

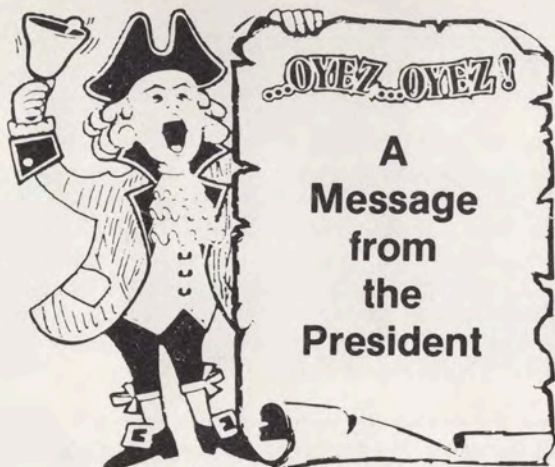
**CLONTARF CRICKET
CLUB**

**Match
Programme
1988**

**SENIOR 2 LEAGUE
Clontarf v CYM
Sunday 21 August**

**Castle Avenue
Clontarf
Dublin 3**





With the advent of August, wrote Neville Cardus, cricket loses the freshness and radiance of its heyday. Colour and energy begin to leave the game, even as colour and energy begin to leave Summer itself. Cricketers grow weary; ambition wanes as the sun wanes. The season goes to its end with a modest and lovely face.

Nice prose and perhaps a true reflection of cricket and cricketers in his time and place. Here, we are however, in late August with cups won and lost but league pennants still undecided and promotion and relegation battles raging on. Our cricketers have no time to be weary — yet.

We bid a hearty welcome to C.Y.M. players and supporters this afternoon. We're conscious of the victory of their First XI a couple of weeks ago, here at Castle Avenue; our 2nd XI, proud cup-holders, are out to avenge that defeat.

C.Y.M. come to us amid speculation that a merger with Carlisle is in the offing. Whatever the outcome of such speculation, we in Clontarf wish C.Y.M. every success in the future and we've no doubt they will have a great deal to contribute to cricket in Leinster in the years ahead.

MICHAEL CARROLL
President
21 August 1988

Good and Bad Wickets

Michael Lloyd

Cricket is more sensitive than any other sport to factors outside the control of the players. First, of course, there is the weather. Other sports can be interrupted by thick fog, snow, or hurricanes. Cricket needs only a gentle drizzle to bring proceedings to a halt. Most infuriating of all, the game can be called off in bright sunshine because a sudden shower has left the ground too squelchy for play. But the most important external factor in any cricket match is the pitch. Soccer and rugby need only a mown area of grass that is generally flat. A cricket pitch, on the other hand, will be carefully examined and due attention paid to a few extra blades of grass here, a dusty patch there.

This means that the cricket groundsman has a uniquely difficult job. Not only the course of the game, but the physical safety of the players, will depend upon his skills. A further problem is that he must balance the needs of batsmen and bowlers who have different, and frequently opposite, requirements from the pitch. A good pitch will achieve a fair balance between bat and ball at the particular level at which the match is being played. A batsman's pitch at one level could favour the bowler, or even be positively dangerous, at a higher level. In practice, the best pitches are those which have even bounce and a certain amount of pace. Such pitches will enable batsmen to play shots, if they have any, and give some encouragement to good fast bowlers and spinners. The worst pitches are either those which are so slow that incompetent batsmen cannot be shifted and no one can play shots, or those which give so much help to the bowler that medium pacers with little skill are as effective as good bowlers.

It is easier to describe a good pitch than to produce one. The Irish climate is no help. Incessant rain might make the grass green but it also makes the pitches slow. Enormous effort is also needed to produce good pitches throughout the season, and few clubs are prepared to put in the hard work that makes the pitches here at Castle Avenue so good. The fourth eleven, to take one example, has played on some eccentric surfaces this season, including one which combined tufts of grass with patches of loose dust. One Fingal pitch was so "sporting" that one of our batsmen managed to be hit on the head by a near half-volley. This resulted in a 'leg bye' and some merry jokes from the North County players about Gary Lineker ('at least you got your head to it').

Does this mean that artificial pitches are the answer? They are certainly better than nothing, and can be very useful for developing the skills of young players. But for the average cricketer there is nothing like the feel of a grass pitch under the feet, even if it is littered with fag-ends, sheep-droppings, and discarded chewing gum.



Six ball over: how does the umpire count them all.



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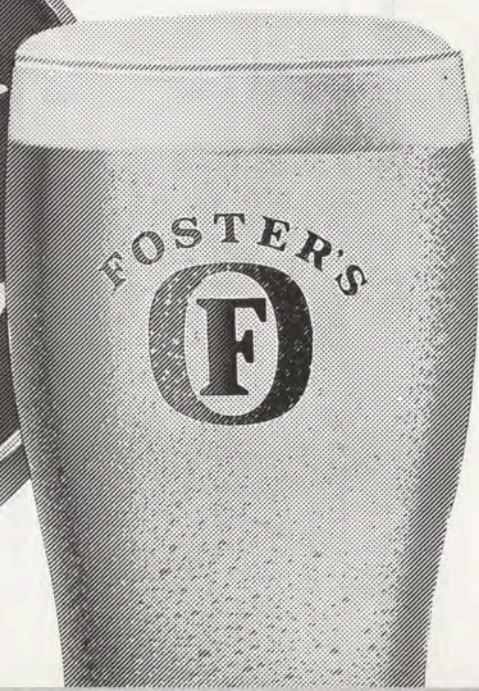
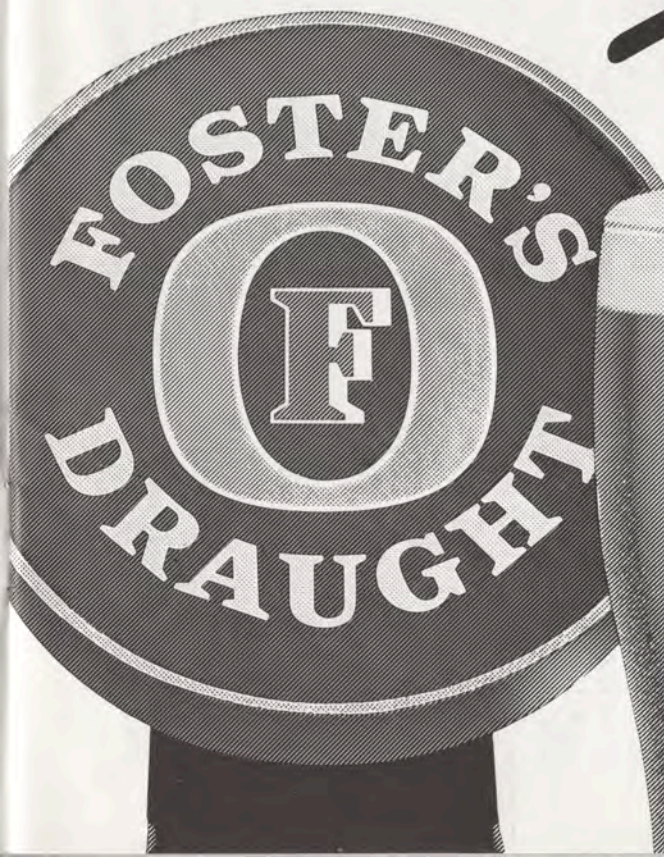
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Clontarf International Players

Name	M	1	Not out	H	R	A	Innings bowled in	O	M	R	W	A	Ct
J. G. Aston	6	11	1	53*	91	9.10	6	69	11	114	10	11.40	6
E. H. Bodelle	6	10	5	11*	25	5.00	10	175	40	489	11	44.45	1
J. D. Caprani	6	11	—	44	121	11.00	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
A. W. Cooper	2	4	—	31	66	16.50	3	26	3	108	3	36.00	1
S. H. Crawford	1	1	—	11	11	11.00	2	16	2	60	6	10.00	—
F. M. Filgas	1	2	—	3	3	1.50	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
W. E. Houghton	5	8	—	25	46	5.75	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
J. W. Hill	14	21	9	27*	138	11.50	23	296	77	709	32	22.15	1
N. B. Hool	13	21	10	27	171	15.54	21	282	60	801	27	29.66	4
L. P. Hughes	13	21	6	35	159	10.60	21	257.3	67	763	15	50.86	11
L. C. Jacobson	12	22	3	101	358	18.84	—	—	—	—	—	—	4
G. A. Kirwan	2	2	1	0*	0	0.00	3	29	11	91	2	45.50	—
G. H. McCormack	1	1	—	6	6	6.00	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
†E. A. McDermott	10	15	—	80	378	25.20	—	—	—	—	—	—	2
N. C. Mahony	9	17	1	42	299	18.68	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
G. J. Morgan	1	1	—	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
W. C. Pemberton	4	7	3	31	55	13.75	5	111	26	263	5	52.60	1
E. N. Seymour	3	5	—	3	9	1.08	6	45	9	147	4	36.75	1
M. H. Stevenson	11	20	2	80	467	25.94	1	4	—	27	—	—	4
D. A. Vincent	7	9	1	36	155	19.37	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
R. H. C. Waters	11	18	1	70	330	19.41	—	—	—	—	—	—	8

†E. A. McDermott's figures include game against Lavinia, Duchess of Norfolk's XI.

*Not out.

Clontarf Interprovincial Players

	M	I	NO	HS	R	A	W	R	A	Ct	St
E. H. Bodeff	6	4	2	7*	10	5.00	9	169	18.77	1	—
J. B. Bunworth	27	25	6	103*	390	20.52	—	—	—	9	—
M. R. Bunworth	7	6	2	8	29	7.25	3	159	53.00	—	—
F. J. Carroll	17	9	2	20*	96	13.71	—	—	—	17	1
M. A. Carroll	3	3	—	16	27	9.00	—	—	—	—	—
C. G. Daly	5	5	3	12*	30	15.00	—	—	—	5	—
M. J. Delaney	5	—	—	—	—	—	6	107	17.83	—	—
N. P. Grier	3	20	1	42	201	10.57	7	151	21.57	10	—
L. P. Hughes	25	15	3	47	111	9.25	56	732	13.07	8	—
G. A. Kirwan	25	11	7	6*	22	5.50	40	887	22.17	2	—
A. McClean	2	2	2	10*	18	—	—	—	—	1	—
E. A. McDermott	60	55	7	108	1323	27.56	—	—	—	18	—
S. B. McMullen	1	1	—	9	9	9.00	—	—	—	—	—
R. H. C. Waters	16	14	1	104	368	28.30	—	—	—	5	—
D. A. Vincent	16	16	—	109	466	29.12	—	—	—	4	—

*Not out.



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Clontarf Batting Averages

Career	Matches	Innings	Not Out	Most	Runs	Average	100s	50s
R. H. C. Waters	46	45	5	120*	1496	37.40	2	9
N. C. Mahony	195	197	21	110*	5904	33.54	4	41
D. A. Vincent	96	94	6	107	2781	31.60	3	12
L. C. Jacobson	149	147	11	103*	4023	29.58	4	17
W. J. Moynan	121	119	20	122	2745	27.72	3	12
J. B. Bunworth	294	284	38	128*	6684	27.17	7	33
E. A. McDermott	423	397	36	130*	9713	26.90	9	50
J. D. Caprani	141	144	23	119*	3027	25.01	1	20
N. P. Grier	386	348	34	103*	7052	22.45	3	34
S. B. McMullen	190	182	14	98	3510	20.89	—	17
M. A. Carroll	209	190	20	124	3342	19.65	2	10
C. G. Daly	103	87	15	62*	1361	18.90	—	4
B. G. Bergin	177	161	33	76	2450	19.14	—	7
F. J. Carroll	429	331	80	109	4732	18.85	2	7
G. J. Morgan	137	134	8	104*	2360	18.73	2	7
E. N. Seymour	79	75	3	80	1303	18.09	—	7
J. M. Nolan	259	226	63	67*	2948	18.08	—	5
E. d'H. Dexter	155	147	15	94	2372	17.96	—	11
A. W. D. Spence	246	217	23	74*	3323	17.12	—	10
V. A. Kelly	88	78	13	82	1073	16.50	—	4
L. P. Hughes	370	286	41	103	3890	15.87	1	9
J. W. Hill	203	187	31	119	2481	15.90	2	3
G. M. Carroll	128	114	13	72*	1518	15.02	—	1
J. G. Aston	77	78	3	61*	1125	15.00	—	3
D. A. Sweeney	108	106	7	77*	1427	14.41	—	4
D. F. Fitzgerald	164	136	32	81*	1466	14.09	—	7
G. A. Tyndall	105	99	9	82	1181	13.12	—	3
J. J. Ledwidge	163	150	20	69	1699	13.06	—	3
P. J. Burke	194	173	9	91	1954	11.91	—	1
T. J. Dunne	115	108	14	68*	1016	10.80	—	3
V. F. Savino	182	133	28	50*	1127	10.73	—	1
A. R. White	215	197	31	87*	1709	10.29	—	2
E. H. Bodell	350	231	57	49	1720	9.88	—	—
C. P. Stuart	144	127	12	73	1112	9.66	—	1

*Qualification: 1,000 runs in Senior League and Cup competitions since 1920.

*Not out.

Best Recorded Clontarf Batting Partnerships

Wkt.	Year	Runs	Opponents	Batsmen
1st	1987	168*	Old Belvedere	D. A. Vincent — E. A. McDermott
2nd	1985	218*	The Hills	D. A. Vincent — N. P. Grier
3rd	1968	137	Leinster	J. B. Bunworth — M. A. Carroll
4th	1977	112	Railway Union	N. P. Grier — M. J. Owens
5th	1982	163*	Dublin University	N. P. Grier — J. M. Nolan
6th	1970	89	Pembroke	A. W. D. Spence — F. J. Carroll
7th	1967	106	Merrion	J. B. Bunworth — F. J. Carroll
8th	1970	100	Y.M.C.A.	A. W. D. Spence — F. J. Carroll
9th	1970	80	U.M.C.A.	F. J. Carroll — E. H. Bodell
10th	1960	88*	Pembroke	V. F. Savino — J. A. Bell

*Unfinished.

Centuries Scored by Clontarf Players up to 1987

E. A. McDermott	9
J. B. Bunworth	7
L. C. Jacobson	4
N. C. Mahony	4
N. P. Grier	3
W. J. Moynan	3
D. A. Vincent	3
F. J. Carroll	2
M. A. Carroll	2
G. J. Morgan	2
R. H. C. Waters	2
H. R. Aston	1
J. D. Caprani	1
T. K. Gleeson	1
J. W. Hill	1
L. P. Hughes	1
R. T. Ruddock	1

Clontarf Marchant Cup Winners

Marchant Cup	Average
1930	E. N. Seymour 37
1945	W. J. Moynan 39
1948	W. E. Haughton 70 (Played also with Dublin University)
1952	N. C. Mahony 59
1959	L. C. Jacobson 49
1968	J. B. Bunworth 61
1978	J. B. Bunworth 56

Clontarf Bowling Averages

	Career	Matches	Wickets	Runs	Average	5 wkts in innings
G. A. Tyndall	1923-34	105	148	1488	10.05	8
E. N. Seymour	1922-31	79	129	1333	10.33	8
S. A. Martin	1932-35	38	108	1224	11.33	6
J. G. Aston	1920-28	77	155	1795	11.58	8
W. C. Pemberton	1925-50	94	264	3190	12.08	21
J. J. Ledwidge	1920-34	163	211	2661	12.61	11
J. M. Sweeney	1925-31	65	102	1340	13.13	5
G. A. Kirwan	1961-87	297	797	10514	13.19	44
J. W. Hill	1935-60	203	609	8624	14.16	48
T. J. Dunne	1931-44	115	191	2706	14.17	15
R. J. Furley	1936-63	86	179	2561	14.30	11
A. R. White	1930-43	215	108	1577	14.60	5
E. H. Bodell	1944-76	350	786	11699	14.88	48
L. P. Hughes	1959-87	370	600	9567	15.94	25
D. C. O'Kelly	1965-79	76	121	1956	16.16	6
M. R. Bunworth	1968-87	236	401	7077	17.64	18
D. F. Fitzgerald	1933-52	164	214	3819	17.84	12
M. J. Delaney	1965-87	205	315	5816	18.46	13
V. F. Savino	1953-69	182	217	4080	18.80	5
N. P. Grier	1966-87	386	355	6966	19.62	16
P. M. Murphy	1968-77	87	100	2101	21.01	3
L. B. McMahon	1931-49	152	130	2948	22.67	4

Qualification: 100 wickets.

Clontarf O'Grady Cup Winners

O'Grady Cup	Wickets	Average
1948 N. B. Hool (Played also with Dublin University)	41	11
1950 J. W. Hill	36	11
1963 L. P. Hughes (Dublin University & Malahide)	49	7
1982 G. A. Kirwan	82	11
1983 G. A. Kirwan	67	8

Wicketkeeping

	Career	Matches	Caught	Stumped	Total
F. J. Carroll	1957-87	429	342	115	457
P. J. Bourke	1936-52	194	73	82	155
J. A. Bell	1953-66	121	68	20	88
J. P. Stuart	1921-42	144	51	22	73
L. C. Jacobson	1944-60	149	47	11	58

Qualification: 50 victims.

Catches

	Career	Matches	Catches
N. P. Grier	1966-87	386	141
E. A. McDermott	1963-87	423	121*
J. B. Bunworth	1962-87	292	87
J. M. Nolan	1968-87	258	85
V. F. Savino	1953-69	182	77
M. A. Carroll	1953-77	207	72
L. P. Hughes	1959-87	356	75
J. D. Caprani	1937-51	141	61
J. J. Ledwidge	1920-34	163	53
G. J. Morgan	1930-42	137	53
L. B. McMahon	1931-49	152	53
A. R. White	1920-43	215	52
E. H. Bodell	1944-76	350	51
B. Bergin	1975-87	177	51

Qualification: 50

*Includes 15 catches as wicketkeeper.

1000 Runs and 100 Wickets by Clontarf Players

	Runs	Wickets
E. H. Bodell	1720	786
T. J. Dunne	1016	191
D. F. Fitzgerald	1466	214
N. P. Grier	6950	326
J. W. Hill	2481	609
L. P. Hughes	3833	587
J. J. Ledwidge	1699	211
V. F. Savino	1127	217
E. N. Seymour	1303	129
J. G. Aston	1125	155
G. A. Tyndall	1181	148
A. R. White	1709	108



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Cricket Writing

Fergal Tobin

How many times have you heard the dreary old cliché that cricket produces more quality writing than any other sport? Maybe it does and maybe it does not. I've never been sure how you measure a thing like that. And anyway, since so much sports writing is so awful, it isn't much of a competition to win.

Still, cricket has this reputation, whether self-awarded or not. So it was with a certain anticipation that I opened a recently acquired copy of Alan Ross's anthology entitled *The Cricketer's Companion*. This is a selection of the editor's favourite cricket writing from the eighteenth century to the present day. Within half an hour I felt a fit of weariness setting in. I was paralysed by the smugness of so much of the work, particularly the fiction. A succession of tedious stories was presented to the reader, all of them set in villages in the rural south of England and all featuring, more or less, the following character types: the jolly squire; the dashing Cambridge blue who bats number 4 for the visitors; the beautiful Lady Penelope somethingorother, the squire's ravishing young niece, who fancies the Cambridge blue but in a chaste English sort of way; the vicar; mine host in the Rose and Crown, whose brawny arms pull foaming pints of best bitter from morning till night; the village blacksmith who bowls like the wind. There are more: read a little of this sort of stuff and you can add to the list quite easily yourself. It is all the literary equivalent of painting by numbers.

Also in this book, there were a series of players' portraits, journalism and poetry. Over the latter it is best to pass in a charitable silence, for it was dire in the extreme. But the short journalistic pieces were like the real stuff. Nearly all the good writing in this book consisted of pieces of reportage, none of them more than a few pages long. One or two autobiographical fragments might be added in, most notably Arthur Mailey's classic description of how he bowled the immortal Victor Trumper, but for the most part it struck me that whatever reputation cricket deserves as a magnet for good writing is thanks almost entirely to journalists and essayists.

This is as it should be. Cricket is one of the slowest games ever invented and the last thing it needs in a writer is longwindedness. The drama, passion and excitement of the game must be captured in an immediate way or not at all. The few sensitive, reflective writers who have succeeded in this aim have genuinely enhanced the pleasure of cricket lovers. Everyone immediately thinks of Neville Cardus, of course, and there is no denying that at his best he is very fine indeed. But he was a conjurer with words and the older he got the more he became a parody of himself. His North of England landscape, in particular, became as much a stylised myth as southern village greens complete with squires, vicars and blacksmiths.

In the end, though, cricket lends itself to good writing because it is slow, and extraordinarily varied, and yields up its secrets slowly. It's a game for reflection, for reliving and retelling.

The Truth in the News

As we go to press, only the most extraordinary combination of circumstances can deprive Carlisle of their first victory in the Belvedere Bond Senior League. We naturally offer our congratulations to Carlisle on their notable and deserved triumph. As in any sport, it is always good to see a new name inscribed on a trophy.

Carlisle's success is welcome and pleasing. But there are some who are not content to leave it at that. Those indefatigable evangelists — the people who want professionals reintroduced into Leinster senior cricket — are using the occasion in support of their cause. Last Sunday, Mr Gerard Siggins wrote in *The Sunday Tribune*:

The key to Carlisle's success has been their forward-thinking attitude and their enthusiastic membership. The club was one of the first to employ professional cricketers and has long championed their cause in the face of the Olde Worlde Olympian attitudes of Dublin's cricket hierarchy . . . it is ironic that their first success has come since the LCU banned professionals in 1985.

Kindly note three things about the foregoing passage. First, the heavy irony employed to characterise all those who support the present regulation, as though they were just so many suet-brained Luddites. Second, the automatic linking of a forward-looking attitude to the employment of professional players, as though this was a truth so obvious that it required no proof. Third, the supple manner in which Carlisle's success *sans* pro is described as ironic, neatly ignoring the rather subversive *fact* that the club has done better since pros were banned than they had done before.

Clontarf has been a consistent opponent of professional players in Dublin cricket. We are opposed to pros for a number of reasons. They have in practice been employed as "hired guns" by clubs unable to develop decent senior sides out of their own resources; the money spent on them could be far better spent on proper coaching or on the improvement of pitches and grounds, some of which are seriously deficient; there is no evidence that exposure to playing pros, as distinct from professional coaching, actually improves playing standards or assists the development of young talent.

Now, it may be that the Clontarf view is incorrect. But surely it cannot be denied that our view — which is also, let it be remembered, the view of the majority of senior clubs in Leinster cricket — has some force to it. It is reasoned. It states certain priorities for cricket in the province. It displays a healthy and altogether adult scepticism. It is the view of a large, intelligent, respectable and literate body of cricketers in Leinster.

Yet you would never imagine for a moment, from reading the newspapers, that such people exist at all. Instead, they are represented as comic caricatures unworthy of the serious consideration of journalists who are themselves too busy using their valuable space as a pulpit for their minority views.

A Pound on the Window

Grave concern is being expressed in High Places about the number of windows being broken in the club this year. According to some of our sources, the executive committee talk about nothing else these days. Well, almost nothing else. Certainly it is true to say that there are windows being broken this year that were never broken before and the treasurer has got writer's cramp from all the cheques he has had to make out in settlement of glazing bills. The latest person to add to his cup of sorrow is that springer of a famous clan, **Robert McDermott** who, although still only a chisseller, has been mentioned in this column before. Last week, he found himself batting for the fourth XI in the second innings of a home match against YMCA. Before going in, he had bet **Adam Synnott** a pound that he would break a window and he duly obliged the first time someone bowled a half volley on his legs when he was facing at the top end. A number of members standing in the verandah who could have caught the ball simply ignored it as it went its merry way towards the bar. To the tinkle of shattering glass, the young pup raised both hands over his head — just like the daddy when he scores a ton — and made a rather coarse gesture of triumph in the general direction of young Synnott. I hope he didn't spend all his winnings in the one shop.

Our people are everywhere. This column never sleeps. Herewith an exclusive scoop that exposes the sort of collusion that goes on in this place. The other evening one of our correspondents overheard the editor of this programme talking with the captain of the club. "I hear", said the editor, "that you are the first Clontarf captain since 1959 to lose a league match to Merrion." The blood drained from McClean's face. His hand started to tremble. Perspiration bedewed his brow. "It's true", he groaned, "but for the love of God don't print anything about in the programme. Here, what are you having? Peter, two pints for my friend here." A deathly silence followed. The pints arrived. The editor dispatched the first one in Olympic qualifying time and was well down the second before he spoke. "Well, OK A1", he said, "just this once. You can count on me." It was a good thing that our dedicated correspondent was earwiggling on this shabby little deal. Otherwise it would have remained a secret forever.

Earlier this season, **Paul "The Greyhound" McCready** turned up at 6.25 p.m. for a senior net practice. HRH **Enda McDermott** remonstrated with him. "You were supposed to be here at six, Paul. You're late." "Sorry, Enda," said Paul, "I thought that it was six for half-six." "What do you mean six for half-six?" demanded Adolf, "What did you think there was, a sherry reception?"



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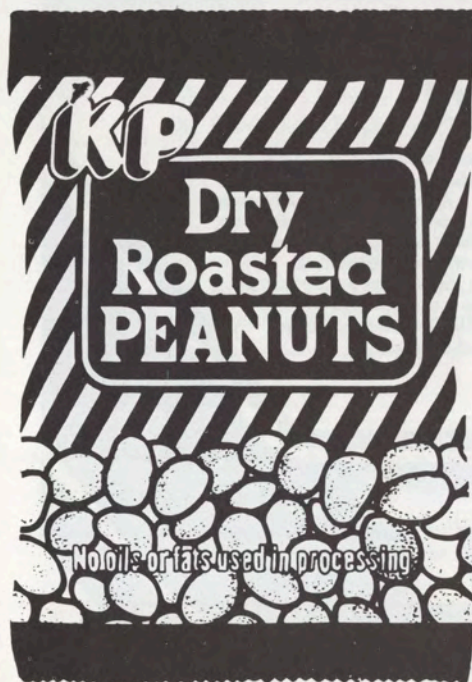
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Stella Downes

The glorious Irish summer has done it again. Our first XI travelled to Pembroke to play their cup final against Leinster, but the weather had other ideas. We all sat in the bar, gloomily surveying the sodden wicket through rain spattered windows, realising that a postponement was inevitable. The excitement was too much for some people who promptly fell asleep. One young lady — a designer of note — was horrified to wake up and find that her beloved had arrived and was sitting, engrossed in conversation, with a beautiful blonde sitting on his knee! (The fact that she is only eleven has little to do with it.)

We were delighted to see some of the men travel to Pembroke to watch the rain with us. Of course ladies cricket in Clontarf does have its stalwart male supporters. Few people could have missed the latest arrival to this elite band — a young gentleman from YMCA who has been spotted supporting not only the cricket, but also the bar and a young bowler from the first XI. We can only presume that she does not intend to have any toothaches in the near future! The scenes of obvious adoration we have witnessed leave us confident that Cupid is alive and well and living in Clontarf CC.

Of course male support is not limited to the first XI. At recent second XI matches, Local Hero has been seen pacing around the ground, before whisking the object of his affections away in his Dream Machine. The bar manager has also been spotted at these matches, while a member of his bar staff has been taking a keen interest in the progress of the third XI. He arrived at a recent match in Phoenix, complete with first aid kit. Thankfully his 'freeze spray' wasn't needed for his beloved's bad back, but a passing cyclist was delighted with the bandages supplied when he came a cropper against some railings.

My colleague Chatterbox could well take note of the above partnerships when updating the odds in his Clontarf Wedding Handicap competition. We were surprised that he omitted a guitar-playing member of the men's club when the odds were being set. Surely odds-on favourite has to be Ringo, who is seldom absent from the club except when he is in love, and who has been so noticeably absent this season that we feared he had been kidnapped! We could also lay odds on the club captain — if he could make up his mind as to which of his admirers is to be the lucky one!

Congratulations and best wishes to Stella and Lily Owens, Susan Bray and Anne Murray who have been selected on the Irish team travelling to Australia for the World Cup this winter. We know they will do us all proud.

This Year's Books

Once again, this page brings readers up-to-date news on the year's best books. This year, we've got a bumper crop, folks, so here goes.

Ten Thousand Not Out

Endless McDermott

This one will run and run. It is a big book. In fact, it rambles on for ever. For sheer interminability, it is impossible to beat. Just the thing for the long winter evenings if you happen to have just started a thirty-year prison sentence.

The Odd Couple

Gerry Ring & Tony O'Neill

A ripping yarn about two go-boys who play hard, live hard and love hard. For years, barmen dread the sight of them, women scream in terror at the very mention of their names, harmless Spanish holiday resorts are declared total disaster areas in their wake. Only cricketers have any time for them — and then it's usually the opposition. Then suddenly, the two hell-raisers move in together in a yuppie bijou apartment in elegant, expensive Howth and are hardly ever seen again. What does this mean? who and where are these guys: the answers are here, in their own words (as told to Alice Glenn).

Dirty Dancing

J. B. Bunworth

The proprietor of the infamous Mankeys, the most notorious night spot on the north side, tells the frank story of his extraordinary career. The author was a perfectly ordinary bank official until, only a few years ago, he got a lucky break and bought a slice of the action in the celebrated downtown Clontarf hotspot. Within months, he had taken the whole place over. In a book that will touch your heart strings, he tells of the triumphs, the failures, the heartbreaks, the steamy love affairs and the general carry-on that made Mankeys a legend. The bits about Dessie McCann are only priceless.

How to Win Friends and Influence People

John Lyon & Stella Owens

Subtitled "On the Psychiatrist's Coach", this is the complete guide to how to get on with people, how to mind your manners, be generally agreeable and an all-round good egg. Do people shun you in public? Are you the sort of person who always gets stopped at customs? Are you a narky so-and-so? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, then this book is for you. By the time you've read it, you'll make Mother Teresa look like Mike Tyson.

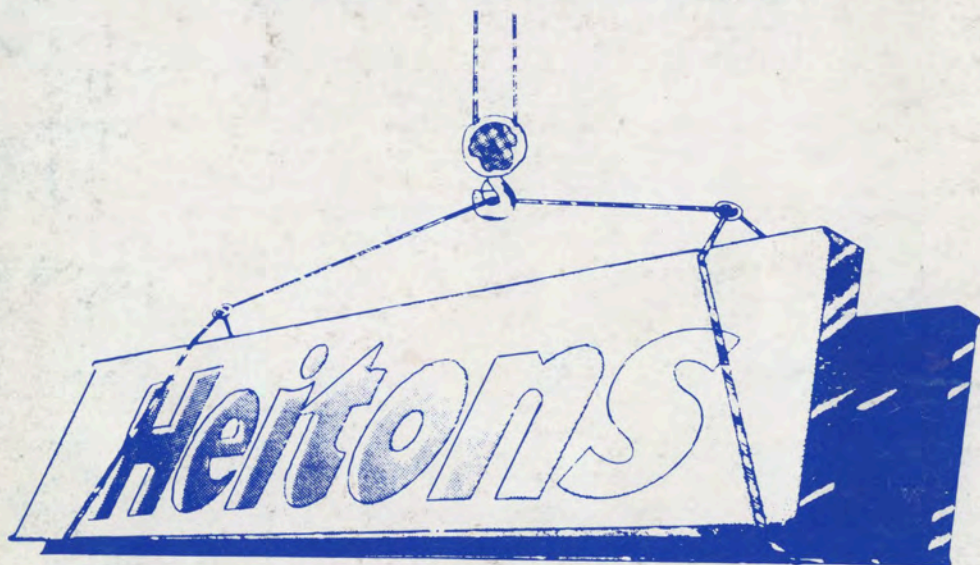
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