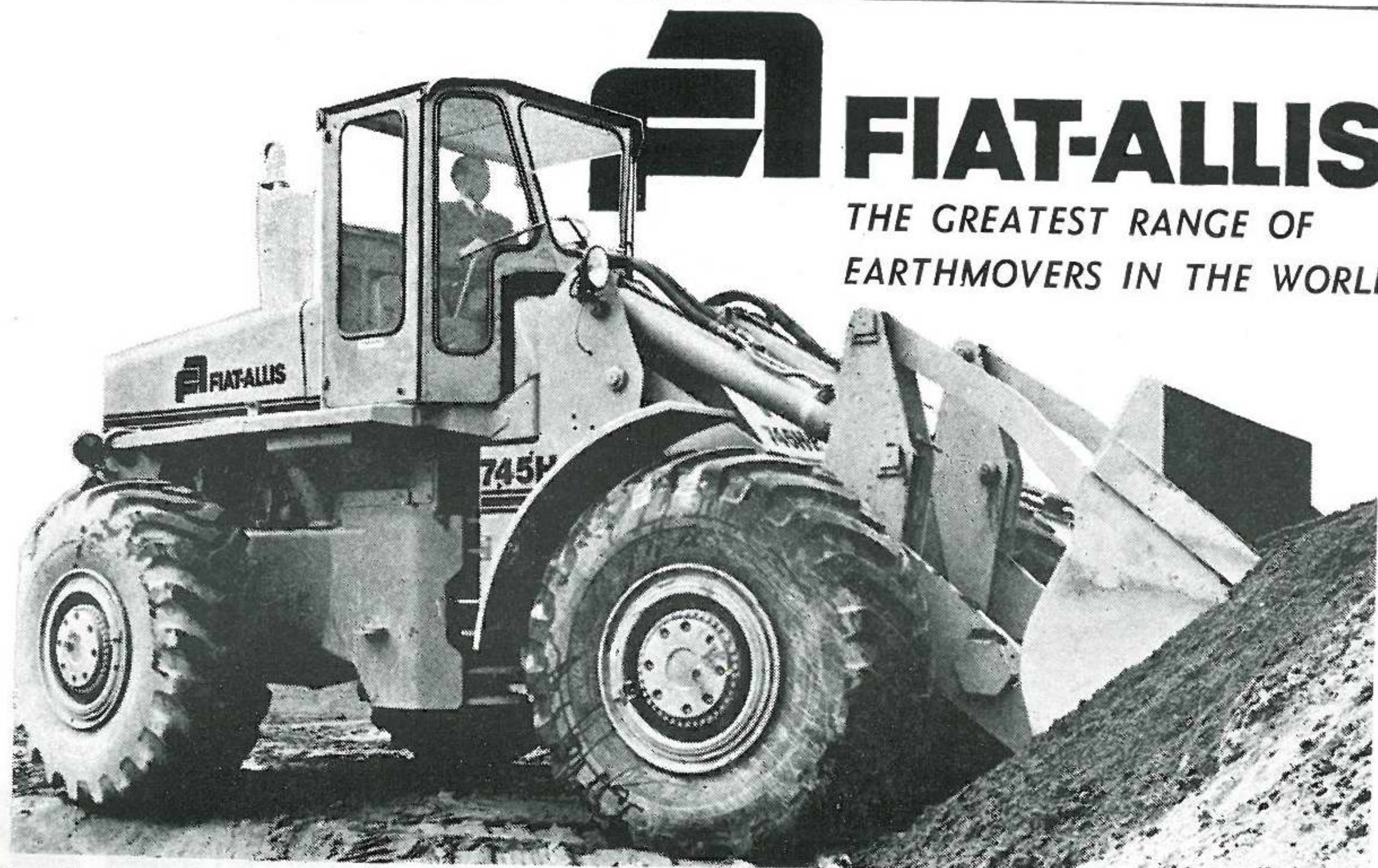
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● FROM PAGE 37

provincial senior titles treble since 1932-1934.

Moreover, Dublin have added depth and quality to their unbeaten sequence in Leinster since May 1974 by their achievements on the All-Ireland scene. Only once in six games in the past three years were they on the losing end of a decision in a national championship tie — and that was, of course, the 1975 summit with Kerry.

So, over-all the Dubs have played 17 matches in senior fare over the past three seasons, and lost only one. That helps to bring home in striking fashion just what I mean when I talk about match-winning consistency.

Dedication? The championship exploits tell only part of the story in this regard.

The National Leagues, in football especially, have become much more competitive in recent years and this has increased the demands on the players' time and dedication because training is now almost an all-the-year-round routine in many counties.

That Dublin have maintained such a high level of performance over such a lengthy period (remember they contested the last two League finals as well as the three Sam Maguire Cup games) is a striking testimony to the way that the footballers have measured up superbly to the challenge of the training demands.

And character? Again, the Dubs have proven that they are champions in this regard.

Let's take the 1975 National League final failure to Meath as one indication.

The fact that a rare national titles double was thwarted in that game just when it was tantalizingly in sight was a big disappointment, and a poor morale booster as well for the sub-

sequent championship campaign.

But the wholehearted and determined footballers from the Liffey-side proved their character in the best possible way by shrugging off the set-back so successfully that they were only blighted of another All-Ireland crown by the young stars from Kerry in the showpiece match.

That failure to Kerry probably provided the greatest test of all of the fibre and character of the Dubliners.

After all, it would have been easy to have "thrown in the towel" there and then, and to have adopted a "we haven't a chance" attitude as far as clashes with the Kingdom are concerned.

The steel and great character of the sons of the Liffey-side proved equal to the occasion. Not only had they the motivation to take an early revenge over the 1975 All-Ireland champions in the 1975-76 National League in a great game at Croke Park, but they put their football together so well that as well as bringing the League title back to Dublin after 18 long years their final win over Derry last Spring was forged out in a match that was a splendid advertisement for football.

Then, any lingering doubts there may have been about Dublin's right to greatness were truly dispelled by that resounding win over the defending All-Ireland champions in the final last September. That was the ultimate challenge — the chance to frank all the accomplishments of the previous campaigns with the one win that would set the seal on the glory era and make it a period apart in the annals of Dublin football.

The way that the stars from the Liffeside fused their many fine qualities under the shrewd strategy of Kevin Heffernan,

who made such an incalculable contribution to the county's come-back success story, to not only stamp their authority on most of the final, but win so handsomely in the end put them in an extra special class.

All in all, then, measure Dublin's many outstanding qualities — star footballers throughout the field, schooled superbly in their own match-winning technique, shrewd leadership on the line, an attractive and crowd-pulling brand of play, and above all match-winning results — and I submit that they emerge unchallenged as the Champions of Champions.

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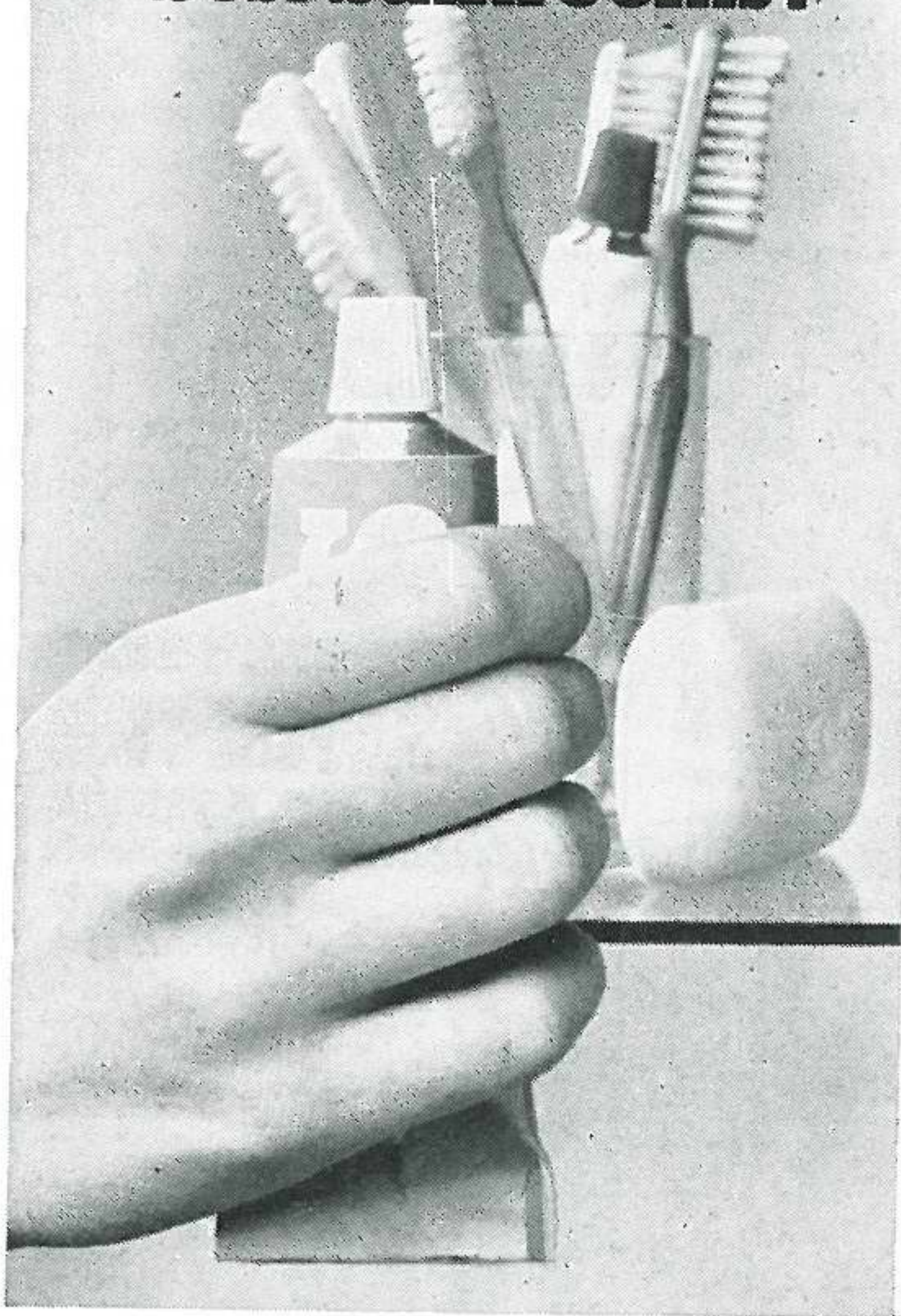
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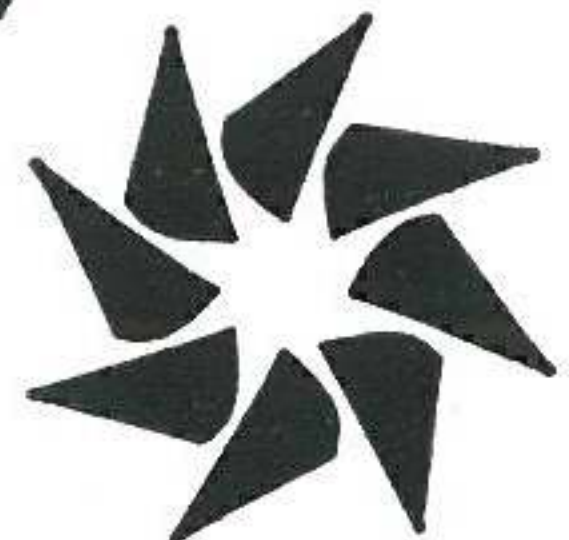
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JUNIOR DESK



By
**JACK
MAHON**

IT has been a hectic year. Weren't the All-Irelands great? The display of Mick Jacob was the best I've seen since Mick Roche of Tipperary strode the All-Ireland scene. And I have a soft spot for David Hickey. Here is a really great forward. He is as tough as nails and very strong on the ball. He is and has been my No. 1 Dub — one of the best I've seen in the Dublin jersey.

And I was at the Cork S.H. final between the Glen and the Rockies. There was a finer atmosphere at this game than any club game I have ever seen. It was a great second half and I admired the play of Martin Doherty and Patsy Harte. After the game I watched the movements of one Christy Ring very closely. He was overjoyed at the Glen's victory but very quick to rush to shake the hands of the Cummins brothers, Ray and Brendan, of the Rockies.

Then we had the meeting of referees here in Galway with interprovincial games, dinner, discussion and a quiz. I conducted the quiz myself and we had a great social evening together. Referees came from all four provinces and Leinster won the football competition with Brendan Hayden of Carlow the star supreme. I interviewed Brendan for Junior Desk and this will appear next month.

Eddie Keher is our Cut-Out. Now what can I add to all that is said of our best known hurler of today? Long may he continue to grace our fields. I look forward to the book by Ultan Macken dealing with his career. We welcome Eddie to our colour Cut-Out series. He was an original black-

and-white Cut-Out when we began the Junior Desk saga back in 1970. And he is still going strong.

OUR BOYS

Wasn't the September *Our Boys* great? If you didn't get a copy write to "Our Boys", 274, Nth, Circular Road, Dublin 7, enclosing 20p for it. It has a fantastic cover and devotes some 10 pages to finals and final personalities down the years.

Another very welcome G.A.A. improvement is in the standard of county final programmes. To date, I've seen the Westmeath S.H. and S.F., Kerry S.F., Galway S.F., Donegal S.F. and Tipperary S.H. and S.F. All were good. The one I liked best was the Kerry production and readers can get a copy of same by sending 20p to Dan V. O'Connor, Maulagow, Rathmore, Co. Kerry. It was nice to meet two great Junior Desk fans at Páirc Uí Chaoimh in October, namely Aidan and Garry Harte, who are relatives of the late Seán McCarthy, one of Cork's greatest G.A.A. men.

PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONS COMPETITION

Remember this competition that we offered in June? Well, we have an outright winner in Séamus Woulfe, 11, Foxfield Ave., Raheny, Dublin 5, who tipped all the provincial final winners correctly. This was some achievement and we say congrats to this fine Junior Desk fan who is a St. Vincent's clubman and a great admirer of Jimmy Keaveney, Bobby Doyle and Tony Hanahoe, and indeed of all the Dubs.

A big thank you to John Grogan of Grogan Bros. for his sponsorship of this prize.

Second prize of a shoulder bag with G.A.A. crest goes to Nora O'Neill, Knockdrinna, Stoneyford, Co. Kilkenny, who was right in all but one of her forecasts. (She chose Kilkenny instead of Wexford, as did so many others.) Nora would like a Pen Pal in America. We have some Junior Desk fans in America too, so get your pens ready across the water. There were quite a number who missed out on one only of their forecasts. To all who participated we say thanks and good luck next time.

MAILBAG

Teresa Byrne, Spynans, Kiltegan, Co. Wicklow. "Kerry's man of the match in the final was Paud O'Shea. My favourite players are Eddie Keher, Tony Doran, Paud O'Mahony and Paud O'Shea."

● I met Paud O'Shea at a dinner in Limerick last year and he is a grand character (J.M.)

Rita Warren, 17 Grange Park Close, Raheny, Dublin 5 wants information on GAELIC SPORT (the magazine), how it began and developed.

● Editor please oblige (J.M.)

John Paul Murray, Cornboy, Carratigue, Ballina, Co. Mayo wants a coloured photo of the Kerry team and as many details as possible about the players.

● Did you get the October issue of

● OVERLEAF

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● FROM OVERLEAF

Gaelic Sport? It has the two final teams in colour on the cover (J.M.)

Brendan O'Sullivan, Derry-leish, Sneem, Killarney, Co. Kerry wants a Cut-Out of John O'Keeffe.

John Skinnion, Durless, Kilsallagh, Westport, Co. Mayo — "Jimmy Barry-Murphy is my favourite player. I want a Cut-Out of him or Pat Spillane."

● *Two great forwards. (J.M.)*

Eugene Hussey, Ardshillane, Sneem, Co. Kerry wants Cut-Outs of Seanie O'Leary, Ray Cummins, Martin Coleman, Ogie Moran, John Connolly, Iggy Clarke, Sean Silke and Brendan Lynch.

● *That's some collection (J.M.)*

Sean Hickey, Dromahane, Mal-low, Co. Cork is a great fan of Cork's Humphrey Kelleher. "I know him well and he's a great man."

● *Cork missed him this year although I must say Brian Murphy was a great stand-in. (J.M.)*

Michael Donnan, 3, Grace O'Malley Drive, Howth, Co. Dublin is 10 years old and plays for Howth N.S. Michael plays senior and junior hurling and football for the school and has played in Croke Park.

● *There is many a boy who would love to play in Croke Park Michael. Keep it up (J.M.)*

Tom Morrison, Monagurra, Shanagarry, Co. Cork wants to know if anybody would have the All-Ireland S.F. final programmes from 1942 to 1952. "Maybe someone would have 2 copies and would be willing to sell one."

● *Readers please note. (J.M.)*

Christopher Hannon, 1879 Kill, West Naas, Co. Kildare would like to see a page of Gaelic Sport devoted to new publications every month (county yearbooks and programmes, etc.).

● *Good idea Christopher (J.M.)*

Michael G. Hussey, Ardough-ter, Ballyduff, Tralee, Co. Kerry thinks Paudie Mahoney, Paddy Cullen and Billy Morgan are the three best goalies in football. "In hurling the 3 best are Noel Skehan, Michael Conneely and Seamus Durack. I hope Tony

Doran gets an All-Star award before he retires."

● *You must be happy with this year's awards (J.M.)*

Michael Kirby, Convent Street, Listowel, Co. Kerry is 11 years old and plays at full back for the U-12 team and wants a Cut-Out of John O'Keeffe, Paudie O'Shea or Mike Sheehy.

● *Welcome to Junior Desk Michael (J.M.)*

Gerald P. Hussey, Ardshillane, Sneem, Co. Kerry wants Cut-Outs of Eddie Keher, Ger and Pat Henderson, Brian Cody, Pat Delaney and Liam O'Brien. "Kilkenny will make it 21 next year."

● *And what about Tipperary?! (J.M.)*

Kevin Hanrahan, Ardnaree, 118 Raheen Heights, Co. Limerick thinks the September edition of Gaelic Sport was fabulous. He got a lot of autographs including Jack Lynch's, Sonny Knowles' and Fred Cogley's at the hurling final. "It was a great match and I am disappointed in Limerick."

● *They will rise again. (J.M.)*

Joseph McElligott, Glenoe, Listowel, Co. Kerry plays for St. Senans U-14 and U-12 teams. "I want a Cut-Out of my first cousin, Jimmy Deenihan."

● *That's loyalty (J.M.)*

Tomás Ó Murchú, Rúnaí, Glen Rovers Hurling Club, Sráid Tomás Daibhis, Corcaigh — "We would like to apologise to any G.A.A. fans who didn't receive copies of 'The Spirit of the Glen' when they wrote for it. I am enclosing 8 copies as prizes for your very popular Junior Desk column."

● *Go raibh maith agat Tomás. I was at the Cork S.H. final and now at last understand 'THE SPIRIT OF THE GLEN.' It is fantastic. I would have loved to wait — for your celebrations but the long road ahead called me away. The atmosphere was great (J.M.)*

Anthony Cullan (age 14), Cor-riga P.O., via Cavan, Co. Leitrim wants All-Star wall sheets for 1975 and '76.

● *Write to Mr. Pat Heneghan, Public Relations Manager, Carroll's, Grand Parade, Dublin. (J.M.)*

Denis Fahey, Monaboula, Aher-low, Co. Tipperary is thrilled that Bansha won the Co. Tipperary F.C., defeating Arravale Rovers in the final by 2-9 to 0-2. "It was 26 years since they won the title. Their stars were Paddy Morrissey, Séamus McCarthy, Eddie Hickey, Vincent O'Donnell, John J. Hayes and Seamie Grogan. John Moloney, the referee, had a big say in the victory."

● *Congrats. It's great to win a Co. title after such a long time. (J.M.)*

Ger Dowling, 5, Upper Johnstown, Waterford has high praise for the All-Ireland final displays of Pat Moylan, Mick Jacob and Tony Doran. "Jimmy Barry-Murphy's scores were the clinchers for Cork." Ger also pays tribute to Brian Murphy's unique record of minor, U-21 and senior All-Ireland medals in both football and hurling.

● *What a wonderful achievement. (J.M.)*

Paul Maher, Clashagad, Dun-kerrin, Birr, Co. Offaly: "Money-gall won the Tipperary S.H.C. final for the second successive year, beating Roscrea by 1-9 to 2-5. Pat Sheedy got our goal. We lit a fire at our gate as the team passed down from Thurles. The captain, Mike Doherty, and some members of the team brought the Cup to the school on Monday. We got a free day. I would like a Cut-Out of Tony Doran or Niall McInerney. I hope Tony Doran gets an All-Star this year."

● *Great letter as usual Paul. (J.M.)*

Liam Ryan, Top Cross, Lis-goold, Leamlara, Co. Cork would like an action photo of the 1973 All-Ireland final, in colour if possible. Liam is 10 years old.

Gerry Pender, Ballymorris Upper, Auhrim, Arklow, Co. Wicklow: "Paddy Cullen is still my No. 1 goalie. Jimmy Keaveney is a superb free-taker. Anton O'Toole is the best Dublin forward. I hate to hear supporters boo the rivals' free-taker, as happened when Galway played Dublin."

● *I agree Gerry. I hope that un-sporting habit is not allowed to*

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creep into G.A.A. games. (J.M.)

Ger Fitzpatrick, 4 Greensbridge, Kilkenny thinks The Fenians have a great club team. "They have great players in Pat, Ger and John Henderson, Billy and Martin Fitzpatrick, Pat Delaney and P. J. Ryan. They have a great band of supporters too."

● *A good support for a club team is a great asset. (J.M.)*

Dermot McCarthy, Carbery, 20, Fairfield Rd., Bath, England BA1 6JG — "I'm afraid I wasn't correct in stating that Tadhgo Crowley is the only man to win 7 Cork S.F.C. medals. I have been informed that three other Clonakilty men share the honour with Tadhgo. The three are Des Cullinane, Seamie O'Donovan and Jackie Regan."

● *Thanks Dermot for this information and for all your programmes. (J.M.)*

Michael Bonner, Derryhenny, Doochary, Lifford, Co. Donegal thinks very highly of Declan Smyth of Galway, while brother **Sean** tells us that his team lost the Donegal U-12 semi-final to Glenties, while Glenties lost to Ballyshannon in the final. Another brother, **Declan**, wants a Cut-Out of Liam Sammon, while yet another brother, **Donal**, who is 9 years old, loves watching Gaelic football on telly and plays in the right corner for Rosses Rovers U-12 team.

● *Now there is a great G.A.A. family, Up Rosses Rovers. (J.M.)*

Michael McGrath, Ox Park, Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary is disappointed that the *Sunday Independent* has dropped its colour supplements for All-Ireland final occasions and feels that there should be a G.A.A. shop open to supporters on the terraces in Croke Park. "Weren't the Tipperary minors wonderful?"

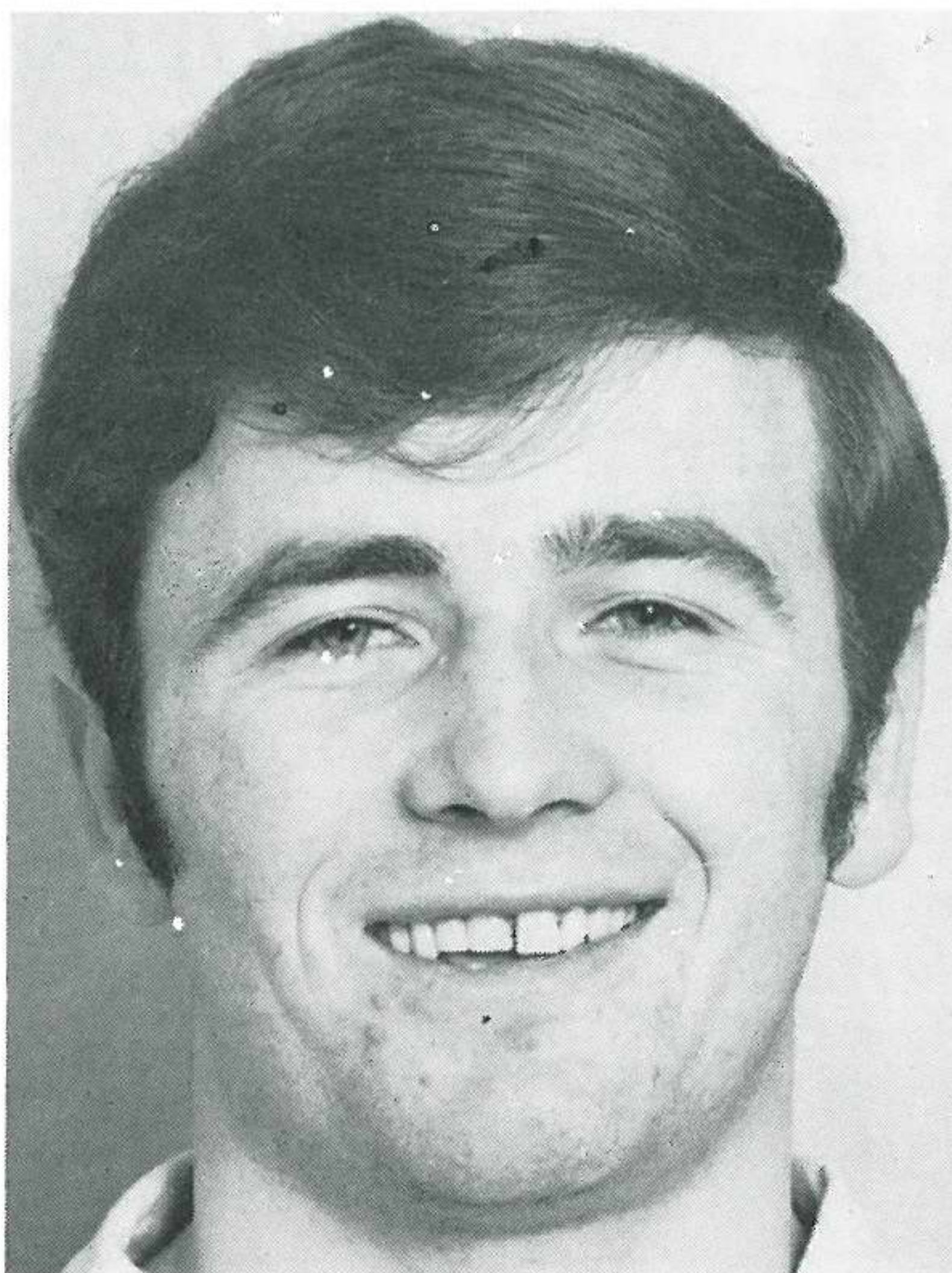
● *They were wonderful. (J.M.)*

Ger Cody, Ballyrue, New Ross, Co. Wexford nominates his favourite footballers as P. O'Mahoney, J. O'Keeffe, J. Deenihan, G. Power, Mike Sheehy, Pat Spillane, Sean Walsh, J. Barry-

★

Brian Murphy (Cork) one of Ger Dowling's favourites. Brian is the only man to win a complete set of All-Ireland medals in both codes. He holds All-Ireland senior, Under-21 and minor in hurling and football.

★



Murphy and John Dillon. His favourite hurlers are the Wexford team, J. Barry-Murphy, Iggy Clarke, Niall McInerney, Joe McDonagh and Sean Silke. Ger wants a Cut-Out of Mick Jacob.

● *Mick Jacob was my man of the match in the All-Ireland final. (J.M.)*

Fergal Walsh, Keimaneigh, Ballingearry, Co. Cork thinks Junior Desk is great, is a cousin of Seanie Leary and thinks he is brilliant. His favourites are Ray Cummins, Jimmy Barry-Murphy, Pat Moylan and Johnny Crowley.

● *Keep writing to us Fergal. (J.M.)*

Patrick Leogue, Ballina, Geashill, Co. Offaly thinks the new style jerseys have improved the scene, though he wouldn't have tampered with the Cork jersey. He wants a Westmeath Cut-Out and suggests Ollie Gallagher. Patrick likes Eddie Keher's column in *Fios* while brother **John** thinks we should have a

referee like John Moloney or Mick Spain as a Cut-Out sometimes.

● *I'm against the new style jerseys if they interfere with county colours. (J.M.)*

Denis Sweeney, Meenaguish, Letterbarrow P.O., Co. Donegal wants old All-Ireland final programmes from 1960 to 1970 inclusive. He is prepared to buy a copy of any of these. Denis sent me on a copy of the Donegal S.F.C. final programme. A good one it was too but a few photos would have helped it.

Ann Moore, Walshtownmore, Midleton, Co. Cork wants Cut-Outs of Sean O'Leary and Pat Moylan.

Finally **Jack Naughton, Brackegh, Horseleap, Moate, Co. Westmeath** is full of praise for all the provincial final programmes. He thought the All-

● **OVERLEAF**

● FROM OVERLEAF

Ireland final great and would have given the man of the match award to Mick Jacob "who was positively brilliant". Jack doesn't agree with Joseph Woods in his criticism of the Top Ten system. He asks us to "stick with it", although Joseph Woods presents a good case.

Well that's the end of the Mailbag. The following receive prizes of "The Spirit Of The Glen" so kindly donated by the Glen Rovers Club, — Sean Hickey, Michael Donnan, Michael G. Hussey, Michael Kirby, Kevin Hanrahan, Joseph McElligott, Paul Maher, Michael Bonner and Fergal Walsh. Keep writing to:

Junior Desk,
Gaelic Sport,
80, Upper Drumcondra Rd.,
Dublin, 9.

Jack Mahon

TIPPERARY

By JAY DRENNAN

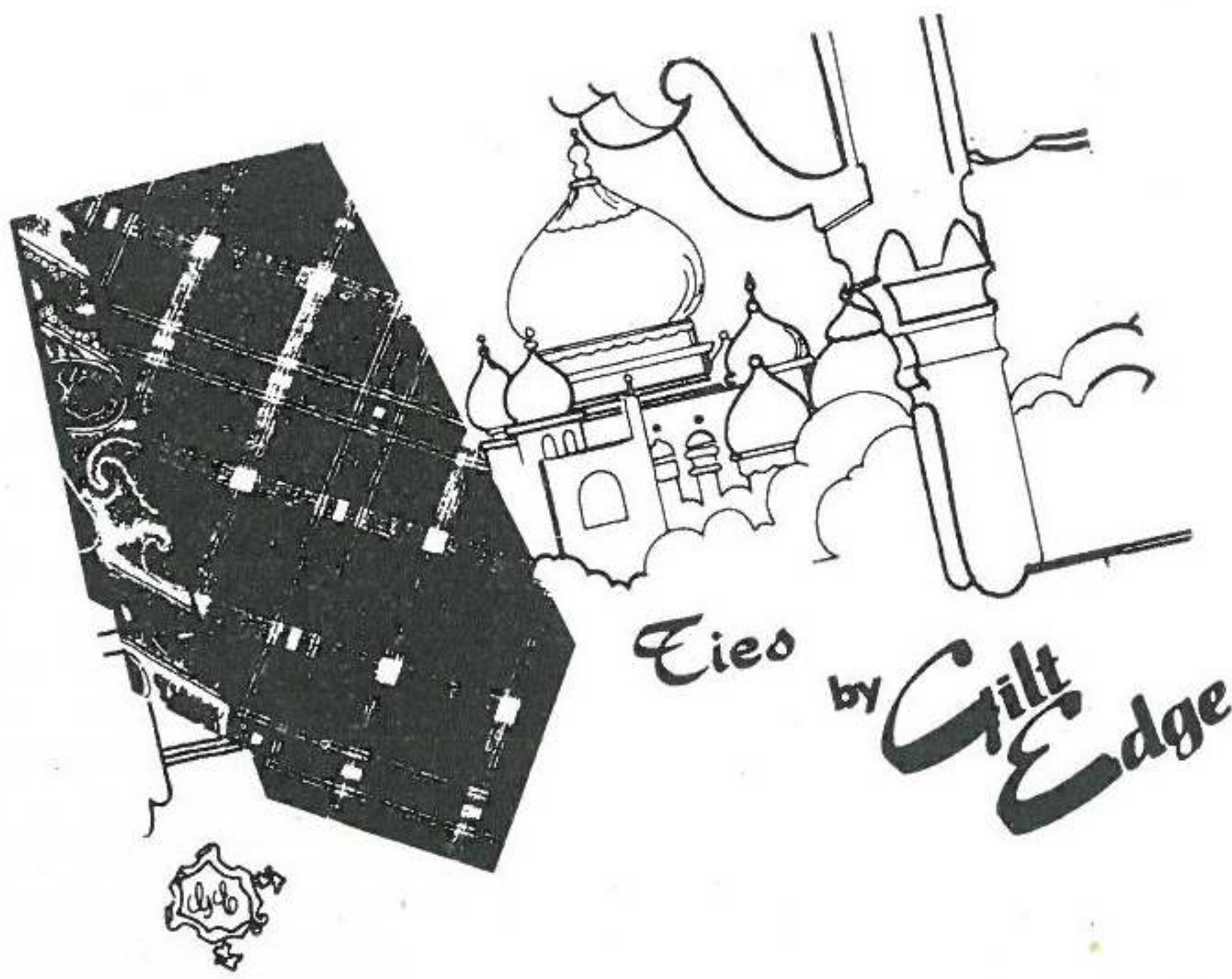
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for Tipperary minors from the age of 14, or some such ridiculously tender years. Massively built for a young boy, he was never quite able to last the going and played in spurts for a couple of years; in his last minor year you could see the difference, for the spurts were longer and approaching closer to the continuous.

His magnificent striking of the ball from hand, on the ground or from placed balls was what made you sit up and take notice. Senior material, obviously. His first championship game in senior was a revelation: first, he looked so much more fined down and hardened, tall and thin and strong and so much nearer the idea one had of him when he reached senior status. At full-forward he rained points on Cork; caused Pat McDonnell a

most concerned afternoon; came out to take long frees and 70s with radar precision. And it was only his first game.

Of course, it will be hard to follow that performance and it might be held against him as the standard by which he will be measured—unfairly. But, given fair play he will have to be one of the big elements in Tipperary's revival. The League will be a time in which we may see more of what Tipperary are thinking as they search for the final blend that will be got ready to go out next year not in the hope of doing well (which was probably this year's attitude) but with the intention of winning back old glory for a Tipperary which is no longer passive but already beginning to rise in anticipation of a new era of supremacy.



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**EDDIE
KEHER
(Kilkenny)**

Age: 34
Height:
5 ft. 11½ ins.
Weight: 13 st. 4 lb.
Club: The Rower-
Inistioge
Position: Left
full forward
**Senior Inter-
County Debut:**
1959.

**CAREER
HIGHLIGHTS**

The elegant Kilkenny star, who holds practically every scoring record in the book, has had an outstanding career since joining the senior inter-county ranks in 1959. Earlier he won two All-Ireland Colleges medals, and four Leinster minor souvenirs.

Eddie is the only man to win ten Leinster senior hurling medals with the same county, and his tally of eight Railway Cup medals is a record as well for an Easterner in hurling or football. He collected his sixth All-Ireland senior memento in 1975.

One of the most honoured Carrolls All-Stars, Eddie won his third League medal last June.

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