

THE GAEILIC ECHO

macalla na n-*ḡaeḡeal*

Daile áta Cliaḡ, mí na nodaḡ a 16, 1944

Luac 2p.

1944—THE RECORD BREAKER

More Teams; Better Games; Bigger Crowds

1944 will rank as one of the greatest ever in the history of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Affiliations increased in the majority of the counties, a new high was reached in attendances, whilst the games, taken as a whole, yielded splendid exhibitions of manly vigour and keen rivalry. For the first time in the history of the Competition, a Connacht hurling team qualified for a Railway Cup final, the four provinces being represented at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day.

Fresh history was made in this competition when a Northern hurling team played for the first time in the semi-final, and if victory did not crown the Red Hand of Ulster, the appearance of the hurlers of the province was proof that the National Games are making splendid progress in the land of O'Neill and O'Donnell.

THE BIG ATTRACTION

The championships were naturally the big attractions, the country being roused from shore to shore by the brilliant exhibitions of hurling in the Munster final at Thurles, and in the all-Ireland semi-final at Ennis, a single score deciding the issue in both cases.

Title holders had narrow squeaks on several occasions, but with the exception of Cork, Munster football champions, and Louth, Leinster football champions, there were no dethronements.

Cork hurlers weathered a heavy storm in the South, while Roscommon footballers survived a couple of strong challenges in the West.

The rise of Carlow and the downfall of Louth were features of the football championship in Leinster, while Wexford's defeat of Kilkenny hurlers after almost thirty years was something in the nature of a sensation. Cavan, although minus two or three of their better-known players, retained the Ulster football title, and Antrim again qualified to represent the province in the All-Ireland hurling semi-final.

THE BAROMETER

The Thurles crowds were a fair indication of the growing interest in native games, 20,000 people travelling to see Cork and Limerick finish level in the Munster hurling final. Rival attractions at Kildare and Kilkenny venues did not appreciably affect the replay attendance, almost 20,000 again flocking to the cathedral town to see what will be remembered as the classic of the hurling code.

Many writers have already told the story of this game, with its spate of thrills that left team followers and non-partisans spell-bound in wonder at the pace and dexterity of Champions and challengers.

Cork won, only to get another shock when they came up against a young and eager Galway side that were only defeated by Sean Condon's much debated point.

The Munster football championship yielded an early surprise when Tipperary defeated Cork to qualify for the final with Kerry, who had rather easy victories over Clare and Limerick.

The Southern final was played under terrible conditions, Kerry winning their thirty-third provincial title.

The Connacht football final did not attract the crowds of other years. Roscommon won this game, to qualify for another meeting with Cavan, who had little trouble in staving off their Northern challengers.

TRAIN OF UPSETS

The surprises which started in Leinster when Dublin defeated Meath continued in the downfall of Louth, generally tipped as likely to make a bold bid for the All-Ireland, and finished with the triumph of Carlow in the final at Athy, when Dublin

went down before the speed and dash of the men from the Barrow.

New attendance records for an all-Ireland football semi-final were set up when Roscommon met Cavan on August 20 at Croke Park.

Prospects were bright for a rousing finish as scores alternated in the first half, but for some unaccountable reason we had a Cavan collapse in the second half, Roscommon winning so easily that they became automatic favourites to win their second all-Ireland in a row.

Higher and still higher went the attendance figures when Kerry and Carlow faced each other a week later. Turnstiles clicked merrily as a strong South Leinster following flocked into Croke Park to watch the newcomers to the All-Ireland arena pit their speed and dash against the skilled championship battlers from The Kingdom. 40,000 people, an unheard of figure,



O. Hoare, the Roscommon goalie, in action.

for anything but an all-Ireland final, were present when that gallant bid of the Carlow men started.

"Kerry will win easy," said all the old timers, but if Kerry did win they were to use a common expression, "steeped in luck," for Carlow played a great game, that, however, they spoiled now and again by an over-dose of hand-passing. Kerry won by two points to qualify for a meeting with Roscommon that drew the biggest crowd to ever watch a sporting event in this country.

CORK ONCE AGAIN

While we waited for the battle of giants

Rac De Ompaib a Léigteóirí
uile i ḡcóir na nodaḡ aḡur
na h-*ac* - bliadna

Cork were making fresh hurling history and setting up new records.

Cork scintillated in the defeat of Dublin, whom they met for the third time in four seasons. The victory gave the Leemen their fourth title in a row, a feat unaccomplished up to this, while it also put them three titles in front of Tipperary and Kilkenny, who tie with twelve each in the All-Ireland roll of honour.

The nation waited with bated breaths for the clash of Roscommon and Kerry on the fourth Sunday of September.

Many sporting events have roused wonderful interest in this country, but never before did anything grip the people like the 1944 football final. For days before the game visitors were pouring into Dublin by every conceivable means of transport.

Many cycled long distances, and by Saturday there wasn't a bed to be got in any hotel or guest house in the city. Saturday night scenes were reminiscent of the 1932 Eucharistic Congress, visitors searching everywhere for accommodation and many a story was told of experiences by the belated arrivals, many of whom went without a bed or meal on Saturday night.

For hours the streets and avenues converging on Croke Park were packed with hurrying crowds eager to find their vantage points, and by three o'clock almost 80,000 people had packed themselves into the grounds.

GREATEST EVER

It was a crowning triumph for our native game, whose grip on the people was clearly demonstrated by this greatest gathering of any time at a sporting fixture in Ireland.

Enthusiasm was unbounded as Roscommon, led by Jimmy Murray, and Kerry by P. B. Brosnan, marched around the playing pitch, and after the record crowd had stood with bared heads while the National Anthem was being played. Mr. Seumas Gardiner, President of the Association, threw in the ball.

We may have had greater games for the all-Ireland laurels, but never a keener one. Tackling was close, and hard knocks were given and taken without a grumble, score followed score with the huge crowd enjoying it all.

How Kerry led at the end of the third quarter and how Roscommon stole their thunder by rallying to score four points, which wiped out the lead and gave them the championship by two points have already been fully described.

Scenes which beggar description followed the final whistle, Roscommon supporters giving vent to their feelings in cheering and demonstrations which were renewed as Jimmy Murray was borne shoulder high from the Hogan Stand to the Cusack Stand by enthusiastic admirers.

Three Leagues, two in football and one in hurling were run during the year. Meath won the Leinster Football League, while Derry took the Dr. Lagan Cup, to register their first major success.

Tipperary, showing a welcome return to form, proved too good for Kilkenny, Waterford and Wexford in a four-county hurling league which produced some spirited games. While the administrative side of the Association showed decided

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A Christmas Fancy

She set her holy candle inside the window pane,
The happy time of Christmas had come to earth again;
She said, "O Mary mother, and Joseph good and true,
And little Child of Bethlehem, there's welcome here for You."

"I'm poor and old and lonely, but peace is on my floor,
And there is always greeting for travellers at my door;
And glad would be my sharing of bite and sup with Them
Who'd seek the room in Erin denied in Bethlehem.

"I have two sheets of linen, sun-dried and beautiful,
I have two fleecy blankets of snowy Irish wool,
A knitted quilt with fringes to lay upon the bed,
And a little downy pillow to fit a Baby head.

"I have two cups of china with saucers that are mates,
A jug with roses on it, and two blue china plates,
I'd take these from my dresser for Lady Mary's sake
To serve with milk and apples and floury raisin cake.

"I'd tend the Maiden Mother with eager hands of joy
And ask no fonder pleasure than gazing at her Boy;
Then, when my Guests were slumbering I'd say my Rosary,
Nor pray to enter Heaven for Heaven had come to me."

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Jim Barry on the Trainer and his Charges

AS all athletes and teams will, at some time or another, come under the influence of a Trainer and Coach, it is best to consider the qualifications necessary to fill this responsible position. There is no doubt the Trainer's responsibility is a big one.

He has not only to teach style and technique which in itself necessitates both experience and a clear, quick-thinking brain, but he must study the welfare of both the body and mind of his charges. The trainer has many roles to fill. He must be guide, philosopher and friend, something of a doctor, a student of nature and a judge of character, and above all, a man. He must inspire confidence in his training, and to do this it is necessary for his training to be backed by good, sound experience and knowledge and the ability to impart this to those under his care. The trainer with the greatest success is the man who is broad-minded and has common sense. He must learn to appreciate the individual, both his ability and his character. It is a fine thing to be able to take a great hurler or footballer in hands and make a good man out of someone who was just average.

The trainer must have system and method, but he should at all costs avoid being dogmatic. This does not mean he must show weakness, but he can only inspire confidence in himself if he has sufficient self-assurance.

The wise man can teach and correct without actually ordering. His charges should be able to come to him freely with their difficulties. Kindness, without any forfeiture of discipline, and appreciation of the human element in ones charges, the ability to put oneself in the player's place are essentials in the good trainer. He must always remember that often more is done by leading than driving, that to be too exacting, too dogmatic, and too strict will, in the long run, simply defeat his own ends. Cheerfulness, optimism and enthusiasm and the ability to develop this atmosphere around him he must also possess. Cool, quiet confidence, with as much personal attention to the individual as he can possibly give, tact and understanding, these combined with knowledge and experience will produce a trainer worthy of his high responsibility. The golden rule of training is: Never overwork; but on the other hand it is just as bad to do too little. Do what has to be done well, and do it thoroughly. No training course should ever be attempted in a haphazard fashion, but always made to follow a definite method. By such systematic and progressive methods unnecessary expenditure of energy is avoided and quantity with quality becomes a more feasible achievement. The hurler and footballers training aims at the highest point of combined physical and mental perfection. But practice to produce perfection must be persistent and persevering. A man must not only learn what he is doing but why he is doing it. It demands much patience and not a little self-denial.

MENTAL SIDE IMPORTANT.

The mental side of training is as important as the physical side. The body is the servant of the mind. However, one attempts to improve the condition of the body, the mind must be suitably attuned as well. Worry must be as far as possible eliminated. Anxiety is of course another thing, and though anxiety does not amount to actual fear, it should be conquered to as great an extent as possible. Our games call for will-power and determination. They teach judgment and control. They bring out the best that is, in a man from a sporting point of view.

Always remember that a game is never lost until it is won. Bearing this in mind, the trainer should concentrate in having his team fit to stay the pace for 60 minutes and not for 55 minutes.

In the re-play match between Cork and Limerick in the Munster Hurling final this year, the above was very much borne out. Limerick led by 5 points in the second half and many thought they were well set for victory. But I knew the condition of the Cork team. Limerick set themselves to hold their lead, but Cork set themselves to bring it down and win at the finish. For ten minutes we were treated to the greatest exhibition of hurling the game has ever seen. Play was so fast and exciting that no one could tell whether it was a Corkman or a Limerickman had hit the ball. Had Limerick been able to stay the pace set by Cork the greatest half-hours hurling ever played would have been witnessed. But the pace told its tale on Limerick who played themselves to a standstill in 50 minutes, so Cork won in the finish. It was tough on Limerick that the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. But they went down like Champions, fighting to the last ball.

Players should remember to accept defeat with the same smile as they would victory.

Always remember your opponent is playing the game for the love of it the same as yourself. The trainer should instil this into his charges. He should never tolerate the player who is paying too much attention to his opponent and too little to the ball. Hurling and football are games of skill and crudeness and roughness should find no place in them. There is no use in training a man to the highest pitch of perfection if he is going to display his fitness in some other way on the playing field beside trying to win for his team. I saw an All-Ireland Championship lost by a County who badly needed an All-Ireland because one player was concentrating too much on his opponent and too little on the ball. His team was only beaten by a small score.

Playing the man and not the ball does not win matches, and if this player had focussed his attention on the ball, I have no doubt but his team would have won.

THEY BROKE ALL RECORDS



Cork hurlers, who set up two records this season, winning four All-Irelands in a row, and which gave Cork its fifteenth blue riband.

1944-The Record Breaker

(Continued from Page One)

improvement there are weaknesses still to be remedied.

THE DRAB SPOTS

Local competitions are allowed drag in too many counties, games being postponed for very flimsy reasons. Galway had to take stern action in connection with scenes at a minor game, and in this respect it should be borne in mind that the Association has grown too big and too important to allow blackguardism mar its further progress.

The Tipperary senior hurling final ended in turmoil, and it is regrettable to note that the Central Council had to request the Munster Council to investigate a matter which should have been sternly



dealt with by the Tipperary Co. Board. Scenes such as those which occurred at Borrisoleigh do not start without some very grave reason, and it is in the interests of the Association that such matters should be probed to the bottom. Objections on little technical points again held up the championships in many counties, but happily as far as the major competitions were concerned there were no protests or objections to mar a record season.

Gaels, heartened by the success which met their efforts in 1944, should work even harder in 1945, and so assure further progress in club, county and All-Ireland competitions. Bail o Dhia ar an obair.

Thousands Thrilled At Thurles

THE provincial championships brought forth many stirring contests, chief of which was the Munster hurling final at Thurles, where we had the old rivals, Cork and Limerick, in opposition. Cork had defeated Tipperary; conquerors of Waterford, in the semi-final, while Limerick readily disposed of Clare after the Dalcassians had registered a runaway victory over Kerry.

There was much to remind one of the palmy pre-war days of Thurles and its crowds in the 20,000 gathering which assembled for the clash of hurling's greatest rivals.

ALL IRELAND WAS THERE.

Scarcely a county in Ireland but was represented in a crowd that enjoyed every minute of a typical Munster final, in which the lead changed several times before Limerick looked all set for victory in the closing stages. A great goal by John Quirke, however, forced a replay that a fortnight later thrilled another big gathering.

The Munster final will be long remembered as the hurling was magnificent. Limerick set a great pace but did not last it out, some of the veterans of the side showing the effects of the hard drawn game in the closing stages, and as the Shannon men wearied the Lee men swept to victory via a goal that Christy Ring scored.

Kerry regained the football title, defeating Clare and Limerick on their way to the final with Tipperary at Limerick, where conditions were so bad that the football was scraggy, a penalty goal deciding the issue.

BOTH CHANGED HANDS.

Both titles changed hands in Leinster, Dublin winning back the hurling honours after Wexford had defeated Kilkenny. Carlow, knocking at the door for three or four years, realised a life-long ambition when they defeated a fancied Dublin side in the football final at Athy.

The men from the fertile plains along the Barrow deserve every praise for their tenacity and pluck, and their achievement should encourage other counties in their bid for senior honours.

Sligo were within a point of creating a first class surprise when they held Roscommon to a draw in the Connacht senior football final. The Sligo men again fully extended the champions in the replay but Roscommon, staying on better, qualified for the semi-final with Mayo, who had beaten their old rivals, Galway, at Castlebar.

Mayo put up a good fight for half an hour, but the loss of one of their centrefield men and Roscommon's better team work decided the issue in the second half, the champions running out comfortable winners.

THE ULSTER CAMPAIGN

Up North the campaign opened with a Cavan football victory over a strongly fancied Antrim team. The Northern title holders next defeated Donegal, and then beat Monaghan by three points in the final.

Four counties competed in the Ulster hurling championship, Antrim and Monaghan qualifying for the final at the expense of Donegal and Down, respectively.

First meeting of the counties almost brought a sensation, Monaghan holding the 1943 All-Ireland finalists to a draw, but at the second meeting Antrim never left the issue in doubt.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

NEXT issue of "The Gaelic Echo" will be in connection with the Railway Cup finals at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day.

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Sé mo dhóin nac' liom féin eú,
'S ní le spáid oob' curó sír é,
Aé do éid beic pó-néata;
Oob' féarú liom eú lám' liom
'Ná pailar 'r' 'ná dénuir,
'S 'ná pinné de ná spárcóib,
Cé go mb'féarú iao 'ná don puol!

An cuimín leat-fa an oibé' úo
Do tug mo époide speann uir,
Oibé lae 'le Muige
Na geimneall fá ceampall?
Do déin ba binne
'Ná 'n épuide nuair a labhann,
'Sa oo dá fáil ba fhuire
'Ná uirge na ngeannta!

Do fuibléogann 'r' oo fuibléogann
'S oo fuibléogann an raogal leat,
Do raogann féin 'n Róm' leat,
Am' oúear dá mb'féoir,
Do tug mo époide spáid uir
So bráe bráe ná épéiré,
'S oo teigeapra ó'n mbáir mé
Aé a páo gur leat féin mé!

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ST. FLANNAN'S PLAYS ITS PART

Made History

Clare School's Noble Work For National Ideals



St. Flannan's College Hurling Team, winners of the Dr. Harty Cup, who defeated St. Kieran's College Kilkenny, in the Corn An Crocaigh Final at Thurles. Back row: Rev. M. Queally, T. Byrne, B. O'Donoghue, J. O'Meara, M. Rogers, "Tull" Considine (coach), T. Tuohy, J. Kenny, C. McNamara, B. McMahon, Very Rev. M. Canon Quinn, President, St. Flannan's College. Middle Row: M. O'Shaughnessy, E. J. McGrath, J. Minogue (captain), J. Kennedy, S. Bourke, Front Row: A. Power, M. Maher, A. O'Meara, M. Keane, J. Dooley, J. Bugler.

THE visitor to Clare, approaching Ennis from the Limerick direction, by road or rail, cannot fail to be attracted by St. Flannan's College, that towering three-storied limestone structure, which is the centre of the educational culture of the Diocese of Killaloe. Within its massive walls, during the period of school hours, there is a hum of activity as the students endeavour to imbibe from a host of professors, the elements of a varied curriculum ranging from the ancient Classics to the most up-to-date method of inculcating sound, practical Catholic doctrine, and many of the subjects are taught exclusively, and successfully, through the medium of the Gaelic tongue.

Leaving the academic atmosphere of the class-rooms and visiting the playgrounds during the recreation period, one sees a veritable army of Gaeldom, some three hundred students ardently involved in the throes and thrills of hurling, Gaelic Football and handball. It is on this latter aspect of the College activities we propose to dwell, and our theme is a pleasant one, for we find in the distinguished President, Canon Quinn, a fluent Gaelic speaker and an ex-hurler of whose prowess on the field many an erst opponent still bears rugged memory.

STALWART PROTAGONISTS

The Vice-President is head of the Gaelic language movement in Clare, the Dean, also Prefect of Games, helped the Banner County to win the Junior Football Championship of Munster in 1925, and one of the lay staff, Mr. John Quirke, is an ex-senior hurler for Clare, who for many years served the Dalcassians of Ennis in their efforts in the local Championships. The entire staff, lay and cleric, are stalwart protagonists of a progressive Gaelic reconstruction policy in the physical and cultural life of the nation, and lest we forget to mention it later, that silver-grey haired athletic looking coach who was moving through the hurling field, training the boys in skill and strategy was none other than Tull Considine, the hero of many a classic encounter, now re-living the past in the delight with which he watches over the development of his proteges.

MANY TROPHIES

Returning from the enthusiastic vigour of the playing fields, which are four in number, to partake of the hospitality of the President in his private rooms, we find ourselves in a treasure house of trophies, Shields and Cups won by the College teams in Hurling and Gaelic Football during the past year. There is the Dr. Harty Cup, which goes with the Senior Hurling College Championship of Munster; there is the Shield presented by the local G.A.A. for Clare Colleges football. There is the Canon O'Kennedy Shield won in unofficial competition, and, perhaps, proudest of all, Corn Crocaigh na gColaisti, presented for the first time this year by the Central Council G.A.A. for the individual College Championship of Ireland, and won by St. Flannan's in a memorable contest with a first-class hurling team from St. Kieran's of Kilkenny, Leinster Champions.

Truly, the standard of Gaelic games is firmly planted in St. Flannan's, and from its grounds the influence is radiated not only through Clare and North Tipperary, which are the Diocesan hinterland, but through Munster and the other provinces, for many of the counties of Ireland are well represented on the long roll of the College students.

As we go through the now empty class-rooms we are struck by the photographs of Gaelic teams, in which we recognise the boyish form of many whose names have since rung throughout the land amongst the foremost of inter-county and all-Ireland players. Most pathetic of them, the late Dr. Tommy

Daly, renowned custodian, who was still a student at St. Flannan's when he won the Junior All-Ireland for Clare in 1914. He was yet a boy in the charm of youthful simplicity and hurling enthusiasm when he defended, though unsuccessfully, the Clare gap in the Senior All-Ireland of 1932. There was Tull Considine, now the mentor of the College teams, and proud of their victories as if they were his own—which, to some and no small extent, they really are. His brother, Brendan, well-known figure in the Independence movement; Jack Gleeson, Mick Darcy, Peadar Flanagan, Dr. T. Loughnane, are but a few of these who became well-known hurlers, side by side with their fellow students who later entered the ecclesiastical Colleges to serve in the higher cause and are scattered over five continents.

In those moments of reverie, we became conscious of what our Gaelic fields have lost in those multitudes of students from all the colleges of Ireland who forego the rivalry of action when they don the clerical garb which automatically relegates them to the loathful grade of non-combatants.

They are lost to the Gaelic field, indeed, but they are not lost to Irish Ireland, for where would our parish teams be—those fundamental assets of the Gaelic movement—where would they be without the helping hand and guiding counsel of the young priests of Ireland. The number of curates who are Chairmen of local G.A.A. Clubs is almost co-terminous with the number of parishes, and, of course, the Parish Priest is usually the Patron or President. In this respect we also learned that St. Flannan's has contributed no small quota to the higher administrative positions of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The present Chairman of the Clare County Board, Rev. J. Corry and his Vice-Chairman, Rev. D. Kelly, are both ex-students, as are also Rev. M. Hamilton, present Chairman of the Munster Council, and Rev. J. O'Dea, ex-Chairman of the Connaught Council and of the Galway County Board.

THE PIONEERS

An interesting and, indeed, a noteworthy item we also learned is that it was a bunch of students from St. Flannan's that first introduced hurling into Maynooth College. Apparently, before the Gaelic Athletic Association was founded, the Athletic programme of many of our Colleges was modelled from, or fashioned after, that of British institutions which were then more numerous in Ireland than they are to-day. Cricket matches with garrison teams were not an uncommon feature of social life and the degrading aspects of such functions was rarely adverted to. Even at the beginning of the present century, we learned, there still remained in the store rooms of St. Flannan's various symbols of this aspect of the pre-Michael Cusack proclamation of 1884. With the founding of the G.A.A. St. Flannan's was at once into line and hurling and Gaelic football were from the outset the exclusive games of the students. Hurling had not as yet been included in the games programme of Maynooth College,

and the students returning one year from the Christmas recess, were astonished to see three of their number bringing an unusual amount of luggage in the form of a set of hurleys. These three students were Very Rev. P. Grace, P.P., Cloughprior, Nenagh; Very Rev. J. Roche, P.P., Kilmaley, Ennis; and Very Rev. J. Smyth, P.P., Roslevan, Ennis. The hurleys were distributed and it is reported that the College authorities stood aghast at the sight of their alumni risking their limbs if not their lives in vigorous conflict. Soon, however, national pride overcame vain fears and hurling was established in the National Seminary of Ireland via St. Flannan's.

PLAYED THE GAME.

We inquired if the College Staff, meaning the priests, still hankered after the grip of the caman, and we were surprised with the answer. Not only do they still do a bit of exercise in that respect, but before the age-limits came into being with the foundation of official College Championships, the priests sometimes played with the students in inter-College competitions. Whilst the Rev. President proceeded to tell us of epic College encounters in which the late Canon O'Kennedy was vis-a-vis to Canon Tobin of St. Colman's, Fermoy, on the hurling field in their young days, and of Fr. Hamilton and Rev. Dr. George Clune meeting in personal opposition Fr. O'Dea and the late Fr. A. Sexton, of Galway, another member of the staff interposed to relate an excellent story of a gruelling contest in which Canon Quinn himself was matched against the renowned Mick Falvey, of Clare hurling fame. Incidentally, we heard, too, of an interesting handball challenge in which Canon Tobin and Professor O'Sullivan, of St. Colman's, met and defeated Canon O'Kennedy and Professor Walshe, of St. Flannan's. Professor Walshe is now Secretary to the Department of Education.

Down thro' the years, from those earliest days of the Gaelic Athletic Renaissance, teams of young hurlers and footballers have gone forth from St. Flannan's to test their skill and stamina against the representatives of other Colleges.

There will be, doubtless, many readers of the "Gaelic Echo" who will have happy memories of these sturdy contests. At Gort and Athenry against Connacht hurling Colleges; against the best of St. Colman's, St. Finbarr's, St. Brendan's, the Christian Schools of Limerick, Thurles, Midleton and Tralee, with the wavering fortunes of the sports-field, one day bringing home a Cup in triumph to be greeted and festooned by the comrades who remained behind, but

shared none the less in the pride of victory and successful manly endeavour, just as they also looked forward to the "free-day" with which alone victory could be fittingly celebrated; another day, coming home with the bad news of defeat, but with the resolve to train all the harder so that next year's team will bring compensation and laurels to the grand old College which, notwithstanding the inevitable privations of cloistered seclusion, has already won a warm and lasting place in their affections. Trial matches with the local Club teams of the neighbourhood are also a feature, and the exchange of hospitality renders them events to be eagerly awaited as a break in the routine of educational monotony. Incidentally, it not infrequently happens that the College team is able to account for the Senior County Champions, but then it is well recognised that their elder brothers from the rural parishes will not use their developed strength against the growing saplings from the College.

There have been many notable triumphs, in one year, 1921, as many as seventeen matches were played against outside teams, including a team of the Volunteers just home from the "hillsides." St. Flannan's won sixteen of them and drew once. Another year, senior and junior teams played four matches against the corresponding teams of two other Colleges without a score being registered against them.

The climax of all was, perhaps, 1944, when after a brilliant series of victories against Limerick C.B.S., Thurles C.B.S., and Midleton C.B.S. after a hard-fought drawn game, they won the Dr. Harty Cup Final, which made them undisputed Champions of Munster. Then was organised the competition with St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, Leinster Champions, and in a memorable tussle, sparkling with the very best of youthful hurling with animated effort and unrelenting enthusiasm, St. Flannan's emerged winners and could claim to be the first holders of an individual College All-Ireland title.

TWO QUESTIONS

Two more questions before we tear ourselves away from the binding companionship of the Killaloe Diocesan College. Was there not a period when St. Flannan's was not within the fold of the G.A.A.? Yes, a shadow played upon the sunlit path, but there will ever arise differences, perhaps misunderstandings, in people's relations with one another, but better still, they can always be composed when there is fundamental agreement on principle and conciliation takes the place of criticism. Secondly, our final question—how does an intensive games programme, such as St. Flannan's certainly has, affect the more important questions of study and development of character? Never was answer more complete or more effective. Taking the past seven years as an example, St. Flannan's has won no less than 38 of the Scholarships offered in open competition to the Secondary Schools of Ireland, and has a bewildering list of other local and public successes, not to mention the numerous placings in life in various professions, that have been secured by its students.

As to character and general conduct, the playing of games and the cultivation of a practical genuine love for Ireland are a considerable asset in the formation of those qualities in a boy's mind, which he needs most in the assimilation of loyalties to the truest and noblest things in life.

Our Secondary Schools are the institutions in which are moulded the greater part of our educated manhood. Their spirit is the spirit of the nation, their traditions will be the traditions of the new Ireland. To those who study the trend of men and of movements it is a pleasure to see the motives and ambitions that inspire those to whom the secondary education of our youth is committed, and high, if not foremost, amongst those many great Colleges that aim at producing a Christian, chivalrous and Gaelic manhood, stands the Dalcassian seat of learning—St. Flannan's, Ennis.



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ROSCOMMON (IN LIGHT JERSEYS) AND KERRY PARADE BEFORE A RECORD CROWD AT CROKE PARK ON SEPTEMBER 24th.

Challenge and Tournament Games Were Popular

THE popularity of our national pastimes reflected itself in challenge and tournament games, which drew huge crowds to many venues.

Dublin hurriers defeated a strong Cork selection early in the New Year at Croke Park, while Kerry and Cork met twice in the Dunmanway grounds tournament, Kerry winning the Hurley Cup, presented by Mr. Jerome Hurley, Dublin; a life-long friend of Sam Maguire. Roscommon footballers were in great demand, the champions playing Louth at Croke Park on Easter Sunday, while they also visited Mullingar and other venues. Limerick hurlers travelled to Belfast, where Roscommon played an Antrim football selection two Sundays back.

The hurling tournament organised by the Central Council in aid of the Brother Rice Memorial Fund proved an outstanding success. Galway defeated Limerick, to qualify for a meeting with Cork at Cork Athletic Grounds, where an 18,000 crowd saw a splendid game that the champions won. Dublin proved superior to Wexford and Kilkenny, but a second meeting with Cork was not found practicable owing to travel difficulties. Waterford stepped into the breach with an offer to play Cork, who to the general surprise went down before a dashing side that included John Keane, recovered from an injury which kept him on the line for months.

Roscommon and Carlow met at Croke Park for the same worthy object, the Westerners winning in a game of mixed chances by the Carlow forwards.

Carlow also played Kerry in aid of the Austin Stack Memorial Park, Tralee, at Croke Park. This game attracted the biggest crowd ever for a challenge or tournament game at headquarters. A reorganised Kerry team that included many promising young players won much more readily than did the Kingdom championship selection, but at least three of the Carlow men were suffering from injuries sustained in local games.

The Cairnes Cup competition had its most successful year since its inauguration by the Wolfe Tone Club, Drogheda. Meath, who had already won the Leinster League and Four-County Football League proved victorious for their first time by defeating Armagh in the semi-final and Louth in the final. Cavan, Meath, Longford and Westmeath participated in a Four-County Cup Competition at Ceananus Mor, Cavan and Meath qualifying for the final, which will be played in the New Year.

TO BUILD A GAELIC IRELAND
Is the Mission of the G.A.A.
Says An t-Athair M. Mac Amaltoin, S.P.

REVIEWING the past year, I think we can truly say that it was a happy one, in some respects even a memorable one in the annals of our Association. It was featured by harmony at our Council meetings, an unbroken record of manly discipline upon our playing fields, victory in one of the two of affiliated clubs in the province, whilst on the financial side we were able at the end of the year to allocate the considerable surplus of £1,250 to the building up of the Association in the provinces.

As a pleasant sequel to some recent negotiations we hope to see concluded here to-day what was an unfortunate episode in the history of the Colleges' Association. Each of these headings is a remarkable achievement in itself and something to be proud of, but greatest amongst them, to my mind, is that which deals with the discipline of our players. In that respect, the year 1943 stands as a headline and an inspiration for the years to come. In the eleven matches played for the Munster Championships, there was not a single unworthy incident and when we remember that they generated a crescendo of excitement culminating in the climax of the finals, with players strained to the utmost in the majority of the matches—a point or two being the margin in many cases—we are

forced to pay tribute to the gallant manliness of our Munster Gaels and may their successors emulate their splendid example. I stress this aspect of our activities because whilst we have many things to say about those who have never accepted the ideals of our Association, and about those who professed to believe in them and have shamelessly betrayed them, we must remember that the honour, integrity, and prestige of those ideals are in our hands and we are responsible not only to the present, but to future generations of Irishmen, to preserve them unscathed, and to enhance their popularity in the triumph of regenerated Ireland. For we have inherited a new order. A generation ago we could live upon antagonism to the invader upon our shores, our aim was to make administration of this country im-

possible for him, the national line of action was self-evident with the enemy around us, and there were abundant opportunities to be heroic. To-day our duty is of another kind, less demonstrative perhaps, but more constructive. We have to prove ourselves worthy heirs of the revolution, worthy of the agonies endured that we might live, worthy successors to those noble men who took upon themselves the perilous responsibility of upholding before the world the immortal doctrine of Irish nationhood.

To fulfil our obligations to them and to ourselves and to our beloved country, we must put into practice the ideals which they inscribed with their life's blood upon the banner of freedom. Honesty and truth, chivalry and honour must be our motto; those fundamental qualities of human greatness must appear in our lives and actions, and in our relations with one another whether on the playing-field or in the Council Chamber, from the individual to the Club and from the lowliest club to the supreme governing body of the Association. Inspired by those high motives we can build our Association from within, we can feel proud to belong to it, and we can make the hurlers and footballers of Ireland the glory of their race and set a standard of nobility of manhood to the world. You are the administrators of the Gaelic Athletic Association in the Province of Munster, you have carried its name with pride and honour in field and forum and it is you, therefore, that can instil into the minds of our youth those high-minded principles of thought and action which will make the G.A.A. stand forth as an uplifting influence in our physical and national life. Keep our young men truthful in their statements, just and fair in the clash of interests that rivalry creates, scrupulously honest in managing the various funds which we control, and chivalrous and courteous in their public appearances and activities. That is a line of thought and action which we should inculcate at every opportunity, we shall be vigilant about its observance, intolerant of its violation, whilst we ourselves should strive more and more to be living exponents of it. With a regime of probity, discipline and efficiency thus firmly established from within we can speak with a greater independence to the world outside and our utterances will command more attention and respect. For we must continue to preach from the housetops the gospel of nationality enshrined in the Gaelic code. In the words of Denis Florence McCarthy: "As long as one detested link of foreign rule remains, so long, my friends, there is something still for Irishmen to do."

We have not completely outgrown the marks of bondage and they will disappear only as the Irish people derive their inspirations and impulses from the consciousness of their own nationhood and of their own history with its wonderful tradition of loyalty and golden harvest of achievement. The mission and function of the Gaelic Athletic Association is in conjunction with the other Irish-Ireland bodies, to restore the civilisation that was demolished, to build up once more the structure of a Gaelic Ireland, and that must be done not in words or formulas, or professions of faith, but in the actualities of language, games, music, dances, and all those factors of a nation's life that give it its own individuality and specify it as an independent unit amongst the nations of the earth. There are some who profess that doctrine but are strangely inconsistent in their loyalty to it, I cannot help quoting the attitude of a professedly Irish-Ireland paper like the "Irish Press" to the culture of foreign games in the Army.

No amount of logic-chopping or hair-splitting argument will avail them. They are either for the Irish nation with all that pertains to nationality or they are against it. If they really want an Irish-Ireland they will not want those things that are opposed to it and the existence of foreign games, dances and language are as inconsistent with the traditional concept of the Irish nation as the existence of a Six-County Government sustained by England is inconsistent with our dream of a free and united Ireland. Business interests are, of course, in-

This address was delivered by Rev. Father Hamilton, P.P. to the Munster Convention at Rathluiré last February.

involved, but the very instinct of the Gael should tell them that the soul of Ireland will never be for sale on the market of commercialism or expediency. If we stand four-square for all things Irish, then our nationality is secure. If we compromise, or stand aside from the contest in which our national existence is at stake, then there is the danger that we may eventually lose our identity marks and be absorbed in, or confused with, the people of another civilisation who have sought but self-seeking materialism as their highest aspiration and in their pursuit of it have left a trail of blood and rapine along the passage of the centuries. With its record of 60 years unbroken loyalty to the call of Gaeldom, the Gaelic Athletic Association speaks to-day with the voice of Cusack and his illustrious colleagues, it proclaims the same ideals, it has stood in armed opposition to the foreigner, and it still stands in opposition to his puppets, it makes the same appeal to the manhood of our country, to be true to themselves, to their country true, and no matter how its fortunes may flourish or fluctuate it looks forward with hope and with confidence to the ultimate realisation of those national ideals which have been cherished by poet, patriot and martyr down through the ages, those ideals of an Ireland in which the triumph of the Gael shall give once more to the world the glorious vision of an ancient civilisation in which the faith of Patrick will be wedded to the valour and chivalry of Cucullian. God bless the Gaels of Ireland and give them "Stáin na gceolú, pírlinne na scáinne, agus beart na pírlí a mbuácair."

c. l. é. 5.

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LUCKY FIND WHIFFS

Random Jottings

IN putting together a few memories for this festive number, and on the threshold of another year it is only natural to glance back the corridor of time, there to recapture some of the old time spirit, and spend a few precious moments with some of the grand figures that made the Gaelic welkin ring in days beyond recall.

In a random pick we contact teams and figures of past greatness; we live again in spirit through happy youthful days; we meet famed men of the long ago—alas, only in memory. That grand galaxy of the olden arena is scattered, and some, alas, we will see no more. However, memory survives, to rescue bygone events from obscurity. God rest all lost friends of those happy hours, and God give his best to all who survive!

SEVEN BROTHER ATHLETES.

The Leahy family of Cregane have left a wonderful record in athletic history—seven brothers, Paddy, Con, Joe, Jack, Tom, Mick and Tim, all thorough sportsmen. Paddy Leahy won forty-three first prizes out of the nineteen athletic meetings he attended in one year. Con was one of the finest and most consistent performers in athletic prowess that Ireland or any other country could claim. Joe was a fine all-round man. Tom was a first-class runner who had many prizes to credit during his career. Mick, too, left a fine record of performances to his name, and then came Tim, who gave such great promise and who was so rapidly realising all that his youthful efforts foretold when his young life came to a sad close in the influenza epidemic of 1918.

CON'S EARLY PROMISE.

Only sixteen years old at the time, Con Leahy was returning from school one evening, a few paces ahead of two of his brothers and some other nippers, who, filled with all the gay impetuosity and effervescence of youth were "swopping" lies with each other in recounting the wonderful things that they had done in jumping, running and other things athletic as they approached "Mannix's Gate." Then one of them said, "I jumped over that gate" a remark which was greeted with approval as being "the best one yet." It was generally agreed that it was a great performance, and the youthful boaster was implored to do it again, "only once" and that would do. Con turned back and inquired when the great athlete had performed this wonderful feat, and was told that it was "wan evening last week." "Well," said Con, "it must have grown a lot since." Now, this gate, which stands to this day is not less than 5 ft. 8 ins. high, and instead of a cross-bar on top, it is built on horizontal bars, to which are riveted upright ones ending in spikes at the top six inches over the highest cross-bar. Meanwhile Con had laid down his bundle of books on the roadside and, buttoning his coat, he bade the other chaps stand back. They thought he was carrying on the joke when he began to tiptoe at the other side of the road; then he came to the centre with his pale face maybe a trifle whiter, but set in lines of certain determination; he gathered up speed, and with a mighty bound was over the forbidding-looking spikes and looking at his pals from the other side. It was one of the most daring feats that could well be imagined, and the hero who did it was the least concerned of the bunch of boys, whose hilarity of a moment before was changed to awe and wonder and silent respect for the quietest and least boastful of them all.

WHEN ABBEYFEALE BEAT KILMOYLEY.

And here's another story concerning

From Near and Far

Father Casey. In 1905, when Abbeyfeale challenged the champions of Kerry—Kilmoyley—there was great amusement in the "Kingdom" at the considered audacity of the Limerickmen.

Luckily, Abbeyfeale won the toss and played with the wind, scoring five



THE LATE J. P. O'SULLIVAN

points, without reply, in the first period of play.

Still the Kerry boys were laughing, but the wind went down and a lovely calm was enjoyed during the last half, with the result that the champions of the "Kingdom" never made a score.

Two old Kerry women in Listowel that day were heard to express them-

— By —

Seamus O Ceallaigh

selves thus: "Why should not the Abbeyfeale lads win when their own Fr. Casey kicked the ball into the field?"

The other added: "Yes, and got the wind to stop blowing the last half time."

A WORD FROM P. H. PEARSE.

When Pdraig Pearse opened St. Enda's his first pupil was a son of that grand old Gael—Dan Fraher of Dungarvan, then a Trustee of the Munster Council; and on the very same night arrived all the way from London, after a hazardous journey, the son of Liam McCarthy, formerly from the banks of the Owenabuel, near Ballygarvan, Co. Cork; President of the London-Irish and donor of the All-Ireland Hurling Cup, a worthy representative of the scattered legions of the Gael. "Some of those who have come to us from other schools," said Pearse, "have played alien games, but we shall play only Irish games here. I am certain that when it comes to a question of Ireland winning battles her main reliance must be on her hurlers. To your camans, O boys of Banba."

AN ECHO OF THE MUNSTER FINAL.

Interest was so widespread in the recent Munster Hurling Final, at Thurles, between Limerick and Cork that, despite the ban on travelling many motor drivers were induced to make the trip.

One such car set out with a full load of enthusiasts. Hanging inside was a motto "Don't worry—It won't happen!"

Nearing Thurles the driver decided it was safer to pull up, and with the aid of a friendly farmer the tell tale car was safely (?) stowed away in an out-house.

Imagine the surprise of the party when they returned to find chalked on the windscreen—"You can start worrying now. It has happened!"

THE GREAT J. P. O'SULLIVAN.

Father John P. Devane tells a story concerning a meeting with a Kerry woman in a small American town some fifteen years ago.

I had not uttered a dozen words when she bluntly interrupted with the remark: "You are from the Kingdom, aren't you?" "How do you know?" I asked. "Well, I'm from there myself," said she. "And where there did you come from?" queried the priest. At this her eyes began to sparkle again and with characteristic Irish wit and a poetic instinct she

made answer in the words of an old song: "The town is called Killorglin, a pretty place to view, and what makes it interesting is Bridgie Donoghue."

"Maybe you're none other than the immortal Bridgie herself in person" I ventured. "No, not exactly" said she, "but I am far more distinguished, for while Bridgie had the distinction of keeping company with the great comedian, Johnny Patterson, I had the honour of keeping company with that great athlete and outstanding gentleman from the Laune, J. P. O'Sullivan, and was once almost engaged to him."

And so we shook hands again for I wanted right there and then to knowingly "shake the hand that shook the hand of Sullivan."

HURLING'S GREATEST ALL-IRELAND FINAL.

Father Dollard, one of the greatest Gaels ever to leave Kilkenny, was home from Canada to witness the 1907 All Ireland Final between the "classic" caman exponents—Cork and Kilkenny. It was a magnificent struggle, beautiful graceful hurling, and a never to be forgotten finish that gave a grand Kilkenny side victory by a solitary point. And Cork were glorious in that defeat. Father Dollard subsequently wrote—"In such a tremendous struggle, the almost entire absence of any exhibitions of ill-temper among the players was truly marvellous. Hurling as played by these premier teams, is truly a national game to be proud of, a national heritage, a national glory. If the young men of Ireland could only be made see that one grand day like that at Dungarvan, no matter who wins, gives purer enjoyment and more genuine satisfaction than a thousand years of America or other foreign lands. Ireland will be a great country yet—and soon. Knoeknagow is not gone and the people of Banba—kindly Irish of the Irish—will yet possess their shadowy vales in peace and prosperity."

It is an honour not to be forgotten in Dan Fraher's field thirty-five years ago, Cork and Kilkenny played the greatest All Ireland final ever seen.

PADDY RYAN—WONDER ATHLETE.

Jack Eller of the old Irish American A.C. and one of the fleetest timber toppers of his day writes that the outstanding weight-thrower of all time was big Paddy Ryan of Pallasgreen. The reason I say this" says Jack, "is because he never trained properly. Let's say he trained like Freddy Tootell of Rhode Island State College, he would have set marks with the thirty-five pound weight, twelve pound hammer and 'fifty-six' that wouldn't be approached, until my grandchildren had whiskers down to their toes. His record with the sixteen pound hammer had a close call in the Berlin Olympics but it still stands. Of course we all know Ryan did better than two hundred feet. From the circle in Celtic Park out to the goalposts was over two hundred feet, yet he sent out



Snap of the play as Kerry swoop down on the Roscommon defence in the All-Ireland Football Final at Croke Park. The densely packed stands and side-line can be seen in the background.

Oh Child of Promise, Lord of Love,
Oh, Master of time and earth,
While the angels are singing their songs above,
We bring our gifts to Your birth.

Just the blind man's cry and the lame man's pace,
And the leper's pitiful call—
On these over infinite fields of space,
Look down, for You know them all.

the leaden missile beyond that mark time and again. He didn't know his strength; he could turn in a three foot circle and his speed and leverage made him the greatest athlete the world has known. I'm glad he is well, and just say that Jack Eller sends his best to the king of the weightmen.

THE GHOSTS OF BY-GONE DAYS.

"It was in a hurling match," wrote the late Canon Sheehan, and a player had been ordered off by the referee. Fifty years ago, forty years ago, that would have been the signal for a faction fight that might range over twenty parishes, and be prolonged from generation to generation. That day there was not a word. I was much amused at the consternation vividly depicted on the face of an old man, who had seen other things, and who had as many marks and cicatrices on forehead and face as a German student. With the instinct of old traditions, he had evidently been expecting a glorious fight. When he saw how things ended, he was deeply disgusted. He looked for some time into vacancy, as if calling up the ghosts of bygone days, and then sauntered sadly away, muttering: "By gonnies! What's this misfortunate country coming to at all, at all?"

THE LIMERICK COMMERCIALS.

Commercial won for Limerick the G.A.A.'s first All-Ireland football final. That was a memorable decider, after

many sterling ties in the qualifying rounds, not to count a really hectic fight for the Limerick title. Shannonside footballers made the welkin ring in those far-off days of great endeavour. They beat Dowdstown (Meath) in their first bid for the Blue Riband, and next came a terrific tussle at far famed Clontarf Park, full of Gaelic memories, in which Commercial drew with the Kilkenny representatives, Kilmacow. The Noreside lads were also prominent with the big ball then. However, Commercial won the replay played at Basha. Limerick next beat the Premier county champions, Templemore, and thus qualified to play Dundalk Young Irelands in the All-Ireland Final. And a great game it proved, fought to a finish at Clonskeagh, where Limerick achieved fame, 1-4 to 0-3, taking first rank in the Gaelic football scroll of honour.

MICK LEAHY'S SOUVENIRS.

Which reminds me of a story of a member of the famous Tipperary clan of Leahys, that I came across some time ago. There is a tale of one of the 'forty-eight men who visited an old Irish exile in Paris. He had taken part in the revolution, and had kept as a souvenir a cartridge containing exactly thirty-two leaden pellets. Opening the cartridge, he spilled the grains into his hand and expressed his mind to his friend thus: "I wish I could plant one of these little seeds of freedom in every County in Ireland." I was reminded of this little story on a visit to Cork recently, when I called to Mick Leahy's Gaelic hostel. A neat glass case on the shelf contained thirty-two beautiful gold medals—Mick's hurling trophies. Surmounting the lot was a neat gold replica of a hurley and ball, and at the bottom a five dollar gold piece pendant, a souvenir given to all the players who took part in the American tour of 1926. Figuratively, too, I would wish to plant those hurling trophies in every county in Ireland, so that they might yield a hundredfold in hurling men.

IRELAND—HISTORIC IRELAND.

Telling the story of a visit to the Olympic Games well over a dozen years ago now, General O'Duffy made our hearts thrill when he told us how Nurmi, the world-famous Finnish athlete, refused invitations to England and France in Los Angeles, but when asked to come to Ireland said: "Ireland Historic, Ireland. Yes, I will go there anytime."

The story of Ireland's ancient culture was taught, General O'Duffy explained, in Finnish Schools and Universities. So Nurmi and every other educated Finn knew of Ireland's beautiful language, her games, her music and song, her people's individuality. How much more should the people of Ireland, especially the youth appreciate and act in that great and glorious tradition.

BRINGING HOME THE CUP



Sean Condon, the Cork captain, being chaired with the All-Ireland Hurling Cup at Croke Park on September 3rd.

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SHORT HISTORY of the G.A.A., in DUBLIN

OF the thousands who flock through Gardiner's Row to Croke Park, few are aware that it was from No. 4 of that wide thoroughfare the Circular, calling the meeting for the formation of the G.A.A., was issued. The Circular was drafted by Michael Cusack after its terms had been discussed by Messrs. J. J. Kenny, D. J. Hishon, Martin Kelly, and M. Miller. Immediately after the Association had been launched, these gentlemen established the Metropolitan Hurling Club, with headquarters at No. 4, Gardiner's Place. The young Club had the invaluable support of Mr. P. W. Nally.

The next Gaelic baptism was that of the "All Ireland Hurling Club." Mr. Thomas Sherlock, father of Dr. Lorcan Sherlock, was the principal promoter.

caused by the determination of the Irish Parliamentary Party to control the Association. This was resisted by the I.R.B., who had conceived the aims and objects of the G.A.A. Inevitably the ordering and orderliness of the competitions were adversely affected by the conflict, and all the important fixtures fell through.

In 1888, Dublin regained its earlier enthusiasm for native games, and acquired remarkable accessions of strength. When the annual Convention assembled in December in the Foresters' Hall, Merchants Quay, 74 Clubs were represented. Mr. Joe Bolger was elected as President of the Metropolitan Clubs, and Mr. P. Tobin was chosen as Hon. Secretary. Mr. Tobin was a well-known and popular figure in the Capital. He filled one of the most important posts in the gift of the Dublin Corporation.

THE "AMERICAN INVASION."

In mid-September, 1888, a band of half-a-hundred robust Gaels sailed for the United States of America. The avowed object of the visit was to awaken race consciousness, but the real purpose was political.

Mr. John Cullinan, M.P., looked after the interests of the "Invaders." Anyone of average intelligence would have forecasted failure for the venture.

For one thing, September was too late in the season. When the teams arrived, a Presidential Election campaign was in full swing in the States. Assuredly the month and year were ill-chosen.

At any rate, the "Invasion" was a financial failure, and resulted in a lamentable loss to the Homeland, because nearly half of the "Invaders"—Ireland's picked hurlers and footballers—remained in America.

The Dublin quota to the "Invasion" selections was made up of the following: G. Burgess (Dunleary), P. P. Sutton (Mets.), J. Furlong (Davitts), J. Hayes (Faughs), Frank Coughlan (Kickhams), and Mr. Joe Whelan.

The first epic encounter recorded in G.A.A. history is that between Kickhams (Dublin) and Tulla (Clare). It was for all-Ireland hurling championship laurels.

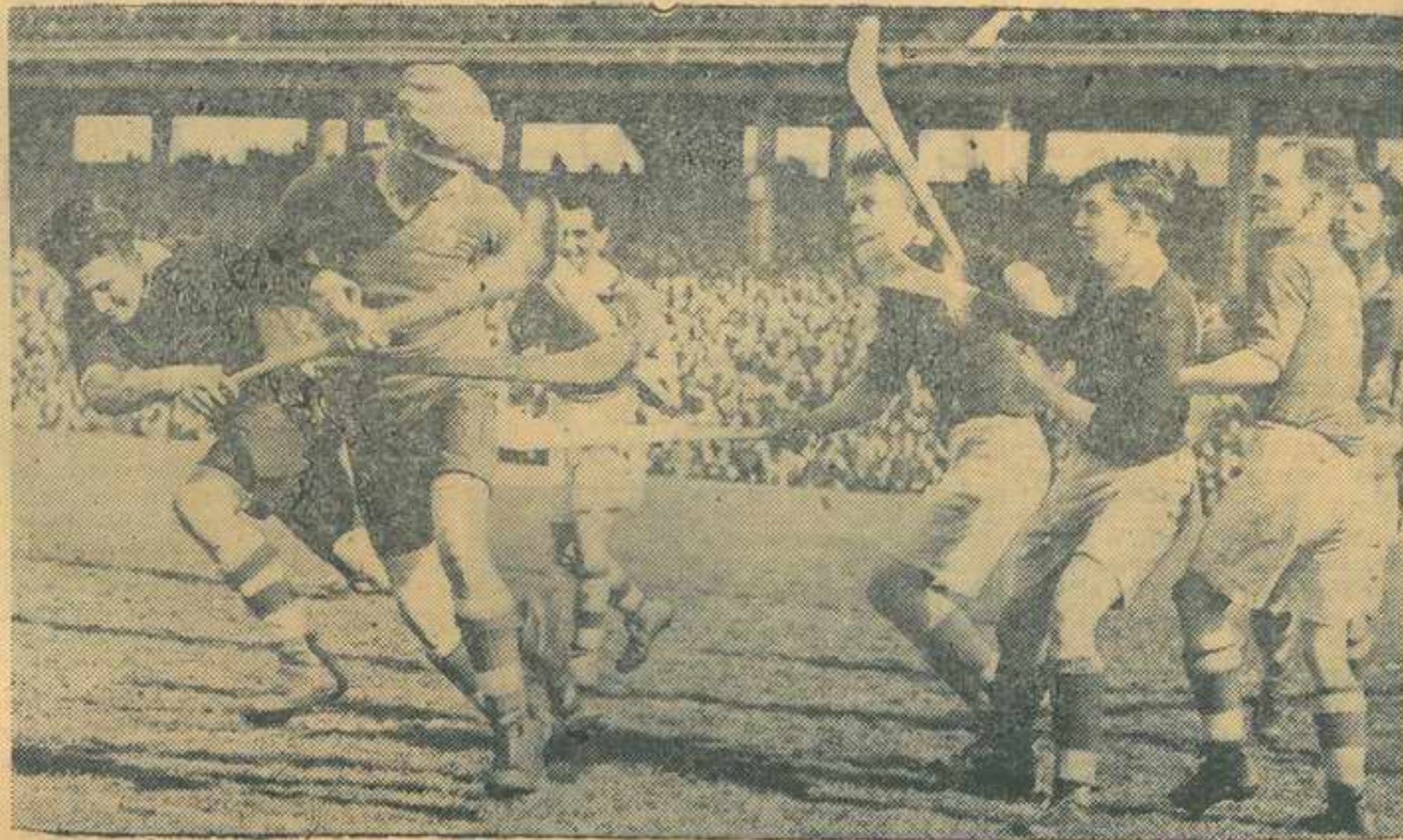
The match was played at Inchicore, on Sunday, 3rd November, 1889. Heavy rain fell all day on Saturday, and the sod was slippery when the teams lined out. The condition of the ground told against the Claremen, who played in their bare feet. Nevertheless, they gave a fine exhibition, excelling in hard hitting and speed. Kickhams surpassed in teamwork, in accuracy of aim, and won on the score 5 goals 1 point to 1 goal and 6 points.

Not, however, by the winning margin but by the evenness of the registered scoring this great game was judged at the time. The players on the winning side were Nicholas Shea (Capt.), Frank Coughlan, Thomas Butler, John Lambe, Dan Kerwick, J. D. O'Byrne, Thomas McKenna, John Bishop, T. Belton, W. J. Spain, James Harper, Chas. Hackett, Thos. Maher, Patrick Ryan, J. Cahill, Ned Gilligan, Fred Palmer, Syl. Riordan, Patrick O'Shea, Patrick Riordan, and Michael Madigan. The Kickham Club was formed on Easter Sunday, 1886.

The Dublin Convention, held in November, 1889, elected T. Lee (President), John Drea (Treasurer), and M. Fitzpatrick (Hon. Secretary).

The Association everywhere exhibited a deplorable lack of discipline during 1890. Roughness crept into the games. Partisanship became unruly. Gaelic groupings grew into warring clans. Pure sporting instinct revolted against mob in-

RAILWAY CUP HURLING FINAL



Snap of play in the Railway Cup Hurling Final at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day. Jim Ware (Munster) saves his net.

This short history of the Association in Dublin was written by a well-known worker for National Ideals. The history will be continued in the St. Patrick's Day Number of the ECHO.

The members of both those clubs practised hurling assiduously throughout 1885, while unorganised groups tried their skill in the national pastime in the outskirts of the City, North and South. Enthusiasm was growing solidly, if slowly, but it received an impetus in October, 1885, when at a meeting of the Professors and students of the Carmelite College, Terenure, a "Branch" of the G.A.A. was formed on the basis and belief that "one of the functions of educational establishments is to provide for the physical no less than for the moral and intellectual training of the rising generation of Irishmen in accordance with the instincts and traditions of their ancient race."

By the time Easter Sunday, which in 1886 fell on 25th April, arrived the following Dublin Clubs were affiliated to the Association: Metropolitan, Faugh-a-Ballagh, Davitts, Terenure, Dalkey and Dunleary.

THE EARLIEST MATCHES.

On Easter Sunday, 1886, three out of the six affiliated Dublin Clubs were engaged against Tipperary hurlers at Thurles. Metropolitan were defeated by Holycross, Dunleary went under to Templemore, but Faughs beat Two-Mile-Borris. On Whit Monday, 14th June, a big tournament was held in a field adjoining the Dublin Abattoir. Mets. won from Holycross, thereby reversing the verdict of two months before. The winning team was captained by J. J. Kenny. Davitts defeated Dunleary in football. Faughs engaged Templemore, but owing to a late beginning, the match was not finished.

In December, a Convention of Dublin Gaels elected Mr. John Wyse Power as Chairman, and Mr. J. J. Kenny as Hon. Secretary.

The year 1887 was a tempestuous year for the G.A.A. In field and forum passion usurped prudence. Intrigue wrestled with intrigue. Discipline broke. Chaos followed bringing disorder and disruption in its wake. The trouble was

discipline, and many clubs faded away in disgust. Two matches played at Clonurk Park in October reflected the prevailing demoralisation. Not fewer than 5000 persons were present on each occasion. Kickhams beat Castlebridge (Wexford) in hurling. The Isles of the Sea (Dublin) won from Ballyroan in football. The conduct of both players and partisans was, to put it mildly, of the most unseemly character.

Dissensions associated with the Parnell split reacted disastrously on the G.A.A. They exacerbated the roughness which had already wrought havoc on the fortunes of the G.A.A. Gaelic ranks thinned so rapidly that the controlling body feared the utter extinction of their Association. In order to prevent such a catastrophe, the governing authority of the G.A.A. determined on a scheme of reorganisation, and with a view to putting it into effect, called a Convention for the Pillar Room, Rotunda, in July, 1891. Response from the country was dismayingly disappointing, but a solid group of Dublin representatives changed pessimism into optimism by its manifest determination to keep the Gaelic flag afloat. It is interesting to note the names of the Dublin Clubs represented at this Convention, they were: Ben Edars, Isles of the Sea, Grocers, Sextons, St. Catherine's, Rapparees, Sunburst, Anna Liffey, United Rovers, Brian Borus, Faughs, Kickhams, McCrackens, Davitts, Freeman's Journal, Young Irelands, and Bray.

Pile fresh logs on the fire; let the sports be begun,
Since Christmas and youth are the seasons for fun;
And age may be gay, for no cynic denies,
That greybeards themselves may be merry and wise.

Sixty winters, 'tis true, make the blood somewhat frigid,
And old folk for romping and dancing are rigid;
Yet in social delights they may freely partake,
And go snacks with the youngsters in wit, wine and cake.

COLLEGE COMPETITIONS FLOURISHED

COLLEGE competitions flourished in all four provinces; the standard of play being exceptionally high, while the good work being done in this department reflected itself in the number of college players who assisted county teams.

The Dr. Harty Cup (Munster senior hurling competition) saw the triumph for the first time of St. Flannan's, Ennis, who later had the honour of winning An Corn Crocaigh, a competition organised by Rev. Fr. Hamilton for the winners of the different provincial senior hurling titles. St. Kieran's, Kilkenny, were St. Flannan's rivals, the game being played at Thurles, which is likely to have the honour of "cradling" another big event in the life of the G.A.A., as a strong effort will be made to organise an All-Ireland colleges individual championship in both hurling and football when we return to normal travel.

Another pleasant feature of this game was the little social function at which many prominent G.A.A. men, as well as representatives of the two colleges, and the players were present.

We could readily do with a little more of this type of social event where the rivals of the day could meet and greet each other in a friendly spirit.

St. Finian's, Mullingar, once again broke St. Mel's long sequence of Leinster football victories, but St. Kieran's registered yet another senior hurling victory. All the Dublin C.B.S. schools played an active part in the Leinster competitions, as did Belcamp O.M.I., ever a stronghold of native games.

St. Patrick's, Armagh, and St. Mary's, Dundalk, proved successful in the North, whilst St. Brendan's, Kiltarney and Tralee C.B.S., Clonmel

High School, Kiltrush, Ennis C.B.S., and others were busy in the South. News from the West is meagre this weather, but all the old strongholds like St. Jarlath's, Tuam C.B.S., Summerhill and Roscommon C.B.S. are doing their bit in the fight for native games.

The All-Ireland Colleges competition was carried through as usual, Ulster and Leinster qualifying for the football final, which Leinster won, while Munster beat Leinster in the hurling final, Connacht or Ulster not competing. Rath De ar an obair ata idir lamhaibh agaibh a Lucht Stiurthe Cumainn na gColaisti.



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The Next Item Will Be A Recitation ...!

By VINCENT O'CONNOR.

I'M sadly afraid that the Recitation has in recent years lost its once proud place on the programmes of our local concerts. More's the pity! At its worst, it was a change from the sameness of the singing items; at its best, it was either a blood-stirring piece of patriotic declamation or a laughter-provoking piece of drollery and humour.

A GOOD PLAN

I have always found it a good plan when walking home alone at night to "say over" any piece I might at the time be memorising. Having no book to refer to for too-ready reminders, any halt in the recital can only be overcome by going back again to the start. Which is all to the good for the training of the memory. And, anyway, it's a great help to shorten the journey. I remember one night returning from a committee meeting at which I had been requested to prepare to recite "The Man from God Knows Where" at a forthcoming concert. The only line I could remember at the time was the last one:—

"For the man they hanged at Down-Patrick Jail, was The Man from God Knows Where."

I kept repeating this line at intervals under my breath, trying to get the Northern twang into it. It is not so easy to judge impressions of a dialect accent through whispers, so I thought I had better say it aloud. I had the street to myself and I let myself go. My voice broke the stillness of the night air in my best imitation of the Northern *blas*. I fled before the giggles and guffaws of a courting couple concealed in a nearby doorway.

There is no dearth of suitable pieces for recitation purposes. Of course, it would take up too much space to give even a limited list of titles. There are, however, several good anthologies which contain many poems suitable for recitation. One of the best of these is

"Poetry of Irish History" edited by Rev. S. J. Brown, S.J., and published by The Talbot Press. In the writings of Pearse, MacDonagh, MacSwiney and Plunkett there are several pieces, both poetry and prose, which should be in constant circulation among us through the medium of the recitation.

GIFT OF LAUGHTER

On the other hand, it is not too easy to find humorous items, racy of the soil, suitable for reciting at Irish-Ireland gatherings. In the past many of the monologues and versifications of this *genre* had a distinct "stage Irish" flavour. There is certainly plenty of scope for the writing of new pieces to supply the undoubted need. We in the Ireland of to-day need to exercise the God-given gift of laughter, not in the ribald and sniggering fashion introduced to us by the foreign variety stage, but in the healthy and wholesome manner in which natural wit and humour should be enjoyed.

If I leave this last paragraph to mention recitations in our own language, it is because I set out on a reminiscent vein and intended dealing only with the recitations which I know. I am sure that I will have general approval of the opinion that suitable recitations in Irish are few and far between, whether we consider serious or humorous ones. I had better give some limiting definitions of what I mean by "suitable." I am thinking of pieces which would be met with appreciation by the types of audiences to be found at the average local concert, ceiliúche or aeridheacht. I know that we have plenty of poems in Irish, of the highest literary standards in the traditional modes, and that they well merit appreciation. But we want more popular pieces, and especially humorous ones.

Even I, young and all as I think I am, can recall the time when none of our popular concerts or social gatherings would be regarded as artistically complete without a few recitations on the programme. I call to mind especially the fire and vehemence, backed by powerful and convincing gestures, with which such recitations as "Fontenoy," "Paud O'Donoghue" and "The Blacksmith of Limerick" were wont to be delivered. Nowadays, one rarely hears a recitation except maybe some colourless verses rendered in falsetto tones by a precocious child to the jerky accompaniment of marionettish gesticulations.

It is true, I suppose, that the reciter usually (though not always) developed his talent through force of circumstances: as he could neither sing nor dance, he was bound to recite. At family and community gatherings, such as Christmas parties, weddings, threshing nights and the like, it was the confirmed custom that everyone should contribute some item to the evening's entertainment. There seemed always to be an abundance of singers and a fair share of musicians and dancers. The odd man out was the one to be called upon to give a recitation.

"THE ODD MAN"

I may as well admit straightaway that I was one of the odd men. I might be able to manage the words of a song but I could never get the same air twice in succession to any song. My career as a player of musical instruments stopped, not untimely, short at the first two bars of "Erin The Tear" on a penny tin whistle. As for dancing, my one achievement after many years of untiring—better make that tiresome—effort has been a most original method of completing the one-two-three movement of the sidestep. So my only choice lay in the recitation.

Naturally, the first pieces I recited at family gatherings were those I had learned in my school readers. These were often of great length, such as "Brian's Address to his Army before the Battle of Clontarf," "The Battle of Glenmalur" and "The Geraldines." My method then was to race through the words as quickly as possible in case my memory should fail me, with the result that I usually arrived at the end completely out of breath and with a distinctively plaintive break in my voice completely at variance with the meaning of the words. But the constant practice served me well. In due time I graduated through school concerts, and the necessary tuition in preparation for them, to a command of diction, of stance and of gesture that enabled me to essay more ambitious pieces, and with a fair share of competence.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

I mention those personal particulars to reinforce this appeal for a revival in the art of reciting. Learners should not be discouraged by hesitant beginnings. Constant practice will be bound to bring improvement. Natural shyness can be overcome by trying out the piece first on members of the family, then on visitors at home gatherings, and next at a local sgoruidheacht or ceiliúche. The main thing to remember always is to enunciate all the words clearly and to emphasise shades of meaning by the necessary voice inflexions. Use the very minimum of gestures until you are completely sure you can carry them off with more or less unconscious ease. And finally, make certain that you do not lose control of your feet.

Pearse loved to recite to his boys at St. Enda's. Desmond Ryan has written that Pearse's favourite piece was "Sheamus O'Brien," and one can well imagine how keenly he must have enjoyed its drama, its humour and ultimate triumph. Is it drawing too much on the imagination to suppose that the oratory of the President of the Irish Republic was deeply influenced by his love of reciting?

A prodigious memory is not essential for the good reciter. In fact, it might readily lend itself to over-glib delivery with consequent omission of due emphasis and intonation. Slow memorising by constant repetition of the words will enable you to get the shades of meaning more clearly imprinted on your memory. This is especially the case with prose recitations such as "Emmet's Speech from the Dock," or "Pearse's Oration at the Grave of O'Donovan Rossa."

With thankful heart and joyful mind,
The Shepherds went the Babe to find;
And as God's angels had foretold,
They did Our Saviour Christ behold.

Within a manger He was laid,
And by His side the Virgin maid;
Attending on the Lord of Life,
Who came on earth to end all strife.

From the Gaelic Echo, Dec. 16, 1944.

Railway Cup Selections

RAILWAY CUP semi-finals will be the chief attraction of the spring campaign. Munster and Leinster have already selected their teams, which are:

LEINSTER

Hurling, v. Ulster, at Belfast on February 11—J. Donegan (Dublin); J. Bailey (Wexford), M. Butler (Dublin) (Captain), P. Blanchfield (Kilkenny); J. O'Brien (Laoighis), C. Flanagan (Dublin), J. Dunne (Kilkenny); M. Hassett (Dublin), J. Dooley (Offaly); J. Langton (Kilkenny), E. Wade (Dublin); N. Rackard (Wexford); D. Cantwell (Dublin), G. O'Riordan (Dublin), F. Cummins (Dublin).

Subs.—J. Walsh (Kilkenny), T. McDonald (Wicklow), P. Ahearne (Laoighis), M. Heffernan (Wexford), S. O'Brien (Kilkenny).

C. Flanagan, J. Dunne, M. Hassett, D. Cantwell, J. O'Brien, S. O'Riordan and F. Cummins are new to Railway Cup hurling.

Football, v. Ulster, at Croke Park on February 25—P. Larkin (Louth), J. Archbold (Carlow), E. Boyle (Louth), J. Kelly (Offaly); P. Whelan (Carlow) (Captain), J. Quigley (Louth), P. O'Reilly (Dublin); J. Morris (Carlow), P. Meegan (Meath); F. Byrne (Meath); W. Delaney (Laoighis), M. Geraghty (Kildare); P. Bermingham (Dublin); C. Delaney (Laoighis); J. Rea (Carlow).

Subs.—R. Fagan (Dublin) (goal), P. Farrell (Carlow), T. Donnelly (Meath), T. Murphy (Laoighis), D. O'Neill (Wicklow), P. Kehoe (Wexford).

Kelly, Whelan, Meegan and Byrne are new to Railway Cup football.

MUNSTER

Hurling, v. Connaught, at Galway on February 11—J. Ware (Waterford), J. Ryan (Tipperary), W. Murphy (Cork), P. Cregan (Limerick); A. Fleming (Waterford), J. Power (Limerick), J. Young (Cork); P. McCarthy (Limerick), C. Cottrell (Cork); T. Purcell (Tipperary), C. Ring (Cork), R. Stokes (Limerick); M. Mackey (Limerick), J. Quirke (Cork), P. J. Quane (Clare).

Subs.—M. Hickey (Waterford), P. Lyons (Clare), T. Doyle (Tipperary), P. Donovan (Cork), D. Malone (Limerick).

P. McCarthy and T. Purcell are new to Railway Cup hurling. Football, v. Connacht, at Ballinasloe,

Ulster & Connacht Made Railway Cup History

THE Railway Cups of 1944 were memorable competitions, Ulster appearing for the first time in a hurling semi-final, while Connacht, represented by an all-Galway selection, qualified for the hurling final after years of trying.

Connacht's hurling victory over Leinster may have been hailed as a surprise, but those who saw how unlucky the Galway men were against Munster at Nenagh in the 1943 semi-final felt that a Western appearance in the final could not be long delayed.

The surprise, if any, however, was the wide margin by which Galway won, but here again championship form pointed to the low standard of hurling in Leinster.

Ulster footballers, holders of the Cup, made ducks and drakes through an inexperienced Munster side at Croke Park, where Munster hurlers readily beat an Antrim-Monaghan-Ulster selection that, however, battled manfully, their scores being cheered to the echo. Leinster footballers had an easy victory over a Connacht side that was only a shadow of the great Galway-Mayo combinations of six or seven years ago.

Connacht's presence for the first time in a Railway Cup hurling final helped to swell the crowd at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day. Right well did the Westerners acquit themselves, the Munster men being kept at full stretch through the pulsating hour, superior craft eventually keeping the Cup back in the South for another year.

The Leinster-Ulster football final was a clash of styles, the Leinster men playing the more orthodox football, while Ulster relied on hand-passing in attack, chances being wasted through players parting to team mates instead of shooting when in good position.

Leinster led at half-time, and staying far better than the holders, won back the Cup after a three years' span.

This victory brought the total of Railway Cup medals won by the Delaney family to ten. John Quirke and John Mackey, who helped Munster retain the hurling trophy, were playing in their eighth final.

Cumann Lúic Cleaí Saedéal

Inter-Provincial Hurling and Football Semi-Finals, 1945

Íománuídeáct

Feabha 11ao

Connaçt v. Mumá i nSailim

Laisean v. Ulaò i mbéal feirte

peil

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on February 18—J. Williams (Tipperary); T. Healy, Lt. J. Keohane (Kerry), L. Crone (Cork), E. Walsh, M. McCarthy (Kerry), D. O'Connor (Cork), D. Kavanagh (Kerry), W. Lambe (Tipperary), J. Lyne, P. Kennedy (Kerry), Lt. E. Young (Cork), J. Hickey (Tipperary), P. B. Brosnan (Captain) (Kerry), M. Casey (Tipperary).

Subs.—P. Murphy (Cork), S. Cleary (Tipperary), P. Cronin (Cork), E. McCarthy (Limerick), P. Daly (Clare), M. McCarthy, W. Lambe, J. Lyne, J. Hickey and M. Casey are new to Railway Cup football.

More Victory Songs of the Gael

IN this our fourth Christmas Number, we present another Sheaf of Victory Songs. This series has proved most successful, thanks to the many readers who have contributed or collected songs for us.

The Victory Songs were introduced in the 1941 Christmas Number and it is a tribute to their wide appeal that the series have continued without a break up to the present. We trust our readers will continue to assist us in keeping the feature going for many more issues.

Cork's great hurling feats have naturally brought a sheaf of verses, while we also have received a few songs on Glen Rovers and St. Finbarrs which we hope to publish in later issues. We give pride of place in this issue to a song written by Michael Sheehan, old Redmonds hurler. It is entitled

THE CHAMPION FIFTEEN.

Composed by "Mickey" Sheehan, an old Redmond hurler who won the All-Ireland Hurling Championship with Cork in 1892.

1

Let Dublin remember the 3rd of September
And every member of the Cork fifteen,
Who had no trouble in beating Dublin
That scored one two and Cork two thirteen.

2

Captain Condon that led the Cork boys
In Red
Is a sure shot for the posts and no better,
And I need not tell ye that sprinter Joe Kelly
Is a noted and famous goal getter.

3

Quirke, Lotty and Ring in the left or right wing
Caused many a loud ringing cheer,
In a dash for the ball have no equal at all,
Darine, active and swift as wild deer.

4

In the centre Jack Lynch a man every inch,
Billy Murphy's long puck nothing licks,
Young Mulcahy, too, fast, fearless and true,
Is a marvel defending the sticks.

5

The Glen, Rockies and Barrs, Carrigtwohill and the Sars,
Just look at the record they hold,
From first to the last brave fearless and fast
Like their sires and grandsires of old.

6

And there's nothing plainer Jim Barry, their trainer,
Must know Hurling from A to Z,
And as we are sinners, he sure made winners
Of many a team that he led.

7

When next year comes round, if not under the ground,
I'll be at Croke Park, there to see
Jim Barry and his men, another Championship win
For old Rebel Cork by the Lee.

A TRIBUTE TO ROSCOMMON.

Roscommon's rise to football fame has brought a sheaf of songs in praise of the champions. The following lines, written by H. Fitzpatrick and set to the "Men of the West," appeared in the "Roscommon Herald" after the 1944 final.

I.

Let's honour in harmony ringing
The fame of a gallant fifteen,
Whose victory shall always keep bringing
Back memories we'll hold ever green.
Forget not the lads from the Shannon,
Who nobly did give of their best,
To win from those stalwarts of Kerry
That trophy again for the West.

Chorus.

So here's to a gallant fifteen, boys,
In their colours of bright golden and blue,
Good luck to the lads from Roscommon,
Old Connacht is proud of you,
Across the wide span of the Shannon
A welcome awaits our brave men;
With bonfires alight on the hillsides
Reflecting in valley and glen;
So now we will give you a toast, lads,
To a team the gamest and best,
In whom confidence never was shaken
Among their staunch friends in the West.

Chorus.

Cló buailte ag muintir "An Cluainne" Teo., Traidní, agus foillíodh ag luic "Macalla na nGaele," 14 Ceapnós Ráimhail, Baile Átha Cliath.

Cork poets are certainly busy this weather and here is another song on the hurling record breakers.

CORK, 1944.

You'll find in Gaelic history
Hurlers of great fame,
Of deeds they done, of honours won,
And where they played the game.
The boys that brought us history,
To live for evermore,
We're the boys that came from "Rebel Cork"
In Nineteen Forty-four.

Chorus.

Some of them came from St. Finbarrs,
From "Sars," Blackrock and "Glen,"
From Valley Rovers, Buttevant,
To help in Cork's fourth win;
From Ballincollig, U.C.C.,
They all joined in the work,
The boys that broke all records were,
The boys of the County Cork.

2

In Cork's drawn game with Limerick
It looked a Limerick win,
With the Cork men's backs against the wall
They fought Mick Mackey's men;
When victory seemed beyond their reach
No man was known to shirk,
When the crowd roars, they're even scores,
That grand goal by John Quirke.

Chorus.

3

We'll ne'er forget that Thurles game,
That memorable day,
When Cork and Limerick clashed once more
In that grand Munster replay;
And when the teams had equalised,

The crowd did shout and sing,
At that solo run, and winning goal,
By the "Glen" man, Christy Ring.

Chorus.

4

When at Ennis against Galway
They were caught in a pinch,
That day they played without the aid
Of John Quirke and Jack Lynch;
Then their skipper, young Sean Condon,
Rose to great heights that day,
With steady aim he shot the point
That saved Cork in the fray.

Chorus.

5

When at Croke Park Cork met Dublin,
Each man well trained and fit,
From the goalie to full forward
Each Cork man did his bit;
And when history is written
Of those fearless hurling men,
You'll find the lad that thrilled "Croke Park,"
Joe Kelly of the "Glen."

A Donegal poet has written of Gweedore's victory in the county senior football championship:

"THE GWEEDORE TEAM."

1

When your day's work is over and your mind from care is free,
Take a walk to Magheragallon, the Gweedore team to see,
Those brave athletes so swift and fleet whom nothing can subdue,
They are the pride of the Atlantic side and to the Celtic Colours true.

2

They're the champions of the county, for equal there is none,
They've stood the test against the best of Falcarragh and St. Crone's,
Dungloe and Ballyshannon boys they beat a fast retreat,
And in the Co. Championship they haven't met defeat.

3

They won the Co. Championship of 1944

Against the pride of Eunan's 22-13 was the score,
When on the field they would not yield
Young Rodgers was first to score,
And brought the prize to Gweedore, the cup, that's No. 4.

4

We have Diamond, McFadden, Patrick Friel, Rodgers, Diner and Mac,
They were very wisely chosen, they'll upset the best of backs;
Owenie Boyle and Dan Gillespie defend the centre field,
At half backs Heedy, Kearney and Mooney, to no men will these boys yield.

5

We can't forget our wall defence, Eddie Beag defends the goals,
With Jackie as our centre full, no man dare him oppose.
With O'Donnell and Sweeney by his side, alert, so sure and keen,
Like the rocks that guard old Granuaile, they're the bulwark of the team.

6

So here's a health to Gweedore and the members of their team,
Long may they wear their laurels and their colours still be seen,
May the blazing star of victory still shine along their way,
And in the field of football long may they hold the sway.

The Monaghan senior football final is the subject of a poem written by our old friend Charlie Murray, of Clones. It is entitled:—

MONAGHAN SENIOR FINAL, 1944.

Another year of Football has just come to an end.
And the players of North Monaghan I think are on the mend,
The teams participating in neat jerseys and white togs
Were the Killeevan Sarsfields and Castleblaney Faughs.

The game was not long started and the players just got set
When P. McCarville caught a high ball and put it in the net,

100 PER CENT. RECORD



Roscommon footballers who retained their 100 per cent. All-Ireland Final record by defeating Kerry at Croke Park.

Christmas Reading

THE literature of the G.A.A. has increased considerably in recent years, writing on the national games proving immensely popular with the reading public.

We have already received "Gaelic Days" by Seumas O'Kelly and "Six Glorious Years" by "Sean," while "Carbery's" Annual and "Spotlight on Sport" by M. O Heithir, will be on the market before Christmas. "Gaelic Days" includes a selection from the leading G.A.A. writers of recent years. There is an interesting article by Jim Bolger, well-known to followers of the native games under the pen-name of "Recorder" on Wexford's halcyon days; by "S.O.C." on Frank Dineen and by Frank McGrath on Tipperary's U.S.A. Tour, as well as many other interesting features. It is well worth 2/-.

many Roscommon players. It is published by "Sean" himself at 1/6. Carbery's Annual has not so far reached us, but if it is anything like his previous publications, the 1944 Annual should be on every G.A.A. man's bookshelf. "P.F.," who contributes a weekly feature on G.A.A. matters to "The Kerryman," has a book on Kerry football on the printing machines. With the glamour of Kerry football to recommend it, this publication should meet with a ready sale. Micheal O Heithir's Spotlight on Sport, which is expected shortly, is another book that will help to while away a few pleasant hours. The G.A.A. Annual is also due in a few days. This will contain Fr. Hamilton's eagerly sought articles on the Ban, which appeared in the "Gaelic Echo," as well as the original rules of the G.A.A.; an article on Brother Rice and descriptions of the All-Ireland finals by a well-known sports writer. Championship records will be brought up to date. Copies may be obtained from 31, North Frederick Street, Dublin; price 1/6, or 1/9 by post.

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O' donacp pparaim if da deacair i péir-teac
Oo threapair plairc agur cinn a céite
If so b'i bean an cábairne oo copain mo plairc féims
'Sur pásam apir an crúiscín if bíod pé lán.
Cupá:
Fásam apir an crúiscín
Sláinte feat mo mhúinín
If cuma tiom a cútín oob nó bán.
Cupear-fa mo bean so Carpat ag viot ubla
An dá óabál leáirige tug pé cóm-fa
Nac nipe an cúbairne ag riubal na nuicee
Ar tois an treanairgibe 'sur an baile fá-cumans oi.
'Sur pásam apir an crúiscín if bíod pé lán.
Fásam-fe mo beannaicé ag muintir an ríse reo
Oo péir map acá riab-ós agur eplona
Map ní beinn-fe copca oe na zeureacéain cóirée
So brápa' an cuitéam rpi mutlac an treanairge reo
'Sur pásam apir an crúiscín if bíod pé lán.