

THE GAELIC ECHO

umiri na noolaz, 1941

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1941.

PRICE TWOPENCE

TRIUMPH OF THE GAEL

Many Obstacles Overcome To Complete 1941 Programme

1941 will rank as one of the most memorable years in the history of the G.A.A. Difficulties unheard of for many a day were overcome and championships were successfully carried through in every province. All-Ireland competitions in the different grades were completed according to schedule, attendance, despite the lack of normal travel facilities, being remarkably good.

The worst cattle scourge of a century in the shape of Foot-and-Mouth swept some of the strongest G.A.A. areas; championships being held up in Leinster and Munster, where for the first time in almost a half-century the provincial finals were played after the All-Ireland titles had been decided.

All those facts go to make 1941 a year which will be long remembered in the history of an Association that showed its virility by overcoming difficulties which at one stage looked like holding up the normal flow of the championship campaign.

TWO IN RECORD BID.

Two teams set out on a record-making bid, for when Kerry won the 1940 senior football title this equalled Dublin's fourteen titles which had stood since 1923. The Metropolitans were naturally keen on once more taking the lead in the race, while Kerry showed all their customary eagerness in an effort to secure pride



Cavan created a mild surprise by holding a fancied Dublin side to a draw in the All-Ireland Camogie semi-final. Picture shows replay in progress. Differences in Camogie have now been happily composed and one body controls the game in Ireland.

of place in the titles' table. The desire to out-step each other was evident in the meeting of the counties in the first of the semi-finals at Croke Park in August.

WORTHY OF THE TRUST.

Foot-and-Mouth ruled out any hope of the Leinster final being decided as Carlow had become badly affected, so that the Leinster Council were forced to nominate Dublin, who certainly proved worthy of the trust imposed on them by playing the title holders to a draw.

Kerry upheld their replay reputation a week later at Tralee, and so once again qualified for an All-Ireland final day appearance at Croke Park, where the green and gold colours have become so familiar. Galway, retaining their Western title, met and beat Cavan in the second semi-final, and the two greatest present-day exponents of orthodox Gaelic football faced each other for the laurels.

Kerry won their fifteenth title after a game which received the highest praise from all who saw it.

Contrary to general practice, the senior hurling final came after the football this year, and in this competition we had, for the first time in the history of the Association, two nominated teams battling for the blue riband. These were Cork and Dublin, who on the fourth Sunday of September lined out at Croke Park before one of the smallest attendances of recent years.

DOUBLES REGISTERED.

How Cork won the game to equal Kilkenny and Tipperary's joint record of twelve titles will be told in more detail in an inside page. Cork Minors set a headline for their seniors by defeating Galway, to take the lead in this competition, which the boys from the County Cork have now won five times against four for Kilkenny, their nearest rivals.

Junior titles were shared by Kerry and Limerick, Kerry footballers regis-

ALL-IRELAND S.H. SEMI-FINAL.



A nominated Dublin Team (representing Leinster) defeated Galway at Roscrea in the Senior All-Ireland Hurling semi-final. Strenuous struggle for possession at midfield.

tering a double when they beat Cavan at Croke Park. This was the sixth success of a Kerry Junior side in the All-Ireland, and the Kingdom is now well in the lead on the table, their nearest rivals being Louth with three successes.

Limerick Junior hurlers by their success brought the county in line with Dublin, Offaly, Waterford and Cork, each of which has won two titles. Tipperary still lead in this competition with four wins.

Roscommon Minor footballers kept the West awake by winning their second title in this grade, where Kerry hold pride of place with three wins.

The year was still young when history was being made for at the National Stadium on St. Patrick's Day Munster and Ulster footballers played the first draw in a Railway Cup final. This game was easily the best ever in this football competition, while the replay on Easter Monday (another departure by the way) was every bit as good. Munster, after a ten years' lapse, won back the title but lost the hurling to Leinster.

Mayo footballers further enhanced their reputation by winning their seventh National League title. Mayo had set up a record of six titles in a row before withdrawing from the competition, which they re-entered to chalk up another win and make it seven titles in seven successive appearances.

University College, Galway, footballers retained the Sigerson Cup, while the Fitzgibbon Cup was won by University College, Dublin.

Mention must be made of the satisfactory ending to the dispute in Camouighthead ranks.

The General Secretary of the Association (Padraigh O Caoimh) played a prominent part in arranging matters between the rival bodies, who should now move forward with an organisation scheme for the counties.

History Making Railway Cups

HISTORY was made early in 1941 when, for the first time since the inauguration of the competitions in 1927, a Railway Cup final ended in a draw. We have had many close wins and semi-final draws, but not until Munster and Ulster finished level for the Football Cup on Sunday, March 16th, had any rivals to meet for the second time in a deciding tie.

Ulster dethroned Leinster, holders of the football trophy, while Munster defeated Connacht at Killarney to qualify for the first meeting of the provinces in an inter-provincial final.

It was easily the best football game seen at Croke Park for many a day with the Northmen playing football that was delightful to watch.

They held a commanding lead at the half-way stage, but the Southerners, fighting back gallantly, gradually overhauled the lead.

LEVEL PEGGING.

A point from Gega O'Connor set the scores level, but Ulster rallied to again take the lead with a point from the Donegal man, Gallaher. Gorman, almost on the call of time, saved Munster with a point that made history.

The replay broke fresh ground as while challenge games may have been played on Bank Holidays, the fixing of the second meeting of North and South for Easter Monday was a new departure.

Munster had P. B. Brosnan instead of Charley O'Sullivan, while Ulster brought on T. P. O'Reilly and Lynch for Conaty and Gallaher.

It was again a sparkling game; a game in fact that one could write about for hours with a changing lead and grand bouts of football.

A switch between P. B. Brosnan, who started at full-forward, and Murt Kelly proved the turning point for Munster as the Geraldine footballer plied the Cork winger, Eamon Young, with passes that led to a couple of goals, and sent the Cup to the South after a ten-years' lapse.

LEINSTER'S WIN.

The Hurling Cup came back to Leinster, who, short of selected players like Paddy Larkin and Billy Burke, finished strongly and richly deserved their win. History was also made in this game, as, for the first time in the fifteen cups played for, a Westmeath man, Frank White, figured on the winning side, which also included Paddy Phelan, playing in his eleventh final, and Jimmy O'Connell, who kept goal for the sixth time for his province.

Paddy Scanlon kept goal for the seventh time for Munster, who were without the Mackey brothers of their original selection.

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Leahys to the Fore.

Since 1912 a Boherlahan team has competed every year in the Tipperary championship, and always had one of the Leahy family playing. Johnny Leahy won a county hurling championship in 1910 with Racecourse Cashel, but lost to Toomevara on an objection. A Leahy was again on the winning Boherlahan team this year.

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MUNSTER SWEEP THE DECKS

All-Ireland Titles Go South

THE 1941 season saw Munster teams practically monopolise the All-Ireland honours, five out of the six National titles going to the Southern province, which won both senior titles, both junior titles, and a minor title.

Connacht by the aid of Roscommon, who took the minor football title as a consolation for the loss of junior honours, is the only province outside of Munster to figure on the list, in which Kerry and Cork figure as dual champions.

The Kingdom footballers, carrying off the senior and junior titles, deserve pride of place in the review of the season's best performances, while Cork, with senior and minor hurling honours, come a close second. The name of Limerick is maintained by the junior hurlers, who partially compensated for the loss of the senior and minor All-Ireland titles by winning out in junior grade.

For the second year in succession, and the third time in all, Kerry and Galway met to decide the destination of the senior football title. Galway had conquered Mayo and Roscommon in Connacht before crossing the Shannon to rather easily defeat Cavan in the semi-final at Croke Park on the day that Kerry were showing some of their traditional skill and dash in beating Dublin on a replay at Tralee.

CHAMPIONS NEARLY OUT.

The Metropolitans on the previous Sunday went within an ace of ending the Kerry men's record making bid, when at Croke Park they finished

level with the champions, and with a bit of luck might have won. 45,512 flocked to Croke Park to see the title holders (Kerry) face the challenge of the Western champions.

That the game attracted such a huge crowd of people despite a very depleted train service speaks volumes for the drawing power of Kerry and Galway, who have become to football of to-day what Kerry and Kildare were twenty years ago.

It also proves that the G.A.A. is easily the greatest sporting organisation in this country or perhaps in the world, for no other association could in war time hope to secure an attendance of forty-five thousand out of a four-million population.

The game between the Kerry men and their Western challengers will rank as one of the best in the championship series. Kerry took an early lead with a point from Jimmy Gorman but Eddie Mulholland levelled up in the seventh minute. Galway went into the lead with a point from John Burke

DR n-SUIÖE.
Noelais maíseamail sonasac agus aic-bliadain fé raic u ar léigsteóirí agus u ar tuic cab-arda. Sura seact fearr a beró ar geluic péimó um an taca so arís.

and about the quarter stage John Dunne further increased the Western lead.

CONNACHT HOPES ABLAZE.

Then "Gega" O'Connor and Paddy Bawn Brosnan had a point apiece to level the scores for the second time. John Burke again put Galway in the lead but "Gega" O'Connor, caught in sparkling mood, levelled for the third time, the score board reading four points all at the half-way stage.

The title seemed on the fair way for a Connacht home when the Tribesmen swept all before them on the resumption, Burke and Dunne setting Western hopes ablaze with a point each.

Kerry hit back for Gorman to point, but it was Galway's game until a free of Kennedy's was deftly handled by Kelly and Gorman before "Gega" O'Connor raced through to stick the ball in the net to the right of McGauran.

This score was a tocsin of victory to the Kingdom kickers who went further into the lead with a point from Kennedy. Dunne pointed a Galway free, but Murt Kelly clinched the issue with a brace of points off frees and the All-Ireland football crown went to Kerry for the fifteenth time—a record making feat.

JUNIOR AND MINOR TITLES.

In between the senior games, two junior finals and one minor were decided. Limerick beat Galway at Ennis by double scores (8-2 to 4-1) for the junior hurling All-Ireland, while at Croke Park the old rivals, Kerry and Cavan, served up a great game for the All-Ireland junior football title, which Kerry won by 0-6 to 0-4. Kerry's better fielding and longer kicking were the deciding factors in a game that was a typical Kingdom-Breifni struggle.

Transport difficulties had grown by the time Cork and Dublin lined out for the senior hurling title before 26,150 people.

It was the smallest All-Ireland crowd for years and one of the tamest finishes seen at Croke Park since Cork beat Galway by 6-12 to 1-0 for the 1928 title.

Injuries sustained in the semi-final against Galway left Dublin with a depleted side, but missed chances were the Metropolitans greatest hardship in a game that sparkled early on but faded out as Cork built up a long lead.

Lynch, Quirke, O'Sullivan, Ring, Brennan and Young scored almost at will for the Leemen while Wade, playing one of his best games, Downes, White and Gray had points for Dublin.

A GALWAY STAR.



JOHN DUNNE Galway's captain, made valiant efforts to bring the Football Crown to the West.



Kerry Football Team who won the greatest record in Gaelic Football by winning the title for the Kingdom for the fifteenth time.

FOOTBALL THRILLS IN GREAT CONNACHT FINAL

THERE were thrills in plenty during the progress of the championship campaign in Connacht, where football once again proved the chief attraction as no challengers to Galway's hurling reign put in an appearance.

Four counties—Galway (holders), Mayo, Roscommon and Sligo—entered the senior football competition, in which we had a great semi-final, and every bit as good a final.

THE OLD GLAMOUR.

There was all the old glamour about the meeting of Galway and Mayo at Tuam, where a huge crowd was treated to a succession of thrills as those famed rivals put all they knew into the game, which Galway won. The verdict might have been reversed, if, in the last minute, a Mayo forward had steadied himself when in a position to drive home a goal.

Roscommon defeated Sligo and went into strict training for the meeting with the Tribesmen at Roscommon town.

A great game in which the youthful Roscommon men contested every ball with their more experienced rivals thrilled another big gathering.

Roscommon, favoured by the breeze, led at the half-way stage, but it looked any odds on a Galway win on the turn-over. It took the holders eighteen minutes to level up, and even then the game was not over as Roscommon fought with grand tenacity. A feature of the game was the brilliant display by the Connacht Colleges' player, Carlos, who, coming on as sub, capably filled the full-back berth.

TITLE IN JEOPARDY.

Galway's title was in jeopardy when the Roscommon men swept all before them and twice in a minute the Tribesmen's posts were rattled by unstoppable shots. It was a brave bid by the Roscommon men, who lost by a point (0-8



P. LAFFEY J. MUNNELLY MAYO.

to 1-4), and Galway went on to represent the West in the All-Ireland tests.

It was a year of narrow wins in Connacht as Leitrim only won by a point from Sligo in the junior final. Leitrim later lost to Cavan in the All-Ireland semi-final.

Roscommon took the minor football honours, and then beat Kerry (after a drawn game) and Louth in the All-Ireland tests to keep the name of one of our most progressive counties in the major honours list.

The native games hold a strong place in the life of the Connacht people, and one can truly write "The West's Awake" when referring to activities in our most Gaelic province.



Cork senior hurlers who enabled the Rebel County tie with Tipperary and Kilkenny at the head of the All-Ireland Hurling Roll of Honour.

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CORK AND TIPP WERE THE HIGHLIGHTS

GREAT GAME FOR HURLING TITLE

THE enforced absence of Tipperary took much of the glamour from the Munster hurling clashes, which in the past have been the high lights of the championship campaign in the South. It was a year of triumph for Kerry in football and Cork in hurling, as the Kingdom took three provincial titles while Cork accounted for two.

We missed the cheering thousands and the grand Gaelic atmosphere of Thurles, where the men and women of gallant Tipperary, augmented by enthusiasts from half of Ireland, gather to witness those epic games for the Munster hurling crown.

EARLY SHOCK.

The 1941 senior hurling campaign opened at Ennis where Limerick beat Clare. It was continued in Thurles, with a game between Waterford and the men of Kickham's County, who created a first-class surprise by defeating a strongly fancied Waterford side.

It was "magnificent Tipperary" once again; the men of Moycarkey, Thurles, Boherlahan, Golden, Holycross, and Toomevara giving a taste of their dare devilry and dash to qualify for the semi-final with Cork.

Foot and Mouth restrictions prevented the Tipp men taking part in the semi-final, and Limerick played Cork for the right to appear by nomination in the All-Ireland final. This game between the All-Ireland champions of 1940 (Limerick) and their successors (Cork) drew 25,000 people. It



T. TREACY W. O'DONNELL
TIPPERARY.

was a disappointing game, Limerick, short of the Mackey brothers, surrendering the title rather easily.

GREATER SURPRISE TO COME.

Limerick's fade out was one of the surprises of the year, but greater still was to come when Tipperary, with the Foot and Mouth embargo lifted, travelled to Limerick and beat Cork a month after the Leemen had won their twelfth All-Ireland. This was in the Munster final, a game that must take rank with the best ever seen in the South.

It was hurling at its best; hurling that only masters of the game could serve up; hurling that sparkled and scintillated like a brook caught by the sun rays of a June evening. Stick work that was faster than swordsmen in vital combat kept the crowd at the peak of enthusiasm as the game swept from goal to goal at a pace that was bewildering.

The hurling was hard but honest, and not once in that hectic hour could a man say to his opponent "That was a dirty trick" or "that was a foul stroke."

Tipp were short Phil Dwyer and Dinny Doorley of their original selection but found worthy substitutes in Tom Hayes and Jimmy Heaney.

Cork fielded out a full All-Ireland side, but it was evident from the moment that the first ball was struck that the Tipp men were in one of their irrepensible moods.

Bill O'Donnell was soon ending long distance shots in around the Cork sticks, where Treacy, Heaney, and the Annacarty youth, Jerry Ryan, were hurling with glorious abandon and vim.

CHAMPIONS AT FULL STRETCH.

Jack Lynch was battling hard at centre field for Cork, while "Quirkey," Young and Thornhill were at full stretch in an effort to stem a rising tide that at times threatened to overwhelm the champions.

Bill O'Donnell drove a seventy dead on the Cork goalmouth. Treacy and Thornhill pulled and as their hurleys clashed the ball slipped to the net untouched by man or stick.

An amazing score that was but a prelude to many more from the stick of the Golden teacher, whose judgment was never once astray. Cork hit back but for every score they registered, Tipp had a ready reply as Heaney, Looby, the Ryans, Mahers, Cornally, Dinny Gorman, Flanagan and Tom Hayes were in sparkling mood, and when the final whistle went Tipperary were Munster champions while their beaten rivals were All-Ireland champions.

KERRY'S SIX IN A ROW.

Kerry senior footballers, conceded a bye to the Southern final, met Clare. The Banner County side played well, but could not cope with the skill of the champions, who won their sixth successive Munster title, and set up a new record in the South as the previous best was five in a row. (Kerry, 1923-27, 1912-16).

It was a Kingdom year in Munster, as junior and minor football titles also went to Kerry. The juniors had a stiff test with Cork, who drew at Tralee but lost at Macroom, where Father Michael Lyne of Killarney proved Kerry's trump card.

Cork lost their Munster and All-Ireland junior hurling titles which went to Limerick, but the Rebel County had a little compensation in the recovery of the minor title which led to All-Ireland honours.

The McGrath Cup final between Clare and Tipperary remains to be played in the South.

CORK'S NOTED MIDFIELDER.



SEAN BARRETT
Cork's noted midfielder, crowned a great career by helping Cork to bring the hurling blue riband once more back to the Lee.

League Honours For Cork and Mayo.

THE 1940-41 National Leagues drew a full muster of the top-notch counties.

The Hurling League was divided into two groups, Cork and Dublin qualifying for the final at Cork, where the Leemen retained the title on the score: Cork, 4-11; Dublin, 2-7.

The football competition was a much more extended affair, and some grand games marked its progress. Kerry and Kildare had a neck-and-neck struggle at Naas, where the Kingdom won by a point. The Kerry and Galway tie, played on the Island Racecourse, Listowel, was equally exciting, and when Kerry defeated the Western champions by a point it looked as if they would bring off the big football double of the year. Dublin, after a group play off with Louth, qualified for the semi-final stage, in which the Metropolitans showed an early glimpse of their 1941 form by inflicting the first defeat, for many months, on the Kerry men, who were beaten in a whirlwind Dublin finish.

Mayo, absent from the League for a season, returned to again prove unbeatable in their group. They drew with the rising Connacht side, Roscommon, but won the group play off to qualify for the semi-final with Down, who had come through in the North. The Mayo men again showed themselves specialists in this competition by qualifying for the final with Dublin, a county they defeated in the 1933-34 decider to start their record making series of League triumphs.

The victory of the Mayo men, who included such well-known players as "Tot" McGowan, Peter Laffey, Henry Kenny, George Ormsby, Josie Munnely, Mick O'Malley, Tim Laffey and Tom Robinson, kept the League title in the West, for Galway had succeeded Mayo as holders. Mayo's win was the seventh out of seven tries, so that 1941 was a history-making year in practically every sphere.

Cavan Supreme In Ulster.

Down's First Hurling Title.

ULSTER has the honour of being the first province to complete an inter-county competition in 1941. This was the Dr. McKenna Cup, which once again provided a full quota of drawn games before Antrim took the trophy for the second time since the inauguration of the competition in 1927.

The Glensmen had to meet Tyrone twice in the final, and it was only after extra time was played on the second occasion that the Cup went to Belfast.

There was remarkably high scoring in the drawn game, Tyrone registering no fewer than 17 points as well as a goal, while Antrim scored four goals eight points, or thirty scores in all.

Ulster too had the honour of giving us the first champions of 1941.

These were the Cavan junior footballers who defeated Armagh (2-7 to 1-8) in the final and brought off the first leg of a Breffni double, for later in the season Tom O'Reilly and his merry men from Cornafean, Arva, Cavan town, and Bailieboro defeated Tyrone in the senior final.

TRAGIC PRELUDE.

This game, played at Armagh, had a rather tragic prelude as almost as the teams were ready to take the field, Peter Campbell, the Tyrone captain, got word of the sudden death of his father, a life-long Gael.

This sad news seemed to take much of the life out of the Tyrone men for Cavan won without being extended.

History was made that day in the Primatial City when for the first time Down won an Ulster senior hurling title and qualified for the All-Ireland junior semi-final.

Antrim, the holders, were compelled to field out under strength owing to transport difficulties. Antrim took their seventh minor hurling title in a row while Antrim minor footballers created a surprise by defeating Kerry in the provincial final.



T. O'REILLY D. MORGAN
CAVAN.

"Cusack Looked to Moycarkey."

"When Michael Cusack looked about him for men to play the native games his eyes fell upon Moycarkey, where hurling was popular long before the G.A.A. came into existence. Moycarkey nobly answered the call and today the men of that historic parish are as staunch as ever in support of our national games.

"Moycarkey has brought many honours to gallant Tipperary but the greatest honour of all came to-day when they beat Cork, the All-Ireland champions, for the Munster title which once again goes back to the Premier County."—Sean O Laochadha, Secretary Tipperary Co. Board, at the presentation of the Munster senior hurling cup at Sadlier's Hotel, Limerick, to Johnny Ryan, the Moycarkey captain.



Cork ladies showed pronounced superiority in winning the All-Ireland Camogieoch Final from Dublin. Picture shows a snap of the Final in progress.

The Games in The Army.

THE National games have been played fairly extensively in the Army, which runs its own competitions. Many well-known county players participated in the All-Ireland semi-finals and finals. Both were won by Eastern Command, who defeated Southern in the football semi-final (0-4 to 0-2) and Southern again in the hurling semi-final (6-6 to 2-2).

The football semi-final between Western and Curragh entailed extra time before Westerns won by a point (4-12 to 4-11).

Joe Keohane (Kerry) was the star of the Eastern side in the football semi final and final. Jimmy McGauran, John Burke, O'Connor and the O'Sullivans all played well for Westerns, who, however, had to yield up the title to Eastern, well served by Pollard, B. Murphy, Walsh and Martin. Final score—Eastern, 4-6; Western, 2-9.

Eastern hurlers, who included M. McSweeney, M. McDonald, Maher, McCarthy and Peadar Flanagan, defeated Western (holders) 10-5 to 7-3 in the final.

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MEATH FAIL AT JONES' ROAD

Early Days In "Royal County" Recalled

MEATH in recent years has loomed large in the Gaelic world. We all remember the great game the Royal County men gave Kerry in the 1939 final, which the present All-Ireland champions only won by two points.

The early days of the Association saw Meath men enthusiastically supporting native games, which prospered in the county that gave us Father O'Growney, John Boyle O'Reilly and many other distinguished Irishmen.

Meath's first appearance in the All-Ireland final was an epic struggle. This was in March, 1896, when the Arravale Rovers (Tipperary) beat the Pierce Mahony side, drawn mainly from An Uaimh. Meath lost this game by a point, but afterwards the referee stated that he made a mistake over a point which would leave the teams level.

After this great struggle and the three challenge games which followed, a period of inactivity and disorganisation set in. Things were at a standstill for four years, but Royal Meath was too national to allow things remain dormant, and round about the start of the century there was a stirring that soon grew into active life.

STAMULLEN FIRST.
To Stamullen belongs the honour of affiliating to the Leinster Council the first Meath team of this period. This team represented Meath in the Leinster championship at Brianstown against the Drogheda Independents. The Louth men won but defeat only helped to urge the Royal County to greatest effort, and soon Castletown came into the news.

This team, led by the then youthful Joe Curran, was almost unbeatable, and the records tell of championship triumphs in 1902, 1904, 1905, 1906, and 1908, with Kilmessan and The Gaels winning in between. The Castletown skipper played a big part not alone on the field but in the Council which he helped to form, and teams grew up like mushrooms all over the county.

One of the greatest games of those years was that between remnants of the O'Mahonys and Castletown played at Rathkenny in 1902.

CASTLETOWN'S TITLE.
Castletown won the game after a great struggle, and then went on to take their first big county title by defeating Dunshaughlin. Joe Curran and his men then went on to meet and beat Carlow Loughmartin Emmetts in the Leinster championship. A great

Wexford team, drawn from New Ross, beat the Meath men in the semi-final, which was a neck-and-neck struggle.

The games were booming in 1903 when Kilmessan and Castletown met in the county final at An Uaimh.

Excitement was at fever pitch with the result that the game remained unfinished. The replay was fixed for Jones' Road, and in Meath they still tell of the special trains which brought the rival sides to the Dublin venue, where Kilmessan piped the holders on the post.

The 1904 county final is quoted as the best ever seen in the county.

PAIRC TAILTEAN.
This game between the two great rivals was the first to be played on the beautiful show grounds at An Uaimh. Those grounds have since been secured as the headquarters of the Meath Co. Board, and have been named Pairc Tailtean.

The game ended in a draw, and the replay, which Castletown won by two points, was equally as exciting. Bob O'Keeffe, who taught school in Meath for some time, travelled from Borris-in-Ossory to assist Kilmessan in the replay.

GREAT TEAMS HELD SWAY.
Great teams like Boyne Rangers, Dundalk Young Irelands, Raheenabrogue, Lamogue, Clane, Rosberry, Keatings, Kickhams, Geraldines, Mullingar Young Irelands, Slaney Harriers and Enniscorthy Rapparees held sway in Leinster around those early years, but the men of Meath were as good as the best.

Bohermeen, Rathkenny, The Harps, Stamullen, The Gaels, Castletown, and Kilmessan were among the earlier champions of the county, while later years saw the rise of Marry, Moynalty, Skryne, Duleek, Donaghmore, and Ceanannas Mor, centres which have sent many first-class footballers to don the Green-and-Gold of Royal Meath.

First Big Games of 1942.

FIRST big games of 1942 will be the Railway Cup semi-finals. These games in recent years have produced some grand struggles, particularly in football.

The pairings this year bring Munster (holders) into opposition with Leinster at Wexford, a venue which houses its first inter-provincial test. Should the game end in a draw, the replay will take place at Waterford a week later.

Connacht and Ulster meet in the second semi-final at Roscommon, and a draw here means a trip to Armaagh a week later, one of the most popular venues in the country.

Those two games are listed for Feb. 22nd, and the final will be played at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day.

The hurling semi-final, Leinster (holders) v. Connacht, has been fixed for Galway on Feb. 15th. Munster receive a bye into the final, which will be played as usual at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day.

REACHING FOR IT.



Reaching for a high ball in the semi-final of the National League, in which Dublin surprisingly beat Kerry by a large score.

BUIDHEACHAS.

THE publishers once again desire to express their gratitude to the many advertisers who made this third issue of the "Gaelic Echo" possible.

They are also grateful to The Kerryman Ltd., The Irish Press Ltd., Rev. Fr. Hamilton, Padraig O Caoimh, M. J. McManus, Fionan Breathnach, Delia MacMahon, Maire Ni Cheallacain, Aodh de Blacam, An Seabhaic, David Hogan, Liam Mac Gabhann, and to the many Christian Brothers, teachers and others who gave valuable assistance.

"Knocknagow Not Dead."

What a pride and glory it is to witness the stirring scenes associated with a well-played, cleanly and keenly contested Gaelic match, especially in hurling; to feel the thrills coursing through one's veins as the springy ash camans crash in the air above and on the sod below; and to realise that here is being enacted before our excited and admiring gaze, a vivid symbol of the long ago; a sure reminder that Knocknagow is not dead; and a striking and soul-stirring guarantee that by Shannon, Suir and Lee, and by hillside and glenside throughout the province, the virile manhood and traditions of our race are keeping a firm hold on their hard-won inheritance.—Sean Mac Carthaigh, B.E., Chairman, at Munster Convention, 1940.



Kildare Gaels are making valiant efforts to restore the prestige of the "Short Grass" County. This year's All-White combination gave promise of a bright future.

DUBLIN TAKE CHIEF HONOURS IN LEINSTER.

LEINSTER, the province with the most extended programme of the four, had the remarkable experience of nominating four teams for the All-Ireland semi-finals. More remarkable still was the long-drawn-out struggle between Wexford and Carlow in the senior football championship, it taking four meetings and one period of extra time before Carlow eventually succeeded in qualifying for its first Leinster final in this Grade.

This marathon between those South Leinster neighbours started at Carlow in June, a high scoring game finishing with the board reading: Wexford 4-7; Carlow, 3-10.

"THE THIRD ACT."

It was continued at Wexford where we had another no-decision, and then the third act, and the most thrilling, was played at Croke Park.

The teams were level at the end of the hour, and even after extra time the issue remained undecided—the score reading: Wexford, 3-6; Carlow, 1-12.

Fourth and last meeting was also at Croke Park, where Carlow triumphed with surprising ease on the score of 2-8 to 0-3.

Prospects were bright for a great Leinster final as Dublin had conquered Louth (after a drawn game), Meath and Kildare to qualify for the decider, which, however, had to be postponed as Carlow, stricken by the Foot and Mouth plague, was ruled out and Dublin nominated for the All-Ireland tests. The final was played later in the season at Carlow but conditions were against good football.

The fact that the All-Ireland was over sapped interest from a game which Dublin won, to recover the Leinster crown after a seven years' lapse.

Dublin started their campaign by drawing with Louth after being deeply in arrears at the half-way stage.

DUBLIN SURPRISE.

They won the replay at Croke Park, and then created a first-class surprise by dethroning Meath at Drogheda. Next outing of the Metropolitan was against Kildare at Croke Park and here again Dublin won narrowly.

The hold-up of Kilkenny robbed the hurling championship of a good deal of interest, and with the Norem unable to field a team, Dublin were nominated to represent the province in the All-Ireland tests.

Dublin had defeated Meath, Offaly, and Laoighis before meeting Galway in the All-Ireland semi-final.

The provincial hurling final, played after the All-Ireland, also lost in interest and sparkle for the Kilkenny men, long inactive, were not the force of old. They hurled well considering

that no games had been played in the county for months but lacking training and team work, lost the title to Dublin, who thus took dual major honours in the Eastern province—a feat last accomplished in 1934.

FIVE COUNTIES SHARE HONOURS.

Five counties shared in the division of provincial titles, the junior football going to Laoighis, who drew with Kerry in the All-Ireland semi-final but lost the replay. Wexford represented the province in the All-Ireland junior hurling semi-final and lost to Limerick. Wexford later met Kilkenny for the provincial title which the Marble County second string recovered to keep up Noreside hurling tradition. Laoighis, nominated to represent the province in minor hurling, lost to Galway in the All-Ireland semi-final,



G. FITZGERALD DUBLIN. B. QUINN

but later retained the Leinster title by defeating Kilkenny in the final. Louth upheld its reputation for producing minor footballers, a grand Wee County side sweeping all before it in this grade. It seemed all set for national honours but hit up against a better-trained and cleverer Roscommon team, and so Leinster passed out of the All-Ireland lists for 1941.

The programme was a heavy one, but thanks to the work of the Council Chairman (Seumas Flood) and the Secretary (M. O'Neill), it was got through with little delay. Plenary powers were given to those two officials to arrange fixtures, a war-time measure which might be usefully followed in other provinces.

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BOOT & SHOE LACES

Teirce nua-leabair Saeoilge i 1941

I n-eire bliana mar seo is fonn le duine breicmiu ar a eul agus coraio an da mi deas a meas. Maroir le coraio na bliana ar foillsiu leabair nua-earpaite i nSaeoilge ni bliam i seo cun maortheam aista. Le firmne a raio, i gcomparairto le sae bliam eite o 1927 i teit, is adobar diombairde i 1941.

An cosaio dar noois is cius leis an uul-ar-scuil san-no d'feioir is leiticeal do. Staonad an suma on obair is cius comsaraio do. Le dosaon bliam dob e an sum (pen Rialtas) a foillsiu urmhor mor na leabair Saeoilge a tamis na sruc mor on gclio. Le deontais agus focairdeact luat do scribneoiri bi neart as an nsum an obair sin ar fao a meaiti agus, ar veire, beas nac scribneoiri uile na Saeoilge do earrang euisie fein. Nior loct ar an nsum e sin da seacantair ruo no do. D'amhioim, am, nar seac nuisead an ruo no do san do ruine an sum obair mor eairbeas agus nior eairt do luat a eainto e sin a ceit sa euntas. Do euir ee na cearta leabair ar fasaio i nSaeoilge na beao ann muna mbeao an sum, agus do srucuis se na fiotri duine cun tuille scribneoir-eacta a deanam i nSaeoilge o'fas-fairis san deanam muna mbeao an sum 'a ngriosao euisie.

An loct is mo dar linne bi ar an nsum—so nbearnar se le ferom tairli agus caana doime a meallao no a tiomaint cun aistriucain, doime o'feairto, le beagan tiom-ana agus caana d'feioir, saotar narb ole a deanam ar nua-earpaioireact i nSaeoilge. Is i an nua-earpaioireact an ruo so bpuil an priom-eabaet ann agus einne a ni i scumas a deanta ba eairt e feit ma polasai i seim an scat an ruine sin a coimeao i mbun na nua-earpaioireacta. Le firmne a raio tamio beagan doctanac ceana fein nen aistriucain ar leabair comonta Dearta.

e an sum. Bi cuspoir ann agus caoi tuillu do sae uile scribneoir Saeoilge so raib don maic ann; agus caob amuic de roinn beas con-staici bi veimiu foillsite ann o' son leabair dob fiu a eir amac. Da brios sin is tubaist do licrioeact na Saeoilge an stad ac a tagaite i n-obair an sum—an ruo o'fas an teirce leabair so oraimn sa bliam seo 1941.

I n-ar veuairim-ne nior saio an lan-stao san. Is miste scribneoiri agus leiticeoiri Saeoilge e (agus is miste cluioiri e). Pe is mar a beas feasta ni raib paipear ro-sann i n-eirinn so oei so. Di se doar dar noois ac so oei so bi se le fasaio as an te so mbeao an e-airsead na doirn cun oiol as. Mar sin is truas na dearnar an Rialtas beaiti roir saasanna leabair le neirge asta. Nior miste foillsiu na n-aistriucain a eir ar aclo. Ta saotar mor deanta as an nsum ceana ar an safas san. Ac ve ni-euisie mor don sum staonad o foillsiu nua-earpaioireacta. Nior eairt cose na moit a eir air sin pe praimn a beairto oraimn. An uair is feair agus is flairsie a beao sruc nua-earpaioireacta Saeoilge ann nior gno ro trom don Rialtas e a coimeao ar siubal agus freastal air.

Narb ferom don Rialtas teact ar accomairle i doab adobar na leabair nua-earpaite, agus einnead ar uul ar asair le foillsiu saotar doime a eiruciseann ruo fiuntae nua i nSaeoilge? Is eol duinn so mbeio paipear so sann feasta nuair a lagdoctar cun na heireann de o 20,000 tonna so oei 4,000. Ac fiu mar sin fein nior mor le raio veit tonna as an 4,000. Raasio an beagan san i beao ar an meiro a scriobpai de nua-earpaioireact Saeoilge i n-son bliam a eir i gclio. Muna beagair an sum ar malairt comairle beio teirce na leabair se bliam 1942 na adobar diombairde duinn pe mar bi 1941.

an seadac.

CHAMPIONS' CAPTAIN.



BILL DILLON who led Kerry to victory in the 1941 All-Ireland Football Championship.

Where The Titles Have Gone.

- ALL - IRELANDS.**
 - Senior Hurling—Cork.
 - Junior Hurling—Limerick.
 - Minor Hurling—Cork.
 - Senior Football—Kerry.
 - Junior Football—Kerry.
 - Minor Football—Roscommon.
- NATIONAL LEAGUES.**
 - Hurling—Cork.
 - Football—Mayo.
- INTER - VARSITY.**
 - Sigerson Cup—Galway.
 - Fitzgibbon Cup—Dublin.
- PROVINCIALS.**
 - LEINSTER.**
 - Senior Hurling—Dublin.
 - Junior Hurling—Kilkenny.
 - Minor Hurling—Laoighis.
 - Senior Football—Dublin.
 - Junior Football—Laoighis.
 - Minor Football—Louth.
 - CONNACHT.**
 - Senior Hurling—Galway.
 - Junior Hurling—Galway.
 - Minor Hurling—Galway.
 - Senior Football—Galway.
 - Junior Football—Leitrim.
 - Minor Football—Roscommon.
 - MUNSTER.**
 - Senior Hurling—Tipperary.
 - Junior Hurling—Limerick.
 - Minor Hurling—Cork.
 - Senior Football—Kerry.
 - Junior Football—Kerry.
 - Minor Football—Kerry.
 - Thomond (H.) Shield—Cork.
 - McGrath (F.) Cup—Clare and Tipperary to meet in final.
 - ULSTER.**
 - Senior Hurling—Down.
 - Minor Hurling—Antrim.
 - Senior Football—Cavan.
 - Junior Football—Cavan.
 - Minor Football—Antrim.
 - Dr. McKenna Cup—Antrim.

Carbery's Annual.

THOUGH a comparatively new publication, the popularity of Carbery's Annual is now firmly established. Its coming for Christmas is eagerly looked forward to in many an Irish home. Yuletide stories, articles on Irish sport in general, hurling, football, athletics, handball and coursing are featured. There is a comprehensive diary of the principal Irish and European events of the Old Year. It caters for all tastes. The present edition surpasses in interest that of its predecessors, which is saying much indeed. War-time economies have not affected the general turn out of this year's Annual, which is as usual well printed on good paper. It makes an ideal Xmas gift for a home or absent friend. Get Carbery's Annual and you will not be disappointed. There are 112 pages of reading matter. Carbery's Annual is now on sale at 1/6 by the principal newsagents.

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IRISH BOOKS IN 1941

By M. J. MacMANUS.

1941 has not proved a vintage year so far as books of Irish interest written in English are concerned. The quantity has been unusually small, no doubt, as a result of war conditions and the paper shortage.

But if the books have been few, their quality is not by any means negligible. The realm of scholarship saw the appearance of the second volume of **Christian Art in Ancient Ireland** (Dublin Stationery Office, 30/-), in which Dr. Joseph Raftery, the editor, collaborates with Dr. Adolf Mahr and Mr. Harold Leask in completing a work of outstanding importance. It is a large, sumptuously produced volume, embellished with magnificent full-page plates. If the price puts it beyond the range of the average bookshelf, it can be consulted at most public libraries.

"**FLOW ON LOVELY RIVER.**" In fiction I know nothing to compare with Francis MacManus's new novel, **Flow On, Lovely River**, which the Talbot Press publishes at a modest six shillings. It is a story of a County Kilkenny schoolmaster, who finds himself called upon to solve a problem of the heart that often occurs in the Irish countryside. This compact, well-contrived story never loses its onward sweep. From the same publishing house come three other novels which can be recommended without reserve. Miss Temple Lane's **House of My Pilgrimage** is a sensitive story of a young Irish girl, which abounds in pleasant descriptions of both the southern Irish seaboard and of provincial France. John D. Sheridan's **Here's Their Memory** will attract a host of readers, not only for the stirring tale it has to tell, but also because it deals with the romantic events of the years 1914-1921, and, finally, there is **Katharine Devoy**, by Annie M. P. Smithson, an author who can be relied upon to give an ever-widening circle of Irish fiction-lovers exactly what they want.

"**FOR THE BAIRNS.**" For the children there are two books of unusual merit. In Eileen O'Faolain's **King of the Cats** (Talbot Press, 4/-), the Irish child will find a story full of fun and whimsicality, with illustrations by Nano Reid that fit it like a glove. The production of this volume, which appears in a charming coloured dust-jacket, is a credit to the publishers. The same may be said of Patricia Lynch's new book for children, **Fiddler's Quest**, which comes from the London firm of Dent at seven

shillings. Miss Lynch has found an admirable illustrator in Isobel Morton-Sale. For reading of quite another kind, Mr. Francis Carty's **Two Hundred and Fifty Irish Saints** (Duffy, 2/6) is well worth noting. Its colourful vignettes cover the entire calendar.

Speirbhean, published by The Kerryman Ltd., was very favourably received, and is well worth the modest sixpence at which it is sold.

Finally—as books of Irish interest are not abundant this year—perhaps I may be pardoned for mentioning **Rackrent Hall and other Poems** (Talbot Press, 2/6), by one M. J. MacManus, about which some reviewers have said nice things.

Maurice Walsh made another contribution to the books of the year with **Thomasheen James**, the story of a likable rascal.

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TEMPLE LANE
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ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON
Katharine Devoy 5/- net.

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1942 Inter-Provincial

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Laighin v. Connacht

AT GALLIMH, on FEBRUARY 15th.

FOOTBALL:

Ulaidh v. Connacht

AT ROSCOMAIN, FEBRUARY 22nd.

Mumha v. Laighin

AT LOC gCARMAN, FEBRUARY 22nd.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

THE next issue of the "Gaelic Echo" will be in connection with the Railway Cup finals on St. Patrick's Day. Please tell your friends that we need their help in making the "Echo" more widely known.

CROPPIES' ACRE.

NOTE: The field between Arbour Hill and the Liffey, where the soldiers of Ireland play their Gaelic games, is called Croppies' Acre, since the patriot lads slain at Arbour Hill in 1798 were buried there.]

Under green grass
By the riverside growing
Where Dubliners pass
Beside us unknowing,
We lie in the clay
Where the foreigner slew us:
Remember, and pray,
For as Croppies they knew us.

Our pikes, they are rust,
Our banners are rotten,
Our bones, they are dust,
Our names are forgotten:
And the tramp of our foe
With their vaunting was blended—
And how could we know
It would ever be ended?

But at last through the clay
That so long did enfold us,
By the hurley in play
New tidings were told us:
Our dust, it could feel
That the sons of our sireland
Had lifted the steel
And the standard of Ireland:

The crack of the ash,
The cry and the cheering,
The break and the dash,
O sweet was the hearing!
Comrades, leap light,
Good fortune betide you:
In field or in fight
We would fain be beside you.

RODDY THE ROVER.

Early Days of the G.A.A.
in Dublin.

Old timers tell of the early days of the G.A.A. in Dublin when clubs were few and far between. One of the first meeting places for the Dublin Co. Committee was Liam Flanagan's public house in Strand Street. Liam came from the Galway-Clare border and was a neighbour of Cusack's.

Among the delegates who attended the meetings in 1890, 1891 and 1892 were J. J. Kenny, a Ballinasloe man and well-known referee; Nick O'Shea represented the Smith O'Briens, drawn from the cattle market area, while Peter North, who owned a public-house in Ringsend, was the Isles of the Sea delegate.

Jim Clarke, now of Ballybunion, represented a Grocers' side known as the Stars of the West, while a Mr. Geraghty attended on behalf of Young Irelands, and a Mr. Fitzgerald acted for Brian Borus.

Round about this time the Geraldines used meet in the snug of Behan's public-house at the corner of Capel Street and Abbey Street.

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DUBLIN and CORK

THE UNLIGHTED LAMP

By DAVID HOGAN.

SEAN GARVEY was standing back a little from the one small window of the "room" in Mrs. O'Callaghan's cottage, an unlighted cigarette between his lips. His eyes were on the mountainside across the narrow valley where the fading light was taking the outline and colour away from everything.

Mrs. O'Callaghan, stout and white-haired, came in to light the wall-lamp. The stillness of the figure by the window halted her. She waited for him to say something, and then sensing how intent he was she slipped back along the short passage to the kitchen.

These young fellows are too serious in themselves, her mind was saying, too serious altogether, even if the times are upside down and half the police of the country and the queer fellows they brought across the water are making things worse every day.

This Garvey boy came up here on the side of the mountain a fortnight ago with that bandaged arm and leg of his, carried into the house almost by the three that were with him. Instead of taking it easy, there he was, morning till night, only wishing to be away and back at it down in Dangan or wherever he came from. He did not tell her that, he didn't tell her anything, but she knew well enough what was in him when he forgot to eat in the middle of his meal—just as Michil-een used to do that week before he went off to America, because, as she knew so well, he wanted to say things that she wanted to hear and he didn't for fear they'd both be unable to hold in their feelings at his going.

If Garvey would only take it easy it would be like having her own son about the place again. But perhaps it was just as well, because she knew he'd be gone like a flash as soon as his arm and his leg would let him.

What on earth was he at at the window? Mrs. O'Callaghan peered curiously out through the kitchen window but could see nothing at all only the white patch that was Nora Dwyer's slated house, very faint now on the black height of the mountain.

She turned to light the kitchen lamp and was about to kindle the twist of paper at the fire when she remembered that Sean Garvey had a cigarette in his mouth and had not lit it. That was strange and he such a smoker. She wondered if he didn't want any light at all about the place.

She went to the door looking for the lights in Nora Dwyer's house but saw that they were not there. It was nearly dark now; there would be no moon. She hoped Nora would light the lamp soon. The shining of it across the valley was company in itself. She often thought as she lit her own lamp that maybe Nora was looking out for that comfort too, for, like herself, she had no other neighbours than the furze and rocks and the top of the mountain. Still Nora had two sturdy young lads to give life and company to her place.

As Mrs. O'Callaghan stood there gazing into the darkness she heard the difficult limping step from the room and the quick tap of the stick Sean leaned on. He was hurrying as if something was up with him. He came into the kitchen and, as she was used to his ways now and how he preferred not to have anyone take notice of him, she did not turn from the doorway. A light for his cigarette she supposed, glancing at the fire. But there he was

standing just beside her looking out, as she was, into the night.

"There's no light in Dwyer's yet," she said after the silence became too long to bear.

"There should be a light," he said. "I can't understand it."

He was troubled. The anxiety in his voice made her say: "Is anything wrong with them, I wonder?"

To her surprise he answered her. "There's nothing wrong with them," he said; "they're not there."

"Not there? where are they?"

"I sent the small lad to tell her to go to town and take Patsy and Jim with her and not to come back until she got word that all was well."

Mrs. O'Callaghan didn't say anything to that. She was thinking how close he was with his speech. He had never mentioned Nora Dwyer before or even hinted that he knew her or her sons. The way he spoke now made her feel cold. His quietness all these days, the coming and going of the "small lad" as he called him, the four men who came one by one over the mountain and were with him for hours in the room to-day, John Maguire with them, and sure the whole countryside knew who John was and that the military would give their two eyes for him—they were planning something. Something big, she knew that and something soon too for they hurried away when the talk was over as if they'd never be in time. 'Twas well for them that there was no house near hers and nobody about but herself, for if she could be guessing others might also, and that started people talking. And then the way he watched for something through the fall of the evening, tense and anxious, and now standing beside her in difficulties, as a cat could see.

What difference could a light in Dwyer's make to him, she was thinking when he said sharply:

"How far is it over?"

"You'd never do it anyway," she answered, "with your arm and your leg next to useless."

"I'd do it if there was a road," he said, and then, after a pause, "but the roads may be lively to-night and no place for a man who can't hop into a ditch."

They stood now gazing into the darkness together, wordless. She was thinking a lot must depend on that light or he would not be, as he was, red anxious.

"Is there anybody could go for you?" she asked him, feeling how easy and natural it was for them to be discussing things at last.

"Nobody I could ask," he said. "Only four or five know I'm here at all. The Tans have got word I'm down here somewhere but they believe I'm over at Nora's and they are to raid it to-night. We planned that the column will go for them as they come back. But if there's no light in Dwyer's they may get suspicious before they set out at all and perhaps it is our own men that will soon be coming together for the fight who will be surprised. Nora left soon after dinner, and none of us thought of reminding her to light the lamp before she left. Maguire and the others won't know it hasn't been lit."

As he talked Mrs. O'Callaghan went to the back of the door and took down her black cloak. Fastening it around her, she said: "I'll light the lamp."

He said nothing, and she went on: "Nobody will think it strange me going that way, and though it's many a day since I crossed over by the stream it's often I did it when Michil-een was a little lad and I'll remember the paths somehow. The beads will shorten the journey for me," she added as she took her Rosary from the dresser.

"You're doing a dangerous thing," was all he could say.

"Put some turf on the fire," she called to him and she was already but the sound of steps feeling their way on the rough breen down from the cottage.

Sean Garvey stood by the door for a long time. Then he put turf on the fire, and, lighting his cigarette, he set his bandaged leg straight out on the hearth, the stick ready by him. Now and again he raised himself and came to the door, but there was nothing across the valley but the soft moonless dark. Could this old woman ever walk those paths and fields on so black a night, climbing the fences where there was no stile? It would be hard on a young man even. The little things

that brought careful plans tumbling down—an unlighted lamp!

He suddenly thought of the lamp on the wall above him and he lit it quickly. Perhaps somewhere down there she'd be looking back to make sure where she was.

He could not remain quiet. He came again to the door, and, going outside, he leaned against the cottage wall waiting for his eyes to get used to the darkness. After a moment he saw far to the west a sudden brightness low down in the sky. That would be a car, perhaps the Tans themselves setting out for Dwyer's. A second flash of white light shot up behind the first. There would never be two ordinary cars out in such a lonely place. They were coming.

Fear strengthened in him that everything would fail because Dwyer's house was in darkness. It was so clear a message to them that the bird had flown. Mrs. O'Callaghan would never have time now. He looked with foreboding at where the house should have been. There was nothing only the deep heart of the night. Near Knockbeg he saw the white rays, stronger, brighter now, shoot up into the sky again. They were getting near. And down somewhere, struggling breathlessly over the hard ground he pictured her.

The lorries would soon be near the wood. When they rounded that they'd be able to see the house on the winding road above them. The column were hidden just there in from the road out of sight of the house. If the windows were black the Tans might come to a halt, keyed up, on the alert,

ready for action, just where it was thought they could best be surprised.

His troubled thoughts suddenly left him as he saw the western trees flash into a blaze of green and then as quickly go black again. He was excited now. If only his wounded arm and leg would let him get about. He saw their game. They had switched off their lights and would come towards the house on their sidelamps only. It would make it easier for them to see that the lightless house was empty. In a minute now they would turn the corner by the blackthorn bushes and the game would be up.

He tried to pierce the darkness to pick out the moving lorries. They must be going slow with only their sidelamps on. He could see nothing. He looked again towards Dwyer's and suddenly he stiffened. There was a tiny flame behind the kitchen window and, yes, there was the lamp in the kitchen! Then in a moment there was a light in the room also. He gazed at it with a kind of wild joy, and then the little window in the roof glowed brightly.

He smiled at her thoroughness. But they were nearly there now. What would happen her? Fascinated he watched the house. He saw a beam of light shine suddenly from the door, remain for a second, and then go out swiftly. The door had been partly opened and shut quickly. She had heard something and was surely slipping out the back before them came.

His heart sang with gratitude to that dear old woman. When it was all over he must send somebody for her to bring her back safely.

'Bringing Home Christmas'

By DELIA MacMAHON.

MODERN ideas may have robbed Christmas of much of its old-time glamour, but for the country folk along the seaboard counties from Waterford to Donegal the season is still one of joy and merrymaking.

Buses and other present-day means of travel may have brought the big towns nearer to the glens of Iveragh or the Rosses, but to the bulk of those resident in their Gaelic fortresses, bringing home "The Christmas" has changed very little.

Man of the house and his wife go into council and agree on a day for the annual trip to the town to purchase the necessities which go to make a merry Christmas in the country. The younger folk, aided by the helpful suggestions of Mother, decide on a cleaning up day, which is generally the same as that selected for the older folks' visit to the town. Woman of the house maybe has a couple of geese to take in to her friends for Christmas, or some eggs to take to the market, while she also has a score of "messages" to purchase. All of these she pigeon-holes in her mind the day before the event—which is one of the biggest in the life of the countryside.

Man of the house gives an extra bundle of hay to the pony, or maybe it is a donkey, the night before, and probably whets a not-over-sharp razor preparatory to paring a week's stubby beard. He is up long before the first gleek of dawn grooming and harnessing "Billy" for the journey to town. He is hurrying and harrassing the good woman with his "Are you ready yet?" or "It will be night before we start." He has filled a clean sack with fresh straw or hay, and on this his wife and himself seat themselves comfortably, and with a "Gwan Billy" and a crack of the whip, they start for the town. On the road are many other neighbours, as generally the people of Gullane or Laccá select the same day for "bringing home Christmas."

The old folk gone, Eily, Kate and Mary prepare for the cleaning-up. Rafters are swept down and fresh lime gives a snow-white brightness to walls that were drab and brown a few hours before.

Great-grandmother's treasured jugs and plates on the dresser are scrubbed and burnished, while a new coat of red paint makes the dresser and doors

like new. Jacky and Patsy are packed off to the wood for the "greens," as in the country it would not be Christmas unless the windows and pictures are festooned with holly and ivy. Micky and Tommie are doing their bit by sweeping the yard and probably whitewashing the outside walls.

Meanwhile, man of the house and his wife are jogging merrily along, saluting and being saluted by their neighbours. Arrived in the town, "Billy" is stabled and Mrs. O'Connor's hospitality tasted before herself starts her marketing while her good man looks round for an old crony or two. First thing herself does is to dispose of her pair of geese or her hundred of eggs, while as likely as any, first thing himself does is to adjourn to "T. D.'s" back kitchen, where, with Tom Doyle from over the hill, or Jack Casey from the valley below, he discusses current affairs over a "bottle of porter." From shop to shop herself goes spreading out her custom to the best advantage, for she remembers that last Christmas Mrs. Leahy gave her a good "Christmas box."

There are dozens of things to be bought as Jacky expects a new cap and Patsy sadly needs a pair of new shoes, while there is a scarf to be bought for Mary. Ten times during the day she counts up her money and reckons her liabilities in the shape of articles to be purchased. She manages to procure a box or two, and in the waning light she packs her purchases into these. Then comes the job of locating her man, whom she runs to earth, only to find that he is in one of those moods when a man loves to sing a song and tell of "how decent a man is Micky Doyle." Maybe time is found for a hurried meal, and in the dark of a December night, himself and herself set out on that ten or twelve miles' journey back to their country-home, which lime, paint and the greens from Coill Mhor have transformed since their departure.

The city man, with his telephoned orders and his delivered-at-the-door service, may enjoy his Christmas, but the country folk certainly get plenty of happiness out of their Nodlaigh, which may entail a little hardship but brings a hundred pleasures and many joyful reunions.

VICTORY SONGS OF THE COUNTIES

TIPPERARY is rich in those old songs and ballads composed to celebrate victories over their neighbouring rivals, Kilkenny and Cork. Victory over Kilkenny was ever sweet to the Premier County hurlers, and there is certainly a strong note of pride in the following lines:—

I.
"On June the first, 1913, to Dungarvan town so fair
Our bold Tipperary hurlers went with hearts as light as air;
To defeat Moondarrig's champions the first time they did meet,
And Widger Maher's Greyhounds soon ran them off their feet.

Chorus.
Then hurrah for Toomevara, may your banners never fall,
You beat Galway and Ua Failghe and you levelled Cork's stone wall;
I never will forget the day Kilkenny's pride went down
Before the skill of Widger's men in sweet Dungarvan town.

II.
For some time past your fame went down thro' causes I won't vane,
But the Toomevara Greyhounds have brought Tipp in front again;
You're a credit to your county, better men were never seen
Under bold Tipperary's banner and your colours Gold and Green.

Chorus.
III.
God bless you Meara and McGrath, Raleigh and Hackett too,
Likewise Bobby Mockler, you were always loyal and true;
And our hero Widger Maher, you are the lad can fly,
Not forgetting Murphy and O'Keefe, the Templetuohy boy.

Chorus.
IV.
Give one cheer for Timmy Gleeson, that hero tried and true;
There's Harty, Ryan and Cawley, you all know what to do;
There's Kelly and Gilmartin, they never miss a ball;
And our Thurles hero, Shelley, he would hole a four-foot wall.

Chorus.
This song was composed to celebrate the victory of the Toomevara "Greyhounds" over Kilkenny in the Croke Memorial tournament at Dan Fraher's field in "sweet Dungarvan town." Kil-

SONGS of triumph form a big part of the story of the G.A.A. Like the seanacaidhchithe of old, these ballad singers carried the news of big victories from village to village in the early days of the Association, when newspapers were few and the radio unheard of. At fair and pattern those songs were listened to with rapt attention, and it is through many such compositions that epic struggles have been fresh in the memory of thousands of Gaels.

kenny avenged this defeat later that year (1913), when in the All-Ireland final "Drug" Walsh's "Moondarrig" (or Mooncoin) men beat the "Greyhounds" by 2-4 to 1-2. I'm sure there is a song or two knocking about the Marble County to celebrate that victory. If there is I would appreciate a copy, which will be published in the St. Patrick's Day issue of the "Gaelic Echo."

Clare is another county rich in those old songs of triumph over their Munster neighbours. In one we learn that:—

"To Garryowen of Treaty Stone
One day in hot July,
Came Clare and Tipperary teams
Their hurling skill to try.
Now Amby Power leads on his men
'Mid crowds of lookers' on,
To meet those daring Galtee boys
As strong as Slievenamon;
The ball's thrown in—Power and his men

Their hurley sticks now swing,
Those heroes mean to fight this day,
And trophies homeward bring.
The battle rages fast and fierce,
They fly like birds on wing;
I'd rather captain either team
Than reign as England's king.
Tipperary boys by Meagher led
Like a tempest onward tear;

Keep on the ball, drive men and all
Out through the goal of Clare,
But Power replies, fire in his eyes,
'Dash on, my men, dash on,
The anxious eyes of Munster men
Are gazing proudly on'
Tull Considine, long life be thine,
I never doubted you;
E'en though your stick is broke in bits
The ball is flying through.

Now 'neath the Tipp crossbar 'tis shot
Wild cheers, Hurrah, Hurroo.
Only one minute now remains,
Tipp you must die or do;
Then Pat O'Brien strikes out the ball,
'Tis caught at centre field
By Tommy Ryan from Silvermines,
A boy that ash can wield.
As those Banner County hurlers came
to the town of Thurles,
The cheers were vibrating to the sky,
The final ultimatum was 'Up Clare
and at them,
Bring home the Munster championship or die.'

Now the fiery teams are prancing on
on each others posts advancing,
Their camans are brightly glancing
in the air;
No Milesian or Dalcassian ever did
such thrashing
As the hurling boys from Cork and
County Clare.

Up to the gap of Clare it flies,
'Quick! Quick! too late McCaw—'
The ball flies in a goal for Tipp,
The match ends in a draw."

There is all the wild fire of a Munster hurling game in those lines. The tearaway methods of the Tipp men and their no less impetuous rivals of the Dal g-Cais.

One can picture the Dalcassians on the march in the following verses put

together to celebrate a Clare victory over Cork way back in 1914:—
"The Banner County hurlers steered away to Thurles,
There was seldom ever seen such a finer crowd of men
As they passed by every station there was great animation,
Whether Cork or Clare were going to win.
Now the game is ended; it was nobly defended;
The referee attended with ability and care
When he totted up the score it was number three to four,
And he gave the bunch of palms to County Clare.

When Clare became victorious, it was something glorious
To see those gallant roasters as they cheered them to the sky;
All the pretty girls took the hats from off their curls,
And they cheered them to the station of the town."

A song written by Liam Mac Gabhann and published in "An Caman" a few years ago is well worth a place in any collection of poems. It is known as "Devil May Care."

I.
A Devil-May-Care sort of fellow
It may have been you or he,
That poured his young life for Ireland
In sacrifice for the free;
A Devil-May-Care may have his fun,
But, boys, I'm telling you square,
The dregs of gall are back of it all,
In the heart of a Devil-May-Care.

II.
'Twas the night of Drumcondra reunion
Said a voice that was husky and queer,
'Do ye ever hear tell of McCluskey,
now,
Played full for the College last year.
D'ye mind how he swept from the mid-field
That ball, leaping high in the air?
And their goalie knew quick McClusky could kick,
Though we called him the Devil-May-Care."

III.
Sure he was a star at study,
And at football a lightning flash;
Were you broke on a Sunday morning
You were sure of McClusky for cash;
And the day we defeated the Rangers,
'Twas faster than Kerry-Kildare,
And the demon to get the last goal in the net
Was McClusky the Devil-May-Care.

IV.
'Twas a girl that knocked out McClusky,
One time he was down in the mouth,
And he hadn't a red when he met her
At a dance in a town in the South.
Well, she fell in love with McClusky,
And McClusky played every game fair,
At love or at hate he was honest and straight,
Though we called him the Devil-May-Care.

V.
Well, some say she jilted McClusky,
And some say her people were sore,
But the glamour was over forever,
McClusky played football no more.
'Twas fate and the same old story,
He drifted and cared not where,
Nor knew that her heart was nigh breaking apart
For the love of the Devil-May-Care.

VI.
'Tis queer how two lovers are severed,
They tell how she started to rove,
In a year she was crossing the gangway
Of an outward-bound liner at Cobh.
And some say that she has forgotten,
'Tis easy forget over there,
And some that at night, when all Broadway's alight,
She hungers for Devil-May-Care.

VII.
'Twas Easter, the guns roared in Dublin,
The barricades crashed in the street,
Not the bang of the ball on the crossbar,
But the sound of the rifle was sweet;
When the snipers fell back from the house-tops,
Still daring and debonair,
When they started to run he was still by his gun,
McClusky, the Devil-May-Care.

VIII.
And there the Britishers found him,
Bleeding and almost gone,
But he muttered the name of an Irish girl,
As his generous blood flowed on;
With fingers all torn and tattered,
He fondled a lock of her hair,
And there the Britishers bared their heads
By the body of Devil-May-Care.

Tipperary appears to be full of those old victory songs, and here is another written by the late T. J. Keating, of Fethard and published in the "Nationalist," Clonmel:—

... **BRAVO, BOHERLAHAN!**
God be with you, Boherlahan!
From our hearts we wish you now,
For you've hoisted victory's banner
O'er the cots of Knock-na-Gow.

Oh, there's joy in ev'ry hamlet,
On the mountain, in the glen—
You're the pride of Tipperary,
Gallant Boherlahan men.

"Oh, God bless you, Boherlahan!"
Cry the exiles far from home,
As the joyful news is wafted
O'er the creamy-crested foam;
And their hearts with pride are swelling,
And the silent tear-drops flow
As they picture pleasant hours
In Tipperary long ago.

Ever worthy, Boherlahan,
Of the hurling men of old,
You have steered to gallant victory,
Tubberadora's blue and gold;
Laurels after twenty Summers,
You have won for them again—
You're the pride of Tipperary,
Gallant Boherlahan men.

Linked with honour, Boherlahan,
Will your name for ever be,
With Moycarkey, Two-Mile-Borris,
And with Thurles fair and free;
With renowned old Tubberadora,
Writ in gold with golden pen—
You're the pride of Tipperary,
Gallant Boherlahan men.

Off' at evening, Boherlahan,
Round the cheery kitchen fires,
Will be told the deeds of Lealtys,
Of the Walshes and Dwyers,
Fitzpatrick, Murphy, Shanahan,
Shelly, Murphy, Dwan, O'Donnell,
Power,
Of O'Doherty and Collison—
Heroes of a thrilling hour.

Oh, God spare you, Boherlahan,
Long may men like you remain,
To uphold Tipperary's honour,
Free from blemish or from stain,
Raise a ringing cheer of victory,
On the mountain, in the glen—
You're the pride of Tipperary,
Gallant Boherlahan men.

We will be glad to receive further contributions to "Victory Songs of the Counties," which will be continued in the St. Patrick's Day Number.

Oh, God spare you, Boherlahan,
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