

154 GAA CAELIC SPORT

THE CHOICE OF THE STARS

IRELAND'S LEADING GAELIC GAMES MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY
NOVEMBER, 1977 THIRTY PENCE (TAX INCLUDED)



The JACK LYNCH Story

By Eamonn Young

INSIDE

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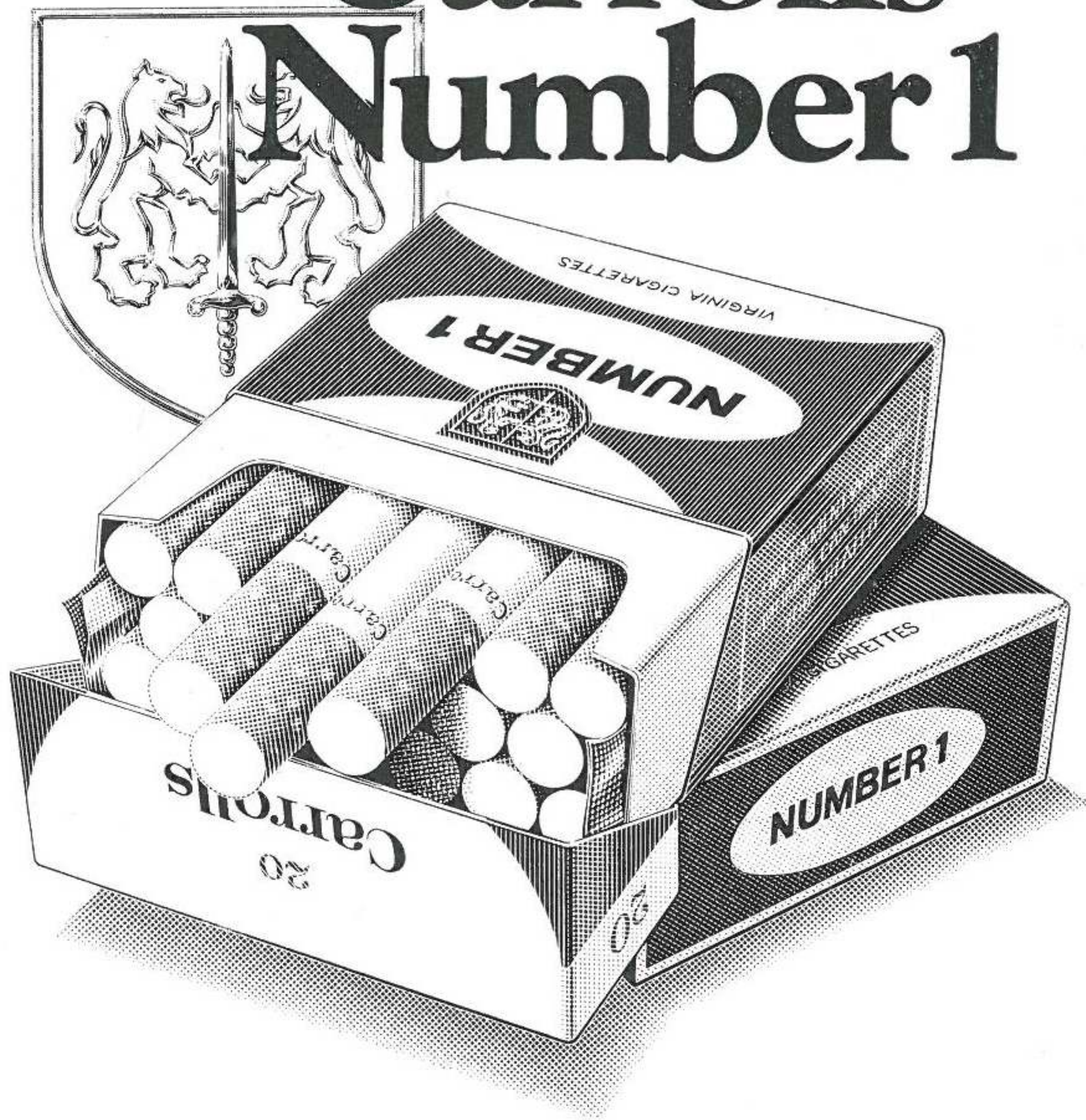
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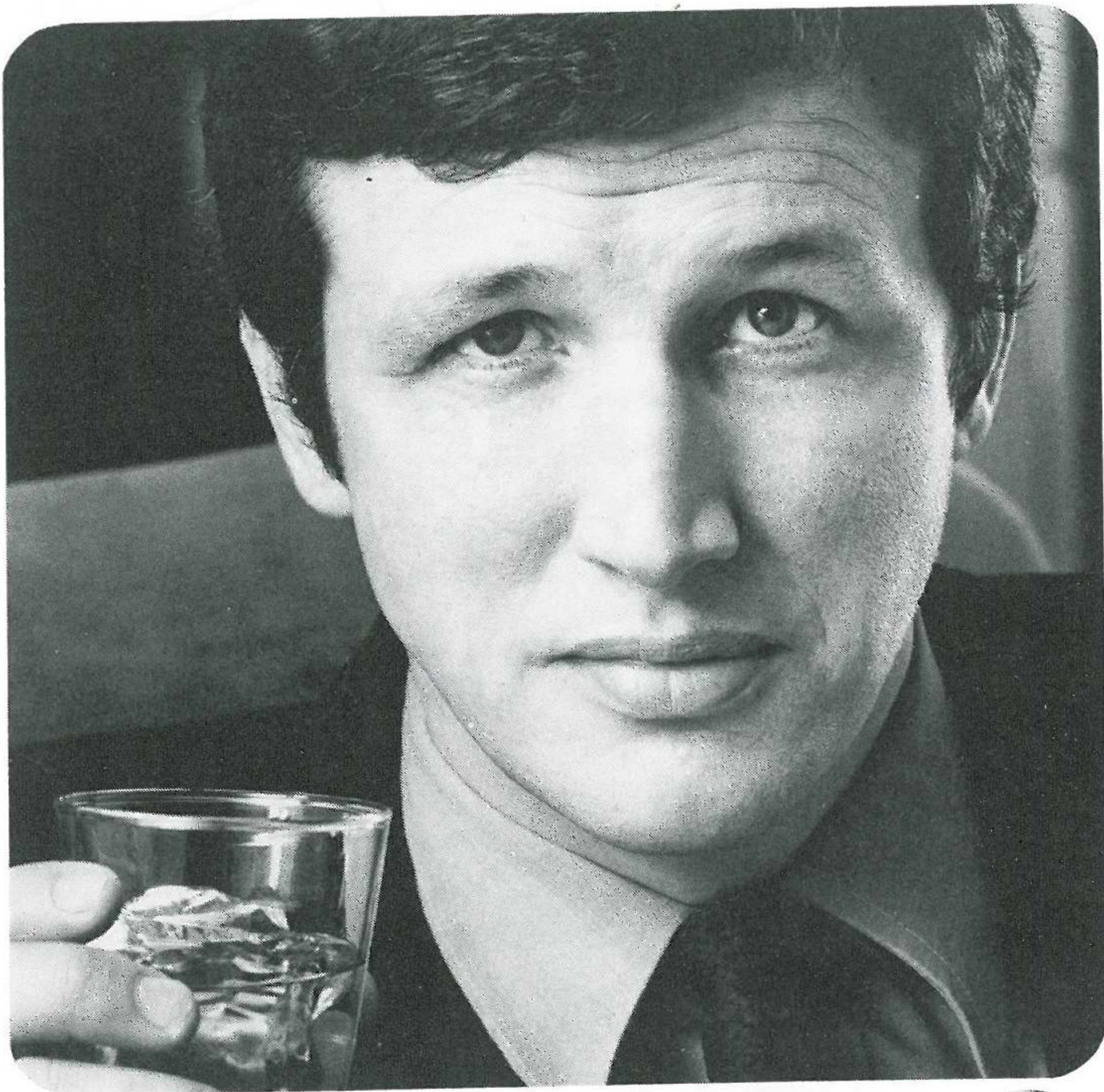
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Gaelic Sport

Vol. 20. No. 10. November, 1977

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

IS there a case for introducing a rule compelling the County Boards to have their senior club championships completed by early October at the latest or face a hefty fine? That question may at first glance appear an arrogant and unwarranted attack on the independence of County Boards, and their right to conduct their local affairs as they see fit.

It is not meant as such. As always our main concern is the good of the Association in general. And, by no stretch of the imagination can it be said that the over-all image has been enhanced in recent weeks by the way that the opening rounds of the National League have been badly disrupted through postponements of matches due to clashes with county championship ties.

What makes the latest position all the more annoying is that the County Committees had ample advance notice about the League fixtures for the pre-Christmas programme. The dates were published in the official G.A.A. Diary for 1977, which was issued back around last Christmas.

With such an early guideline to act on, it is difficult to appreciate just why so many counties had not their club fixtures streamlined sufficiently to have ensured a clear field for the new season's Leagues.

The situation was further aggravated this year by the way that an attractive double bill arranged for Cork on October 16 featuring the homesters and Dublin in football, and the Leesiders and Clare in hurling, fell through only weeks after it had been first announced. That did little to boost the status of the G.A.A. among the many Dublin enthusiasts, and doubtless Clare followers, too, who had arranged to spend that particular week-end by the Leaside.

Then, we have the amazing development under the rearranged schedule that sees the Dublin footballers in action in three crucial matches in the League this month on successive Sundays. Apart from the fact that the work load is hardly fair to the Metropolitans, the programme could hit at their title prospects, as injuries might prove a problem with so little time between matches.

The ironical aspect about this is that the Dublin senior football championship was completed back in mid-June. Now they must pay the penalty because other county tests were not run off as speedily.

The Activities Committee took a progressive step last month in introducing two new resolutions in a move to tighten up postponements of League ties. One wonders, however, if more is needed.

Hence our opening question? Is there a case for introducing a fine for counties not having completed their senior county championships early in October? We certainly feel that at the very least the question merits earnest consideration.

COVER PHOTO

OUR front cover action picture, this month, features a shot from the '77 Hurling Final, with Cork's Ray Cummins being "protected" by Wexford's Jim Prendergast (left) and colleague Willie Murphy.

On page 7, in this issue, Cork's Eamonn Young tells the story of his former team-mate, An Taoiseach, Jack Lynch. Written in Eamonn's inimitable style, it is a story that will appeal to all G.A.A. followers young and old.

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The last occasion I was asked to write a message of congratulations to the All Ireland Senior Hurling Champions in "Gaelic Sport" was for its November 1972 issue. Then Kilkenny had beaten Cork in a really superb Hurling Final. It is said that this year's final could not match it. Certainly, there were periods when, to use the cliché, 'there was only one team in it'. But the way Wexford came back towards the end of the second half more than made up for the lack of excitement early on. Most sports writers did not enthuse about the game but few of them adverted to the excellent quality of the hurling considering the slippery surface conditions. I hold to what I said after the game. I saw bouts of superb hurling in Croke Park on September 4th that compared with any I have seen in my lifetime. Certainly, no one could cavil at the standard of sportsmanship displayed by both teams. I salute them both and to the victors - Comhghairdeas. Is maith a thuill Iomáinthe Chorcaí Craobh na hÉireann, an 23ú buaidh.

Jack Lynch

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The JACK LYNCH STORY



*'Jack was strong but
he wouldn't bulldoze
his way around'*

*"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will —"*

QUIET, lucid Finbarr Lynch living now down in Rushbrook spoke the words with a smile as he told me of the step which put his younger brother on the road to public life. Finbarr had gone to the Service in Dublin in '34 and when Jack finished his Leaving in '36 Sean Brennan offered the young lad a job in the Dublin Milk Board, which the North Mon graduate promptly accepted. Sean Brennan was a distinguished father figure to very many young men in the Dublin of the time and they will be glad to know that he is still heartily involved in the life of the capital.

These young men lived in a Dublin flat back in '36 and before long a lively bunch of the lads like Donal Barry, Joe Desmond, Finbarr Lynch and the rest lived the metropolitan round with the cheery optimism of youth, hurling hard with Civil Service in a Dublin where Harry Gray, Mick Daniels, Charlie MacMahon, Jim Byrne, Mossie MacDonald, Mick Butler and Bill Loughnane of Feakle formed the framework of the Dublin side, which to our youthful sorrow, beat Waterford in '38. Later Sean Brennan was to say of Jack Lynch "He added

lustre to the G.A.A. and graced Croke Park by his presence", and the hurler himself showed his affection for the Civil Service Club and for Sean Brennan when after a tumultuous Ard Fheis a few years ago he arrived at their Golden Jubilee celebrations.

It was in '36 there arose a certain administrative difficulty in the Cork Courthouse and a re-

By EAMONN YOUNG

placement was sought. Dermot Twohig sent for the young man who had gone to Dublin to fill a post at home and before long the North Mon boy was back in Cork, this time at the Courthouse in Washington Street where he came into daily contact with the legal branch of society and soon took up law himself thus propelling youth on the first step to public life.

Dan Lynch the tailor from Bantry and Norah O'Donoghue, whose family came from Glounthane between Cork and Middleton, reared their six children Theo, Charlie, Finbarr, Jack, Renee and Eva under the shadow

of Shandon's old pepper-pot clock-tower on the north side of Cork city. Theirs was a typical happy, healthy family, a lively swarm of bees where the queen Norah ruled with regal hand, sometimes as Finbarr will tell you, with a hurley in it, and whether it was one of her own or a young O'Riordan or an O'Donoghue who got a smart tap on the behind with that hurley, there were never any complaints. "And upon my song" she would say "I'll change yeer tune".

The boys would play hurling up against the walls of the famous old Butter Market or dodge the sexton around the Shandon graveyard. The Fair Field on top of the windy hill to the north of the city was the area where youth and hurling energy would spend itself in joy and on the way home, Fr. Charlie that lovable priest over in Ballinlough told me, the delightful smell of fresh bread from the vans enraptured the nostrils of hardy healthy lads running back for their tea. On the wet days the boys would play hurling in the cellar under the house and here Finbarr recalls how Pearse and Doney Riordan, Theo Charlie, Jimmy Donoghue, himself and Jack would play the

● TO PAGE 9

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● **CORK—ALL-IRELAND FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS 1945.** Standing (from left): J. Barry (trainer), E. Casey, M. O'Driscoll, L. Shea (selector), D. Maguire, F. O'Donovan, Jack Lynch, C. Crone, D. O'Connor, D. Harrington (selector). Front (from left): P. Cronin, D. Becket, P. A. ("Weeshie") Murphy, J. Cronin, M. Tubridy, H. O'Neill, T. Crowley (Capt.), Eamonn Young, A. Scannell (selector).

● **FROM PAGE 7**

most delightful and stimulated games.

"Jack was strong" says Finbarr "but he wouldn't bulldoze his way around. What he upset us with wasn't the shoulder but a smart nudge just when you thought you had the ball and he was gone. Another of his skills was to tap your stick with his hand and the few inches this put you off allowed him in to get it, the ruffain.

In adult hurling afterwards I often saw how he managed to get into a ruck and emerge with seeming ease from these spirited tussles. I suppose it was a combination of neat timing, ball control and just the required amount of force. Anyway it worked".

Bowl-playing, the Fair Field, out the country after chestnuts, swimming in the open river along the Lee Fields, on holidays in Crosshaven, or back in Dan Lynch's country beside sunlit Bantry Bay this rollicking bunch of young fellows laughed and

sang their carefree way through the golden hey-days of youth until the sorrow of Norah O'Donoghue's early death in '32 a fortnight after Charlie entered Maynooth threw a black veil before the sunlight and her youngest sister Mrs. O'Reilly heroically took charge of seven Lynches and her own menage of eight, warning them of the dangers in the tides of Crosshaven where Jim Young told me he admired the way a dozen of them would enter the water at Graball Bay and swim, one behind the other, up to Weaver's Point and back.

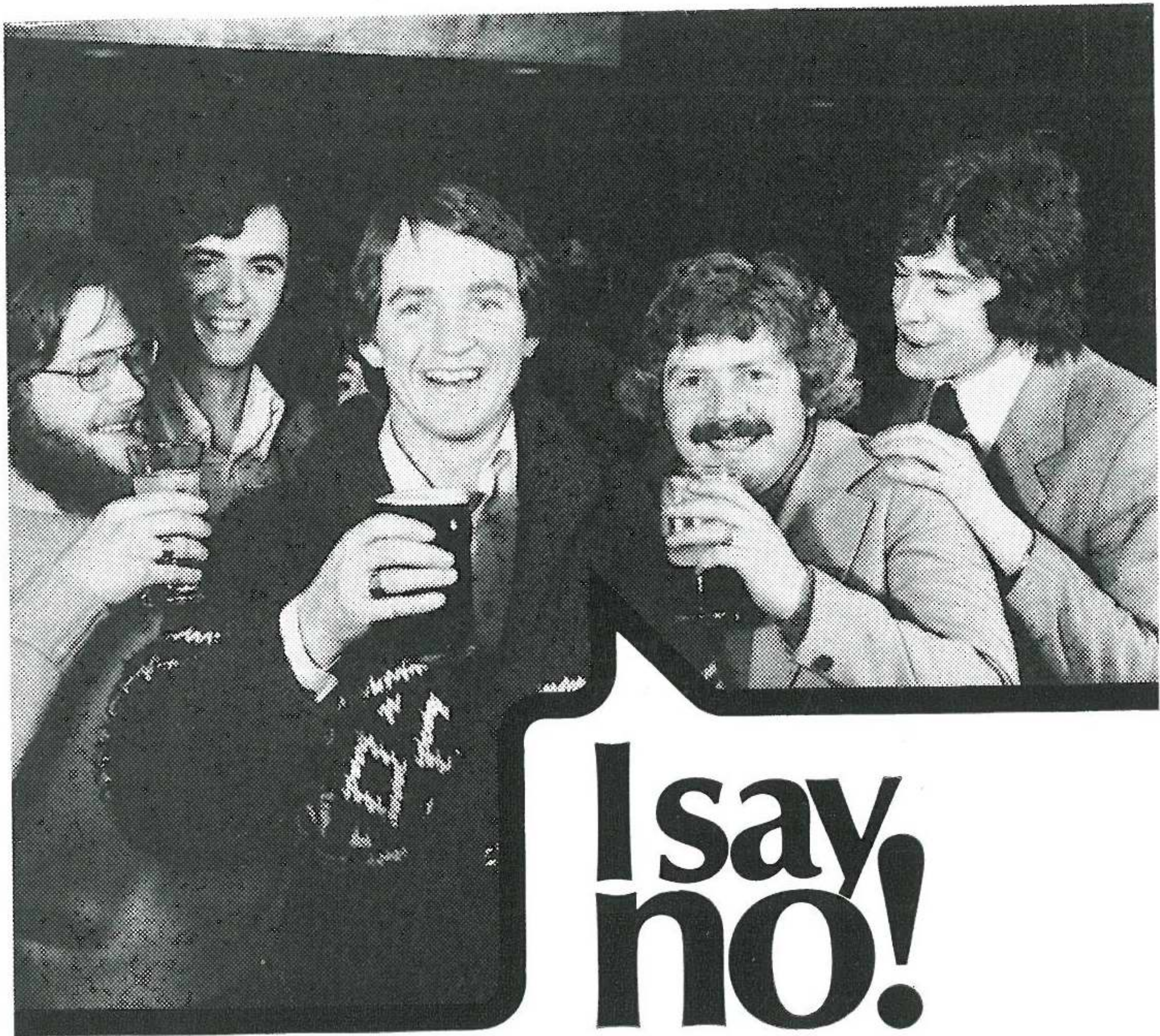
The young fellow Jack was, they all admit, the wildest of the bunch and one day Charlie remembers they were climbing over a fence of pointed stakes nearly five and a half feet high. "Ye're getting lazy" says sixteen year old Jack and leaped over the barrier. "As far as I was concerned" says Charlie who was playing centre-field with the Glen "I was happy

to take the easier way" Jack trained over bushes up in the Mon to become a hurdler and on his first attempt over real hurdles down in the Mardyke he won the secondary schools championship.

One day when Charlie was toting out to play for the Glen junior teams against the popular St. Annes up in the Dyke Paddy Connell, the father of the side, found to his dismay that he had only fourteen men. There was a thirteen-year-old lad there in short trousers so the obvious thing was to pull over his head the jersey where the white of the tricolour is replaced by black in mourning for the leaders of the Rising and out went a new right half forward. That was Jack Lynch's first day with the Glen.

At the end of '31 came the day which all Glenmen of that era remember. Jerry Beckett a great player and athlete had guided a fine young Sarsfields minor team to Cork victory and a man wrote

● **TO PAGE 11**



For years I was involved in the round buying system. Meeting the lads after a game and drinking more than we wanted. Then I decided to break away. At first I felt slightly self conscious about breaking the old round system, but instead of criticising me, the lads thought it was a great idea, so now we all buy our own. We drink as much as we like, or as little. We can come and go when we please. No such thing as arriving late and feeling obliged to buy a round, and now - we are enjoying ourselves more. CHEERS!

**Health
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● FROM PAGE 9

to the paper saying they were the best team in Ireland. With young Micka Brennan, Tommy Murphy, Billa Beckett, Mick and Kevin Mac Mahon they were good enough to have the writer say he would give a set of medals to the side that would beat them. Down went the Glen to Rivers-town with Charlie Lynch at centre-field, and Jim Young centre-back, Timmy Kiely, Chancer Barry and fourteen-year old Jack Lynch. Mossie Dwyer captained a good Sars side but there simply were not enough top-notchers in the fifteen to hold what was going to soon be a great team and the Glen won by the devastating score of 10-4 to 1-0 and Charlie Lynch smiles as he remembers a seventy yard shot he struck over near the sideline which fooled somebody and went all the way to the net.

When the Mon met Farna the colloquial name for the diocesan seminary, in the Camp Field, Jack was at left half back for the Mon with Charlie in the middle of the field for Farna "The only time I went near him" said the priest "he shoved me in the back and I was delighted to see my free puck go right between the posts. Maybe I taught him a lesson for I never saw him foul much in the years after".

And then Charlie, who had been through the London blitz and just escaped the devastation of the V2 rockets, spoke of his only real regret "Maybe I'm foolish" he said with a gentle smile "but if Vatican Two had come earlier I might have had good times as a player" He was a three-year Cork minor in '30-'32 and then went to Maynooth whence he emerged as a priest in '39, soon bound for England where he remembers a minister selling poppies from the steps of St. Paul's on Armistice Day 1939.

The '34-'41 era was when the

Glen won the phenomenal eight county championships in a row. No doubt Charlie would have been there and who is to say that he might not have gone before the younger brother on the inter-county field.

In '34 the Glen started their remarkable run of eight county championships in a row under the leadership of Josa Lee who has what must be a record in that he captained five successive senior hurling championship sides. Jack Lynch joined the senior panel in the first year and stood centre-field with Josa two years later. That famed side of '34 shows Paddy Murphy, Jack Corkery, Cooper Moylan, Pat and Danny Mat Dorgan, Fox Collins, Shelley Hyland, Paddy Connell. Jack's elder brother Theo was also on the panel. Theo a very stylish player, now a retired teacher, was forced early out of games by injury.

In '36 playing also on the Cork minor side Jack had his first senior outing when he stood at left half back on Sgt. Major Jim Houlihan over in Limerick when Cork and Clare drew but the men in red were hammered in the replay. In '37 after a fine game with Tipp., Cork, badly needing an All-Ireland, which Limerick and Kilkenny had been winning since '31 went down by a lonely point and the galling thing was that Tipp destroyed Kilkenny in the Killarney final.

In '38 after Jack Lynch had at last made his way on to a Railway Cup selection the Cork side played a grand game against mighty Limerick and beat them at last. The road was open. In Dungarvan they faced a little-fancied Waterford side but, mo bhrón, on the day Christy Moylan, John Keane, Dec Good and the rest went on fire and we were left lamenting.

In the following year however Cork got out of Munster at last and now nothing would stop them.

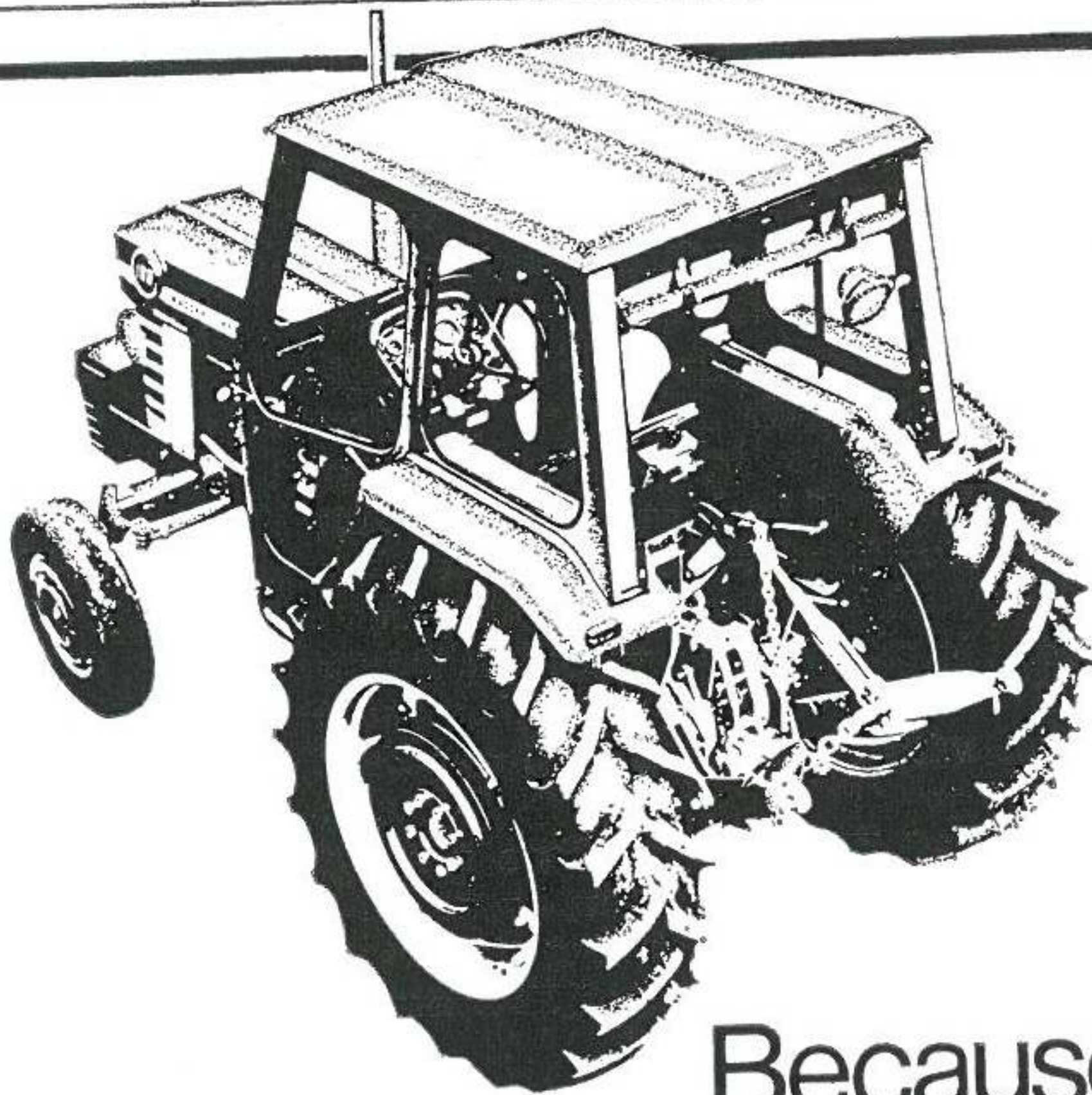
In Croke Park on the first Sunday when Nature cried over the millions soon to die and Chamberlain's voice tolled out the prelude to a modern Armageddon, Jimmy Kelly's point from the Cusack Stand side gave delight to the Black and Amber. There was little bright colour in our thoughts, though in the Dame Street hotel I heard Jack Lynch say "What matter — there's next year."

There was next year, but that was when the thundering Limerick side gave one last shrug of conquering shoulders and once again Cork were down. "That one," said Finbarr Lynch, "was the worst of all. We came home in the back of a truck from Thurles with a lot of men, women and children from the Coal Quay. We sang away as well as we could, and Jack did 'Roses of Picardy' in harmony with Frank Casey while Joe Desmond, Donal Barry and I contributed our own gems of music. At Fermoy we were completely browned off, and the lorry stopped, so we got out for a drink. But Donal Barry was out of luck for one of the women put a child in his lap and told him to mind it. All we did was laugh. It was good to have some reason for I genuinely thought that after seeing my younger brother play in five successive but unsuccessful championships with Cork there was surely a jinx on us all. Those were the days when Charlie Lynch paid five shillings for the ticket to Thurles, one shilling into the field and one and six for the meal.

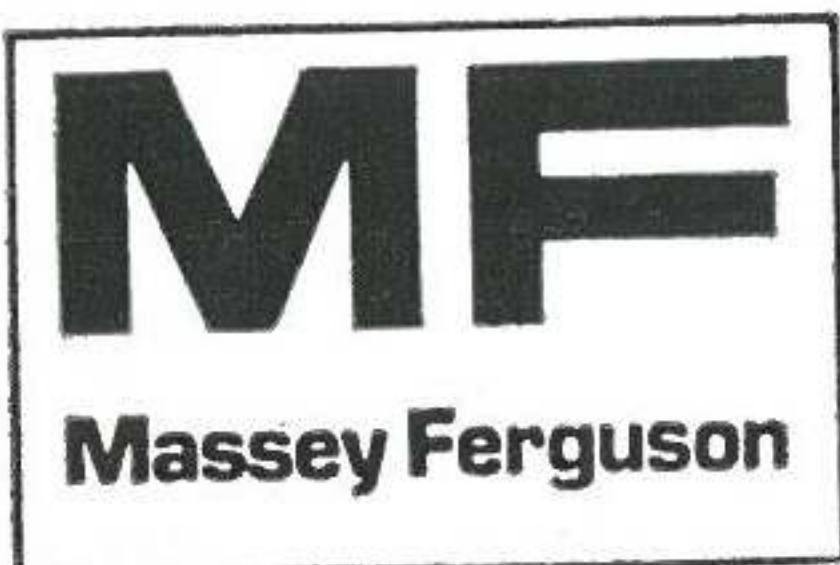
Even before that Jack Lynch had been proving himself as a man, for without reaching twenty he had been made secretary of his club and there was a day, a very stormy day, when the footballers of St. Nick's played in the championship over in Bantry. After the game the driver ran into

● TO PAGE 13

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★ Jack Lynch in action against Tipperary in the first match of their Munster Championship marathon at Limerick in 1949. He scored a goal at the end of a 30-yards solo-run to force a draw for Cork. Tipperary players (left to right) are, Flor Coffey, Tommy Doyle (partly hidden by Lynch) and Mickey Byrne.

● FROM PAGE 11

some trouble, the details of which are better left uncovered, and with all the gang back in the bus with sixty stormy miles to go there was hell to pay . . . until the Glen secretary took over the vehicle and drove it home.

The great era for Cork opened in '41 when at last the All-Ireland came home at Dublin's expense and that was the start of the great four-in-a-row. The Munster final had been postponed because of the Foot and Mouth epidemic and in that delayed game, Tipp to the chagrin of all Corkmen won. However, three weeks later on, Cork proved who really were the bosses and they remained on top until '45 when incidentally Tipp again, led by John Maher, Jim

Devitt, Harry Gouldsbrough and Tony Brennan interfered with what might have been six in a row, for Cork won in '46 and went down by a point in '47.

To fill in the blank year Jack Lynch incidentally teamed up with the Cork footballers who beat Cavan by five points in the Croke Park final. A remarkable fact was that in seven All-Ireland finals the durable Lynch stood for the hour at centre-field, his partners being Sean Barrett, Paddy Donovan and Con Cottrill. The nine players who won four medals in a row are Christy Ring, Batt Thornhill, Din Joe Buckley, Alan Lotty, John Quirke, Jim Young, Billy Murphy, Jack Lynch and Paddy O'Donovan was on the field before the end in all four.

This is only half the story but

it is enough. No need to tell the stories of the thunderous Siger-son Cup and Fitzgibbon Cup matches or the hard days of the Cork club football which finished for Jack at full forward for St. Nicks in '51. Through it all strode a talented player with a quiet poised calm.

One day in Bandon when the only football they had left was being washed off in the flooded river Jack jumped in and brought it back. Well worth it, he said, for St. Nicks were winning. Doney O'Brien will tell you how he and Jack, then a minister, hung out the St. Nicks jerseys before the fire in the Glen rooms on the morning of the county final, but then nobody was very surprised:

● TO PAGE 15

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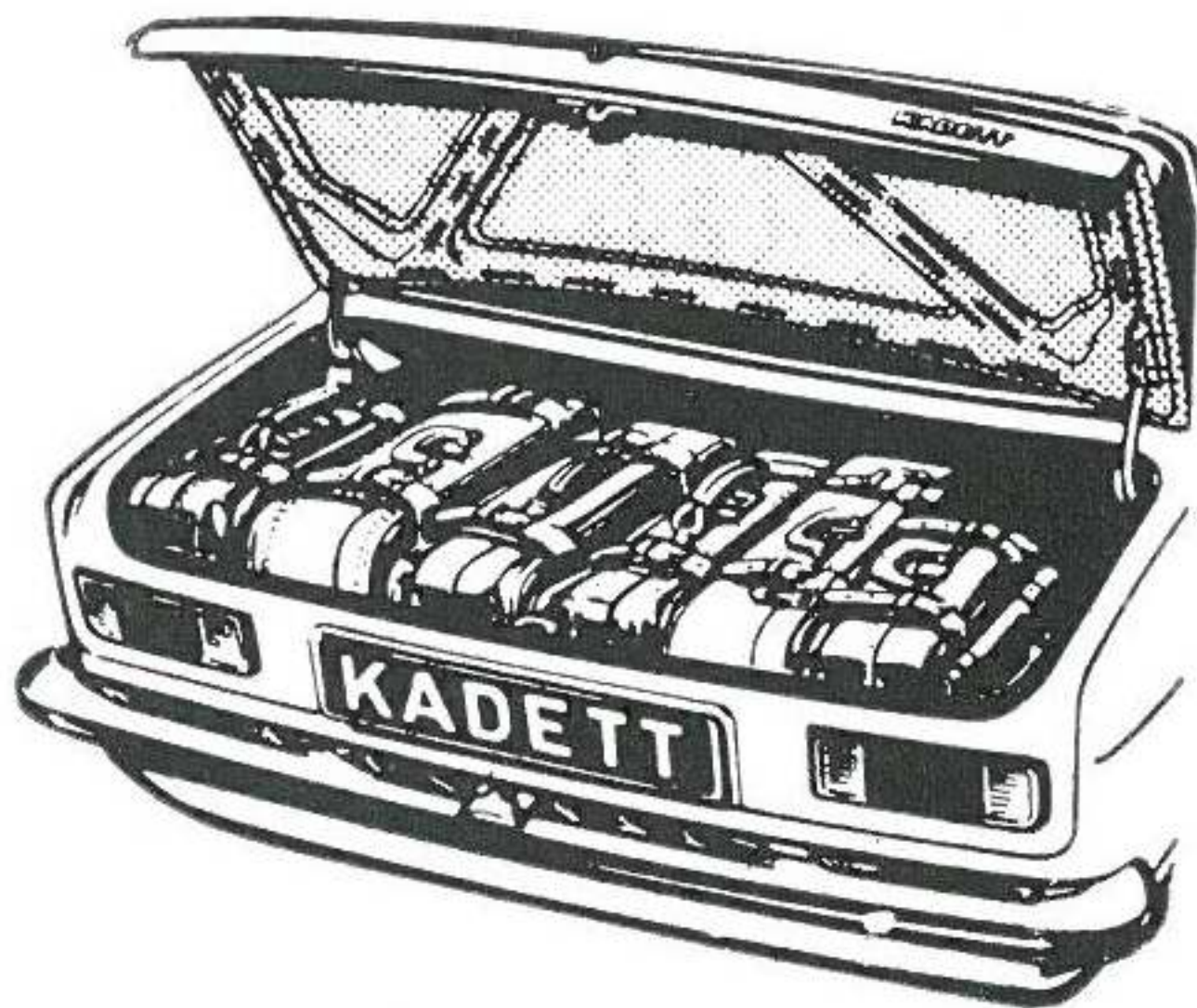


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MIKE SHEEHY'S

'TOP FIVE'

By John O'Shea EVENING PRESS



● Mike Sheehy

KERRY'S dynamic forward Mike Sheehy has nominated three "Dubs" among his "Top Five" from the season's championship campaign.

The skilful Sheehy was most impressed during the year by **ROBBIE KELLEHER, BRIAN MULLINS, KEVIN MORAN, JOHN O'GARA** and **JIMMY SMYTH**.

Of Kelleher, he says "He was the most polished and consistent defender I saw. If he made a serious mistake in his defensive duties, I didn't see it. Against Kerry, in particular, he was outstanding. He remains the most complete corner back in present-day football."

On Mullins: "Yet to be dominated when the chips are down. His stamina and workrate are phenomenal. He will catch the ball which at the time is most important to his side. As a worker in defence he is almost as valuable as when he is contributing to an attack."

"I haven't seen a mid-fielder to compare with him for the past few years. He is undoubtedly the best since Mick O'Connell."

Of Moran: "Improved as a defensive player; was brilliant in his covering off and darts out of defence. Has that inspirational quality which can do so much to lift a team. He has proven that a good footballer can fill the centre back post expertly."

John O'Gara greatly impressed Sheehy in the drawn All-Ireland semi-final. "He gave a fine exhibition of high fielding that day. In fact it was the best of its kind I have seen for years. I got the

impression that had he been a bit fitter he could have dominated the replay also. He is the type of player that when fully fit and in the mood can outjump anybody."

Of Jimmy Smyth, he comments: "Showed himself to be an astute leader of his attack. Used the ball intelligently; always seemed to have time, and displayed vision in rich measure. It wasn't his fault that Armagh foundered in the All-Ireland final. In fact Jimmy Smyth is the type of player Kerry have been seeking."

No Kerry men in your top five,

Mike? "Afraid not, John. A number of the lads did well, notably Tim Kennelly, John Egan and Paud O'Mahoney, but I'm sticking with the above-mentioned quintet."

For my own part, I believe Brian Mullins was the "man of the championship" and I will be surprised if he fails to win the Texaco nomination at the end of the year.

The Jack Lynch Story

● FROM PAGE 13

it was what an ex-secretary, captain and selector would do.

I was in Dublin Hill the night he arrived as Taoiseach the first time. He came quietly out of the dark in Spring Lane but when the crowd knew it they went mad. The tar-barrels blazed in front of the Glen Clubhouse and men who had seen the club founded in 1915 surged forward to shake the hand of the man who wore the jersey with honour.

Two teams of schoolboys in the colours of St. Nicks and the Glen formed a V of victory in front, and the chant arose "A Nation Once Again." Visibly moved, the words of An Taoiseach were inaudible where I stood at the back of the crowd.

"What's he saying?" said a citizen under his cap.

"Yerra, what's he sayin'?" says his butty, "only he's glad to be

home . . . an' he'd play for the Glen in the mornin' if they asked him."

The final scene — for now — was when he arrived again as Taoiseach, the Real Taoiseach, as he was so often called. The crowd pressed in its multitudinous bulk around the platform on the Parade and exploded into a thunderbolt of shouting as Jack Lynch stood out in front, a position he had taken for so long. But it was an easy speech: the words were well known. It wasn't 'Roses of Picardy' or even 'Bould Thady Quill.' After the second bar a thousand throats poured forth a torrent of music that echoed serenely along the boulevard

"Where I sported and played 'neath the green leafy shade,
On the bank"

Good on ye, Jack boy. Keep it up."

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★ ★

CORK'S YOUNG

STARS *By NOEL HORGAN*

IT is history now that last September Cork won the All-Ireland senior hurling title for the 23rd time, thus edging one ahead of their old rivals, Tipperary. This year's victory was achieved with a talented, well-balanced team in which youth and experience were nicely blended.

With the three veterans, Gerald McCarthy, Denis Coughlan and Charlie McCarthy having outstanding seasons in the red and white jerseys, it is hardly surprising that there are no Leaside retirements in prospect. In fact, it seems unlikely that the Cork team will show any major change when the players bid for the elusive treble in 1978.

Lest any of the players get complacent, however, it might be wise to remember that the Rebel county is laden with youthful talent at the moment. Apart from the established young senior players, Tom Cashman, John Crowley and Dermot McCurtain and substitutes Tadgh Murphy, Pat Horgan and Jerry Cronin, the Cork under-21 and minor teams, both of whom qualified for the All-Ireland finals this year, contain many promising hurlers.

One of the brightest prospects is 21-year-old Con Brassil from Ballyhea. A strong, stylish hurler in the classical mould, he has built up a great reputation since he first came into prominence as a county minor in 1973. He won an All-Ireland minor medal the following year when he played with distinction beside Tom Cashman and Dermot MacCurtain in a superb Cork half-back line.

Con was swiftly promoted to the Cork under-21 team and took part in the 1975 final against Kilkenny. However, his inexperience was evident in that game and he

was out-manoeuvred by Kilkenny's John Lyng. In 1976 Brassil helped Cork to an impressive win over Kilkenny in the under-21 decider and this year he played in his third consecutive All-Ireland under-21 final.

Equally at home in defence or at midfield, Con Brassil has been an inspirational figure with his club, Ballyhea, with whom he won county junior honours last year. He has also shone for the divisional side, Avondhu, and I expect to see him on the Cork panel during the current League campaign.

Another young man who has been enhancing his reputation as a top-class hurler is Finbarr Delany from Blackrock. A county minor from '72 to '74, he also won an All-Ireland under-21 medal in 1976 and has been one of the most consistent players this year. His form with his club, Blackrock — a team which, on paper at least, could compare favourably with most county teams — suggests that he has the ability to make it in the top-grade.

He was one of his club's better players this year and when the star-studded 'Rockies succumbed to eventual champions St. Finbarrs in the county semi-final, Delany emerged with his reputation unscathed after a steady display at wing back. Many of his illustrious colleagues had their reputations severely tarnished in

that match.

Should Finbarr Delany maintain the consistency he has displayed throughout the year, then he may soon find himself promoted to the Cork senior team. Incidentally, the Blackrock star is also a footballer of note and was understudy to Billy Morgan on the Cork senior panel this year.

A player who showed great potential in this year's Cork county final was Niall Kenefick, who hurled magnificently at centre back for the Barrs in their victory over Glen Rovers. Niall is the son of the former Cork player, Mick Kenefick, who in 1943 became the youngest man ever to captain a victorious Cork team in an All-Ireland final. He was only 19 when he led his county to victory over Antrim.

One of the youngest hurlers to attract plenty of attention this year is Cork minor John O'Gorman from Milford. Displaying class and cuteness far beyond his years, he earned much admiration for his Ray Cummins-like feats at full-forward. O'Gorman is clearly a strong player who works hard at his game and is determined to do well.

It is often a mistake to lionise young hurlers at such an early stage in their careers. Being so tender in years, it is probably unwise to predict what the future holds for them on the hurling field. Suffice it to say that John O'Gorman's progress will be watched with interest by all Cork hurling fans.

So with Brassil, Delany, Kenefick and O'Gorman among the more notable of Cork's budding starlets, there is certainly no dearth of talented hurlers in the Rebel county at the moment. And with such reserves of stylish young players ready to step in, should the senior mentors call upon them, Cork's bid to complete the three-in-a-row next year looks a likely bet.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
 ★
 ★ **LADIES** ★
 ★ **PLEASE** ★
 ★
 ★ **EDITED BY** ★
 ★ **KITTY** ★
 ★ **MURPHY** ★
 ★
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DO you know what I remember most from the Football Final — the number of wasps that were all around the place. Now let me begin by admitting that I've a horror of the blessed things. That horror goes back a long way — in fact I was very, very small when I got my first sting and to this day I don't think I really ever recovered from it. That's not to say that I haven't been stung in the meantime — indeed I have but if you don't mind we'll talk about that some other time.

Anyway I came in from Mass the morning of the Final to find a pair of wasps doing a two wing reel around the light bulb. Now there was no way that I was going to entertain those two "guests" so I set about getting rid of them. I opened down the window and then got my Sunday paper. I folded it over and proceeded to "hoosh" them out through the open space. They defied me and refused quite blank to leave the area. Mind you one of them was a bigger "BEE" than the Other. Now let me explain that to you straight away. The better half of the combination was almost out when his pal whistled or buzzed or attracted his atten-

tion in some fashion and back he flew over my paper. Now I thought rather ill of him for doing that so there and then I made up my mind to get stern with the pair of them.

Somebody told me one time that the light annoys them so I switched it on. That drove them mad altogether. Now they were really going to town. Up and down, over and back, non-stop action — they were passing one another out and meeting coming back. I got myself ready for the next act. I folded up the newspaper — tight this time. I lashed out, left and right and left again. I missed the wasps but the bulb — it was unfortunate enough to get in the way. It came crashing to the floor and ended up in smithereens. Into the bargain we had no spare for that bulb as it was very bright so I was admonished somewhat for my carelessness. Now what or who was going to throw light on the problem. At this stage I must admit I was a little chastened because something always goes wrong when I try to make things right.

I sat down and handed the paper to my friend. Right, I said you get rid of them. She drew out — just once — and one of them dropped. I think 'twas the big one. Is he dead, I asked, full of glee. Now there's no need to tell you how dangerous wasps are in the Fall so it was extremely important to make sure that he was dead. We all bent down and closely examined the site where he should have fallen. There was no sign of anything. My friend couldn't figure it out and mind you its seldom she's caught out like that. Your bag, I said, could he ever have fallen into your bag. She didn't think so but looked in just the same. She saw nothing and said so. She

wasn't fully satisfied with that though and she dipped in her fingers. Well I'm not joking you but she let such a scream out of her that they must have heard it down in Mayo. She got stung. The panic was on. She had a fine bump on the inside of her index finger. It looked awful and I couldn't help feeling how lucky I was to have allowed her examine the bag.

Desperate ills need desperate remedies so I hot-footed it down to the Chemist. There were a few people in front of me so I had to await my turn. Eventually he came to me. Can you give me something for a sting said I and felt like saying not a wasp. I'll remove it for you, he said, taking a step nearer. No, I said, I haven't it, it's my friend. I'm sure had she known she'd have gladly given it away but that's beside the point. He kept looking at me, a little confused I felt, but eventually he went in behind closed doors. A few minutes later he came back out armed with a small little bottle and a bit of cotton wool. Remove the sting and apply this abluion to the affected area he said. Fair enough, I said, wondering, if the fact that his shop is just below the church had anything to do with his choice of words. I paid for it, turned on my heel, and walked out.

I came back to my pal who was bearing up rather well. There were a few little asides about how lucky they all were that I hadn't "rooted" in the fateful bag. As the saying goes — I pretended to nothing and proceeded to carry out my business. I decided to treat the patient myself just to prove that my course in First Aid wasn't lost on me. I put her sitting

down — one cannot take chances in matters of such importance. She was a bit taken aback with all this undivided attention so in case delayed shock should set in I administered a cup of strong sweet tea to the victim. That nearly finished her off. In the first place she never takes sugar and more important still she really never forgave Fine Gael for putting such a huge increase on the Poor Woman's Drink. Anyway in the heel of the hunt I removed the sting and promptly applied the prescribed "mix". The patient was most grateful for assistance rendered and is quite convinced that I'm misplaced in my own job. Of course I've been saying that for years myself but as usual nobody ever pays any heed to me. However, maybe Robert Redford is about to do a follow up to *The Sting* and who knows he may have heard about my latest success. After all I heard about him so why shouldn't . . . Ah no I think I'd better forget it.

While all this was going on I couldn't help recalling another funny incident involving a wasp. A couple of years ago I was down in Cork at a Munster Final. Limerick were providing the opposition to the Red Devils and they weren't doing too well. 'Twas one of those days when nothing went right for Limerick and of course trust a Corkman to look a gift horse in the mouth. If the Limerick fellow went first to the ball it dropped behind him and if he stayed back the Cork man got it and jinked past him. The heat was murderous the same day and there was a dreadful glare. 'Twas the kind of day one would get very hot and bothered, particularly if someone beside you kept asking who No. 10 was. That annoys me and you know these ones

usually have a programme in their pocket but are too lazy to look at it.

Anyway, as I say, nothing was going Limerick's way and not too much tempus had "fugited" before the writing was on the wall for them. For the bit of diversion I began to look around me. There was a Limerick man standing in front of me — a big, big fellow with a green and white hat ferked on the side of his head. This wasp was hovering around the hat admiring the colours, no doubt. After a while he made his landing. I was keeping an eye on him and the other on the happenings in the field of play. From the entertainment viewpoint the wasp was the more promising. He was getting dangerously close to your man's ear and I wondered should I draw his attention to the impending disaster.

I elbowed my friend beside me (real Gaelic tactic that) and said will I tell him. Tell him what, came straight back from my pal who continued to focus attention on the hurling action. There's a wasp on your man's hat, I said. I felt I was getting nowhere, but the wasp was. Here goes, I said to myself as I tapped the Limerick man on the shoulder. He turned around and he looked a bit vexed. Can you not see, says he, standing aside and half pointing a way for me towards the exit. No, I said, 'tisn't that at all, but there's a wasp making his way down towards your ear. Of course I thought he'd go beserk but he didn't. Is there, says he, putting his hand to his head and gingerly lifting off the hat with the wasp still "walking" along the rim of it.

He then proceeded to lower the hat towards the ground. At the same time he was lifting his right foot all in preparation for

the murderous pounce. Anyway, he had the hat just about as far as his knee when the wasp woke up and decided the descent could kill him. He gave one little buzz, then another speedier one and away he flew. Your man turned around and of course I was laughing. He nodded his head a couple of times and waited for me to say something. Were you going to step on him, said I, as if I didn't know. That was my intention alright, he said. Then he turned around and looked me straight in the eye. Today, he said, we'll win nothing — they're all too quick on the wings. I couldn't have agreed more, but really it wouldn't have been kind to say it.

Getting back to the day of the All-Ireland — wasn't it amazing about the tickets? I was one of the unlucky ones — I had to pay for mine. I'm not joking you, I had to go to the rounds of the world to procure one. Can't you imagine, then, the look on my face when a Guard stepped out from the row of them behind the barrier and asked me if I was fixed up alright. Do you know something — I got such a shock I just looked at him hard and walked on. That's me of course. There I was getting all fussed up and the genial "cop" offering me a ticket for nothing. At least that's what the papers said the next day. Typical of them but what use is Monday's paper on a Monday!

Still, I'm sorry it's all over. I hate the evening of the football final. It's an awful anticlimax with everyone going back home. All the excitement and fuss suddenly dies and the trek back to base is a lonely old stroll. I was making my own way back that evening when all this and a lot more was going through my head. I

● TO PAGE 34

'SEVENS' NOW TOP ATTRACTION

THE annual All-Ireland club seven-a-side senior football tournament promoted by Kilmacud Crokes club in Dublin and sponsored by Beamish and Crawford, brewers of Bass Ale, is now one of the top attractions of the football final week-end in Dublin.

Launched five years ago, the tournament has gone from suc-

cess to success. So much so, in fact, that the organisers were inundated with applications from teams wishing to take part in the 1977 series.

The competition is played at Glenalbyn Grounds in Stillorgan, and 32 teams drawn from all four provinces competed in the latest test. Many prominent inter-county players were in action,

and, despite miserable weather conditions, the All-Ireland seven-a-side produced some tremendous football.

It was Ulster against Leinster in the final show-down. St. John's, of Belfast, who had made a successful defence of their Antrim county senior championship some weeks before the Bass tournament, met St. Patrick's, Ardagh, of Longford.

St. John's, the Ulster seven-a-side kings for the past two years, clinched their final ticket by beating Eire Og, Carlow, by 5-10 to 5-7 in one of the best games of the day.

St. Patrick's got the better of Emo, of Laois, 2-6 to 2-3 in a keenly contested game in the other semi-final.

The decider proved a personal triumph for Peter McGinnity, the Fermanagh and Ulster star. This tall ace proved a dominant figure in a star-studded side that brought the title to St. John's club for the first time. They had 11 points to spare at the end—1-16 to 1-5.

The captain of the Belfast outfit, Andy McCallin, the Antrim and interprovincial dual player, was also in scintillating form, while Mickey Darragh, Liam Jennings and Gerry McCann were others to catch the eye.

St. Patrick's, however, did really well to get through to the final, and also tried all the way in the concluding round.

County players Justin Yorke and John Orohoe were their stars.

Scorers: ST. JOHN'S: P. McGinnity 1-10; A. McCallin, M. Darragh 0-2 each; G. McCann, J. Donnelly 0-1 each. ST. PATRICK'S: F. Halligan 1-1; R. O'Dowd 0-2; J. Yorke and P. Keenan 0-1 each.

Mr. John Tuite, Marketing Manager of Beamish and Craw-

● NEXT PAGE

BRICKS

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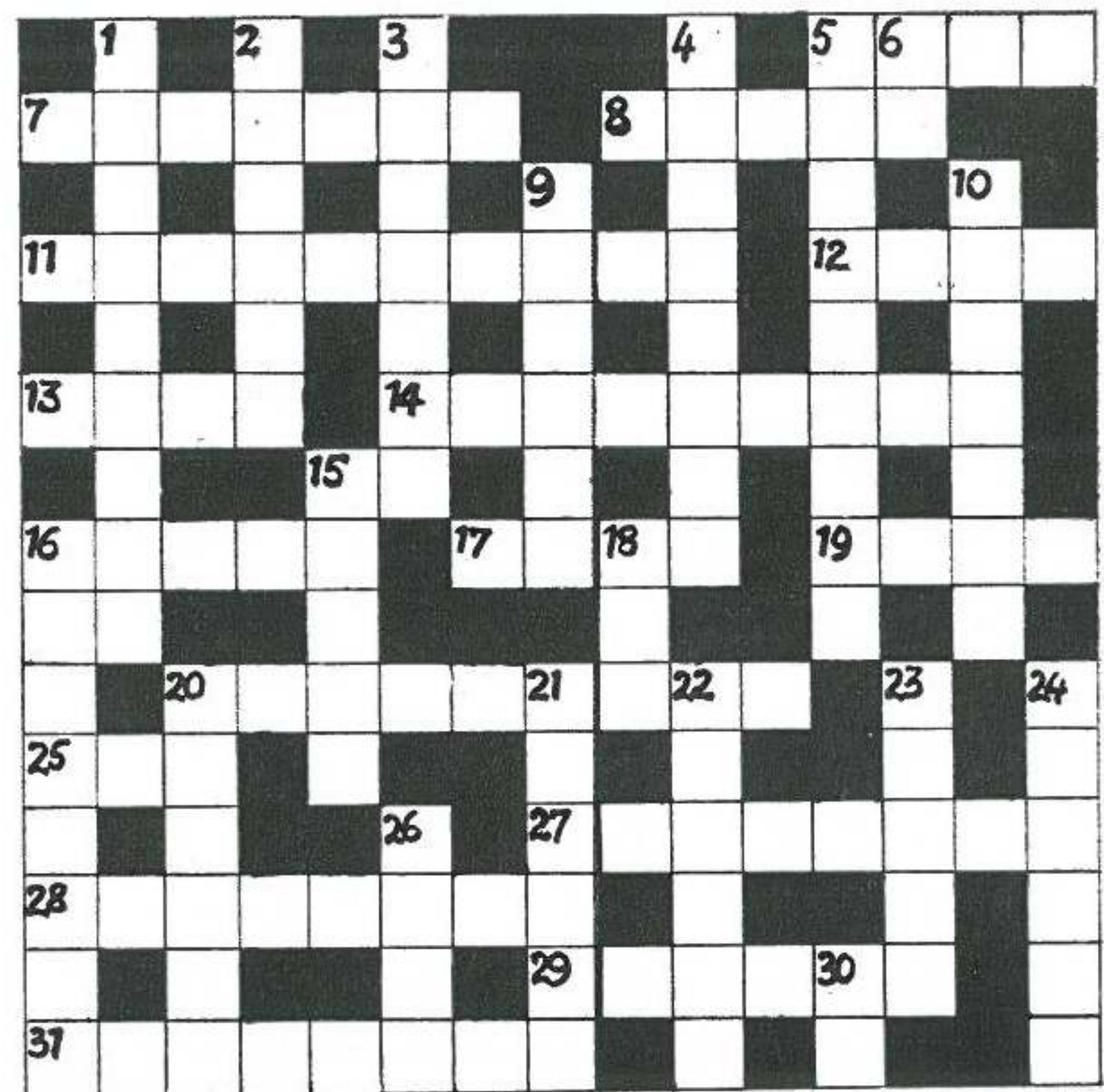
By PERMUTER

CLUES ACROSS:

- 5—Norwegian-style solo. (4)
 7—Wye flows through the heart of a prominent Kilkenny full-forward of the 1950s. (1, 6)
 8—Jim the full-back, rather than Jim the midfielder or forward. (5)
 11—Bernie figured in attack with Kerry teams of the early 1960s. (10)
 12—Enclose briefly. (4)
 13—Measurement of games equipment which now yields to the centimeter. (4)
 14—Back from term in U.S. he came back to inter-county prominence, though not in his old position. (1, 1, 7)
 16—Sean of Limerick, or Art of Wexford. (5)
 17—Jealousy of another's performances. (4)
 19—Air or atmosphere that surrounds a star. (4)
 20—They define the various grades of competition for young players. (3, 6)
 25—Gain the victory. (3)
 27—Prominent Limerick referee. (1, 6)
 28—A G.A.A. game played in circles? (8)
 29—An address of praise — for the champions, perhaps. (6)
 31—Full-forward Ted scored many a goal for Cork. (8)

CLUES DOWN:

- 1—Full-back on the last All-Ireland winning team from Louth. (3, 6)
 2—Captained Waterford in their 1959 All-Ireland S.H. win. (1, 5)
 3—Driving force in Cork's attack about 1969-73. (7)
 4—Kilkenny family already very prominent in minor and under-21 competition and promising more. (8)
 5—Centre-forward for Kerry in the 1975 All-Ireland final. (4, 5)
 6—Senior Hurling. (1, 1)



- 9—At midfield he captained the All-Ireland winning Tipperary minors of 1976. (1, 5)
 10—Fermanagh representative on the 1977 Ulster football team. (1, 6)
 15—International golf trophy for a member of the Dubs panel. (5)
 16—Onwards, attackers! (8)
 18—Voluntary Health Insurance for G.A.A. players, initially. (1, 1, 1)
 20—A Yearbook, perhaps, or Congress. (6)
 21—The first Six-County captain to receive the Sam Maguire Cup. (6)
 22—Fishing gear for dispossessing opponents. (6)
 23—Dual star with Kildare and Leinster. (5)
 24—Selector of the Dublin footballers — familiarly. (6)
 26—Veer backwards. (4)
 30—Under-21 All-Ireland medalist edging close to a permanent position in the Kerry defence. Initials. (1, 1)

● SOLUTION ON PAGE 37

● FROM PAGE 20

ford Limited, told GAELIC SPORT on behalf of the sponsors:

"We are very happy once again to be associated with Kilmacud Crokes in the staging of this great seven-a-side football tour-

namment. Each of the tournaments we have sponsored we have found to be a success from every point of view."

In a very well produced and attractive programme for the tournament, packed with interesting facts about the clubs con-

cerned, the Kilmacud Crokes club expressed the wish that in the years to come the place to spend Saturday before the All-Ireland final will be their ground at Glenalbyn. They are well on the way to having that wish fully realised.

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CAMOGIE COMMENT

By AGNES HOURIGAN

THE most encouraging fact about the All-Ireland Camogie finals was the fact that the three titles went to three different provinces with Galway taking the minor title for the first time, Limerick capturing the county's first-ever inter-county honour at national level by taking home the junior crown and Kilkenny retaining the senior laurels and the O'Duffy Cup.

So the game is thriving all over the country, for if Ulster was not represented in any of the Croke Park finals, it must be remembered that Down won the junior championship a year ago.

The senior final was dominated by the individual performance of the Kilkenny captain, Angela Downey, whose brilliant scores shattered Wexford's hopes of recapturing the coveted title, and who crowned a great year when she stepped up to accept the All-Ireland trophy on the Hogan Stand rostrum. It was Angela whose goal-rush had routed Dublin in the semi-final and earlier in the year she had helped St. Paul's win the club championship and inspired her University side, Maynooth, to victory in the C.C.I.A. League and Championship.

After the final, Camogie followers with long memories were comparing Angela's brilliance with the performances of Kathleen Coady for Dublin teams a generation ago and there is indeed a similarity between the styles of those two great players. But it would be very wrong to assume that Kilkenny are a one-player team. Indeed the outstand-

ing fact about the All-Ireland champions is that there is no weak link in their line-up, even their newcomers Ann Holden, Mary Purcell and Jo Dunne all measured up to the high standard set by the more experienced units.

Teresa O'Neill had little occasion to show her goalkeeping excellence this time, but what little she got to do she did well. I have not seen a more polished display of full-back play than that given by Liz Neary, surely one of the most versatile and stylish players ever to grace a Camogie field. Bridie Martin, Helena O'Neill, Mary Fennelly and the rest all lived up to their well-earned reputations, while Angela Downey's twin sister Ann is by no means over-shadowed by her sister on the playing field.

Limerick's feat in winning the junior title was very praiseworthy indeed and I believe that next season they will be a force to reckon with in senior ranks, especially with the talent of such as Carrie Clancy, Geraldine O'Brien and Brid Stokes.

Galway's victory in the minor final was convincing, and indeed I know of no county with such a plentitude of talent which if properly blended together should surely be capable of bringing the senior title to the West.

The county that deserves plenty of sympathy however is Wexford. It is a praiseworthy achievement reaching the finals of both the senior and junior All-Irelands and all the more disappointing then to have to give best in both. But as Margaret

Leacy so aptly said at the presentation dinner, they will be back, and they, too, have plenty of rising stars on the way up.

The only thing that was not up to par on All-Ireland Day at Croke Park was once again the relatively poor attendance, and this after the finals had got more pre-match publicity than ever before from all the media.

True, there was a small increase on last year's figure, but not nearly as much as the final deserved. However, one encouraging sign was that the distinguished strangers' gallery was this time well patronised and it was good to see Government Ministers attend a Camogie Final, though among distinguished strangers it would be unfair to include Miss Margaret Tynan, the Mayor of Kilkenny, who is 'one of our own'.

But I do not despair about the relatively poor crowd at this year's finals. After all, Wexford were in both the senior and junior deciders while another Leinster team, Kilkenny, were in the senior decider. That meant that Limerick was the only 'outside' contender, and Connacht and Ulster had no direct interest at all, even though enthusiasts from both provinces did attend. Had all four provinces had a direct interest I believe we might well have had a record crowd, and I still believe Croke Park remains the most prestigious and most suitable venue. The All-Irelands would lose out and the day would have far less significance if staged anywhere else.

Word of advice for Armagh: pay no heed to the 'knockers'



The Arma
in a draw
McKinstry
John Don

WELL done, Armagh! And don't mind the knockers. I make no apology for saying this, despite that crash to Dublin in the All-Ireland senior football final.

The Ulster champions' performance was a big disappointment, undoubtedly. No one can argue with that.

But to listen to some of the comments that have been freely bandied about in the meantime one would think that Armagh pulled off the greatest "con" job in years in actually lining out against the Dubs. Some would have us believe, in fact, that they had no right to be there in the first place.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Armagh were there by right, and right alone. And, if one stands back and looks coldly and objectively at the build-up to the 1977 Sam Maguire game, one will fully appreciate this.

It can be argued, of course,

that Armagh had luck on their side in qualifying for the summit. Maybe so, but what of that?

Is a team to be criticised because "the gods" smiled on them? Most objective supporters of the games will concede that as far as luck is concerned, any side needs a share of that to win an

Armagh came up against a team firing on all cylinders, one of the best combinations, in fact, ever to win the title.

And, that standard has been honed and perfected over a hard slog of four demanding years of consistent and successful endeavour in the white heat of top-

By OWEN McCANN

All-Ireland title.

Armagh, however, had more than luck on their side. They did everything that was asked of them in the run-in, produced more than their fair share of progressive football, and their players generally also displayed skill and flair.

As for that twelve points drubbing from Dublin, many appear again to be looking at the final superficially. Remember,

class competitive fare.

The stark contrast of that with Armagh's position is perhaps best illustrated by harking back to the last Sunday of August 1976. That afternoon while Dublin and Galway provided a lacklustre All-Ireland semi-final, Armagh were meeting Warwickshire at Birmingham in a League Division III title play-off.

In view, therefore, of the way that the Northerners trailed



Armagh team shown here played Roscommon in the All-Ireland Football Semi-Final on August 14th last, which ended Armagh 3-9; Roscommon 2-12. Pictured Back Row (left to right) are: Peter Trainor, Larry Kearins, Colm Donnelly, Brian McAlinden, Tom McCreesh, Noel Marley, and Jim Finnegan. Front Row (left to right): Peter Loughran, Denis Stevenson, Joe Kernan, Jimmy Smyth (Capt.), Paddy Moriarty, Kevin Rafferty and Jim McKerr.

Dublin so badly in years of successful endeavour at the top, allied to the exceptional high quality of the present Metropolitan squad, it is a bit rough on Armagh to roundly criticise them for not making the issue much closer in the concluding round.

There might have been some justification for that if the challengers had flopped after having had a good grounding over a few seasons in the big-time.

No, it does appear that in too many cases the disappointing All-Ireland final has been viewed in isolation in terms of Armagh's earlier achievements.

Certainly, that game proved a cruel set-back, but this should not cloud the fact that it was an outstanding feat by the Ulster county to come inside a year from the comparative obscurity of that match in Birmingham to a place in the top sporting attraction of the Irish year.

Maybe the standards in Ulster

and Connacht were not the best this year, but Armagh still needed many credit marks to prove the top combination in those provinces. Yes, they have come a long way in a short time. Moreover, they now have the best possible foundations on which to build.

The experience they have gained from their three appearances at Croke Park could not be bought for love or money. It must stand them in great stead. They are bound to profit, too, from learning at first hand something of the style, technique and commitment of Dublin.

On top of this, Armagh have a strong panel of players, many with time still very much on their side. Take Jim McKerr and John Donnelly, for instance. Each is only 20. Then, ace goalkeeper Brian McAlinden is just 22, while sharing the same age group at 23 are Denis Stevenson, Joe Kernan and Sean Devlin.

And, although Pat Moriarty,

who until now was perhaps one of the county's two best known players, has been regularly in the headlines since winning a Carrolls All Stars award back in 1972, he is still only 24.

As for the older members of the squad, they still have also plenty to offer.

The All-Ireland final defeat, then, is far from the end of the road for Armagh, who have brought a refreshing colour and enthusiasm on the terraces. That outing proved to themselves just what can be achieved by dedication and determination in build-up and preparation.

With that lesson to sustain them in the inevitable hard-slog ahead, particularly over the winter months, the gallant boys from County Armagh, who have injected such a welcome new element into the football scene, may yet go on to answer the knockers in the best possible way by making 1978 an even more memorable one than 1977.

CLARE DYNAMO WINS AGAIN

PAT KIRBY the Clare Dynamo, once again left a definite imprint on handball this year as he showed scant respect for age or opponent in taking the Coca-Cola Open Singles Title for the fourth year in succession.

Kirby, thus equalled the feat of John Ryan and established himself as one of the greatest players ever to adorn Irish Courts.

Indeed, it was a lucky decision that he decided to return to his native country some years ago for

he brought with him a sophistication, a dynamism and a professionalism that has played no small part in adding a lot of dignity to the Irish game.

One has marvelled at his true sporting decorum on and off the court, his deep philosophy of the game and his superior craftsmanship in the art of coaching.

Kirby has decided to quit the big court game and it will be all the poorer by his absence. However, he has left many outstand-

ing legacies in his wake which should be reflected in the young fitness and style conscious senior star of to-morrow.

There are many of them on the handball horizon, though, in my own view, the most promising would appear to be James McGovern of Meath.

A winner in the two softball codes of the All-Ireland Championship this year the Ceanannus Mór player has all the attributes of a great handballer. Fleet of foot, nimble in movement, perfect balance, good wrist-work and free flowing movement in both arms, the obvious conclusion is that McGovern is a Kirby in the making if he is methodically coached to reach his full potential.

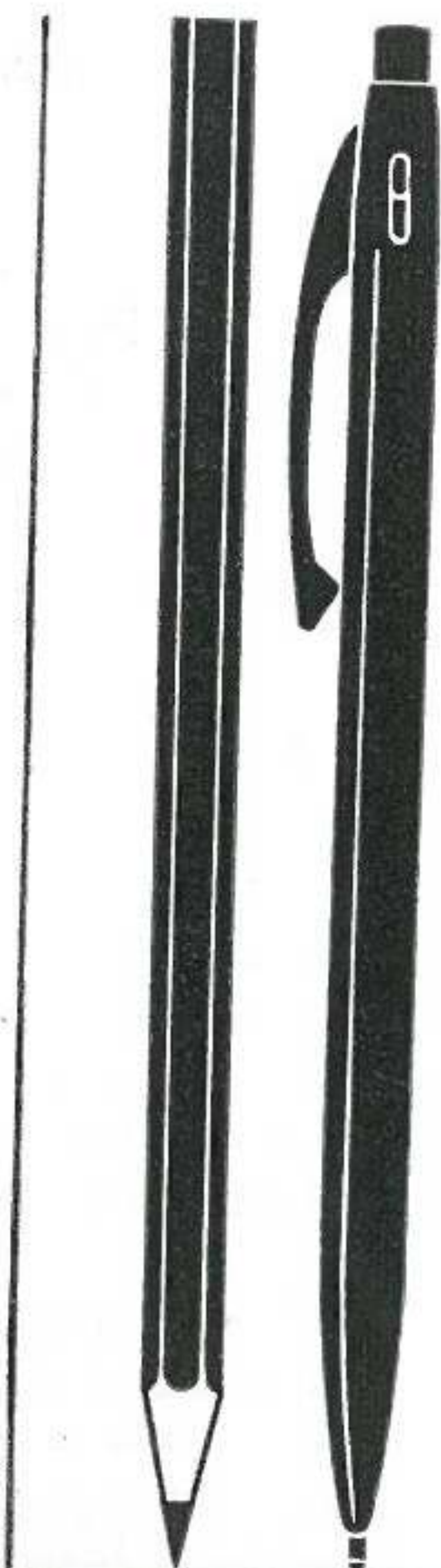
When I spoke to Joey Maher, oft times champion and still giving a good account of himself, he reckoned that the Meath youth is destined for a long run as Ireland's top player.

He has very definite views that every encouragement should be given to such promising prospects.

Maher would like to see young McGovern, together with Tony Ryan of Tipperary who won both minor handball titles this year and about another half dozen players given a comprehensive coaching course.

This, according to Maher, would be spread over a period of years and special concentration would be placed on the 40' x 20' game.

In that context, his school of budding stars would be brought to perfection in the various skills of the small court, hence, we would be able to hold our own on the International circuit. Maher's line of thinking is given



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credence by a recent decision of the Irish Handball Council, which provides for the selection of young players in all future tours to the U.S.A.

In the next trip with the All-Stars, for instance, two places of the four-man team will be reserved for players under 22 years of age on January 1st, next. In order to ensure that the best players are chosen, a series of trials will be held in the coming month.

These will be operated on the basis of groups of four players, and each group will be played on the round-robin basis. The top two players from each group will qualify for the next stage, which will be played off on the four player group system also. The top two players emerging from these games will make the trip.

The Irish Handball Council must be complimented on devising this scheme. It gives the younger players a wonderful opportunity of a trip to America and in turn, international competition.

And, now, it would be remiss of me to conclude this month without special reference to the achievement of Peadar McGee in taking the All-Ireland Handball Singles title for the sixth successive time.

In this achievement, McGee indicated once more that he is the beacon of the code and indeed shows no signs of waning. He now stands shoulder to shoulder with such great exponents of handball as John Joe Gilmartin who had seven successive victories between 1936 and 1942, and Tom Soye, who had six victories between 1926 and 1931. McGee is well capable of carving his own special niche in the hall of fame.

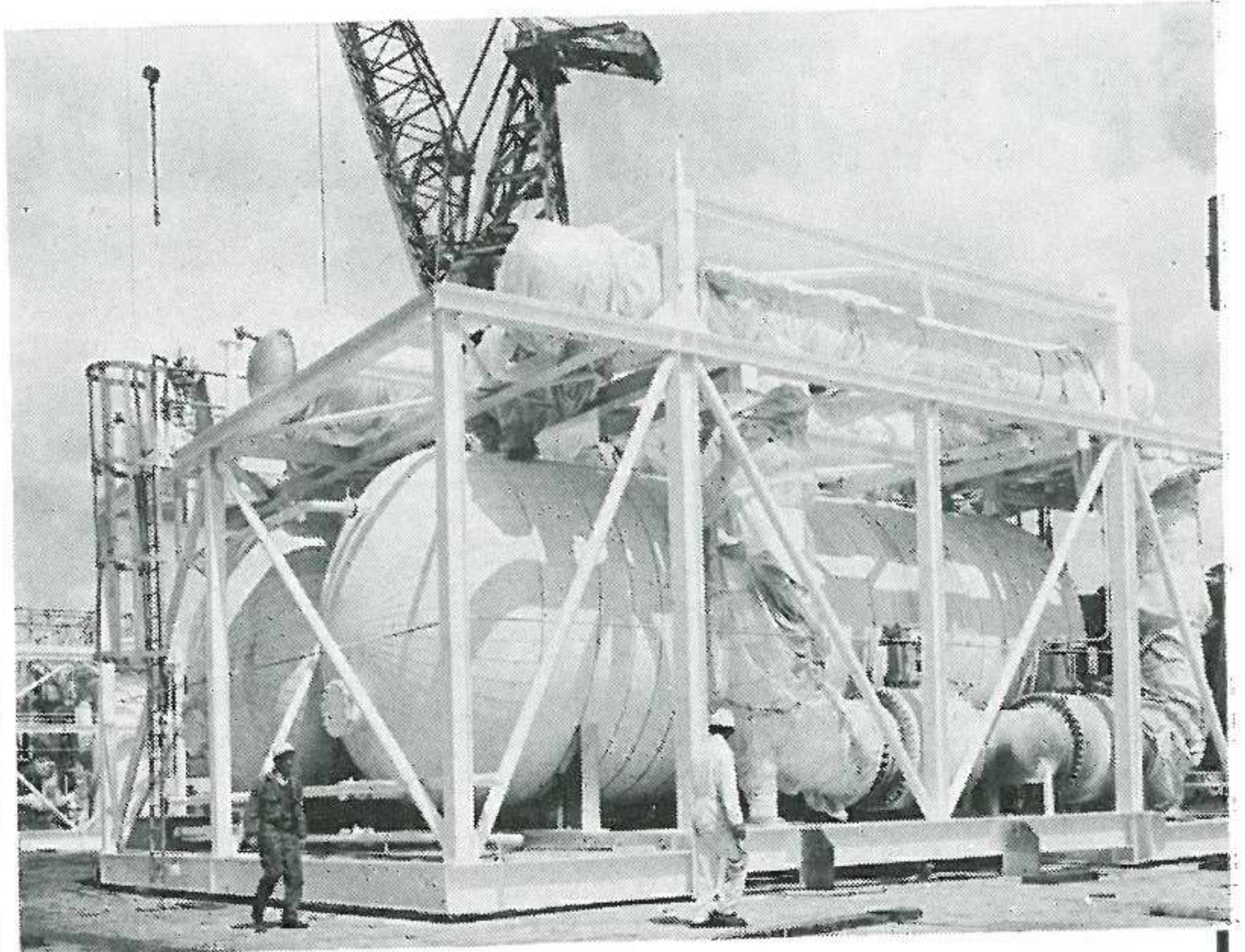
Another significant win in the All-Ireland Championships was that of Wexford's Richie Lyng and Seamus Buggy who won the Coca-Cola Senior Doubles at the ex-

pense of Clare's John and Dan Kirby.

1977 CHAMPIONS ROLL-OF-HONOUR

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M.H.S. T. Ryan (Tipperary)
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J.S.S. J. Roche (Limerick)
J.S.D. P. Winders and T.

O'Rourke (Kildare)
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J.H.D. J. Bennis and V. Moane (Limerick)
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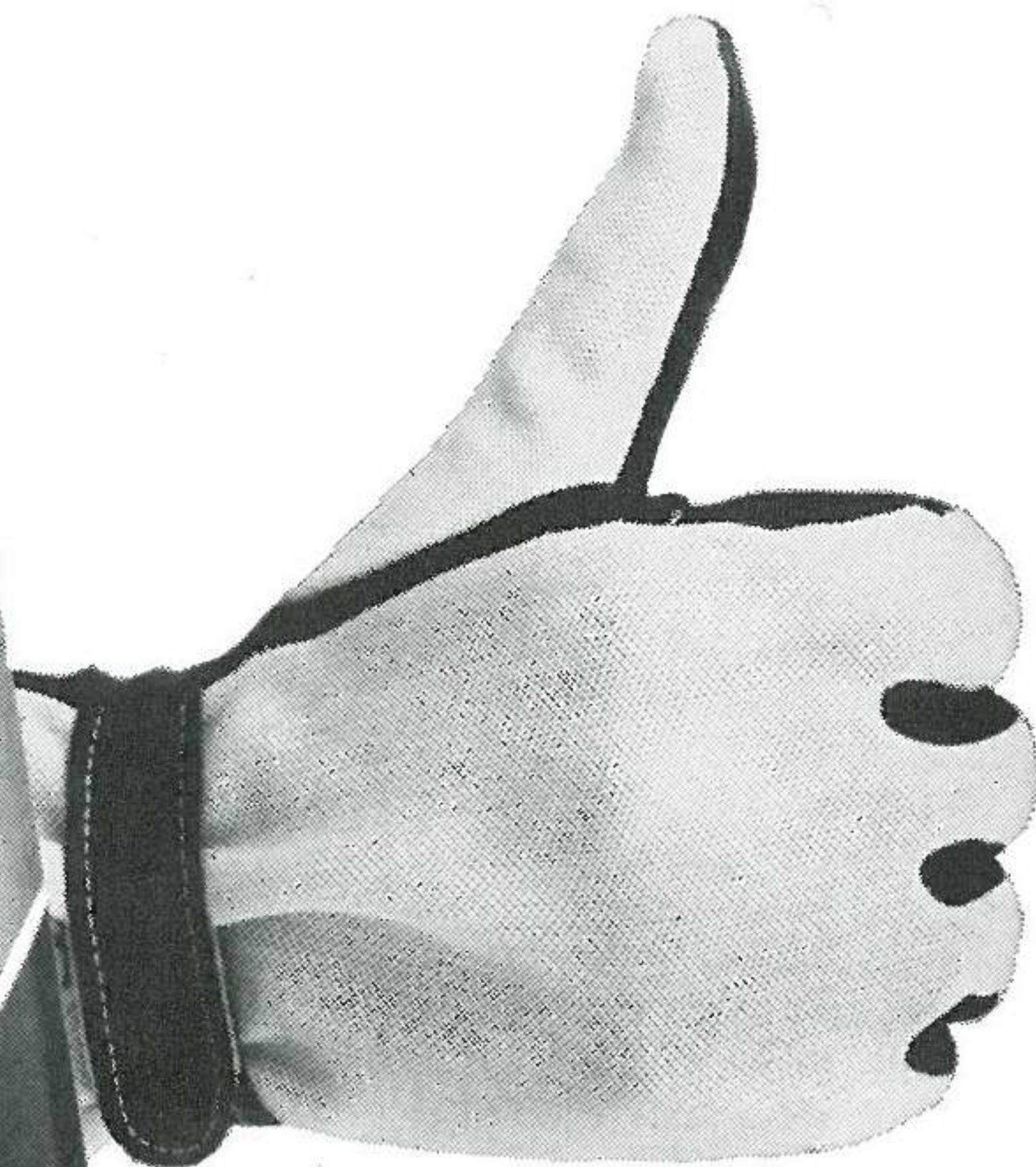
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THOSE WHO WISH TO BEAT DUBLIN MUST FOLLOW THE CHAMPIONS' EXAMPLE

SO Dublin are All-Ireland football champions for the second successive year, and for the third time in four seasons. When one remembers that during the same period the Metropolitans also figured in four successive league finals, one of them admittedly in the Second Division, one wonders if there has been any previous record of such consistency at the top of the football world?

Now the question everybody is asking, and a great number of people are already providing the answers, is how did Dublin, having reached the top, manage to stay there for so long?

Kevin Heffernan was, of course, one very important reason that they did so. He moulded them, he steered them, he steeled them. Maybe it seemed that in 1975, when they failed in two successive National Finals, to Meath in the League and to Kerry in the Championship, that they had gone over the hill. That fact quite a number of their critics believed. But the three-man selection team of Heffernan, Donal Colfer and Lorcan Redmond put their thinking-caps on. They recognised, first of all, that Pat O'Neill had become a far more efficient player than he had been.

Then, in what many experts considered a rash move, they drafted in the unknown and comparatively inexperienced Kevin Moran whose previous claims to football fame had been as a soccer player. It took him just a few weeks to acclimatise, and for the selectors to figure where his quickly revealed talents were of most use to them.

The U.C.D. student from the Long Mile Road eventually took root at centre half-back, although I, for one, do not believe that he should be stereotyped into that position. He is a player of such exciting potential that I would love to see him given a few more runs further upfield.

Next the selectors nursed up another youngster, Tommy Drumm, to complete a completely renovated half-back line, a half-back line that has since carried them to two successive All-Irelands. It was again felt, despite that triumph in the 1976 final, when Dublin failed to Kerry in the League final last Spring and then battled their way through the American

tour, that they had passed their peak both in ambition and in endeavour. How can these men be motivated again? all the pundits asked.

Certainly there were times in the Leinster campaign when it seemed that it was largely the momentum from previous years that was carrying these Dubliners along. Still, they showed they retained much of the old skill when they ran up a lead at Navan that a good Kildare side failed to wipe out, even when jet-lag seemed suddenly to catch up with the champions in the closing stages.

Against Wexford, in a game that seemed to take a wrong turn almost from the start, they still showed scoring power when many of their other attributes had almost been submerged. The day they could, and possibly should, have fallen, however, was in the Leinster final against Meath.

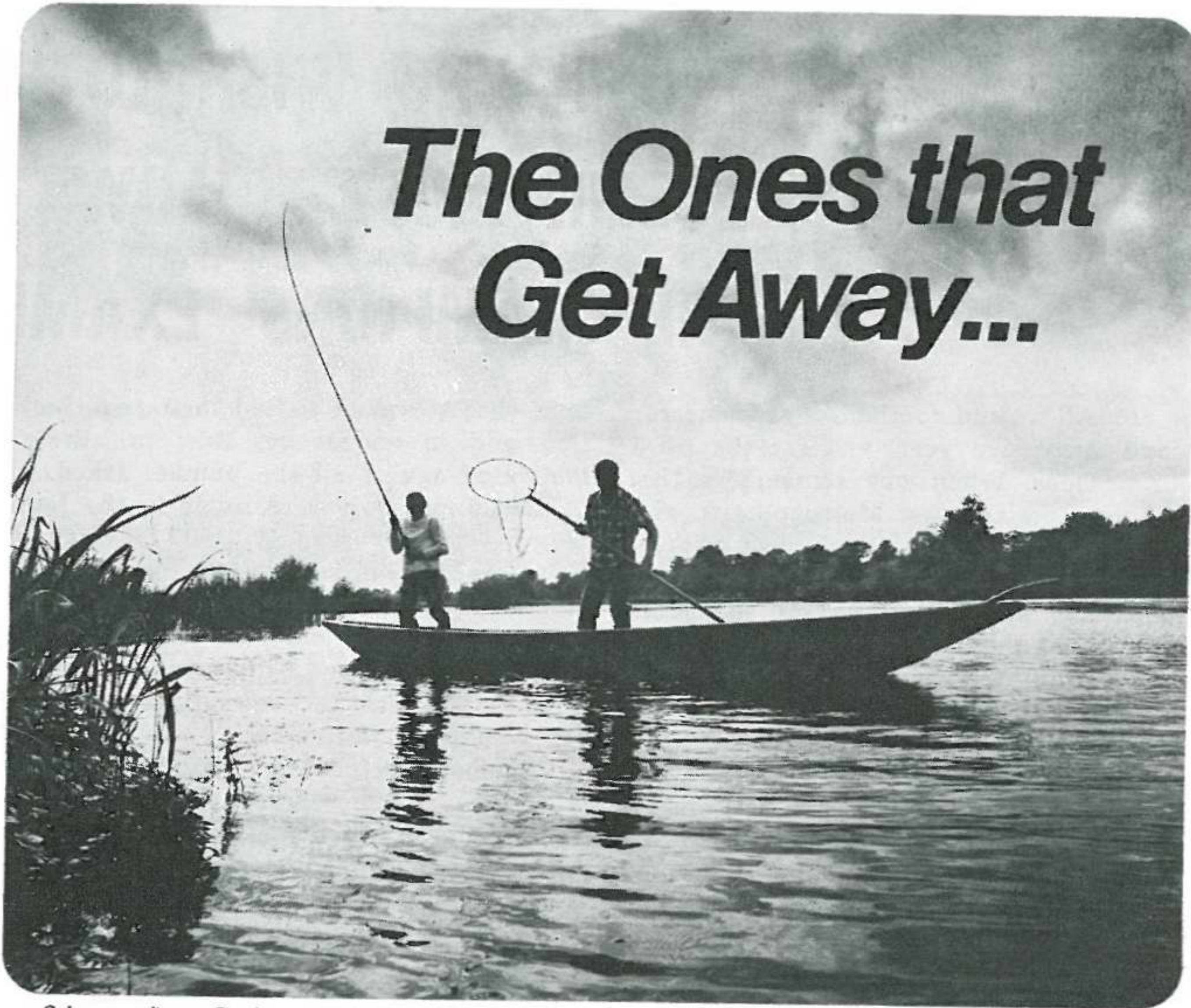
It has been the misfortune of this Meath team over the past few years that they should have so consistently found Dublin standing between them and Leinster honours. And, whatever about 1974, I believe that if Meath had come out of Leinster in 1976 and 1977, they too would have made a very bold bid to capture the Sam Maguire.

Even now, looking back on that Leinster final last July, I cannot quite make up my mind whether it was the weakness of the Meath forwards, or the excellence of the Dublin backs that prevented the great-hearted men from the Royal County in coming through to victory. Dublin that day were very much back on their heels at the end, but, with the virtue of hindsight now, one must, I think, accept the fact that Tony Hanahoe was timing his run, preparing them and motivating them just enough to carry them past the stern Meath challenge and then really going all out for that who-shall-qualify encounter with Kerry in the semi-final.

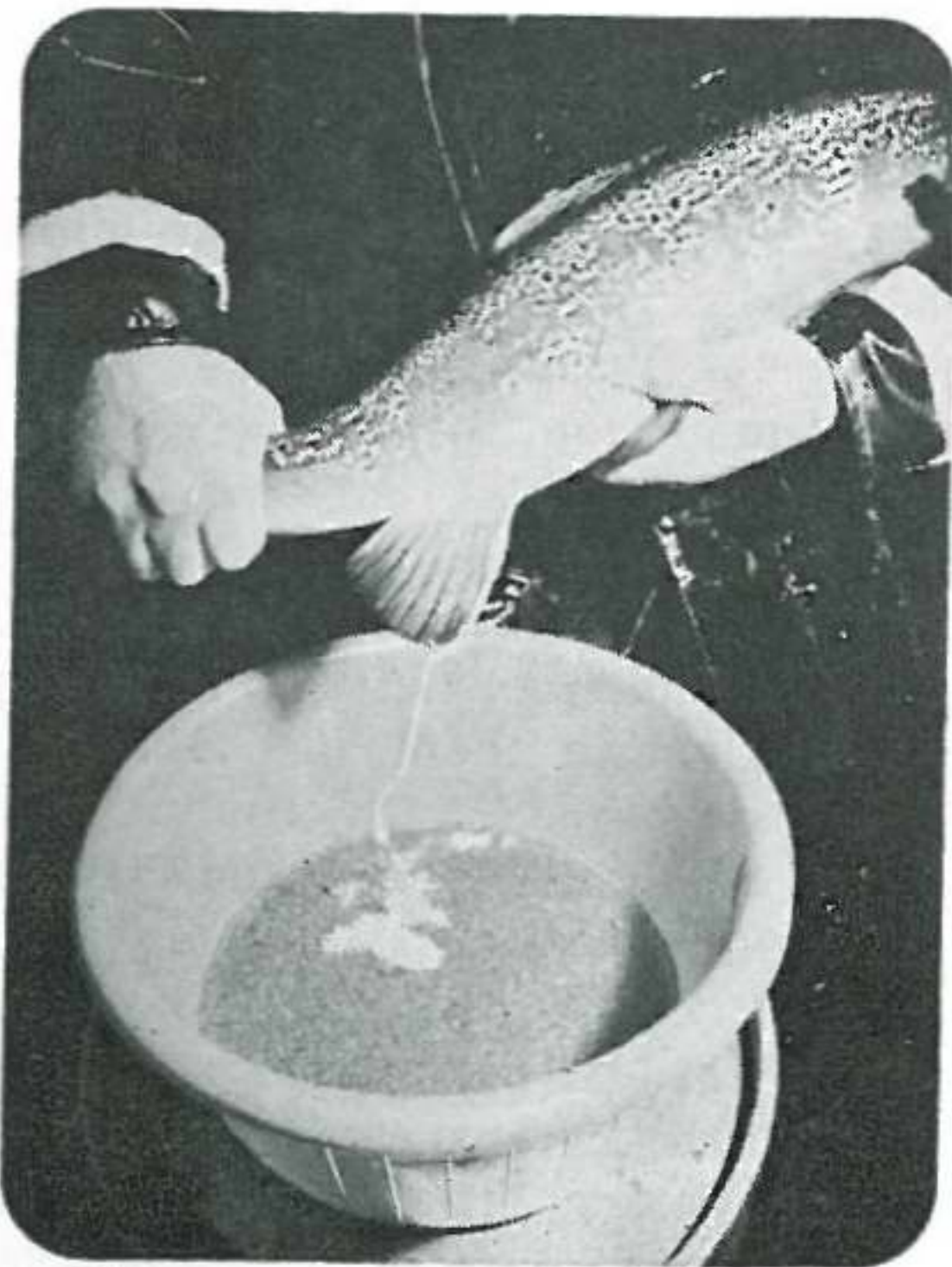
For just thirty minutes of that semi-final I thought Kerry held the whip-hand over the Dubs, but from there on the tide was slowly but surely starting to flow the other way. True, Kerry, after being overhauled, came fighting back time and again in the second half, but if you cast your mind back and have

● TO PAGE 31

The Ones that Get Away...



Salmon angling at Castleconnell, Co. Limerick.



Salmon 'stripping' at the E.S.B. Hatchery and rearing station, Parteen.

About 700 hen salmon get away every year - away from the ESB's Hatcheries at Parteen and Carrigadrohid - but they leave their eggs behind and from these the ESB fishery experts rear up to 5 million fish every year, salmon which are then planted out in Ireland's rivers to improve fish stocks and to provide better sport for Irish and visiting anglers.

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FLASHBACK TO SEPTEMBER '74—Dublin players and supporters in joyful mood after the “Dubs” memorable victory that brought the “Sam Maguire” back to the County after an absence of eleven years. The “Dubs” have since supplemented that success with further wins in '76 and '77 and, with a total of twenty titles are only three off the leaders, Kerry.

● **FROM PAGE 29**

a neutral approach you will probably agree with me that Kerry's last three points came from rather fortunate breaks of the ball, and that the Dubliners were on the road to victory even before their late goal-blitz.

Dublin's only doubt about the final then had to be the psychological problem of getting rid of the complacency that was bound to follow the victory over Kerry. But with a man of Hanahoe's shrewdness, dealing with a set of settled and seasoned players, the possibility of the champions becoming over-confident was never really on. Now, of course, everyone is striving to reveal the secret of Dublin's continued success.

To me the answer is quite simple, dedication and comradeship. No man can stay on the Dublin panel unless he is fully dedicated, because only the dedicated can sacrifice a certain proportion of their private lives to the regular routine that has moulded these Dubliners into the great side they are. You have to give much in order to gain much, and these Dublin players, if they have gained honours and fame and glory, have certainly given plenty of their time and energy in order to achieve what they have achieved.

The comradeship angle is no less important. This Dublin panel can rightly be described as a band of

brothers, all for each and each for all both on and off the field.

If any county wants to measure up to their team-work and fitness and football ability, that county, too, must be ready to find players who have first of all the dedication to sacrifice a certain proportion of their personal leisure and even their personal comfort to attain greatness.

It can be done, you know. Indeed, it was done already in the last decade by the great Galway side that also reached four successive All-Irelands, and won three. Those men, too, had dedication; they had comradeship, and they played as a team.

Will the incentive of going on for three-in-a-row keep Dublin going for yet another season? That remains to be seen. Football-wise it is a long, long way to next September. There is another American trip in between and though every Dubliner was quick after the final to state that there will be no retirements, don't be surprised if there are a couple of places to be filled by the time the next championship campaign starts. But the dedication and the comradeship is still there, and Dublin, because of both those attributes, have done a great deal for the image, and for the instruction of the entire Association. Let those who wish to beat them first follow their example.

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Tyler

Top Ten

A Dubs monopoly

in football charts

FIRST class individual scoring barrages captured many of the headlines during the latest TYLER TOP TEN review period from September 11 to October 9 inclusive, with Jimmy Keaveney earning an extra special place with his record-making show in shooting 2-6 in the All-Ireland football decider.

In that summit the tall full forward had plenty of opposition in the shooting-for-scores stakes from Bobby Doyle, who notched an impressive 2-2, and in addition to his sharp finishing, he further advanced the cause against Armagh with his efficient work in general play.

However, Keaveney's achievement in breaking a 21-year-old individual scoring record for a Sam Maguire Cup tie by a point was an outstanding one by any measurement. He, too, was the man who struck an early and decisive blow for the Dubs with the first goal of the game from a difficult angle after only two minutes.

So, the 32-year-old Dublin marksman supreme emerges as the GAELIC SPORT man of the final, and the first footballer this year to earn full marks in the TYLER TOP TEN review. This is his fourth appearance of the season in the charts, and he now emerges as a powerful contender for the 1977 award over-all in the code as he starts the final run-

in with 30 points.

However, although Joe Kernan was another to grab the scoring limelight with a brace of goals for Armagh, not all the stars of the final were in attack or mid-field.

Pat O'Neill, who is proving one of the most consistent defenders of the year, had another splendid match until he was injured. As a result, the Dublin left half wins his place in the charts for the fourth time this season, and his latest total of eight points leaves him standing equal over-all with Keaveney on 30 marks . . . and another strongly placed for the final run-in.

Tommy Drumm, who comes into the listings for the first time this year, and Paddy Moriarty, nominated for the first time last month, are others who struck important blows for defenders in football.

In hurling, the new season's

National League got off on a high individual scoring note with Jim Greene notching a whopping 4-2 for Waterford against Laois at Walsh Park.

Colm Honan had a big say in enabling Clare to maintain a great unbeaten record at Tulla by scoring 1-5 against Galway in the first round of the League.

But, as in football, men like Ger Loughnane, Sean Hehir, of Clare, and Sean Silke (Galway) boosted the cause of the defenders.

FOOTBALL

10	J. Keaveney (Dublin).....	30
9	B. Doyle (Dublin).....	9
8	P. O'Neill (Dublin).....	30
8	T. Drumm (Dublin).....	8
7	J. McCarthy (Dublin)...	7
7	J. Kernan (Armagh).....	7
6	P. Moriarty (Armagh)...	13
6	B. Mullins (Dublin).....	12
6	B. Brogan (Dublin).....	6
5	J. Smyth (Armagh).....	14

HURLING

8	J. Greene (Waterford)	8
7	C. Honan (Clare).....	27
6	G. Loughnane (Clare)...	27
6	S. Hehir (Clare).....	6
6	W. Walsh (Dublin).....	6
6	J. McNamara (Clare)...	6
6	C. Maguire (Meath).....	6
6	P. McGrath (Waterford)	6
5	S. Silke (Galway).....	5
5	J. Thompson (Dublin)...	5

★
Jimmy
Keaveney
... full
marks
★



● FROM PAGE 19

looked up towards the sky and—

"Over my head was a threatening cloud, a cloud with a menacing look,

Heavy and thick like a layer of smoke, as black as the wing of a rook,

Spread like a canopy over the roofs, beneath it the garden went grey,

Chilling the flesh as the deep shadow falls, quenching the light of the day."

However, they say surrender is a crime and who am I to say otherwise? Already I'm looking forward to next year and I'm hoping the Good Lord above will throw in His lot with our lads and get them to Croke Park. On that hopeful note, then, I'll leave you. See you next month and remember if it's a matter of heads or tails take heads, for the sting is always in the tail. Goodbye.

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The top selling track is Rhinestone Cowboy with Glen Campbell followed by Kenny Rogers' Lucille and Julie Covington's Don't Cry For Me Argentina. The Swarbriggs Plus Two sing It's Nice To Be In Love Again, which finished in third place in this year's Eurovision Song Contest. The Irish interest is maintained with Jamie Stone from Clontarf — local boy made good — with his own composition, I Believe In Love. Other well known artists featured are Diana Ross, Dr. Hook, David Soul, Tavares, Berni Flint, Billie Jo Spears, The Drifters, Showaddywaddy, and Maxine Nightingale. A really good buy at £3.99.

By Mick Dunne (R.T.E. Sport)



THREE Cork stalwarts who are playing as well as ever in their illustrious careers: (from left) GERALD McCARTHY, DENIS COUGHLAN and CHARLIE McCARTHY.

A battle of champions

THROUGH a combination of circumstances the first appearance by the Cork hurling team in Páirc Uí Caoimh since that record-breaking 23rd All-Ireland triumph in September is, appropriately, a battle of champions. In their initial home tie of the new competition they meet Clare, the defending League champions, on November 6.

It is, of course, one of the less praiseworthy features of our schedule of fixtures that All-Ireland champions get such little time to revel in the glory of their September triumphs, and too quickly, in some seasons, both champions are called on to lay their prestige on the line. Dublin had to meet Kerry, their keenest rivals of modern days, in a vital League tie as soon as four weeks after retaining the championship, and now Cork must meet Clare in a game that is bound to revive memories of the unequal contest between them in the second half of the Munster final.

On the other hand, this meeting of the All-Ireland champions and the National League winners is an outstandingly attractive tie to mark Cork's first appearance at home. It gives their very loyal followers a marvellous opportunity of paying tribute to the men who sent their county to the head of the hurling roll of honours yet again.

The Cork players themselves might, conceivably, have wished to ease themselves into the new

National League against opposition that could be regarded as weaker to Clare's, yet—knowing the way they relish a challenge—they may welcome this tough test at this time when their prestige is so high. It is a game in which victory would put them well on the way to securing a high place next spring in Division 1A and thereby qualifying for the knock-out stage of the League.

That is something Cork teams have not managed to do in the League seasons immediately following their more recent All-Ireland successes. As the 1966 champions they were plagued by a series of injuries through most of the 1966-'67 League and the following spring they failed to Clare in a play-off for a semi-final place. As the 1970 champions they reached the '70-'71 League semi-final but they were beaten by Tipperary 2-12 to 2-10 in a match that amounted to a memorable personal triumph for Michael Keating, who as Tipp's full-forward, accounted for 1-9 of his team's scores and "made" the

● TO PAGE 36

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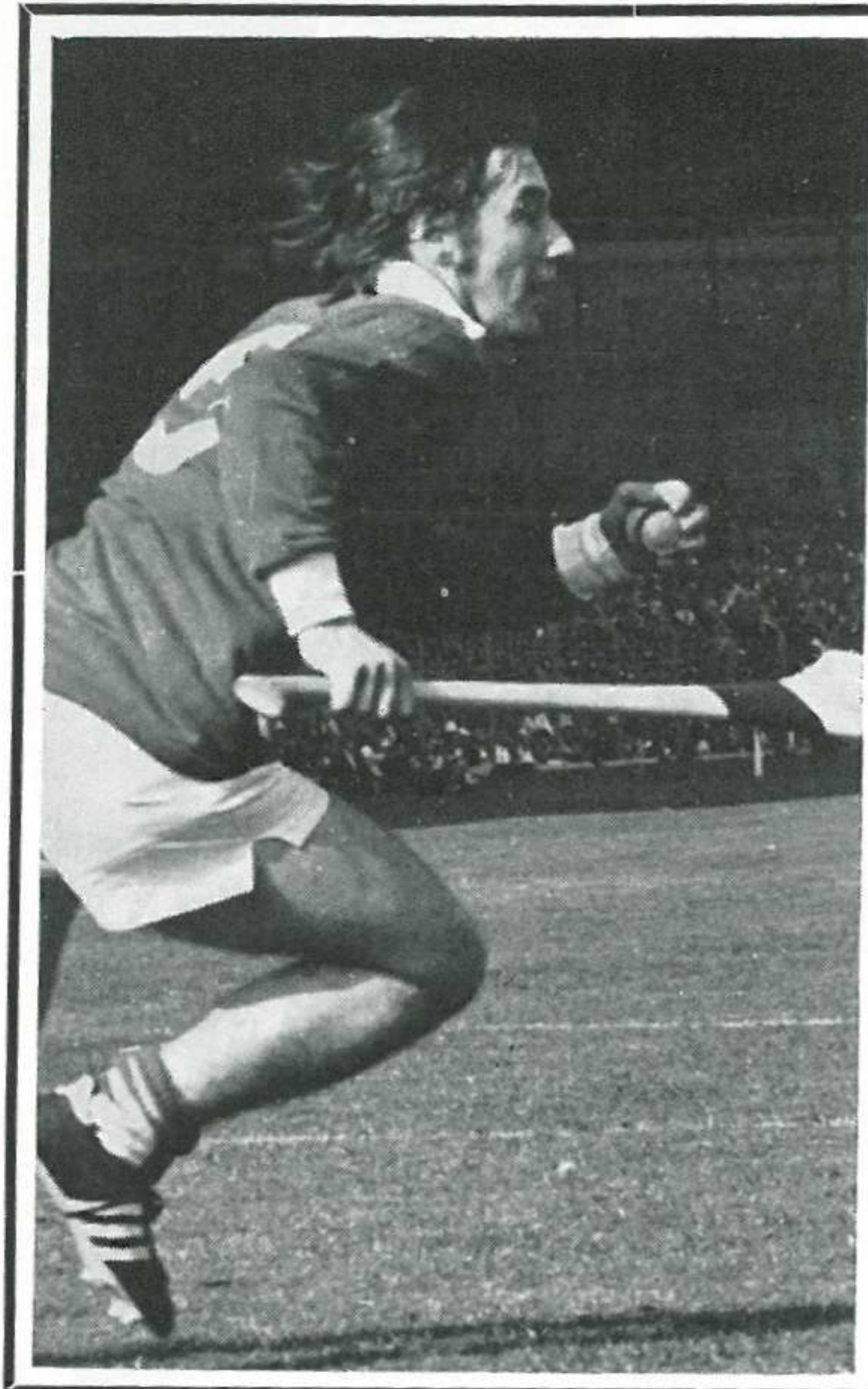
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★

Cork followers will have learned, with dismay, of the great SEANIE LEARY'S injuries which may force him to take things easy for the immediate future. Lovers of hurling, throughout the country, will wish the Cork man a speedy return to the game, which he adorns so splendidly.

★

● FROM PAGE 35

second goal for Paul Byrne.

Then, early this year the All-Ireland champions had to suffer the somewhat "humiliating" experience of meeting Limerick in a play-off to avoid relegation to the lower section. What a massive blow to their pride it would have been if, as the team that brought Cork its 23rd championship, they had to commence the League campaign in Section B instead of being at home to the defending League champions.

For this reason Cork will be even more determined than ever to have a good run through the League. Especially since Martin Coleman, Dermot McCurtin, John

Crowley, Tom Cashman, Tim Crowley and Jimmy Barry-Murphy don't have League medals.

Three of the players mentioned there — McCurtin, Cashman and Tim Crowley — were the newer additions to the side in this year's championship and each one contributed very significantly to the retention of the Liam McCarthy Cup. Moreover, the availability of young 20-year-olds like McCurtin and Cashman is one of the reasons why Cork have been successful in the past two years.

Similarly, the introduction by Kilkenny of young men like Brian Cody, Ger Henderson, Billy Fitzpatrick and Dick O'Hara has kept the Leinster county to the

forefront in recent times and, in truth, Wexford's failure to win the championship in latter years can be partly attributed to the fact that they do not have young players of quality readily available and seriously in contention for places on their senior team.

Therefore Cork can look to the future with a reasonable degree of confidence. Even though they suffered the double defeat in the under-age finals last month, when they had hoped to record a double triumph in Thurles, they have several young men who will be putting pressure on the established players over the next few months.

Dermot McCurtin, John Crowley and Tom Cashman came off last year's under-21 team and already goalkeeper Jerry Cronin and forwards Pat Horgan and Tadgh Murphy from this year's under-21s have been on the senior panel. Then there are Finbarr Delaney, Donal O'Herlihy, Con Brassil and Danny Buckley — under-21s last year as well as this summer — who have been successful in both under-age grades.

In this year's senior final against Wexford there was plenty of evidence that the long-serving men, particularly Denis Coughlan, Gerald and Charile McCarthy and Ray Cummins are as good now as at any time in their honours-laden careers. Yet, there is nothing like a bit of competition, and the members of all the great teams willingly confess that pressure from the reserves can be one of the reasons for a side staying at the top over a long period.

If this be true, then there is no fear of Cork slipping back for a long time to come — and, of course, by the same token Kilkenny's future must also appear very rosy, especially after their minor and under-21 victories in Semple Stadium.

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Herr Gerhard Fischer, the German Ambassador, accompanied by his wife, Frau A. Fischer and Herr Hans Perkunder, Commercial Attache at the German Embassy, paid a visit to the factory recently, when the Ambassador paid tribute to the Directors and staff on their outstanding industrial achievements.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

● FROM PAGE 21

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GER LOUGHNANE

A Profile: By JIM BENNETT

SOMETIMES it is said that it is easy enough to play well when everyone else is playing well, too, but that the real test only comes when things are going against the team and the others are falling away. No doubt about it, you would find it hard to dispute.

So when there is much ado about the play of some fellow in a great game or in a game in which his team has excelled, or even if he plays with quality in a team which has a period of success, I still like to think back, if possible, beyond the current favourable circumstances to days when the fields were not so green.

Of course we have many good and exciting memories of the efforts of the Clare side that gave us so many things to treasure in the last few years. But, in this instance, I prefer to think of a bleak day in February nearly five years ago when Clare were playing Kilkenny at Nowlan Park at the end of a do or die struggle in the League that nearly saw them get among the elite, but left too much depending on that last game against Kilkenny. And Kilkenny were too good just then.

The game opened hopefully before a crowd that was not great and contained only a very small handful of the great Clare following of more recent times. But, it soon became apparent that it was too much for the Banner. The defence came more and more under pressure, as it became obvious that every ball sent up to the forwards was instantly

marked "Return to Sender" and put on the next train back.

Those were the days when Clare were still only a team of triers, with a defence that died gamely under terrible workloads, but with forward lines that had no ability to take the burden off them by bothering the opposing defence with a touch or two of skill.

Even in such unhappy circumstances that day, a player in the Clare colours stood out above the rest, not alone for a marvellous display of wing-half play, of hard work and covering, but also for a facility in striking the ball however it came to him when pressure forced him to, and timing it perfectly and getting it clear away.

Ger Loughnane was a youngster then but already established for Clare; it was clear that he would have no problems in holding his place and his game was prospering as a result. To-day, many experiences and many exciting games later, he is every bit as natural and inspirational a hurler, but he is now, also, a more polished one, more knowledgeable, and better able to exercise his own role with maximum leverage on other positions around and on the game in general.

In practical terms what that has usually meant is that he is seen in far fewer of those positions in which "percentage" striking got him out of trouble and into the observer's eye. He is better able to select his ground,

gain the best advantage from the selected area, and play the ball there with far greater certainty and less margin for error. Sometimes not so spectacular but always more sound.

Nowadays, of course, the pressures are not returned to the half-backs so quickly and this may be part, at least, of the cause of the cut-down on the spectacular. But part, in turn, of the cause why Clare are seldom outgunned territorially is Loughnane's ability to influence the midfield exchanges by his timed advances and by often moving the balance of his position well down beyond the 70-yard mark.

What we are saying, I suppose, is that Ger Loughnane has always had a sense of style and that it came through in his hurling from early days in the Clare side. But, it is sometimes true that style is not the attribute of the consistent; and those who offer the smallest range of skills and the elimination of error rather than creation of delight are often the ones who make fewest mistakes. Therefore, it is pleasing to meet one who aims higher and has achieved consistency with style.

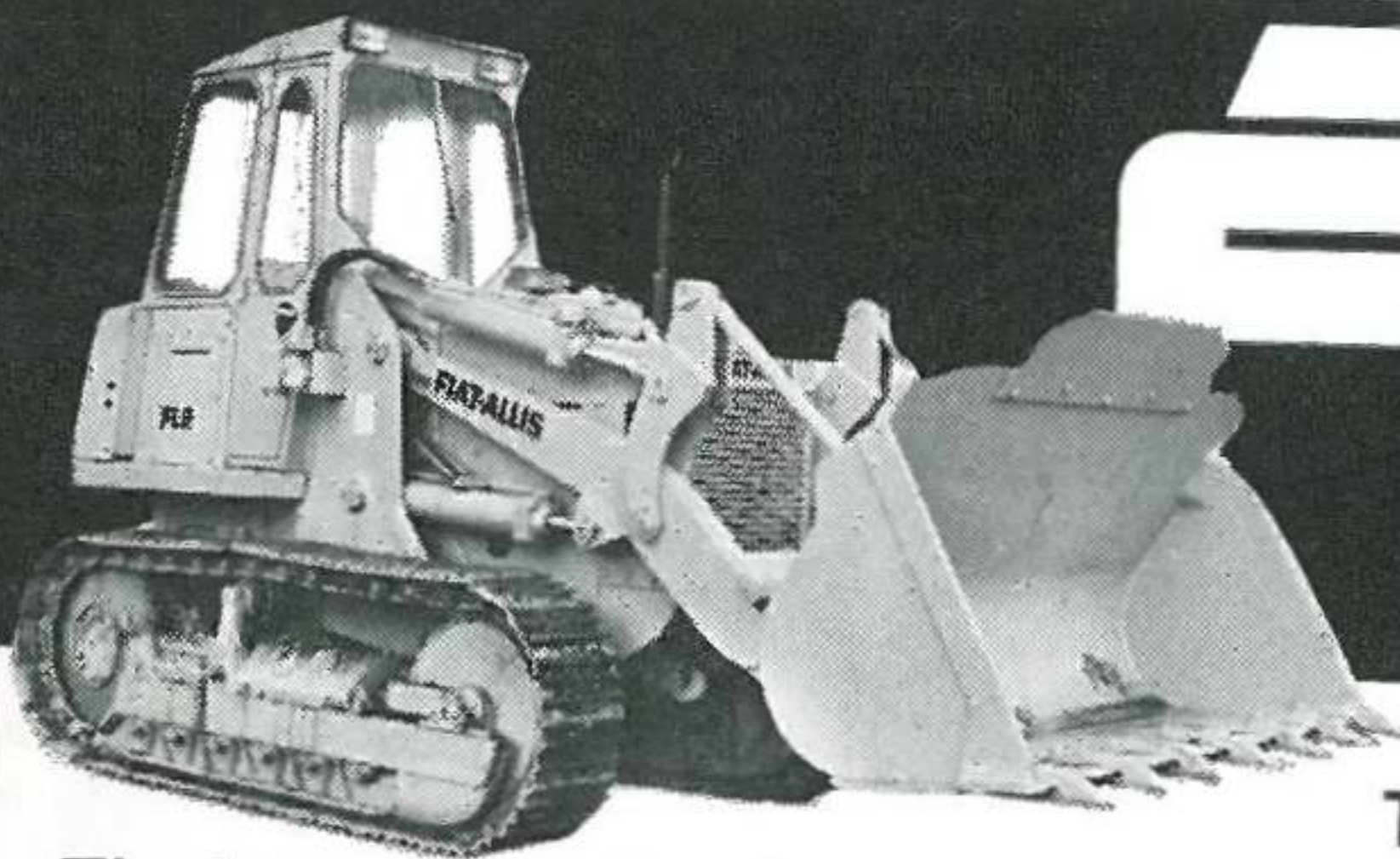
At 25, Ger is Clare's first-ever All-Star (1974) and if there were some who thought that was an exercise in showing the flag by the selectors, they have had cause to change that view many times since. As a National Teacher one hopes his influence will spread further than his play on the field and flower among the boys under his charge.

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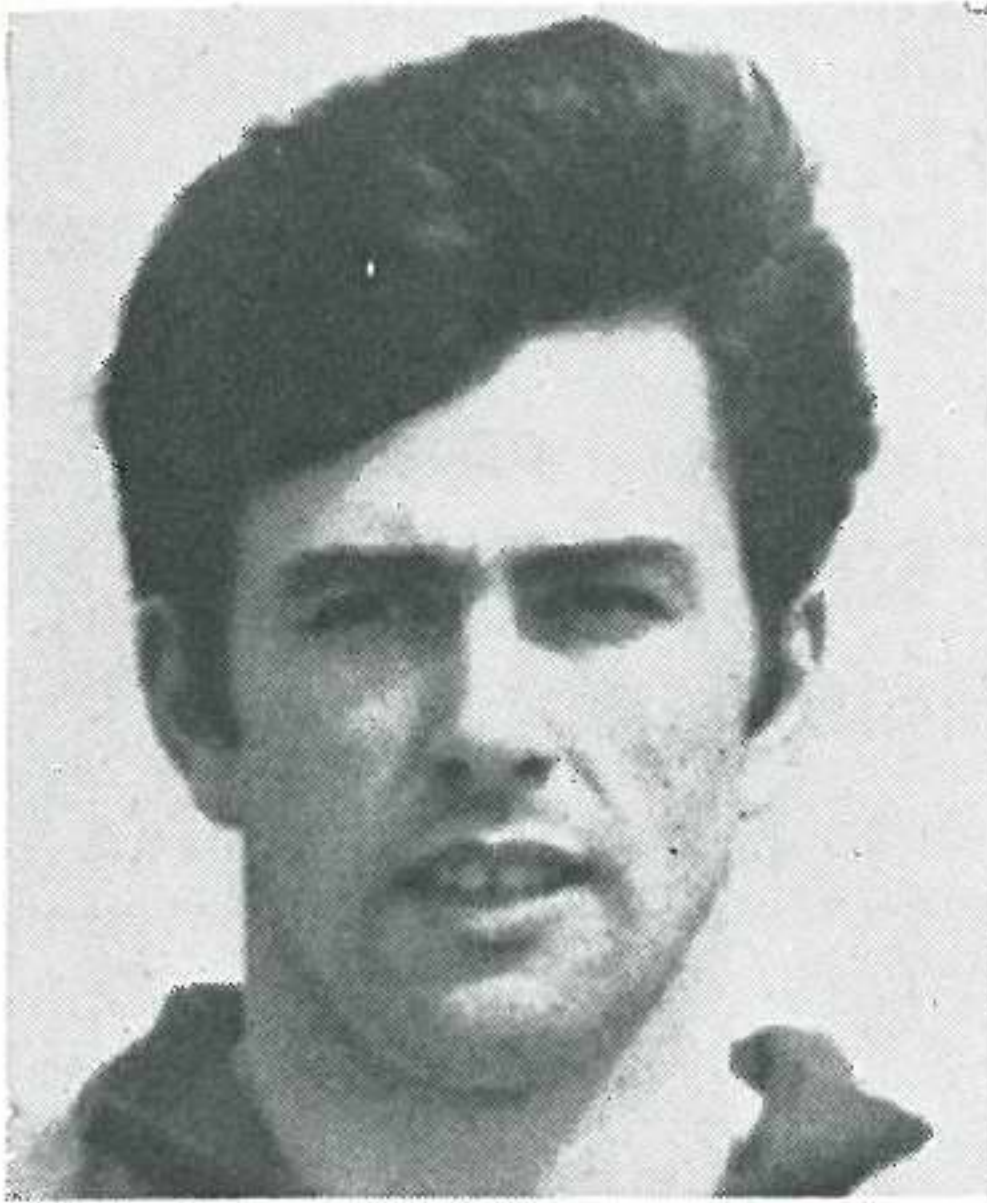
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● Dermot Earley
(Roscommon)

IT'S EARLY DAYS YET FOR DERMOT EARLEY!

By JAY DRENNAN

ONE reaction which has been noticed on a number of occasions recently is that of football followers observing that Dermot Earley now has lost his last chance of winning a senior All-Ireland medal and that he is likely to join his fellow-county man Gerry O'Malley among the ranks of the great who have not achieved the highest honour.

In the context of the modern game and in view of the stamina and durability of the modern player it would not be surprising to find Earley should be written-off. Today's players are so short-winded that they seem to be fat and flabby by twenty-five, labouring by 27 and giving up the game at 28. Some of them, indeed, have been known to cry "Enough!" in their early twenties.

As against that impression of softness and lack of sticking power we had the supreme example of the triumph of will over such circumstances as advancing years and reducing speed of the great Waterford hurler, Tom Cheasty.

Completing a quarter of a century since his initial appearance in senior inter-club hurling,

Cheasty marked 1977 by winning his fifth county S.H. medal, out-playing, in the process, young lions of half his age or less. It is true that his birth certificate indicates that he is 43 years, but his appearance and his play says that cert. is a liar.

It is also true to say that it is only in the 1970s when all the general run of inter-county hurlers would have fled to their slippers and their firesides and their weight problems that Tom won his five county S.H. medals. Before that, for many years people were deploring that he had never won such an honour to crown his career. Through most of the '60s that was the regular refrain; but Cheasty has never had such limited horizons as those who commented on him had, neither in his hey-day when he became an historic figure in the game though all said he could never make any progress with the style he had, nor in his mature years when he had collected county medals like a man picking blackberries.

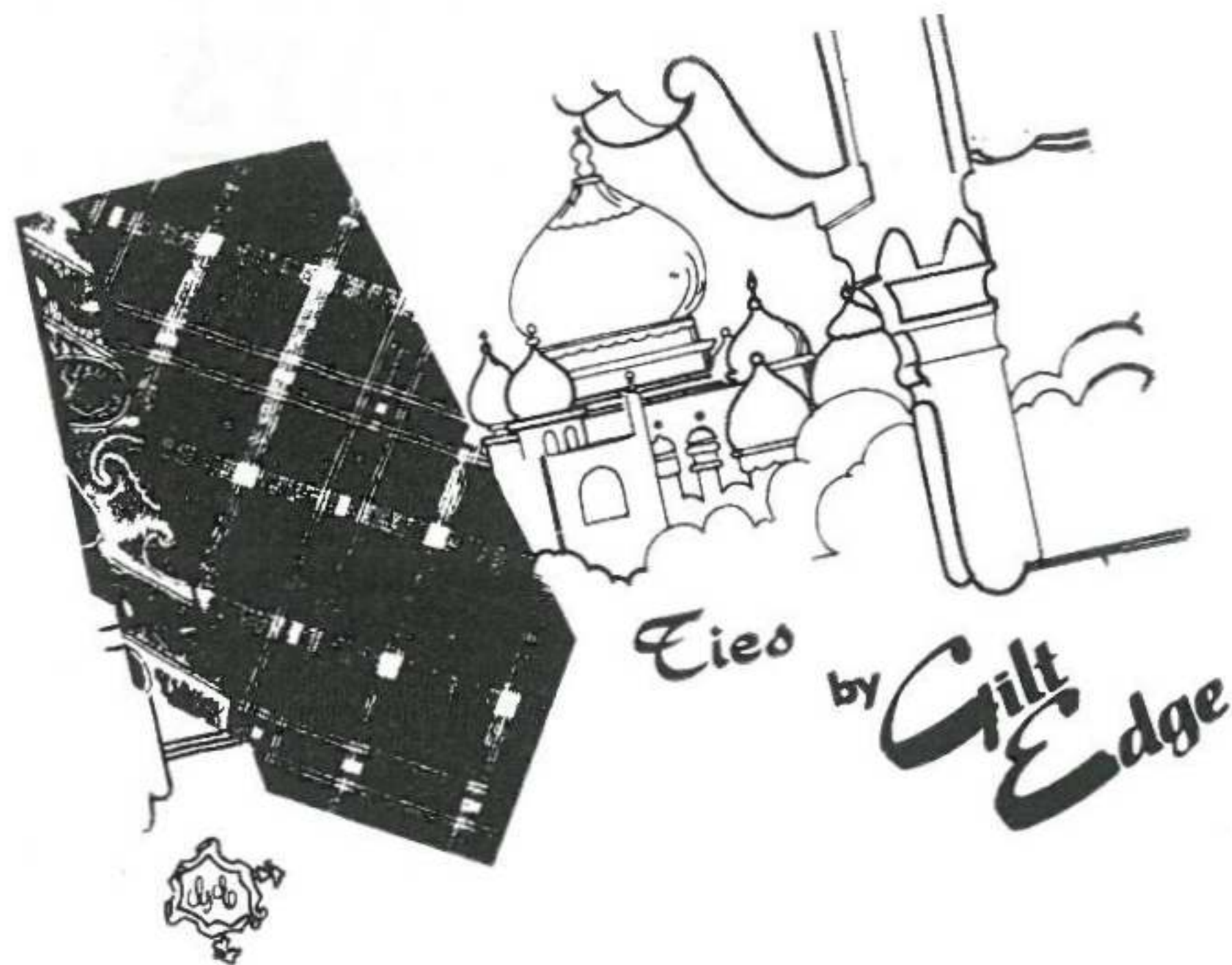
It is well for us in this softer age to concentrate on the achievement of Cheasty. No one could say that he got it easy in his

time, for there were few players who took as much punishment, partly because of the focal position in which he played and partly because of the style and tactics he employed which carried such an element of physical drive and invited such hard marking and tough tackling.

If you put the question to Cheasty it is as likely as not that he would give you one of those sheepish smiles that make you wonder how silly your question has been, perhaps wag his shoulders from the hips in that well-known gesture of his, and say simply: "Well, I suppose I took care of myself . . ."

That's it in a nutshell. And not only in the later days but in the former ones, too. The slip of a lad who caught many an eye in the early '50s suddenly changed between one season and next into a powerfully built tree-trunk of a man who had listened to the best advice and gone on an intensive course of cross-country running and physical training allied to a graded course of weight-training. After that there was little danger that he would be too light or unprepared to ship heavy hurling.

● TO PAGE 43



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● FROM PAGE 41

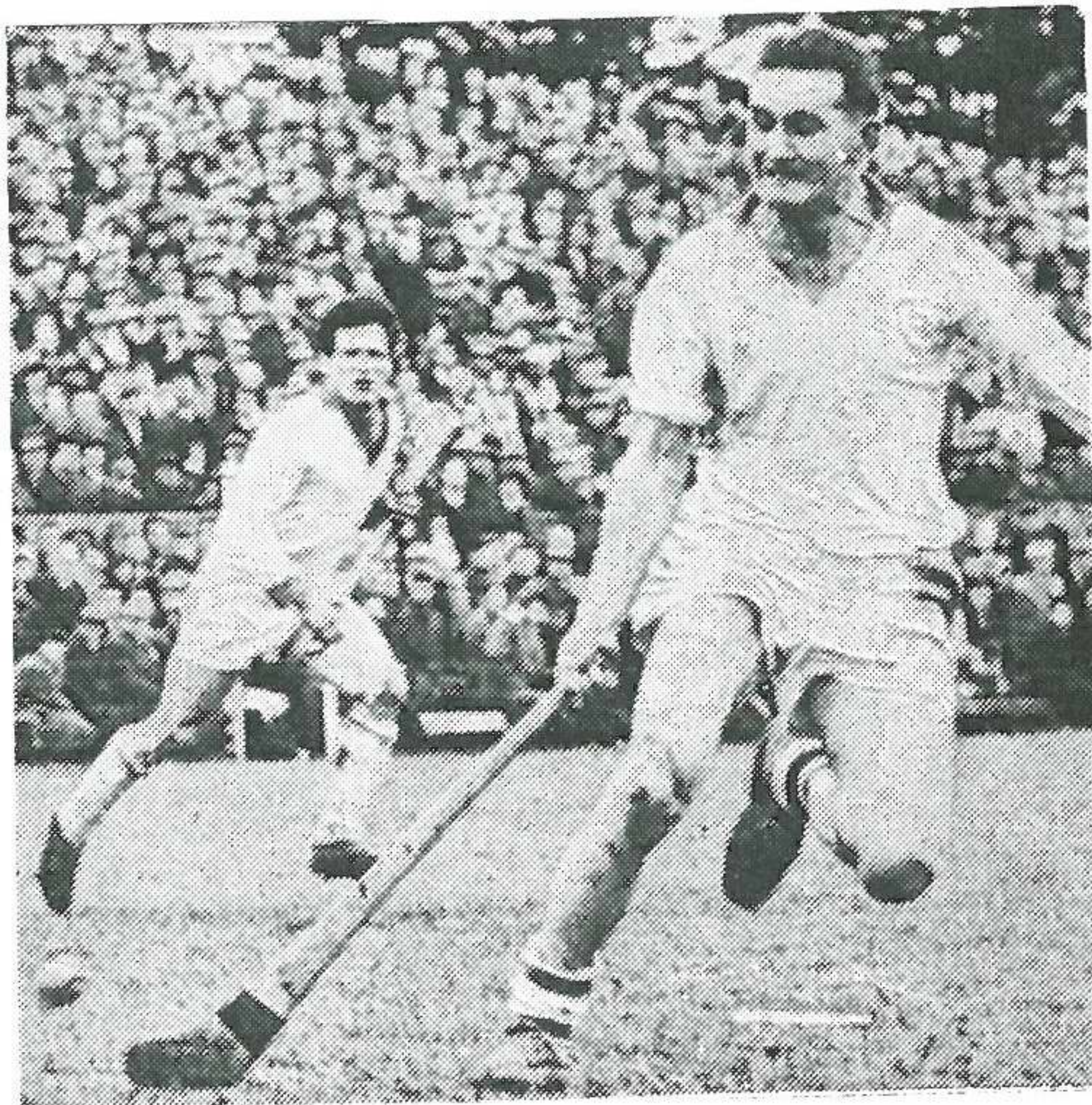
Strength, stamina and proportion were all cared for.

And it has been a hallmark of all his playing days that Tom Cheasty was never found wanting in fitness. Injured a few times, yes, but never short of puff or over-weight or out of condition. He farmed and worked hard; he kept away from drink and cigarettes, setting his face against the "lounge bar society" that finished too many players of his day before their time.

Well, why bother? Well, wouldn't you like to be able to outhurl young fellows young enough to be your sons at the age of 43? Wouldn't you — out of condition, short of wind and paunchy 43-year-olds who were once fit hurlers and footballers—like to be able to play with your children without risking a heart attack? Or be able to show them how it is done by actions rather than words? Or be able to cruise briefly through a day's work without feeling jaded? Or be of some use to your wives?

In any case, to return to the original point — that of Dermot Earley. Indeed, there may be a chance that he will not get that coveted All-Ireland medal. But, I do not see at all why people should immediately jump to that conclusion. Like Cheasty, Earley has taken good care of himself in his earlier days, being always in fine condition and using his Army days and the Ranger image to good effect. It should be presumed that he will not suddenly give up what has been a lifestyle until now. Why then should he not be fit enough to play inter-county football for another four or five years and inter-club for much longer?

And on the evidence of several occasions in 1977 when he signalled his return from a long lay-off due to overseas service with excellent and often crucial dis-



Tom Cheasty (left) keeps a watching brief on his Waterford colleague Phil Grimes. Tom won his fifth county S.H. medal this year.

plays for Roscommon, it should be a long time yet before he loses his effectiveness in the inter-county game.

The one thing that may present a problem for him will be that of gradual adjustment. His game has so much depended on and been built on excellence in physical fitness, using his strength, stamina and speed to outplay and outlast opponents in the open sections of the field like centre-field, centre-forward or (as this year) wing-forward most of the time. It will be necessary to adjust to the idea that he will be less able to outrun and overpower opponents, but why should he not be able to out-think and out-manoeuvre them.

Earley has been a good enough player with a good enough command of skills and tactical ploys

to be able to ride out the disadvantages of passing years and reduced speed. If only he can adjust to the circumstances which will change gradually, there is no reason why he shouldn't have five or six more useful and maybe crucial years to offer to Roscommon.

Look at Jimmy Keaveney — he thought he had left the best days behind, but was never so vital to his team's efforts than in the years since 1974.

So, when people say that Earley may never get that All-Ireland medal, I tend to wonder whether they are making a comment on Earley's age or on the future likelihood that Roscommon will produce fourteen good enough for him to win with. Now, if the latter is the case, we have another question entirely.

Seamus O Ceallaigh's Story of the G.A.A.

Reviewed by TOMMY McQUAID

SEAMUS O Ceallaigh, the well-known Limerick author on Gaelic games, has provided an invaluable service to the Association and lovers of the national games with his excellent *STORY OF THE G.A.A.* This mammoth history and book of references runs to 188 pages and traces the history of the organisation through close on 100 years.

The author, in fact, has covered a wide range in very readable fashion. He ranges from pen pictures of the founders and details of the first hurling and football championships, down through the inauguration of the schools and colleges games, Bloody Sunday, and right to the present-day with Scor, the G.A.A.'s national talent competition, and Feile na nGael.

The book is packed as well with interesting facts and figures and individual record-making achievements. Did you know, for instance, that Irishmen set up no

less than 36 world athletic records during the prolific period following the founding of the G.A.A.?

Or that Miko Doyle, of Kerry won four senior All-Ireland football medals before his 21st birthday? Again Jack Flavin has the unique distinction of helping Kerry beat Galway in the 1937 All-Ireland senior football final, and being on the Galway team that beat Kerry in the 1938 decider.

As a reference book, the *STORY OF THE G.A.A.* is invaluable in other areas as well. The winners in the All-Ireland senior, under-21 and minor are listed, as well as provincial champions, plus a run-down on the champions in the National Leagues and Oireachtas Cup.

The spread of handball under G.A.A. control is also covered, and a welcome feature here is a compilation of the All-Ireland champions. Author O Ceallaigh

also probably breaks new ground by listing the winners of the various events since Scor got under way in 1969-70.

In a foreword, G.A.A. President Con Murphy writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to recommend *THE STORY OF THE G.A.A.* to readers both within and without the Association. I am satisfied that it will be particularly enlightening and inspiring to the younger generation".

I could not agree more. Excellently printed and produced by the Wellbrook Press, Freshford, the *STORY OF THE G.A.A.* by Seamus O Ceallaigh adds up to excellent value at £2.50.

STORY OF THE G.A.A. by Seamus O Ceallaigh. A history and book of reference for Gaels. Published by Gaelic Athletic Publications, San Mairéad, Balinacurra, Limerick. Price £2.50, all taxes included.

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JUNIOR DESK



By
**JACK
MAHON**

WELL, the All-Irelands are over (the seniors I mean) and truth to tell they were nothing to crow about. When you hear slow handclapping at a senior hurling final it is bad. Wexford hurlers never got going and yet they nearly drew with Cork. My stars of the day were Denis Coughlan, Gerald McCarthy and Tom Cashman for Cork with Colm Doran the Wexford star.

The day wasn't good and there was any amount of slipping. The Wexford players couldn't seem to hold their feet. It was the same with Armagh in the football final. All-Ireland nerves really shattered them. If it wasn't nerves, then they were miles behind Dublin in class. I'd prefer to think it was nerves and that Paddy Moriarty and Joe Kernan were exceptions. The latter pair threw caution to the wind and did their level best to inspire their colleagues.

I thought the media created far too much of a hulabaloo before the football final especially. The all-ticket aspect of the game created an atmosphere of near hysteria. There was far too much exaggeration and overelaboration. We use too many superlatives nowadays. Dublin are a great team but it's too early yet to label them "the team of the century" as Gerry O'Neill did. Let's say the team of the decade, and perhaps another year's success will earn them the other tribute. Dublin's All-Ireland display was near perfect. And my Dublin star was Kevin Moran.

But my star of the football final

was referee John Moloney. I've always considered him the best referee I have seen. His All-Ireland display reinforced the view. He is fair, courageous and full of commonsense. Besides, he is fit and confident looking. Well done, John.

The All-Ireland souvenir programmes were very good. I liked especially the little historical snippets entitled "Annseo is Annsiúd". The programme collector is no longer rare and I hope that many of you have joined the Programme Collector's Club in Croke Park. Membership costs a pound and this is a great bargain. The "Trom Agus Éadtrom" show before the football All-Ireland was great and I enjoyed the half-time rendering of "Molly Malone" and "The Boys from the Co. Armagh" by the Artane Boys Band. In fact, the communal crowd singing of the latter is my great memory of the final. The attendance was paying its tribute to Armagh in a great céad míle fáilte style. The sea of Armagh orange flags is another memory while the Dubs are way out in front with their magnificent banners. It will be hard to dethrone Dublin and Cork. Nice to see Sean O'Neill stamp his style on a fine Down minor team.

CUT-OUT

Our Cut-Out this month is Donegal star Séamus Bonner. Nice to see Donegal represented because Gaelic football has always been strong in the county especially in Ballyshannon, Donegal Town (home of Séamus), Letterkenny, Kilcar, Gweedore and

Ballybofey. Séamus is a very strong player who never shirks the 50-50 situation. In Donegal's two Ulster title wins Séamus was a key figure. He is still one of the mainsprings of the Tyrconnell men. Let's hope another Donegal resurgence is near at hand.

BOOKS

Recently I received the following books for review:—

Moneygall Souvenir Programme of Opening of Recreation Centre.

I am grateful to the Maher family of Moneygall for sending me on this very interesting 60-page booklet on the history of the Moneygall club. Later on in the Mailbag you'll find two letters from the Maher family. On page 33 of this booklet you'll see a photo of the 1976 Moneygall U-12 team—N. Tipp and County champions and the photo includes Padhraic Ó Meachair, O.S., Kevin Maher, Gerard Maher, Paul Maher and wee Colm in front. If this isn't a great G.A.A. family then I don't know one. I liked Jerry Slevin's article "Jerry Slevin Looks In". This booklet is another you must get.

Price 50p from Séamus Ó Riain, Moneygall, Co. Tipperary.

The Book of the Dubs by John O'Shea.

John O'Shea (*Evening Press*) is a man of many parts and sports. He is a Kerryman and has always struck me as a fearless character. He doesn't mince his words. His tribute to the Dubs is well worth buying. In it you will read the opinions of Mick O'Connell, Sean O'Neill and Brian McEniff on

● OVERLEAF

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their worth. The book has a selection of very good photos and as well as recounting the scores and the scorers, it has some very interesting little tit-bits that you won't find elsewhere. John O'Shea never lets me forget that he doesn't agree with me or my choice of Sean Purcell as the greatest footballer I have seen. His numero uno is Mick O'Connell. There is a foreword by Sean Ó Siocháin. Not too many ads. If you want a history of the rise and success of the current Dubs this is it.

Price £1 from John O'Shea, 96 Meadowvale, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

Mailbag

Gerry Pender, Ballymorris Upper, Aughrim, Arklow, Co. Wicklow thinks it was a bad decision to make the All-Ireland Football final all-ticket. "I haven't missed a final hurling or football since 1972".

John Fitzpatrick, Lr. Tubberboe, Durrow, Portlaoise, Co. Laois nominates Denis Coughlan as his man of the match in the hurling final just ahead of Martin Coleman and Gerald McCarthy. His Wexford star was Colm Doran. "I liked the official programme but where was the National Anthem?"

Mary Cullinane, Cockmill, Kilmacmin, Killarney, Co. Kerry thinks Pat Spillane was brilliant for Kerry in the Munster final. "He kept fighting for possession until he got it."

● *Pat is a great trier. (J.M.)*

Kieran Blaney, 158 Ardmore Rd., Derryadd, Lurgan, Co. Armagh tells me that Brian McAlinden and Denis Stevenson play for his local club Sarsfields. Kieran and his brother play for Sars-

field's U-14 and U-16 teams respectively and this is his first time writing to Junior Desk.

● *Fáilte. (J.M.)*

Martin Maher, Clashagad, Dunkerrin, Birr, Co. Offaly has a high regard for Armagh's Jimmy Smyth and Kerry's Ger O'Keeffe. His favourite Cork hurlers are Denis Coughlan, Tom Cashman and Tim Crowley.

● *Tom Cashman has a brilliant future, don't you think? (J.M.)*

P. Hoynes, Millview, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny is full of praise for Cork's hurling goalkeeper Martin Coleman and Wexford's full back Willie Murphy.

● *Martin's save in the All-Ireland was marvellous. (J.M.)*

Fergal Walsh, Keimaneigh, Ballingeary, Co. Cork is very happy that Cork retained their hurling crown.

Martin Fox (15), St. Patrick's College, Cavan talks about two great games he saw this year — (1) Waterford v Cork S.H.C.; (2) Kerry v Dublin All-Ireland F. semi-final, "the latter one of the great football classics". Martin has great admiration for Ray Cummins and Brian Mullins.

● *That game was a classic, surely. (J.M.)*

Marie Boran, Lismorane, Foxford, Co. Mayo thinks the President of the G.A.A. Con Murphy must be the most patient man in the world to answer all the Junior Desk questions. "Please thank him lots of times for me." Marie really enjoyed the hurling final. It was her first time in Croke Park and her stars were Colm Doran, Gerald McCarthy and "Wee" Charlie McCarthy.

● *I'll convey your thanks to Con Murphy. Yes, he is a very patient man and really likes Junior Desk and all your letters. (J.M.)*

Paul Maher (same address as brother Martin) thought the All-Ireland hurling final "a very bad match". His great stars were

Gerald McCarthy and Christy Keogh. The minor stars were John Mulcahy (Kilkenny) and Joe Hartnett (Cork). "Gerry Kirwan did a great job in the middle of the field."

● *The hurling final was a disappointment. But the day didn't help very much either. Cork were deserving winners, although Wexford almost got a draw. (J.M.)*

Norman Rochford, The Square, Gort, Co. Galway tells me his mother knew Eddie Keher when he worked in an insurance office in Galway.

● *I didn't know that Eddie ever worked in Galway. I always thought Eddie worked as a bank official either in Dublin or Kilkenny. Are you sure, Norman? (J.M.)*

Danny Thompson, 632, Ardowen, Craigavon, Co. Armagh together with his father haven't missed a game Armagh have played in the past two years. "We have our reward now".

● *Great to have Armagh back in the big time. (J.M.)*

"Gaelic Fan", 44 St. Patrick's Road, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin writes to tell me he too sent on a P.O. for the Clare Football Annual 1973 and for the 1970 and 1972 Roscommon G.A.A. Yearbooks and never even got a reply.

● *If Junior Desk does anything, I hope it rectifies wrongs like this. Tom Downes (Clare) and Michael O'Callaghan (Roscommon) were the editors and I'm sure they will redress the situation when they read this. (J.M.)*

"G.A.A. Fan", Spynans, Kiltegan, Co. Wicklow wasn't pleased with Sean O'Grady's handling of the hurling final. He feels Wexford were "robbed" of a possible draw due to a few harsh decisions.

● *I'll admit I felt things didn't run kindly for Wexford, but I can't agree that it was referee Sean O'Grady who beat Wexford. Cork, I felt, deserved to win by more than they did. (J.M.)*

JUNIOR DESK :: JUNIOR DESK :: JUNIOR DESK

Declan Bonner, Derryhenny, Doochary, Lifford, Co. Donegal was on the Rosses Rovers team that won the Donegal U-12 title. He was playing at midfield and got the player of the match award. They beat Gweedore in the final by 4-6 to 2-6.

● *Congrats, Declan. Keep it up. (J.M.)*

Kieran Twomey, Knopogue, Ballinagree, Macroom, Co. Cork is 13 and writing to Junior Desk for the first time. He nominates Martin Doherty as his star of the hurling final with Denis Coughlan close behind. His Wexford star was Colm Doran. His future stars include Raymond O'Connor, Willie Cashman, Stephen Hayes, Domo Connolly and Sean Hayes. "I would like a Cut-Out of Christy Ring or any Blackrock star".

● *Our first ever hurling Cut-Out (small size) was the bould Christy That was May 1970. (J.M.)*

Christopher Hannon, 1879, Kill West, Naas, Co. Kildare writes to say that like Tom Morrison he too wrote for the Tyrone '77 Yearbook and got no reply.

● *Come on Tyrone. (J.M.)*

Sean Rourke, Drumany, Foxfield P.O., Co. Leitrim feels a colour Cut-Out of some Leitrim player is overdue.

● *How about Michael Martin? (J.M.)*

Michael Geary, Moyne, Kilmeedy, Co. Limerick (15 years) wants Cut-Outs of Colm McAlarney, Brian Mullins, Bernie Hartigan and Séamus Horgan. Michael wants the Munster and All-Ireland hurling programmes of 1973.

● *All you programme lovers please note. (J.M.)*

Donal Ring, Coolavokig, Lissacreasig, Macroom, Co. Cork is thrilled to have won a kit bag and says it comes just at the right time.

Séamus Ó Duinn, Rúnaí, Bórd na n-Óg, Ballyduff, Arklow, Co. Wicklow sends me on a Wicklow

S.F. final programme of 1977 between Dunlavin and St. Patrick's. It is a fine 24-page programme and all you members of the Programme Collector's Club can have a copy of same if you send on a P.O. for 20p to the above address.

Our final letter this month is from **Tom Ryall, Michaelschurch, Ballycallan, Kilkenny**, who is still researching the Kilkenny G.A.A. history. He thought the Dublin v Kerry game great. He feels the umpires at both goals should be supplied with hurling balls on All-Ireland final day.

In answer to Tommy Maher of Urlingford in the June issue, there is not a lot of information regarding the Tullaroan v Thurles All-Ireland semi-final of 1887. The game was fixed for Clonmel along with the Kilmacow and Limerick Commercial's football championship game. When the teams arrived in Clonmel they found games going ahead and the pitch was not available. These games were arranged by the South Tipperary Board who were in dispute with the Central Council. Kilmacow and Limerick Commercial's refixed their game for Bansha where Limerick won by 1-3 to 0-5 and later went on to win the All-Ireland. Tullaroan and Thurles agreed to play the game on the following Thursday in Urlingford. Thurles won the game easily by 4-7 to 0-0. Before the start of the game Tullaroan objected to some of the Thurles team claiming they were not from Thurles. The report of the game stated that a number of the Thurles supporters were ready and willing to take the places of those who could not play. Thurles later beat Galway in the All-Ireland final but included these "illegal" players.

In the July/August issue Eddie Flynn of Piltown wrote to say that when a Kilkenny City man is captain of Kilkenny the county never wins the All-Ireland.

This is a fact. No city man has

captained an All-Ireland winning team. However, a city team, Erin's Own, did lead Kilkenny to an All-Ireland win. The year was 1905. Kilkenny only won the All-Ireland by beating Cork after an objection. Cork won the first day. The captain of Erin's Own was Dan Stapleton who was a native of Callan and was working in Kilkenny City. Dan later became Chief Superintendent Dan Stapleton and was a ballistics expert in Dublin Castle.

City men captained Kilkenny in the following All-Irelands which were lost.

1893, Dan Whelan; 1936, Paddy Larum; 1940, Jim Langton; 1945, Peter Blanchfield; 1946, Jack Mulcahy.

● *Thanks for the bit of history, Tom. We wish you every success with your Kilkenny G.A.A. history. Every county should aim at compiling one for 1984. (J.M.)*

That's enough of the Mailbag for another month. Keep writing and I'm giving an autographed copy of John O'Shea's book on the Dubs for the three best letters to appear in the December issue. You can write about anything. Tell me if a footballer or hurler lives on your street. Your favourite referee. If you want a pen-friend. Just anything. Write to:

**Junior Desk,
Gaelic Sport,
80 Upper Drumcondra Road,
Dublin 9.**

Late note: Some letters from John O'Donovan, Ballyfreen, Oola, Co. Limerick, and from Peter Carley, Castlepollard, are held over till next month. (J.M.)

Jack Mahon

CHART SUCCESS FOR FLORA

THE Flora margarine people have produced a useful little pocket chart for those of us who, while we're not actually "dieting", are keen to eat the sort of foods which will keep us healthy and bring the cholesterol level in our blood under control.

A high cholesterol level is something to be avoided since there is evidence that too much cholesterol can leave people more open to heart attacks. So if you've been advised by the doctor to follow a low-fat diet — or simply if you'd prefer to do so yourself — the Food Indicator from Flora will help you plan what to eat.

It indicates some foods containing a high level of saturated fat and cholesterol, others containing a medium level and others which have a low level or none at all. And it's simpler to use the Flora Indicator than it is to say ABC.

There are a few surprises when you use the cholesterol indicator first. For instance, who'd have imagined that milk chocolate is graded for medium-cholesterol? I'd have thought it was surely a very high-fat product. Baked beans in tomato sauce contain no cholesterol at all and bought mayonnaise is graded as "med-

ium", salad cream as "low".

Egg yolk, however, is something not to take too much of and herrings have less saturated fat in them than lean corned beef. Most of us consider herrings to be the oiliest fish around—but it's the kind of oil that's good for you.

It's the easiest thing in the world to use the Flora Cholesterol and Saturated Fats Indicator. It doesn't turn you into a crank about diet, but it will help everyone to plan their food intake just that little bit better. Lever Bros. make the pocket-charts available free on request.

MAZDA 323 — specially designed for Europe

BIG news from Mazda. This month marks their introduction to Ireland of the Mazda 323, the first Japanese car specially designed for the European Market. Assembled in Ireland, the Mazda 323 is available in two versions — the 1000 c.c. 3-door "L" version, which sells at £2,975 and the 5-door 1300 c.c. "G.L." version which sells at £3,325.

Intended as a replacement on the Irish market for the VW Beetle and the Mazda 818 saloon, the Mazda 323 is already proving popular on world markets.

One feature which gives the Mazda 323 a distinct lead and

which is estimated to appeal to customers, is its extremely wide range of standard equipment — many items which are regarded as "extras" in competing models. These include such things as: power-assisted dual circuit disc brakes, heated rear window, child-proof locks, flow-thru ventilation, seat belts, head rests, long and medium wave push button radio, two-speed wipers, wiper/washers for rear window and many other items.

The Mazda 323 is available in Ireland through the VW/Audi Dealer network.

St. Bernard

Dunnes Stores

BETTER VALUE beats them all...



Seamus Bonner (Donegal)

Age: 28

Height: 6ft. 1in.

Weight: 13st. 3lbs.

Position: Midfield

Club: Civil Service,
Dublin

Senior Inter-
County Debut:
1970

CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

Seamus was at midfield when Donegal won their first Ulster senior football title in 1972, and also scored the goal late in the second half that set the county up for the history-making success.

Two years later when Donegal regained the Northern crown, he started at full forward in the final replay against Down, played later at midfield and hit two goals from the penalty spot.

Seamus, who switched from Garda to Civil Service last year, won a juvenile medal with a Donegal Town club side. He also played with the county in the under-21 ranks, and has been honoured by Ulster, but has not yet won a Railway Cup medal.

It's hard to find one good thing to say about the Ford Escort.

Simply because there are so many.
The gearbox, the engine, the petrol economy, the
comfort, the ruggedness and reliability.
No wonder the Escort is Ireland's best-selling car.
Which is another good thing to say about it.



Ford Escort